

Classic Poetry Series

Anonymous

- poems -

Publication Date:

2004

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

A Hymn to the Virgin

OF on that is so fayr and bright
Velut maris stella,
Brighter than the day is light,
Parens et puella:
Ic crie to the, thou see to me,
Levedy, preye thi Sone for me,
Tam pia,
That ic mote come to thee
Maria.

Al this world was for-lore
Eva peccatrice,
Tyl our Lord was y-bore
De te genetrice.
With ave it went away
Thuster nyth and comz the day
Salutis;
The welle springeth ut of the,
Virtutis.

Levedy, flour of alle thing,
Rose sine spina,
Thu bere Jhesu, hevене king,
Gratia divina:
Of alle thu ber'st the pris,
Levedy, quene of paradys
Electa:
Mayde milde, moder es
Effecta.

Anonymous

A Lyke-Wake Dirge

THIS ae nighte, this ae nighte,
--Every nighte and alle,
Fire and fleet and candle-lighte,
And Christe receive thy saule.

When thou from hence away art past,
--Every nighte and alle,
To Whinny-muir thou com'st at last;
And Christe receive thy saule.

If ever thou gavest hosen and shoon,
--Every nighte and alle,
Sit thee down and put them on;
And Christe receive thy saule.

If hosen and shoon thou ne'er gav'st nane
--Every nighte and alle,
The whinnes sall prick thee to the bare bane;
And Christe receive thy saule.

From Whinny-muir when thou may'st pass,
--Every nighte and alle,
To Brig o' Dread thou com'st at last;
And Christe receive thy saule.

From Brig o' Dread when thou may'st pass,
--Every nighte and alle,
To Purgatory fire thou com'st at last;
And Christe receive thy saule.

If ever thou gavest meat or drink,
--Every nighte and alle,
The fire sall never make thee shrink;
And Christe receive thy saule.

If meat or drink thou ne'er gav'st nane,
--Every nighte and alle,
The fire will burn thee to the bare bane;
And Christe receive thy saule.

This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
--Every nighte and alle,
Fire and fleet and candle-lighte,
And Christe receive thy saule.

Anonymous

A Riddle

Legs I have got, yet seldom do I walk;
I backbite many, yet I never talk:
In secret places most I seek to hide me,
For he who feeds me never can abide me.

Anonymous

Advice to a Lover

The sea hath many thousand sands,
The sun hath motes as many;
The sky is full of stars, and Love
As full of woes as any:
Believe me, that do know the elf,
And make no trial by thyself!

It is in truth a pretty toy
For babes to play withal:
But O, the honies of our youth
Are oft our age's gall:
Self-proof in time will make thee know
He was a prophet told thee so:

A prophet that, Cassandra-like,
Tells truth without belief;
For headstrong Youth will run his race,
Although his goal be grief: -
Love's Martyr, when his heat is past,
Proves Care's Confessor at the last.

Anonymous

Alison

BYTUENE Mershe ant Averil
When spray biginneth to spring,
The lutel foul hath hire wyl
On hyre lud to synge:
Ich libbe in love-longinge
For semlokest of alle thynges,
He may me blisse bringe,
Icham in hire bandoun.
An hendy hap ichabbe y-hent,
Ichot from hevne it is me sent,
From alle wymmen my love is lent
Ant lyht on Alisoun.

On heu hire her is fayr ynoh,
Hire browe broune, hire eye blake;
With lossum chere he on me loh;
With middel smal ant wel y-make;
Bote he me wolle to hire take
For to buen hire owen make,
Long to lyven ichulle forsake
Ant feye fallen adoun.
An hendy hap, etc.

Nihtes when I wende and wake,
For-thi myn wonges waxeth won;
Levedi, al for thine sake
Longinge is y-lent me on.
In world his non so wyter mon
That al hire bounte telle con;
Hire swyre is whittore than the swon,
Ant feyrest may in toune.
An hendy hap, etc.

Icham for wowyng al for-wake,
Wery so water in wore;
Lest eny reve me my make
Ichabbe y-yerned yore.
Betere is tholien whyle sore
Then mournen evermore.
Geynest under gore,
Herkne to my roun--
An hendy hap, etc.

Anonymous

Angelica the Doorkeeper

The falcon soars
The town's gates are even higher

Angelica's their doorkeeper
She's wound the sun round her head
She's tied the moon round her waist

She's hung herself with stars.

Anonymous

As ye came from the Holy Land

AS ye came from the holy land
Of Walsinghame,
Met you not with my true love
By the way as you came?

How should I know your true love,
That have met many a one
As I came from the holy land,
That have come, that have gone?

She is neither white nor brown,
But as the heavens fair;
There is none hath her form divine
In the earth or the air.

Such a one did I meet, good sir,
Such an angelic face,
Who like a nymph, like a queen, did appear
In her gait, in her grace.

She hath left me here alone
All alone, as unknown,
Who sometime did me lead with herself,
And me loved as her own.

What 's the cause that she leaves you alone
And a new way doth take,
That sometime did love you as her own,
And her joy did you make?

I have loved her all my youth,
But now am old, as you see:
Love likes not the falling fruit,
Nor the withered tree.

Know that Love is a careless child,
And forgets promise past:
He is blind, he is deaf when he list,
And in faith never fast.

His desire is a dureless content,
And a trustless joy;
He is won with a world of despair,
And is lost with a toy.

Of womenkind such indeed is the love,
Or the word love abused,
Under which many childish desires
And conceits are excused.

But true love is a durable fire,
In the mind ever burning,

Never sick, never dead, never cold,
From itself never turning.

Anonymous

At Liberty I Sit and See

At liberty I sit and see
Them, that have erst laugh'd me to scorn,
Whipp'd with the whip that scourged me:
And now they ban that they were born.

I see them sit full soberly
And think their earnest looks to hide;
Now, in themselves, they cannot spy
That they or this in me have spied.

I see them sitting all alone,
Marking the steps, each word and look;
And now they tread where I have gone,
The painful path that I forsook.

Now I see well I saw no whit
When they saw well, that now are blind;
But happy hap hath made me quit,
And just judgement hath them assign'd.

I see them wander all alone,
And tread full fast, in dreadful doubt,
The self-same path that I have gone:
Blessed be hap that brought me out!

At liberty all this I see,
And say no word but erst among,
Smiling at them that laugh'd at me:
Lo, such is hap! Mark well my song!

Anonymous

Balow

BALOW, my babe, lie still and sleep!
It grieves me sore to see thee weep.
Wouldst thou be quiet I'se be glad,
Thy mourning makes my sorrow sad:
Balow my boy, thy mother's joy,
Thy father breeds me great annoy--
Balow, la-low!

When he began to court my love,
And with his sugred words me move,
His faynings false and flattering cheer
To me that time did not appear:
But now I see most cruellye
He cares ne for my babe nor me--
Balow, la-low!

Lie still, my darling, sleep awhile,
And when thou wak'st thoo'le sweetly smile:
But smile not as thy father did,
To cozen maids: nay, God forbid!
But yet I fear thou wilt go near
Thy father's heart and face to bear--
Balow, la-low!

I cannot choose but ever will
Be loving to thy father still;
Where'er he go, where'er he ride,
My love with him doth still abide;
In weal or woe, where'er he go,
My heart shall ne'er depart him fro--
Balow, la-low!

But do not, do not, pretty mine,
To faynings false thy heart incline!
Be loyal to thy lover true,
And never change her for a new:
If good or fair, of her have care
For women's banning 's wondrous sare--
Balow, la-low!

Bairn, by thy face I will beware;
Like Sirens' words, I'll come not near;
My babe and I together will live;
He'll comfort me when cares do grieve.
My babe and I right soft will lie,
And ne'er respect man's crueltye--
Balow, la-low!

Farewell, farewell, the falsest youth
That ever kist a woman's mouth!
I wish all maids be warn'd by me
Never to trust man's curtesye;

For if we do but chance to bow,
They'll use us then they care not how--
Balow, la-low!

Anonymous

Barbara Allen's Cruelty

IN Scarlet town, where I was born,
There was a fair maid dwellin',
Made every youth cry Well-a-way!
Her name was Barbara Allen.

All in the merry month of May,
When green buds they were swellin',
Young Jemmy Grove on his death-bed lay,
For love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his man in to her then,
To the town where she was dwellin',
'O haste and come to my master dear,
If your name be Barbara Allen.'

So slowly, slowly rase she up,
And slowly she came nigh him,
And when she drew the curtain by--
'Young man, I think you're dyin'.'

'O it 's I am sick and very very sick,
And it 's all for Barbara Allen.'
'O the better for me ye'se never be,
Tho' your heart's blood were a-spillin'!

'O dinna ye mind, young man,' says she,
'When the red wine ye were fillin',
That ye made the healths go round and round,
And slighted Barbara Allen?'

He turn'd his face unto the wall,
And death was with him dealin':
'Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
And be kind to Barbara Allen!'

As she was walking o'er the fields,
She heard the dead-bell knellin';
And every jow the dead-bell gave
Cried 'Woe to Barbara Allen.'

'O mother, mother, make my bed,
O make it saft and narrow:
My love has died for me to-day,
I'll die for him to-morrow.

'Farewell,' she said, 'ye virgins all,
And shun the fault I fell in:
Henceforth take warning by the fall
Of cruel Barbara Allen.'

Anonymous

Binnorie

THERE were twa sisters sat in a bour;
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
There cam a knight to be their wooer,
By the bonnie milldams o' Binnorie.

He courted the eldest with glove and ring,
But he lo'ed the youngest abune a thing.

The eldest she was vexed sair,
And sair envied her sister fair.

Upon a morning fair and clear,
She cried upon her sister dear:

'O sister, sister tak my hand,
And let 's go down to the river-strand.'

She 's ta'en her by the lily hand,
And led her down to the river-strand.

The youngest stood upon a stane,
The eldest cam and push'd her in.

'O sister, sister reach your hand!
And ye sall be heir o' half my land:

'O sister, reach me but your glove!
And sweet William sall be your love.'

Sometimes she sank, sometimes she swam,
Until she cam to the miller's dam.

Out then cam the miller's son,
And saw the fair maid soummin' in.

'O father, father draw your dam!
There 's either a mermaid or a milk-white swan.'

The miller hasted and drew his dam,
And there he found a drown'd women.

You couldna see her middle sma',
Her gowden girdle was sae braw.

You couldna see her lily feet,
Her gowden fringes were sae deep.

All amang her yellow hair
A string o' pearls was twisted rare.

You couldna see her fingers sma',
Wi' diamond rings they were cover'd a'.

And by there cam a harper fine,
That harpit to the king at dine.

And when he look'd that lady on,
He sigh'd and made a heavy moan.

He 's made a harp of her breast-bane,
Whose sound wad melt a heart of stane.

He 's ta'en three locks o' her yellow hair,
And wi' them strung his harp sae rare.

He went into her father's hall,
And there was the court assembled all.

He laid his harp upon a stane,
And straight it began to play by lane.

'O yonder sits my father, the King,
And yonder sits my mother, the Queen;

'And yonder stands my brother Hugh,
And by him my William, sweet and true.'

But the last tune that the harp play'd then--
 Binnorie, O Binnorie!
Was, 'Woe to my sister, false Helen!'
 By the bonnie milldams o' Binnorie.

Anonymous

Blow, Northern Wind

ICHOT a burde in boure bryht,
That fully semly is on syht,
Mensful maiden of myht;
 Feir ant fre to fonde;
In al this wurhliche won
A burde of blod ant of bon
Never yete y nuste non
 Lussomore in londe.
 Blou northerne wynd!
 Send thou me my suetyng!
 Blou northerne wynd! blou, blou, blou!

With lokkes lefliche ant longe,
With frount ant face feir to fonge,
With murthes monie mote heo monge,
 That brid so breme in boure.
With lossom eye grete ant gode,
With browen blysfol under hode,
He that reste him on the Rode,
 That leflych lyf honoure.
 Blou northerne wynd, etc.

Hire lure lumes liht,
Ase a launterne a nyht,
Hire bleo blykyeth so bryht.
 So feyr heo is ant fyn.
A suetly swyre heo hath to holde,
With armes shuldre ase mon wolde,
Ant fingres feyre forte folde,
 God wolde hue were myn!
 Blou northerne wynd, etc.

Heo is coral of godnesse,
Heo is rubie of ryhtfulnesse,
Heo is cristal of clannesse,
 Ant baner of bealte.
Heo is lillie of largesse,
Heo is parvenke of prouesse,
Heo is solsecle of suetnesse,
 Ant lady of lealte.

For hire love y carke ant care,
For hire love y droupne ant dare,
For hire love my blisse is bare
 Ant al ich waxe won,
For hire love in slep y slake,
For hire love al nyht ich wake,
For hire love mournynge y make
 More then eny mon.
 Blou northerne wynd!
 Send thou me my suetyng!
 Blou northerne wynd! blou, blou, blou!

Anonymous

Carol

I SING of a maiden
That is makeles;
King of all kings
To her son she ches.

He came al so still
There his mother was,
As dew in April
That falleth on the grass.

He came al so still
To his mother's bour,
As dew in April
That falleth on the flour.

He came al so still
There his mother lay,
As dew in April
That falleth on the spray.

Mother and maiden
Was never none but she;
Well may such a lady
Goddes mother be.

Anonymous

Clerk Saunders

Whan bells war rung, an mass was sung,
A wat a' man to bed were gone,
Clark Sanders came to Margret's window,
With mony a sad sigh and groan.

"Are ye sleeping, Margret," he says,
"Or are ye waking, presentlie?
Give me my faith and trouthe again,
A wat, trew-love, I gied to thee."

"Your faith and trouth ye's never get,
Nor our trew love shall never twain,
Till ye come with me in my bower,
And kiss me both cheek and chin."

"My mouth it is full cold, Margret,
It has the smell now of the ground;
And if I kiss thy comely mouth,
Thy life-days will not be long.

"Cocks are crowing a merry mid-larf,
I wat the wild fule boded day;
Gie me my faith and trouthe again,
And let me fare me on my way."

"Thy faith and trouth thou shall na get,
Nor our trew love shall never twin,
Till ye tell me what comes of women
Awat that dy's in strong traveling."

"Their beds are made in the heavens high,
Down at the foot of our good Lord's knee,
Well set about wi gilly-flowers,
A wat sweet company for to see.

"O cocks are crowing a merry middlarf,
A wat the wilde foule boded day;
The salms of Heaven will be sung,
And ere now I'le be misst away."

Up she has tain a bright long wand,
And she has straked her trouth thereon;
She has given it him out at the shot-window,
Wi many a sad sigh and heavy groan.

"I thank you, Margret, I thank you, Margret,
And I thank you hartilie;
Gine ever the dead come for the quick,
Be sure, Margret, I'll come again for thee."

It's hose an shoon an gound alane
She clame the wall and followed him,

Untill she came to a green forest,
On this she lost the sight of him.

"Is their any room at your head, Sanders?
Is their any room at your feet?
Or any room at your twa sides?
Whare fain, fain woud I sleep."

"Their is na room at my head, Margret,
Their is na room at my feet;
There is room at my twa sides,
For ladys for to sleep.

"Cold meal is my covering owre,
But an my winding sheet;
My bed it is full low, I say,
Down among the hongerey worms I sleep.

"Cold meal is my covering owre,
But an my winding sheet;
The dew it falls na sooner down
Then ay it is full weet."

Anonymous

Complaint of the Absence of Her Lover being upon the Sea

O HAPPY dames! that may embrace
The fruit of your delight,
Help to bewail the woful case
And eke the heavy plight
Of me, that wonted to rejoice
The fortune of my pleasant choice:
Good ladies, help to fill my mourning voice.

In ship, freight with remembrance
Of thoughts and pleasures past,
He sails that hath in governance
My life while it will last:
With scalding sighs, for lack of gale,
Furthering his hope, that is his sail,
Toward me, the swete port of his avail.

Alas! how oft in dreams I see
Those eyes that were my food;
Which sometime so delighted me,
That yet they do me good:
Wherewith I wake with his return
Whose absent flame did make me burn:
But when I find the lack, Lord! how I mourn!

When other lovers in arms across
Rejoice their chief delight,
Drowned in tears, to mourn my loss
I stand the bitter night
In my window where I may see
Before the winds how the clouds flee:
Lo! what a mariner love hath made me!

And in green waves when the salt flood
Doth rise by rage of wind,
A thousand fancies in that mood
Assail my restless mind.
Alas! now drencheth my sweet foe,
That with the spoil of my heart did go,
And left me; but alas! why did he so?

And when the seas wax calm again
To chase fro me annoy,
My doubtful hope doth cause me plain;
So dread cuts off my joy.
Thus is my wealth mingled with woe
And of each thought a doubt doth grow;
--Now he comes! Will he come? Alas! no, no.

Anonymous

Cradle Song

O MY deir hert, young Jesus sweit,
Prepare thy creddil in my spreit,
And I sall rock thee in my hert
And never mair from thee depart.

But I sall praise thee evermoir
With sangis sweit unto thy gloir;
The knees of my hert sall I bow,
And sing that richt Balulalow!

Anonymous

Cuckoo Song

SUMER is icumen in,
Lhude sing cuccu!
Groweth sed, and bloweth med,
And springth the wude nu--
Sing cuccu!

Awe bleteth after lomb,
Lhouth after calve cu;
Bulluc sterteth, bucke verteth,
Murie sing cuccu!

Cuccu, cuccu, well singes thu, cuccu:
Ne swike thu naver nu;
Sing cuccu, nu, sing cuccu,
Sing cuccu, sing cuccu, nu!

Anonymous

Devotion, Captain Tobias Hume's The First Part of Airs, &c.

FAIN would I change that note
To which fond Love hath charm'd me
Long, long to sing by rote,
Fancying that that harm'd me:
Yet when this thought doth come,
'Love is the perfect sum
 Of all delight,'
I have no other choice
Either for pen or voice
 To sing or write.

O Love! they wrong thee much
That say thy sweet is bitter,
When thy rich fruit is such
As nothing can be sweeter.
Fair house of joy and bliss,
Where truest pleasure is,
 I do adore thee:
I know thee what thou art,
I serve thee with my heart,
 And fall before thee.

Anonymous

Do Not Stand at My Grave and Weep

Do not stand at my grave and weep;
I am not there. I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds that blow.
I am the diamond glints on snow.
I am the sunlight on ripened grain.
I am the gentle autumn rain.
When you awaken in the morning's hush
I am the swift uplifting rush
Of quiet birds in circled flight.
I am the soft stars that shine at night.
Do not stand at my grave and cry;
I am not there.
I did not die.

Anonymous

Dominus Illuminatio Mea

IN the hour of death, after this life's whim,
When the heart beats low, and the eyes grow dim,
And pain has exhausted every limb--
 The lover of the Lord shall trust in Him.

When the will has forgotten the lifelong aim,
And the mind can only disgrace its fame,
And a man is uncertain of his own name--
 The power of the Lord shall fill this frame.

When the last sigh is heaved, and the last tear shed,
And the coffin is waiting beside the bed,
And the widow and child forsake the dead--
 The angel of the Lord shall lift this head.

For even the purest delight may pall,
And power must fail, and the pride must fall,
And the love of the dearest friends grow small--
 But the glory of the Lord is all in all.

Anonymous

Ecclesiastes 3:1-8

To every thing there is a season,
and a time to every purpose under the heaven:
A time to be born, a time to die;
a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted;
A time to kill, and a time to heal;
a time to break down, and a time to build up;
A time to weep, and a time to laugh;
a time to mourn, and a time to dance;
A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together;
a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing;
A time to get, and a time to lose;
a time to keep, and a time to cast away;
A time to rend, and a time to sew;
a time to keep silence, and a time to speak;
A time to love, and a time to hate;
A time of war, and a time of peace.

Anonymous

Edom o' Gordon

IT fell about the Martinmas,
When the wind blew shrill and cauld,
Said Edom o' Gordon to his men,
'We maun draw to a hauld.

'And what a hauld sall we draw to,
My merry men and me?
We will gae to the house o' the Rodes,
To see that fair ladye.'

The lady stood on her castle wa',
Beheld baith dale and down;
There she was ware of a host of men
Cam riding towards the town.

'O see ye not, my merry men a',
O see ye not what I see?
Methinks I see a host of men;
I marvel wha they be.'

She ween'd it had been her lovely lord,
As he cam riding hame;
It was the traitor, Edom o' Gordon,
Wha reck'd nae sin nor shame.

She had nae sooner buskit hersell,
And putten on her gown,
But Edom o' Gordon an' his men
Were round about the town.

They had nae sooner supper set,
Nae sooner said the grace,
But Edom o' Gordon an' his men
Were lighted about the place.

The lady ran up to her tower-head,
Sae fast as she could hie,
To see if by her fair speeches
She could wi' him agree.

'Come doun to me, ye lady gay,
Come doun, come doun to me;
This night sall ye lig within mine arms,
To-morrow my bride sall be.'

'I winna come down, ye fals Gordon,
I winna come down to thee;
I winna forsake my ain dear lord,
That is sae far frae me.'

'Gie owre your house, ye lady fair,
Gie owre your house to me;

Or I sall brenn yoursel therein,
But and your babies three.'

'I winna gie owre, ye fals Gordon,
To nae sic traitor as yee;
And if ye brenn my ain dear babes,
My lord sall mak ye dree.

'Now reach my pistol, Glaud, my man,
And charge ye weel my gun;
For, but an I pierce that bluidy butcher,
My babes, we been undone!'

She stood upon her castle wa',
And let twa bullets flee:
She miss'd that bluidy butcher's heart,
And only razed his knee.

'Set fire to the house!' quo' fals Gordon,
All wud wi' dule and ire:
'Fals lady, ye sall rue this deid
As ye brenn in the fire!'

Wae worth, wae worth ye, Jock, my man!
I paid ye weel your fee;
Why pu' ye out the grund-wa' stane,
Lets in the reek to me?

'And e'en wae worth ye, Jock, my man!
I paid ye weel your hire;
Why pu' ye out the grund-wa' stane,
To me lets in the fire?'

'Ye paid me weel my hire, ladye,
Ye paid me weel my fee:
But now I'm Edom o' Gordon's man--
Maun either do or die.'

O then bespake her little son,
Sat on the nurse's knee:
Says, 'Mither dear, gie owre this house,
For the reek it smithers me.'

'I wad gie a' my gowd, my bairn,
Sae wad I a' my fee,
For ae blast o' the western wind,
To blaw the reek frae thee.'

O then bespake her dochter dear--
She was baith jimp and sma':
'O row me in a pair o' sheets,
And tow me owre the wa'!'

They row'd her in a pair o' sheets,
And tow'd her owre the wa';
But on the point o' Gordon's spear
She gat a deadly fa'.

O bonnie, bonnie was her mouth,
And cherry were her cheiks,
And clear, clear was her yellow hair,
Whereon the red blood dreips.

Then wi' his spear he turn'd her owre;
O gin her face was wane!
He said, 'Ye are the first that e'er
I wish'd alive again.'

He turn'd her owre and owre again;
O gin her skin was white!
'I might hae spared that bonnie face
To hae been some man's delight.

'Busk and boun, my merry men a',
For ill dooms I do guess;
I canna look in that bonnie face
As it lies on the grass.'

'Wha looks to freits, my master dear,
It 's freits will follow them;
Let it ne'er be said that Edom o' Gordon
Was daunted by a dame.'

But when the lady saw the fire
Come flaming owre her head,
She wept, and kiss'd her children twain,
Says, 'Bairns, we been but dead.'

The Gordon then his bugle blew,
And said, 'Awa', awa'!
This house o' the Rodes is a' in a flame;
I hauld it time to ga'.'

And this way lookit her ain dear lord,
As he cam owre the lea;
He saw his castle a' in a lowe,
As far as he could see.

The sair, O sair, his mind misgave,
And all his heart was wae:
'Put on, put on, my wighty men,
Sae fast as ye can gae.

'Put on, put on, my wighty men,

Sae fast as ye can drie!
For he that 's hindmost o' the thrang
Sall ne'er get good o' me.'

Then some they rade, and some they ran,
Out-owre the grass and bent;
But ere the foremost could win up,
Baith lady and babes were brent.

And after the Gordon he is gane,
Sae fast as he might drie;
And soon i' the Gordon's foul heart's blude
He 's wroken his dear ladye.

Anonymous

Edom O'Gordon

It fell about the Martinmas,
When the wind blew shrill and cauld,
Said Edom o' Gordon to his men,
'We maun draw to a hauld.

'And whatna hauld sall we draw to,
My merry men and me?
We will gae to the house of the Rodes,
To see that fair ladye.'

The lady stood on her castle wa',
Beheld baith dale and down;
There she was aware of a host of men
Came riding towards the town.

'O see ye not, my merry men a',
O see ye not what I see?
Methinks I see a host of men;
I marvel who they be.'

She ween'd it had been her lovely lord,
As he cam' riding hame;
It was the traitor, Edom o' Gordon,
Wha reck'd nor sin nor shame.

She had na sooner buskit hersell,
And putten on her gown,
Till Edom o' Gordon an' his men
Were round about the town.

They had nae sooner supper set,
Nae sooner said the grace,
But Edom o' Gordon an' his men
Were lighted about the place.

The lady ran up to her tower-head,
As fast as she could hie,
To see if by her fair speeches
She could wi' him agree.

'Come doun to me, ye lady gay,
Come doun, come doun to me;
This night sall ye lig within mine arms,
To-morrow my bride sall be.'

'I winna come down, ye fause Gordon,
I winna come down to thee;
I winna forsake my ain dear lord,--
And he is na far frae me.'

'Gie owre your house, ye lady fair,
Gie owre your house to me;

Or I sall burn yoursell therein,
But an your babies three.'

'I winna gie owre, ye fause Gordon,
To nae sic traitor as thee;
And if ye burn my ain dear babes,
My lord sall mak' ye dree.

'Now reach my pistol, Glaud, my man,
And charge ye weel my gun;
For, but an I pierce that bluidy butcher,
My babes, we been undone!'

She stood upon her castle wa',
And let twa bullets flee:
She miss'd that bluidy butcher's heart,
And only razed his knee.

'Set fire to the house!' quo' fause Gordon,
Wud wi' dule and ire:
'Faus ladye, ye sall rue that shot
As ye burn in the fire!'

'Wae worth, wae worth ye, Jock, my man!
I paid ye weel your fee;
Why pu' ye out the grund-wa' stane,
Lets in the reek to me?

'And e'en wae worth ye, Jock, my man!
I paid ye weel your hire;
Why pu' ye out the grund-wa' stane,
To me lets in the fire?'

'Ye paid me weel my hire, ladye,
Ye paid me weel my fee:
But now I'm Edom o' Gordon's man,--
Maun either do or dee.'

O then bespake her little son,
Sat on the nurse's knee:
Says, 'O mither dear, gie owre this house,
For the reek it smothers me.'

'I wad gie a' my goud, my bairn,
Sae wad I a' my fee,
For ae blast o' the western wind,
To blaw the reek frae thee.'

O then bespake the daughter dear,--
She was baith jimp and sma':
'O row me in a pair o' sheets,
A tow me owre the wa!'

They row'd her in a pair o' sheets,
And tow'd her owre the wa';
But on the point o' Gordon's spear
She gat a deadly fa'.

O bonnie, bonnie was her mouth,
And cherry were her cheeks,
And clear, clear was her yellow hair,
Whereon her red blood dreeps.

Then wi' his spear he turn'd her owre;
O gin her face was wan!
He said, 'Ye are the first that e'er
I wish'd alive again.'

He cam and lookit again at her;
O gin her skin was white!
'I might hae spared that bonnie face
To hae been some man's delight.'

'Busk and boun, my merry men a',
For ill dooms I do guess;--
I cannot look on that bonnie face
As it lies on the grass.'

'Wha looks to freits, my master dear,
Its freits will follow them;
Let it ne'er be said that Edom o' Gordon
Was daunted by a dame.'

But when the ladye saw the fire
Come--flaming o'er her head,
She wept, and kiss'd her children twain,
Says, 'Bairns, we been but dead.'

The Gordon then his bugle blew,
And said, 'Awa', awa'!
This house o' the Rodes is a' in a flame;
I hauld it time to ga'.'

And this way lookit her ain dear lord,
As he came owre the lea;
He saw his castle a' in a lowe,
Sae far as he could see.

'Put on, put on, my wighty men,
As fast as ye can dri'e!
For he that's hindmost o' the thrang
Sall ne'er get good o' me.'

Then some they rade, and some they ran,

Out-owre the grass and bent;
But ere the foremost could win up,
Baith lady and babes were brent.

And after the Gordon he is gane,
Sae fast as he might dri'e;
And soon i' the Gordon's foul heart's blude
He's wroken his fair ladye.

Anonymous

Edward, Edward

'WHY does your brand sae drop wi' blude,
Edward, Edward?
Why does your brand sae drop wi' blude,
And why sae sad gang ye, O?'
'O I hae kill'd my hawk sae gude,
Mither, mither;
O I hae kill'd my hawk sae gude,
And I had nae mair but he, O.'

'Your hawk's blude was never sae red,
Edward, Edward;
Your hawk's blude was never sae red,
My dear son, I tell thee, O.'
'O I hae kill'd my red-roan steed,
Mither, mither;
O I hae kill'd my red-roan steed,
That erst was sae fair and free, O.'

'Your steed was auld, and ye hae got mair,
Edward, Edward;
Your steed was auld, and ye hae got mair;
Some other dule ye dree, O.'
'O I hae kill'd my father dear,
Mither, mither;
O I hae kill'd my father dear,
Alas, and wae is me, O!'

'And whatten penance will ye dree for that,
Edward, Edward?
Whatten penance will ye dree for that?
My dear son, now tell me, O.'
'I'll set my feet in yonder boat,
Mither, mither;
I'll set my feet in yonder boat,
And I'll fare over the sea, O.'

'And what will ye do wi' your tow'rs and your ha',
Edward, Edward?
And what will ye do wi' your tow'rs and your ha',
That were sae fair to see, O?'
'I'll let them stand till they doun fa',
Mither, mither;
I'll let them stand till they doun fa',
For here never mair maun I be, O.'

'And what will ye leave to your bairns and your wife,
Edward, Edward?
And what will ye leave to your bairns and your wife,
When ye gang owre the sea, O?'
'The world's room: let them beg through life,
Mither, mither;
The world's room: let them beg through life;

For them never mair will I see, O.'

'And what will ye leave to your ain mither dear,
Edward, Edward?
And what will ye leave to your ain mither dear,
My dear son, now tell me, O?'

'The curse of hell frae me sall ye bear,
Mither, mither;
The curse of hell frae me sall ye bear:
Sic counsels ye gave to me, O!'

Anonymous

Fair Annie

THE reivers they stole Fair Annie,
As she walk'd by the sea;
But a noble knight was her ransom soon,
Wi' gowd and white monie.

She bided in strangers' land wi' him,
And none knew whence she cam;
She lived in the castle wi' her love,
But never told her name.

'It 's narrow, narrow, mak your bed,
And learn to lie your lane;
For I'm gaun owre the sea, Fair Annie,
A braw Bride to bring hame.
Wi' her I will get gowd and gear,
Wi' you I ne'er gat nane.

'But wha will bake my bridal bread,
Or brew my bridal ale?
And wha will welcome my bright Bride,
That I bring owre the dale?'

It 's I will bake your bridal bread,
And brew your bridal ale;
And I will welcome your bright Bride,
That you bring owre the dale.'

'But she that welcomes my bright Bride
Maun gang like maiden fair;
She maun lace on her robe sae jimp,
And comely braid her hair.

'Bind up, bind up your yellow hair,
And tie it on your neck;
And see you look as maiden-like
As the day that first we met.'

'O how can I gang maiden-like,
When maiden I am nane?
Have I not borne six sons to thee,
And am wi' child again?'

'I'll put cooks into my kitchen,
And stewards in my hall,
And I'll have bakers for my bread,
And brewers for my ale;
But you're to welcome my bright Bride,
That I bring owre the dale.'

Three months and a day were gane and past,
Fair Annie she gat word
That her love's ship was come at last,

Wi' his bright young Bride aboard.

She 's ta'en her young son in her arms,
Anither in her hand;
And she 's gane up to the highest tower,
Looks over sea and land.

'Come doun, come doun, my mother dear,
Come aff the castle wa'!
I fear if langer ye stand there,
Ye'll let yoursell doun fa'.'

She 's ta'en a cake o' the best bread,
A stoup o' the best wine,
And a' the keys upon her arm,
And to the yett is gane.

'O ye're welcome hame, my ain gude lord,
To your castles and your towers;
Ye're welcome hame, my ain gude lord,
To your ha's, but and your bowers.
And welcome to your hame, fair lady!
For a' that 's here is yours.'

'O whatna lady 's that, my lord,
That welcomes you and me?
Gin I be lang about this place,
Her friend I mean to be.'

Fair Annie served the lang tables
Wi' the white bread and the wine;
But ay she drank the wan water
To keep her colour fine.

And she gaed by the first table,
And smiled upon them a';
But ere she reach'd the second table,
The tears began to fa'.

She took a napkin lang and white,
And hung it on a pin;
It was to wipe away the tears,
As she gaed out and in.

When bells were rung and mass was sung,
And a' men bound for bed,
The bridegroom and the bonny Bride
In ae chamber were laid.

Fair Annie's ta'en a harp in her hand,
To harp thir twa asleep;
But ay, as she harpit and she sang,

Fu' sairly did she weep.

'O gin my sons were seven rats,
Rinnin' on the castle wa',
And I mysell a great grey cat,
I soon wad worry them a'!

'O gin my sons were seven hares,
Rinnin' owre yon lily lea,
And I mysell a good greyhound,
Soon worried they a' should be!

Then out and spak the bonny young Bride,
In bride-bed where she lay:
'That 's like my sister Annie,' she says;
'Wha is it doth sing and play?

'I'll put on my gown,' said the new-come Bride,
'And my shoes upon my feet;
I will see wha doth sae sadly sing,
And what is it gars her greet.

'What ails you, what ails you, my housekeeper,
That ye mak sic a mane?
Has ony wine-barrel cast its girds,
Or is a' your white bread gane?'

'It isna because my wine is spilt,
Or that my white bread's gane;
But because I've lost my true love's love,
And he 's wed to anither ane.'

'Noo tell me wha was your father?' she says,
'Noo tell me wha was your mother?
And had ye ony sister?' she says,
'And had ye ever a brother?'

'The Earl of Wemyss was my father,
The Countess of Wemyss my mother,
Young Elinor she was my sister dear,
And Lord John he was my brother.'

'If the Earl of Wemyss was your father,
I wot sae was he mine;
And it 's O my sister Annie!
Your love ye sallna tyne.

'Tak your husband, my sister dear;
You ne'er were wrang'd for me,
Beyond a kiss o' his merry mouth
As we cam owre the sea.

'Seven ships, loaded weel,
Cam owre the sea wi' me;
Ane o' them will tak me hame,
And six I'll gie to thee.'

Anonymous

Fair Helen

I wish I were where Helen lies;
Night and day on me she cries;
Oh that I were where Helen lies
On fair Kirconnell lea!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
And died to succour me!

O think na but my heart was sair
When my Love dropt down and spak nae mair!
I laid her down wi' meikle care
On fair Kirconnell lea.

As I went down the water-side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide,
On fair Kirconnell lea;

I lighted down my sword to draw,
I hacked him in pieces sma',
I hacked him in pieces sma',
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare,
I'll make a garland of thy hair
Shall bind my heart for evermair
Until the day I die.

Oh that I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
Says, "Haste and come to me!"

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!
If I were with thee I were blest,
Where thou lies low and takes thy rest
On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding-sheet drawn ower my een,
And I in Helen's arms lying,
On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish I were where Helen lies;
Night and day on me she cries;
And I am weary of the skies,
Since my Love died for me.

Anonymous

Frankie and Johnnie

Frankie and Johnnie were lovers,
O, my Gawd, how they could love,
They swore to be true to each other,
As true as the stars above;
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Frankie was a good woman,
As everybody knows,
Gave her man a hundred dollars,
To get him a suit of clothes;
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Frankie and Johnnie went walking,
Johnnie in his bran' new suit,
"Oh, my Gawd," said Frankie,
"But don't my Johnnie look cute?"
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Frankie went down to Memphis,
Went on the morning train,
Paid a hundred dollars,
Got Johnnie a watch and chain;
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Frankie lived in a crib-house,
Crib-house with only two doors,
Gave her money to Johnnie,
He spent it on those parlour whores;
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Frankie went down to the corner,
Went for a bucket of beer,
She said, "Oh, Mr. Bar-tender,
Has my loving Johnnie been here?
He is my man, and he's done me wrong."

"I won't make you no trouble,
I won't tell you no lie,
But I saw Johnnie an hour ago
With a girl named Nellie Bly;
He is your man, and he's doing you wrong."

Frankie went to the hock-shop,
Bought her a big forty-four,
Aimed that gun at the ceiling,
Shot a big hole in the floor;
"Now where's my man that's doing me wrong?"

Frankie went down to the hook-shop,
Looked in at a window so high,
There she saw her Johnnie,
Loving up Nellie Bly,

He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Frankie went up to the front door,
She rang the front-door bell,
Said, "Stand back, all you chippies,
Or I'll blow you all to hell;
I want my man, who's done me wrong."

Frankie went into the hook-shop,
She didn't go there for fun,
'Cause underneath her kimona
She toted that forty-four gun;
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Frankie looked in at the keyhole,
And there before her eye,
She saw her Johnnie on the sofa,
A loving up Nellie Bly;
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Frankie threw back her kimona,
Took out the little forty-four,
Roota-toot-toot, three times she shoot,
Right through that hardwood door;
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Johnnie grabbed off his Stetson,
Said, "Oh, Gawd, Frankie, don't shoot!"
But she pressed hard on the trigger,
And the gun went roota-toot-toot;
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

"Roll me over easy,
Oh, roll me over slow,
Roll me over on my right side,
'Cause my left side hurts me so."
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

"Bring out your rubber-tyred buggy,
Bring out your rubber-tyred hack,
I'll take my man to the graveyard,
But I won't bring him back;
He was my man, but he done me wrong."

They brought out the rubber-tyred hearses,
They brought out the rubber-tyred hack,
Thirteen men went to the graveyard,
But only twelve came back;
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

"Bring 'round a hundred policemen,
Bring 'em around to-day,

And lock me in that jail-house,
Then throw the key away;
I shot my man, 'cause he done me wrong.

"I've saved up a little money,
I'll save up a little more,
I'll send it all to his widow,
And say it's from the girl next door;
He was my man, but he done me wrong."

Frankie went to the madame,
She fell down on her knees,
"Forgive me, Mrs. Halcome,
Forgive me, if you please;
I've killed my man, 'cause he done me wrong."

"Forgive you, Frankie darling?
Forgive you I never can.
Forgive you, Frankie darling,
For shooting your only man?
For he was your man, though he done you wrong."

Frankie went to the coffin,
Looked down at his face,
Said, "Oh, Lord, have mercy on me,
I'd like to take his place;
He was my man, but he done me wrong."

A rubber-tyred buggy,
A rubber-tyred hack,
Took poor Frankie to the jail-house
But it didn't bring her back;
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Frankie sat in her prison,
Had no electric fan,
Told her little sister,
Never marry no sporting man;
"I had a man, but he done me wrong."

The Sheriff took Frankie to the gallows,
Hung her until she died,
They hung her for killing Johnnie,
And the undertaker waited outside;
She killed her man, 'cause he done her wrong.

Anonymous

God and the Soldier

God and the soldier
All men adore
In time of trouble,
And no more;
For when war is over
And all things righted,
God is neglected -
The old soldier slighted.

Anonymous

Godfrey Gordon

Godfrey Gordon Gustuvus Gore
The boy who'd never shut the door
His Father would Plead and mother implore
Godfrey Gordon Please Shut the door.

Anonymous

Helen of Kirconnell

I WISH I were where Helen lies,
Night and day on me she cries;
O that I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirconnell lea!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
And died to succour me!

O think na ye my heart was sair,
When my Love dropp'd and spak nae mair!
There did she swoon wi' meikle care,
On fair Kirconnell lea.

As I went down the water side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide,
On fair Kirconnell lea;

I lighted down my sword to draw,
I hacked him in pieces sma',
I hacked him in pieces sma',
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare!
I'll mak a garland o' thy hair,
Shall bind my heart for evermair,
Until the day I die!

O that I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
Says, 'Haste, and come to me!'

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!
If I were with thee, I'd be blest,
Where thou lies low and taks thy rest,
On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding-sheet drawn owre my e'en,
And I in Helen's arms lying,
On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
And I am weary of the skies,
For her sake that died for me.

Anonymous

Hey nonny no!

HEY nonny no!
Men are fools that wish to die!
Is 't not fine to dance and sing
When the bells of death do ring?
Is 't not fine to swim in wine,
And turn upon the toe,
And sing hey nonny no!
When the winds blow and the seas flow?
Hey nonny no!

Anonymous

I Don't Want to Die

I want to go home,
I want to go home,
I don't want to go in the trenches no more,
Where whizz-bangs and shrapnel they whistle and roar.
Take me over the sea
Where the Alleyman can't get at me.
Oh my,
I don't want to die,
I want to go home.

Anonymous

I Have a Gentil Cock

I have a gentil cock
croweth me day
he doth me risen early
my matins for to stay

I have a gentil cock
comen he is of great
his comb is of red coral
his tail is of jet

I have a gentil cock
comen he is of kind
his comb is of red sorrel
his tail is of inde

his legs be of azure
so gentil and so small
his spurs are of silver white
into the wortewale

his eyes are of crystal
locked all in amber
and every night he pertcheth him
in my lady`s chamber

Anonymous

Icarus, Robert Jones's Second Book of Songs and Airs

LOVE wing'd my Hopes and taught me how to fly
Far from base earth, but not to mount too high:
 For true pleasure
 Lives in measure,
 Which if men forsake,
Blinded they into folly run and grief for pleasure take.

But my vain Hopes, proud of their new-taught flight,
Enamour'd sought to woo the sun's fair light,
 Whose rich brightness
 Moved their lightness
 To aspire so high
That all scorch'd and consumed with fire now drown'd in woe they lie.

And none but Love their woeful hap did rue,
For Love did know that their desires were true;
 Though fate frowned,
 And now drowned
 They in sorrow dwell,
It was the purest light of heav'n for whose fair love they fell.

Anonymous

If All the World Were Paper

"If all the world were paper
And all the sea were ink,
If all the trees were bread and cheese
What would we do for drink?

If all the world were sand O,
Oh then what should we lack O,
if as they say there were no clay
How should we take Tobacco?

If all our vessels ran-a,
If none but had a crack-a,
If Spanish apes ate all the grapes
How should we do for sack-a?

If all the world were men
And men lived all in trenches,
And there were none but we alone,
How should we do for wenches?

If friars had no bald pates
Nor nuns had no dark cloisters,
If all the seas were beans and peas
How should we do for oysters?

If there had been no projects
Nor none that did great wrongs,
If fiddlers shall turn players all
How should we do for songs?

If all things were eternal
And nothing their end bringing,
If this should be, then how should we
Here make an end of singing?

Anonymous

London Bells

Two sticks and an apple,
Ring the bells at Whitechapel.

Old Father Bald Pate,
Ring the bells Aldgate.

Maids in white aprons,
Ring the bells at St. Catherine`s.

Oranges and Lemons,
Ring the bells at St. Clement`s.

When will you pay me?
Ring the bells at the Old Bailey.

When I am rich,
Ring the bells at Fleetditch.

When will that be?
Ring the bells of Stepney.

When I am old,
Ring the great bell at Paul`s.

Anonymous

Lord Randall

"Oh where ha'e ye been, Lord Randall, my son!
And where ha'e ye been, my handsome young man!"
"I ha'e been to the wild wood: mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm wearied wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."

"An wha met ye there, Lord Randall, my son?
An wha met you there, my handsome young man?"
"I dined wi my true-love; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm wearied wi hunting, and fain wad lie doon."

"And what did she give you, Lord Randall, my son?
And what did she give you, my handsome young man?"
"Eels fried in broo; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm wearied wi hunting, and fain wad lie doon."

"And wha gat your leavins, Lord Randall, my son?
And wha gat your leavins, my handsome young man?"
"My hawks and my hounds; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm wearied wi hunting, and fain wad lie doon."

"What become a yer bloodhounds, Lord Randall, my son?
What become a yer bloodhounds, my handsome young man?"
"They swelled and they died; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi huntin, and fain wad lie doon."

"O I fear ye are poisoned, Lord Randall, my son!
I fear ye are poisoned, my handsome young man!"
"O yes, I am poisoned; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm sick at m' heart, and I fain wad lie doon."

Anonymous

Love not me for comely grace, John Wilbye's Second Set of Madrigals

LOVE not me for comely grace,
For my pleasing eye or face,
Nor for any outward part,
No, nor for a constant heart:
 For these may fail or turn to ill,
 So thou and I shall sever:
Keep, therefore, a true woman's eye,
And love me still but know not why--
 So hast thou the same reason still
 To doat upon me ever!

Anonymous

Love will find out the Way

OVER the mountains
And over the waves,
Under the fountains
And under the graves;
Under floods that are deepest,
Which Neptune obey,
Over rocks that are steepest,
Love will find out the way.

When there is no place
For the glow-worm to lie,
When there is no space
For receipt of a fly;
When the midge dares not venture
Lest herself fast she lay,
If Love come, he will enter
And will find out the way.

You may esteem him
A child for his might;
Or you may deem him
A coward for his flight;
But if she whom Love doth honour
Be conceal'd from the day--
Set a thousand guards upon her,
Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him
By having him confined;
And some do suppose him,
Poor heart! to be blind;
But if ne'er so close ye wall him,
Do the best that ye may,
Blind Love, if so ye call him,
He will find out his way.

You may train the eagle
To stoop to your fist;
Or you may inveigle
The Phoenix of the east;
The lioness, you may move her
To give over her prey;
But you'll ne'er stop a lover--
He will find out the way.

If the earth it should part him,
He would gallop it o'er;
If the seas should o'erthwart him,
He would swim to the shore;
Should his Love become a swallow,
Through the air to stray,
Love will lend wings to follow,

And will find out the way.

There is no striving
To cross his intent;
There is no contriving
His plots to prevent;
But if once the message greet him
That his True Love doth stay,
If Death should come and meet him,
Love will find out the way!

Anonymous

Lusty May

O LUSTY May, with Flora queen!
The balmy dropis from Phoebus sheen
 Preluciand beams before the day:
By that Diana growis green
 Through gladness of this lusty May.

Then Esperus, that is so bricht,
Til woful hairtis castis his light,
 With bankis that bloomis on every brae;
And schouris are shed forth of their sicht
 Through gladness of this lusty May.

Birdis on bewis of every birth,
Rejoicing notis makand their mirth
 Richt plesantly upon the spray,
With flourishingis o'er field and firth
 Through gladness of this lusty May.

All luvaris that are in care
To their ladies they do repair
 In fresh morningis before the day,
And are in mirth ay mair and mair
 Through gladness of this lusty May.

Anonymous

Madrigal, Davison's Poetical Rhapsody

MY Love in her attire doth show her wit,
It doth so well become her;
For every season she hath dressings fit,
For Winter, Spring, and Summer.
No beauty she doth miss
When all her robes are on:
But Beauty's self she is
When all her robes are gone.

Anonymous

May in the Green-Wood

IN somer when the shawes be sheyne,
And leves be large and long,
Hit is full merry in feyre foreste
To here the foulys song.

To se the dere draw to the dale
And leve the hilles hee,
And shadow him in the leves grene
Under the green-wode tree.

Hit befell on Whitsontide
Early in a May mornyng,
The Sonne up faire can shyne,
And the briddis mery can syng.

'This is a mery mornyng,' said Litulle Johne,
'Be Hym that dyed on tre;
A more mery man than I am one
Lyves not in Christiante.

'Pluk up thi hert, my dere mayster,'
Litulle Johne can say,
'And thynk hit is a fulle fayre tyme
In a mornyng of May.'

Anonymous

Midnight Special

If you evah go to Houston,
You better walk right;
You better not gamble
And you better not fight.
T. Bentley will arrest you,
He'll surely take you down;
Judge Nelson'll sentence you,
Then you're jailhouse bound.

O let the Midnight Special
Shine a light on me,
Let the Midnight Special
Shine a evah lovin' light on me!

Every Monday mawnin',
When the ding-dong rings,
You go to the table,
See the same damn things;
And on the table,
There's a knife an' pan,
Say anything about it,
Have trouble with a man.

O let the Midnight Special
Shine a light on me,
Let the Midnight Special
Shine a evah lovin' light on me!

Yondah come Miss Rosy;
Oh, how do you know?
By th' umbrella on her shoulder
An' the dress that she woah!
Straw hat on her head,
Piece of paper in her hand,
Says, "Look here, Mr. Jailer,
I wants my life-time man."

O let the Midnight Special
Shine a light on me,
Let the Midnight Special
Shine a evah lovin' light on me!

Anonymous

My Friend Judge Not Me

My friend iudge not me,
Thou seest I iudge not thee:
Betwixt the stirrop and the ground,
Mercy I askt, mercy I found.

Anonymous

My Heart is High Above

MY heart is high above, my body is full of bliss,
For I am set in luvè as well as I would wiss
I luvè my lady pure and she luvè me again,
I am her serviture, she is my soverane;
She is my very heart, I am her howp and heill,
She is my joy invart, I am her luvar leal;
I am her bond and thrall, she is at my command;
I am perpetual her man, both foot and hand;
The thing that may her please my body sall fulfil;
Quhatever her disease, it does my body ill.
My bird, my bonny ane, my tender babe venust,
My luvè, my life alane, my liking and my lust!
We interchange our hairtis in others armis soft,
Spriteless we twa depairtis, usand our luvè oft.
We mourn when licht day dawis, we plain the nicht is short,
We curse the cock that crawis, that hinderis our disport.
I glowffin up aghast, quhen I her miss on nicht,
And in my oxter fast I find the bowster richt;
Then languor on me lies like Morpheus the mair,
Quhilk causes me uprise and to my sweet repair.
And then is all the sorrow forth of remembrance
That ever I had a-forrow in luvè observance.
Thus never I do rest, so lusty a life I lead,
Quhen that I list to test the well of womanheid.
Luvaris in pain, I pray God send you sic remeid
As I have nicht and day, you to defend from deid!
Therefore be ever true unto your ladies free,
And they will on you rue as mine has done on me.

Anonymous

My Lady's Tears, John Dowland's Third and Last Book of Songs or Airs

I SAW my Lady weep,
And Sorrow proud to be advanced so
In those fair eyes where all perfections keep.
Her face was full of woe;
But such a woe (believe me) as wins more hearts
Than Mirth can do with her enticing parts.

Sorrow was there made fair,
And Passion wise; Tears a delightful thing;
Silence beyond all speech, a wisdom rare:
She made her sighs to sing,
And all things with so sweet a sadness move
As made my heart at once both grieve and love.

O fairer than aught else
The world can show, leave off in time to grieve!
Enough, enough: your joyful look excels:
Tears kill the heart, believe.
O strive not to be excellent in woe,
Which only breeds your beauty's overthrow.

Anonymous

My Love in Her Attire

My Loue in her Attyre doth shew her witt,
It doth so well become her:
For eu'ry season she hath dressings fitt,
For Winter, Spring, and Summer.
No Beautie shee doth misse,
When all her Robes are on:
But Beauties selfe shee is,
When all her Robes are gone.

Anonymous

O Burr

O Burr, O Burr, what hast though done?
Thou hast shot dead great Hamilton.
You hid behind a bunch of thistle,
And shot him dead with a great hoss pistol.

Caption on a wax tableau of Vice President Aaron Burr's fatal interview with General Alexander Hamilton.

Anonymous

O Death, O Death, Rock Me Asleep

O Death, O Death, rock me asleep,
Bring me to quiet rest;
Let pass my weary guiltless ghost
Out of my careful breast.
Toll on, thou passing bell;
Ring out my doleful knell;
Thy sound my death abroad will tell,
For I must die,
There is no remedy.

My pains, my pains, who can express?
Alas, they are so strong!
My dolours will not suffer strength
My life for to prolong.
Toll on, thou passing bell;
Ring out my doleful knell;
Thy sound my death abroad will tell,
For I must die,
There is no remedy.

Alone, alone in prison strong
I wail my destiny:
Woe worth this cruel hap that I
Must taste this misery!
Toll on, thou passing bell;
Ring out my doleful knell;
Thy sound my death abroad will tell,
For I must die,
There is no remedy.

Farewell, farewell, my pleasures past!
Welcome, my present pain!
I feel my torment so increase
That life cannot remain.
Cease now, thou passing bell,
Ring out my doleful knoll,
For thou my death dost tell:
Lord, pity thou my soul!
Death doth draw nigh,
Sound dolefully:
For now I die,
I die, I die.

Anonymous

Of a rose, a lovely rose, Of a rose is al myn song.

LESTENYT, lordynges, both elde and yinge,
How this rose began to sprynge;
Swych a rose to myn lykyng
In al this word ne knowe I non.

The Aungil came fro hevene tour,
To grete Marye with gret honour,
And seyde sche xuld bere the flour
That xulde breke the fyndes bond.

The flour sprong in heye Bedlem,
That is bothe bryht and schen:
The rose is Mary hevene qwyn,
Out of here bosum the blosme sprong.

The ferste braunche is ful of myht,
That sprang on Cyrstemesse nyht,
The sterre schon over Bedlem bryht
That is bothe brod and long.

The secunde braunche sprong to helle,
The fendys power doun to felle:
Therein myht non sowle dwelle;
Blyssid be the time the rose sprong!

The thredde braunche is good and swote,
It sprang to hevene crop and rote,
Therein to dwellyn and ben our bote;
Every day it schewit in prystes hond.

Prey we to here with gret honour,
Che that bar the blyssid flowr,
Che be our helpe and our socour
And schyd us fro the fyndes bond.

Anonymous

Old English riddle

My dress is silent when I tread the ground
Or stay at home or stir upon the waters.
Sometimes my trappings and the lofty air
Raise me above the dwelling-place of men,
And then the power of clouds carries me far
Above the people; and my ornaments
Loudly resound, send forth a melody
And clearly sing, when I am not in touch
With earth or water, but a flying spirit.

Anonymous

Phillada flouts Me

O WHAT a plague is love!
How shall I bear it?
She will inconstant prove,
I greatly fear it.
She so torments my mind
That my strength faileth,
And wavers with the wind
As a ship saileth.
Please her the best I may,
She loves still to gainsay;
Alack and well-a-day!
Phillada flouts me.

At the fair yesterday
She did pass by me;
She look'd another way
And would not spy me:
I woo'd her for to dine,
But could not get her;
Will had her to the wine--
He might entreat her.
With Daniel she did dance,
On me she look'd askance:
O thrice unhappy chance!
Phillada flouts me.

Fair maid, be not so coy,
Do not disdain me!
I am my mother's joy:
Sweet, entertain me!
She'll give me, when she dies,
All that is fitting:
Her poultry and her bees,
And her goose sitting,
A pair of matrass beds,
And a bag full of shreds;
And yet, for all this guedes,
Phillada flouts me!

She hath a clout of mine
Wrought with blue coventry,
Which she keeps for a sign
Of my fidelity:
But i' faith, if she flinch
She shall not wear it;
To Tib, my t'other wench,
I mean to bear it.
And yet it grieves my heart
So soon from her to part:
Death strike me with his dart!
Phillada flouts me.

Thou shalt eat crudded cream
All the year lasting,
And drink the crystal stream
Pleasant in tasting;
Whig and whey whilst thou lust,
And bramble-berries,
Pie-lid and pastry-crust,
Pears, plums, and cherries.
Thy raiment shall be thin,
Made of a weevil's skin--
Yet all 's not worth a pin!
Phillada flouts me.

In the last month of May
I made her posies;
I heard her often say
That she loved roses.
Cowslips and gillyflowers
And the white lily
I brought to deck the bowers
For my sweet Philly.
But she did all disdain,
And threw them back again;
Therefore 'tis flat and plain
Phillada flouts me.

Fair maiden, have a care,
And in time take me;
I can have those as fair
If you forsake me:
For Doll the dairy-maid
Laugh'd at me lately,
And wanton Winifred
Favours me greatly.
One throws milk on my clothes,
T'other plays with my nose;
What wanting signs are those?
Phillada flouts me.

I cannot work nor sleep
At all in season:
Love wounds my heart so deep
Without all reason.
I 'gin to pine away
In my love's shadow,
Like as a fat beast may,
Penn'd in a meadow.
I shall be dead, I fear,
Within this thousand year:
And all for that my dear
Phillada flouts me.

Anonymous

Phyllida's Love-Call

Phyllida. CORYDON, arise, my Corydon!
Titan shineth clear.

Corydon. Who is it that calleth Corydon?
Who is it that I hear?

Phyl. Phyllida, thy true love, calleth thee,
Arise then, arise then,
Arise and keep thy flock with me!

Cor. Phyllida, my true love, is it she?
I come then, I come then,
I come and keep my flock with thee.

Phyl. Here are cherries ripe for my Corydon;
Eat them for my sake.

Cor. Here 's my oaten pipe, my lovely one,
Sport for thee to make.

Phyl. Here are threads, my true love, fine as silk,
To knit thee, to knit thee,
A pair of stockings white as milk.

Cor. Here are reeds, my true love, fine and neat,
To make thee, to make thee,
A bonnet to withstand the heat.

Phyl. I will gather flowers, my Corydon,
To set in thy cap.

Cor. I will gather pears, my lovely one,
To put in thy lap.

Phyl. I will buy my true love garters gay,
For Sundays, for Sundays,
To wear about his legs so tall.

Cor. I will buy my true love yellow say,
For Sundays, for Sundays,
To wear about her middle small.

Phyl. When my Corydon sits on a hill
Making melody--

Cor. When my lovely one goes to her wheel,
Singing cheerily--

Phyl. Sure methinks my true love doth excel
For sweetness, for sweetness,
Our Pan, that old Arcadian knight.

Cor. And methinks my true love bears the bell
For clearness, for clearness,
Beyond the nymphs that be so bright.

Phyl. Had my Corydon, my Corydon,
Been, alack! her swain--

Cor. Had my lovely one, my lovely one,
Been in Ida plain--

Phyl. Cynthia Endymion had refused,
Preferring, preferring,
My Corydon to play withal.

Cor. The Queen of Love had been excused

Bequeathing, bequeathing,
My Phyllida the golden ball.

Phyl. Yonder comes my mother, Corydon!
Whither shall I fly?

Cor. Under yonder beech, my lovely one,
While she passeth by.

Phyl. Say to her thy true love was not here;
Remember, remember,
To-morrow is another day.

Cor. Doubt me not, my true love, do not fear;
Farewell then, farewell then!
Heaven keep our loves alway!

Anonymous

Pipe and Can

I

THE Indian weed withered quite;
Green at morn, cut down at night;
Shows thy decay: all flesh is hay:
Thus think, then drink Tobacco.

And when the smoke ascends on high,
Think thou behold'st the vanity
Of worldly stuff, gone with a puff:
Thus think, then drink Tobacco.

But when the pipe grows foul within,
Think of thy soul defiled with sin,
And that the fire doth it require:
Thus think, then drink Tobacco.

The ashes, that are left behind,
May serve to put thee still in mind
That unto dust return thou must:
Thus think, then drink Tobacco.

II

WHEN as the chill Charokko blows,
And Winter tells a heavy tale;
When pyes and daws and rooks and crows
Sit cursing of the frosts and snows;
Then give me ale.

Ale in a Saxon rumkin then,
Such as will make grimalkin prate;
Bids valour burgeon in tall men,
Quickens the poet's wit and pen,
Despises fate.

Ale, that the absent battle fights,
And frames the march of Swedish drum,
Disputes with princes, laws, and rights,
What 's done and past tells mortal wights,
And what 's to come.

Ale, that the plowman's heart up-keeps
And equals it with tyrants' thrones,
That wipes the eye that over-weeps,
And lulls in sure and dainty sleeps
Th' o'er-wearied bones.

Grandchild of Ceres, Bacchus' daughter,
Wine's emulous neighbour, though but stale,
Ennobling all the nymphs of water,
And filling each man's heart with laughter--

Ha! give me ale!

Anonymous

Preparations

YET if His Majesty, our sovereign lord,
Should of his own accord
Friendly himself invite,
And say 'I'll be your guest to-morrow night,'
How should we stir ourselves, call and command
All hands to work! 'Let no man idle stand!

'Set me fine Spanish tables in the hall;
See they be fitted all;
Let there be room to eat
And order taken that there want no meat.
See every sconce and candlestick made bright,
That without tapers they may give a light.

'Look to the presence: are the carpets spread,
The dazie o'er the head,
The cushions in the chairs,
And all the candles lighted on the stairs?
Perfume the chambers, and in any case
Let each man give attendance in his place!'

Thus, if a king were coming, would we do;
And 'twere good reason too;
For 'tis a duteous thing
To show all honour to an earthly king,
And after all our travail and our cost,
So he be pleased, to think no labour lost.

But at the coming of the King of Heaven
All 's set at six and seven;
We wallow in our sin,
Christ cannot find a chamber in the inn.
We entertain Him always like a stranger,
And, as at first, still lodge Him in the manger.

Anonymous

Quia Amore Languo

IN a valley of this restless mind
I sought in mountain and in mead,
Trusting a true love for to find.
Upon an hill then took I heed;
A voice I heard (and near I yede)
In great dolour complaining tho:
See, dear soul, how my sides bleed
 Quia amore languo.

Upon this hill I found a tree,
Under a tree a man sitting;
From head to foot wounded was he;
His heart's blood I saw bleeding:
A seemly man to be a king,
A gracious face to look unto.
I asked why he had paining;
 [He said,] Quia amore languo.

I am true love that false was never;
My sister, man's soul, I loved her thus.
Because we would in no wise dis sever
I left my kingdom glorious.
I purveyed her a palace full precious;
She fled, I followed, I loved her so
That I suffered this pain piteous
 Quia amore languo.

My fair love and my spouse bright!
I saved her from beating, and she hath me bet;
I clothed her in grace and heavenly light;
This bloody shirt she hath on me set;
For longing of love yet would I not let;
Sweet strokes are these: lo!
I have loved her ever as I her het
 Quia amore languo.

I crowned her with bliss and she me with thorn;
I led her to chamber and she me to die;
I brought her to worship and she me to scorn;
I did her reverence and she me villany.
To love that loveth is no maistry;
Her hate made never my love her foe:
Ask me then no question why--
 Quia amore languo.

Look unto mine handes, man!
These gloves were given me when I her sought;
They be not white, but red and wan;
Embroidered with blood my spouse them brought.
They will not off; I loose hem nought;
I woo her with hem wherever she go.
These hands for her so friendly fought

Quia amore langueo.

Marvel not, man, though I sit still.
See, love hath shod me wonder strait:
Buckled my feet, as was her will,
With sharpe nails (well thou may'st wait!)
In my love was never desait;
All my membres I have opened her to;
My body I made her herte's bait
Quia amore langueo.

In my side I have made her nest;
Look in, how weet a wound is here!
This is her chamber, here shall she rest,
That she and I may sleep in fere.
Here may she wash, if any filth were;
Here is seat for all her woe;
Come when she will, she shall have cheer
Quia amore langueo.

I will abide till she be ready,
I will her sue if she say nay;
If she be retchless I will be greedy,
If she be dangerous I will her pray;
If she weep, then bide I ne may:
Mine arms ben spread to clip her me to.
Cry once, I come: now, soul, assay
Quia amore langueo.

Fair love, let us go play:
Apples ben ripe in my gardayne.
I shall thee clothe in a new array,
Thy meat shall be milk, honey and wine.
Fair love, let us go dine:
Thy sustenance is in my crippe, lo!
Tarry thou not, my fair spouse mine,
Quia amore langueo.

If thou be foul, I shall thee make clean;
If thou be sick, I shall thee heal;
If thou mourn ought, I shall thee mene;
Why wilt thou not, fair love, with me deal?
Foundest thou ever love so leal?
What wilt thou, soul, that I shall do?
I may not unkindly thee appeal
Quia amore langueo.

What shall I do now with my spouse
But abide her of my gentleness,
Till that she look out of her house
Of fleshly affection? love mine she is;
Her bed is made, her bolster is bliss,

Her chamber is chosen; is there none mo.
Look out on me at the window of kindness
Quia amore languo.

My love is in her chamber: hold your peace!
Make ye no noise, but let her sleep.
My babe I would not were in disease,
I may not hear my dear child weep.
With my pap I shall her keep;
Ne marvel ye not though I tend her to:
This wound in my side had ne'er be so deep
But Quia amore languo.

Long thou for love never so high,
My love is more than thine may be.
Thou weepst, thou gladdest, I sit thee by:
Yet wouldst thou once, love, look unto me!
Should I always feede thee
With children meat? Nay, love, not so!
I will prove thy love with adversite
Quia amore languo.

Wax not weary, mine own wife!
What mede is aye to live in comfort?
In tribulation I reign more rife
Ofter times than in disport.
In weal and in woe I am aye to support:
Mine own wife, go not me fro!
Thy mede is marked, when thou art mort:
Quia amore languo.

Anonymous

Riddle

A moth, I thogh, munching a word.
How marvellously weird! a worm
Digesting a mans sayings -
A sneakthief nibbling in the shadows
At the shape of a poet`s thunderous phrases -
How unutterably strange!
And the pilfering parasite none the wiser
For the words he has swallowed.

Anonymous

She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain

She'll be comin' round the mountain,
When she comes.
She'll be comin' round the mountain,
When she comes.
She'll be comin' round the mountain,
She'll be comin' round the mountain,
She'll be comin' round the mountain,
When she comes.

She'll be drivin' six white horses,
When she comes.
She'll be drivin' six white horses,
When she comes.
She'll be drivin' six white horses,
She'll be drivin' six white horses,
She'll be drivin' six white horses,
When she comes.

Oh we'll all go to meet her,
When she comes.
Oh we'll all go to meet her,
When she comes.
We will kill the old red rooster,
We will kill the old red rooster,
And we'll all have chicken and dumplin',
When she comes.

Anonymous

Sighs

All night I muse, all day I cry,
Ay me!
Yet still I wish, though still deny,
Ay me!
I sigh, I mourn, and say that still
I only live my joys to kill,
Ay me !

I feed the pain that on me feeds,
Ay me!
My wound I stop not, though it bleeds,
Ay me!
Heart, be content, it must be so,
For springs were made to overflow,
Ay me!

Then sigh and weep, and mourn thy fill,
Ay me!
Seek no redress, but languish still,
Ay me!
Their griefs more willing they endure
That know when they are past recure,
Ay me!

Anonymous

Since First I saw your Face, Thomas Ford's Music of Sundry Kinds

SINCE first I saw your face I resolved to honour and renown ye;
If now I be disdained I wish my heart had never known ye.
What? I that loved and you that liked, shall we begin to wrangle?
No, no, no, my heart is fast, and cannot disentangle.

If I admire or praise you too much, that fault you may forgive me;
Or if my hands had stray'd but a touch, then justly might you leave
me.
I ask'd you leave, you bade me love; is 't now a time to chide me?
No, no, no, I'll love you still what fortune e'er betide me.

The Sun, whose beams most glorious are, rejecteth no beholder,
And your sweet beauty past compare made my poor eyes the bolder:
Where beauty moves and wit delights and signs of kindness bind me,
There, O there! where'er I go I'll leave my heart behind me!

Anonymous

Sir Patrick Spence

The king sits in Dumferling toune,
Drinking the blude-reid wine:
"O whar will I get guid sailor,
To sail this schip of mine?"

Up and spak an eldern knicht,
Sat at the kings richt kne:
"Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailor
That sails upon the se."

The king has written a braid letter,
And signd it wi his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,
Was walking on the sand.

The first line that Sir Patrick red,
A loud lauch lauched he;
The next line that Sir Patrick red,
The teir blinded his ee.

"O wha is this has don this deid,
This ill deid don to me,
To send me out this time o' the yeir,
To sail upon the se!

"Mak hast, mak haste, my mirry men all,
Our guid schip sails the morne:"
"O say na sae, my master deir,
For I feir a deadlie storme.

"Late late yestreen I saw the new moone,
Wi the auld moone in hir arme,
And I feir, I feir, my deir master,
That we will cum to harme."

O our Scots nobles wer richt laith
To weet their cork-heild schoone;
Bot lang owre a' the play wer playd,
Thair hats they swam aboone.

O lang, lang may their ladies sit,
Wi thair fans into their hand,
Or eir they se Sir Patrick Spence
Cum sailing to the land.

O lang, lang may the ladies stand,
Wi thair gold kems in their hair,
Waiting for thair ain deir lords,
For they'll se thame na mair.

Haf owre, haf owre to Aberdour,
It's fiftie fadom deip,

And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spence,
Wi the Scots lords at his feit.

Anonymous

Sir Patrick Spens

I. The Sailing

THE king sits in Dunfermline town
Drinking the blude-red wine;
'O whare will I get a skeely skipper
To sail this new ship o' mine?'

O up and spak an eldern knight,
Sat at the king's right knee;
'Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That ever sail'd the sea.'

Our king has written a braid letter,
And seal'd it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

'To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem;
The king's daughter o' Noroway,
'Tis thou must bring her hame.'

The first word that Sir Patrick read
So loud, loud laugh'd he;
The neist word that Sir Patrick read
The tear blinded his e'e.

'O wha is this has done this deed
And tauld the king o' me,
To send us out, at this time o' year,
To sail upon the sea?

'Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,
Our ship must sail the faem;
The king's daughter o' Noroway,
'Tis we must fetch her hame.'

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn
Wi' a' the speed they may;
They hae landed in Noroway
Upon a Wodensday.

II. The Return

'Mak ready, mak ready, my merry men a'
Our gude ship sails the morn.'
'Now ever alack, my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm.

'I saw the new moon late yestreen
Wi' the auld moon in her arm;
And if we gang to sea, master,

I fear we'll come to harm.'

They hadna sail'd a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the topmast lap,
It was sic a deadly storm:
And the waves cam owre the broken ship
Till a' her sides were torn.

'Go fetch a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And wap them into our ship's side,
And let nae the sea come in.'

They fetch'd a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And they wapp'd them round that gude ship's side,
But still the sea came in.

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
To wet their cork-heel'd shoon;
But lang or a' the play was play'd
They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather bed
That flatter'd on the faem;
And mony was the gude lord's son
That never mair cam hame.

O lang, lang may the ladies sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand!

And lang, lang may the maidens sit
Wi' their gowd kames in their hair,
A-waiting for their ain dear loves!
For them they'll see nae mair.

Half-owre, half-owre to Aberdour,
'Tis fifty fathoms deep;
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet!

Anonymous

Sister, Awake!, Thomas Bateson's First Set of English Madrigals

SISTER, awake! close not your eyes!
The day her light discloses,
And the bright morning doth arise
Out of her bed of roses.

See the clear sun, the world's bright eye,
In at our window peeping:
Lo, how he blusheth to espy
Us idle wenches sleeping!

Therefore awake! make haste, I say,
And let us, without staying,
All in our gowns of green so gay
Into the Park a-maying!

Anonymous

Soldiers Who Wish to be a Hero

Soldiers who wish to be a hero
Are practically zero.
But those who wish to be civilians,
Jesus, they run into millions.

Anonymous

Spring-tide

LENTEN ys come with love to toune,
With blosmen ant with briddes rounne,
That al this blisse bryngeth;
Dayes-eyes in this dales,
Notes suete of nyhtegales,
Vch foul song singeth;
The threstlecoc him threteth oo,
Away is huere wynter wo,
When woderove springeth;
This foules singeth ferly fele,
Ant wlyteth on huere winter wele,
That al the wode ryngeth.

The rose rayleth hire rode,
The leves on the lyhte wode
Waxen al with wille;
The mone mandeth hire bleo,
The lilie is lossom to seo,
The fenyl ant the fille;
Wowes this wilde drakes,
Miles murgeth huere makes;
Ase strem that striketh stille,
Mody meneth; so doth mo
(Ichot ycham on of tho)
For loue that likes ille.

The mone mandeth hire lyht,
So doth the semly sonne bryht.
When briddes singeth breme;
Deowes donketh the dounes,
Deores with huere derne rounes
Domes forte deme;
Wormes woweth under cloude,
Wymmen waxeth wouder proude,
So wel hit wol hem seme,
Yef me shal wonte wille of on,
This wunne weole y wole forgon
Ant wyht in wode be fleme.

Anonymous

Tam Lin

O I forbid you, maidens a',
That wear gowd on your hair,
To come or gae by Carterhaugh,
For young Tam Lin is there.

There's nane that gaes by Carterhaugh
But they leave him a wad,
Either their rings, or green mantles,
Or else their maidenhead.

Janet has kilted her green kirtle
A little aboon her knee,
And she has broded her yellow hair
A little aboon her bree,
And she's awa to Carterhaugh
As fast as she can hie.

When she came to carterhaugh
Tam Lin was at the well,
And there she fand his steed standing,
But away was himsel.

She had na pu'd a double rose,
A rose but only twa,
Till upon then started young Tam Lin,
Says, Lady, thou's pu nae mae.

Why pu's thou the rose, Janet,
And why breaks thou the wand?
Or why comes thou to Carterhaugh
Withoutten my command?

"Carterhaugh, it is my own,
My daddy gave it me,
I'll come and gang by Carterhaugh,
And ask nae leave at thee."

Janet has kilted her green kirtle
A little aboon her knee,
And she has broded her yellow hair
A little aboon her bree,
And she is to her father's ha,
As fast as she can hie.

Four and twenty ladies fair
Were playing at the ba,
And out then came the fair Janet,
The flower among them a'.

Four and twenty ladies fair
Were playing at the chess,
And out then came the fair Janet,

As green as onie glass.

Out then spake an auld grey knight,
Lay oer the castle wa,
And says, Alas, fair Janet, for thee,
But we'll be blamed a'.

"Haud your tongue, ye auld fac'd knight,
Some ill death may ye die!
Father my bairn on whom I will,
I'll father none on thee."

Out then spak her father dear,
And he spak meek and mild,
"And ever alas, sweet Janet," he says,
"I think thou gaest wi child."

"If that I gae wi child, father,
Mysel maun bear the blame,
There's neer a laird about your ha,
Shall get the bairn's name.

"If my love were an earthly knight,
As he's an elfin grey,
I wad na gie my ain true-love
For nae lord that ye hae.

"The steed that my true love rides on
Is lighter than the wind,
Wi siller he is shod before,
Wi burning gowd behind."

Janet has kilted her green kirtle
A little aboon her knee,
And she has broded her yellow hair
A little aboon her bree,
And she's awa to Carterhaugh
As fast as she can hie.

When she came to Carterhaugh,
Tam Lin was at the well,
And there she fand his steed standing,
But away was himsel.

She had na pu'd a double rose,
A rose but only twa,
Till up then started young Tam Lin,
Says, Lady, thou pu's nae mae.

"Why pu's thou the rose, Janet,
Amang the groves sae green,
And a' to kill the bonny babe

That we gat us between?"

"O tell me, tell me, Tam Lin," she says,
"For's sake that died on tree,
If eer ye was in holy chapel,
Or christendom did see?"

"Roxbrugh he was my grandfather,
Took me with him to bide
And ance it fell upon a day
That wae did me betide.

"And ance it fell upon a day
A cauld day and a snell,
When we were frae the hunting come,
That frae my horse I fell,
The Queen o' Fairies she caught me,
In yon green hill do dwell.

"And pleasant is the fairy land,
But, an eerie tale to tell,
Ay at the end of seven years,
We pay a tiend to hell,
I am sae fair and fu o flesh,
I'm feard it be mysel.

"But the night is Halloween, lady,
The morn is Hallowday,
Then win me, win me, an ye will,
For weel I wat ye may.

"Just at the mirk and midnight hour
The fairy folk will ride,
And they that wad their true-love win,
At Miles Cross they maun bide."

"But how shall I thee ken, Tam Lin,
Or how my true-love know,
Amang sa mony unco knights,
The like I never saw?"

"O first let pass the black, lady,
And syne let pass the brown,
But quickly run to the milk-white steed,
Pu ye his rider down.

"For I'll ride on the milk-white steed,
And ay nearest the town,
Because I was an earthly knight
They gie me that renown.

"My right hand will be gloved, lady,

My left hand will be bare,
Cockt up shall my bonnet be,
And kaimed down shall my hair,
And thae's the takens I gie thee,
Nae doubt I will be there.

"They'll turn me in your arms, lady,
Into an esk and adder,
But hold me fast, and fear me not,
I am your bairn's father.

"They'll turn me to a bear sae grim,
And then a lion bold,
But hold me fast, and fear me not,
And ye shall love your child.

"Again they'll turn me in your arms
To a red het gand of airn,
But hold me fast, and fear me not,
I'll do you nae harm.

"And last they'll turn me in your arms
Into the burning glead,
Then throw me into well water,
O throw me in with speed.

"And then I'll be your ain true-love,
I'll turn a naked knight,
Then cover me wi your green mantle,
And hide me out o sight."

Gloomy, gloomy was the night,
And eerie was the way,
As fair Jenny in her green mantle
To Miles Cross she did gae.

At the mirk and midnight hour
She heard the bridles sing,
She was as glad at that
As any earthly thing.

First she let the black pass by,
And syne she let the brown,
But quickly she ran to the milk-white steed,
And pu'd the rider down.

Sae weel she minded what he did say,
And young Tam Lin did win,
Syne covered him wi her green mantle,
As blythe's a bird in spring

Out then spak the Queen o Fairies,

Out of a bush o broom,
"Them that has gotten young Tam Lin
Has gotten a stately-groom."

Out then spak the Queen o Fairies,
And an angry woman was she,
"Shame betide her ill-far'd face,
And an ill death may she die,
For she's taen awa the bonniest knight
In a' my companie.

"But had I kend, Tam Lin," said she,
"What now this night I see,
I wad hae taen out thy twa grey een,
And put in twa een o tree."

Anonymous

Tears, John Dowland's Third and Last Book of Songs or Airs

WEEP you no more, sad fountains;
What need you flow so fast?
Look how the snowy mountains
Heaven's sun doth gently waste!
But my Sun's heavenly eyes
View not your weeping,
That now lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies
Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,
A rest that peace begets;
Doth not the sun rise smiling
When fair at even he sets?
Rest you then, rest, sad eyes!
Melt not in weeping,
While she lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies
Sleeping.

Anonymous

The Bells of Hell

The bells of hell go ting-a-ling-a-ling
For you but not for me:
And the little devils how they sing-a-ling-a-ling
For you but not for me.
O death, where is thy sting-a-ling-a-ling,
O Grave, thy victor-ee?
The bells of hell go ting-a-ling-a-ling,
For you but not for me.

Anonymous

The Bonnie House o' Airlie

IT fell on a day, and a bonnie simmer day,
When green grew aits and barley,
That there fell out a great dispute
Between Argyll and Airlie.

Argyll has raised an hunder men,
An hunder harness'd rarely,
And he 's awa' by the back of Dunkell,
To plunder the castle of Airlie.

Lady Ogilvie looks o'er her bower-window,
And O but she looks warely!
And there she spied the great Argyll,
Come to plunder the bonnie house of Airlie.

'Come down, come down, my Lady Ogilvie,
Come down and kiss me fairly:'
'O I winna kiss the fause Argyll,
If he shouldna leave a standing stane in Airlie.'

He hath taken her by the left shoulder,
Says, 'Dame, where lies thy dowry?'
'O it 's east and west yon wan water side,
And it 's down by the banks of the Airlie.'

They hae sought it up, they hae sought it down,
They hae sought it maist severely,
Till they fand it in the fair plum-tree
That shines on the bowling-green of Airlie.

He hath taken her by the middle sae small,
And O but she grat sairly!
And laid her down by the bonnie burn-side,
Til they plunder'd the castle of Airlie.

'Gif my gude lord war here this night,
As he is with King Charlie,
Neither you, nor ony ither Scottish lord,
Durst avow to the plundering of Airlie.

'Gif my gude lord war now at hame,
As he is with his king,
There durst nae a Campbell in a' Argyll
Set fit on Airlie green.

'Then bonnie sons I have borne unto him,
The eleventh ne'er saw his daddy;
But though I had an hunder mair,
I'd gie them a' to King Charlie!'

Anonymous

The Bonny Earl of Murray

YE Highlands and ye Lawlands,
O where hae ye been?
They hae slain the Earl of Murray,
And hae laid him on the green.

Now wae be to thee, Huntley!
And whairfore did ye sae!
I bade you bring him wi' you,
But forbade you him to slay.

He was a braw gallant,
And he rid at the ring;
Ana the bonny Earl of Murray,
O he might hae been a king!

He was a braw gallant,
And he play'd at the ba';
And the bonny Earl of Murray
Was the flower amang them a'!

He was a braw gallant,
And he play'd at the gluve;
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
O he was the Queen's luv!

O lang will his Lady
Look owre the Castle Downe,
Ere she see the Earl of Murray
Come sounding through the town!

Anonymous

The Braes o'Yarrow

Late at e'en, drinking the wine,
And ere they paid the lawing,
They set a combat them between,
To fight it in the dawning.

'What though ye be my sister's lord
We'll cross our swords to-morrow.'
'What though my wife your sister be,
I'll meet ye then on Yarrow.'

'O stay at hame, my ain gude lord!
O stay, my ain dear marrow!
My cruel brither will you betray
On the dowie banks of Yarrow.'

'O fare ye weel, my lady dear!
And put aside your sorrow;
For if I gae, I'll sune return
Frae the bonny banks o' Yarrow.'

She kiss'd his cheek, she kaimed his hair,
As oft she'd done before, O;
She belted him with his gude brand,
And he's awa' to Yarrow.

When he gaed up the Tennies bank,
As he gaed mony a morrow,
Nine armed men lay in a den
On the dowie braes o' Yarrow.

'O come ye here to hunt or hawk
The bonny Forest thorough?
Or come ye here to wield your brand
Upon the banks o' Yarrow?'

'I come not here to hunt or hawk
As oft I've dune before, O,
But I come here to wield my brand
Upon the banks o' Yarrow.

'If ye attack me nine to ane,
That God may send ye sorrow!--
Yet will I fight while stand I may,
On the bonny banks o' Yarrow.'

Two has he hurt, and three has slain,
On the bloody braes o' Yarrow;
But the stubborn knight crept in behind,
And pierced his body thorough.

'Gae hame, gae hame, you brither John,
And tell your sister sorrow,--

To come and lift her leafu' lord
On the dowie banks o' Yarrow.'

Her brither John gaed ower the hill,
As oft he'd dune before, O;
There he met his sister dear,
Cam' rinnin' fast to Yarrow.

'I dreamt a dream last night,' she says,
'I wish it binna sorrow;
I dreamt I pu'd the heather green
Wi' my true love on Yarrow.'

'I'll read your dream, sister,' he says,
'I'll read it into sorrow;
Ye're bidden go take up your love,
He's sleeping sound on Yarrow.'

She's torn the ribbons frae her head
That were baith braid and narrow;
She's kilted up her lang claithing,
And she's awa' to Yarrow.

She's ta'en him in her arms twa,
And gi'en him kisses thorough;
She sought to bind his many wounds,
But he lay dead on Yarrow.

'O haud your tongue,' her father says,
'And let be a' your sorrow;
I'll wed you to a better lord
Than him you lost on Yarrow.'

'O haud your tongue, father,' she says,
'Far warse ye make my sorrow;
A better lord could never be
Than him that lies on Yarrow.'

She kiss'd his lips, she kaimed his hair,
As aft she'd dune before, O;
And there with grief her heart did break
Upon the banks o' Yarrow.

Anonymous

The Call

MY blood so red
For thee was shed,
Come home again, come home again;
My own sweet heart, come home again!
You've gone astray
Out of your way,
Come home again, come home again!

Anonymous

The Creation of the Moon

The man cut his throat and left his head there.
The others went to get it.
When they got there they put the head in a sack.
Farther on the head fell out onto the ground.
They put the head back in the sack.
Farther on the head fell out again.
Around the first sack they put a second one that
was thicker.
But the head fell out just the same.
It should be explained that they were taking the head
to show to the others.
They did not put the head back in the sack.
They left it in the middle of the road.
They went away.

They crossed the river.
But the head followed them.
They climbed up a tree full of fruit
to see whether it would go past.

The head stopped at the foot of the tree
and asked them for some fruit.
So the men shook the tree.
The head went to get the fruit.
Then it asked for some more.

So the men shook the tree
so that the fruit fell into the water.
The head said it couldn't get the fruit from there.
So the men threw the fruit a long way
to make the head go a long way to get it so they could go.
While the head was getting the fruit
the men got down from the tree and went on.

The head came back and looked at the tree
and didn't see anybody
so went on rolling down the road.

The men had stopped to wait
to see whether the head would follow them.
They saw the head come rolling.

They ran.
They got to their hut they told the others that the head
was rolling after them and to shut the door.

All the huts were closed tight.
When it got there the head commanded them to open the doors.
The owners would not open them because they were afraid.

So the head started to think what it would turn into.
If it turned into water they would drink it.

If it turned into earth they would walk on it.
If it turned into a house they would live in it.
If it turned into a steer they would kill it and eat it.
If it turned into a cow they would milk it.
If it turned into a bean they would cook it.
If it turned into the sun
When men were cold it would heat them.
If it turned into rain the grass would grow and the
animals would crop it.

So it thought, and it said, "I will turn into the moon."
It called, "Open the doors, I want to get my things."
They would not open them.

The head cried. It called out, "At least give me
my two balls of twine."
They threw out the two balls of twine through a hole.
It took them and threw them into the sky.

It asked them to throw it a little stick too
to roll the thread around so it could climb up.

Then it said, "I can climb, I am going to the sky."
It started to climb.

The men opened the doors right away.
The head went on climbing.
The men shouted, "You going to the sky, head?"
It didn't answer.

As soon as it got to the Sun
it turned into the Moon.
Toward evening the Moon was white, it was beautiful.
And the men were surprised
to see that the head had turned into the Moon.

Anonymous

The Dowie Houms of Yarrow

LATE at een, drinkin' the wine,
And ere they paid the lawin',
They set a combat them between,
To fight it in the dawin'.

'O stay at hame, my noble lord!
O stay at hame, my marrow!
My cruel brother will you betray,
On the dowie houms o' Yarrow.'

'O fare ye weel, my lady gay!
O fare ye weel, my Sarah!
For I maun gae, tho' I ne'er return
Frae the dowie banks o' Yarrow.'

She kiss'd his cheek, she kamed his hair,
As she had done before, O;
She belted on his noble brand,
An' he 's awa to Yarrow.

O he 's gane up yon high, high hill--
I wat he gaed wi' sorrow--
An' in a den spied nine arm'd men,
I' the dowie houms o' Yarrow.

'O are ye come to drink the wine,
As ye hae doon before, O?
Or are ye come to wield the brand,
On the dowie banks o' Yarrow?'

'I am no come to drink the wine,
As I hae don before, O,
But I am come to wield the brand,
On the dowie houms o' Yarrow.'

Four he hurt, an' five he slew,
On the dowie houms o' Yarrow,
Till that stubborn knight came him behind,
An' ran his body thorrow.

'Gae hame, gae hame, good brother John,
An' tell your sister Sarah
To come an' lift her noble lord,
Who 's sleepin' sound on Yarrow.'

'Yestreen I dream'd a dolefu' dream;
I ken'd there wad be sorrow;
I dream'd I pu'd the heather green,
On the dowie banks o' Yarrow.'

She gaed up yon high, high hill--
I wat she gaed wi' sorrow--

An' in a den spied nine dead men,
On the dowie houms o' Yarrow.

She kiss'd his cheek, she kamed his hair,
As oft she did before, O;
She drank the red blood frae him ran,
On the dowie houms o' Yarrow.

'O haud your tongue, my douchter dear,
For what needs a' this sorrow?
I'll wed you on a better lord
Than him you lost on Yarrow.'

'O haud your tongue, my father dear,
An' dinna grieve your Sarah;
A better lord was never born
Than him I lost on Yarrow.

'Tak hame your ousen, tak hame your kye,
For they hae bred our sorrow;
I wiss that they had a' gane mad
When they cam first to Yarrow.'

Anonymous

The Forsaken Bride

O waly waly up the bank,
And waly waly down the brae,
And waly waly yon burn-side
Where I and my Love went to gae!
I leant my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a trusty tree;
But first it bow'd, and syne it brak,
Sae my true Love did lichtly me.

O waly waly, but love be bonny
A little time while it is new;
But when 'tis auld, it waxeth cauld
And fades awa' like morning dew.
O wherefore should I busk my head?
Or wherefore should I kame my hair?
For my true Love has me forsook,
And says he'll never lo'e me mair.

Now Arthur-seat sall be my bed,
The sheets shall ne'er be prest by me,
Saint Anton's well sall be my drink,
Since my true Love has forsaken me.
Marti'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw
And shake the green leaves aff the tree?
O gentle Death, when wilt thou come?
For of my life I am wearie.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie—
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
But my Love's heart grown cauld to me.
When we came in by Glasgow town
We were a comely sight to see;
My Love was clad in the black velvét,
And I mysell in cramasie.

But had I wist, before I kist,
That love had been sae ill to win,
I had lockt my heart in a case of gowd
And pinn'd it with a siller pin.
And oh, if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I mysell were dead and gane,
And the green grass growing over me!

Anonymous

The Lass of Lochroyan

'O WHA will shoe my bonny foot?
And wha will glove my hand?
And wha will bind my middle jimp
Wi' a lang, lang linen band?

'O wha will kame my yellow hair,
With a haw bayberry kame?
And wha will be my babe's father
Till Gregory come hame?'

'They father, he will shoe thy foot,
Thy brother will glove thy hand,
Thy mither will bind thy middle jimp
Wi' a lang, lang linen band.

'Thy sister will kame thy yellow hair,
Wi' a haw bayberry kame;
The Almighty will be thy babe's father
Till Gregory come hame.'

'And wha will build a bonny ship,
And set it on the sea?
For I will go to seek my love,
My ain love Gregory.'

Up then spak her father dear,
A wafu' man was he;
'And I will build a bonny ship,
And set her on the sea.

'And I will build a bonny ship,
And set her on the sea,
And ye sal gae and seek your love,
Your ain love Gregory.'

Then he 's gart build a bonny ship,
And set it on the sea,
Wi' four-and-twenty mariners,
To bear her company.

O he 's gart build a bonny ship,
To sail on the salt sea;
The mast was o' the beaten gold,
The sails o' cramoisie.

The sides were o' the gude stout aik,
The deck o' mountain pine,
The anchor o' the silver shene,
The ropes o' silken twine.

She hadna sail'd but twenty leagues,
But twenty leagues and three,

When she met wi' a rank reiver,
And a' his companie.

'Now are ye Queen of Heaven hie,
Come to pardon a' our sin?
Or are ye Mary Magdalane,
Was born at Bethlam?'

'I'm no the Queen of Heaven hie,
Come to pardon ye your sin,
Nor am I Mary Magdalane,
Was born in Bethlam.

'But I'm the lass of Lochroyan,
That 's sailing on the sea
To see if I can find my love,
My ain love Gregory.'

'O see na ye yon bonny bower?
It 's a' covered owre wi' tin;
When thou hast sail'd it round about,
Lord Gregory is within.'

And when she saw the stately tower,
Shining both clear and bright,
Whilk stood aboon the jawing wave,
Built on a rock of height,

Says, 'Row the boat, my mariners,
And bring me to the land,
For yonder I see my love's castle,
Close by the salt sea strand.'

She sail'd it round, and sail'd it round,
And loud and loud cried she,
'Now break, now break your fairy charms,
And set my true-love free.'

She 's ta'en her young son in her arms,
And to the door she 's gane,
And long she knock'd, and sair she ca'd.
But answer got she nane.

'O open, open, Gregory!
O open! if ye be within;
For here 's the lass of Lochroyan,
Come far fra kith and kin.

'O open the door, Lord Gregory!
O open and let me in!
The wind blows loud and cauld, Gregory,
The rain drops fra my chin.

'The shoe is frozen to my foot,
The glove unto my hand,
The wet drops fra my yellow hair,
Na langer dow I stand.'

O up then spak his ill mither,
--An ill death may she die!
'Ye're no the lass of Lochroyan,
She 's far out-owre the sea.

'Awa', awa', ye ill woman,
Ye're no come here for gude;
Ye're but some witch or wil' warlock,
Or mermaid o' the flood.'

'I am neither witch nor wil' warlock,
Nor mermaid o' the sea,
But I am Annie of Lochroyan,
O open the door to me!'

'Gin ye be Annie of Lochroyan,
As I trow thou binna she,
Now tell me of some love-tokens
That pass'd 'tween thee and me.'

'O dinna ye mind, love Gregory,
As we sat at the wine,
We changed the rings frae our fingers?
And I can shew thee thine.

'O yours was gude, and gude enough,
But ay the best was mine,
For yours was o' the gude red gowd,
But mine o' the diamond fine.

'Yours was o' the gude red gowd,
Mine o' the diamond fine;
Mine was o' the purest troth,
But thine was false within.'

'If ye be the lass of Lochroyan,
As I kenna thou be,
Tell me some mair o' the love-tokens
Pass'd between thee and me.'

'And dinna ye mind, love Gregory!
As we sat on the hill,
Thou twin'd me o' my maidenheid,
Right sair against my will?

'Now open the door, love Gregory!

Open the door! I pray;
For thy young son is in my arms,
And will be dead ere day.'

'Ye lie, ye lie, ye ill woman,
So loud I hear ye lie;
For Annie of the Lochroyan
Is far out-owre the sea.'

Fair Annie turn'd her round about:
'Weel, sine that it be sae,
May ne'er woman that has borne a son
Hae a heart sae fu' o' wae!

'Tak down, tak down that mast o' gowd,
Set up a mast of tree;
It disna become a forsaken lady
To sail sae royallie.'

When the cock has crawn, and the day did dawn,
And the sun began to peep,
Up than raise Lord Gregory,
And sair, sair did he weep.

'O I hae dream'd a dream, mither,
I wish it may bring good!
That the bonny lass of Lochroyan
At my bower window stood.

'O I hae dream'd a dream, mither,
The thought o't gars me greet!
That fair Annie of Lochroyan
Lay dead at my bed-feet.'

'Gin it be for Annie of Lochroyan
That ye mak a' this mane,
She stood last night at your bower-door,
But I hae sent her hame.'

'O wae betide ye, ill woman,
An ill death may ye die!
That wadna open the door yoursell
Nor yet wad waken me.'

O he 's gane down to yon shore-side,
As fast as he could dree,
And there he saw fair Annie's bark
A rowing owre the sea.

'O Annie, Annie,' loud he cried,
'O Annie, O Annie, bide!'
But ay the mair he cried 'Annie,'

The braider grew the tide.

'O Annie, Annie, dear Annie,
Dear Annie, speak to me!
But ay the louder he gan call,
The louder roar'd the sea.

The wind blew loud, the waves rose hie
And dash'd the boat on shore;
Fair Annie's corpse was in the faem,
The babe rose never more.

Lord Gregory tore his gowden locks
And made a wafu' moan;
Fair Annie's corpse lay at his feet,
His bonny son was gone.

'O cherry, cherry was her cheek,
And gowden was her hair,
And coral, coral was her lips,
Nane might with her compare.'

Then first he kiss'd her pale, pale cheek,
And syne he kiss'd her chin,
And syne he kiss'd her wane, wane lips,
There was na breath within.

'O wae betide my ill mither,
An ill death may she die!
She turn'd my true-love frae my door,
Who cam so far to me.

'O wae betide my ill mither,
An ill death may she die!
She has no been the deid o' ane,
But she 's been the deid of three.'

Then he 's ta'en out a little dart,
Hung low down by his gore,
He thrust it through and through his heart,
And words spak never more.

Anonymous

The Lover in Winter Plaineth for the Spring

Westron wind, when wilt thou blow
That small rain down can rain?
Christ, that my love were in my arms
And I in my bed again!

Anonymous

The Means to attain Happy Life

MARTIAL, the things that do attain
The happy life be these, I find:--
The riches left, not got with pain;
The fruitful ground, the quiet mind;

The equal friend; no grudge, no strife;
No charge of rule, nor governance;
Without disease, the healthful life;
The household of continuance;

The mean diet, no delicate fare;
True wisdom join'd with simpleness;
The night discharged of all care,
Where wine the wit may not oppress.

The faithful wife, without debate;
Such sleeps as may beguile the night:
Contented with thine own estate
Ne wish for death, ne fear his might.

Anonymous

The Now Jerusalem, Song of Mary the Mother of Christ (London: E. Alde)

HIERUSALEM, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end,
Thy joys when shall I see?

O happy harbour of the Saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.

There lust and lucre cannot dwell,
There envy bears no sway;
There is no hunger, heat, nor cold,
But pleasure every way.

Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamonds square;
Thy gates are of right orient pearl,
Exceeding rich and rare.

Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine;
Thy very streets are paved with gold,
Surpassing clear and fine.

Ah, my sweet home, Hierusalem,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are green;
There grows such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

Quite through the streets, with silver sound,
The flood of Life doth flow;
Upon whose banks on every side
The wood of Life doth grow.

There trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring;
There evermore the angels sit,
And evermore do sing.

Our Lady sings Magnificat
With tones surpassing sweet;
And all the virgins bear their part,
Sitting about her feet.

Hierusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee!

Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

Anonymous

The Nut-Brown Maid

He. BE it right or wrong, these men among
On women do complain;
Affirming this, how that it is
A labour spent in vain
To love them wele; for never a dele
They love a man again:
For let a man do what he can
Their favour to attain,
Yet if a new to them pursue,
Their first true lover than
Laboureth for naught; for from her thought
He is a banished man.

She. I say not nay, but that all day
It is both written and said
That woman's faith is, as who saith,
All utterly decayd:
But nevertheless, right good witness
In this case might be laid
That they love true and continue:
Record the Nut-brown Maid,
Which, when her love came her to prove,
To her to make his moan,
Would not depart; for in her heart
She loved but him alone.

He. Then between us let us discuss
What was all the manere
Between them two: we will also
Tell all the pain in fere
That she was in. Now I begin,
So that ye me answer:
Wherefore all ye that present be,
I pray you, give an ear.
I am the Knight. I come by night,
As secret as I can,
Saying, Alas! thus standeth the case,
I am a banished man.

She. And I your will for to fulfil
In this will not refuse;
Trusting to show, in wordes few,
That men have an ill use--
To their own shame--women to blame,
And causeless them accuse.
Therefore to you I answer now,
All women to excuse--
Mine own heart dear, with you what cheer?
I pray you, tell anone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. It standeth so: a deed is do
Whereof great harm shall grow:
My destiny is for to die
A shameful death, I trow;
Or else to flee. The t' one must be.
None other way I know
But to withdraw as an outlaw,
And take me to my bow.
Wherefore adieu, mine own heart true!
None other rede I can:
For I must to the green-wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

She. O Lord, what is this worldis bliss,
That changeth as the moon!
My summer's day in lusty May
Is darked before the noon.
I hear you say, farewell: Nay, nay,
We depart not so soon.
Why say ye so? whither will ye go?
Alas! what have ye done?
All my welfare to sorrow and care
Should change, if ye were gone:
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. I can believe it shall you grieve,
And somewhat you distraint;
But afterward, your paines hard
Within a day or twain
Shall soon aslake; and ye shall take
Comfort to you again.
Why should ye ought? for, to make thought,
Your labour were in vain.
And thus I do; and pray you to,
As hartely as I can:
For I must to the green-wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

She. Now, sith that ye have showed to me
The secret of your mind,
I shall be plain to you again,
Like as ye shall me find.
Sith it is so that ye will go,
I will not live behind.
Shall never be said the Nut-brown Maid
Was to her love unkind.
Make you ready, for so am I,
Although it were anone:
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. Yet I you rede to take good heed
What men will think and say:
Of young, of old, it shall be told
That ye be gone away
Your wanton will for to fulfil,
In green-wood you to play;
And that ye might for your delight
No longer make delay
Rather than ye should thus for me
Be called an ill woman
Yet would I to the green-wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

She. Though it be sung of old and young
That I should be to blame,
Theirs be the charge that speak so large
In hurting of my name:
For I will prove that faithful love
It is devoid of shame;
In your distress and heaviness
To part with you the same:
And sure all tho that do not so
True lovers are they none:
For in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. I counsel you, Remember how
It is no maiden's law
Nothing to doubt, but to run out
To wood with an outlaw.
For ye must there in your hand bear
A bow ready to draw;
And as a thief thus must you live
Ever in dread and awe;
Whereby to you great harm might grow:
Yet had I liever than
That I had to the green-wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

She. I think not nay but as ye say;
It is no maiden's lore;
But love may make me for your sake,
As I have said before,
To come on foot, to hunt and shoot,
To get us meat and store;
For so that I your company
May have, I ask no more.
From which to part it maketh my heart
As cold as any stone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. For an outlaw this is the law,
That men him take and bind:
Without pitie, hanged to be,
And waver with the wind.
If I had need (as God forbede!)
What socours could ye find?
Forsooth I trow, you and your bow
For fear would draw behind.
And no mervail; for little avail
Were in your counsel than:
Wherefore I'll to the green-wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

She. Right well know ye that women be
But feeble for to fight;
No womanhede it is, indeed,
To be bold as a knight:
Yet in such fear if that ye were
With enemies day and night,
I would withstand, with bow in hand,
To grieve them as I might,
And you to save; as women have
From death men many one:
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. Yet take good hede; for ever I drede
That ye could not sustain
The thorny ways, the deep valleys,
The snow, the frost, the rain,
The cold, the heat; for dry or wete,
We must lodge on the plain;
And, us above, no other roof
But a brake bush or twain:
Which soon should grieve you, I believe;
And ye would gladly than
That I had to the green-wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

She. Sith I have here been partynere
With you of joy and bliss,
I must alsò part of your woe
Endure, as reason is:
Yet I am sure of one pleasure,
And shortly it is this--
That where ye be, me seemeth, parde,
I could not fare amiss.
Without more speech I you beseech
That we were shortly gone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. If ye go thyder, ye must consider,
When ye have lust to dine,
There shall no meat be for to gete,
Nether bere, ale, ne wine,
Ne shetes clean, to lie between,
Made of thread and twine;
None other house, but leaves and boughs,
To cover your head and mine.
Lo, mine heart sweet, this ill diete
Should make you pale and wan:
Wherefore I'll to the green-wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

She. Among the wild deer such an archere,
As men say that ye be,
Ne may not fail of good vitayle
Where is so great plentè 559948
Shall be full sweet to me;
With which in hele I shall right wele
Endure, as ye shall see;
And, or we go, a bed or two
I can provide anone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. Lo yet, before, ye must do more,
If ye will go with me:
As, cut your hair up by your ear,
Your kirtle by the knee;
With bow in hand for to withstand
Your enemies, if need be:
And this same night, before daylight,
To woodward will I flee.
If that ye will all this fulfil,
Do it shortly as ye can:
Else will I to the green-wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

She. I shall as now do more for you
Than 'longeth to womanhede;
To short my hair, a bow to bear,
To shoot in time of need.
O my sweet mother! before all other
For you I have most drede!
But now, adieu! I must ensue
Where fortune doth me lead.
All this make ye: Now let us flee;
The day cometh fast upon:
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. Nay, nay, not so; ye shall not go,

And I shall tell you why--
Your appetite is to be light
Of love, I well espy:
For, right as ye have said to me,
In likewise hardily
Ye would answer whosoever it were,
In way of company:
It is said of old, Soon hot, soon cold;
And so is a woman:
Wherefore I to the wood will go,
Alone, a banished man.

She. If ye take heed, it is no need
Such words to say to me;
For oft ye prayed, and long assayed,
Or I loved you, parde:
And though that I of ancestry
A baron's daughter be,
Yet have you proved how I you loved,
A squire of low degree;
And ever shall, whatso befall
To die therefore anone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. A baron's child to be beguiled,
It were a cursed deed!
To be felaw with an outlaw--
Almighty God forbede!
Yet better were the poor squyere
Alone to forest yede
Than ye shall say another day
That by my cursed rede
Ye were betrayed. Wherefore, good maid,
The best rede that I can,
Is, that I to the green-wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

She. Whatever befall, I never shall
Of this thing be upbraid:
But if ye go, and leave me so,
Then have ye me betrayed.
Remember you wele, how that ye dele;
For if ye, as ye said,
Be so unkind to leave behind
Your love, the Nut-brown Maid,
Trust me truly that I shall die
Soon after ye be gone:
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. If that ye went, ye should repent;

For in the forest now
I have purveyed me of a maid
Whom I love more than you:
Another more fair than ever ye were
I dare it well avow;
And of you both each should be wroth
With other, as I trow:
It were mine ease to live in peace;
So will I, if I can:
Wherefore I to the wood will go,
Alone, a banished man.

She. Though in the wood I understood
Ye had a paramour,
All this may nought remove my thought,
But that I will be your':
And she shall find me soft and kind
And courteis every hour;
Glad to fulfil all that she will
Command me, to my power:
For had ye, lo, an hundred mo,
Yet would I be that one:
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. Mine own dear love, I see the prove
That ye be kind and true;
Of maid, of wife, in all my life,
The best that ever I knew.
Be merry and glad; be no more sad;
The case is changed new;
For it were ruth that for your truth
Ye should have cause to rue.
Be not dismayed, whatsoever I said
To you when I began:
I will not to the green-wood go;
I am no banished man.

She. These tidings be more glad to me
Than to be made a queen,
If I were sure they should endure;
But it is often seen
When men will break promise they speak
The wordis on the splene.
Ye shape some wile me to beguile,
And steal from me, I ween:
Then were the case worse than it was,
And I more wo-begone:
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. Ye shall not nede further to drede:

I will not disparage
You (God defend), sith you descend
Of so great a linage.
Now understand: to Westmoreland,
Which is my heritage,
I will you bring; and with a ring,
By way of marriage
I will you take, and lady make,
As shortly as I can:
Thus have you won an Earles son,
And not a banished man.

Here may ye see that women be
In love meek, kind, and stable;
Let never man reprove them than,
Or call them variable;
But rather pray God that we may
To them be comfortable;
Which sometime proveth such as He loveth,
If they be charitable.
For sith men would that women should
Be meek to them each one;
Much more ought they to God obey,
And serve but Him alone.

Anonymous

The Old Cloak

THIS winter's weather it waxeth cold,
And frost it freezeth on every hill,
And Boreas blows his blast so bold
That all our cattle are like to spill.
Bell, my wife, she loves no strife;
She said unto me quietlye,
Rise up, and save cow Crumbock's life!
Man, put thine old cloak about thee!

He. O Bell my wife, why dost thou flyte?
Thou kens my cloak is very thin:
It is so bare and over worn,
A cricke thereon cannot renn.
Then I'll no longer borrow nor lend;
For once I'll new apparell'd be;
To-morrow I'll to town and spend;
For I'll have a new cloak about me.

She. Cow Crumbock is a very good cow:
She has been always true to the pail;
She has helped us to butter and cheese, I trow,
And other things she will not fail.
I would be loth to see her pine.
Good husband, counsel take of me:
It is not for us to go so fine--
Man, take thine old cloak about thee!

He. My cloak it was a very good cloak,
It hath been always true to the wear;
But now it is not worth a groat:
I have had it four and forty year'.
Sometime it was of cloth in grain:
'Tis now but a sigh clout, as you may see:
It will neither hold out wind nor rain;
And I'll have a new cloak about me.

She. It is four and forty years ago
Sine the one of us the other did ken;
And we have had, betwixt us two,
Of children either nine or ten:
We have brought them up to women and men:
In the fear of God I trow they be.
And why wilt thou thyself misken?
Man, take thine old cloak about thee!

He. O Bell my wife, why dost thou flyte?
Now is now, and then was then:
Seek now all the world throughout,
Thou kens not clowns from gentlemen:
They are clad in black, green, yellow and blue,
So far above their own degree.
Once in my life I'll take a view;

For I'll have a new cloak about me.

She. King Stephen was a worthy peer;
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
Therefore he called the tailor 'lown.'
He was a king and wore the crown,
And thou'se but of a low degree:
It 's pride that puts this country down:
Man, take thy old cloak about thee!

He. Bell my wife, she loves not strife,
Yet she will lead me, if she can;
And to maintain an easy life
I oft must yield, though I'm good-man.
It 's not for a man with a woman to threap,
Unless he first give o'er the plea:
As we began, so will we keep,
And I'll take my old cloak about me.

Anonymous

The Queen's Marie

MARIE HAMILTON 's to the kirk gane,
Wi' ribbons in her hair;
The King thought mair o' Marie Hamilton
Than ony that were there.

Marie Hamilton 's to the kirk gane
Wi' ribbons on her breast;
The King thought mair o' Marie Hamilton
Than he listen'd to the priest.

Marie Hamilton 's to the kirk gane,
Wi' gloves upon her hands;
The King thought mair o' Marie Hamilton
Than the Queen and a' her lands.

She hadna been about the King's court
A month, but barely one,
Till she was beloved by a' the King's court
And the King the only man.

She hadna been about the King's court
A month, but barely three,
Till frae the King's court Marie Hamilton,
Marie Hamilton durstna be.

The King is to the Abbey gane,
To pu' the Abbey tree,
To scale the babe frae Marie's heart;
But the thing it wadna be.

O she has row'd it in her apron,
And set it on the sea--
'Gae sink ye or swim ye, bonny babe,
Ye'se get nae mair o' me.'

Word is to the kitchen gane,
And word is to the ha',
And word is to the noble room
Amang the ladies a',
That Marie Hamilton 's brought to bed,
And the bonny babe 's miss'd and awa'.

Scarcely had she lain down again,
And scarcely fa'en asleep,
When up and started our gude Queen
Just at her bed-feet;
Saying--'Marie Hamilton, where 's your babe?
For I am sure I heard it greet.'

'O no, O no, my noble Queen!
Think no sic thing to be;
'Twas but a stitch into my side,

And sair it troubles me!'

'Get up, get up, Marie Hamilton:
Get up and follow me;
For I am going to Edinburgh town,
A rich wedding for to see.'

O slowly, slowly rase she up,
And slowly put she on;
And slowly rade she out the way
Wi' mony a weary groan.

The Queen was clad in scarlet,
Her merry maids all in green;
And every town that they cam to,
They took Marie for the Queen.

'Ride hooly, hooly, gentlemen,
Ride hooly now wi' me!
For never, I am sure, a wearier burd
Rade in your companie.'--

But little wist Marie Hamilton,
When she rade on the brown,
That she was gaen to Edinburgh town,
And a' to be put down.

'Why weep ye so, ye burgess wives,
Why look ye so on me?
O I am going to Edinburgh town,
A rich wedding to see.'

When she gaed up the tolbooth stairs,
The corks frae her heels did flee;
And lang or e'er she cam down again,
She was condemn'd to die.

When she cam to the Netherbow port,
She laugh'd loud laughters three;
But when she came to the gallows foot
The tears blinded her e'e.

'Yestreen the Queen had four Maries,
The night she'll hae but three;
There was Marie Seaton, and Marie Beaton,
And Marie Carmichael, and me.

'O often have I dress'd my Queen
And put gowd upon her hair;
But now I've gotten for my reward
The gallows to be my share.

'Often have I dress'd my Queen
And often made her bed;
But now I've gotten for my reward
The gallows tree to tread.

'I charge ye all, ye mariners,
When ye sail owre the faem,
Let neither my father nor mother get wit
But that I'm coming hame.

'I charge ye all, ye mariners,
That sail upon the sea,
That neither my father nor mother get wit
The dog's death I'm to die.

'For if my father and mother got wit,
And my bold brethren three,
O mickle wad be the gude red blude
This day wad be spilt for me!

'O little did my mother ken,
The day she cradled me,
The lands I was to travel in
Or the death I was to die!

Anonymous

The Rain

Rain on the green grass,
And rain on the tree,
And rain on the house top,
But not on me!

Anonymous

The Seven Virgins

ALL under the leaves and the leaves of life
I met with virgins seven,
And one of them was Mary mild,
Our Lord's mother of Heaven.

'O what are you seeking, you seven fair maids,
All under the leaves of life?
Come tell, come tell, what seek you
All under the leaves of life?'

'We're seeking for no leaves, Thomas,
But for a friend of thine;
We're seeking for sweet Jesus Christ,
To be our guide and thine.'

'Go down, go down, to yonder town,
And sit in the gallery,
And there you'll see sweet Jesus Christ
Nail'd to a big yew-tree.'

So down they went to yonder town
As fast as foot could fall,
And many a grievous bitter tear
From the virgins' eyes did fall.

'O peace, Mother, O peace, Mother,
Your weeping doth me grieve:
I must suffer this,' He said,
'For Adam and for Eve.

'O Mother, take you John Evangelist
All for to be your son,
And he will comfort you sometimes,
Mother, as I have done.'

'O come, thou John Evangelist,
Thou'rt welcome unto me;
But more welcome my own dear Son,
Whom I nursed on my knee.'

Then He laid His head on His right shoulder,
Seeing death it struck Him nigh--
'The Holy Ghost be with your soul,
I die, Mother dear, I die.'

O the rose, the gentle rose,
And the fennel that grows so green!
God give us grace in every place
To pray for our king and queen.

Furthermore for our enemies all
Our prayers they should be strong:

Amen, good Lord; your charity
Is the ending of my song.

Anonymous

The Three Ravens

There were three ravens sat on a tree,
They were as black as they might be.

The one of them said to his mate,
'Where shall we our breakefast take?'

'Downe in yonder greene field,
There lies a knight slain under his shield.

'His hounds they lie downe at his feete,
So well they can their master keepe.

'His haukes they flie so eagerly,
There's no fowle dare come him nie.'

Downe there comes a fallow doe,
As great with yong as she might goe.

She lift up his bloudy hed,
And kist his wounds that were so red.

She got him up upon her backe,
And carried him to earthen lake.

She buried him before the prime,
She was dead herselfe ere even-song time.

God send every gentleman,
Such haukes, such hounds, and such a leman.

Anonymous

The Time When I First Fell In Love

The time when first I fell in love,
Which now I must lament;
The year wherein I lost such time
To compass my content.

The day wherein I saw too late
The follies of a lover;
The hour wherein I found such loss
As care cannot recover.

And last, the minute of mishap,
Which makes me thus to plain
The doleful fruits of lover's suits,
Which labour lose in vain:

Doth make me solemnly protest,
As I with pain do prove,
There is no time, year, day, nor hour,
Nor minute, good to love.

Anonymous

The Twa Corbies

AS I was walking all alane
I heard twa corbies making a mane:
The tane unto the tither did say,
'Whar sall we gang and dine the day?'

'--In behint yon auld fail dyke
I wot there lies a new-slain knight;
And naebody kens that he lies there
But his hawk, his hound, and his lady fair.

'His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,
His lady 's ta'en anither mate,
So we may mak our dinner sweet.

'Ye'll sit on his white hause-bane,
And I'll pike out his bonny blue e'en:
Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair
We'll theek our nest when it grows bare.

'Mony a one for him maks mane,
But nane sall ken whar he is gane:
O'er his white banes, when they are bare,
The wind sall blaw for evermair.'

Anonymous

The Wakening, John Attye's First Book of Airs

ON a time the amorous Silvy
Said to her shepherd, 'Sweet, how do ye?
Kiss me this once and then God be with ye,
 My sweetest dear!
Kiss me this once and then God be with ye,
For now the morning draweth near.'

With that, her fairest bosom showing,
Op'ning her lips, rich perfumes blowing,
She said, 'Now kiss me and be going,
 My sweetest dear!
Kiss me this once and then be going,
For now the morning draweth near.'

With that the shepherd waked from sleeping,
And spying where the day was peeping,
He said, 'Now take my soul in keeping,
 My sweetest dear!
Kiss me and take my soul in keeping,
Since I must go, now day is near.'

Anonymous

The Wife of Usher's Well

THERE lived a wife at Usher's well,
And a wealthy wife was she;
She had three stout and stalwart sons,
And sent them o'er the sea.

They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely ane,
When word came to the carline wife
That her three sons were gane.

They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely three,
When word came to the carline wife
That her sons she'd never see.

'I wish the wind may never cease.
Nor fashes in the flood,
Till my three sons come hame to me,
In earthly flesh and blood!'

It fell about the Martinmas,
When nights are lang and mirk,
The carline wife's three sons came hame,
And their hats were o' the birk.

It neither grew in syke nor ditch,
Nor yet in ony sheugh;
But at the gates o' Paradise
That birk grew fair eneugh.

'Blow up the fire, my maidens!
Bring water from the well!
For a' my house shall feast this night,
Since my three sons are well.'

And she has made to them a bed,
She 's made it large and wide;
And she 's ta'en her mantle her about,
Sat down at the bedside.

Up then crew the red, red cock,
And up and crew the gray;
The eldest to the youngest said.
"Tis time we were away.'

The cock he hadna craw'd but once,
And clapp'd his wings at a',
When the youngest to the eldest said,
'Brother, we must awa'.

'The cock doth crawl, the day doth daw,
The channerin' worm doth chide;

Gin we be miss'd out o' our place,
A sair pain we maun bide.'

'Lie still, lie still but a little wee while,
Lie still but if we may;
Gin my mother should miss us when she wakes,
She'll go mad ere it be day.'

'Fare ye weel, my mother dear!
Fareweel to barn and byre!
And fare ye weel, the bonny lass
That kindles my mother's fire!'

Anonymous

There is a Lady sweet and kind, Thomas Ford's Music of Sundry Kinds

THERE is a Lady sweet and kind,
Was never face so pleased my mind;
I did but see her passing by,
And yet I love her till I die.

Her gesture, motion, and her smiles,
Her wit, her voice my heart beguiles,
Beguiles my heart, I know not why,
And yet I love her till I die.

Cupid is winged and doth range,
Her country so my love doth change:
But change she earth, or change she sky,
Yet will I love her till I die.

Anonymous

This World's Joy

WYNTER wakeneth al my care,
Nou this leves waxeth bare;
Ofte I sike ant mourne sare
 When hit cometh in my thoht
 Of this worldes joie, hou hit goth al to noht.

Nou hit is, and nou hit nys,
Al so hit ner nere, ywys;
That moni mon seith, soth hit ys:
 Al goth bote Godes wille:
 Alle we shule deye, thah us like ylle.

Al that gren me graueth grene,
Nou hit faleweth albydene:
Jesu, help that hit be sene
 Ant shild us from helle!
 For y not whider y shal, ne hou longe her duelle.

Anonymous

Thomas the Rhymer

True Thomas lay on Huntlie bank;
A ferlie he spied wi' his e'e;
And there he saw a ladye bright
Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.

Her skirt was o' the grass-green silk,
Her mantle o' the velvet fyne;
At ilka tett o' her horse's mane,
Hung fifty siller bells and nine.

True Thomas he pu'd aff his cap,
And louted low down on his knee
'Hail to thee Mary, Queen of Heaven!
For thy peer on earth could never be.'

'O no, O no, Thomas' she said,
'That name does not belang to me;
I'm but the Queen o' fair Elfland,
That am hither come to visit thee.

'Harp and carp, Thomas,' she said;
'Harp and carp along wi' me;
And if ye dare to kiss my lips,
Sure of your bodie I will be.'

'Betide me weal; betide me woe,
That weird shall never daunten me.'
Syne he has kiss'd her rosy lips,
All underneath the Eildon Tree.

'Now ye maun go wi' me,' she said,
'True Thomas, ye maun go wi' me;
And ye maun serve me seven years,
Thro' weal or woe as may chance to be.'

She 's mounted on her milk-white steed,
She 's ta'en true Thomas up behind;
And aye, whene'er her bridle rang,
The steed gaed swifter than the wind.

O they rade on, and farther on,
The steed gaed swifter than the wind;
Until they reach'd a desert wide,
And living land was left behind.

'Light down, light down now, true Thomas,
And lean your head upon my knee;
Abide ye there a little space,
And I will show you ferlies three.

'O see ye not yon narrow road,
So thick beset wi' thorns and briers?

That is the Path of Righteousness,
Though after it but few inquire.

'And see ye not yon braid, braid road,
That lies across the lily leven?
That is the Path of Wickedness,
Though some call it the Road to Heaven.

'And see ye not yon bonny road
That winds about the fernie brae?
That is the Road to fair Elfland,
Where thou and I this night maun gae.

'But, Thomas, ye sall haud your tongue,
Whatever ye may hear or see;
For speak ye word in Elfyn-land,
Ye'll ne'er win back to your ain countrie.'

O they rade on, and farther on,
And they waded rivers abune the knee;
And they saw neither sun nor moon,
But they heard the roaring of the sea.

It was mirk, mirk night, there was nae starlight,
They waded thro' red blude to the knee;
For a' the blude that 's shed on the earth
Rins through the springs o' that countrie.

Syne they came to a garden green,
And she pu'd an apple frae a tree:
'Take this for thy wages, true Thomas;
It will give thee the tongue that can never lee.'

'My tongue is my ain,' true Thomas he said;
'A gudely gift ye wad gie to me!
I neither dought to buy or sell
At fair or tryst where I might be.

'I dought neither speak to prince or peer,
Nor ask of grace from fair ladye!'—
'Now haud thy peace, Thomas,' she said,
'For as I say, so must it be.'

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,
And a pair o' shoon of the velvet green;
And till seven years were gane and past,
True Thomas on earth was never seen.

Anonymous

To A Nun

Please God, forsake your water and dry bread,
And fling the bitter cress you eat aside.
Put by your rosary. In Mary's name leave chanting creeds
To mildewing monks in Rome.
Spring's at work in gardens bright with sun,
Springtime's not made for living like a nun.
Your faith, my fairest lady, your religion,
Shows but a single face of love's medallion.
Slip on this ring and this green gown, these laces -
The wood is furnished with resting places.
Hide in the birch tree's shade; upon your knees
Murmur the mass of cuckoos, litanies
Of spring's green foliage. There's no sacrilege
If we find heaven here against the hedge.
Remember Ovid's book and Ovid's truth -
There's such a thing as having too much faith.
Let us discover the shapes, the earthly signs,
Of our true selves, our souls, among the vines.
For surely God and all his saints above,
High in their other heaven, pardon love.

Anonymous

To Her Sea-faring Lover

SHALL I thus ever long, and be no whit the neare?
And shall I still complain to thee, the which me will not hear?
Alas! say nay! say nay! and be no more so dumb,
But open thou thy manly mouth and say that thou wilt come:
Whereby my heart may think, although I see not thee,
That thou wilt come--thy word so sware--if thou a live man be.
The roaring hugy waves they threaten my poor ghost,
And toss thee up and down the seas in danger to be lost.
Shall they not make me fear that they have swallowed thee?
--But as thou art most sure alive, so wilt thou come to me.
Whereby I shall go see thy ship ride on the strand,
And think and say Lo where he comes and Sure here will he land:
And then I shall lift up to thee my little hand,
And thou shalt think thine heart in ease, in health to see me stand.
And if thou come indeed (as Christ thee send to do!)
Those arms which miss thee now shall then embrace [and hold] thee too:

Each vein to every joint the lively blood shall spread
Which now for want of thy glad sight doth show full pale and dead.
But if thou slip thy troth, and do not come at all,
As minutes in the clock do strike so call for death I shall:
To please both thy false heart and rid myself from woe,
That rather had to die in troth than live forsaken so!

Anonymous

Twa Corbies

As I was walking all alane
I heard twa corbies making a mane;
The tane unto the t'other say,
"Where sall we gang and dine to-day?"

"—In behint yon auld fail dyke,
I wot there lies a new-slain knight;
And naebody kens that he lies there,
But his hawk, his hound, and lady fair.

"His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,
His lady's ta'en another mate,
So we may mak our dinner sweet.

"Ye'll sit on his white hause-bane,
And I'll pick out his bonnie blue een;
Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair
We'll theek our nest when it grows bare

"Mony a one for him makes mane,
But nane sall ken where he is gane;
O'er his white banes, when they are bare,
The wind sall blaw for evermair."

Anonymous

Two Rivers

SAYS Tweed to Till--
'What gars ye rin sae still?'
Says Till to Tweed--
'Though ye rin with speed
And I rin slaw,
For ae man that ye droon
I droon twa.'

Anonymous

Vitipuration Falls

Have you ever heard the torrent of abuse
As it curses it's way to Vitipuration Falls
Through rapids vitriolic and cataracts obtuse
To it's final foul mutterings in The Bay of Catcalls

Anonymous

Waly, Waly

O WALY, waly, up the bank,
And waly, waly, doun the brae,
And waly, waly, yon burn-side,
Where I and my Love went to gae!
I lean'd my back unto an aik,
I thocht it was a trustie tree;
But first it bow'd and syne it brak--
Sae my true love did lichtlie me.

O waly, waly, gin love be bonnie
A little time while it is new!
But when 'tis auld it waxeth cauld,
And fades awa' like morning dew.
O wherefore should I busk my heid,
Or wherefore should I kame my hair?
For my true Love has me forsook,
And says he'll never lo'e me mair.

Now Arthur's Seat sall be my bed,
The sheets sall ne'er be 'filed by me;
Saint Anton's well sall be my drink;
Since my true Love has forsaken me.
Marti'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
And shake the green leaves aff the tree?
O gentle Death, when wilt thou come?
For of my life I am wearie.

'Tis not the frost, that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie,
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry;
But my Love's heart grown cauld to me.
When we cam in by Glasgow toun,
We were a comely sicht to see;
My Love was clad in the black velvet,
And I mysel in cramasie.

But had I wist, before I kist,
That love had been sae ill to win,
I had lock'd my heart in a case o' gowd,
And pinn'd it wi' a siller pin.
And O! if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee;
And I mysel were dead and gane,
And the green grass growing over me!

Anonymous

Westron Wind, When Wilt Thou Blow?

Westron wind, when wilt thou blow
That small rain down can rain?
Christ, that my love were in my arms,
And I in my bed again!

Anonymous

When Flora had O'erfret the Firth

QUHEN Flora had o'erfret the firth
In May of every moneth queen;
Quhen merle and mavis singis with mirth
Sweet melling in the shawis sheen;
Quhen all luvaris rejoicit bene
And most desirous of their prey,
I heard a lusty luvar mene
--'I luvè, but I dare nocht assay!'

'Strong are the pains I daily prove,
But yet with patience I sustene,
I am so fetterit with the luvè
Only of my lady sheen,
Quhilk for her beauty micht be queen,
Nature so craftily alway
Has done depaint that sweet serene:
--Quhom I luvè I dare nocht assay.

'She is so bricht of hyd and hue,
I luvè but her alone, I ween;
Is none her luvè that may eschew,
That blinkis of that dulce amene;
So comely cleir are her twa een
That she mae luvaris dois affray
Than ever of Greece did fair Helene:
--Quhom I luvè I dare nocht assay!'

Anonymous

Will He No Come Back Again?

Royal Charlie's now awa,
Safely owre the friendly main;
Mony a heart will break in twa,
Should he ne'er come back again.
Will you no come back again?
Will you no come back again?
Better lo'ed you'll never be,
And will you no come back again?

Mony a traitor 'mang the isles
Brak the band o' nature's law;
Mony a traitor, wi' his wiles,
Sought to wear his life awa.
Will he no come back again?
Will he no come back again?
Better lo'ed he'll never be,
And will he no come back again?

The hills he trode were a' his ain,
And bed beneath the birken tree;
The bush that hid him on the plain,
There's none on earth can claim but he.
Will he no come back again?
Will he no come back again?
Better lo'ed he'll never be,
And will he no come back again?

Whene'er I hear the blackbird sing,
Unto the e'ening sinking down,
Or merl that makes the woods to ring,
To me they hae nae ither soun',
Than, Will he no come back again?
Will he no come back again?
Better lo'ed he'll never be,
And will he no come back again?

Mony a gallant sodger fought,
Mony a gallant chief did fa';
Death itself were dearly bought,
A' for Scotland's king and law.
Will he no come back again?
Will he no come back again?
Better lo'ed he'll never be,
And will he no come back again?

Sweet the lav'rock's note and lang,
Lilting wildly up the glen;
And aye the o'erword o' the sang
Is "Will he no come back again?"
Will he no come back again?
Will he no come back again?
Better lo'ed he'll never be,

And will he no come back again?

Anonymous

Winter Solstice

When you startle awake in the dark morning
heart pounding breathing fast
sitting bolt upright staring into
dark whirlpool black hole
feeling its suction

Get out of bed
knock at the door of your nearest friend
ask to lie down ask to be held

Listen while whispered words
turn the hole into deep night sky
stars close together
winter moon rising over white fields
nearby wren rustling dry leaves
distant owl echoing
two people walking up the road laughing

Let your soul laugh
let your heart sigh out
that long held breath so hollow in your stomach
so swollen in your throat

Already light is returning pairs of wings
lift softly off your eyelids one by one
each feathered edge clearer between you
and the pearl veil of day

You have nothing to do but live

Anonymous