SCOTTISH

HISTORICAL AND ROMANTIC

BALLADS.

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BALLADS,

CHIEFLY ANCIENT;

WITH

EXPLANATORY NOTES AND A GLOSSARY.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED

SOME REMARKS ON THE EARLY STATE OF ROMANTIC COMPOSITION IN SCOTLAND:

BY

JOHN FINLAY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

EDINBURGH:

Printed by James Ballantyne & Co.

FOR JOHN SMITH AND SON, GLASGOW; WILLIAM CREECH, AND ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND CO. EDINBURGH; WILLIAM MILLER, CADELL AND DAVIES, LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME, AND JOHN MURRAY, LONDON.

1808.

TO

WILLIAM RICHARDSON, Esq.

PROFESSOR OF HUMANITY IN THE UNIVERSITY

OF GLASGOW,

THESE VOLUMES

ARE

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY HIS

OBLIGED FRIEND

AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE EDITOR.

CONTENTS

OF

VOLUME FIRST.

PREFACE.

FROM the enquiries into which I have been led in preparing these Ballads for the press, I have collected a few notices, respecting the earlier historical and romantic poetry of Scotland, which I shall give to my reader, in the hope, that, imperfect and desultory as they are, they may be regarded as contributing, in some degree, to the study of our ancient literature.

At the earliest period of Scottish poetry with which we are acquainted, we find it divided into two distinct species; the elaborate Romances of the minstrels, which were composed for

kings and nobles, and the Ballads, which were designed for the entertainment of the lower orders of the people.

I. The learning and ingenuity of antiquarians has been exerted, with doubtful success, to investigate the introduction of the artificial poetry of the minstrels into the different languages of Europe; and the history of our Scottish romance has been usually conceived to depend on this yet uncompleted investigation. This opinion, however, has lately been opposed; and the assertion of Tyrwhitt, that we possess no Anglo-Saxon romance which is not founded on a French original, has been strongly contested in the preface to Mr Scott's edition of "Sir Tristrem." This poem its learned editor conceives to have sprung up in Scotland, from the British traditions surviving on the Border, and to have been translated by the minstrels of the continent. As the theory which thus represents this country as one of the sources of romantic

fiction to Europe, would, if established, throw considerable splendour on its early literature, it becomes a matter of some importance and curiosity to examine the grounds on which it rests. The argument is thus stated: "We have satisfactory proof, that the romance of *Sir Tristrem*, as composed by Thomas of Erceldoune, was known upon the continent, and referred to by the French minstrels, as the most authentic mode of telling the story. This is fortunately established by two metrical Fragments of a French romance, preserved in the valuable library of Mr Douce. The story told in these Fragments will be found to correspond most accurately with the tale of *Sir Tristrem*, as narrated by Thomas of Erceldoune, while both differ essentially from the French prose romance, afterwards published." (*Sir Tristrem*, p. xxxix. 1st edit.) Now it must be evident to every one who consults the Fragments, that the whole force of this argument depends on the supposition, that both

are by the same author; for the striking coincidence is confined to the second, and the first only refers to the authority of Thomas. They are accordingly conceived, by Mr Scott, to be even parts of the same poem.* It must be observed, however, that the poem is not easily conceivable which should combine these two parts. The second has every appearance, except, perhaps, in the abruptness of the opening, of being itself a distinct and complete poem; for it consists of a single anecdote, detailed at length, from the adventures of Sir Tristrem, in-

* "There seems room to believe, that these fragments were part of a poem, composed, as is believed, by Raoul de Beauvais, who flourished in 1257, about the same time with Thomas of Erceldoune, and shortly after we suppose the latter to have completed his grand work."—*Sir Tristrem*, p. xl. If we may trust the evidence of style in the specimens given by Mr Scott of the fragments, and of the Perceval of Raoul de Beauvais, we can scarcely ascribe them to the same author. Perceval appears to belong to a later age, both of language and composition. Among other things, we find, in the first fragment, the old form *li reis*, and in Perceval, *le roy*.

to which the whole preceding history of the lovers, in a very compressed form, is enwrought, with considerable happiness of artifice. I doubt if it would be possible to imagine any arrangements of the previous and subsequent parts of the story, with which this little piece, so entire in itself, could be connected, without a gross awkwardness, of which those who have read it will hardly suspect its author; and, if possible, it would still take away all motive from that artful contexture of the poem, which, at present, certainly appears of high merit. But it seems improbable that they are both even by the same author. In their style, Mr Ellis has observed, they differ remarkably; "the first being so verbose and diffuse, as fully to justify the ridicule thrown on the historian of Sir Tristrem by the author of *Sire Hain et Dame Anieuse*; while the second is concise, lively, and dramatic."—*Sir Tristrem*, p. 204. 1st edit. And, what may appear most conclusive of all, one of them places the

court of King Mark at Tintagel, and the other at London.*

It will, perhaps, be thought, that these observations render the question sufficiently uncertain to allow the statement of some arguments, which seem to point out, as the work so often referred to by the minstrels of the continent, not the Auchinleck romance, but a French poem on the subject, by an Anglo-Norman Thomas, already well known at the earliest date to which we can refer the composition of Rymour.

They are, 1st, That the style of the Fragments would, were other evidence wanting, be ascribed to the 12th century.—*Sir Tristrem*, p. xliii.

2. That the first Fragment differs so materially from the Auchinleck romance, as to make it difficult to believe, that both ground their rela-

* In the Auchinleck romance, I do not find any thing which seems at all to determine the place of the royal residence.

tion on the authority of the same Thomas. Unfortunately the Auchinleck MS. is torn off just before it reaches that passage of the history, at which the French poet refers expressly to his Thomas.

3. In 1250,* Godfrey of Strasburg, in his German romance of Sir Tristrem, refers to Thomas of Britain as his original, as appears from the concluding lines of the work:

Si in einander minnenklich
Vlechten weren und weben
Den rosenbusch u. den winreben
Gar bescheidenlich man sach
Als Thomas von Brittannien sprach
Von den zwein suezen jungen
In lampartischer zungen
Also han ich die warheit
In dütsche von in zwein geseit. †

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* The date is from Eichhorn's Gesch. d. Cultur. p. 224. (See Leyden's *Comp. of Scotland*, p. 257.) where the translation is said to be from the Norman French.

† These lines, describing the usual miracle which distinguishes the graves of true lovers, appear to me somewhat obscure. They speak of Thomas of Britain as an author

The earliest date which Mr Scott finds it justifiable to assign to the romance of Thomas of Erceldoune is this very year, 1250; and even this supposes the minstrel to have completed his researches, and his poem, at the age of twenty-four.

At the same time, the correspondence between the Auchinleck romance and the second Fragment is so close, that they must be connected; and it seems not unreasonable to suppose, that the Scottish work is a translation of that original French poem, (corrected by Thomas of Erceldoune's researches,) from which the interwoven narrative of the Fragment is compressed. It may be added, that the absence of all reference to a romance original is no argument against its

in the *Lampartisch* (I suppose the Lombard) tongue; yet I know of no authority for applying that term to any branch of the Roman language, except the Italian. The extract I have given from the *Teutsche Museum*, for April 1780. I have no opportunity of consulting the original poem, which would probably throw considerable light on the whole enquiry.

existence; as it was not natural that the reporter of Thomas's poem should refer to any authority but that of Thomas himself.

If the existence of this Anglo-Norman Thomas* be admitted, he may, perhaps, be identified with the author of the French Horn Child, which is assigned, by Ritson, to the 12th century.

Of the three other extant romances to which Mr Scott is inclined to ascribe a Scottish origin, two, Sir Egeir, (which is analyzed by Mr Ellis,) and the Awntre of Gawain, acknowledge their Norman source; one in the words, "In Romane stories who will read;" and the other in the expression, "As the boke telles."

Mr Scott also mentions a romance of Wade,

* I find, that an Anglo-Norman poet of this name, a Thomas of Kent, wrote a romance of Alexander, in the 13th century; but I know no reason at present for connecting him with the romance of Sir Tristrem. For an account of his work, which he entitles the "Roman de toute Chevalerie," see *Notices des MSS. de la Bibl. Nation. par Le Grand d'Aussy.* An. 7.

which he supposes to have been of northern growth; a supposition which seemed to rest on very strong ground, as Wade was a border hero, and no romance of his exploits was known to have existed in French. Yet it appears that even this may be doubted; for I find that Montfaucon, in his *Bibliotheca Bibliothecarum*, p. 792. Bib. Reg. Parisiens, has mentioned the "*Roman de Gaides, en vers.*" Its being in verse is, of itself, a proof of its high antiquity, as the French romances of later times were almost universally in prose.*

In Major's History of Scotland, I observe the name of one other Scottish romance; and it will appear surprising, that even this, though founded on late national history, is spoken of in connection with a French one on the same subject,—probably its original. "*Monasterium de Londoris, David Huntingtonus fundavit. Iste*

* At p. 928. I also find the *Roman de Gaidon*, which means, I presume, *Little Wade.*

enim est David de quo apud Gallos liber satis vulgaris loquitur, qui de trium regum filiis inscribitur, scilicet Franciæ, Angliæ, et Scotiæ, et non differentem ab hoc in nostra lingua vernacula librum habemus."—P. 135. Edinb. 1740.

II. 1. The origin of the historical ballads of Scotland requires no investigation; they have sprung up, like the greater part of the popular poetry of all uncivilized nations, among the people themselves, as the record of their most interesting events; and little can be collected regarding them, but a few incidental notices, from successive historians, of those which were popular in their time.

The first popular songs in the country, of which any memory is preserved, are those composed in honour of William, brother of King Achaius, and one of Charlemagne's peers.—"This prince *William*," says Hume of Godscroft, "brother to Achaius king of Scotland, passed into Germanie, and gave himselfe wholly to the warres, where, for his service by h:

sword, having obtained large territories, he led a single life all his days; and, thinking to make Christ his heire, he founded and doted fifteen abbacies for those of the Scottish nation. It is he, (saith *Major*,) who is named in songs made of him, Scottish Gilmore."—P. 5. Edin. 1648. Major's words, indeed, seem hardly to admit of this construction; they are simply, "*Qui a nostratibus vulgaliter Scotisgilmor vocatur.*" May we presume, then, that, since the expression "*vulgaliter vocatur,*" when applied to Gilmor, appeared, to Hume's mind, equivalent to "is named in songs," these songs must have been still current in the days of the later historian? Or can we only conclude, that, at the time when Major wrote, (about 1508,) he was still a popular hero in Scotland? I have accidentally met with an allusion to him in an ancient Latin poem, by one of the priors of Alnwick, which is more decisive of his being the subject of song.

Vix est muse melior Scotus Guilmaurus,
Ad cujus victoriam nunquam crescit laurus
Desunt nam robora, deestque thesaurus
*Bella movet citius cui desunt cornua taurus.**

He was called the Scottish Gilmor, to distinguish him from the Irish Gilmor, whose name occurs frequently in romance.

I should be inclined to think, that the ballad of Sir Patrick Spens is the most ancient of which we are in possession. It contains, no doubt, allusions to a state of comparative refinement; but these are obviously acquired in the natural course of tradition. The event upon which it is founded, is not, to the best of my knowledge, recorded by any of our historians; but the following passage, quoted by Leland from an ancient chronicler, although incorrect in the point

* *Prioris Alnwicensis de bello Scotico apud Dumbar tempore regis Edwardi I. dictamen sive rythmus Latinus, quo de Willielmo Wallace, Scotico illo Robin Whood, plura sed invidiosè canit.*—MS. Brit. Mus.

that Margaret perished by shipwreck, is sufficiently decisive of the fact, of a disastrous issue of a voyage undertaken for the purpose mentioned in the ballad. "One Master Weland, (*qu.* Cleland?) a clerke of Scotlande, sent into Norway for Margaret, dyed with her by tempeste on the se, cumming out of Norway to Scotlande yn costes of Boghan."—*Scala Chronica.** Of the ballad itself I have been favoured with some recited copies, one of which contains these stanzas, which are too characteristic to be omitted:

Then up an' cam a mermaid,
Wi' a siller cup in her han':
"Sail on, sail on, my gude Scotch lords,
For ye sune will see dry lan'."

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* Leland's *Collectanea*, I. p. 538. "Notable thinges, translated in to Englisch, by John Leylande, oute of a booke caullid *Scala Chronica*, the which a certein Englisch man (taken in werre prisoner, and brought to Edingeburgh yn Scotland) did translate owte of Frenche ryme yn to Frenche prose."

" Awa, awa, ye wild woman,
An' let your fleechin be;
For, sen your face we've seen the day,
Dry lan' we'll never see."

Of Wallace, the renowned assertor of Scottish independence, many songs were anciently current. " *Wallace, ascensâ nave Franciam petiit, ubi quantâ probitate refulsit tam super mare a piratis quam in Franciâ ab Anglis perpessus est discrimina, et viriliter se habuit, nonnulla carmina, tam in ipsâ Franciâ, quam Scotiâ, attestantur.*"—Forduni *Scotichron.* II. 176. edit. Goodall. See more also to the same purpose in the edit. of Henry, 1630. There can be little doubt that such songs formerly existed, although the historical fact, for the establishment of which they are quoted, is sufficiently problematical. Other fragments, relating to Wallace's history, are mentioned in the introduction to the Gude Wallace. A recited copy of this last poem makes Wallace allude to Robin Hood:

Its hold up your hand, kind sir, he said,
And let me see if your money be good;
And if it be true and right, says he,
Ye'll maybe get the downcome of Robinhood.

This, if genuine, is the earliest mention of this celebrated outlaw, whose actions were as famous in Scottish as in English tradition. "*Hoc in tempore de exheredatis et bannitis surrexit et caput erexit ille famosissimus sicarius Robertus Hode, et Litill Johanne, cum eorum complicibus, de quibus stolidum vulgus hianter in comœdiis, et in tragœdiis, prurienter festum faciunt, et præ ceteris romanciis, mimos, et bardanos cantitare delectantur.*" —Ford. *Scotichr.* p. 104. The passage that follows is a curious proof of the extensive diffusion of traditionary lore over the two kingdoms; as it relates, from Scottish tradition, an anecdote of this freebooter, which forms the subject of an English ballad still preserved in the public library of Cambridge, and published by Mr Jamieson.

Among the tales mentioned in the *Complaynt of Scotland,* printed originally at St Andrews about the year 1547, we find that of Sir Walter *the Bauld* Lesley. This epithet Lesley, the historian, translates in describing his character: "*In bello contra Sarracenos gerendo, tam præclaram et extremam operam navavit, ut a quodam animi generoso impetu, quo hostes frangere, et sub jugum fortiter mittere solebat,* generosi equitis *cognomentum sit consecutus.*"—Leslæi. *Hist.* p. 201. Lond. 1675. Verstegan, in his "Restitution of Decayed Intelligence," has preserved a curious tradition, which perhaps refers to this hero: "A combat being once fought in Scotland, between a gentleman of the family of the *Lesleys,* and a knight of *Hungary,* wherein the *Scottish* gentleman was victor, in memory thereof, and of the place where it happened, these ensuing verses do in *Scotland* yet remain:

Between the lesse ley and the mare,
He slew the knight, and left him thare.
Verst. p. 323. Lond. 1673."

The battle of Otterburne, fought in 1388, was celebrated in the lays of the rival nations. Of these some are printed, and others perhaps yet remain in MS.; of which number appears to be one in the Bodleian Library, which is thus entered in the catalogue: "Ashm. MSS. 7003. ad fin. 862. p. 247. *Anglorum et Scotorum prælium in quo Percii et Douglasii decantatæ virtutis, illud specimen rythmis Anglicanis explicatum.*"— The Scottish copy of this popular song, at least as it is described by Hume, is probably now lost; or the changes it has undergone are even more considerable than the nature of traditionary poetry, uncertain and fluctuating as it is, will easily account for. In one recited copy, the appearance of the English army is given with considerable effect:

Then out an' spak a little wee boy,
And he was near o' Percy's kin,
"Methinks I see the English host
A coming branking us upon;

Wi' nine waggons scaling wide,
And seven banners bearing high,
It wad do any living gude,
To see their bonny colours fly."

The Queen's Marie.—A recited copy of this ballad, (in which the unfortunate heroine's name is Mary Moil,) contains the following variations from that given by Mr Scott, in the *Minstrelsy of the Border,* Vol. II. p. 18. 2d edit. The introductory stanza is:

There lived a lord into the south,
And he had dochters three;
And the youngest o' them went to the king's court,
To learn some courtesie.

After the seventh stanza follows,

She row'd it in a wee wee clout,
And flangt into the faem;
"Saying, sink ye soon, my bonny babe,
I'll go a maiden hame."

The first line of this and the preceding stanza is the same. The exclamation of the king appears to follow the eighth stanza:

"O, woe be to you, ye ill woman,
An ill death may ye die,
Gin ye had spared the sweet baby's life,
It might hae been an honour to thee."

And between the eleventh and twelfth are inserted these two, which add considerably to that expression of exulting gaiety, while she goes unconsciously to death, which appears in the ballad already known, and which certainly was not imagined by an unskilful poet:

She wadna put on her gowns o' black,
Nor yet wad she o' brown;
But she wad put on her gowns o' gowd,
To glance through Embro' town.
"Come saddle not to me the black," she says,
"Nor yet to me the brown;
But come saddle to me the milk-white steed,
That I may ride in renown."

Frennet Ha'.—The beautiful little poem on this subject, printed in Vol. I., is modern, and the editor's attempts to recover the ancient ballad have been unsuccessful. The following in-

formation respecting it, which he owes to a valuable correspondent, is so minute and descriptive, that the old poem may be allowed to fall into oblivion with less regret. He begs permission to use his correspondent's own words.—"A lady, a near relation of mine, lived near the spot, in her youth, for some time; and remembers having heard the old song, mentioned by Ritson, but cannot repeat it. She says there was a verse which stated, that the lord and lady locked the door of the tower, and flung the keys into the draw-well; and that, many years ago, when the well was cleared out, this tradition was corroborated by their finding the keys; at least, such was the report of the country."

2. The history of our Romantic Ballads admits of more doubt and enquiry. They appear to have been derived from various sources.

Some, it is probable, are to be referred to the minstrel romances; episodes, and interesting fragments of which would find their way

to the people, and either degenerate into ballads in their progress through a race of unlearned reciters, or be at first translated from the "quaint Inglis" of the minstrels, into a language intelligible to the ruder audience for which they were intended. Of this derivation, however, much less evidence remains than might have been expected.

We know, from various authorities, that Arthur and his Round-table chivalry were high favourites among the Scottish minstrels, and it must therefore appear singular, that neither in the ballads now known to exist, nor in those of which some memory is preserved, are there any traces of their popularity among the lower orders of the people. I can name, indeed, but one ballad, of which the origin may be ascribed, with any certainty, to the minstrel romance; it is that called Burd Helen, the story of which is the same with that of the *Lai le Frêne*, pre-

served in English in the Auch. MS. and in the original Norman in the *Lais of Marie.**

We might, perhaps, include in this class the ballad of Thomas the Rhymer, which, though founded on late history, has been converted into romance; and of which the original, lately published by Mr Jamieson, appears, by its length, and something elaborate in its composition, to have been designed for hearers of a higher order than those among whom its relics have been found.

But with regard to the great bulk of our romantic ballads,—which are not referred, even by tradition, to any historical event, which bear

* Whence Marie derived her materials is still a disputed point. The proofs of their Armorican origin do not appear to me very conclusive. Marie wrote about 1250. Her fourth tale is to be found in the *Gesta Romanorum.* Berchorius, the compiler of this work, died in 1360; and from the very different termination of the story in the *Gesta,* I think it unlikely that Berchorius took it from Marie, whose work, written in England and for Englishmen, was not probably known upon the continent at this date. The tales of the *Gesta* are chiefly of an Eastern origin.

no traces in local or family names of an historical origin, and which we cannot connect with any more ancient poetry which we know to have prevailed in the country,—nothing is left us but an uncertain speculation, whether they are native poems, on events which have actually taken place in Scotland, but of which the scene and the persons are forgotten; or whether they were borrowed, as tales, from the nations with whom we have held intercourse. That many are to be ascribed to the first source is probable; I shall offer a few remarks on a theory which has lately been advanced, respecting the influence of the second on this species of poetry.

Mr Jamieson supposes, that we owe much of our romantic ballads to the Scalds, who attended the camp of the Scandinavian invaders of Britain; and he expresses, in the following words, his confidence in this opinion: "Of this, after a careful perusal of the very extensive col-

lection now before me, (the *Kæmpe Viser,*) I have not a doubt remaining; and I am fully persuaded, notwithstanding the authority of Mr Ritson to the contrary, that many of the traditionary ballads, still current in our country, have been *virûm volitantes per ora* in the north of England, and in the lowlands of Scotland, ever since the first arrival of the Cimbrian Britons." —JAMIESON'S *Ballads,* II. p. 87. The evidence of the theory, however, as contained in the letter from which this passage is extracted, consists in this, that some Scottish ballads bear considerable resemblance in their story to some ballads in this Danish collection.

On this theory we may observe, 1st, That supposing we were reduced to believe in an immediate communication of traditions between the two countries, we have no evidence that the derivation is from the Danish to the Scottish, rather than the reverse; evidence especially necessary under the pressure of the statement

quoted in another part of the letter from the preface to the *Kæmpe Viser*: "Although," says the editor of 1695, "the personages of this tale are foreigners, yet have I admitted it into this collection of Danish ballads, because it is old, and still popular among us. I have also heard it sung with the name of the king of Denmark. We have, besides, many other Danish ballads concerning foreigners with whom we formerly had intercourse."—P. 86. The historical presumption, from the settlement of the Danes in Britain, that the course of the derivation was as Mr Jamieson supposes, seems sufficiently balanced by the consideration, that the subsequent intercourse of the two nations opened a sufficient channel for the communication of a few ballads in either direction. The only seeming traces with which I am acquainted of a Scandinavian origin in Scottish poetry, is in the list of romances and ballads in the Complaynt of Scotland. Two of these, Skail Gillenderson, and the

Three Futtit Dog of Norroway, are judged by Mr Leyden to be Norwegian tales, on the evidence of their names. This, however, is very unsatisfactory reasoning; and even granting his assumption, that *Skail* Gillenderson is a corruption of *Skald* Gillenderson, it by no means follows, that because the hero was northern, the tale concerning him should be of northern origin. Indeed, to justify our ascribing the invention of these to the poets of the north, it should be shown that they possessed some characteristic at least of their race; but this cannot possibly now be done, as not a line of either is known to exist. The tale of *The Wolf of the Warldis End*, mentioned in the same list, was probably some wild story connected with *Fenris* the wolf; who, according to the sublime mythology of the Edda, is to burst his chains at the general conflagration, the twilight of the gods, and to devour Odin. But this tale, as well as the others,

has entirely perished, and the resemblance I have traced may be merely fanciful.

2. That there is no necessity (unless from future positive evidence) for believing in an immediate communication of tales, while the natural probability that both nations derived them from a third is strengthened by the certainty we possess, that the minstrels of both did draw copiously from the Norman romance; and it is a singular fact, that the tale which, being common to the two countries, is brought forward by Mr Jamieson in proof of his theory, is to be found among the yet extant specimens of those very Norman romances. It is the *Lai le Frêne* above mentioned.

3. That, under all the circumstances of doubt which appear to hang over the theory, there should be some presumptive evidence of the priority of the Danish songs. To clear it from all uncertainty, there should be evidence of an antiquity reaching to the period of the invasion

of Britain by the Northmen. But it seems improbable that this can be attempted for the collection of the *Kæmpe Viser*. The Scandic scholars, we know, lay claim to an extravagant antiquity for their Edda, &c.; and some of their historical songs are, perhaps, contemporary with the events they record.* But their chief antiquarian rejects with contempt the *Kæmpe Viser* as a work of no authority, because it is of such modern invention. He has made some observations respecting the ancient manners of the north, and continues, " *Cui assertioni probandæ non erit opus recurrere ad putidissimas et triviales cantilenas quas* Kæmpe Viser *vulgò vocant, omni prorsus luce indignas, cùm ne instar quidem antiquitatis præ se ferant, ad colos aniles heri aut nudiustertius infelici venâ compositæ; cum ex purissimo antiquitatis fonte ipsis artificiosissimis veterum Scal-*

* See Pontoppidan's work *Gesta et Vestig. Danorum extra Daniam*, passim. The collection he quotes is that of Vellejus.

dorum carminibus, quibus nihil sacratiùs, illud ipsum abundè constet."—Bartholini *Antiq. Danic.* Hafniæ, 1689. p. 543. I will not dissemble, that the antiquity of the *Kæmpe Viser* has been asserted by Cleffel in his *Antiquitates Germanicæ præcipue Septentrionales;* in the preface to which he observes, "*Multa (carmina) etiam per traditionem conservata pervenerunt et a viris doctis edita sunt, ut a Dn. Petro Syv, et alio quodam ante eum cujus nomen jam non occurrit, (sc. Lafrenson) sed hoc in Septentrione, in Germania non item, ubi per innumera bella diu interierunt egregii illi vetustatis labores, adeo ut pauca in hanc rem supersint.*" This, it will be observed, is simply the opinion of a foreigner; and indeed, in another passage, at p. 130. in which he resumes the subject, it is plain, that he confouuds the popular traditionary ballads with the Skaldic remains, preserved in the Edda and elsewhere; the high antiquity of which, although very doubtful, I feel no inclination at present to dis-

pute, as it is obviously another question. Cleffel likewise refers to Bartholinus for proofs of their authenticity; but the testimony of that antiquary just quoted, is the only mention of the *Kæmpe Viser* I can discover in his work.

Of variations from known copies of romantic ballads, and fragments of others which I have received, the few subjoined stanzas are all that appeared to me worth preserving.

To the well-known ballad of Johnnie of Braidislee, which it seems doubtful whether we should place among our romantic or historical poems, I am enabled to add one stanza, which seems, to me, to describe expressively the languor of approaching death:

There's no a bird in a' this foreste
Will do as meikle for me,
As dip its wing in the wan water
An' straik it on my e'e-bree.

Another romantic ballad, of which unfortunately one stanza only has been preserved, is the

more deserving of mention from its singular agreement with a superstition, recorded by Schott in his *Physica Curiosa*, and quoted by Mr Scott.* The tradition bears, that a young lady was carried away by the Fairies; and that, although invisible to her friends who were in search of her, she was sometimes heard by them lamenting her destiny in a pathetic song, of which the stanza just mentioned runs nearly thus:

O, Alva hills is bonny,
Dalycoutry hills is fair,
But to think on the braes of Menstrie,
It maks my heart fu' sair.

There is another fragment still remaining, which appears to have belonged to a ballad of adventure, perhaps of real history. I am acquainted with no poem of which the lines, as they stand, can be supposed to have formed a part:

* See Minstrelsy, II. 188. 2d edit.

Saddled, and briddled,
And booted rade he;
Toom hame cam the saddle,
But never cam he.

Down cam his auld mither,
Greetin fu' sair;
And down cam his bonny wife
Wringin her hair.

Saddled, and briddled,
And booted rade he;
Toom hame cam the saddle,
But never cam he.

Our regret for the loss of so large a proportion of our national poetry as has already perished, is increased by the interest we still feel in some of its most mutilated remains. Yet, after all that has been lost, and all that is now secured to posterity, it is probable, that much is still uncollected, which is within the reach of preservation; and there is a strong inducement to publish even such imperfect fragments as these, in the chance that their circulation may lead to further researches, and some of the entire ballads yet be recovered. It might even

justify the publication of many indifferent ballads, and fragments of ballads, that they might lead to the preservation of stanzas of merit which belong to them, which are still floating in tradition, and must be lost, because there is nothing with which they can be connected. A very few years will carry into oblivion all that yet remains among the peasantry of our old hereditary song; for it is almost exclusively from the recitation of very old people, that the lately recovered pieces have been obtained. If any means could collect the scattered reliques of the legendary poetry of our ancestors, Scotland might yet perhaps furnish the materials of more than one national work, of as high interest as the *Minstrelsy of the Border*;—a work for which its editor, I believe, will wish no greater eulogy, than the rude verse of one of our old and barbarous poets:

Non Scotus est, Christe, cui liber non placet iste.

HARDYKNUTE.

INTRODUCTION.

The author of this celebrated ballad was Lady Wardlaw, second daughter of Sir Charles Halket, of Pitferran. She was born in 1677; and in 1696 was married to Sir Henry Wardlaw of Balmulie, or Pitrivie, in Fifeshire. She died about the year 1727.

It is difficult which most to admire, the mind capable of producing such a poem, or the modesty of sending it into the world anonymously. It must be remembered, too, that "Hardyknute" was composed at a period unusually dark in the literary history of Scot-

land, and when poetical genius, in particular, seems to have slumbered; at least, no composition of those times exists, possessing, in a nearly equal degree, the vigour and lofty versification of "Hardyknute."

Lady Wardlaw, who seems to have wished to deceive the world into an opinion of the antiquity of the ballad, for the greater security, as her own poetical talents were well known, employed her brother-in-law, Sir John Bruce of Kinross, to communicate the MS. to Lord Binning, with the following account: "In performance of my promise, I send you a true copy of the manuscript I found a few weeks ago, in an old vault at Dumfermline. It is written on vellum, in a fair Gothic character, but so much defaced by time, as you'll find, that the tenth part is not legible*."

* From the words *I found*, &c. in this letter, Mr Pinkerton supposes that Sir John himself was the author; but the following circumstances will, it is believed,

The ballad was first published in 1719, by some literary gentlemen, who believed it to be a genuine production of antiquity.—It was afterwards adopted by Ramsay into the Evergreen; from which edition the present one is taken, as being the last printed during the life of Lady Wardlaw, and as exhibiting the additions made by herself.

put the question entirely at rest.—Dr Percy, on the authority of a gentleman of rank and learning in Scotland, ascribes it to Mrs Wardlaw, of the family of Pitferran, and aunt of Sir Peter Halket, who was killed in America in 1755; and that when questioned on the subject, she in a manner acknowledged it, by adding the three last stanzas, which were not in the first edition.—*Reliques*, Vol. II. p. 96. This is perfectly correct, with the exception of the lady's title. The late Mr Hepburn, of Keith, often declared, that he was in the house with Lady Wardlaw when she wrote Hardyknute. To these strong testimonies, may also be added those of Mrs Wedderburn of Gosford, Lady Wardlaw's daughter, and of Mrs Menzies of Woodend, her sister-in-law, who were equally positive in their evidence. See Life of Ramsay, prefixed to his works, Lond. 1800.

Mr Pinkerton, to complete the catastrophe, has added a second part to it in his Collection of Heroic Ballads, and has likewise taken some unjustifiable liberties with the text of the original.—The principal variations and parallel passages will be found in the notes.

The following are the historical events celebrated in the ballad. In 1263, Haco, king of Norway, invaded the western isles of Scotland with a powerful fleet; and having taken and laid waste Kintire, and the islands of Bute and Arran, he anchored his fleet at the Cumbras, and sent a detachment up the river Clyde, which landing at Loch Long, dragged their boats across the isthmus at Tarbet, and plundered the islands in Loch-lomond, which were at that time well inhabited *:

* Within this Loch are xxx ilis, weil biggit with kirkis, templis, and housis.—Bellenden's Boece, Descript. of Albion.

A storm, in the meantime, arose, and several of the ships which were with Haco were driven on shore near Largs. The Scotch army attacked them in this situation. Haco sent a reinforcement on shore to their assistance, which brought on the battle of Largs, fought on the 2d of October, 1263.

It is thus described in the Norwegian account, published by Mr Johnstone, at Copenhagen, from ancient MSS. in the library of the king of Denmark.

"When the Scotch saw that the vessels had run aground, they assembled together, and, advancing against the Norwegians, attacked them with missile weapons. They, however, defended themselves gallantly, under cover of their ships. The Scotch made several attempts, at different times, but killed few, though many were wounded. King Haco, as the wind was now somewhat abated,

sent in some boats with a reinforcement, as is here mentioned."

> "The victorious breaker of gleaming weapons, attentive of soul, then sent his bands to the hard-fought field, where breast-plates rang. Our troops, by the slaughter of the suspicious foe, established our monarch's fame, vilified by the dwellers of the vallies *."

"Afterwards the sovereign himself, attended by Thorlaug Bosi, set sail in a barge belonging to the Masters of the Lights. As soon as the king's men approached the land, the Scotch retired, and the Norwegians continued on shore all night. The Scotch, however, during the darkness, entered the transport, and carried off as much of the lading as they could. On the morning, the king, with a numerous reinforcement, came on

* These stanzas are from the "Ravens Song" of the poet Sturlas. He probably derived his information from his nephew, who was in the expedition.

shore; and he ordered the transport to be lightened, and towed out to the ships.

"In a little time they descried the Scottish army; and it was so numerous, that they supposed the king of Scotland was present. Ogmund Krækidantz, with his company, was stationed on a hill. The Scottish van skirmished with his men; and, their main body coming on, the Norwegians entreated the king, as they were anxious for his safety, to row to his fleet, and to send them help. The king insisted on remaining on shore; but they would not assent to his continuing any longer so exposed; he therefore sailed out in a barge to his ships at the Cumbras. The following barons remained on land; Lord Andrew Nicolson, Ogmund Krækidantz, Erling Alfson, Andrew Pott, Ronald Urka, Thorlaug Bosi, Paul Soor: the whole number of soldiers with them was eight or nine hundred. Two hundred men were on the rising ground with

Ogmund, but the rest of the troops were posted down upon the beach. The Scottish army now advanced, and it was conjectured to consist of near five hundred knights. All their horses had breast-plates; and there were many Spanish steeds in complete armour *. The Scottish king had besides a

* We have here a splendid picture of the Scottish army at this period. That Spanish and other foreign horses were introduced so early into Scotland, may surprise some readers; but the fact seems incontrovertible. Wynton gives an animated description of the Arabian steed and Turkish armour of Alexander I.

Befor the lordis all, the kyng
Gert than to the awtare bryng,
Hys cumly sted of Araby,
Sadelyd and brydelyd costlykly;
Covered wyth a fayre mantlete,
Of pretyous and fyne velvet;
Wyth hys armwris of Turky,
That Pryncys than oysyd generaly.

During the disastrous times of the minority and death of Margaret of Norway, and the competition of Bruce and

numerous army of foot soldiers, well accoutred. They generally had bows and spears.

" The Norwegians on the hill*, apprehensive of being surrounded, began to retire, in scattered parties, towards the sea: Andrew Nicolson observing this, came up to the rising-ground, and desired Ogmund to draw off his men towards the beach, but not to retreat so precipitately as if he fled. The Scotch at this time attacked them furiously with darts and stones; showers of weapons were poured upon the Norwegians, who defended themselves, and retired in good order; but when they approached the sea, each one hurrying faster than another, those on the beach imagined they were routed; some therefore leap-

Baliol, it is naturally to be expected that the foreign breed of horses would be neglected or destroyed. We know that Robert the Bruce rode but a sorry charger at the battle of Bannockburn.

* Probably Knock-hill. The remains of a small entrenched camp are still observable on its summit.

ed into their boats, and pushed off from land; others jumped into the transport. Their companions called on them to return; and some returned, though few. Andrew Pott leaped over two boats, and into a third, and so escaped from land; many boats went down, and some men were lost; and the rest of the Norwegians at last wheeled about towards the sea.

"Here, Haco of Steini, one of King Haco's household fell. The Norwegians were then driven south from the transport, and were headed by Andrew Nicolson, Ogmund Krækidantz, Thorlaug Bosi, and Paul Soor. There soon began a severe contest, though very unequal; as ten Scots fought against each Norwegian. Among the Scotch, there was a young knight called Perus*, equally distin-

* The death of this knight is mentioned both by Wynton and Fordun. By the former he is called "Perys of Curry," and by the latter, "Petrus de Curry Miles."

guished for his birth and fortune: He wore a helmet plated with gold, and set with precious stones, and the rest of his armour was of a piece with it; he rode gallantly up to the Norwegians, but no other ventured; he galloped frequently along the Norwegian line, and then back to his own followers. Andrew Nicolson had now reached the Scottish van; he encountered this illustrious knight, and struck at his thigh with such force, that he cut it off through the armour with his sword, which penetrated to the saddle. The Norwegians stript him of his beautiful belt. The hardest conflict then commenced. Many fell on both sides, but more of the Scotch, as Sturlas sings."

The editor has discovered no other traces of him in history. Curry is in the island of Arran; and its lord might probably be animated with such a degree of heroism, from a desire of revenging the loss of his possessions.

> " Where cuirasses rung, our generous youths formed into a circle, prostrated the illustrious givers of bracelets; the birds of prey were gluttonously filled with lifeless limbs. What great chieftain shall avenge the fate of the renowned wearer of the belt?"

" During the battle there was so great a tempest, that King Haco saw no possibility of bringing the army ashore. Ronald and Eilif of Naustadale, however, with some men, rowed to land, and greatly distinguished themselves, as did those troops who had before gone out in their boats.

Ronald in the end was repulsed to his ships, but Eilif behaved most heroically. The Norwegians now began to form themselves anew; and the Scotch took possession of the rising ground. There were continual skirmishes with stones and missile weapons; but towards the evening, the Norwegians made a desperate charge against the Scotch, on the hill, as is here recorded."

"The champions of Nordmæra's lord saluted the stout harnessed barons with the rough music of the battle. The train of the supporter of thrones, courageous, and clad in steel, marched to the din of clashing swords."

"At the conflict of corslets, on the blood-red hill, the damasked blade hewed the mail of hostile tribes, ere the Scot, nimble as the hound, would leave the field to the followers of our all-conquering king."

"The Scotch then left the eminence, and fled, whence they could away to their mountains. The Norwegians, perceiving this, retired to their boats; and rowing out to their ships, luckily escaped the storm. On the morning they came back in search of the bodies of those who had dropt. Among the dead were Haco of Steini, and Thorgisl Gloppa, both belonging to King Haco's household; there fell also a worthy vassal called Karlhoved, from Drontheim, and another vassal called Halkel, from Fiorde; besides,

there died three Masters of the Lights, Thorstein Bat, John Ballhoved, and Halward Buniard. It was impossible for the Norwegians to tell how many were killed of the Scotch, because those who dropt were taken up and removed to the woods. King Haco ordered his dead to be carried to a church.

"Five days after King Haco commanded his men to weigh anchor, and to bring his ships close under the Cumbras. He was soon joined by the squadron which had been in Loch Long. On the fast day following, the weather was good, and the king sent some retainers ashore, to burn the vessels which had been stranded. That same day the king sailed past Cumbra to Melansay *, where he lay some nights."

This relation differs widely from that of the Scottish writers, who represent the battle

* Probably Lamlash.

as a decisive victory, and the Norwegians defeated with the loss of twenty-five thousand men. The reasons for adopting this account, in preference to that of our own historians, will be found in the notes.

The slight notices of local scenery in the ballad are extremely accurate, and show that the author must have been well acquainted with it. Fairly castle, the residence of Hardyknute, is a single square tower, that stands "Hie on a hill," by the side of a mountain-stream, which immediately under the castle is precipitated over the rock into a deep chasm. It commands a wide view of the firth of Clyde, with its islands, which is bounded by the blue and alpine summits of Arran. The ancient family of Fairly formerly possessed it, but it has been long the property of the Boyles of Kelburn, ancestors of the earls of Glasgow.

The field of battle is three miles to the north of this. It is covered with numerous cairns, piled over the bodies of the slain.

" Piena di sepoltura e la campagna."

A rude column of granite, erected to the memory of some fallen chief, once stood in the centre of the field.

HARDYKNUTE.

A FRAGMENT.

I.

STATELY stept he east the wa'*,
And stately stept he west;
Full seventy ziers he now had sene,
With skerss sevin ziers of rest.
He livit quhen Britons breach of faith
Wroucht Scotland meikle wae,
And ay his sword tauld, to their cost,
He was their deidly fae.

* *Wa'*, wall, the rampart of the castle.

II.

Hie on a hill his castle stude,
With halls and touris a hicht,
And guidly chambers fair to se,
Quhair he lodgit mony a knicht.
His dame sae peirless anes, and fair,
For chast and bewtie deimt,
Nae marrow* had in all the land,
Saif Elenor the quene.

III.

Full thirtein sons to him scho bare,
All men of valour stout,
In bluidy ficht, with sword in hand,
Nyne lost their lives bot† doubt;
Four zit remain; lang may they live
To stand by liege and land;
Hie was their fame, hie was their micht,
And hie was their command.

* *Marrow*, usually mate, here equal.
† *Bot*, without.

IV.

Great luve they bare to Fairly fair,
  Their sister saft and deir,
Her girdle shawd her middle jimp*,
  And gowden† glist her hair.
Quhat waefou wae her bewtie bred!
  Waefou to zung and auld;
Waefou, I trou, to kyth and kin,
  As story ever tauld.

V.

The king of Norse, in summer tyde,
  Puft up with powir and micht,
Landed in fair Scotland the yle,
  With mony a hardy knicht.
The tydings to our gude Scots king
  Came as he sat at dyne,
With noble chiefs, in braif aray,
  Drinking the blude-reid wyne.

* *Jimp*, slender.
† *Gowdin glist*, shone as gold.

VI.

" To horse, to horse, my ryal liege!
" Zour faes stand on the strand;
" Full twenty thousand glittering spears
" The king of Norse commands.
" Bring me my steed, Mage, dapple gray,"
Our gude King raise and cryd:
A trustier beast in all the land,
A Scots King never seyd *.

VII.

" Go, little page, tell Hardyknute,
" That lives on hill so hie,
" To draw his sword, the dried of faes,
" And haste and follow me."
The little page flew swift as dart,
Flung by his master's arm;
" Cum down, cum down, Lord Hardyknute,
" And red zour King frae harm."

* *Seyd*, tried.

VIII.

Then reid, reid grew his dark-brown chieks,
Sae did his dark-brown brow;
His luiks grew kene, as they were wont
In dangers great to do.
He hes tane a horn as grene as glass,
And gien five sounds sae shrill,
That tries in grene wod schuke thereat,
Sae loud rang ilka hill.

IX.

His sons, in manly sport and glie,
Had past that summer's morn;
Quhen lo doun in a grassy dale,
They heard their fatheris horn.
"That horn, quod they, neir sounds in peace,
"We haif other sport to byde;"
And sune they heyd them up the hill,
And sune were at his syde.

X.

" Late, late zestrene, I weind in peace
" To end my length'ned lyfe;
" My age micht weil excuse my arm
" Frae manly feats of stryfe:
" But now that Norse dois proudly boast
" Fair Scotland to inthral,
" Its neir be said of Hardyknute,
" He feird to ficht or fall.

XI.

" Robin of Rothsay bend thy bow,
" Thy arrows shute sae leil,
" That mony a comely countenance
" They've turn'd to deidly pale.
" Brade Thomas tak ze but your lance,
" Ze neid nae weapons mair;
" Gif ze fecht wi't, as ze did anes,
" Gainst Westmoreland's ferss heir.

XII.

" Malcom, licht of fute, as stag
" That runs in forest wyld,
" Get me my thousands thrie of men,
" Well bred to sword and schield:
" Bring me my horse and harnisine,
" My blade of mettal cleir;"
If faes kend but the hand it bare,
They sune had fled for feir.

XIII.

" Fareweil, my dame sae peirless gude,"
And tuke hir by the hand,
" Fairer to me in age zou seim
" Than maids for bewtie fam'd:
" My zoungest son sall here remain,
" To guard these stately towirs,
" And shut the silver bolt that keips
" Sae fast zour painted bowirs."

XIV.

And first scho wet her comely chieks,
And then hir boddice grene;
Her silken cords of twirtle twist
Weil plett with silver schene;
And apron set with mony a dice
Of neidle-wark sae rare,
Wove by nae hand, as ze may guess,
Saif that of Fairly fair.

XV.

And he has ridden owre muir and moss,
Owre hills and mony a glen,
Quhen he came to a wounded knicht,
Making a heavy mane:
"Here maun I lye, here maun I dye
"By treacheries false gyles;
"Witless I was that eir gaif faith
"To wicked woman's smyles."

XVI.

" Sir knicht, gin ze were in my bowir,
" To lean on silken seat,
" My ladyis kyndlie care zou'd prove
" Quha neir kend deidly hate;
" Hir self wald watch ze all the day,
" Hir maids a deid of nicht,
" And Fairly fair zour heart wald cheir,
" As scho stands in zour sicht.

XVII.

" Arise, zoung knicht, and mount zour steid,
" Full lowns * the schynand day;
" Cheis frae my menzie † quhom ze pleis,
" To leid ze on the way."
With smyless luke, and visage wan,
The wounded knicht replyd,
" Kind chieftain, your intent pursue,
" For here I maun abyde.

* *Lowns*, or rather *lown's*, is calm.
† *Menzie*, men.

XVIII.

" To me, nae after day nor nicht,
" Can eir be sweit or fair;
" But sune beneath sum draping trie,
" Cauld deith sall end my care."
With him nae pleiding micht prevail,
Braif Hardyknute to gain,
With fairest words and reason strang,
Straif courteously in vain.

XIX.

Syne he has gane far hynd *, attowre
Lord Chattan's land sae wyde;
That lord a worthy wicht was ay,
Quhen faes his courage seyd:
Of Pictish race, by mother's syde:
Quhen Picts ruld Caledon,
Lord Chattan claim'd the princely maid
Quhen he saift Pictish crown.

* *Far hynd, attowre,* far beyond, over the country.

XX.

Now with his ferss and stalwart* train
He reicht a rysing heicht,
Quhair braid encampit on the dale,
Norss Menzie lay in sicht;
" Zonder my valziant sons, and feris †,
" Our raging revers ‡ wait,
" On the unconquerit Scotish swaird §
" To try with us thair fate.

XXI.

" Mak orisons to him that saift
" Our sauls upon the rude ‖;
Syne braifly schaw zour veins are filld
" With Caledonian blude."
Then furth he drew his trusty glaive,
Quhyle thousands all arround,
Drawn frae their sheaths glanst in the sun,
And loud the bougills sound.

* *Stalwart,* fierce and strong. † *Feris,* companions.
‡ *Revers,* spoilers, robbers.
§ *Swaird,* the grassy surface of the ground.
‖ *Rude,* rood, cross.

XXII.

To join his king, adoun the hill
In hast his merch he made,
Quhyle playand pibrochs* minstralls meit†
Afore him stately strade.
" Thryse welcum, valziant stoup of weir,
" Thy nation's scheild and pryde,
" Thy king nae reason has to feir,
" Quhen thou art be his side.

XXIII.

Quhen bows were bent, and darts were thrawn,
For thrang scarce could they flie,
The darts clove arrows as they met,
The arrows dart the trie.
Lang did they rage, and fecht full ferss,
With little skaith to man;
But bludy, bludy was the field
Or that lang day was done!

* *Pibroch*, a martial air on the bagpipe.
† *Meit*, proper.

XXIV.

The king of Scots that sindle * bruik'd
The war that lukit lyke play,
Drew his braid sword, and brake his bow,
Sen bows seimt but delay.
Quoth noble Rothsay, " Myne I'll keip,
" I wate its bleid a skore."
" Hast up my merry men," cry'd the king,
As he rade on before.

XXV.

The king of Norse he socht to find,
With him to mense † the faucht;
But on his forehead there did licht
A sharp unsonsie ‡ shaft:
As he his hand put up to find
The wound, an arrow kene,
O waefu chance! there pinnd his hand
In midst betwene his ene.

* *Sindle*, seldom.
† *Mense the faucht*, measure, or try the battle.
‡ *Unsonsie*, unlucky.

XXVI.

" Revenge ! revenge !' cryd Rothsay's heir,
" Your mail-coat sall nocht byde
" The strength and sharpness of my dart,"
Then sent it through his syde.
Another arrow weil he mark'd
It persit his neck in twa;
His hands then quat the silver reins,
He law as eard did fa.

XXVII.

" Sair bleids my liege ! Sair, sair he bleids !"
Again with micht he drew,
And gesture dreid, his sturdy bow;
Fast the braid arrow flew:
Wae to the knicht he ettled * at;
Lament now quene Elgreid;
Hie dames to wail zour darling's fall,
His zouth, and comely meid.

* *Ettled*, aimed.

XXVIII.

"Take aff, take aff his costly jupe*,"
(Of gold weil was it twyn'd,
Knit like the fowler's net, throuch quhilk
His steily harnes shynd.)
"Take Norse that gift frae me, and bid
"Him venge the blude it beirs;
"Say if he face my bended bow
"He sure nae weapon feirs."

XXIX.

Proud Norse with giant body tall,
Braid shoulder, and arms strong;
Cryd, "Quhair is Hardyknute sae fam'd,
"And feird at Britain's throne?
"Tho' Britons tremble at his name,
"I sune sall mak him wail,
"That eir my sword was made sae sharp,
"Sae saft his coat of mail."

* *Jupe*, upper garment.

XXX.

That brag, his stout heart coud na byde,
It lent him zouthfu micht:
"I'm Hardyknute. This day," he cryd,
"To Scotland's king I hecht*,
"To lay thee law as horse's hufe,
"My word I mean to keip:"
Syne with the first strake eir he strake
He garrd† his body bleid.

XXXI.

Norse ene lyke gray gosehauk's staird wyld,
He sicht with shame and spyte;
"Disgrac'd is now my far fam'd arm
"That left thee power to stryke."
Then gaif his head a blaw sae fell,
It made him doun to stoup,
As law as he to ladies usit,
In courtly gyse to lout‡.

* *Hecht*, promised.
† *Garrd*, caused, made.
‡ *Lout*, bend, bow.

XXXII.

Full sune he rais'd his bent body;
His bow he marvelld sair,
Sen blaws till then on him but darrd
As touch of Fairly fair.
Norse ferliet * too as sair as he,
To see his stately luke;
Sae sune as eir he strake a fae,
Sae sune his lyfe he tuke.

XXXIII.

Quhair, lyke a fyre to hether † set,
Bauld Thomas did advance,
A sturdy fae, with luke enrag'd,
Up towards him did prance.
He spurd his steid throw thickest ranks
The hardy zouth to quell;
Quha stude unmuvit at his approach,
His furie to repell.

* *Ferliet*, wondered.
† *Hether*, heath.

XXXIV.

" That schort brown shaft, sae meanly trimd,
" Lukis lyke poor Scotland's geir*;
" But dreidfull seims the rusty poynt!"
And loud he leuch in jeir†.
" Aft Britains blude has dim'd its shyne,
" This poynt cut short their vaunt;"
Syne pierc'd the boisteris bairded cheik,
Nae tyme he tuke to taunt.

XXXV.

Schort quhyle he in his sadill swang;
His stirrip was nae stay,
Sae feible hang his unbent knie,
Sure taken he was fey‡.
Swith§ on the harden'd clay he fell,
Richt far was hard the thud‖,
But Thomas luikt not as he lay
All waltering in his blude.

* *Geir*, wealth, property.
† *Leuch in jeir*, laughed in derision.
‡ *Fey*, foredoomed to death, predestined.
§ *Swith*, swift.
‖ *Thud*, the hollow sound occasioned by the falling of any heavy body.

XXXVI.

With cairles gesture, mind unmuvit,
On raid he north the plain,
His seim in thrang of fiercest stryfe,
Quhen winner ay the same.
Nor zit his heart dames' dimpelit cheik
Coud meise* saft luve to bruik;
Till vengeful Ann returned his scorn,
Then languid grew his luke.

XXXVII.

In thrawis† of death, with wallowit‡ cheik,
All panting on the plain,
The fainting corps of warriours lay,
Neir to aryse again:
Neir to return to native land;
Nae mair with blythsom sounds
To boist the glories of the day,
And schaw their shyning wounds.

* *Meise*, mollify, mitigate.
† *Thrawis*, throes, agonies.
‡ *Wallowit*, faded.

XXXVIII.

On Norway's coast the widowit dame
  May wash the rocks with teirs,
May lang luke owre the schiples seis
  Befoir hir mate appeirs.
Ceise, Emma, ceise to hope in vain,
  Thy lord lyis in the clay;
The valziant Scots nae revers thole *
  To carry lyfe away.

XXXIX.

There on a lie, quhair stands a cross
  Set up for monument,
Thousands full fierce, that summer's day,
  Fill'd kene waris black intent.
Let Scots quhyle Scots praise Hardyknute,
  Let Norse the name ay dried;
Ay how he faucht, aft how he spaird,
  Sal latest ages reid.

* *Thole*, suffer.

XL.

Loud and chill blew the westlin wind,
Sair beat the heavy showir,
Mirk * grew the nicht eir Hardyknute
Wan † neir his stately towir:
His towir that us'd with torches bleise
To shyne sae far at nicht
Seim'd now as black as mourning weid:
Nae marvel sair he sich'd.

XLI.

" Thairs nae licht in my lady's bowir,
" Thairs nae licht in my hall;
" Nae blink ‡ shynes round my Fairly fair,
" Nor ward § stands on my wall.
" Quhat bodes it? Robert, Thomas, say,"
Nae answer fits their dreid.
" Stand back my sons, I'll be zour gyde;"
But by they past with speid.

* *Mirk*, dark.
† *Wan*, got, arrived.
‡ *Blink*, lively intermitting flashes of light.
§ *Ward*, warden.

XLII.

" As fast I haif sped owre Scotland's faes"—
There ceist his brag of weir,
Sair schamit to mynd ocht but his dame,
And maiden Fairly fair.
Black feir he felt, but quhat to feir
He wist not zit with dreid:
Sair schuke his body, sair his limbs,
And all the warrior fled.

NOTES

ON

HARDYKNUTE.

St. I. *Stately stept he east the wa'.*
Var. Stately stept he east the ha'.

PINKERTON.

St. II. *Hie on a hill his castle stude,*
With halls and touris a hicht.
On yonder hill a castle standes,
With walles and towres bedight.
The Child of Elle.

Ib. *Saif Elenor the quene.*
Var. Saif Emergard the quene.
Scottish Songs, Edin. 1776.

St. V. *The tydings to our gude Scots king,*
Came as he sat at dyne,
With noble chiefs in braif array,
Drinking the blude-red wyne.

This stanza appears to have been imitated from two ancient ballads:

The king sits in Dumfermline town,
Drinking the blude-red wine.

SIR PATRICK SPENS.

The king but, and his nobles a',
Sat drinking at the wine;
He would ha' nane but his ae daughter,
To wait on them at dyne.

BROWN ROBIN.

St. VI. *Full twenty thousand glittering spears,*
The king of Norse commands.

The ballad here agrees with Fordun. Boece slays twenty-four thousand out of this number, and Buchanan sixteen thousand, not venturing to follow Boece, as he usually does. The Norwegian narrative, given in the Introduction, differs widely from all of these; but it is the only contemporary one that enters into the particulars of the expedition; and, from the minuteness of the descriptions, and the accuracy of the names, it is evidently the production of an eye-witness himself, or of one who had his relation from an eye-witness. Goodall, the editor of the Scotichronicon, who is disposed to controvert its accuracy, as given by Torfæus, alleges, that this minuteness of detail was purposely affected with the design of giving the work an air of

authenticity. But the materials whence Torfæus collected his information, were not then known. Our own more early accounts state nothing that would lead us to suppose, that a battle of such decisive importance had taken place. These are the Chronicles of Melrose and of Man. They merely mention the failure of Haco's expedition.

St. XVII. and XVIII. were not in the first edition.

St. XVII. *Full lowns the shynand day.*
Var. Bricht lows the schynand day.
PINKERTON.

St. XVIII. *To me nae after day nor nicht*
Can eir be sweit or fair.
To me nae after days nor nichts
Will eir be saft or kind.
GIL MORRICE.

Id. *With him nae pleiding micht prevail,*
Braif Hardyknute to gain,
With fairest words and reason strang,
Straif courteously in vain.
Var. With argument but vainly strave,
Lang courtiously in vain.
DR CLERK'S MS.
Still him to win strave Hardyknute,
Nor strave he lang in vain;
Short pleading eithly micht prevail
Him to his lure to gain.
PINKERTON.

After which, he adds the following stanza:

I will return wi' speid to bide
Your plaint, and mend your wae;
But private grudge maun neir be quelled,
Before our country's fae.
Mordac thy eild may best be spaird,
The fields of stryfe frae mang,
Convey Sir Knicht to my abode,
And meise his egre pang.

St. XX. XXI. and XXII. These were not in the first edition.

St. XXI. *Then furth he drew his trusty glaive,*
Quhyle thousands all arround,
Drawn frae their sheaths glanst in the sun.

He spake; and to confirm his words, outflew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty cherubim; the sudden blaze
Far round illumin'd hell—

MILTON, *Paradise Lost.*

St. XXII. *To join his king, adoun the hill*
In hast his merch he made,
Quhyle playand pibrochs minstralls meit,
Afore him stately strade.

Var. To join his king adoun the hill,
In haste his strides he bent,
While minstralls play, and pibrochs fine,
Afore him stately went.

DR CLERK'S MS.

St. XXIII. *The arrows dart the trie.*
Var. Eir faes their dint mote drie.

PINKERTON.

St. XXXI. *Norse ene lyke gray gosehauk's, staird wyld.*
The boy stared wild, like a gray goss-hawk.
Fause Foodrage.—See SCOTT's *Minstrelsy*, Vol. II. p. 80, with the note on the line.

St. XXXVI. After this, the following lines were inserted in Dr Clerk's MS.:

Now darts flew wavering throw slaw speed,
Scarce could they reach their aim,
Or reached, scarce blood the round point drew,
'Twas all but shot in vain.
Right strengthy arms for-feebled grew,
Sair wrecked wi' that day's toils;
E'en fierce-born minds now langed for peace,
And cursed war's cruel broils.

Yet still war's horn sounded to charge,
Swords clashed, and harness rang;
But safter sae ilk blaster blew,
The hills and dales frae mang.
Nae echo heard in double dints,
Nor the lang-winding horn;
Nae mair she blew out braid as she
Did e'er that summer's morn.

These stanzas, and other variations already quoted, were left in the hand-writing of Dr John Clerk of Edinburgh, the intimate friend of Lord President Forbes, and were communicated by his son to Dr Percy.

See *Reliques*, Vol. II. p. 94.

*** The three last stanzas were added in the second edition, in the " Evergreen."

SIR PATRICK SPENS.

HACO, king of Norway, after the battle of Largs, retreated with the remains of his fleet to Orkney, where he died. In consequence of the unfortunate issue of his expedition, his son Magnus agreed to a peace, by which the island of Man, and the Hebrides, were ceded to Scotland; and soon after he gave his son Eric in marriage to Margaret, daughter of Alexander III. On the death of the Scottish monarch, in 1286, the crown descended to his grand-daughter Margaret, called the

Maiden of Norway, the only child of this marriage. That princess was detained in Norway till 1290, and died at Orkney on her voyage to Scotland. Mr Scott, the latest editor of this ballad, and by whose exertions great part of it has been recovered, supposes that "the unfortunate voyage of Sir Patrick Spens may really have taken place for the purpose of bringing back the Maid of Norway to her own kingdom; a purpose which was probably defeated by the jealousy of the Norwegians, and the reluctance of King Eric."

The present editor, however, cannot think, that the Ballad, as it is, has a claim to such high antiquity.—Indeed, the mention of *hats,* and *cork-heeled shoon,* would lead us to infer, that some stanzas are interpolated, or that its composition is of a comparatively modern date. The interpolation of stanzas must have been no uncommon occurrence, when a poem was

neither printed, nor even committed to writing; and a reciter may be easily supposed to introduce the *costume* of his own age, on purpose to render the work more interesting to his audience. Were we to suppose, however, that the event related to the reign of James III., it would bring it a step nearer probability. That monarch married Margaret, *the King's daughter of Norroway;* and, although the kingdom of Norway had previously been united with that of Denmark, yet the writers and natives of this country, from their old habits and prejudices, still continued to distinguish the sovereign of both countries by the more ancient, and, as they thought, more appropriate title of King of Norway. Lindsey of Pitscottie says, that James "being of the age of twenty years, taketh to wife Margaret, the King of Norroway's daughter, (*otherwise the King of Den-*

mark) and got with her in tocher good, the lands of Orkney and Shetland, with all right, and title of right, to them pertaining, to the King of Norroway at that time."

SIR PATRICK SPENS.

THE king sits in Dunfermline toun,
Drinking the blude-red wine;—
"O whare will I get a skeely skipper*,
"To sail this ship of mine."

O up and spak an eldern knicht,
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 sign'd it wi' his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

* *Skeely skipper*, skilful mariner.

"To Noroway, to Noroway,
"To Noroway o'er the faem;
"The king's daughter o' Noroway,
"Its thou maun bring her hame."

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
Sae loud loud laughed 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' the year
"To sail upon the sea?

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

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

They hadna been a week, a week
In Noroway but twae,
When that the lords o' Noroway
Began aloud to say,

"Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's goud,
"And a' our queenis fee!"
"Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud!
"Fu' loud I hear ye lie.

"For I brought as much white monie,
"As gane * my men and me,
"And I brought a half fou † o' gude red goud
"Out o'er the sea wi' me.

"Make ready, make ready, my merrymen a',
"Our gude ship sails the morn;"
"O say na sae, my master dear,
"For I fear a deadly storm.

"Late late yestreen I saw the new moon,
"Wi' the auld moon in her arm,
"And I fear, I fear, my master dear,
"That we will come to harm."

* *Gane*, suffice.

† *Half fou'*, the eighth part of a peck.

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
Whan the lift* grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurly† grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the top-masts lap,‡
It was sic a deadly storm,
And the waves cam' o'er the broken ship,
Till a' her sides were torn.

"O whare will I get a gude sailor
"To tak my helm in hand,
"Till I get up to the tall top-mast,
"To see if I can spy land?"

"O here am I, a sailor gude,
"To tak the helm in hand,
"Till you go up to the tall top-mast,
"But I fear you'll ne'er spy land."

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step but barely ane,
When a bout flew out of our goodly ship,
And the salt sea it cam in.

* *Lift*, sky. † *Gurly*, boisterous. ‡ *Lap*, sprang.

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

They fetched a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And they wapped them round that gude ship's side,
But still the sea cam in.

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords,
To weet their cork-heeled shoon,
But lang or a' the play was played,
They wat their hats aboon.

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

The ladyes wrang their fingers white,
The maidens tore their hair,
A' for the sake o' their true loves,
For them they'll see na mair.

O lang, lang may the ladyes 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 goud kaims in their hair,
A' waiting for their ain dear loves!
For them they'll see na mair.

Half ou'r, half ou'r to Aberdour,
Its fifty fathom deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

NOTES

ON

SIR PATRICK SPENS.

[Mr Scott's edition of the ballad is followed almost without variation, as it is by far the most correct and perfect.]

Make ready, make ready, my merry men a',
Our gude ship sails the morn."—P. 51. l. 13.

This abrupt departure of Sir Patrick Spens was by no means unprecedented.

"1261. In the summer there came from Scotland, in the west, an archdeacon, and a knight called Missel, as envoys from Alexander, king of Scotland. They showed more fair language than truth, as seemed to King Haco. They set out so abruptly on their return, that none wist till they were under sail. The king dis-

patched Brini of Johnson in pursuit, and he detained them with him. The king declared that they should remain that winter in Norway, because they had gone away without taking leave, contrary to what other envoys did."—*Haco's Expedition.*

It is to be regretted, that the king of Norway did not exercise the same wholesome severity in the instance of Sir Patrick Spens.

Late late yestreen I saw the new moon,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm."—P. 51, l. 17.

"Anno Domini M.C.D.XXV. undecimo die Octobris, tam validus ventus subito est exortus, ut a magnis retroactis temporibus non recolunt homines consimilem audivisse. Cujus violentia naves et batellæ undique quassatæ perierunt. Similiter et coram *Leth*, navis immanissima Lumbardorum quæ *le Crake* vocatur, fracta est ipsa eadem horâ mutationis novæ lunæ unde tota illa luna, sive mensis erat valde periculosa et ventosa, nunc ventus nunc pluvia, nunc subito aura levis, et subito in ventum agitata."—*Forduni Scotichron*:

The Cupar MS. of Fordun says, "nunquam duabus horis in eodem statu permansit."—(mensis)

When a bout flew out of our goodly ship.—P. 52. l. 19.

Mr Scott supposes that a plank had started; but the more particular meaning seems to be, that a bar, or bolt (Scoticè *bout*) had loosened.

"Igitur Godredus subjugavit sibi Dubliniam et mag-

nam partem de Laynester—Scotos vero ita perdomuit ut nullus qui fabricaret navem vel scapham, ausus esset plusquam tres *clavos* inserere.—*Chron. Manniæ,*" p. 8.

These *clavi* seem to be iron bolts for fastening the principal parts of vessels.

And mony was the feather bed,
That flattered on the faem.—P. 53. l. 13.

This mention of feather-beds, is, perhaps, rather premature; at least we find, from Froissart, that, even in the reign of David II., the French ambassadors, who had been sent to excite the nation to a war with England, complained grievously of their bad accommodation at Edinburgh, and, in particular, of the want of soft beds.

Half ou'r, half ou'r to Aberdour.—P. 54. l. 9.

There are many variations of this line, but the rhyme seems to justify the present reading.—Bishop Percy has a note on "*Aberdour,*" which, were it correct, would be a great corroboration. He explains it, "a village lying upon the river Forth, the entrance to which is sometimes denominated, *De mortuo mari*;" that is, from its dangerous navigation. But the truth is, that *De mortuo mari* is only the designation of a family (Mortimer), who were lords of Aberdour. The bishop may have been led into the error, from looking over, cursorily, the Register of the Abbey of Inchcolm, which bears, *Alanus de Mortuo*

Mari, Miles, Dominus de Aberdaur, dedit omnes et totas demidietates Terrarum Villæ suæ de Aberdaur, Deo et monachis de Insula Sancti Columbi," &c.

The Mortimers, I believe, received their name from the Dead Sea in Palestine, during the times of the Crusades.

FRENNET HA'.

"UPON the first of January, 1630, the laird of Frendraught, and his complices, fell in a trouble with William Gordon of Rothemay, and his complices, where the said William was unhappily slain, being a gallant gentleman; and on Frendraught's side was slain George Gordon, brother to James Gordon of Lesmoir, and divers others were hurt on both sides. The marquis, and some well-set friends, settled this feud; and Frendraught ordained to pay to the lady relict of Rothemay, and the bairns, fifty thousand merks, in composi-

tion of the slaughter; whilk, as was said, was truly paid.

" Upon the 27th of September, 1630, the laird of Frendraught having in his company Robert Crightoun of Candlau, and James Lesly, son to John Lesly of Pitcaple, with some other servants, the said Robert, after some speeches, shoots the said James Lesly through the arm. They were parted; and he conveyed to Pitcaple, and the other, Frendraught, shot out of his company.

" Likeas Frendraught, upon the fifth of October, held conference with the Earl of Murray, in Elgin; and, upon the morn, he came to the bog of Gight, where the Marquis made him welcome. Pitcaple loups on about 30 horse, in jack and spear, (hearing of Frendraught's being in the bog) upon Thursday the 7th of October, and came to the Marquis, who, before his coming, had discreetly directed Frendraught to confer with his

lady. Pitcaple heavily complains of the hurt his son had got in Frendraught's company, and rashly avowed to be avenged before he went home. The Marquis alleged Frendraught had done no wrong, and dissuaded him from any trouble. Pitcaple, displeased with the Marquis, suddenly went to horse, and that same day rides his own ways, leaving Frendraught behind him in the bog, to whom the Marquis revealed what conference was betwixt him and Pitcaple; and held him all that night, and would not let him go. Upon the morn, being Friday, and a night of October, the Marquis caused Frendraught to breakfast lovingly and kindly; after breakfast, the Marquis directs his dear son, Viscount of Aboyn, with some servants, to convoy Frendraught home to his own house, if Pitcaple was laid for him by the way; John Gordon, eldest son to the late slain Rothemay, happened to be in the bog, who would

also go with Aboyn; they ride without interruption to the place of Frendraught, or sight of Pitcaple by the way. Aboyn took his leave of the laird, but upon no condition he and his lady would not suffer him to go, nor none that was with him, that night, but earnestly urged him, (though against his will) to bide. They were well entertained, supped merrily, and went to bed joyfully. The Viscount was laid in an bed in the Old Tower going off the hall, and standing upon a vault wherein there was an round hole, devysed of old, just under Aboyn's bed. Robert Gordon, born in Sutherland, his servitor, and English Will, his page, were both laid beside him in the same chamber; the laird of Rothemay, with some servants beside him, was laid in an upper chamber, just above Aboyn's chamber; and, in another room above that chamber, was laid George Chalmers of Noth, and George Gordon, another of the Viscount's servants;

with them also was laid Captain Rollock, then in Frendraught's own company. Thus, all being at rest, about midnight, that dolorous tower took fire in so sudden and furious a manner, yea, and in an clap, that the noble Viscount, the Laird of Rothemay, English Will, Colonel Jvat, another of Aboyn's servants, and other two, being six in number, were cruelly burnt, and tormented to the death, without help or relief. The laird of Frendraught, his lady, and haill household, looking on, without moving, or striving to deliver them from the fury of this fearful fire, as was reported. Robert Gordon, called Sutherland, Robert being in the Viscount's chamber, escaped this fire with the life. George Chalmers, and Captain Rollock, being in the third room, escaped also this fire; and, as was said, Aboyn might have saved himself also, if he would have gone out of doors, which he would not do, but suddenly ran up

stairs to Rothemay's chamber, and wakened him to rise; and, as he is wakening him, the timber passage and lofting of the chamber hastily takes fire, so that none of them could win down stairs again; so they turned to a window looking to the close, where they piteously cryed, many time, help! help! for God's cause! The laird and the lady, with their servants, all seeing and hearing the woeful crying, made no help, nor manner of helping; which they perceiving, cried oftentimes mercy at God's hands for their sins, syne clasped in others arms, and chearfully suffered their martyrdom. Thus died this noble Viscount, of singular expectation, Rothemay, a brave youth, and the rest, by this doleful fire, never enough to be deplored, to the great grief and sorrow of their kin, parents, and haill common people, especially to the noble Marquis, who, for his good-will, got this reward. No man can express the

dolour of him and his lady, nor yet the grief of the Viscount's own dear lady, when it came to her ears, which she kept to her dying day; disdaining after the company of man in her lifetime, following the love of the turtle dove.

" How soon the Marquis gets word, he directs some friends to take up their ashes and burnt bones, which they could get, and as they could be kent, to put ilk one's ashes and bones in an chest, being six chests in the haill, which, with great sorrow and care, was had to the kirk of Garntullie, and there buried. In the mean time, the Marquis writes to the Lord Gordon, then dwelling in Inverness, of the accident. It is reported, that upon the morn after this woeful fire, the Lady Frendraught, daughter to the earl of Sutherland, and near cousin to the Marquis, busked in a white plaid, and riding on a small

naig, having a boy leading her horse, without any more in her company; in this pitiful manner she came weeping and mourning to the Bog, desiring entry to speak with my Lord, but this was refused; so she returned back to her own house the same gate she came, comfortless."—SPALDING.

Such is a contemporary account of the melancholy catastrophe, on which the following ballad is founded. It has never been satisfactorily proven, that the fire was intentionally raised; but circumstances would lead us to infer, that it was not wholly without the connivance of Frendraught. If there is indeed any confidence to be put in general feeling or report, little doubt can be entertained of his guilt. Two of his servants, John Meldrum and John Toasch, suspected of being "art and part," (aiding and abetting) were brought to trial; Meldrum denied every part of the charge; but, on cross examination,

being found to vary slightly from his former deposition, he was sentenced to die, and was accordingly executed. Toasch was put to the torture; but confessed nothing at the time: he, however, afterwards revealed to Huntly what he knew concerning the fire, for which the Marquis is said to have paid him handsomely; although it does not appear that his evidence was ever after made use of.

The ballad may be farther illustrated by two poems of Arthur Johnston, written in Latin, and, it would appear, about the æra of the event. The one is in elegiac verse, and entitled, "Querela Sophiæ Hay; dominæ de Melgeine, de morte Mariti." The other is in heroic measure, and bears, "De Johanne Gordonio, Vicecomite de Melgeine, et Johanne Gordonio de Rothemay in arce Frendriaca combustis*." They are full of the

* *Deliciæ Poetarum Scotorum*, Amst. 1637, Vol. I. p. 587.

exotic and classical allusions which disgrace the poetry of the learned men of that period, and to which the contemporary ballads and songs form such a contrast. The lines that follow are circumstantial, and contain an artful insinuation:

Saxea turris erat, murorum saxea moles,
Sub pede juncta rudi frigida saxa manu,
Saxeus hic tenui constratus robore fornix,
Dicitur ilignum sustinuisse thorum,
Cernere erat gelido positam sub fornice cellam,
Antraque nescio quo pervia facta dolo.

A little after, there is a curious circumstance mentioned, which has escaped Spalding, minute as he is:

Flamma ubi sopita est ustos excepit equile,
Thracis inhumani quale fuisse ferunt.

In the other poem, he descants likewise on this subject:

Vilibus illati stabulis, jacuere jugales
Inter equos, &c.

Johnston resided at Aberdeen, and was consequently not far from Frendraught Castle. From his warmth, he appears to have been well acquainted with the victims, and to have seen the bodies after the conflagration—

——— Namque
Corporis unius *memini* pars ossa fuerunt
Pars cinis immundus, tostum pars igne cadaver.

The reader may not, perhaps, be displeased with the following specimen of Johnston's manner; as he is scarcely known but by his translation of the Psalms, and as the collection from which the extract is taken is now remarkably scarce:

Illustres juvenes, procerum genus alter, avito
Alter Hyperboreos attingens sanguine reges,
Sic pereunt, stratique jacent florentibus annis.
Ah prius hoc procerum par inclarescere mundo
Debuerat, patriamque novis implere trophæis,
Seu domito, quem tota hominum gens odit, Ibero,
Sive triumphatis aquilis, Rhenoque bicorni,

Gordoniæ quem gentis honos, Huntleius hæres
Imperio nunc Celta tuo, circumsonat armis
Vndique Grampiacis, et sanguine miscet herili.
Debuerat fratri comitem se jungere frater,
Cognatusque latus cognati cingere, pugnas
Inter, et arma ducum, majoraque fulmina belli.
Sed decus hoc nostris invidit Tartarus oris,
Tartarea vel gente satus; nam criminis hujus
Horruit aspectu tellus, et pontus, et æther.
Æmula majorum soboles, quæ nescia vinci,
Nescia terreri frameas spernebat, et enses,
Fraude perit, tectisque dolis, nec cernitur hostis.
O sæclum, ô mores! fuit olim gloria gentis
Grampigenæ nescire dolos, sed viribus uti,
Et conferre manus, campisque patentibus armis
Cernere fulmineis, et sternere cominus hostem.
Sic domiti Pictique truces, Cimbrique feroces,
Sic Tibris et dominæ repressa potentia Romæ est,
Nec secus armorum princeps et gloria Vallas,
Quique Caledonias rexit fæliciter oras
Brussius, Hayorum comitatus principe, vastos
De sibi vicina pepererunt gente triumphos.
Heu, nunc orba viris, et plusquam degener ætas,
Rem gerit insidiis, Martis pro cuspide sica est,
Toxica pro telis, et clandestinus ubique
Pro jaculis, Bellona, tuis, heu, spargitur ignis;
Authorem nec scire datur; secretior ille est,
Quàm pelagi fontes aut incunabula Nili.—P. 589.

FRENNET HA'.

When Frennet castle's ivied walls
Thro' yallow leaves were seen;
When birds forsook the sapless boughs,
And bees the faded green;

Then Lady Frennet, vengeful dame,
Did wander frae the ha',
To the wild forests dewie gloom *,
Among the leaves that fa'.

* "*Dewie* gloom." This should perhaps be *dowie*, i. e. melancholy.

Her page, the swiftest of her train,
Had clumb a lofty tree,
Whose branches to the angry blast,
Were soughing * mournfullie.

He turn'd his e'en towards the path,
That near the castle lay,
Where good Lord John, and Rothemay,
Were riding down the brae.

Swift darts the eagle from the sky,
When prey beneath is seen,
As quickly he forgot his hold,
And perch'd upon the green.

" O hie thee, hie thee, lady gay,
" Frae this dark wood awa,
" Some visitors, of gallant mein,
" Are hasting to the ha'."

Then round she row'd her silken plaid,
Her feet she did na spare,
Until she left the forest skirts,
A lang bow-shot and mair.

* *Soughing*, making a long deep sound.

" O where, O where, my good Lord John,
" O tell me where you ride;
" Within my castle wall this night
" I hope you mean to bide.

" Kind nobles, will ye but alight,
" In yonder bower to stay;
" Saft ease shall teach you to forget
" The hardness of the way."

" Forbear entreaty, gentle dame;
" How can we here remain?
" Full well you ken your husband dear
" Was by our father slain.

" The thoughts of which, with fell revenge,
" Your angry bosom swell;
" Enrag'd, you've sworn that blood for blood
" Should this black passion quell."

" O fear not, fear not, good Lord John,
" That I will you betray,
" Or sue requital for a debt,
" Which nature cannot pay.

" Bear witness, a' ye powers on high,
" Ye lights, that 'gin to shine,
" This night shall prove the sacred cord,
" That knits your faith and mine."

The lady slee, with honeyed words,
Entic'd thir youths to stay;
But morning sun nere shone upon
Lord John nor Rothemay.

NOTE

ON

FRENNET HA'.

"The present ballad appears to have been suggested by one composed at the time; a few stanzas of which are fortunately remembered by the reverend Mr Boyd, translator of *Dante*, and were obligingly communicated to the editor by his very ingenious and valuable friend, J. C. Walker, Esq."

The reek it rose, and the flame it flew,
And oh! the fire augmented high,
Until it came to Lord John's chamber window,
And to the bed where Lord John lay.

"O help me, help me, Lady Frennet,
"I never ettled* harm to thee;
"And if my father slew thy lord,
"Forget the deed, and rescue me."

* *Ettled*, intended.

He looked east, he looked west,
To see if any help was nigh;
At length his little page he saw,
Who to his lord aloud did cry,

"Loup down, loup down, my master dear;
"What tho' the window's dreigh * and hie,
"I'll catch you in my arms tua,
"And never a foot from you I'll flee."

"How can I loup, you little page?
"How can I leave this window hie?
"Do you not see the blazing low †,
"And my twa legs burnt to my knee?"

"There are some intermediate particulars (Mr Boyd says) respecting the lady's lodging her victims in a turret, or flanker, which did not communicate with the castle. This (adds he) I only have from tradition, as I never heard any other stanzas besides the foregoing."
Ritson.

* *Dreigh*, far from the ground, hazardous.
† *Low*, flame.

THE BONNIE EARL O' MURRAY.

"UPON the 7th of February, (1591) the Earl of Huntly, with his friends, to the number of five or six score horse, passed from his majesty's said house (*the Abbey of Holy-rood*) in Edinburgh, as intending to pass to a horse-race in Leith; but after they came there, having another purpose in their head, they passed forward to the Queen's-ferry, where they had caused stop the passing of all boats over the water. When they came on the other side of the Ferry, they passed directly

to the place of Dinnibristle, beside Aberdour, pertaining to James Earl of Murray: This was his mother's dwelling-house, and he intended to have stay'd there, in hopes of being received into his Majesty's favour, and so of being reconciled to the chancellor, intending to have gone over for that purpose the very next day. But so it happened, in the mean time, that the Earl of Huntly raised fire, and burnt the house of Dinnibristle, and most unworthily slew and murdered the Earl of Murray, who was the tallest and lustiest young nobleman within the kingdom, to the great regret of all people. With him also they slew the Sheriff of Murray, Dumbar, and hurt three or four others of his servants: They took some of the servants likewise, and returned peaceably back to the town of Inverkeithing, where they remained all that night; and, in the mean time, the Earl sent the Goodman of Buckie, Gordon, to Edin-

burgh, to tell the news; but he departed without good-night, and being sought at his lodgings next day, by the Duke of Lennox, the Earl of Marr, the Lord Ochiltree, and their servants, he narrowly escaped, and returned again to his master, the Earl of Huntly, at Inverkeithing; who being at dinner, immediately on Buckie's arrival rose therefrom, and slipt away in haste, not even paying his reckoning."—*Moyses' Memoirs*, p. 182.

The attempt of the Earl of Bothwell to seize the person of James VI., was the primary cause of this tragedy. Upon its failure, Huntly got a commission from the king to pursue Bothwell and his followers with fire and sword; and it was under cover of this commission, that he revenged a private quarrel he had against Murray, who was a relation of Bothwell's.—*Percy*. The bishop is, however, wrong in countenancing the report, that James aided and abetted the murderers;

for, " upon the 10th of the said month, proclamation was made, charging all noblemen, barons, and others, within a great number of shires, to rise in arms, with twenty days provisions, in order to pass forward with his majesty, for pursuit both of the Earl of Huntly, and of the committers of the late treasonable enterprise, upon the palace of Holy-rood-house."—*Moyses, ut sup.*

THE BONNY EARL OF MURRAY.

Ye High-lands, and ye Law-lands,
Oh! quhair hae ye been?
They hae slaine the Earl of Murray,
And hae lain him on the green.

Now wae be to thee, Huntley!
And quhairfore did you 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,
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
Oh! 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 among them a'.

He was a braw gallant,
And he play'd at the gluve;
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
Oh! he was the Queenes luve.

Oh! lang will his lady
Luke owre the castle Downe,
Ere she see the Earl of Murray
Cum sounding throw the towne.

NOTES

ON

THE BONNIE EARL O' MURRAY.

He was a bra gallant,
And he rid at the ring.—St. III. p. 31.

That is, bore away the ring on his lance at tilting; a feat of surpassing address. Although "chivalry was no more" at this period, in Scotland, its usages were recollected, and its language common.

And he play'd at the gluve.—St. V. p. 32.

Playing at the glove seems to have been anciently a kind of game. Mr Pennant, in his "Tour through Scotland," has strangely perplexed the meaning of the passage, by explaining *gluve, glaive,* a sword.

Look owre the castle Downe.—St. VI. p. 82.

I had conjectured this to be the true reading, before I was aware that a friend of Mr Pinkerton had anticipated me. It has always, before the present edition, been printed, "Look owr the castle downe," which is hardly sense.

The castle of Downe gives the title of viscount to the eldest son of the Earl of Murray.

EDOM O' GORDON.

LORD HAILES, well known for many valuable publications on the subject of Scottish literature, first published this ballad in 1755, as he obtained it from the recitation of a lady. The subject, as given by Bishop Percy, from Spotswood's History of the Church of Scotland, is as follows: "Anno 1571. In the north parts of Scotland, Adam Gordon (who was deputy for his brother, the Earl of Huntly) did keep a great stir; and, under colour of the queen's authority, committed divers oppressions, especially upon the Forbeses;

having killed Arthur Forbes, brother to the Lord Forbes.—Not long after he sent to summon the house of Tavoy *(Towie)*, pertaining to Alexander Forbes. The lady refusing to yield without direction from her husband, he put fire unto it, and burnt her therein, with children and servants, being twenty-seven persons in all. This inhuman and barbarous cruelty made his name odious, and stained all his former doings; otherwise, he was held very active and fortunate in his enterprizes." Crawfurd, in his Memoirs, p. 213, makes the number of persons burnt amount to thirty-seven. Simson, who writes Short Annals of the Church of Scotland, also briefly mentions the event. " *Hoc anno Forbosii et Gordonii manus consererunt magnis copiis undique convocatis apud Crabsteane Abredoniæ loco vicino, ubi Forbesii non sine mágna strage pulsi ceciderunt. Ubi etiam Arthurus Forbosius cecidit. Eodemque anno Joanna Forbosiæ Tow-*

ensis Comarchi uxor, uterum gerens, *cum tota familia flammis commissa Capitano Carro Gordoniorum ministro.*"—MS. Coll. Glasg.

This Captain Car, or Ker, was a famous officer in his time, and had been trained in the wars in Flanders. Previous to the battle of Glenlivet, he was selected by Huntly to watch the motions of Argyle's army. Gordon informs us, that the Forbeses were afterwards foiled in an attempt to assassinate Adam Gordon in the streets of Paris: "Forbes, and these desperate fellows, lay in wait in the street through which he was to return to his lodgings, from the palace of the archbishop of Glasgow, then ambassador in France. They discharged their pistols upon Auchindown as he past by them, and wounded him in the thigh. His servants pursued, but could not catch them; they only found, by good chance, Forbes's hat, in which was a paper with the name of the place where

they were to meet. John Gordon, lord of Glenluce, and Longormes, son to Alexander Gordon, bishop of Galloway, above-mentioned, lord of the bed-chamber to the king of France, getting instantly notice of this, immediately acquainted the king, who forthwith dispatched *le grand provost de l'hotel,* or the great provost of the palace, with his guards, in company with John Gordon, and Sir Adam's servants, to the place of their meeting, to apprehend them. When they were arrived at the place, Sir Adam's servant, being impatient, rushed violently into the house, and killed Forbes; but his associates were all apprehended, and broke upon the wheel."—pp. 113, 114. These were terrible times; and it is not now possible to determine among the feuds of great families, what actions were the effect of malice, and what of sudden passion, or even mere accident.

EDOM O' GORDON.

It fell about the Martinmass,
Quhen the wind blew shril and cauld,
Said Edom o' Gordon to his men,
"We maun draw to a hauld.

"And what an a hauld sall we draw to,
"My merry men and me?
"We will gae to the house of the Rodes,
"To see that fair ladie."

She had nae sooner busket hersel,
Nor putten on her gown,
Till Edom o' Gordon, and his men,
Were round about the town.

They had nae sooner sitten down,
Nor sooner said the grace,
Till Edom o' Gordon, and his men,
Were closed about the place.

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

As soon as he saw the lady fair,
And hir yates all locked fast,
He fell into a rage of wrath,
And his heart was aghast.

"Cum down to me, ze lady fair,
"Come down to me, let's see,
"This night ze's ly by my ain side,
"The morn my bride sall be."

"I winnae cum down, ye fals Gordon,
"I winnae cum down to thee,
"I winnae forsake my ain dear lord,
"That is sae far frae me."

* *Drie*, literally, suffer, was able.

" Gi up your house, ze fair ladye,
" Gi up your house to me,
" Or I will burn zoursell therein,
" Bot and zour babies three."

" I winnae gie up, zou fals Gordon,
" To nae sik traitor as thee,
" Tho' zou should burn mysel therein,
" Bot, and my babies three."

" Set fire to the house," quoth fals Gordon,
" Sin better may nae be;
" And I will burn hersel therein,
" Bot, and her babies three."

" And ein wae worth ze, Jock, my man,
" I paid ze weil zour fee,
" Why pow ze out my ground wa' stane,
" Let's in the reek * to me?

" And ein wae worth ze, Jock, my man,
" For I paid zou weil zour hire;
" Why pow ze out my ground wa' stane,
" To me lets in the fire?"

* *Reek*, smoke.

" Ye paid me weil my hire, lady,
" Ye paid me weil my fee;
" But now I'm Edom o' Gordon's man,
" Maun either do or die."

O then bespake her youngest son,
Sat on the nurse's knee,
" Dear mother, gie owre zour house," he says,
" For the reek it worries me."

" I winnae gie up my house, my dear,
" To nae sik traitor as he;
" Cum weil, cum wae, my jewels fair,
" Ye maun tak share wi' me."

O then bespake her dochter dear,
She was baith jimp and sma',
" O row me in a pair o' shiets,
" And tow me owre the wa'."

They rowd her in a pair o' shiets,
And towd her owre the wa',
But on the point of Edom's speir,
She gat a deadly fa'.

O bonny, bonny was hir mouth,
And cherry were her cheiks,
And cleer, cleer was hir zellow hair,
Whereon the reid bluid dreips.

Then wi his speir he turnd hir owre,
O gin* hir face was wan!
He said, "Zou are the first that eer
"I wist alive again."

He turned hir owr and owr again;
O gin hir skin was whyte!
He said "I might ha spard thy life,
"To been some man's delyte.

"Busk and boon† my merry men all,
"For ill dooms I do guess;
"I cannae luik in that bonny face,
"As it lyes on the grass."

"Them luiks to freits‡, my master deir,
"Then freits will follow them;
"Let it neir be said, brave Edom o' Gordon
"Was daunted with a dame."

* *O gin*, an expression of great admiration.
† *Boon*, make ready. ‡ *Freits*, superstitious notions.

O then he spied her ain dear lord,
As he came owr the lee;
He saw his castle in a fire,
As far as he could see.

" Put on, put on, my mighty men,
" As fast as ze can drie;
" For he that's hindmost of my men,
" Sall neir get guid o' me."

And some they raid, and some they ran,
Fu' fast out owr the plain;
But lang, lang ere he coud get up,
They were a' deid and slain.

But mony were the mudie men
Lay gasping on the grien;
For, o' fifty men that Edom brought out,
There were but five ged hame.

And mony were the mudie men
Lay gasping on the grien;
And mony were the faire ladys
Lay lemanless at hame.

And round, and round the waa's he went,
Their ashes for to view;
At last, into the flames he flew,
And bade the world adieu.

NOTE

TO

EDOM O' GORDON.

THERE is an English ballad on the same subject, but of no value. Some of the stanzas of the present one, towards the conclusion, bear strong marks of modern composition.

Mr Ritson has altered "Edom" into "Adam," as Edom, he says, may be only the local pronunciation of the lady from whose memory it was published. He might have substituted another idiom and orthography for the same reason. In "The Duke of Gordon's three Daughters" he likewise gives us "*shoon*" (shoes) instead of *sheen*, which last is the northern pronunciation, and is necessary for the rhyme.

GUDE WALLACE.

THIS is given from JOHNSTON'S *Scots Musical Museum,* where there is no notice of its being given from a printed copy, or obtained from recitation. In whatever way it came there, there can be little doubt that it is founded on an incident related in the fifth book of Henry's metrical life of the hero.

— Wallace said, myself will pass in feyr,
And ane with me off herbre for to speyr;
Follow on dreich, gyff yat we mystir ocht.
Edward Litill, with hys mystir forth socht
Till ane Oystry, and with a woman met.
Sche tald to yaim yat Sothroune yar was set;

And ze be Scotts I cunsaill yow pass by,
For and yai may, ze will get ewill herbry;
At drynk yai ar, so haiff yai beyne rycht lang,
Gret worde yar is off Wallace yaim amang:
Yai trew yat he has found hys men agayne,
At Lowchmaban feyll Inglismen ar slayne.
Yat houss is tynt, yat gers yaim be full wa,
I trow to God yat yai sall sone tyne ma.
Wallace sperd, off Scotland giff sche be?
Sche said hym, za, and thinkis zet to se
Sorow on yaim, throw help of Gods grace.
He askyt hir quha was into ye place.
Na man of fens is left yat houss within,
Twentye are her makand gret noyss and din.
Allace, sche said, giff I mycht anys se,
Ye worthi Scotts maist mastir in it to be.
With yis woman he wald na langar stand,
A bekyn he maid, Schyr Jhon come at hys hand.
Wallace went in, and said, *benedicite*,
Ye Captayne speryt, quhat bellamy may yow be
Yat commys so grym, sum tithings till us tell,
Yow art a Scott, ye dewyll yi natioune quell.
Wallace braid out hys suerd withoutyn mar,
In to ye breyst ye bryme captayne he bar,
Trouchout ye cost, and stekyt hym te ded.
Ane oyir he hytt awkwart apon ye hed

Quham evir he strak he byrstyt bayne and lyr,
Feill of yaim dede fell thw-or-tour in ye fyr.
Haisty payment he maid yaim on ye flur,
And Edward Litill kepyt weill ye dur.
Schyr Jhon ye Grayme full fayn wald haiff beyne in
Edwarde hym bad at ye castell begyn,
For off yir folk we haiff bot litill dreid.
Schyr Jhone ye Grayme fast to ye castell zeid.
Wallace rudly sic routs to yaim gaiff,
Yai twenty men derfly to dede yai draiff;
Fyfteyn he straik, and fyfteyne has he slayne,
Edwarde slew fyfe quhilk was of mekill mayne.
Perth Edit. 1790, Vol. I. p. 112.

Although the "Gude Wallace" obviously alludes to the same event as that celebrated in the above lines, there is so much discrepancy in the two accounts, that many people may be inclined to think that the ballad is rather composed from some current tradition, than broken down from Henry's narrative.—Of the two opinions, I should be inclined to adopt the latter, as the difference is not greater than what we often find, where epi-

sodes have been disjointed from ancient romances. The reader will readily excuse some observations connected with the subject, by Mr Leyden, in his introduction to the "Complaynt of Scotland." "Another favourite object of study (among the Scottish peasantry) is Scottish history; and as few books are so much calculated to gratify national prejudices and partiality as the "Wallace" and the "Bruce," no history obtains equal admiration. The most brilliant episodes are occasionally chaunted to monotonous legendary airs. In this manner, metrical histories are melted down into unconnected songs or rhapsodies, metrical distichs of some antiquity, and songs celebrating imaginary feats of the hero, are added from time to time; and, when they display genius, and obtain popularity, are sometimes repeated as parts of the original metrical history, the incidents of which in this manner accumulate."—P. 225.

These remarks are ingenious; and, although rather vaguely expressed, are founded in truth. Mr Leyden gives one or two of these fragments that relate to Wallace, but they are neither very correct nor important.

GUDE WALLACE.

"O FOR my ain king," quo gude Wallace,
"The rightfu' king of fair Scotland!
"Between me and my sovereign blude
"I think I see some ill seed sawn."

Wallace out over yon river he lap,
And he has lighted low down on yon plain;
And he was aware of a gay ladie,
As she was at the well washing.

"What tydins, what tydins, fair lady," he says,
"What tydins hast thou to tell unto me;
"What tydins, what tydins, fair lady," he says,
"What tydins hae ye in the south countrie."

"Low down in yon wee ostler house *,
"There is fifteen Englishmen,
"And they are seekin for gude Wallace,
"Its him to take, and him to hang."

"There's nought in my purse," quo gude Wallace,
"Theres nought, not even a bare pennie;
"But I will down to yon wee ostler house,
"Thir fyfteen Englishmen to see."

And when he came to yon wee ostler house,
He bade *benedicite* be there;

* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *

"Where was ye born, auld crookit carl,
"Where was ye born, in what countrie."
"I am a true Scot born and bred,
"And an auld crookit carl, just sic as ye see."

"I wad gie fifteen shillings to onie crookit carl,
"To onie crookit carl, just sic as ye,
"If ye will get me gude Wallace,
"For he is the man I wad very fain see."

* *Wee ostler house*, small inn.

He hit the proud captain alang the chaffts blade*,
That never a bit o' meal he ate mair;
And he sticket the rest at the table where they sat,
And he left them a' lyin sprawlin there.

"Get up, get up, gudewife," he says,
"And get to me some dinner in haste,
"For it will soon be three lang days
"Sin' I a bit o' meat did taste."

The dinner was na weel readie,
Nor was it on the table set,
Till other fifteen Englishmen
Were a' lighted about the yett.

"Come out, come out, now gude Wallace,
"This is the day that thou maun die;"
"I lippen† na sae little to God," he says,
"Altho' I be but ill wordie‡."

The gude wife had an auld gudeman,
By gude Wallace he stiffly stude,
Till ten o' the fyfteen Englishmen
Before the door lay in their blude.

* *Chaffts blade*, cheek bone.
† *Lippen*, trust. ‡ *Wordie*, worthy.

The other five to the greenwood ran,
And he hang'd thae five upon a grain*;
And on the morn, wi' his merry men a',
He sat at dine in Lochmaben town.

* *Grain*, the branch of a tree.

SIR CAULINE.

This ballad is given from Percy's Reliques, in which it was first printed from the editor's folio MS. I have been induced to give it a place in the present collection, chiefly from the great similarity some of the incidents bear to the ancient romance of "Sir Tristrem," lately edited by Mr Scott; that part of it, at least, which relates to Sir Tristrem's adventures in Ireland. Some readers may be inclined to think, that this similarity is ideal; and, perhaps, may be ready enough with Fluellin's reasoning; "there is a river in Ma-

cedon; and there is also, moreover, a river at Monmouth:" but those who have made the subject of romance their study, and who have been attentive to the changes it underwent from time to time, will be the last to urge objections of this kind. When romances ceased to be "sung in hall," they descended to the cottage; and when the Minstrel and his harp were alike forgotten by the great, "fragments of the lofty strain" continued to be chaunted by the peasantry. The language and manners of the tales of chivalry were, in this manner, modernised, as a different language, and new fashions, succeeded the old. Nor were the incidents themselves always preserved, as they existed in the ancient tales; a new reciter frequently took liberties, as he found occasion for using them, and displayed as much solicitude in introducing marvellous patchwork, as Peter, in the Tale of a Tub, did in the various appendages to his raiment.

It would be an easy matter to apply these observations to the subject of Scottish romance. The preceding ballad of "Gude Wallace" is an instance of the small variation a short story sometimes undergoes, when it is narrated in a different metre. But what a small portion of the life of Wallace, by Henry, does that incident contain? Nor would we find the case at all dissimilar, were we to extend our researches farther into those ballads, which have been in the same way separated from romances of antiquity: frequently, indeed, a few stanzas only of an episode are left,

> ——— as buoyant on the stormy main,
> A parted wreck appears.

Mr Scott has observed, that the ballad of "Fair Annie" is taken from the Breton "Lay of the Ash," (*lai le frain*); and, in his admirable work of the Minstrelsy of the Border,

there are many other ballads which appear to have their origin in the same manner; in particular, that of "Sir Hugh le Blond," although Mr Scott appears to think the story Scottish, and the ballad as having given rise to that in "Percy's Reliques," entitled, "Aldingar." They are both, however, taken from a striking incident in the ancient romance of the "Erle of Tolous," and, as usual, contain much new embellishment.

SYR CAULINE.

THE FIRST PART.

In Ireland, ferr over the sea,
There dwelleth a bonnye kinge;
And with him a yong and comlye knighte,
Men call him Syr Cauline.

The kinge had a ladye to his daughter,
In fashyon she hath no peere;
And princely wightes that ladye wooed,
To be their wedded feere*.

* *Feere*, mate, companion.

Syr Cauline loveth her best of all,
But nothing durst he saye;
Ne descreeve his counsayl to no man,
But deerlye he lovde this may *.

Till on a daye, it so befell,
Great dill † to him was dight ‡,
The maiden's love removde his mynd,
To care-bed went the knighte.

One while he spred his armes him fro,
One while he spred them nye;
"And aye! but I winne that ladye's love,
"For dole now I mun § dye."

And when our parish-masse was done,
Our king was bowne ‖ to dyne:
He says, "Where is Syr Cauline,
"That is wont to serve the wyne?"

* *May*, maiden.
‡ *Dight*, wrought.
‖ *Bowne*, made ready.
† *Dill*, grief.
§ *Mun*, must.

Then aunswerde him a courteous knighte,
And fast his handes* gan wringe:
"Syr Cauline is sicke and like to dye,
"Without a good leechinge†."

"Fetche me downe my daughter deere,
"She is a leeche fulle fine;
"Goe take him doughe and the baken bread,
"And serve him with the wyne soe red;
"Lothe I were him to tine‡."

Fair Christabelle to his chaumber goes,
Her maydens followyng nye;
"O well," she sayth, "how doth my lord?"
"O sicke, thou fayr ladye."

"Now ryse up wightlye, man, for shame,
"Never lye soe cowardlee;
"For it is told in my father's halle,
"You dye for love of mee."

* *Gan*, literally began, but used here as an expletive.
† *Leechinge*, medicinal care.
‡ *Tine*, lose.

" Fayre ladye, it is for your love,
" That all this dill I drye*:
" For, if you wold comfort me with a kisse,
" Then were I brought from bale to blisse,
" No lenger wold I lye."

" Sir knighte, my father is a kinge,
" I am his onlye heire;
" Alas! and well you know, syr knighte,
" I never can be youre fere."

" O ladye, thou art a kinges daughter,
" And I am not thy peere;
" But, let me doe some deedes of armes,
" To be your bacheleere."

" Some deedes of armes, if thou wilt doe,
" My bacheleere to be,
" (But ever and aye my heart wold rue,
" Giff harm shold happe to thee)

* *Drye*, suffer.

" Upon Eldridge hill there groweth a thorne,
" Upon the mores brodinge*;
" And dare ye, syr knighte, wake there all nighte,
" Untill the fayre morninge?

" For the Eldridge Knighte, so mickle of might,
" Will examine you beforne;
" And never man bare life awaye,
" But he did him scath and scorne.

" That knighte he is a foul paynim,
" And large of limb and bone;
" And but if heaven may be thy speede,
" Thy life it is but gone."

" Now on the Eldridge hills I'll walke,
" For thy sake, fair ladie;
" And I'll either bring you a ready token,
" Or I'll never more you see."

The lady is gone to her own chaumbere,
Her maydens following bright;
Syr Cauline lope from care-bed soone,
And to the Eldridge hills is gone,
For to wake there all night.

* *Mores brodinge*, wide downs, or moors?

Unto midnight, that the moon did rise,
He walked up and downe;
Then a lightsome bugle heard he blowe,
Over the bents soe browne;
Quoth hee, " If cryance come till my heart,
" I am ffar from any good towne."

And soone he spyde on the mores so broad,
A furyous wight and fell;
A ladye bright his brydle led,
Clad in a fayre kyrtell:

And soe faste he called on syr Cauline,
" O man, I rede* thee flye,
" For " but" if cryance comes till thy heart,
" I weene but thou mun dye."

He sayth, " No" cryance comes till my heart;
" Nor, in faith, I wyll not flee;
" For, cause thou † minged not Christ before,
" The less me dreadeth thee."

The Eldridge knighte, he pricked his steed;
Syr Cauline bold abode;
Then either shooke his trustye speare,
And the timber these two children bare,
Soe soone in sunder slode.

* *Rede,* advise. † *Minged,* mentioned.

Then tooke they out theyr two good swordes,
And layden on full faste,
Till helme and hawberke, mail and sheelde,
They all were well-nye brast.

The Eldridge knight was mickle of might,
And stiffe in * stower did stande;
But syr Cauline, with a " backward" stroke,
He smote off his right hand,
That soone he, with pain, and lacke of bloud,
Fell downe on that lay-land.

Then up syr Cauline lift his brande,
All over his head so hye:
" And here I sweare, by the holy rood,
" Nowe, caytiffe, thou shalt dye."

Then up and came that ladye bright,
Fast wringing of her hande,
" For the mayden's love, that most you love,
" Withhold thy deadlye brande.

" For the mayden's love, that most you love,
" Now smyte no more, I praye;
" And aye whatever thou wilt, my lord,
" He shall thy hests obaye."

* *Stower*, battle: O. Tr. Estour.

" Now sweare to mee, thou Eldridge knighte,
" And here on this lay-land,
" That thou wilt believe on Christ his laye *,
" And therto plight thy hand:

" And that thou never on Eldridge come
" To sport, gamon, † or playe;
" And that thou here give up thy armes,
" Until thy dying daye."

The Eldridge knighte gave up his armes,
With many a sorrowfulle sighe;
And sware to obey syr Cauline's hest,
Till the tyme that he shold dye.

And he then up, and the Eldridge knighte,
Sett him in his saddle anone;
And the Eldridge knight, and his ladye,
To theyr castle are they gone.

Then he tooke up the bloudy hand,
That was so large of bone,
And on it he founde five rings of gold,
Of knights that had ben slone.

* *Laye*, law. † *Gamon*, fight.

Then he tooke up the Eldridge sworde,
As hard as any flint;
And he took off those ringes five,
As bright as fyre and brent.

Home then pricked syr Cauline,
As light as leafe on tree;
I wys he neither stint ne blanne*,
Till he his ladye see.

Then downe he knelt upon his knee,
Before that lady gay;
"O ladye, I have bin on Eldridge hills,
"These tokens I bring away."

"Now welcome, welcome, syr Cauline,
"Thrice welcome unto me,
"For now I perceive thou art a true knighte,
"Of valour bolde and free."

"O ladye, I am thy own true knighte,
"Thy hests for to obaye:
"And mought I hope to winne thy love!"—
Ne more his tonge colde say.

* *Blanne*, ceased.

The ladye blushed scarlette redde,
And fette a gentill sighe;
" Alas! syr knight, how may this bee,
" For my degree's soe highe?

" But, sith thou hast hight, thou comely youth,
" To be my batchilere,
" I'll promise, if thee I may not wedde,
" I will have none other fere."

Then shee held forth her lilly-white hand,
Towards that knighte so free;
He gave to it one gentill kisse,
His heart was brought from bale to bliss,
The teares sterte from his ee.

" But, keep my counsayl, syr Cauline,
" Ne let no man it knowe;
" For and ever my father sholde it ken,
" I wot he walde us sloe."

From that daye forthe, that ladye fayre
Lovde syr Cauline the knighte;
From that daye forthe he only joyde,
Whan shee was in his sight.

Yea, and oftentimes they mette
  Within a fayre arboure,
Where they, in love, and sweet daliaunce,
  Past manye a pleasaunt houre.

SYR CAULINE.

PART THE SECOND.

Everye white will have its blacke,
And everye sweete its sowre:
This found the ladye Christabelle,
In an untimely howre.

For, so it befelle, as Syr Cauline
Was with that ladye faire,
The kinge, her father, walked forthe,
To take the evening aire.

And, into the arboure, as he went,
To rest his wearye feet,
He found his daughter and Syr Cauline,
There sette in daliaunce sweet.

The king hee sterted forthe, i-wys,
And an angry man was hee:
"Nowe, traytoure, thou shalt hange or drawe,
"And rewe shall thy ladie."

Then forthe syr Cauline he was ledde,
And throwne in dungeon deepe;
And the ladye, into a towre so hye,
There left to wayle and weepe.

The queene, she was syr Caulines friend,
And to the kinge sayd shee,
"I pray you, save syr Caulines life,
"And let him banisht bee."

"Now, dame, that traitor shall be sent
"Across the salt sea fome:
"But here I will make thee a band,
"If ever he come within this land,
"A foule deathe is his doome."

All woe-begone was that gentil knight,
To part from his ladye;
And many a time he sighed sore,
And cast a wistfulle eye:
"Faire Christabelle, from thee to parte,
"Farre * lever had I dye."

* *Lever*, liefer, rather.

Faire Christabelle, that ladye brighte,
  Was had forth of the towre;
But ever she droopeth in her minde,
As, nipt by an ungentle winde,
  Doth some faire lillye flowre.

And ever shee doth lament and weepe,
  To "tine" her lover soe;
"Syr Cauline, thou little think'st on me,
  "But I will still be true."

Manye a kinge, and manye a duke,
  And lorde of high degree,
Did sue to that fayre ladye of love,
  But never shee wolde them *nee.

When manye a daye was past and gone,
  Ne comforte she colde finde:
The kinge proclaimed a tourneament,
  To cheere his daughter's mind.

And there came lords, and there came knights,
  Fro manye a farre countrye,
To break a spere for theyr ladyes love,
  Before that faire ladye.

* *Nee*, nigh, come nigh.

And many a ladye there was sette,
In purple and in palle;
But faire Christabelle, so woe-begone,
Was the fayrest of them all.

Then manye a knighte was mickle of might,
Before his ladye gaye;
But a stranger wight, whom no man knewe,
He wan the prize eche daye.

His acton it was all of blacke,
His hewberke, and his sheelde;
Ne noe man wist whence he did come,
Ne noe man knew where he did gone,
When they came from the feelde.

And now three days were prestlye * past
In feats of chivalrye,
When lo, upon the fourth morninge,
A sorrowfulle sight they see:

A hugye giaunt, stiffe and starke,
All foule of limbe and lere †;
Two gogling eyen, like fire farden §,
A mouth from eare to eare.

* *Prestlye*, quickly. † *Lere*, flesh. § *Farden*, flashed.

Before him came a dwarffe full lowe,
That waited on his knee;
And, at his back, five heads he bare,
All wan and pale of blee*.

" Sir," quoth the dwarffe, and louted lowe,
" Behold that hend† Soldain!
" Behold these heads I bear with me!
" They are kings which he hath slain.

" The Eldridge knight is his own cousine,
" Whom a knight of thine hath shent§;
" And he is come to avenge his wrong;
" And to thee, all thy knights among,
" Defiance here hath sent.

" But yette he will appease his wrath,
" Thy daughter's love to winne:
" And but thou yeelde him that fayre mayde,
" Thy halls and towers must brenne‖.

" Thy head, syr king, must goe with mee,
" Or else thy daughter deere;
" Or else, within these lists soe broad,
" Thou must finde him a peere."

* *Blee*, complexion.
† *Hend*, courteous.
§ *Shent*, injured.
‖ *Brenne*, burn.

The king he turned him round aboute,
And in his heart was woe:
" Is there never a knighte of my round table,
" This matter will undergoe?

" Is there never a knighte amongst yee all,
" Will fight for my daughter and mee?
" Whoever will fight yon grimme soldan,
" Right fair his meede shall bee.

" For hee shall have my broad lay-lands,
" And of my crown be heyre;
" And he shall winne fayre Christabelle,
" To be his wedded fere."

But every knighte of his round table
Did stand both still and pale;
For, whenever they lookt on the grim soldan,
It made their hearts to quail.

All woe-begone was that fayre ladye,
When she saw no help was nye:
She cast her thought on her own true love,
And the tears gusht from her eye.

Up then stert the stranger knighte,
Sayd, " Ladye, be not affrayd :
" I'll fight for thee with this grimme soldan,
" Thoughe he be unmacklye * made.

" And if thou wilt lend me the Eldridge sworde,
" That lyeth within thy bowre,
" I truste in Christe for to slay this fiende,
" Thoughe he be stiff in stowre."

" Goe fetch him downe the Eldridge sworde,"
The kinge he cryde, " with speede :
" Nowe, heaven assist thee, courteous knight;
" My daughter is thy meede."

The gyant he stepped into the lists,
And sayd, " Awaye, awaye;
" I sweare, as I am the hend soldan,
" Thou lettest † me here all daye."

Then forthe the stranger knight he came,
In his blacke armoure dight §;
The ladye sighed a gentle sighe,
" That this were my true knighte!"

* *Unmacklye*, mis-shapen. † *Lettest*, hinderest, detainest.
§ *Dight*, accoutered.

And nowe the gyant and the knighte be mett,
  Within the lists soe broad;
And nowe, with swordes soe sharpe of steele,
  They gan to lay on load.*

The soldan strucke the knighte a stroke,
  That made him reele asyde;
Then woe begone was that fayre ladye,
  And thrice she deeply sighde.

The soldan strucke a second stroke,
  And made the bloude to flowe:
All pale and wan was that ladye fayre,
  And thrice she wept for woe.

The soldan strucke a third fell stroke,
  Which brought the knighte on his knee:
Sad sorrow pierced that ladye's heart,
  And she shriekt loud shriekings three.

The knighte he leapt upon his feete,
  All recklesse of the pain;
Quoth hee, "But† heaven be now my speede,
  "Or else I shall be slaine."

* *Lay on load*, give blows.

† *But*, unless. Dr Percy adds improperly in the next line, "Or else." It ought to be some such phrase as "Bot doubt."

He grasped his sworde with mayne and mighte,
And spying a secrette part,
He drove it into the soldan's syde,
And pierced him to the heart.

Then all the people gave a shoute,
Whan they sawe the soldan falle:
The ladye wept, and thanked Christ,
That had reskewed her from thrall.

And nowe the kinge, with all his barons,
Rose up from off his seate,
And downe he stepped into the listes,
That curteous knighte to greete.

But he, for payne, and lacke of bloude,
Was fallen into a swounde,
And there, all waltering in his gore,
Lay lifelesse on the grounde.

"Come downe, come downe, my daughter deare,
"Thou art a leeche of skill:
"Farre lever* had I lose halfe my landes,
"Than this good knighte sholde spille."

* *Lever*, rather; the comparative of *lief*.

Downe then steppeth that fayre ladye,
To help him if she maye;
But when she did his beavere raise,
" It is my life, my lord," she sayes,
And shriekt and swound awaye.

Syr Cauline just lifte up his eyes,
When he heard his ladye crye,
" O ladye, I am thine own true love;
" For thee I wisht to dye."

Then giving her one parting look,
He closed his eyes in death;
Ere Christabelle, that ladye milde,
Begane to drawe her breathe.

But when she found her comelye knighte,
Indeed, was dead and gone,
She layde her pale cold cheeke to his,
And thus she made her moane:

" O staye, my deare and onlye lord,
" For me, thy faithfulle feere; *
" 'Tis meete that I sholde followe thee,
" Who hast bought my love soe deare."

* *Feere*, companion; obliquely for, lover.

Then fayntinge in a deadlye swoune,
And with a deep fette sighe,
That burst her gentle heart in twayne,
Fayre Christabelle did dye.

* *Fette*, brought, drawn.

NOTES

ON

SYR CAULINE.

PART FIRST.

She is a leeche fulle fine.—P. 113. v. 2.

"As to what will be observed in this ballad, of the art of healing being practised by a young princess, it is no more than what is usual in all the old romances, and was conformable to real manners; it being a practice, adopted from the earliest times, among all the Gothic and Celtic nations, for women, even of the highest rank, to exercise the art of surgery. In the Northern Chronicles, we always find the young damsels staunching the wounds of their lovers, and the wives those of their husbands.—See *Northern Antiquities*, Vol. I. p. 318, &c. And even so late as the time of Queen Elizabeth, it is mentioned among the accomplishments of the ladies of

her court, that the " eldest of them are skilful in surgery."—See HARRISON's *Description of England prefixed to* HOLLINGSHED. PERCY.

The metrical structure of this, and other stanzas in the ballad, has been remarked by Dr Percy. It is an approximation to a common measure of romances, and is, therefore, another proof of its *general* antiquity. Dr Percy has not marked his interpolations.

Much of what follows has a striking resemblance to the commencement of the romance of *Sir Eglamour of Artoys.*

PART SECOND.

Page 125. v. 4. 5.

The incident in these stanzas, is nearly the same as that on which the catastrophe of the romance of *Roswall and Lillian* turns. See Mr Ellis' very elegant prose abstract.—*Early Romances,* Vol. III.

But every knichte of his round table.

P. 127. v. 4.

Dr Percy has remarked, that the " round table" was not peculiar to the reign of King Arthur. The Scottish

ballad of *Young Waters* seems to point out the season for holding that festival:

About Zule (Christmas) when the wind blew cule,
And the round tables began.

The ladye sighed a gentle sighe,
" That this were my true knighte."
P. 123. v. 5.

This burst of feeling resembles one in *Sir Tristrem*:

Ysonde seyd that tide,
—" Allas, that thou ner knight!"

GLASGERION.

"GLASGERION, (says Mr Scott,) whose story is preserved in PERCY's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry,* was a Celtic bard, as appears from his high birth, and fatal intimacy with the daughter of a prince, as well as from the epithet of Chaucer, who terms him "The British Glaskerion." A copy of his legend has been preserved, in the remote parts of Scotland, by oral recitation.—His musical powers are curiously described:

Glaskerion was the best harper
Harped ever on the string.

— — — —

He could harp the fish out of the sea,
The water out o' the stane,
And milk out o' the maiden's breast,
That bairn had never nane.

His musical powers, indeed, were the theme of admiration with our ancient Scottish poets, as well as their more southern brethren. Bishop Douglas, in his "Palace of Honour," classes him with Orpheus. The whole passage on music is exceedingly amusing, but too long for insertion; the following stanza is, however, too singular to be omitted:

Na mair I understude thair numbers fine,
Be God, then dois of Greik a swine;
Saif that me think sweit soundis gude to heir:
Na mair heirow my labour will I tyne,
Na mair I will thir everbillis sweit define,
How that thair musick tones war mair cleir,
And dulcer, than the moving of the spheir;
Or Orpheus harp of Thrace, with sound divine,
Glaskeriane maid na noyis compeir.

In the "Complaynt of Scotland," we find a list of tales and romances, which were popular

in Scotland about the year 1540; among them there is one entitled, "Skail *Gillenderson,* the king's son of Skellye," which probably relates to the same personage;—the variation of the name is trifling. The tale, however, is now lost, provided it be not the identical one published here.

GLASGERION.

GLASGERION was a kinges owne sonne,
And a harper he was goode;
He harped in the kinges chambere,
Where cuppe and caudle stoode:

And soe did he in the queenes chambere,
Till ladyes waxed glad;*
And then bespake the kinges daughter,
These were the wordes she sayd:

"Strike on, strike on, Glasgerion,
Of thy striking doe not blinne;†
There's never a stroke comes o'er thy harpe,
But it glads my harte withinne."

* Wood, MS. † *Blinne*, cease.

" Faire might he fall, * ladye," quoth hee,
" Who taught you nowe to speake;
I have loved you, ladye, seven longe yeare,
My mind † I durst never breake."

" But come to my bower, my Glasgerion,
When all men are att rest;
As I am a ladye true of my promise,
Thou shalt be a welcome guest."

Home then came Glasgerion,
A glad man, Lord! was he;—
" And come thou hither, Jacke, my boy,
Come hither unto mee.

" For the kinges daughter of Normandye,
Hath granted me my boone;
And att her chambere must I bee,
Beffore the cocke have crowen."

" O master, master, then," quoth hee,
" Lay your head heere on this stone,
For I will waken you, master deare,
Afore it be time to gone."

* *That is,* Well may he thrive. † Harte, MS.

But up then rose that lither* ladd,
And hose and shoone did on,
A coller he cast upon his necke;
He seemed a gentleman.

And when he came to the ladye's chambere,
He thrilled upon a pinn;
The ladye was true of her promise,
And rose and lett him in.

He did not take the ladye gaye
To boulster nor to bed;
Nor, thoughe hee had his wicked wille,
A single word he sed.

He did not kisse that ladye's mouth,
Nor when he came nor yode;†
And sore that ladye did mistrust,
He was of some churl's blode.

But home he came, that lither ladd,
And did off his hose and shoone,
And cast the coller from off his necke;
He was but a churle's sonne.

* Dr Percy explains *lither*, little; it is, wicked.
† *Yode*, went.

" Awake, awake, my deere master,
The cock hath well nigh crowen;
Awake, awake, my master deere,
I hold it time to be gone.

" For I have saddled your horse, master;
Well bridled I have your steede;
And I have served you a good breakfast,
For thereof ye have need."

Up then rose good Glasgerion,
And did on hose and shoone,
And cast a coller about his necke;
For he was a kinge his sonne.

And when he came to the ladye's chambere,
He thrilled upon the pinne;
The ladye was more than true of promise,
And rose and let him inn.

" O whether have you left with me
Your bracelet, or your glove?
Or are you returned backe again
To know more of my love?"

Glasgerion swore a full great othe,
By oake, and ashe, and thorne,
" Ladye, I was never in your chambere,
Sith the time that I was borne."

" O then it was your lither * foot-page,
He hath beguiled me;"
Then shee pulled forth a little pen-knife,
That hanged by her knee;

Sayes, " There shall never noe churle's blood,
Within my bodye spring;
No churle's blood shall e'er defile
The daughter of a kinge."—

Home then went Glasgerion,
And woe, good lord! was hee;
Sayes, " Come thou hither, Jacke, my boy,
Come hither unto me.

" If I had killed a man to-night,
Jacke, I would tell it thee;
But if I have not killed a man to-night,
Jacke, thou hast killed three."

* Little, MS.

And he pulled out his bright browne sword,
And dryed it on his sleeve,
And he smote off that lither ladd's head,
Who did his ladye grieve.

He sette the sword's poynt till his breast,
The pummil until a stone:
Throw the falsenesse of that lither ladd,
These three lives all were* gone.

* Weren all, MS.

NOTES

ON

GLASGERION.

A coller he cast upon his necke.—P. 142. v. 1.

The collar was formerly, and is still, with some orders of knighthood, a badge of distinction.

He thrilled upon a pinn.—P. 142. v. 2.

This is elsewhere expressed, "twirled the pin," or "tirled at the pin," and seems to refer to the turning round the button, on the out-side of a door, by which the latch rises, still used in cottages. PERCY.

By oake, and ashe, and thorne.—P. 144. v. 1.

Of the meaning of these *tree* oaths, nothing satisfactory can be said. Concerning the *thorn*, a conjecture is offered in the ballad of *Sweet Willie.* There was, I believe, an ancient sect of philosophers, ridiculed by Lucian, who used to swear, προς κυνα και πλαταυον, *by dog and plane-tree.*

THE

BATTLE OF CORICHIE.

HUME of Godscroft gives by far the most minute and interesting account of this battle: I shall, therefore, give his words without comment; only remarking, that the simplicity of his manner, and his love of circumstantiality, would amply justify us in styling him the Scottish Froissart.

"Then Murray and Morton, thinking it both tedious and perillous to be alwayes on their guard, and to be defenders only, resolved to

take their turne of assailing, and pursuing, if so happily (*r.* haply) they might break his forces, and disperse them. And howbeit they had not of their own, that they could trust to, above an hundred horse, yet being armed with authoritie, and the majestie of their soveraigne, for the safetie of whose person they were to fight, having gathered together of the Forbeses and Leslies to the number of seven or eight hundred, and hoping that albeit they inclined to favour Huntley, yet their duty and allegiance to their princesse would not suffer them to betray her; they took the fields. These made great show of forwardnesse in conveening, and gave out great words and brags that they alone would do all. Huntley with his men had taken a plot of ground inclosed about with marishes, so that he was in a manner encamped. Murray and Morton, with the trustiest of their friends, retired to a little hill to behold the issue of this battell, committing all to those who had taken it upon

them; only they sent some horsemen a by-way to close up the passages of the marish, that Huntley being overcome, might not escape that way. So those boasters began to march toward the enemie, and by the way they pluckt off the heath, (or heather,) which growes in abundance, and stuck it in their helmets and head-pieces, according as it had been agreed upon betwixt them and Huntley. Wherefore he thinking now (these being for him) that there was no power to resist him, came out of his strength against them, who presently turned their backs, and came fleeing with their swords drawn, and crying, *Treason, treason!* as if they had been betrayed, when indeed themselves were the traitors. They had thrown away their spears and long weapons; wherefore Murray and Morton, though they were astonished at the first sight of these hather-topped traitors, who came running toward them, with Huntley at their heels, yet they took courage, and resolved to

stand to it; for as they were about to save themselves by flight, and were calling for their horses, William Douglas of Glenbarvie, (who was afterward Earl of Angus,) requested them to stay, (as is reported,) saying, "No horses, my "lords; we are strong enough for Huntley, and "these men, though they flee, yet will they not "fight against us; wherefore let us present our "pikes and spears to keep them out, that they "come not in amongst us to break our ranks, "and the rest will prove easie." This advice was liked, and followed; so that Huntley expecting nothing lesse than to find resistance, and being destitute of long weapons, was forced (some of his men being slain) to give ground, and at last to flee as fast as before he had followed the counterfeit fleers. Then the hathertops, perceiving that Huntley fled, turned upon him, and, to make amends, slew most of them that were slain that day, which were some hundred and twentie, and an hundred taken pri-

soners; amongst whom was Huntley himself, and his sons John and Adam. The earl being an aged and corpulent pursie man, was stifled with his armour, and for want of breath, in the taking. Some say, that he received a stroke on the head with a pistoll, but it seems to be false; for it is reported, that when Huntley saw his men routed, he asked of those that were by him, what the name of the ground was upon which they fought; and having learned that it was commonly called Corraighie, he repeated the name thrice, " Corraighie, Corraighie, Cor- " raighie;" then, " God be merciful to me." The name of the place put him in mind of a response, or oracle, (if we may so call it,) which was given by a witch in the Highlands, to whom he had sent to enquire of his death, and she had told, that he should die at Corraighie. But whether the messenger, or he himself, mistook the word, he understood it of Creigh, a place which was in his way to Aberdene, and which

(riding thither) he alwayes did shunne, by reason of this soothsayer's speech; or if at any time he did adventure to go by it, he was sure to be well accompanied, and to have the fields cleared before. But this event discovered his mistaking. It was also told him by some of the same profession, that the same day he was taken, he should be in Aberdene, maugre those that would not so, neither should one drop of his blood be spilt. This seemed to promise him a successeful journey; but the ambiguitie thereof was cleared by his death; for he was indeed that night in Aberdene, being carried thither upon a paire of creels or panniers, and that against the will of all his friends, who would not have had him brought thither in such a guise. Neither did he lose any blood, but was choak'd for want of breath. Such are commonly the answers of such spirits, ambiguous, and of no use to the receivers; yet men's curiositie is so prevalent, that posterity will

take no warning of former examples. Murray being glad of this so unlooked-for victory, sent to the ministers of Aberdene to be ready against his coming, to go to the churches, and give God thanks for that day's successe; which they did very solemnly and (no question) heartily, as men are wont to do while the memory of a great delivery is yet fresh in their minds. The next day John Gordon (the earle's son) was execute, and his brother Adam was pardoned, in regard of his youth."—*History of the Houses of Douglas and Angus*, p. 283.

The ballad, which is distinguished by an astonishing contempt for historical truth, was composed, it is said, by one Forbes, schoolmaster at Mary-Culter, upon Dee side. It is written in the broad Aberdeenshire dialect.

THE

BATTLE OF CORICHIE.

Murn ye heighlands,* and murn ye leighlands,
I trow ye hae meikle need;
For the bonny burn of Corichie
His run this day wi' bleid.

Thi hopeful laird of Finliter,
Erle Huntly's gallant son,
For the love he bare our beauteous quine,
His gart fair Scotland mone.

* *Heighlands* and *leighlands*, highlands and lowlands.

Hi his braken his ward in Aberdene,
  Throu dreid o' the fause Murry;
And his gather't the gentle Gordone clan,
  An' his father, auld Huntly.

Fain wad he tak our bonny guide quine,*
  An' beare hir awa' wi' him;
But Murry's slee wyles spoil't a' thi sport,
  An' reft him o' lyfe and lim.

Murry gart rayse thi tardy Merns men,
  An' Angis, an' mony ane mair,
Erle Morton, and the Byres lord Lindsay,
  An' campit at thi hill o' Fare.

Erle Huntly came wi' Haddo Gordone,
  An' countit ane thusan men;
But Murry had abien † twal hunder,
  Wi' sax score horsemen and ten.

They soundit the bougills and thi trumpits,
  And marchit on in brave array,
Till the spiers an' the axis forgatherit, ‡
  An' then did begin thi fray.

* *Guide quine*, good queen.
† *Abien*, above.
‡ *Forgatherit*, came together.

Thi Gordones sae fercelie did fecht it,
  Withouten terror or dreid,
That mony o' Murry's men lay gaspin',
  An' dyit thi grund wi' theire bleid.

Then fause Murry feingit to flee them,
  An' they pursuit at his backe;
Whan thi haf o' thi Gordones desertit,
  An' turnit wi' Murry in a crack.

Wi' hether i'thir bonnits they turnit,
  The traitor Haddo o* their heid;
An' flaid † theire brithers an' theire fatheris,
  An' spoilit, an' left them for deid.

Then Murry cried, to tak' thi aulde Gordone,
  An' mony ane ran wi' speid;
But Stuart o' Inchbraik had him stickit,
  An' out gushit thi fat lurdane's ‡ bleid.

Than they tuke his twa sones quick and hale, §
  An' bare them awa to Aberdene;
But sair did our guide quine lament,
  Thi waefu' chance that they were tane.

* *O*, at. † *Flaid*, affrighted.
‡ *Lurdane's*, lording's, lord's.
§ *Quick and hale*, alive and well.

Erle Murry lost a gallant stout man,
Thi hopefu' laird o' Thornitune;
Pittera's sons, an' Egli's far fearit laird,
An' mair to me unkend, fell doune.

Erle Huntly mist tenscore o' his bra' men,
Sum o' heigh, an' sum o' leigh degree;
Skeenis youngest son, thi pride o' a' the clan,
Was ther fun* deid, he widna flee.

This bloody fecht wis fercely faucht
Octobris aught an' twinty day;
Crystis fyfteen hundred thriscore yeir
An' twa will mark thi deidlie fray.

But now the day maist waefu' came,
That day the quine did grite† her fill,
For Huntly's gallant stalwart‡ son
Wis heidit on the Heidin Hill.

Fyve nobles Gordones wi' him hangit were,
Upon this samen fatal playne;
Crule Murry gar't thi waefu' quine luke out,
And see hir lover an' liges slayne.

* *Fun*, found. † *Grite*, weep. ‡ *Stalwart*, stout.

I wis our quine had better frinds;
I wis our countrie better peice;
I wis our lords wid na discord;
I wis our weirs* at hame may ceise.

* *Weirs*, wars.

THE

BATTLE OF HARLAW.

This battle is so circumstantially described by the ballad-monger, that it does not appear necessary to prefix any prose account. The consternation it excited seems to have pervaded all ranks. "*Nec cum exteris* (says Major) *prælium periculosius in tanto numero unquam habitum est; sic quod in schola grammaticali juvenculi ludentes, ad partes oppositas nos solemus retrahere, dicentes nos prælium de Harlaw struere velle.*"

It is much to be regretted, that the literary history of the ballad is involved in so much uncertainty. We possess no copy which can be proved to be a century old; and yet, if internal evidence may be trusted, we may safely infer, that, with a few modern alterations, it is the identical song alluded to in the "Complaynt of Scotland." It was unluckily first published by Allan Ramsay, whose well-known character for dishonesty in publishing ancient poetry, is in itself a circumstance sufficient to prejudice some against its authenticity. Mr Sibbald, a man of diligence, and its last editor, has indeed discovered *from chronology*, that it must have been composed subsequent to the year 1511; but chronology is unfortunately the touch-stone of madness in Mr Sibbald. The slaughter alluded to in the second stanza, not to speak of the absurd anachronism, may certainly refer to any Scottish battle with the Henrys of England, as well as to that of Flodden Field; the expression

is as vague as that of King Kenneth in the last stanza but one. His conjecture respecting the misapplication of old words is equally injudicious: He particularises " bandoun," in the seventh stanza, which is used by ancient Scottish as well as English writers, in the sense required. " It may also admit of a question, (says he,) whether *drums* were used in the Scottish army so early as the reign of James the First, or even the regency of the earl of Arran, when the ' Complaynt of Scotland' was written." Without entering at large into the history of the military instruments used in the Scottish army at this period, we may safely conclude that drums were actually used, as they are enumerated by Giraldus Cambrensis among the instruments of music popular in Scotland previous to the year 1200.

The tune of the Battle of Harlaw maintained its consequence at a time when the ballad itself seems to have been unknown:

Interea ante alios dux piperlarius heros
Præcedens magnamque gerens cum burdine pypam,
Incipit Harlai *cunctis sonare* batellum.

Polemo-Middinia.

Bishop Gibson, however, is pleased here to observe, in a note, "*Vestigium hujus vocis est in Islandica* hardlya, *et per contractionem,* harla, *perquam, valde, fortiter.*"

THE

BATTLE OF HARLAW.

I.

Frae Dunideir as I cam throuch,
Doun by the hill of Banochie,
Allangst the lands of Garioch,
Grit pitie was to heir and se,
The noys and dulesum hermonie,
That evir that dreiry day did daw,*
Cryand the corynoch † on hie,
"Alas, alas, for the Harlaw."

* *Daw*, dawn.
† *Corynoch*, an air of lament.

II.

I marvlit what the matter meint,
All folks war in a fiery fairy,*
I wist nocht quha was fae or friend,
Zit quietly I did me carrie,
But sen † the days of auld king Harrie,
Sic slauchter was not hard nor sene;
And thair I had nae tyme to tairy,
For bissiness in Aberdene.

III.

Thus as I walkit on the way,
To Inverury as I went,
I met a man, and bad him stay,
Requesting him, to mak me 'quaint
Of the beginning and the event,
That happenit thair at the Harlaw;
Then he entreated me tak tent, ‡
And he the truth sould to me schaw.

* *Fiery fairy*, bustle, consternation. † *Sen*, since.
‡ *Tak tent*, take care.

IV.

Grit Donald of the Yles did claim
  Unto the lands of Ross sum richt,
And to the Governour he came,
  Them for to haif gif that he micht;
  Quha saw his interest was but slicht,
And thairfore answerit with disdain;
  He hastit hame baith day and nicht,
And sent nae bodword* back again.

V.

But Donald, richt impatient
  Of that answer Duke Robert gaif,
He vowd to God Omnipotent,
  All the hale† lands of Ross to haif;
  Or ells, he graithed‡ in his graif,
He wald not quat his richt for nocht,
  Nor be abusit lyk a slaif,
That bargain sould be deirly bocht.

* *Bodword*, message, reply.
† *Hale*, whole.
‡ *Graithed*, dressed, here buried.

VI.

Then haistylie he did command,
That all his weir-men * should convene,
Ilk ane well harnisit frae hand, †
To meit, and heir quhat he did mein;
He waxit wrath, and vowit tein ‡
Sweirand he wald surpryse the north,
Subdew the brugh of Aberdene,
Mearns, Angus, and all Fyfe, to Forth.

VII.

Thus with the weir-men of the Yles,
Quha war ay at his bidding boun, ||
With money maid, with forss and wyls,
Richt far and near, baith up and down;
Throw mount and muir, frae town to town,
Allangst the land of Ross he roars,
And all obeyed at his bandoun, ¶
Evin frae the north to suthren shoars.

* *Weir-men*, men of war, warriors.
† *Frae hand*, immediately.
‡ *Tein*, anger, revenge. || *Boun*, ready.
¶ *Bandoun*, command; *à son bandoun*, Fr.

VIII.

Then all the cuntrie men did zield,
For nae resistans durst they mak,
Nor offer battill in the field,
Be forss of arms to beir him bak;
Syne they resolvit all and spak,
That best it was for their behoif,
They sould him for thair chiftain tak,
Believing weil he did them luve.

IX.

Then he a proclamation maid,
All men to meet at Inverness,
Throw Murray land to mak a raid,*
Frae Arthursyre unto Speyness;
And, furthermair, he sent express
To schaw his collours and ensenzie,
To all and sindry,† mair and less,
Throchout the boundis of Boyn and Enzie.

* *Raid*, inroad, assault.
† *Sindry*, sundry, individuals.

X.

And then throw fair Strathbogie land,
His purpose was for to pursew,
And quhasoevir durst gainstand,
That race* they should full sairly rew;
Then he bad all his men be trew,
And him defend by forss and slicht,
And promist them rewardis anew,
And mak them men of meikle micht.

XI.

Without resistans, as he said,
Throw all these parts he stoutly past,
Quhair sum war wae, and sum war glaid,
But Garioch was all agast;
Throw all these fields he sped him fast,
For sic a sicht was never sene,
And then, forsuith, he langd† at last,
To se the bruch‡ of Aberdene.

* *Race*, same as *res*, in old romances, assault.
† *Langd*, longed. ‡ *Bruch*, burgh.

XII.

To hinder this prowd enterprise,
The stout and michty erle of Mar,
With all his men in arms did ryse,
Even frae Curgarf to Craigyvar;
And down the syde of Don richt far,
Angus and Mearns did all convene
To fecht, or Donald came fae nar
The ryall * bruch of Aberdene.

XIII.

And thus the martial erle of Mar
Marcht with his men in richt array,
Befoire the enemie was aware,
His banner bauldly did display;
For weil enewch they kend † the way,
And all their semblance weil they saw,
Without all dangir or delay,
Came haistily to the Harlaw.

* *Ryall*, royal. † *Kend*, knew.

XIV.

With him the braif lord Ogilvy,
Of Angus sheriff-principall;
The Constabill of gude Dunde,
The vanguard led before them all;
Suppose in number they war small,
Thay first richt bauldlie did pursew,
And maid thair faes befoir them fall,
Quha then that race did sairly rew.

XV.

And then the worthy lord Saltoun,
The strong undoubted laird of Drum,
The stalwart* laird of Lawriestone,
With ilk† thair forces all and sum;
Panmuir with all his men did cum;
The Provost of braif Aberdene,
With trumpets, and with tuick of drum,
Came shortly in their armour schene.

* *Stalwart*, stout. † *Ilk*, each.

XVI.

These with the erle of Mar came on,
In the reir-ward richt orderlie,
Thair enemies to set upon
In awful manner hardily;
Togither vowit to live and die,
Since they had marchit mony myles,
For to suppress the tyrannie
Of douted Donald of the Yles.

XVII.

But he in number ten to ane,
Richt subtilie alang did ride,
With Malcomtosch, and fell Maclean,
With all thair power at thair syde;
Presumeand on thair strenth and pryde,
Without all feir or ony aw,
Richt bauldlie battill did abyde,
Hard by the town of fair Harlaw.

XVIII.

The armies met, the trumpet sounds,
  The dandring* drums alloud did touk,
Baith armies byding on the bounds,
  Till ane of them the feild sould bruik;
  Nae help was thairfor, nane wad jouk, †
Ferss was the fecht on ilka syde,
  And on the ground lay mony a bouk,‡
Of them that thair did battill byd.

XIX.

With doutsum victorie they dealt,
  The bludy battill lastit lang;
Each man his nibours forss thair felt,
  The weakest aft-times gat the wrang;
  Thair was nae mowis thair them amang, ||
Naithing was hard but heavy knocks,
  That echo maid a dulefull sang,
Thairto resounding frae the rocks.

* *Dandring*, a word formed from the sound, rattling.
† *Jouk*, escape by jumping aside.
‡ *Bouk*, body. || *Mowis*, jests.

XX.

But Donald's men at last gaif back,
For they war all out of array;
The erle of Maris men throw them brak,
Pursewing shairply in thair way,
Thair enemys to tak or slay,
Be dynt of forss to gar them yield;
Quha war richt blyth to win * away,
And sae for feirdness tint † the field.

XXI.

Then Donald fled, and that full fast,
To mountains hich for all his micht;
For he and his war ‡ all agast,
And ran till they war out of sicht:
And sae of Ross he lost his richt,
Thoch mony men with him he brocht;
Towards the Yles fled day and nicht,
And all he wan was deirlie bocht.

* *Win*, get. † *Tint*, lost. ‡ *War*, were.

XXII.

This is (quod he) the richt report
Of all that I did heir and knaw;
Thoch my discourse be sumthing schort,
Tak this to be a richt suthe saw,*
Contrairie God and the King's law
Thair was spilt mekle Christian blude,
Into the battil of Harlaw;
This is the sum, sae I conclude.

XXIII.

But zit a bonny quhyle abide,
And I sall mak thee clearly ken,
Quhat slauchter was on ilkay syde,
Of Lowland and of Highland men;
Quha for thair awin † haif evir bene;
These lazie lowns ‡ micht weil be spaird,
Chessit lyke deirs into thair dens,
And gat thair wages for rewaird.

* *Suthe saw*, soothsaying, true story.
† *Awin*, own.
‡ *Lowns*, rascals.

XXIV.

Malcomtosch of the clan heid cheif,
Maclean with his grit hauchty heid,
With all thair succour and relief,
War dulefully dung to the deid;*
And now we are freid of thair feid,†
And will not lang to come again;
Thousands with them without remeid,
On Donald syd, that day war slain.

XXV.

And on the uther syde war lost,
Into the feild that dismal day,
Cheif men of worth (of mekle cost)
To be lamentit sair for ay;
The lord Saltoun of Rothemay,
A man of micht and mekle main,
Grit dolour was for his decay,
That sae unhappylie was slain.

* *Dung to the deid,* knocked to death.
† *Freid of thair feid,* free from their feud.

XXVI.

Of the best men amang them was
The gracious gude lord Ogilvy,
The Sheriff-principal of Angus,
Renownit for truth and equitie,
For faith and magnanimitie;
He had few fallows* in the feild,
Zit fell by fatal destinie,
For he nae ways wad grant to zield.

XXVII.

Sir James Scrimgeor of Duddap, knicht,
Grit Constabill of fair Dunde,
Unto the dulefull deith was dicht;†
The kingis cheif banner-man was he,
A valiant man of chevalrie,
Quhais predecessors wan that place
At Spey, with gude king William frie,
'Gainst Murray and Macduncan's race.

* *Fallows*, fellows.

† *Dicht*, accoutered; here, made to suffer.

XXVIII.

Gude Sir Alexander Irving,
The much renownit laird of Drum,
Nane in his days was bettir sene,
Quhen they war semblit * all and sum; †
To praise him we sould not be dumm,
For valour, witt, and worthyness,
To end his days he ther did cum,
Quhois ransom is remeidyless.

XXIX.

And thair the knicht of Lawriston,
Was slain into his armour schene;
And gude Sir Robert Davidson,
Quha Provest was of Aberdene;
The knicht of Panmure as was sene,
A mortal ‡ man in armour bricht;
Sir Thomas Murray stout and kene,
Left to the world thair last gude nicht. ‖

* *Semblit*, assembled.
† *All and sum*, altogether.
‡ *Mortal*, deadly.
‖ *Gude nicht*, good night, farewell.

XXX.

Thair was not sen king Keneth's days,
  Sic strange intestine crewel stryf
In Scotland sene, as ilk man says,
  Quhair mony liklie * lost thair lyfe;
  Quhilk maid divorce twene man and wyfe,
And mony children fatherless,
  Quhilk in this realme has bene full ryfe;
Lord help these lands, our wrangs redress!—

XXXI.

In July, on Saint James his even,
  That four-and-twenty dismall day,
Tweive hundred, ten score, and eleven,
  Of zeirs sen Chryst, the suthe to say;
  Men will remember as they may,
Quhen thus the verite they know;
  And mony a ane may murn for ay,
The brim † battil of the Harlaw.

* *Liklie*, handsome men.
† *Brim*, fierce.

LADY MARY ANN.

I have extracted these beautiful stanzas from JOHNSON's "Poetical Museum." *They are worthy of being better known, a circumstance which may lead to a discovery of the persons whom they celebrate. The* green ribbon, *among lovers, is the symbol of hope; the* yellow one, *on the contrary, that of being forsaken.*

O LADY MARY ANN looks o'er the castle wa',
She saw three bonnie boys playing at the ba',
The youngest he was the flower among them a';
My bonnie laddie's young, but he's growin' yet.

"O father, O father, an ye think it fit,
We'll send him a year to the college yet;
We'll sew a green ribbon round about his hat,
And that will let them ken he's to marry yet.

Lady Mary Ann was a flower in the dew,
Sweet was its smell, and bonnie was its hue,
And the langer it blossomed, the sweeter it grew;
For the lilly in the bud will be bonnier yet.

Young Charlie Cochran was the sprout of an aik,
Bonnie, and blooming, and straight was its make,
The sun took delight to shine for its sake,
And it will be the brag o' the forest yet.

The simmer is gane, when the leaves they were green,
And the days are awa' that we hae seen;
But far better days, I trust, will come again,
For my bonny laddie's young, but he's growin' yet.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

EDINBURGH:
Printed by James Ballantyne & Co.

2·8·67