

The English and Scottish Popular Ballads: Vol. 2

F.J.Child Ballads sung by Ewan MacColl Folkways Records FG 3510

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FOLKWAYS FG 3510

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THE BEGGAR MAN
LORD GREGORY
YOUNG BEICHAN
GLASGOW PEGGY
AMONG THE BLUE FLOWERS
AND THE YELLOW

BESSIE BELL AND MARY GREY
THE BONNIE HOUSE O' AIRLIE
CAPTAIN WARD AND THE RAIN-
BOW
THE GYPSY LADDIE
THE BROOMFIELD HILL

HUGHIE GRAEME
GEORDIE
PROUD LADY MARGARET
THE SWEET KUMADEE

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

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The English and Scottish Popular Ballads: Vol. 2 • Vol. 3

F.J. Child Ballads
sung by
Ewan MacColl

TRADITIONAL BALLADS by EWAN MacCOLL

"Defined in its simplest terms, the ballad is a folk-song that tells a story. Whatever may be added to this statement is by way of amplification, to explain and clarify, merely, since the whole truth of the matter is in it. What we have come to call a ballad is always a narrative, is always sung to a rounded melody, and is always learned from the lips of others rather than by reading."

Gerould: The Ballad of Tradition.

Gerould might also have added that the traditional ballad form is one which has proved extremely durable. Not only has it survived social upheaval, revolutions in science and technology, profound changes in public taste and fashion; it has even survived the collectors, anthologists, 'improvers' and concert singers.

This extraordinary capacity for survival appears to have escaped the notice of the most brilliant ballad scholars. Professor Child in a letter to the Danish savant, Svend Gruntvig, wrote: "The sources of British ballads are dried up forever. Thirty five years later Cecil Sharp observed: "The English ballad is moribund, its account is well nigh closed."

Fortunately, these obituary notices have proved premature for while it is true that the TV set has usurped the function of the village storyteller and ballad singer, it is equally true that the occasional intelligent use of TV and radio has introduced the traditional ballad and ballad singer to a large new audience. Furthermore, with the advent of the tape-recorder and the LP disc, the story of the complete ballad form (words and music together) has reached a completely new stage.

Side I, Band 1:

THE BEGGAR MAN (Child appendix 279)

The first printed version of this song appeared in Vol. 1 of Ramsey's Tea Table Miscellany, 1724. Child printed it as an appendix to The Jolly Beggar. According to tradition it chronicles one of the adventures of James V in the guise of "the goodman of Ballengeich". Unlike The Jolly Beggar, which has become something of a rarity, The Gaberlunzie Man is still a popular piece with country singers in the Perthshire and Aberdeenshire areas. A cant version is still current among Scots 'travelling folk'.

A beggar man came ower yon lea,
An' mony a fine tale he tauld me;
Seeking out for charity,
Will ye lodge a beggar man?
Lal lal-tee too roo ree.

The nicht was cauld, the carle was wat,
An' down ayont the ingle he sat;
Then he through the meal-pock off his back
An' aye as he ranted and sang.

"If I were black as I am white,
As the snaw that lies on yonder dyke,
I'd dress mysel' some beggar like
And awa' wi' you I would gang."

"O lassie, O lassie, you're far too young,
An' ye ha'ena the cant o' the beggin' tongue;
Ye ha'ena the cant o' the beggin' tongue,
An' wi me ye canna gang."

"I'll bend my back and bow my knee,
And I'll put a black patch on my e'e,
An' for a beggar they'll tak' me,
Syne awa' wi' you I'll gang."

Twass then the twa made up the plot,
To rise twa hours before the old folk;
Sae gently as they slipped the lock
An' through the fields they ran.

Early neist mornin' the auld wife arose,
An' at her leisure put on her clothes,
Syne to the servant's bed she goes,
To speir for the silly puir man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay,
The strae was cauld an' he was away,
She clapped her hands and cried, "Walladay,
Is there ony o' our guid gear gane?"

Some ran to the coffer, some ran to the kist,
But nocht was stolen that could be missed;
She danced her lane, cried, "Praised be the blest,
I've lodged an honest old man."

Since naething's awa' that we can learn,
The kye are to milk and the milk is to kirn;
Gae but the hoose, lass, and waulken the bairn,
And bid her come speedily ben.

The servant gaed where the dochter lay,
The sheets were cauld and she was away;
And straight to the gudewife she did say;
"She's awa' wi' the beggar man."

O fye gar ride, O fye gar rin,
An' haste ye find thae traitors again;
For she'll be burnt and he'll be slain,
The wearifu' auld beggar man."

Some rode on horseback, some ran on foot,
A' but the auld wife, and she wasna fit;
But she hobbled about frae hip to hip,
An' aye as she cursed and bann'd.

Meanwhile, far out ower yon lea,
Fu' snug in a glen where nane could see,
The twa wi' kindly sport and glee
Frae a new cheese cut a whang.

When years had passed some twa or three,
The same beggar carle cam' ower yon lea,
Saying, "Gudewife, for your courtesie,
Will ye lodge a silly, puir man."

A beggar, a beggar, I'll ne'er lodge again,
I hadna a dochter but ane o' my ain,
And awa' wi' a beggar man she's gane
An' I dinna ken whence or where.

"O yonder she's comin' owre yon lea,
Wi' mony a fine tale unto thee;
An' she's got a baby on her knee
An' another comin' hame.

O yonder she's comin' to your bower,
In silk an' satin wi' mony a flower."
She's held up her hands and she's blest the hour
That she followed the beggar man.

GLOSSARY

Ower	over.
Mony	many.
Tauld	told.
Nicht	night.

Neist	next.
Speir	ask, enquire.
Gaed	went.
Strae	straw.
Guid	good.

Cauld	cold.
Ayont	by.
Meal-pock	a sack for holding oatmeal.
Snaw	snow.
Ha'ena	have not.
Syne	ultimately.
Awa'	away.

Gear	possessions.
Kist	a chest or box.
Nocht	nothing.
Lane	alone.
Kye	cattle.
Waulken	waken.
Bairn	child.
Whang	a slice.

Side I, Band 2:

LORD GREGORY (Child 76)
The Lass of Roch Royan

The first printed text of this beautiful song was published by Herd in 1776. Child printed eleven texts and though the ballad is, today, somewhat rare among country singers, it is not entirely unknown. Two versions have recently been recorded from traditional singers, one in Ireland and the other from a Scotswoman living in the south of England. Learned from Margaret Logan of Corsham, Wilts.

O, wha will lace my shoes sae sma',
And wha' will glove my hand,
And wha will lace my middle sae jimp,
Wi' my new-made linen band?

O, wha will trim my yellow hair,
Wi' my new siller kaim,
And wha will faither my young son
Till Lord Gregory comes hame?

But I will get a bonnie boat,
And I will sail the sea,
For I maun gang tae Lord Gregory,
Since he canna come hame to me.

O, row your boat, my mariners,
And bring me to the land,
For yonder I see my love's castel,
Close by the saut-sea strand.

O, open the door, Lord Gregory,
Open and let me in,
For the wind blows through my yellow hair
And I'm shiverin' to the chin.

Awa', awa', ye wile woman,
Some ill death may ye dee,
Ye're but some witch or wild warlock,
Or mermaid o' the sea.

I'm neither a witch or a wild warlock.
Or mermaid o' the sea;
But I'm fair Annie o' Rough Royal,
Then open the door to me.

O, dinna you mind, Lord Gregory,
When ye sat at the wine,
Ye changed the rings from our fingers
And I can show thee thine.

O, dinna ye mind, Lord Gregory,
When in my faither's ha',
'T was there ye got your will o' me,
And that was worst o' a'.

Awa', awa', ye wile woman,
For here ye sanna win in,
Gae droon ye in the ragin' sea
Or hang on the gallows pin.

When the cock did crawl and the day did daw',
And the sun began to peep,
Then up did rise Lord Gregory,
And sair, sair did he weep.

I dreamed a dream, my mither, dear,
The thocht o't gars me greet,
I dreamed fair Annie o' Rough Royal,
Lay cauld deid at my feet.

Gin it be for Annie o' Rough Royal,
That ye mak' a' this din,
She stood last nicht at oor door,
But I didna let her in.

Wae betide ye, ill woman,
Some ill death may ye dee;
That ye wouldna hae letten poor Annie in
Or else hae waukened me.

He's gane doon to yon sea shore,
As fast as he could fare,
He saw fair Annie in her boat,
And the wind it tossed her sair.

The wind blew loud and the sea grew rough
And the boat was dashed on shore;
Fair Annie floats upon the sea
But her young son rose no more.

Lord Gregory tore his yellow hair,
And made a heavy moan,
Fair Annie's corpse lay at his feet
But his bonnie young son was gone.

O, wae betide ye, cruel mither,
An ill death may ye dee,
For ye turned my true love frae my door
When she cam' sae far to me.

Kaim	Comb.	Droon	Drown.
Maun	Must.	Craw	Crow.
Gang	Go.	Daw'	Dawn.
Canna	Cannot.	Sair	Sorely.
Saut-sea	Salt sea.	Cauld-deid	Cold dead.
Awa'	Away.	Waukened	Wakened.
Wile	Cunning.	Wae	Woe

Side I, Band 3:

YOUNG BEICHAN (Child 53)

A 12th century manuscript of a poetical narrative credits Gilbert Beket, father of St. Thomas of Canterbury, with adventures similar to those experienced by the ballad hero. While it is unlikely that the ballad derives from the legend there is little doubt that it has been influenced by it. Learned from Greig and Keith.

Young Beichan was a king's son,
And aye a king's son was he;
And he went on wi' a foreign moor,
Unto a foreign land went he.

When he was in a foreign land,
And in among the savage black,
They laid a plot amang themselves,
It was young Beichan for to tak'.

They hae ta'en him Young Beichan,
And put him in a vault o' stane,
It was daylight and the sun shone bright,
But I wat young Beichan he saw nane.

But it fell oot upon a day,
Young Beichan he did mak' his moan,
But it was not unto a stock,
Nor yet was it unto a stone.

"If any lady would borrow me,
I would promise to be her son,
If any knight would borrow me,
I would at his bridle run.

But if a maiden would borrow me,
I would wed her wi' a ring,
And all my land and all my houses,
They should a' be at her command."

The savage moor had an only dochter,
Her name it was ca'd Susan Pye
And she went in at the prison door,
And kindly ca'd young Beichan by.

"It's ha'e ye ony land?" she says,
"Or ha'e ye ony dowry free
Ye could bestow on a lady's love,
If out o' prison she would lowse thee?"

"It's I ha'e lands baith broad and wide,
But they are far beyond the sea,
But all that's mine, it shall be thine,
If oot o' prison ye would lowse me."

So it fell oot upon a day,
Her faither to the hunt did gae,
And she's stolen the keys fae aneath his heid,
And I wat she set young Beichan free.

She's gi'en him a steed frae her faither's stable,
She's gi'en him a saddle wi' ivory bane,
And she has gi'en him twa guid greyhounds,
That they may at his bridle run.

Between them twa they wrote a letter,
Between them twa they hae made a bond,
That for seven years he would not marry,
Nor yet that she should love a man.

When seven years were gane and past,
She longed young Beichan for to see.
She's ta'en her mantle a' aboot her,
And she's ta'en shippin' on the sea.

When she cam' by young Beichan's gates,
And knockit gentle at the pin,
"Who is there," the porter cried,
"That knocks so gentle and would come in?"

"Is not this young Beichan's gates?
And is that worthy knight at hame?"
"He's up the stair at his dinner set,
Wi' his bonnie bride and mony aane."

She's put her hand into her pocket,
She's gi'en the porter a guinea fee;
"Gang up the stair and bring him to me,
And bid him speak one word wi' me.

"Get first a sheave o' his white breid,
And then a glass o' his reid wine,
And bid him mind on a lady fair,
That once releived him oot of pine."

The porter he went up the stairs,
And he fell low down upon his knee.
Young Beichan he pulled him up again,
Says, "What maks a' this courtesie?"

"Ootside there stands the fairest lady,
That ever my eyes did see,
And she's got rings on every finger,
And on her mid-finger she's got three.

GLOSSARY

Jim	Slender.	Dinna	Do not.
Siller	Silver.	Sanna	Shall not.

She wants a sheave o' your white breid,
And then a glass o' your reid wine,
She bade ye mind on a lady fair,
That once released you out o' pine."

The stair it was full fifteen steps,
But I wat he made nane but three,
He's caught her in his arms twa,
And he has kissed her tenderly.

"Gie me my hand and troth," she said,
"For my native country I maun see,
For since ye've met wi another lady,
My hand and troth you must gie to me."

"O, no, O no, madam," he said,
"O, no, O no and this maunna be,
For since ye loused me oot o' pine,
Rewarded now it's you must be."

He took her by the milk white hand,
And led her to the marriage stane,
He changed her name fae Susan Pye,
And he called her, "My dear Lady Jane."

Then oot and spak the young bride's mither,
She was never Kent to speak so free;
"Will ye forsake my only dochter,
Though your fair Susan has crossed the sea?"

"Tis true that I hae wed your dochter,
She's nane the better or the waur for me;
She cam here on a hired horse,
I send her hame in a chariot free."

I wot na who would hae done the like,
Or yet if ever the like was seen,
To wed a lady in the mornin' early,
And choose anither one long ere e'en.

GLOSSARY

Nane	None.	Gae	Go.
Stane	Stone.	Fae	From.
Ca'd	Called.	Aneath	Underneath.
Lowse	Loosen, release.	Pin	Doorknocker
Red.		Gi'en	Given.
Maun	Must.	Pine	Pain.
Kent	Known.	Waur	Worse.
Baith	both.	E'en	Evening.

Side I, Band 4:

GLASGOW PEGGY (Child 228)

"Common in stalls", says Motherwell, "under this title ('Glasgow Peggie') or that of 'The Earl of Hume', or 'The Banks of Omev'." The

ballad is encountered rarely outside Scotland. The version given here is from the singer's father.

Highland lads are brisk and braw,
Highland lads are young and merry,
And I'll awa' tae Glesca toon,
To steal awa' my bonnie Peggy.

Her faither he's got word o' this,
And O but he was wondrous angry;
"Ye can tak' my owsen and a' my kye,
But leave to me my bonnie lassie".

"Ye can keep your owsen and a' your kye,
For I hae cows and ewes already;
I'll no' tak' your owsen and a' your kye,
But I'll steal awa' your bonnie Peggy."

He's mounted up on his milk white steed,
And she is on his wee grey naigie,
And they hae rid to the break o' day,
He's ta'en awa' the bonnie lassie.

They rid ower hills and they rid ower dales,
They rid through moors and mountains monie,
Until they met wi' the Earl o' Hume,
Ridin' wi' his young son Johnnie.

Then oot and spak' the Earl o' Hume
And O but he was wondrous sorry,
"The bonniest lass in Glesca toon
And she's awa' wi' a Highland Johnnie.

They rid ower hills and they rid ower dales,
They rid through moors and mosses mony,
Until they cam' to yonder glen,
And she' lain doon wi' her Highland laddie.

Her bed was o' the gey green turf,
Her blankets o' the brackens bonnie,
Wi' her tartan plaid beneath her heid
And she's lain doon wi' her Highland Laddie.

There are blankets and sheets in my faither's
hoose,
There are sheets and blankets a' made ready,
And wouldna he be angry at me
For lying doon wi' a Highland laddie!

He's ta'en her up yon high, high hill,
When that the sun was shining clearly;
Says, "A' that ye see belongs to thee,
For lyin' doon wi' Highland laddie."

"A' that ye hae left behind
Was a wee cot-hoose and a wee kail-yairdie,
But noo ye'r the heir o' a' my lands,
For lyin' doon wi' a Highland laddie."

The elopement is one of the most common themes in Scots Traditional Ballads. When the protagonists are a Lowland lass and a Highland lad the issue is nearly always a happy one. The air is a fairly common one and in its slow form is used widely by Aberdeenshire ballad singers.

GLOSSARY

Braw	handsome
Glesca	Glasgow.
Owsen	oxen
Kye	cows
Naigie	nag
Spak	spoke
Kail-yairdie	a cabbage patch

Side I, Band 5:

AMANG THE BLUE FLOWERS AND THE YELLOW (WILLIE'S LYKE-WAKE)

"O, Willie, my son, what makes ye so sad"
As the sun shines over the valley.
"I lie sorely sick for the love of a maid."
Amang the blue flowers and the yellow.

"O, is she an heiress or lady fine?"
As the sun shines over the valley.
"That she winna tak nae pity on thee."
Amang the blue flowers and the yellow.

"Though a' your kin were aboot yon bower,
As the sun shines over the valley.
Ye shall no' be a maiden one single hour
Amang the blue flowers and the yellow."

"For a maid ye cam' here without a convoy".
As the sun shines over the valley.
And ye shall return with a horse and a boy.
Amang the blue flowers and the yellow.

"Ye cam' here a maiden sae meek and sae mild,
As the sun shines over the valley.
But ye shall gae hame a wedded wife wi' a child."
Amang the blue flowers and the yellow.

GLOSSARY

Lyke-wake	a wake.
Winna	will not.
Tak'	take.
Gae	go.

Side I, Band 6:

BESSIE BELL AND MARY GREY (Child 201)

According to popular tradition the two young women whose names give the title of this ballad, built a hut in the countryside outside Perth in a vain attempt to cheat the plague of 1645. The ballad, popularized, in the 19th century by broadside texts, was known as far back as the end of the 17th century. Alan Ramsey made a drawing-room adaptation of it and a 19th century music-hall song was based upon the ballad. A nursery rhyme version is still known to children in Gt. Britain. First verse and tune learned from Margaret Logan, of Corsham, Wilts, second verse from Greig and Keith.

Bessie Bell and Mary Gray,
They were twa bonnie lasses,
They biggit their bower on yon burnside,
And thackit it ower wi' rushes.

They thackit it ower wi' rushes green,
They thackit it ower wi' heather,
But the plague cam' fae the borrow toon,
An' buried them baith thegither.

Bessie Bell and Mary Gray,
They were twa bonnie lasses,
They biggit their bower on yon burnside,
And thackit it ower wi' rushes.

GLOSSARY

Twa	Two.	Ower	Over.
Biggit	Built.	Baith	Both.
Thackit	Thatched.	Thegither	Together.

Side II, Band 1:

THE BONNIE HOUSE O' AIRLIE (Child 199)

In 1640 the Committee of Estates commissioned the Earl of Argyle to take up arms against certain persons hostile to the Covenant and "unnatural to their country". The Earl of Airlie, a loyal supporter of the Stuart cause, retired to England in order to avoid being pressed into supporting the Covenant, meanwhile leaving his house in the keeping of his eldest son, Lord Ogilvie. On being informed that Argyle was marching against him with a force of several thousand men, Ogilvie abandoned his father's house. Lady Ogilvie was not present during the burning of the Airlie establishment and ten of the eleven children mentioned in the song had no existence outside the ballad-maker's imagination. Learned from the singing of Boston Dunn of Falkirk, Stirlingshire.

It fell on a day, on a bonnie summer's day
When the sun shone bright and clearly,
That there fell oot a great dispute
'Tween Argylle and Airlie.

Argylle he has mustered a thousand o' his men
He has marched them oot richt early;
He has marched them in by the back o' Dunkeld
To plunder the bonnie hoose o' Airlie.

Lady Ogilvie has looked frae her window sae high,
And o! but she grat sairly,
To see Argylle and a' his men
Come to plunder the bonnie hoose o' Airlie.

"Come doon, come doon, Lady Ogilvie," he cried,
"Come doon and kiss me fairly,
Or I swear by the hilt o' my guid braidsword
That I winna leave a stan'in stane in Airlie."

"Come tell me whaur your dowry is hid,
Come doon and tell me fairly,"
"I winna tell ye whaur my dowry is hid,
Though ye sudna leave a stan'in stane in Airlie."

They socht it up and they socht it down,
I wat they socht it early,
And it was below yon bowling green
They found the dowrie o' Airlie.

"Eleven bairns I ha'e born
And the twelfth ne'er saw his daddie,
But though I had gotten as mony again,
They sud a' gang to fight for Charlie.

"Gin my guid lord had been at home,
As he's awa' for Charlie,
There dursna a Campbell o' a' Argylle
Set a foot on the bonnie hoose o' Airlie."

He's ta'en her by the milk white hand
But he did not lead her fairly;
He led her up to the top o' the hill
Whaur she saw the burnin' o' Airlie.

The smoke and flame they rose so high,
The walls were blackened fairly
And the lady laid her doon on the green to dee,
When she saw the burnin' o' Airlie.

GLOSSARY

Oot	out.	Whaur	where.
Richt	right.	Sudna	should not.
Grat	wept.	Socht	sought.
Guid	good.	Gin	if.
Winna	will not.	Dursna	dare not.
Stan'in'	standing.	Dee	die.

Side II, Band 2:

CAPTAIN WARD AND THE RAINBOW (Child 287)

Come all ye jolly mariners
That love to tak' a dram,
I'll tell ye o' a robber
That o'er the seas did come.

He wrote a letter to his king
On the eleventh o' July,
To see if would accept o' him
For his jovial company.

"O, no, O, no," says the king,
"Such things they canna be;
They tell me you are a robber,
A robber on the sea."

He has built a bonnie ship,
And sent her to the sea,
Wi' four and twenty mariners,
To guard his bonnie ship wi'.

They sailed up and they sailed down,
Sae stately, blythe and free,
Till they spied the king's High Reindeer,
Like a leviathon on the sea.

"Why lie ye here, ye tinker?
Ye silly, coordly thief,
Why lie ye here, ye tinker,
And hold our king in grief?"

They fought from one in the morning
Till it was six at night,
Until the king's High Reindeer
Was forced to tak' her flight.

"Gang hame, gang hame, ye tinkers,
Tell ye your king fae me,
Though he be king upon good dry land,
I will reign king upon the sea."

GLOSSARY

Tak	take.	Coordly	cowardly.
Canna	can not.	Gang	go.

Side II, Band 3:

THE GYPSY LADDIE (200)

Tradition has it that towards the end of the 17th century, the wife of the Earl of Cassilis eloped with Sir John Faa who had disguised

himself as a gypsy. Apart from the fact that Cassilis is the name given to the wronged husband in many of the Scots and English versions of the ballad, there is little evidence to suggest that the ballad has any historical basis. The song is widespread throughout Gt. Britain, Ireland and the United States. Learned in a fragmentary form from the singer's father, additional stanzas from Greig and Keith.

There were three gypsies all in a row,
And O but they sang bonnie O;
They sang sae sweet and sae complete,
That they charmed the heart o' the lady O.

The lady she cam' doon the stair,
And the two maidens cam' wi' her O;
But as soon as they spied her weel-faured face,
They cast their comprolls o'er her O.

They've gi'en to her the nutmeg fine,
And they've gi'en to her the ginger O;
But she's gi'en to them a far better thing,
The gold ring off her finger O.

It's ye'll cast off your silken gown,
And put on this tartan plaidie O;
And ye'll come awa' this lee-lang nicht,
And follow the gypsy laddie O.

Lord Castles he cam' hame at nicht,
Enquiring for his lady, O;
"The hounds is run and the hawk is flown,
And the gypsy's awa' wi' your lady O."

"Come saddle to me the black, the black,
Mak' haste and soon be ready O,
For it's meat and drink I winna taste
Till I get back my lady O."

They've rode east and they've rode west,
Till they cam' to yonder boggie O;
And there they spied the wheel-faured maid
Wi' the gypsies a' standing' round her O.

"Will ye gang wi' me, my honey and my heart,
Will ye gang wi' me, my lady O?"
And I swear by the sword that hangs by my side,
The black band shall never enjoy thee O."

"I winna come wi' you, my honey and my heart,
I winna come wi' you, my dearie O;
Till I hae drunk the breest I brewed,
And that's in the water o' Eerie O."

GLOSSARY

Sae	so.
Cam'	came

Wheel-faured	well-favoured
Comprolls	spells
Winna	will not
Gang	go
Breest	a brew

Side II, Band 4:

THE BROOMFIELD HILL (Child 43)

Child begins his notes on this ballad by saying: "A song of 'Brume, brume on the hill' is one of those named in The Complaint of Scotland, 1549." While he is possible that the title refers to the ballad given here, there is not enough evidence to make it a certainty. The theme of a young woman wagering her virginity against a large sum of money is fairly common in European balladry. Learned from the singer's father.

There was a knight and a lady bricht
Set trysts amang the broom,
The ane to be there at twal o' the clock
And the other one true at noon,
Leeze me thee and thoo and a'
And madam will ye do?
And the seal o' me is abracee
Fair maiden, I'm for you.

I'll wager you, my bonnie lass,
Five hunder pound and ten,
That ye'll no' come to the tap o' the hill
And come back a maid again.

I'll tak' your wager, bonnie lad,
Five hunder pound and ten,
That I'll gang tae the tap o' the hill
And come back a maid again.

As she walked up that high, high hill,
It was the hour of noon,
And there she saw her true lover
A sleepin' in the broom.

Nine times she walked aroond his heid,
Nine times aroond his feet,
Nine times she kissed his bonnie red mou',
And O, but it was sweet.

When he awoke frae his muckle sleep,
And oot o' his unco dreams,
Say he, "My freres, whaure's my true love
That has been here and gane?"

"If ye slept mair in the nicht, maister,
Ye'd wauken mair i' the day,
If ye'd awakened frae your sleep
She wadna hae gotten away."

"If ye'd hae waukened me frae my sleep,
O' her I'd ha' taen my will,
Though she'd hae deed the very next day,
I would hae gotten my fill."

O, greetin, greetin, went she out
But lauchin' came she in,
'Twas a' for her body's safety
And the wager she did win.

So the wager's laid and the wager's paid,
Five hunder pound and ten,
'Twas a' for her body's safety
And the wager she did win.

GLOSSARY

Knight	Knight.	O'	Of.
Bricht	Bright.	Gane	Gone.
Set trysts	Arranged a meeting.	Mair	More.
Amang	Among.	Nicht	Night.
Ane	One.	Tak	Take.
Twal	Twelve.	Gang	Go.
Hunder	Hundred.	Greetin	Weeping.
No'	Not.	Lauchin	Laughing.
Tap	Top.	Heid	Head.
Deed	Died	Mou	Mouth.
Ha'	Have.	Muckle sleep	Deep sleep.
Ta'en	Taken.	Unco	Ugly.
Wauken	Waken.	Freres	Friends.
Frae	From.	Whaure	Where.
Wadna	Would not.		

Side II, Band 5:

HUGHIE GRAEME (Child 191)

"According to tradition," says Stenhouse, "Robert Aldridge, Bishop of Carlisle about the year 1560, seduced the wife of Hughie Graham, one of those bold and predatory chiefs, who so long inhabited what was called the debatable land on the English and Scottish border. Graham being unable to bring so powerful a prelate to justice, in revenge made an excursion into Cumberland and carried off, inter-alia, a fine mare belonging to the bishop." It is a pity that historical facts do not substantiate this excellent story. With the exception of a version collected in Aberdeenshire by Gavin Greig, the ballad has not been recovered from tradition since the days of Child. Tune learned from Thomas Armstrong of Newcastle-on-Tyne, text from Scott's 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border'.

Gude Lord Scroope's to the hunting gane,
He has ridden o'er moss and muir;

And he has grippit Hughie the Graeme,
For stealing o' the Bishop's mare.

"Now Gude Lord Scroope, this may not be!
Here hangs a broadsword by my side;
And if thou canst but conquer me,
The matter it may soon be tried."

"I ne'er was afraid o' a traitor thief,
Although thy name be Hughie the Graeme,
I'll mak' thee repent thee o' thy deeds,
If God but grant me life and time."

"Then do your worst now, good Lord Scroope,
And deal your blows as hard as you can;
It shall be tried within an hour
Which of us twa is the better man."

But as they were dealing their blows sae free,
And both sae bloody at the time,
Over the moss cam' ten yeomen so tall,
All for to tak' brave Hughie the Graeme.

Then they have grippit Hughie the Graeme,
And brought him up through Carlisle toon,
The lasses and lads stood on the walls,
Crying: "Hughie the Graeme, thou'se ne'er gae doon."

Then they hae chosen a jury o' men,
The best that were in Carlisle toon;
And twal o' them cried oot at once:
"Hughie the Graeme, thou must gae doon!"

Then up bespak him gude Lord Hume,
As he sat by the judge's knee:
"Twenty white ousen, my gude lord,
If you'll grant Hughie the Graeme to me."

"O, no, O no, my gude Lord Hume,
Forsooth and sae it maunna be;
For were there but three Graemes o' the name,
They suld a' be hangit high for me."

"If I be guilty", said Hughie the Graeme,
Of me my friends shall hae small talk",
And he's louped fifteen feet and three,
Though his hands were tied behind his back.

Then he looked ower his left shouther,
It was to see what he might see;
And there he saw his auld faither,
Cam' tearing his hair maist piteously.

"O haud your tongue, my faither", he said,
And see that ye dinna greit for me!
For they may ravish me o' my life,
But they canna banish me frae heaven hie."

"Fair ye weel, fair Maggie, my wife!
The last time we cam' ower the muir,

'Twas thou bereft me o' my life,
And wi' the Bishop thou played the whore."

GLOSSARY

Grippit	gripped.	Maunna	must not, or might not.
Twa	two.	Suld	should.
Tak'	take.	Louped	jumped.
Twal	twelve.	Shouther	shoulder.
Gae	go.	Greit	weep.
Ousen	oxen.		

Side II, Band 6:

GEORDIE (209)

There is some doubt concerning the historical facts surrounding this ballad. It is generally agreed the hero was George Gordon, the fourth Earl of Huntley who was slain at the battle of Corrishrie, October 8, 1562. The nature of the offence for which he was committed to jail is largely conjectural. According to Child his fault lay in "having failed to execute a commission against a highland robber, thus incurring the Queen's displeasure." He was imprisoned in 1554 but released soon after on payment of a fine. There is an English ballad called 'Georgie' but this is a distinctly different ballad. Learned from Greig and Keith.

"Will ye gang tae the Hielands, my bonnie, bonnie lass?

Will ye gang tae the Hielands wi' Geordie?
And I'll tak' the high road and ye'll tak' the low,
And I'll be in the Hielands afore ye."

"I would far rather stay on the bonnie banks o' Spey,

And see a' the fish boaties rowin',
Aford I would gang to your high Highland hills,
And hear a' your white kye lowin'."

He hadna been on the high Highland hills
A week but barely three, O,
Before he was cast into yon prison strang
For huntin' the deer and the roe, O.

His lady she got word o' it,
And quickly she made ready;
And she has rode into Edinburgh toon,
To plead for the life o' her Geordie.

"O, has he killed or has he robbed
Or has he injured any?"

"No, he's been a-huntin' the king's ain deer
And he shall be hangit shortly."

"Will the yellow, yellow gowd buy off my bonnie love?

Will the yellow gowd buy off my Geordie?"
"It's five hunder pounds ye maun pay for his life,

And ye'll get the hat on your Geordie."

She's ta'en the kerchie frae aff her heid,
And she's spread it out sae bonnie;
And she's ta'en the hat frae her true love's hand,
And she's beggit for the life o' her Geordie.
And some gied her crowns and some gied her pounds

And some gied her perlines bonnie,
And the king himsel' gied a hantle o' gowd,
For to get the hat on her Geordie.

Then oot and spak' an auld Irish laird,
A bowdy-legged body,
Said: "For me, Gighty's laird had lost his heid,
If I had but gotten his lady."

She turned about her high horse heid,
And wow! but she was saucy;
"The pox be on your Irish face,
For you never could compare wi' my Geordie."

"First I was lady o' bonnie Auchindoon,
And then I was lady o' Gartly,
But now I'm guidwife o' the bonnie bog o' Gight,
And I beggit for the life o' my Geordie."

GLOSSARY

Kye	cattle
Ain	own
Hangit	hanged
Gowd	gold
Maun	must
Aff	off
Heid	head
Gied	gave
Pearlins	small pearls
Bowdy-legged	bow-legged
Body	a person.

Side II, Band 7:

PROUD LADY MARGARET (47)

Child published five versions of this story of a proud lady whose brother returns from the dead to teach her humility. In four of them he appears, at first, as a suitor, is tested by riddles and does not reveal his identity until

his wooing is successful. In the version given here, the riddle element is absent, the story being confined to the wooing. Stanzas 5 and 6 appear to have been borrowed from Sweet William (Child 77) Learned from Greig and Keith.

"What is your will with me, young man,
What is your will with me?"
"My will with you, fair maid," he said,
"Is your lover till I dee."

"Your lover till ye dee," she said,
"Your lover till ye dee?"
I've slichted mony a better man
That in their grave lies green."

"My faither was laird o' seven castles,
My mither was lady o' three;
An' a' their gowd and a' their gear,
There's nane to heir't but me."
Gin your faither was laird o' seven castles,
And your mither was lady o' three;
I am William, thy brither,
That died beyond the sea,
And I canna get into my grave
For the daily pride o' thee.

"Is there nae room at your heid, brother?
Is there nae room at your feet?
Is there nae room at your side brother,
For a lady like me to sleep?"

"There's nae room at my heid, sister,
There's nae room at my feet,
There's nae room at my side, sister,
For a lady like you to sleep;
For when I lie down into my grave,
The worms around me creep."

GLOSSARY

Dee	die
Slichted	slighted
Gowd	gold
Gear	goods and chattels
Nane	none
To heir't	to inherit it
Gin	if
Heid	head
Nae	no

Side II, Band 8:

THE SWEET KUMADEE (Child 286)
(The Sweet Trinity)

The earliest known printed text of this ballad is to be found in a broadside published 1682-85.

Although the song is obviously of English origin, a number of interesting versions have been found in Scotland. The nationality of the enemy ship varies a good deal, appearing as French, Turkish, Spanish etc. The tune and one verse of the version given here were learned from the singer's mother, the rest of the stanzas are from various printed sources.

There was a ship sailed from the North country,
And the name of the ship was The Sweet Kumadee,
She was built o' the pine and the bay oak tree,
And she sailed on the lowlands, lowlands,
And she sailed on the lowlands low.

We hadna been sailing a league but barely three,
When the lookout man he sighted a French gaudie,
And he said: "We'll a' be sent to the bottom o'
the sea,
As we sail on the lowlands low.

Then oot and spak' our cabin-boy and oot spak' he,
Saying: "Captain, O, captain, what will ye gi'e
to me,

If I swim along the side o' the French Gaudie,
And sink her in the lowlands, lowlands,
And sink her in the lowlands, low."

"It's I will gi'e ye gold and I will gi'e ye fee,
And my eldest dochter, your bride for to be,
If ye'll swim along the side o' the French Gaudie,
And sink her in the lowlands, lowlands,
And sink her in the lowlands low."

"Ye'll row me into an auld bull's skin,
Ye'll tak' me to the side and there ye'll throw
me in,

Wi' my instruments about me to the gaudie, I will
swim,
And I'll sink her in the lowlands, lowlands,
I'll sink her in the lowlands low."

The boy bent his back and away swam he,
He swam till he cam' to the French gaudie,
Wi' his instruments about him, he started to
mak' free,

To sink her in the lowlands, lowlands,
To sink her in the lowlands low.

Some were at the cairds and some were at the
dice,
Four and twenty holes he has pierced in her
side,

Until the salt water it flashed before their eyes,
And they sank in the lowlands, lowlands,
They sank in the lowlands low.

"O, captain, O, captain, be as good as your word,
You'll throw me a rope and ye'll pu' me on board;

The gaudie she lies at the bottom of the road,
She's lying in the lowlands, lowlands,
She's lying in the lowlands low."

"I winna throw a rope or pu' ye on board,
Ye can swim till ye sink, just as true as my
word,
Ye can swim till ye sink to the bottom of the
road,
Ye can sink in the lowlands, lowlands,
Ye can sink in the lowlands low."

"Ye'll throw me a rope and ye'll pu' me frae the
sea,
Or I'll swim to the side o' your Sweet Kumadee,
And I'll send her to the bottom like the French
gaudie,
That's lying on the lowlands, lowlands,
She's lying on the lowlands low."

He's thrown to him a rope and they've pu'd him
frae the sea,
And he's gi'en to him the gowd and he's gi'en
to him the fee;
And his eldest dochter his bride for to be,
As they sailed on the lowlands, lowlands,
As they sailed on the lowlands, low.

GLOSSARY

Spak	spoke.
Gaudie	a man-of-war.
Cairds	cards.
Pu	pull.
Frae	from.
Gi'en	given.
Dochter	daughter.

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Side I, Band 1:

THE BROOM OF COWDENKNOWES (Child 217)

Child printed 15 texts of this ballad, none of which go back beyond the 18th century. The song is considered older than this, however, and an English song published in the reign of James I, 'The Lovely Northerne Lasse', has for its air "a pleasant Scotch tune called 'The Broom of Cowdenknowes.' An earlier reference is to be found in the fifth edition of Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy' 1538: "The very rusticks and hog rubbers...have their ballads, country tunes, O, the broome, the bonny, bonny broome."

Learned in a fragmentary form from the singer's father, additional stanzas from Greig and Keith.

O, the broom, and the bonnie, bonnie broom,
The broom o' the Cowdenknowes,
And aye sae sweet the lassie sang,
In the ewe-buchts milkin' her yowes, her yowes,
In the ewe-buchts milkin' her yowes.

The lassie sang ower a' the hills,
And sae sweet a voice had she,
She caught the ear o' a gentleman
As he cam' ridin' by.

He's ta'en his leave o' a' his men,
And doon to the bucht rode he,
Said, "Misty, misty is the nicht,
Will ye show us the way?"

"O, ye hae plenty o' men," she said,
"That work for meat and fee.
I dinna think that I'd be safe
To guide ye on the way, the way.

"For I ken ye by the cla'es ye wear,
And by your blinkin' e'e,
That ye are the laird o' Lochnagar
And so ye seem to be."

I'm no' the Laird o' Lochnagar,
I never expect to be,
For I am but ane o' his best men,
I ride in his company.

"But I ken ye by your middle sma',
And by your grass-green sleeve,
That ye are the lass o' the Cowdenknowes,
And so ye seem to be."

"It's I'm no' the lass o' the Cowdenknowes,
It's no' her that ye see,
For I am but ane o' her faither's maids,
And aye will ever be."

He's caught her by the lily hand,
Below the grass-green sleeve,
And laid her on the mossy bank,
And speired na' for her leave.

Then he's ta'en oot a hantle o' gowd,
And kaimed her yellow hair,
Says, "Here's your fee, ye weel-faur'd maid,
Frae me ye'll no' get mair."

He's lowped on to his milk-white steed,
And he's o'erta'en his men,
And ane an' a' cried oot to him,
"O, master, ye've tarried lang."

"I hae been East, I hae been West,
And I've been among the knowes,
But the bonniest lass that ever I saw,
She was milking her daddy's yowes."

She set the milk pail on her heid,
And she's gane liltin' hame,
And syne her faither said to her,
"It's ye hae tarried lang."

"O, wae be to your snepherd man,
And some ill death may be dee,
He's biggit the ewe buchts so far awa'
And they've trysted a man to me."

When fifteen weeks was come and gane,
Sae pale and sae wan grew she,
She began to sigh and long for sicht
O' his bonnie, blinkin' e'e.

It fell on a day, a bonnie simmer day,
She was ca'in' oot her faither's kye,
There cam' a troop o' gentlemen,
And they were ridin' by.

He's ta'en the leave o' a' his men,
And doon to the lass gaed he;
Says, "Wha's the faither o' that bairn,
The bairn that gangs wi' ye?"

She's turned awa' and hung her heid,
For she thoct muckle shame,
But ne'er a word could the bonnie lass say
But "The bairn's faither's at hame."

"Ye lee, ye lee, ye bonnie lass,
Sae loud's I hear ye lee:
For dinna ye mind that misty night
Ye were in the ewe-buchts wi' me?"

Then he's ca'd ane o' his best men,
To come and set her on,
"Ye may ca' your kye yoursel', goodman,
But she'll never ca' them again."

"I am the laird o' Lochnagar,
I've thirty ploughs and three,
And I hae chose the bonniest lads,
In a' the North countrie."

GLOSSARY

Aye	Always
Sae	So.
Ewe-bucht	Sheep pen.
Ower	Over.
Cam'	Came.
Simmer	Summer.
Speired na'	Asked not.
Leave	Permission.
Handle	A large quantity.
Kaimed	Combed.
Weel-faur'd	Well-favoured, beautiful.
Mair	More.
Lowped	Leaped.

Ane an' a'
Heid
Liltin'
Syne
Wae

One and all.
Head.
Singing.
After a time.
Woe.

Thocht	Thought.
Muckle	Great.
Ye lee	You lie.
Sae	So.
Kye	Cattle.

Side I, Band 2:

CAPTAIN WEDDERBURN'S COURTSHIP (Child 46)

Riddles occupy an important place in the folk-lore of the world's peoples and, to this day, the telling and making of riddles is widely practiced by country people, adults as well as children, in the eastern areas of Scotland. The use of riddles as a test for matrimony is a fairly common ballad theme. Learned from Greig and Keith.

The Laird o' Roslin's dochter walked through the
wood her leen,
When by cam' Captain Wedderburn, a servant
to the King.
He said unto his servant man, "Were it not
against the law,
I would tak' her to my ain bed and lay her neist
the wa'."

"I'm walkin' here alane, "she said", among
my faither's trees,
And you must let me walk alane, kind sir, now
if you please;"
The supper bells they will be rung and I'll be
missed awa',
So I canna lie in your bed, either at stock or wa'.

He says, "My bonnie lassie, I pray lend me your
hand,
And you'll get drums and trumpets always at
your command,
And fifty men to guard you as long's this sword
can draw,
And we'll baith lie in ae bed and you'll lie neist
the wa'."

"O, "says the bonnie lassie, "Pray tell to me
your name." -
"My name is captain Wedderburn, a servant to
the King."
Though your faither were here and a' his men,
I would tak ye fae them a',
I wad tak ye tae my ain bed and lay ye neist the
wa'."

He jumped off his milk-white steed and set the
lady on,

And a' the way he walked on foot and held her by
the han',
He held her by the middle jimp for fear that she
should fa',
Till he took her to his ain bed to lay her neist
the wa'.

He took her to a lodging-hoose, the landlady
looked ben,
Says, "Many's the bonnie lady in Edinburgh I've
seen,
But such a pretty, weel-faured face in it I never
saw"; -
"Ye'll mak' her doon a down bed and lay her neist
the wa'."

"O" says the bonnie lassie, "before you do gain
me,
It's you will dress me dishes yet, and that is
dishes three:
Dishes three you'll dress to me, though I should
eat them a',
Before I lie in your bed either at stock or wa'."

"When the cherry is in bloom, I'm sure it hath
no stone,
And when the chicken is in the egg, I'm sure it
hath no bone;
The dove he is a gentle bird and flies without a
ga',
So we'll baith lie in ae bed and you'll lie neist
the wa'."

"O" says the bonnie lassie, "before you me perplex,
You will tell me questions yet, and that is questions
six;

Questions six ye'll tell to me and that is three
times twa,
Before I lie in your bed either at stock or wa'."

"What's greener than the greenest grass? What's
higher than the trees?
What's worse than woman's vice? What's deeper
than the seas?
What was the first bird that crew? And what did
first doonfa'?
Before I lie in your bed either at stock or wa'."

"Evergreen's greener than the grass, heaven's
higher than the trees,
The devil is worse than woman's vice, Hell's deeper
than the seas;
The cock was the first bird that crew, the dew it
did doonfa' --
So we'll baith lie in ae bed and you'll lie neist the
wa'."

"O" says the bonnie lassie, "before I gie you ower,
You will tell me fairlies, and that is fairlies fower:

Fairlies fower ye'll tell to me and that is twa and
twa,
Before I lie in your bed either at stock or wa'."

"You will gie to me fruit that in December grew;
You'll get to me a mantle that waft was ne'er
ca'd through,
A sparrow wi' a horn and a priest unborn this night
to join us twa,
Before I lie in your bed either at stock or wa'."

"My father had plums that in December grew;
My mother had an Indian goon that waft was ne'er
ca'd through;
A sparrow wi' a horn, that's easily found, there's
ane on every claw,
An' twa upon the gab o't, and you shall hae them a'."

"The priest is standing at the door, just ready to
come in:
No one can say that he was born, no one unless he
sin;
A wound cut in his mother's side and he oot o't did
fa' --
So we'll baith lie in ae bed and you'll lie neist the
wa'."

Little did that fair maid think, that morning when
she raise
That it would be the very last o' a' her maiden
days.
An' in the parish where they lived, there was not
a blither twa,
And they baith lay in ae bed and she lay neist the
wa'.

GLOSSARY

Her leen	By herself	Looked ben	Looked into.
Cam'	Came.	Weel-faured	Well favoured.
Neist	Next to.	Ga'	Gall.
Alane	Alone.	Twa	Two.
Awa'	Away.	Doonfa'	Down fell.
Canna	Cannot.	Ower	Over.
Wa'	Wall.	Fairlies	Wonders.
Stock	The Front part of a bed.	Fower	Four.
Baith	Both.	Waft	Weft
Ae	One.	Goon	Gown.
Fae	From.	Ca'd	Called.
Jimp	Slender.	Ane	One.
		Blither	Happier.

Side I, Band 3:

FAIR ELLEN (Child 63)
(Child Waters)

Child refers to this somewhat far-fetched story
of devotion and cruelty as "a charming ballad
which has, perhaps, no superior in English."

The Professor's choice of adjective is, to say
the least, curious and one wonders what he would
have made of a Hirschfield case-history. Of the
eleven texts published by Child, ten are from
Scots sources. Learned from Greig and Keith.

"Ye canna go wi me, fair Ellen,
Unless ye do this deed,
Unless ye'll saddle me my horse,
And' bridle me my steed,
An' ilka toon that we gang through,
A leash o' hounds to lead.

The knight he rode an' the lady ran,
Doon by yon water side,
Till they cam' to a wan water
That a' men ca' the Clyde;
But he never turned his horse about
To say, "Lady, will ye ride?"

The firstan step the lady stept,
It struck her to the knee,
An' sighin said the gay lady,
"This wadin's nae for me."

The nextan step the lady stept,
It struck her to the pap;
The babe between her sides twa
Wi' cold his chin did twack.

"Lie still, lie still, my bonnie bairn,
Ye work your mither woe;
Your father's high upon horseback,
An' he rides ower fast awa'.

"Your father's high upon horseback
An' we're low on the grun';
Your father's high upon horseback,
Caresna whether we sink or swim."

But in the midst of that water
There was a stan'in' steen;
He turned his great horse heid about
Took his lady on him ahin.

"Sit still, sit still, my gay lady,
Ye see na what I see;
I see the towers o' my father's castle,
An' the lamps are lighted high;
Wi' the best o' my father's horse boys
Weel sall ye wedded be."

"O haud your tongue now, good Lord John,
Ye work my body woe;
I hope to get your fair bodie
An' let your horse boys go."

When they had eaten an' weel drunken,
An' a' fou o' the best,
The lady sat at a bye table,
An' fain wad she had rest.

Sometimes her colour waxed red,
An' other sometimes wan:
She was always like a woman wi' bairn,
But nowise like a man.

"Win up, win up, my bonnie boy,
Dry down my great horse seen;
Ye gie him meat in due season,
An' water him at e'en."

Up she rose an' oot she goes,
She kent na weel the inn.
In's great horse sta' she did down fa',
An' there she bore her son.

His mother was a stubborn woman,
She gaed fae bower to ha':
"I think I hear a bairn greet,
An' it isna far awa'."

Up he rose an' oot he goes,
For he kent best the inn,
An' even among his great horse feet
Got his lady an' her young son.

"An askin, an askin, good Lord John,
An askin ye'se gie me:
The lowest room about your house
For your young son an' me."

"Your askin's nae sae great, my dear,
But granted it sall be:
The ae best room in a' my house
It sall be drest for thee;
An' my ae sister, Lady Maisry,
An' she sall wait on thee."

His mother was a stubborn woman,
She gaed baith oot an' in:
"Ye micht hae brought a lighter horse boy
Than a woman in travailin'."

"O haud your tongue, my mother dear,
Let a' your folly be;
Dear has this lady bought my love,
But now she's get it free. --

"Be blythe an' gay, my gay lady,
Be blyther an' ye may,
Your kirkin an' your fair weddin'
Sall baith be on ae day;
An' a' is for the soft answer
At Clyde's waters ye gae."

GLOSSARY

Ilka	every	Seen	soon
Widin	wading	Kent	knew
Grun	ground	Gaed	went
Caresna	does not care	fae	from
Steen	stone	An askin	a boon
Ahin	behind	Ye'se	ye shall
Haud	hold	Ae	only
Fou	full	Lichter	lighter
		Kirkin	the marriage ceremony

Side II, Band 1:

SWEET WILLIAM (106)

The Famous Flower of Serving-men

The only version of this ballad published by Child is taken from English ballads sheets of early date. The version given here was recorded by Gavin Greig from George Innes of Portgordon, and appears to be a condensation of the broadsheet version. The ballad is still occasionally found in tradition and, during the last twelve months, MacColl and Seeger have recorded two severely truncated versions, one in East Anglia and the other in Perthshire. The version given here was learned from Greig and Keith.

Come all ye ladies great and small
Give ear unto me, one and all,
And I will let you understand
What I have suffered in this land.

My father was as brave a lord
As ever Europe did afford,
My mother was a lady gay,
Decked in glories of rich array.

And I myself a lady fair,
My father's chief and only heir,
And when my good old father died,
Then I was made a young nice bride.

My love he built to me a bower
Decked with many a fragrant flower,
A brighter bower did you never see
Than what my true love built for me.

But there came thieves late in the night
They broke my bower and slew my knight,
And after that my knight was slain,
No longer could I there remain.

My servants all from me did fly,
In the midst of my extremity,
And left me by myself alone,
With a heart as cold as lead or stone.

But through my heart was full of care,
Heaven would not suffer me to despair,
So then in haste I changed my name,
From Fair Ellen to Sweet William.

Then on a day it chanc-ed so
That I to the King's court did go,
All that I of his grace did crave
That I a servant's place might have.

"Keep up, young man," the King replied,
"Your suit it shall not be denied,
But first tell me what you can do,
You shall be suited thereunto.

"Will you be taster of my wine,
To wait upon me when I dine?
Or will you be my chamberline,
To make my bed both soft and fine?"

Sweet William with a smiling face
Said to the King, "If it please your Grace
To show such favour unto me,
Your chamberline I fain would be."

The King did all his nobles call,
And ask-ed counsel of them all
Unto which they did all agree,
Sweet William the King's chamberline to be.

Now on a day it did happen so
That the King did a-hunting go
He carried with him all his train
Sweet William did at home remain.

Then finding that the house was clear,
He took a flute that he had there
And on it he played melodious
Which made an old man's heart rejoice.

"I had my company fair and free
Continually to visit me,
But now at last I have not one
Since I've become a servant man."

Now when the King from hunting came
He called upon the good old man,
"What news? What news?" the King did say
"What news hast thou for me today?"

"Brave news!" the old man he did say,
"Sweet William is a lady gay,"
And when the King the truth had found,
His joys did more and more abound.

And then, for fear of any strife,
He took Sweet William for his wife,
The like before was never seen,
A servant man to become a queen.

Side II, Band 2:

THE ELFIN KNIGHT (Child 1)

Side II, Band 3:

GLENLOGIE (Child 238)

The earliest extant form of this ballad was sent to Percy by Robert Lambe of Norham; it was called 'Jean of Bethelnie' and is dated 1768. The song is still fairly popular with country singers in N.E. Scotland. Learned from Greig and Keith.

There were six an' six nobles rode round
Banchory fair,
But bonnie Glenlogie was flower that was there.

There were nine an' nine nobles sat in the
king's ha',
But bonnie Glenlogie and flower o'er them a'.

Down came Jeannie Gordon, she came trippin
downstair,
And she has fa'en sick wi' Glenlogie above a'
that was there.

She called on his footman as he passed by her
side,
Says, "O what's he, that young man, an'
where does he bide?"

"His title is Glenlogie when he is from home,
But he's o' the grand Gordons, an' his name is
Lord John."

"Glenlogie, Glenlogie, you'll be constant an'
kind,
I've laid my love on you, an' I'll tell you my
mind."

He turned him round quickly as the Gordons
do a',
Says, "I thank you, Jeannie Gordon, but your
tocher's ower sma'."

She called on her maiden to make her a bed,
Wi' ribbons an' napkins to tie up her head.

An' down came her father, he came trippin'
downstairs,
Says, "O what ails you, Jeannie, that you're
lyin' there?"

"There's a nice little fellow wi' a dark rollin'
e'e,

If I get not Glenlogie, for him I will dee."

"O hold your tongue, Jeannie, an' give up your
folly,
I'll lead you to Drumwhindle, he has more gold
than he."

"O hold your tongue, father, an' let Jeannie be,
If I get not Glenlogie, for him I will dee."

Her father had a chaplain, a man o' great skill,
He wrote a broad letter, and he penned it weel.

When Glenlogie got the letter he was among men,
He gave a loud laugh, says, "O what does she
mean?"

But ere Glenlogie read the letter, the tears came
down large,
"What a pity a leal virgin should die for my cause."

"You'll go saddle the black steed, go saddle the
the brown,
For bonnie Jeannie Gordon she'll be deid or I win."

Or they got them saddled an' down by yon green,
Bonnie Glenlogie he was three miles his leen.

When they came to Bethelnie there was nobody
there,
But ae bonnie lassie, she was combin' her hair.

He said, "Bonnie lassie, you'll take me by the han',
And lead me to the chamber Jeannie Gordon lies in."

O pale an' wan was she, when Glenlogie came in,
But red an' rosy grew she or Glenlogie got ben.

"O where's your pain Jeannie, does it lie in your
heid?
The pain that you lie under, does it lie in your
side?"

"O no, no, Glenlogie, you're far from the part,
The pain I lie under, it lies in my heart."

"You'll turn you round, Jeannie, turn to your
right side,
An' I'll be the bridegroom an' you'll be the
bride."

Now Jeannie she's got married, an' her tocher
down told,
Bonnie Jean o' Bethelnie, scarcely sixteen years
old.

O Bethelnie, O Bethelnie, it shines where it
stands,
An' the heather bells round it shines oer Fyvie's
lands.

GLOSSARY

Ha'	hall	Ower sma'	too small
Fa'en	fallen	Weel	well
Tocher	dowrie	Leal	loyal, faithful
		Leen	alone
		Heid	head

Side II, Band 4:

HENRY MARTIN (Child 250)

Cecil Sharp observed that "late in the 15th century, a Scottish sea officer, Andrew Barton, having suffered from the Portuguese, obtained letters authorizing his two sons to make reprisals on Portuguese traders. The sons turned on English merchant vessels, levying tolls..." Child was of the opinion that the ballad of Henry Martin must have sprung "from the ashes of Andrew Barton". It appeared in numerous broadside versions and it is to one of these, that published by Catnach of Seven Dials, that the version given here bears the most marked resemblance. This ballad was learned from the singing of Sam Lerner, of Winterton, Norfolk.

As we were gone sailing five cold frosty nights,
Five cold frosty nights and four days,
It was there we espied a lofty tall ship,
She came bearing down on us, brave boys.

Where are you going you lofty tall ship?
How dare you to venture so nigh?
For I have turned robber all on the salt sea,
To maintain my two brothers and I.

Now come heave up your courses and let go of
your mainsheets
And let her come under your lee;
And I will take from you your rich merchants',
good merchants' goods
And I'll point your bow guns to the sea.

I shall not heave up my courses nor let go of
my mainsheets,
Nor let her come under my lee;
Nor you shan't take from me my rich merchants',
good merchants' goods,
Nor you'll point my bow guns to the sea.

Now broadside to broadside these vessels did
lay,
They were fighting four hours or more;
Till at length Henry Martin gave her a broadside
And she sank and she never rose more.

Sad news I've to tell you, sad news I've to tell,
Sad news I'm a-going to tell,
Of a lofty tall ship lost on the salt sea
And the most of her mariners drowned.