Northumbrian Minstrelsy.

A COLLECTION

OF THE

BALLADS, MELODIES,

AND

Small-Pipe Tunes

OF

NORTHUMBRIA.

EDITED BY
J. COLLINGWOOD BRUCE, LL.D., D.C.L., F.S.A.
AND
JOHN STOKOE.

PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES
OF NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

1882.

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FOREWORD BY
A. L. LLOYD

FOLKLORE ASSOCIATES, INC.
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This edition of *Northumbrian Minstrelsy* has been reprinted in facsimile from the original edition of 1882

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FOREWORD

The heart of Northumbria is the country of the river Tyne. It's a curious land apart, and its people are proud that they're distinct from all other Englishmen and that their speechways are often incomprehensible to strangers. Moreover, it is the only part of England with a local music-dialect in which certain of its melodies are distinct from the tunes of any other region. Nor is the folk song of this area all of a piece; it is as varied as the landscape itself.

To an unusual degree, the repertory of Northumbrian song has in its make-up seemingly conflicting characteristics of feudal loftiness, rustic tranquillity, and proletarian gusto; classical ballad, country song and urban industrial lyric. The clash showed itself already in the earliest printed collections of northeastern song at the end of the eighteenth century when such pieces as "The colliers' rant" were appearing along side "Chevy Chase" in the compilations of vinegary Joseph Ritson.[1] It shows even clearer in John Bell's *Rhymes of the Northern Bards,* subtitled *A Curious Collection of Old and New Songs and Poems Peculiar to the Counties of Newcastle upon Tyne, Northumberland and Durham,* an important book of 334 pages published in four hundred copies in 1812. And in *Northumbrian Minstrelsy,* the unity of wild variances that make up the body of northeastern song is displayed in full power.

[1] Noteworthy among Ritson's collections of northeastern song are *The Bishopric Garland or Durham Minstrell* (1784) and *The Northumberland Garland or Newcastle Nightingale* (1793).

Northumbrian Minstrelsy, under the editorship of John Collingwood Bruce and John Stokoe, was published in 1882, but its foundations were laid in 1855 when the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle upon Tyne appointed a committee "to protect and preserve the ancient melodies of Northumberland." Robert White, John Clerevaulx Fenwick and William Kell comprised the Committee, with Bruce, one of the Society's secretaries, as member *ex officio*. White, the ebullient son of a farmer, born near the gipsy village of Yetholm, worked in the counting house of a Newcastle brass foundry all his adult life, but his heart was in the countryside and he wrote copiously for local newspapers on matters of neighborhood legend, story and song. Probably the amassing of the songs that ultimately appeared in the *Minstrelsy* was mainly White's responsibility, for his colleagues, the lawyer Fenwick (son of a lay-preacher called John the Baptist on account of his fiery zeal) and Kell, the Town Clerk of Gateshead, were both more interested in pipe-music. Through correspondence with collectors and pipers, by the acquisition of manuscript tune-books and already-printed compilations of texts and melodies, the Committee began to draw together a grand body of ballads, songs and bagpipe tunes local to, or at least current in, the counties of Northumberland and Durham. The publications of Ritson and Bell were a first handy source of texts, and Bell's *Rhymes* in particular contains the words of many songs subsequently used in the *Minstrelsy*. Moreover, the Ancient Melodies Committee was fortunate in that a certain number of local tunes, with or without their accompanying words, were available in print for them to use as a foundation for their labors.

Collections of distinctive Tyneside tunes had begun to be printed very soon after the first publication of characteristic northeastern texts. At the outset of the nineteenth century John Peacock's *Favourite Collection of Tunes with Variations Adapted for the Northumberland Small Pipes, Violin*

or Flute was published. Peacock was one of the last of the Newcastle Town Waits (musicians employed by the municipality), and by all accounts an outstanding performer on the small-pipes. There were some who thought the picaresque old jailbird Jamie Allan, onetime court musician to the Bey of Tunis (according to his own account), was the better piper; but a note in the minutes (November 17, 1857) of the Ancient Melodies Committee quotes William Green, a distinguished old professional, as saying that Peacock was the best player he ever heard in his life, whereas "Jamie Allan was a wild player, he was neither first, second nor third." Peacock's *Favourite Collection* contains fifty folk tunes, a high proportion of them local Northumbrian melodies later incorporated into the *Minstrelsy,* including "Bobby Shaftoe," "The bonny pit laddie," "Cuckold come out o' the Amrey," and "Wylam away."

In 1815 or thereabout a tall-shaped book containing "24 Original Airs peculiar to the Counties of Durham and Northumberland" was published in London at the rather stiff price, for those days, of fifteen shillings. Its title was *A Selection of the most popular Melodies of the Tyne and the Wear,* and it was edited and piano-harmonized by Robert Topliff, a blind musician reared if not born in Sunderland, Co. Durham. At the time he put his selection together, Topliff was employed as church-organist in London, but the influence of the northeastern small-pipes was heavy on him and in his piano settings he overlaid his melodies with such a profusion of bagpipe ornaments that sometimes the contour of the tune is hard to discover. Among the melodies that Topliff introduced to the wider world are "Ca' Hawkie," "The colliers' rant" (for some reason not included in the *Minstrelsy*), "Dol-li-a," "Elsie Marley," and other now familiar and loved pieces from his native locality. Against his original intention, and probably at the insistence of expatriate Northumbrian gentlemen nostalgic in their

"Babylonish exile" in London, Topliff included the words of some of the songs at the back of his volume, along with a valuable and—considering it was written by a blind man—astonishingly vivid account of the ritual sword-dance as practiced by coal-miners (even today, the sword- or rapper-dance is still strong in the North-east).

These early printed compilations provided an introduction, however perfunctory, to the peculiarities of northeastern melody. Meanwhile, and throughout the first half of the nineteenth century, other song-collectors were busy in the countryside with their manuscript notebooks. Busiest of all was John Bell, whose *Rhymes of the Northern Bards* already has been referred to. Bell is an important figure in the story of *Northumbrian Minstrelsy,* though he was dead before it appeared and gets little mention from its editors. He was born in Newcastle in 1783, and even in his boyhood was a passionate collector of curiosities. At twenty, he opened a bookshop on the Newcastle Quay and not long after he began circularizing the local gentry, suggesting the formation of a society to preserve and study local relics including the Roman Wall. He got little encouragement till one of his circulars reached the aged Duke of Northumberland who persuaded members of his household to interest themselves. The idea obtained social prestige and was taken up, and the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle upon Tyne was formed in 1813. Nearly seventy years later, this Society was to be responsible for the publication of *Northumbrian Minstrelsy.*

Bell collected everything—coins, snuffboxes, broadsides, handbills, even printed tobacco-papers. A visitor to his house found rooms crammed with fly-sheets concerning concerts, plays, Jack-in-the-Greens, Maid Marians, prizefights, bull-baitings, hangings, drownings, shootings, stabbings, dying speeches and last confessions (one of these said to be printed on a piece of the hanged man's skin). His *Rhymes of the*

Northern Bards was a compilation of texts only, without tunes, but when gathering material for it he had collected at least a hundred melodies, either supplied from friends or notated directly by himself. These melodies are written out, mostly in Bell's own clear hand, in a manuscript book now residing in Newcastle's dour Black Gate Museum (the museum is dour, not so the very obliging young woman who is its Warden). It's an imposing compilation, that hefty tune-book of Bell's, and, in the view of the foremost commentator on northeastern folk song, it "seems to have been the main source for at any rate the songs, as distinct from the ballads and pipe tunes in *Northumbrian Minstrelsy.*"[2] To Bell's collecting we owe such champion pieces of Tyneside song as "Buy broom buzzems," "Bonny at morn," "A, U, hinny burd," and "Here's the tender coming," while among fine songs lying unpublished in his manuscript is a set of "The foggy dew" in which, by arrangement, a friend garbed as a ghost (the "bogle bo") frightens the girl into the young man's bed.

Another notable collector was James Telfer (1800-1862), a descendant of the Jamie Telfer of Fair Dodhead who gave his name to a ballad in Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.* As a young man, Telfer followed his father's calling of shepherd, but he had a passion for poetry and books—he read all Hogg's poems while minding sheep on the hillsides and already in his twenties he was writing stories and sketches for the *Newcastle Magazine.* Through these he succeeded in attracting the attention of Sir Walter Scott. In the lonely Border country, schools for the children of shepherds and farmers were few, and Telfer, stout, asthmatic and lame, preferred after a while to abandon the rigours of sheep-

[2] Frank Rutherford: "The Collecting and Publishing of Northumbrian Folk Song" in *Archaeologia Aeliana,* 4th series, vol. XLII, 1964. The present essay owes much to this excellent study.

herding and to open a little private school, an "adventure school" as such were called in those days, attached to his cottage at Saughtree near the head of Liddesdale. In the 1840's he noted down a number of song-texts in his neighborhood on both sides of the border,[3] and some ten years later he re-visited the same localities with a musically-literate friend to recover the tunes. In a letter to his friend Robert White (of the Ancient Melodies Committee), he explains the provenance of his collection of "genuine Border tunes" taken down "from the mouths of the common people in . . . Teviotdale, Redesdale and North Tynedale." He says:

> The notation is not mine (I have as you know no theoretical knowledge of music). The tunes were noted many of them at my express request by Mr. Oliver of Langraw. I got Robert Hutton and others to sing or whistle certain of them, when Mr. Oliver noted them down. Others he noted from his own taste. I had the collection made two years ago, with a view of offering it on the acceptance of His Grace the Duke of Northumberland during his autumnal sojourn at Kielder Castle.

However, it seems the Duke didn't arrive at Kielder then, and it was not until November 1857 that Telfer diffidently presented his little manuscript book containing 49 tunes, each one surrounded with a charming naive ornamental margin. The occasion was a meeting when the Ancient Melodies Committee presented a report of their work to the Duke and Duchess at Alnwick Castle. Telfer's tune-book was presented to the Duke, who passed it to the Duchess, who "in the most handsome manner" promptly handed it back to the

[3] Telfer did not always leave these as he received them, but set his literary hand to work on some. Notably "The death of Parcy Reed" was much re-worked by him.

Committee. Among Telfer's tunes that eventually found their way into the *Minstrelsy* are those of "The laidly worm," "Rue and thyme," "The miller and his sons," "Binnorie or The cruel sisters," "The keach i' the creel," but his manuscript book contains several valuable pieces that were passed over by the *Minstrelsy* editors, including a fine Aeolian tune to "The mermaid," "The shepherd and the lady," "The Duke of Athol's nurse," and "Father, father, build me a boat."

At this Alnwick meeting, the Duke announced his intention of offering prizes of £10 and £5 for the two best collections of "ancient Northumbrian music in score." Advertising the Competition, the Committee announced its intention to keep prominently in view the purity of the sets submitted and the number of hitherto unpublished tunes supplied. This came from a local singer, Thomas Hepple of Kirkwhelpington, and comprised a number of valuable songs described by Hepple as "some old ballads as I have had off by ear since boyhood." Some of Hepple's songs, including the good Dorian version of "Whittingham Fair," were taken into the *Minstrelsy,* but again several excellent items were inexplicably overlooked. Hepple also put the Ancient Melodies Committee in touch with his cousin, the piper John Baty of Wark, who was persuaded to part with a grand tune-book in his possession. This, bound between thick leather covers, contains 557 pipe tunes written in brown ink by one William Vickers in 1770 and seemingly represents Vickers's own repertory. A high-grade repertory it is too, with early sets of "My lad's ower bonny for the coal trade," "The bonny pit laddie," "Doon the waggon way," "Show me the way to Wallington," as well as more general pieces such as "The whores' march," "The banks of Claudy," and "The four drunken maidens." But as far as can be seen, only the tune of "Newburn lads" found its way from this

manuscript into the *Minstrelsy* and now the collection of rare and wonderful melody that the humble eighteenth century piper wrote out in his dashing hand lies gathering dust in a Black Gate cupboard. We know that John Stokoe had copied out a large number of Vickers' tunes, presumably intending to use them in the *Minstrelsy*. One wonders whether the Rev. J. Collingwood Bruce may not have been influential in the rejection of good stuff from such humble sources as Hepple and Baty/Vickers?

Bruce, a pillar of society in Victorian Newcastle, a headmaster, a Moderator of the Synod of the Presbyterian Church, a founder of the Y.M.C.A., a workhouse guardian, was a respected antiquary whose book on the history of the Roman Wall was a classic in its day. The lustre that he gave to the Ancient Melodies Committee reflected rather from his prestige than from his song-scholarship which derives almost entirely from the thoughts and findings of his colleagues. His portrait shows a slim, handsome, rather saturnine figure with dark brows and white whiskers, one elbow elegantly propped against a chipped stone pillar, his body classically swathed in several folds of a checkered shawl. He was a haughty man, of exacting academic standards, and not over-generous to those who, in his opinion, didn't measure up to those standards. We recall that, though old John Bell had provided the greater proportion of the songs in the *Minstrelsy,* Bruce gave him precious little credit, referring to him loftily as "not a highly educated man." Nor, for all his great experience, was Bell chosen as one of the Ancient Melodies Committee of 1855 (the fact that he was well-advanced in years by this time may have influenced the decision). Incidentally, the worthy Hepple gets no acknowledgment at all in the pages of the *Minstrelsy*.

Among others providing material to the Committee were Thomas Doubleday and Robert Bewick. Doubleday, the

collector of "Captain Bover" among other excellent and characteristic melodies, was by trade a soap-boiler and manufacturer of vitriol, by inclination a dramatist specializing in vast tragedies of ancient Rome, and by political conviction a stubborn Radical (on one occasion only the fall of the government saved him from arrest for sedition). As early as 1821, Doubleday had already printed some Northumbrian tunes in an article contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine,* and he recorded some of his best melodies from singers in the streets of Newcastle, a town full of lower-class music during a great part of the nineteenth century. Robert Bewick, son of the admired engraver, was an enthusiastic performer on the Northumbrian small-pipes, and his manuscript tune-book of some sixty melodies yielded several fine pieces for the *Minstrelsy,* the splendid "Sir John Fenwick" among them.

These then were the main sources, printed or in manuscript, of *Northumbrian Minstrelsy,* though other compilations such as James Henry Dixon's *Ancient Poems, Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England* (1846) and the erratic Joseph Crawhall's *Tunes for the Northumbrian small pipes, violin or flute* (1877) were also used to a limited extent. There seems to have been little, if any, field-collecting expressly for the Ancient Melodies Committee, if we except a few casual notations from Stokoe and one or two melodies (including "The brave Earl Brand") taken down from the singing of Robert White's sister, Mrs. Andrews. Even the Telfer-Oliver trips about the countryside were undertaken primarily in the hope of pleasing the Duke of Northumberland rather than for the sake of the Committee.

In 1857, two years after the formation of the Committee, we find them apologizing to the Duke for their slowness in publishing what they have found. A report in Kell's hand partly runs:

> Why we have not published. We feel that considerable discussion may be expected on the publication of our report. I desire to afford as little opportunity for hostile criticism as may be, because we have not printed proofs of ancient title which may be produced by those who have adopted our melodies, for while both in Scotland and the South of England many of our melodies have been adapted to Ballads and printed, we have but the fireside remembrances which have come down from generation to generation. The late Dr. Ions [Mus.Doc.] kindly offered his assistance [as music editor] and at the time of his death a few months ago he had the following questions before him: Shall the melodies be printed with simple airs only or with the variations hitherto printed and played by pipers? Shall we merely give the air or add a pianoforte accompaniment? Had the latter question been decided in the Affirmative, the Doctor was willing to write the accompaniments.

So the Committee feared they might publish as "Northumbrian" some tunes that other regions might claim as theirs; that is, their concern was for melodies that could be guaranteed "made in Northumbria" and not merely current there. Modern folklorists, who know what a will-o'-the-wisp chase is the search for the local origin of tunes, may smile at the cares of the earnest antiquaries. For all that, their thoughts moved in interesting ways: in envisaging a publication of melody-lines without accompaniment they looked forward to present-day practice in serious folk song editing; and in considering the reproduction of tunes with variations—though indeed this was old practice from the days of Oswald and other editors of fiddle tune-books—their concern was not dissimilar to that of the most advanced students of

our own time who feel that the reproduction of a single melody-strophe tells us too little about the tune, and who insist on transcribing the whole musical piece to display its vagaries however minute, since after all—and this is particularly true of pipers' performances—"folk music is an art of variation *par excellence.*"

It seems these cares were too heavy for the Committee. Formal resolutions were taken that the tunes be got ready for publication, but nothing was done. Kell died in 1862, White in 1870. Fenwick removed his law practice to London. Meanwhile, John Stokoe had been appointed to the Committee. He was a well-known figure in Newcastle musical life, a judge at many choral competitions, a pleasant writer on local songs—on this theme he contributed weekly articles to the *Newcastle Courant* (1878-81) and later wrote several pieces on the same subject for the *Weekly Chronicle* (1887-91). He was a serviceable small-pipes player and provided the "live" illustrations to the lectures on northeastern ballads and music given by Collingwood Bruce to the Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Society in 1877-9. There seems no doubt that it was mainly due to Stokoe's energy that the Committee's loose papers were sifted, the material put in some order, and the final selection made so that at last, in 1882, *Northumbrian Minstrelsy* appeared.

As it happened, the questions that so bothered the old Committee were solved in what now seems the wisest way. That is, the tunes are presented in the form that folk song students today find handiest, with melody-line only, unaccompanied; also, in some cases, traditional variations are added to the pipe-tunes. *Northumbrian Minstrelsy* was the first collection of English folk song to employ the modern practice of printing the air unaccompanied, and perhaps it only happened because Stokoe didn't feel equal to the task of harmonizing the tunes. Almost in apology, eleven years

later, he edited what is substantially a piano-set version of the *Minstrelsy* songs with some additional pieces, as *Songs and Ballads of Northern England.* For this he prevailed on a Newcastle organist, Samuel Reay, to provide the accompaniments, and very disappointing they are; the *Minstrelsy,* more modest, remains by far the more valuable book.

What an astonishing treasure-cave it is! If the ballads such as "Hughie the Graeme," "Jock o' the Syde," and Telfer's fine tunes for "The laidly worm" and "Binnorie" first catch the eye, they are not necessarily the most impressive pieces. Indeed, the ballad texts have in some instances suffered in the editing, for interesting oral versions of the words have been overlooked in favor of texts doctored by literary hands or abstracted from already-printed works. In the main, the songs have escaped with much less alteration possibly because they were considered less important than the ballads and so little effort was made to "dress them fine." Much more than the ballads, the songs show the peculiar flavor of Northumbria in both words and tune, and though Whittaker considered "Binnorie" to be "unquestionably the most lovely melody associated with the north of England,"[4] many will prefer tunes more distinctly local in character such as "Bonny at morn" and the remarkably un-vocal but wholly delightful "Elsie Marley" and "Shew's the way to Wallington" with its nimble leaps and its profusion of augmented fourths. Whittaker tells of a German musician confronted with the latter song, who asked incredulously: "Do you really tell me that the peasants in your district sing these songs?" Whittaker asked him why he doubted it. The German answered: "If your peasants can sing such songs they must be the most musical race in the world." Whittaker's reply was: "Who told you they weren't?"

[4] W. Gillies Whittaker: "The Folk-Music of North-eastern England" in *Collected Essays* (London, 1940).

Odd, difficult and delectable such tunes are, with their seesawing sixths and octaves and what has been called their "dongdonging" between tonic and supertonic chords (the turn of the "Bonny at Morn" tune shows these features well but they are present in scores of melodies typical of the Northeast). It's commonly supposed that these were originally pipe-tunes, made on the instrument, but more probably the great part were songs first, taken over and changed by pipers, and then reverting to vocal use again with a short improvised set of dance-words added, often of trivial or cryptic kind. In many a pipe-tune a forgotten song is hidden, its original shape masked by the odd leaps and curious chord-shifts due to questions of fingering or peculiarities of bagpipe construction.

The instrument had wide use, being at home among hill-shepherds and colliers and in the ducal castle even in modern times; formerly it had its military uses too, and old William Green, the Morpeth piper, wrote in 1857 to the Ancient Melodies Committee:

> I never knew any other Pipes but the Northumberland small Pipes used in the Regiment. The late Mr. Cant who kept the Blue Bell publick house at Newcastle and a person whose name was Graham play'd the small Pipes in the American War, then in the French war one Lamshaw and myself whose nephew I succeeded as piper to his Grace's the old Duke of N.

Green was emphatic that the large bagpipe of Scottish kind had little favor in the Northeast, compared with the small-pipes. For all that, the Northumbrian pipes remained little known outside their native moors, meadows and coalfields. When William Green visited Edinburgh early in the nineteenth century he found the small-pipes unknown there, and after he had been playing at a promenade concert at which

the fiddler Neil Gow led his famous band, Gow came to Green's lodgings early next morning full of curiosity to see what strange instrument the piper had been playing the night before. Half a century later the small-pipes were no better known. In 1856 William Kell attended a meeting of the Archaeological Society of Edinburgh, and Robert Chambers, the distinguished editor of old Scottish song, entertained the guests by singing and playing some of the ballads he had printed. Says Kell:

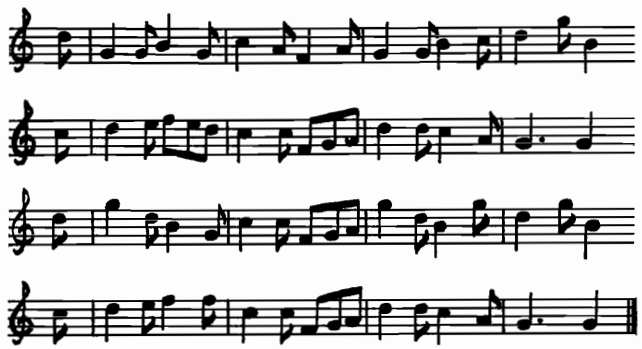
> I got into conversation with him and I must say that to a man of such general information and who had confessedly devoted so much attention to this particular subject, I could not conceal my surprise that he did not know the Northumbrian pipes and airs, nor did I meet with any there who did.

The small-pipes, often elegant instruments with silver, ebony and ivory parts, are blown not by mouth but by bellows held between the right arm and the body, similar to the French *musette*. They began to take the form we know during the early part of the eighteenth century. The drones are usually three, the smallest tuned to g′, the largest to g an octave below, and the medium one to d′ between the two Gs. Originally the chanter was limited to a basic tone-row of one major or mixolydian octave from g′ to g″, and sometimes this series was not complete, lacking the seventh step, so that the tonal resources of the instrument made a major hexachord with an isolated upper octave note. Most of the early pipe-tunes are major in character because only skilled pipers could play minor thirds; and the curious emphasis on the alternation of tonic and supertonic chords arises from the fact that, having only an octave compass, the instrument was not readily apt for complete arpeggios based on the dominant. Early on, both chanter and drones were open-

ended but during the eighteenth century stopped ends were fitted that made the music of the small-pipes vastly different from that of the Scottish pipe, for now players could cut off any note at will—instead of the sound being continuous—and a fast light staccato became possible. Then in the opening years of the nineteenth century John Peacock added four keys to his chanter—probably borrowing the idea from Ireland where the bellows-blown *uillean* pipes had been fitted with keys as early as 1770. The effect of Peacock's invention was to extend the compass downwards by a fourth, upwards by a major second. So any pipe tunes with a range of more than an octave, and based on tonic-dominant alternation rather than tonic-supertonic, are likely to be of nineteenth century composition, or later. Subsequently the number of keys was increased up to as many as fourteen—in a rather freakish chromatic model—but modern sets of small-pipes usually have six keys. Incidentally, the instrument, whose life was dwindling in the early years of the present century, has experienced a considerable revival since the end of World War II both in the countryside and in the towns. The tunes in *Northumbrian Minstrelsy* form the basis and often the extent of the modern pipers' repertory.

It is inevitable that a folk song collection of the *Minstrelsy's* early date should fall short here and there of the severe standards of modern scholarship. After all, so do most modern collections. Musicians, especially Whittaker, have criticized the *Minstrelsy* for more serious lapses than printing a melody upside down, as with "Coffee and tea, or Jamie Allan's fancy" on p. 164. In a few instances the modal character of a tune has been altered to please conventional Victorian ears, or for some reason a fine version has been passed over in favor of an inferior but sleeker set of the same air. This happened for instance with "O I hae seen the roses blaw," where Hepple's grand Mixolydian tune

was cast aside in favor of an agreeable but artificial version of mild drawing-room quality. Here is Hepple's tune:



Among other evidences of the modernizing editor's hand is the intrusive B natural in the last bar of "Sair fyel'd, hinny" which has been inserted for the sake of pathos; but on the whole the tunes in the *Minstrelsy* have been little tampered with and the collection reflects the northeastern tradition with fine realism.

As with the tunes, the texts don't always measure up to modern editorial standards. A few pieces have been re-rendered in literary fashion—we have referred to Telfer's brushing-up of "Parcy Reed"—but remakes of this kind are easy to spot and would deceive no one. A few texts have been lifted from books and spliced to tunes collected locally. Also there has been some bowdlerization, of which a few examples will suffice. In the manuscript version of "Ca' Hawkie through the water," as collected by John Bell, appears a stanza the *Minstrelsy* editors preferred to ignore:

'One shall go to make the bed,
Two and two shall lie tegither.
If there is not room enough
One shall lie upon anither.'

The last verse of this song, as originally noted, ran:

'Now, young maids, my counsel take,
Since that it can be no better;
Take your Hawkie to the bull,
And safely drive her through the watter.'

"Adam Buckham O (It's doon the lang stairs)" has lost a pungent verse:

Adam gat the lass wi' bairn;
That will never do.
If he dinna marry her
The kitty gars him rue.
(kitty = jail; to gar = to make, to cause)

The words sung to "Peacock's Fancy" are omitted entirely as being "better adapted to the tastes of a ruder age than of the present time." Our own being a "ruder age" than that of Bruce and Stokoe, we can accept the words without a blush. The song was called "Footy," an amorous term of obvious French derivation:

Fra Benton Bank to Benton town
There's not a pitman's raw, (= row of houses)
So when ye get to the Moor Gate,
Play footy again the wa'.

The wife went down to Moor Lonnin
And let her basket fa',
For when she got to the Moor Gate
She play'd footy again the wa'.

Then hie footy and how footy,
And footy again the wa',
And when ye get to the Moor Gate,
Play footy again the wa'.

The stoby road's a stoby place
And some o' the stots are law,
But still there's some that's high enough
For footy again the wa'.

Wapping Square's a bonny place,
The houses are but sma',
But in them yet there's room enough
For footy again the wa'.

The lady did not like the house,
The air in it was raw,
Twas sweeter far out at Moor Gate
For footy again the wa'.

Then hie footy and how footy,
And footy again' the wa',
And when ye get to the Moor Gate,
Play footy again the wa'.

Let us be tolerant of the pruderies and prejudices of our Victorian editors. Beside the weight of the *Minstrelsy's* virtues, its defects are as a feather. The songs and tunes of this quite modest nineteenth century volume do what no other distinguished collection of English folk song does: they look back on the rural feudal past but also they look forward to the urban industrial present. It's of some interest that a variant of the splendid Dorian tune of "The mode o' wooing" was used by striking union colliers to carry the text of "The blackleg miners," one of the fiercest militant songs of British labor. But more than that, if some pieces evoke the ring of steel weapons on armor, others reach out to the very doors of the northeastern music hall to join such deathless anthems as "Blaydon Races" and "Cushie Butterfield."

A. L. Lloyd

February, 1965

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1882.

INTRODUCTION.

In early times each nation had a music of its own. The music of any people is necessarily influenced by its character and history. The inhabitants of the district lying between the Firth of Forth and the Humber having sprung originally from the same race, or combination of races, have a style of music which is peculiar to themselves. But though the music of the Scottish Lowlands has a general resemblance to that of Northumberland, a delicate ear can observe a difference between the melodies originating North and South of the Tweed. This is probably owing to the fact that for several centuries the two districts formed parts of two kingdoms.*

The musical instrument most in vogue in ancient Northumbria, as well as elsewhere, was the bagpipes. This is a very ancient and extensively diffused instrument. It is generally supposed that the *dulcimer* mentioned in Daniel, chap. III., v. 5, is the bagpipe. We seem to have got it from the Romans. It is certain that the Emperor Nero played upon this instrument. (Suetonius, Nero, c. LIV.) A small bronze figure of a bagpiper was discovered some years ago in the Roman station of Richborough, Kent. At Stanwix, near Carlisle, which was one of the stations on the Roman Wall, a Roman sculpture still exists

* Mr. Doubleday, in a letter on "Ancient Northumberland Music," which was published in 1857, and addressed to His Grace the Duke of Northumberland, says that not only is "the music peculiar to the County of Northumberland itself," but that it is "a music full of peculiarities." He says further:—"Few in number as the graver airs of Northumberland are, their simple beauty is such as to make us regret that more have not been handed down to us. Some few of them embody an expression as pure and high as music can possibly convey."

exhibiting a performer playing upon the pipes. This instrument seems to have been in common use, even in the South of England, in the Middle Ages. Chaucer, in his Canterbury Tales, thus describes the miller :—

> "A baggepipe cowde he blowe and sowne,
> And wherewithal he brought us out of towne."
> THE PROLOGUE, 567-8.

Two species of bagpipes have been in use in Northumberland—the large pipes and the small. The large pipes differed in nothing from the Highland bagpipes, and they were used in the early part of this century by the piper who was attached to the Northumberland Militia. Of late they have gone quite out of use. The small pipes differ not only in size but in construction from the large. They are, so far as is known, peculiar to Northumberland, and they are still in use in the rural and colliery districts. The Earls and Dukes of Northumberland have always had among their retainers one or more pipers, who are called upon to perform at the riding of boundaries, the opening of fairs, and other occasions of state ceremonial.

In a paper read before the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle, by Mr. J. C. Fenwick, in 1857, and published in the *Archæologia Æliana*, vol. III., p. 9, N.S., the construction of the two instruments is thus described :—

"Both the Highland and Northumbrian pipes are wind instruments. In all instruments of these kinds the receptacle for the wind is a bag.* They all possess drones and

* This bag used formerly to consist of the stomach of a sheep or the bladder of some larger animal, well greased. Whether the wind proceeded from the mouth or a pair of bellows, the bag formed a reservoir for it, from which it could be forced by the pressure of the arm into the chanter and drones of the instrument, irrespective of the intermittent action of the lungs or bellows.

The writer has in his possession a pair of bagpipes from the North of Africa; the bag is the skin of a young gazelle, decorated with the horns of the same animal. It is inflated by the mouth, and the mouth-piece is made of the leg-bone of a flamingo.

a chanter. Each drone and chanter is furnished with a 'reed;'* and the wind, in passing through the drones and chanter, produces the music which these instruments afford. The chanter gives us the 'melody' of the tune performed; the drones supply us with the accompanying 'harmony.' In all bagpipes this harmony is unvarying, and is that of the key note, or tonic harmony. In the Highland pipes the wind is supplied by the breath of the performer. This instrument is furnished with three drones. The first, and lowest in tone, produces the note A above gamut G; the second and third produce the note A, which is the octave above.

"The chanters of the Scotch pipes are what are called 'plain chanters.' Their compass is nine notes, which range from G upon the second line of the treble clef to the A, which is the ninth above. The chanter is open at the end, and produces, when the performer's fingers cover all the keys, the lowest note or G.

"Turning now to the Northumbrian small-pipes, we observe that its construction differs from that of the Scotch in the supply of wind being provided by means of bellows instead of by the breath of the piper.

"The drones of the instrument as originally constructed are three in number. The smaller of them produces the note G, which is the note upon the second line in the treble clef. The largest drone sounds the octave below; and the third gives the note D, which is placed between the two G's.

"Another point in which the construction of the Northumbrian pipes differs from that of the Highland arises from the chanter being closed at the end, instead of open; so that when all the eight notes with which this chanter is provided are covered by the fingers of the performer, no sound is

* The "reed," as it is technically called, is a piece of split straw or reed, which produces a tremulous sound as the wind is forced through it.

produced. The eight notes which the chanter is capable of sounding are those which compose the treble octave in the key G.*

"Our Northumbrian pipe music being generally composed for social amusement, is written most frequently in triple and compound triple time.

"A peculiarity in the music of the Northumberland pipes arises from the fact of the chanter being closed at the end, which enables the performer to play in the way musicians call *staccato*, and prevents the otherwise inevitable slurring of the notes. It is astonishing what execution some performers on this instrument will display. One peculiarity of pipe music is the ease with which variations may be introduced into it. The performer, ever and anon reverting to the air, indulges in variations prompted by his own genius."

For chamber music the small-pipes are perhaps superior to every other instrument of the same class.

The Northumberland pipes were probably used in early times as an accompaniment to the voice in the recitation of the old ballads which formed so large a part of the floating literature of the Middle Ages, the compass of the original instrument being nearly equal to that of the human voice.

The tunes adapted to the pipes were either intended as accompaniments of ballads descriptive of warlike scenes, of war cries intended to summon the retainers of a chieftain to the field, of pieces descriptive of the adventures of knights errant, and of ladies over whom they threw their protecting shield, or those of a domestic character. The ballads and songs

*Modern makers of the small pipes have given additional drones to the instrument, and additional keys. They now often "possess a full chromatic scale from A below middle C to B in alto, comprising every intermediate sharp and flat, or twenty-six notes. Our pipers have thus been enabled to perform melodies which were not composed for the bagpipes, and which are totally unsuited for them."

were recited in the halls of the nobility, and at fairs and harvest homes, and occasions of public festivity.

As these ballads and songs were not, for the most part, reduced to writing, but were allowed to float in the memories of succeeding generations, very many of them have been lost. This is particularly the case with those of a graver sort. The long exemption which this country has enjoyed from the suffering and excitement of war has led to the disuse of ballads of a warlike character. Songs and melodies of a lighter description have met with a better fate, though many, even of these, which were the delight of our grandparents, are now lost for ever.

The first attempt made to preserve the tunes adapted to the Northumberland pipes dates from the beginning of this century. A little prior to the year 1805, Messrs. Peacock and Wright published in Newcastle a work entitled "A Favourite Collection of Tunes, with Variations, adapted for the Northumberland Small-pipes, Violin, or Flute." This collection chiefly consists of Northumberland airs, but it also embraces some which are confessedly Scotch. It is now exceedingly scarce.

In 1812, Mr. John Bell, long librarian to the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, edited a work, entitled "Rhymes of Northern Bards, being a Curious Collection of Old and New Songs and Poems peculiar to the Counties of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Northumberland, and Durham." A copy of this book cannot now be readily procured.

Little of a local nature has since been done to preserve the ancient melodies and poetry of Northumbria.

Algernon, the fourth Duke of Northumberland, who was the patron of the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and who did so much to elucidate the Pre-historic and Roman periods of our Northumbrian history, expressed a desire that the Society would turn its attention to the collection and

preservation of the old music and poetry of the North of England. Accordingly, at the anniversary meeting of the Society, February, 1855, the following motion was carried:—"That a Committee, consisting of Mr. Robert White, Mr. J. C. Fenwick, and Mr. Kell, be appointed to collect the ancient melodies of Northumberland." At a subsequent meeting, Mr. John Stokoe, who edits the musical portion of this publication, was added to the Committee.

The Committee set to work with great diligence and zeal, under the leadership of Mr. Kell, Town Clerk of Gateshead, and succeeded in gathering a considerable number of melodies together, which, without this effort, would soon have been altogether lost. Of several others the names survived, but the tunes could not be recalled. The effort to collect ballads and songs not already in print was less successful. Mr. Robert White, himself a poet of no mean order, and entering thoroughly into the spirit of the inquiry, addressed himself to this branch of the subject, but, as he himself confessed, with small success. The inquiry was being made half a century too late. Even pieces such as "Shew me the Way to Wallington" and "Sir John Fenwick's the flower amang them," which must have been familiar to every Northumbrian half a century ago, are, it is feared, irrevocably lost.

On the 19th November, 1857, the Committee, though not ready to publish any portion of the product of their labours, presented a report of their proceedings to their Graces the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland at Alnwick Castle. His Grace congratulated the Committee upon the success of their labours as far as they had gone, and encouraged them to proceed.

At a meeting of the Committee on the 9th October, 1858, the following resolution was come to:—"That some airs be prepared for printing as soon as may be—the best sets."

Unhappily, the Committee proceeded no further. Death thinned its ranks. The late Dr. Ions, whose talents as a musician are well known, and who had agreed to assist the Committee in preparing the pieces selected for the press, was first carried off. Early in the year 1862, Mr. Kell, who was the soul of the Committee, was seized with a painful and incurable disease. Writing to Mr. White, under the date of March, 1862, he says: "As the state of my health precludes all hope of my prosecuting the search for ancient Northumbrian music, I shall feel much obliged if you will have the kindness to present to the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries a set of Northumbrian pipes, with the original one octave chanter; and a perfect copy of Peacock's book, of which I have recently become possessed. Every scrap of pipe music which I have is in a drawer in my breakfast room. I did hope to live to arrange the pieces, and have a fair copy made . . . . but of that there is now no prospect." Mr. Kell died in June that year. Mr. White, in carrying out Mr. Kell's wishes, presented to the Society the instrument and the papers referred to, accompanied by an able paper of his own upon "Northumberland Music." The music which had been collected, and all the correspondence and documents relating to it were, through Mr. White's care, properly arranged and placed in the archives of the Society. In the year 1870 Mr. White also died.

The writer of this Introduction, who, as Secretary of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries, had attended all the meetings of the Melodies Committee, thinking it a pity that its labours should not in some form be made public, adventured in 1877 to give a lecture before the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle upon our Northumbrian Ballads and Music, drawing his information chiefly from the stores referred to. The lecture being favourably received, a

second and a third followed in succeeding years. The love for the music of the small-pipes was to some extent revived. To encourage the growing taste, Mr. Crawhall, to whom the writer is indebted for much assistance in the preparation of his lectures, published a small collection of Pipe Music. Players upon the pipes were invited to compete in the Town Hall of Newcastle, and prizes were given to the best performers. This meeting was very successful, and it has been repeated for five successive years. As one result of the revived taste for our ancient melodies, the proprietors of the *Newcastle Courant* commenced at the close of 1878 to publish weekly one or more airs up to nearly the close of 1881, under the editorship of Mr. Stokoe.

The time seemed now to have arrived when the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle might with advantage proceed with the publication of the stores which had been acquired by its own Committee and by others; and accordingly, at the anniversary meeting in 1881, a resolution was come to authorizing the Senior Secretary and Mr. Stokoe to print a work upon the Ancient Melodies of Northumbria. In accordance with this resolution, the present volume is now placed in the hands of its members.

CONTENTS.

NORTHUMBRIAN MINSTRELSY.

PART I.—BALLADS AND SONGS.

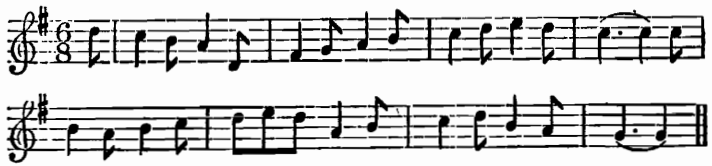
CHEVY CHASE.

CHEVY CHASE.—The heroic old ballad of Chevy Chase has for centuries maintained its popularity in England more firmly and perhaps more universally than any other ballad of the ancient English minstrels. The flower of chivalry, Sir Philip Sidney, declares in his Defence of Poetry: "I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet; and yet it is sung but by some blind crowder, with no rougher voice than rude style; which, being so evil-apparelled in the dust and cobweb of that uncivil age, what would it look trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindare." Ben Jonson declared that he would rather have been the author of it than of all his works; and in the last century, when Dr. Johnson so bitterly ridiculed Bishop Percy for collecting his "Reliques of Ancient Poetry"—a labour for which later generations thank him—"Chevy Chase" found an able apologist in Addison, who devoted two papers in the *Spectator* to analysing its beauties.

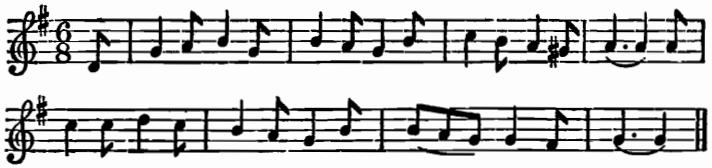
Numerous quotations from plays and other writings could be made to show that as early as the seventeenth century the ballad was popular and very much sung, despite its length.

There are three melodies, each with claims more or less genuine which may be considered as the original tune of the ballad. The first of these was given by Joseph Ritson in his English Songs, vol. iii., page 315, as "Chevy Chase," and it is sometimes called so in the Dance Books published about 1700. Probably the older name of

this tune is "Flying Fame," or "When Flying Fame," to which a large number of ballads have been written.



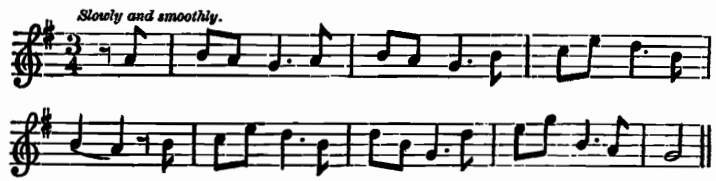
The next was published by the late Dr. Rimbault, in his "Music to Percy's Reliques," as the true Chevy Chase melody. It appears in a manuscript music book now in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, generally known as "Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book," although it can never have been the property of that Queen. It is written throughout in one handwriting, and in that writing are dates of 1603, 1605, and 1612. The title given to the tune in that book is "In Peascod Time" (*i.e.* peascod time, when field peas are gathered). It was extremely popular towards the end of the sixteenth century, and the early printed copies of Chevy Chase direct it to be sung to "In Peascod Time."



The third and last air, which we give below with the words of the old ballad, is the tune which has been identified with and sung and played to Chevy Chase by all Northumberland minstrels and pipers without exception from time immemorial; and the earliest copies of the ballad, printed on broadsheets (*with music*) about the commencement of last century, give this as the tune. It is difficult, if not impossible, at this late date to adjust the conflicting claims to priority of these tunes, as they all date from about the same period; and Chevy Chase is not the only instance where two of these very tunes have been used for one ballad. Mr. Chappell points out that, in "Pills to Purge Melancholy," 1707,

the ballads of "Henry V. at the Battle of Agincourt," "The Lady Isabella's Tragedy," and a song by Sir John Birkenhead are printed to this air, the last-named seeming to be a parody on "The Fire on London Bridge." According to the old ballads, "The Battle of Agincourt" should be sung to "Flying Fame," "The Lady Isabella's Tragedy" to "Peascod Time," and "The Fire on London Bridge" to "Chevy Chase." Mr. Chappell supposes this confusion to have arisen from Chevy Chase being sung to all three tunes; and he gives other instances of similar entanglements. The three tunes have for this reason been all included in this collection, although tradition and popular favour only recognise this last air as the true Chevy Chase.

In some of the old tune-books this last air is called "Now Ponder Well," or "The Children in the Wood," from that favourite old ballad having been sung to it.



The following is the ballad as given by Bishop Percy in his "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry." He thinks that it cannot be assigned to a lower period than the reign of Henry VI.

I.—THE ANCIENT BALLAD OF CHEVY-CHASE.

THE FIRSTE FIT.

The Persè owt of Northombarlande,
And a vowe to God mayd he,
That he wolde hunte in the mountayns
Off Chyviat within dayes thre.
In the mauger of doughtè Doglas,
And all that ever with him be.

The fattiste hartes in all Cheviat
He sayd he wold kill, and carry them away:
Be my feth, sayd the dougheti Doglas agayn,
I wyll let that hontyng yf that I may.

Then the Persè owt of Bamborowe cam,
With him a myghtye meany;
With fifteen hundrith archares bold;
The wear chosen out of shyars thre.

This begane on a Monday at morn
In Cheviat the hillys so hee;
The chyld may rue that ys unborn,
It was the mor pittè.

The dryvars thorowe the woodès went
For to reas the dear;
Bomen bickarte uppone the bent
With ther browd arars cleare.

Then the wyld thorowe the woodès went
On every sydè shear;
Grea-hondes thorowe the greves glent
For to kyll thear the dear.

The[y] begane in Chyviat the hyls above
Yerly on a Monynday;
Be that it drewe to the oware off none
A hondrith fat hartes ded ther lay.

The[y] blewe a mort uppone the bent,
The[y] semblyd on sydis shear;
To the quyrry then the Persè went
To se the bryttlynge off the deare.

He sayd, "It was the Duglas promys
This day to meet me hear;
But I wyste he wold faylle verament:"
A gret oth the Persè swear.

At the laste a squyar of Northombelonde
Lokyde at his hand full ny,
He was war ath the doughetie Doglas comynge;
With him a mightè meany.

Both with spear, [byll], and brande:
Yt was a myghti sight to se.
Hardyar men both off hart nar hande
Wear not in Christiantè.

The[y] wear twenty hondrith spearmen good
Withouten any fayle;
The[y] wear borne along be the watter a Twyde,
Yth bowndes of Tividale.

"Leave off the brytlyng of the dear," he sayde,
"And to your bowys look ye tayk good heed;
For never sithe ye wear on your mothars borne
Had ye never so mickle need."

The dougheti Dogglas on a stede
He rode att his men beforne;
His armor glytteryde as dyd a glede;
A bolder barne was never born.

"Tell me [what] men ye are," he says,
"Or whos men that ye be:
Who gave youe leave to hunt in this
Chyviat chays in the spyt of me?"

The first mane that ever him an answear mayd,
Yt it was the good lord Persè:
"We wyll not tell the what men we ar," he sayd,
"Nor whos men that we be;
But we wyll hount hear in this chays
In spite of thyne, and of the.

The fattiste hartes in all Chyviat
We have kyld, and cast to carry them a-way."
"Be my troth," sayd the doughtè Dogglas agayn,
"Ther-for the ton of us shall de this day."

Then sayd the doughtè Doglas
Unto the Lord Persè:
"To kyll all thes giltless men,
A-las! it wear great pittè.

But, Persè, thowe art a lord of lande,
I am a yerle callyd within my contre;
Let all our men uppone a parti stande;
And do the battell of the and of me."

"Nowe Christes cors on his crowne," sayd the lord Persè,
"Who-soever ther-to says nay.
Be my troth, doughtè Doglas," he says,
"Thow shalt never se that day;

Nethar in Ynglonde, Skottlonde, nar France,
Nor for no man of a woman born,
But and fortune be my chance,
I dar met him on man for on."

Then bespayke a squyar off Northombarlonde,
Ric. Wytharynton was his nam;
"It shall never be told in Sothe-Ynglonde," he says,
To Kyng Herry the fourth for sham.

I wat youe byn great lordes twaw,
  I am a poor squyar of lande;
I wyll never se my captayne fyght on a fylde,
  And stande my-selffe, and looke on,
But whyll I may my weppone welde,
  I wyll not [fayl] both harte and hande."

That day, that day, that dredfull day:
  The first fit here I fynde.
And youe wyll here any mor athe hountyng athe Chyviat,
  Yet ys ther mor behynde.

THE SECOND FIT.

The Ynglishe men hade ther bowys yebent,
  Ther hartes were good yenoughe;
The first of arros that the[y] shote off,
  Seven skore spear-men the sloughe.

Yet bydys the yerle Doglas uppon the bent,
  A captayne good yenoughe,
And that was sene verament,
  For he wrought hom both woo and wouche.

The Dogglas pertyd his ost in thre,
  Lyke a cheffe cheften off pride,
With suar speares off myghttè tre
  The[y] cum in on every syde.

Thrughe our Ynglishe archery
  Gave many a wounde full wyde;
Many a doughete the garde to dy,
  Which ganyde them no pryde.

The Ynglyshe men let thear bowys be,
  And pulde owt brandes that wer bryght;
It was a hevy syght to se
  Bryght swordes on basnites lyght.

Thorowe ryche male, and myne-ye-ple
  Many sterne the stroke downe streght:
Many a freyke, that was full free,
  Ther undar foot dyd lyght.

At last the Duglas and the Persè met,
  Lyk to captayns of myght and mayne;
The swapte togethar tyll the[y] both swat
  With swordes, that wear of fyn myllan.

Thes worthè freckys for to fyght
  Ther-to the wear full fayne,
Tyll the bloode owte off thear basnetes sprente,
  As ever dyd heal or rayne.

"Holde the, Persè," sayd the Doglas,
  "And i'feth I shall the brynge
Wher thowe shalte have a yerls wagis
  Of Jamy our Scottish kynge.

Thoue shalte have thy ransom free,
  I hight the hear this thinge,
For the manfullyste man yet art thowe,
  That ever I conqueryd in filde fightyng."

"Nay [then]" sayd the lord Persè,
  "I tolde it the beforne,
That I wolde never yeldyde be
  To no man of a woman born."

With that ther cam an arrowe hastely
  Forthe off a mightie wane,
Hit hathe strekene the yerle Duglas
  In at the brest bane.

Thoroue lyvar and longs bathe
  The sharp arrowe ys gane,
That never after in all his lyffe days,
  He spayke mo wordes but ane,
That was, "Fyghte ye, my merry men, whyllys ye may,
  For my lyff days ben gan."

The Persè leanyde on his brande,
  And sawe the Duglas de;
He tooke the dede man be the hande,
  And sayd, "Wo ys me for the!

To have savyde thy lyffe I wold have pertyd with
  My landes for years thre,
For a better man of hart, nare of hande,
  Was not in all the north countrè."

Off all that se a Skottishe knyght,
  Was callyd Sir Hewe the Mongon-byrry,
He sawe the Duglas to the deth was dyght;
  He spendyd a spear a trusti tre:

He rod uppon a corsiare
  Throughe a hondrith archery;
He never styntyde, nar never blane,
  Tyll he cam to the good lord Persè.

He set uppone the Lord Persè
  A dynte, that was full soare;
With a suar spear of a myghtè tre
  Clean throw the body he the Persè bore,

Athe tothar syde, that a man myght se,
A large cloth yard and mare:
Towe bettar captayns wear nat in Christiantè,
Then that day slain wear ther.

An archar off Northomberlonde
Say slean was the lord Persè,
He bar a bende-bow in his hande,
Was made off trusti tre:

An arow, that a cloth yarde was lang,
To th' hard stele halyde he;
A dynt, that was both sad and soar,
He sat on Sir Hewe the Mongon-byrry.

The dynt yt was both sad and sar,
That he of Mongon-byrry sete;
The swane-fethars, that his arrowe bar,
With his hart blood the[y] wear wete.

Ther was never a freake wone foot wolde fle,
But still in stour dyd stand,
Heawyng on yche othar, whyll the[y] myght dre,
With many a bal-ful brande.

This battell begane in Chyviat
An owar befor the none,
And when evensong bell was rang
The battell was not half done.

The[y] tooke [on] on ethar hand
Be the lyght off the mone;
Many hade no strength for to stande,
In Chyviat the hyllys aboun.

Of fifteen hondrith archars of Ynglonde
Went away but fifti and thre;
Of twenty hondrith spear men of Skotlonde,
But even five and fifti:

But all were slayne Cheviat within:
The[y] hade no strengthe to stand on hie;
The chylde may rue that ys un-borne,
It was the mor pittè.

Thear was slayne with the lord Persè
Sir John of Agerstone,
Sir Roge the hinde Hartly,
Sir Wyllyam the bolde Heame.

Sir Jorg the worthe Lovele,
A knyght of great renowen,
Sir Raff the ryche Rugbè
With dyntes wear beaten dowene.

For Wetharryngton my harte was wo,
That ever he slayne shulde be;
For when both his leggis wear hewyne in to,
Yet he knyled and fought on hys kne.

Then was slayne with the dougheti Douglas,
Sir Hewe the Mongon-byrry,
Sir Davye Lwdale, that worthe was,
His sistars son was he:

Sir Charles a Murre, in that place,
That never a foot wolde flee;
Sir Hewe Maxwell, a lorde he was,
With the Duglas dyd he dey.

So on the[y] morrowe the mayde them byears
Off byrch, and hasell so [gray];
Many wedous with wepyng tears
Cam to fach ther makys a way.

Tivydale may carpe off care,
Northombarlond may mayk grat mone,
For towe such captayns, as slayne wear thear,
On the march perti shall never be none.

Word ys commen to Edden-burrowe,
To Jamy the Skottische king,
That dougheti Duglas, lyff-tenant of the Merches,
He lay slean Chyviot with-in.

His handdes dyd he weal and wryng,
He sayd, "Alas, and woe ys me!
Such unother captayn Skotland within,
He sayd, "y-feth shuld never be."

Worde is commyn to lovly Londone,
Till the fourth Harry our kyng,
That lord Persè, leyff-tennante of the Merchis
He lay slayne Chyviat within.

"God have merci on his soll," sayd kyng Harry,
"Good lord, yf thy will it be!
I have a hondrith captayns in Ynglonde," he sayd,
"As good as ever was hee:
But Persè, and I brook my lyffe,
Thy deth well quyte shall be."

As our noble kyng made his a-vowe,
  Like a noble prince of renowen,
For the deth of the lord Persè,
  He dyd the battel of Hombyll-down:

Wher syx and thritte Skottish knyghtes
  On a day wear beaten down:
Glendale glytteryde on ther armor bryght,
  Over castill, towar, and town.

This was the hontynge off the Cheviat;
  That tear began this spurn:
Old men that knowen the grounde well yenoughe,
  Call it the Battell of Otterburn.

At Otterburn began this spurne
  Uppon a monnyn day;
Ther was the dougghtè Doglas slean,
  The Persè never went away.

Ther was never a tym on the march partes
  Sen the Doglas and the Persè met,
But yt was marvele, and the redde blude ronne not,
  As the reane doys in the stret.

Jhesuc Christ our balys bete,
  And to the blys us brynge!
Thus was the hountynge of the Chevyat,
  God send us all good ending!

The following version of the grand heroic ballad of Chevy Chase is supposed by Bishop Percy to have been written about the time of Queen Elizabeth. Mr. Chappell is of opinion that it was the work of Richard Sheale, a writer in that reign.

II.—THE MORE MODERN BALLAD OF CHEVY CHASE.

God prosper long our noble king
  Our lives and safetyes all;
A woefull hunting once there did
  In Chevy Chase befall;

To drive the deere with hound and horne,
  Erle Percy took his way;
The child may rue that is unborne,
  The hunting of that day.

The stout Erle of Northumberland
  A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
  Three summers days to take;

The cheefest harts in Chevy Chase,
  To kill and beare away.
These tydings to Erle Douglas came,
  In Scottland where he lay:

Who sent Erle Percy present word,
  He wold prevent his sport.
The English Erle, not fearing that,
  Did to the woods resort

With fifteen hundred bow-men bold;
  All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of neede
  To ayme their shafts arright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran
  To chase the fallow deere:
On munday they began to hunt,
  Ere daylight did appeare;

And long before high noone they had
  An hundred fat buckes slaine;
Then having dined, the drovyers went
  To rouze the deare againe.

The bow-men mustered on the hills,
  Well able to endure;
Theire backsides all, with speciall care,
  That day were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
  The nimble deere to take,
That with their cryes the hills and dales
  An eccho shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
  To view the slaughter'd deere;
Quoth he, "Erle Douglas promised
  This day to meet me heere:

But if I thought he wold not come,
  Noe longer wold I stay."
With that, a brave younge gentleman
  Thus to the Erle did say:

"Loe, yonder doth Erle Douglas come,
  His men in armour bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish speres
  All marching in our sight;

All men of pleasant Tivydale,
Fast by the river Tweede:"
"O cease your sports," Erle Percy said,
"And take your bowes with speede:

And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance;
For there was never champion yett,
In Scotland or in France,

That ever did on horsebacke come,
But if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to break a spere."

Erle Douglas on his milke-white steede,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode formost of his company,
Whose armour shone like gold.

"Show me," sayd hee, "whose men you bee
That hunt soe boldly heere,
That, without my consent, doe chase
And kill my fallow-deere."

The first man that did answer make,
Was noble Percy hee;
Who sayd, "Wee list not to declare,
Nor shew whose men wee bee:

Yet wee will spend our dearest blood,
Thy cheefest harts to slay."
Then Douglas swore a solempne oathe,
And thus in rage did say,

"Ere thus I will out-braved bee,
One of us two shall dye:
I know thee well, an erle thou art:
Lord Percy, soe am I.

But trust me, Percy, pittye it were,
And great offence to kill
Any of these our guiltlesse men,
For they have done no ill.

Let thou and I the battell trye,
And set our men aside."
"Accurst bee he," Erle Percy sayd,
"By whome this is denyed."

Then stept a gallant squier forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who sayd, "I wold not have it told
To Henry our king for shame,

That ere my captaine fought on foote,
And I stood looking on,
You bee two erles," sayd Witherington,
And I a squier alone;

[Ile doe the best that doe I may,
While I have power to stand:
While I have power to weeld my sword,
Ile fight with hart and hand."

Our English archers bent their bowes,
Their harts were good and trew;
Att the first flight of arrowes sent,
Full four-score Scotts they slew.

Yet bides Earl Douglas on the bent,
As chieftain stout and good.
As valiant captain, all unmov'd,
The shock he firmly stood.

His host he parted had in three,
As leader ware and try'd,
And soon his spearmen on their foes
Bare down on every side.]

Throughout the English archery
They dealt full many a wound:
But still our valiant Englishmen
All firmly kept their ground:

And throwing strait their bows away,
They grasp'd their swords so bright:
And now sharp blows, a heavy shower,
On shields and helmets light.

They closed full fast on everye side,
Noe slacknes there was found;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

O Christ! it was a griefe to see,
And likewise for to heare,
The cries of men lying in their gore,
And scattered here and there.

At last these two stout erles did meet,
Like captaines of great might:
Like lyons wood, they layd on lode,
And made a cruell fight:

They fought untill they both did sweat,
With swords of tempered steele;
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling downe did feele.

"Yeeld thee, Lord Percy," Douglas sayd;
"In faith I will thee bringe,
Where thou shalt high advanced bee
By James our Scottish king:

Thy ransome I will freely give,
And this report of thee,
Thou art the most couragious knight
That ever I did see."

"Noe, Douglas," quoth Erle Percy then,
"Thy proffer I doe scorne;
I will not yeelde to any Scott,
That ever yett was borne."

With that, there came an arrow keene
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Erle Douglas to the heart,
A deepe and deadlye blow:

Who never spake more words than these,
"Fight on, my merry men all;
For why, my life is at an end;
Lord Percy sees my fall."

Then leaving liffe, Erle Percy tooke
The dead man by the hand;
And said, "Erle Douglas for thy life
Wold I had lost my land.

O Christ, my verry hart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake;
For sure, a more redoubted knight
Mischance cold never take."

A knight amongst the Scots there was,
Which saw Erle Douglas dye,
Who streight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Lord Percye:

Sir Hugh Mountgomery was he call'd,
Who, with a spere most bright,
Well-mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight;

And past the English archers all,
Without all dread or feare;
And through Earl Percyes body then,
He thrust his hatefull spere;

With such a vehement force and might
He did his body gore,
The staff ran through the other side
A large cloth-yard, and more.

So thus did both these nobles dye,
Whose courage none could staine:
An English archer then perceiv'd
The noble erle was slaine;

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Up to the head drew hee:

Against Sir Hugh Mountgomerye,
So right the shaft he sett,
The grey goose-winge that was thereon,
In his harts bloode was wett.

This fight did last from breake of day,
Till setting of the sun;
For when they rung the evening-bell,
The battel scarce was done.

With stout Erle Percy, there was slaine
Sir John of Egerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
Sir James that bold barrón:

And with Sir George and stout Sir James,
Both knights of good acconnt,
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slaine,
Whose prowesse did surmount.

For Witherington needs must I wayle,
As one in doleful dumpes;
For when his leggs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumpes.

And with Erle Douglas, there was slaine
Sir Hugh Mountgomerye,
Sir Charles Murray, that from the feeld
One foote wold never flee.

Sir Charles Murray, of Ratcliff, too,
His sisters sonne was hee;
Sir David Lamb, so well esteemed,
Yet saved cold not bee.

And the Lord Maxwell in like case
Did with Erle Douglas dye:
Of twenty hundred Scottish speres,
Scarce fifty-five did flye.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
Went home but fifty-three;
The rest were slaine in Chevy Chase,
Under the greene woode tree.

Next day did many widowes come,
Their husbands to bewayle;
They washt their wounds in brinish teares,
But all wold not prevayle.

Theyr bodyes, bathed in purple gore,
They bare with them away:
They kist them dead a thousand times,
Ere they were cladd in clay.

The newes was brought to Eddenborrow,
Where Scottlands king did raigne,
That brave Erle Douglas suddenlye
Was with an arrow slaine:

"O heavy newes," King James did say,
"Scotland may witnesse bee,
I have not any captaine more
Of such account as hee."

Like tidings to King Henry came,
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slaine in Chevy Chase!

"Now God be with him," said our king,
"Sith it will noe better bee;
I trust I have, within my realme,
Five hundred as good as hee;

Yett shall not Scotts nor Scotland say,
But I will vengeance take:
I'll be revenged on them all,
For brave Erle Percyes sake."

This vow full well the king perform'd
After, at Humbledowne;
In one day, fifty knights were slayne,
With lords of great renowne:

And of the rest, of small account,
Did many thousands dye:
Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chase,
Made by the Erle Percy.

God save our king, and bless this land
With plentye, joy, and peace;
And grant henceforth, that foule debate
'Twixt noblemen may cease.

III.—THE BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE.

This ballad, Bishop Percy thinks, is at least as old as the earlier ballad of Chevy Chase; historically it is more correct.

Yt felle abowght the Lamasse tyde,
Whan husbonds wynn ther haye,
The dowghtye Dowglasse bowynd him to ryde,
In Ynglond to take a praye:

The yerlle of Fyffe withowghten stryffe,
He bowynd hym over Sulway:
The grete wolde ever together ryde;
That race they may rue for aye.

Over [Ottercap] hyll they came in,
And so dowyn by Rodelyffecragge,
Upon Grene [Leyton] they lighted dowyn,
Styrande many a stagge;

And boldely brente Northomberlonde,
And haryed many a towyn;
They dyd owr Ynglyssh men grete wrange,
To battell that were not bowyn.

Than spake a berne upon the bent,
Of comforte that was not colde,
And sayd, "We have brent Northomberlond,
We have all welth in holde.

Now we have haryed all Bamboroweshyre,
All the welth in the worlde have wee;
I rede we ryde to Newe Castell,
So styll and stalwurthlye."

Uppon the morowe, when it was daye,
The standards schone fulle bryght;
To the Newe Castelle the[y] toke the waye,
And thether they cam fulle ryght.

Sir Henry Percy laye at the Newe Castelle,
I telle yow withowtten drede;
He had byn a march-man all hys dayes,
And kepte Barwyke upon Twede.

To the Newe Castell when they cam,
The Skottes they cryde on hyght,
"Syr Harye Percy, and thow byste within,
Com to the fylde, and fyght:

For we have brente Northomberlonde,
Thy eritage good and ryght;
And syne my logeyng I have take,
With my brande dubbyd many a knyght."

Sir Harry Percy cam to the walles,
The Skottyssh oste for to se:
"And thou hast brent Northomberlond,
Full sore it rewyth me.

Yf thou hast haryed all Bambarowe shyre,
Thou hast done me grete envye;
For the trespasse thow hast me done,
The tone of us schall dye."

"Where schall I byde the?" sayd the Dowglas,
"Or where wylte thow come to me?"
"At Otterborne in the hygh way,
Ther maist thow well logeed be.

The roo full rekeles ther sche rinnes,
To make the game and glee;
The fawkon and the fesaunt both,
Amonge on the holtes on [hee.]

Ther maist thow have thy welth at wyll,
Well looged ther maist be.
Yt schall not be long, or I com the tyll,"
Sayd Syr Harry Percye.

"Ther schall I byde the," sayd the Dowglas,
"By the fayth of my bodye."
"Thether schall I com," sayd Syr Harry Percye;
"My trowth I plyght to the."

A pype of wyne he gave them over the walles,
For soth as I yow saye:
Ther he mayd the Douglas drynke,
And all hys oste that daye.

The Dowglas turnyd him homewarde agayne,
For soth withowghten naye,
He tooke his logeyng at Otterborne
Uppon a Wedyns-day:

And ther he pyght his standerd dowyn,
Hys gettyng more and lesse,
And syne he warned hys men to goo
To chose ther geldyngs gresse.

A Skottysshe knyght hoved upon the bent,
A wache I dare well saye:
So was he ware on the noble Percy
In the dawnynge of the daye.

He prycked to his payvleon door,
As faste as he myght ronne,
"Awaken, Dowglas," cryed the knyght,
"For hys love that settes yn trone.

Awaken, Dowglas," cryed the knyght,
"For thow maiste waken wyth wynne:
Yender have I spyed the prowde Percy,
And seven standerdes with hym."

"Nay by my trowth," the Douglas sayed,
"It ys but a fayned taylle:
He durste not loke on my bred banner,
For all Ynglonde so haylle.

as I not yesterdaye at the Newe Castell,
That stonds so fayre on Tyne?
For all the men the Percy hade,
He cowde not garre me ones to dyne."

He stepped owt at hys pavelyon dore,
To loke and it were lesse;
"Araye yow, lordyngs, one and all,
For here bygynnes no peysse.

The yerle of Mentaye, thou arte me eme,
The forwarde I gyve to thee:
The yerlle of Huntlay, cawte and kene,
He schall wyth the be.

The lorde of Bowghan in armure bryght
On the other hand he schall be;
Lorde Jhonstone, and lorde Maxwell,
They to schall be with me.

Swynton fayre fylde upon your pryde
To batell make yow bowen:
Syr Davy Scotte, Syr Walter Stewarde,
Syr Jhon of Agurstone."

The Perssy came byfore hys oste,
Wych was ever a gentyll knyght,
Upon the Dowglas lowde can he crye,
"I wyll holde that I have hyght:

For thow haste brente Northumberlonde,
And done me grete envye;
For thys trespasse thou hast me done,
The tone of us schall dye."

The Dowglas answerede him agayne
With grete wurds up on [hee],
And sayd, "I have twenty agaynst [thy] one
Byholde and thow maiste see."

Wyth that the Percye was grevyd sore,
For soothe as I yow saye:
*[He lyghted dowyn upon his fote,
And schoote his horsse cleane away.

Every man sawe that he dyd soo,
That ryall was ever in rowght;
Every man schoote hys horsse him froo,
And lyght hym rowynde abowght.

Thus Syr Hary Percye toke the fylde,
For soth, as I yow saye:
Jesu Cryste in hevyn on hyght
Dyd helpe hym well that daye.

But nyne thowzand, ther was no moo;
The cronykle wyll not layne:
Forty thowsande Skottes and fowre
That day fowght them agayne.

* All that follows, included in brackets, was not in the first edition of Bishop Percy's Reliques.

But when the batell byganne to joyne,
In hast ther came a knyght,
[Then] letters fayre furth hath he tayne,
And thus he sayd full ryght:

"My lorde, your father he gretes you well,
With many a noble knyght;
And he desyres yow to byde
That he may see thys fyght.

The Baron of Grastoke ys com owt of the west,
With him a noble companye;
All they loge at your fathers thys nyght,
And the Battel fayne wold they see."

For Jesu's love, sayd Sir Harye Percy,
That dyed for yow and me,
Wende to my lorde my Father agayne,
And saye thow saw me not with yee:

My trowth ys plyght to yonne Skottysh knyght,
It needes me not to layne,
That I schulde byde hym upon thys bent,
And I have hys trowth agayne:

And if that I wende off thys grownde,
For soth unfoughten awaye,
He wolde me call but a kowarde knyght
In hys londe another daye.

Yet had I lever to be rynde and rente,
By Mary that mykel maye;
Then ever my manhod schulde be reprovyd
With a Skotte another daye.

Wherfore schote, archars, for my sake,
And let scharpe arowes flee:
Mynstrells, playe up for your waryson,
And well quyt it schall be.

Every man thynke on his trewe love,
And marke hym to the Trenite:
For to God I make myne avowe
Thys day wyll I not fle."

The blodye Harte in the Dowglas armes,
Hys standerde stode on hye;
That every man myght full well knowe:
By syde stode Starres thre.

The whyte Lyon on the Ynglysh parte,
Forsoth as I yow sayne;
The Lucetts and the Cressawnts both:
The Skotts faught them agayne.]

Uppon sent Andrewe lowde cane they crye,
And thrysse they schowte on hyght,
And syne marked them one owr Ynglysshe men,
As I have tolde yow ryght.

Sent George the bryght owr ladyes knyght,
To name they were full fayne,
Owr Ynglysshe men they cryde on hyght,
And thrysse the[y] schowtte agayne.

Wyth that scharpe arowes bygan to flee,
I tell you in sertayne;
Men of armes byganne to joyne;
Many a dowghty man was ther slayne.

The Percy and the Dowglas mette,
That ether of other was fayne;
They schapped together, whyll that the[y] swette,
With swords of fyne Collayne;

Tyll the bloode from ther bassonetts ranne,
As the roke doth in the rayne.
"Yelde the to me," sayd the Dowglàs,
"Or ells thow schalt be slayne:

For I see, by thy bryght bassonet,
Thow arte sum man of myght;
And so I do by thy burnysshed brande,
Thow art an yerle, or ells a knyght."

"By my good faythe," sayd the noble Percy,
"Now haste thou rede full ryght,
Yet wyll I never yelde me to the,
Whyll I may stonde and fyght."

They swapped together, whyll that they swette,
Wyth swordes scharpe and long;
Ych on other so faste they beette,
Till ther helmes cam in peyses dowyn.

The Percy was a man of strenghth,
I tell yow in thys stounde,
He smote the Dowglas at the swordes length,
That he felle to the growynde.

The sworde was scharpe and sore can byte,
I tell yow in sertayne;
To the harte he cowde hym smyte,
Thus was the Dowglas slayne.

The stonderds stood styll on eke syde,
With many a grevous grone;
Ther they fowght the day, and all the nyght
And many a dowghty man was [slone].

Ther was no freke, that ther wold flye,
But styffly in stowre can stond,
Ychone hewyng on other whyll they myght drye,
With many a bayllefull bronde.

Ther was slayne upon the Skottes syde,
For soth and sertenly,
Syr James a Dowglas ther was slayne,
That daye that he cowde dye.

The yerlle Mentaye of he was slayne,
Grysely groned uppon the growynd;
Syr Davy Scotte, Syr Walter Steward,
Syr [John] of Augurstonne.

Syr Charlles Morrey in that place,
Thet never a fote wold flye;
Sir Hughe Maxwell, a lorde he was,
With the Dowglas dyd he dye.

Ther was slayne upon the Skottes syde,
For soth as I yow saye,
Of fowre and forty thowsande Scotts
Went but eyghtene awaye.

Ther was slayne upon the Ynglysshe syde,
For soth and sertenlye,
A gentell knyght, Sir John Fitz-hughe,
Yt was the more petye.

Syr James Harebotell ther was slayne,
For hym ther hartes were sore,
The gentyll [Lovelle] ther was slayne,
That the Percyes standerd bore.

Ther was slayne uppon the Ynglyssh perte,
For soth as I yow saye;
Of nyne thowsand Ynglyssh men
Fyve hondert cam awaye:

The other were slayne in the fylde,
  Cryste kepe their sowles from wo,
Seying ther was so fewe fryndes
  Agaynst so many a foo.

Then one the morne they mayd them beeres
  Of byrch, and haysell graye;
Many a wydowe with wepying teyres
  Ther makes they fette awaye.

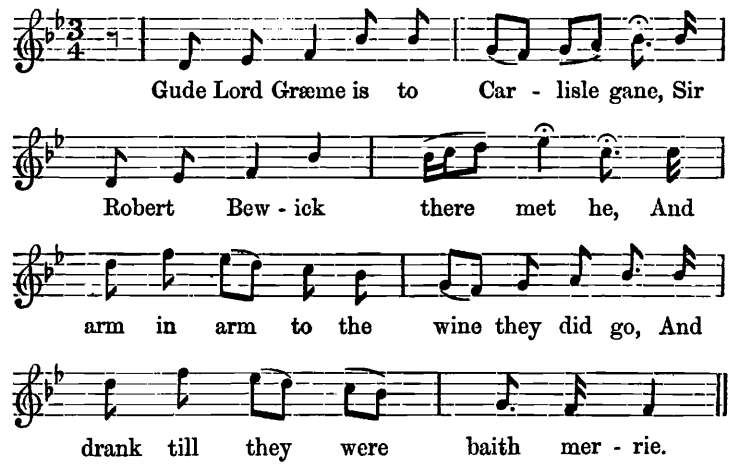
Thys fraye bygan at Otterborne,
  Bytween the nyghte and the day:
Ther the Dowglas lost his lyfe,
  And the Percy was lede awaye.

Then was ther a Scottyshe prisoner tayne,
  Syr Hughe Mongomery was hys name,
For soth as I yow saye,
  He borowed the Percy home agayne.

Now let us all for the Percy praye
  To Jesu most of myght,
To bryng hys sowle to the blysse of heven,
  For he was a gentyll knyght.

THE BEWICK AND THE GRÆME.

The ballad of "The Bewick and the Græme" is another of the heroic class. It was nearly lost; but was rescued by Sir Walter Scott, who took it down from the recitation of a gentleman who remembered the whole of it with the exception of a few verses. These were supplied by an ostler in Carlisle.



Gude Lord Græme is to Carlisle gane,
  Sir Robert Bewick there met he,
And arm in arm to the wine they did go,
  And they drank till they were baith merrie.

Gude Lord Græme has ta'en up the cup—
  "Sir Robert Bewick and here's to thee!
And here's to our twa sons at hame!
  For they like us best in our ain countrie."—

"O were your son a lad like mine,
  And learn'd some books that he could read,
They might hae been twa brethren bauld,
  And they might hae bragg'd the Border side.

But your son's a lad, and he's but bad,
  And billie to my son he canna be."

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

"Ye sent him to the schools and he wadna learn,
Ye bought him books and he wadna read."—
"But my blessing shall he never earn
Till I see how his arm can defend his head."

Gude Lord Græme has a reckoning call'd,
A reckoning then called he;
And he paid a crown, and it went roun',
It was all for the gude wine and free.

And he has to the stable gane,
Where there stude thirty steeds and three,
He's ta'en his ain horse amang them a',
And hame he rade sae manfullie.

"Welcome, my auld father!" said Christie Græme,
"But where sae lang frae hame were ye?"—
"It's I hae been at Carlisle town,
And a baffled man by thee I be.

"I hae been at Carlisle town,
Where Sir Robert Bewick he met me;
He says ye're a lad, and ye are but bad,
And billie to his son ye canna be.

"I sent ye to the schools and ye wadna learn,
I bought ye books and ye wadna read,
Therefore, my blessing ye shall never earn,
Till I see with Bewick thou save thy head."

"Now God forbid, my auld father,
That ever sic a thing suld be;
Billie Bewick was my master and I was his scholar,
And aye sae weel as he learned me."

"O hald thy tongue, thou limmer loon,
And of thy talking let me be;
If thou disna end me this quarrel soon
There is my glove, I'll fight wi' thee."

Then Christie Græme he stooped low,
Unto the ground you shall understand—
"O father put on your glove again,
The wind has blown it from your hand."

"What's that thou says, thou limmer loon,
How dares thou stand to speak to me?
If thou do not end this quarrel soon,
There's my right hand, thou shalt fight with me."

Then Christie Græme's to his chamber gane,
To consider weel what then should be,
Whether he should fight with his auld father,
Or with his billie Bewick, he.

"If I suld kill my billie dear,
God's blessing I shall never win;
But if I strike at my auld father,
I think 'twould be a mortal sin.

But if I kill my billie dear,
It is God's will, so let it be;
But I make a vow ere I gang frae hame,
That I shall be the next man's dee."

Then he's put on his back a gude auld jack,
And on his head a cap of steel,
And sword and buckler by his side,
O gin he did not become them weel!

We'll leave off talking of Christie Græme,
And talk of him again belyve,
And we will talk of bonnie Bewick,
Where he was teaching his scholars five.

When he had taught them well to fence,
And handle swords without any doubt,
He took his sword under his arm,
And he walk'd his father's close about.

He looked atween him and the sun,
And a' to see what there might be,
Till he spied a man in armour bright,
Was riding that way most hastilie.

"O wha is yon that cam this way,
Sae hastilie that hither came?
I think it be my brother dear!
I think it be young Christie Græme.—

"Ye're welcome here, my billie dear,
And thrice ye're welcome unto me!"
"But I'm wae to say I've seen the day
When I am come to fight wi' thee.

"My father's gane to Carlisle town
Wi' your father Bewick there met he:
He says I'm a lad and I am but bad,
And a baffled man I trow I be.

"He sent me to schools and I wadna learn ;
He gae me books and I wadna read ;
Sae my father's blessing I'll never earn
Till he see how my arm can guard my head."—

"O God forbid, my billie dear,
That ever such a thing suld be ;
We'll take three men on either side,
And see if we can our father's agree."

"Oh haud thy tongue now, billie Bewick,
And of thy talking let me be ;
But if thou'rt a man, as I'm sure thou art,
Come o'er the dyke and fight wi' me."—

"But I hae nae harness, billie, on my back,
As weel I see there is on thine,"—
"But as little harness as is on thy back,
As little, billie, shall be on mine."—

Then he's thrown off his coat o' mail,
His cap of steel awa flung he;
He stuck his spear into the ground,
And he tied his horse unto a tree.

Then Bewick has thrawn aff his cloak,
And's psalter-book frae's hand flung he ;
He laid his hand upon the dyke,
And ower he lap most manfullie.

O they hae fought for twa lang hours,—
When twa lang hours were come and gane
The sweat drapp'd fast frae aff them baith,
But a drop o' blude could not be seen.

Till Græme gae Bewick an akward stroke,
An akward stroke strucken sickerlie ;
He has hit him under the left breast,
And dead-wounded to the ground fell he.

"Rise up, rise up, now, billie dear !
Arise and speak three words to me !—
Whether thou's gotten' thy deadly wound,
Or if God and good leeching may succour thee?"—

"O horse, O horse, now, billie Græme,
And get thee far from hence with speed,
And get thee out of this country,
That none may know who has done the deed."—

"O I have slain thee, billie Bewick,
If this be true thou tellest to me ;
But I made a vow ere I came frae home,
That aye the next man I wad be."—

He has pitched his sword in a moodie hill,
And he has leap'd twenty lang feet and three,
And on his ain sword's point he lap,
And dead upon the ground fell he.

Twas then came up Sir Robert Bewick,
And his brave son alive saw he.
"Rise up, rise up, my son," he said,
For I think ye hae gotten the victorie."—

"O haud your tongue, my father dear !
Of your pridefu' talking let me be!
Ye might hae drunken your wine in peace,
And let me and my billie be.

Gae dig a grave baith wide and deep,
And a grave to haud baith him and me ;
But lay Christie Græme on the sunny side,
For I'm sure he wan the victorie."

"Alack ! a wae !" auld Bewick cried,
"Alack, was I not much to blame?
I'm sure I've lost the liveliest lad
That e'er was born unto my name."—

"Alack ! a wae !" quo gude Lord Græme,
"I'm sure I hae lost the deeper lack !
I durst hae ridden the Border through,
Had Christie Græme been at my back.

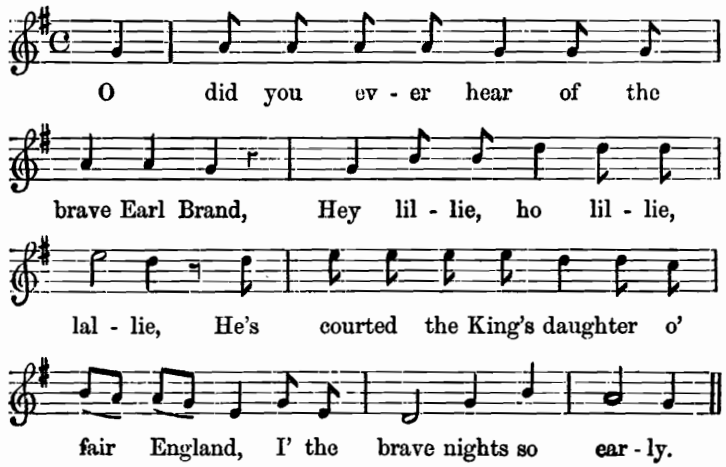
"Had I been led through Liddesdale,
And thirty horsemen guarding me,
And Christie Græme been at my back,
Sae soon as he had set me free !

"I've lost my hopes, I've lost my joy,
I've lost the key but and the lock ;
I durst hae ridden the world around,
Had Christie Græme been at my back."

The copy here given is taken from the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." Sir Walter Scott deemed the date uncertain, but placed it late in the sixteenth century.

The ballad is remarkable as containing probably the very latest allusion to the institution of brotherhood in arms, which was held so sacred in the days of chivalry, and whose origin may be traced up to the Scythian ancestors of Odin. The melody is peculiar, and, like many ancient tunes, contains only one movement.

THE BRAVE EARL BRAND AND THE KING OF ENGLAND'S DAUGHTER.



O did you ever hear of the brave Earl Brand,
Hey lillie, ho lillie lallie;
He's courted the King's daughter o' fair England,
I' the brave nights so early!

She was scarcely fifteen years that tide,
Hey lillie, &c.
When sae boldly she came to his bedside,
I' the brave nights, &c.

"O, Earl Brand, how fain wad I see
A pack of hounds let loose on the lea."

"O lady fair, I have no steed but one,
But thou shalt ride, and I will run."

"O, Earl Brand, but my father has two,
And thou shalt have the best o' tho'."

Now they have ridden o'er moss and moor,
And they have met neither rich nor poor.

Till at last they met with old Carl Hood,
He's aye for ill and never for good.

"Now, Earl Brand, an' ye love me,
Slay this old Carl and gar him dee."

"O lady fair, but that would be sair,
To slay an auld Carl that wears grey hair.

"My own lady fair, I'll not do that,
I'll pay him his fee . . . . . ."

"O, where have you ridden this lee lang day,
And where have you stown this fair lady away?"

"I have not ridden this lee lang day,
Nor yet have I stown this lady away.

"For she is, I trow, my sick sister,
Whom I have been bringing fra' Winchester."

"If she's been sick and nigh to dead,
What makes her wear the ribbon sae red?

"If she's been sick and like to die,
What makes her wear the gold sae high?"

When came the Carl to the lady's yett,
He rudely, rudely rapped thereat.

"Now where is the lady of this hall?"
"She's out with her maids a playing at the ball."

"Ha, ha, ha! ye are all mista'en,
Ye may count your maidens owre again.

"I met her far beyond the lea,
With the young Earl Brand his leman to be.

"His father of his best men armed fifteen—
And they're ridden after them bidene."

The lady looked owre her left shoulder, then
Says, "O Earl Brand we are both of us ta'en."

"If they come on me one by one,
You may stand by me till the fights be done

"But if they come on me one and all,
You may stand by and see me fall."

They came upon him one by one,
Till fourteen battles he has won;

And fourteen men he has them slain,
Each after each upon the plain.

But the fifteenth man behind stole round,
And dealt him a deep and a deadly wound.

Though he was wounded to the deid,
He set his lady on her steed.

They rode till they came to the river Doune,
And there they lighted to wash his wound.

"O, Earl Brand, I see your heart's blood."
"It's nothing but the glent and my scarlet hood.'

They rode till they came to his mother's yett,
So faintly and feebly he rapped thereat.

"O my son's slain, he is falling to swoon,
And it's all for the sake of an English loon."

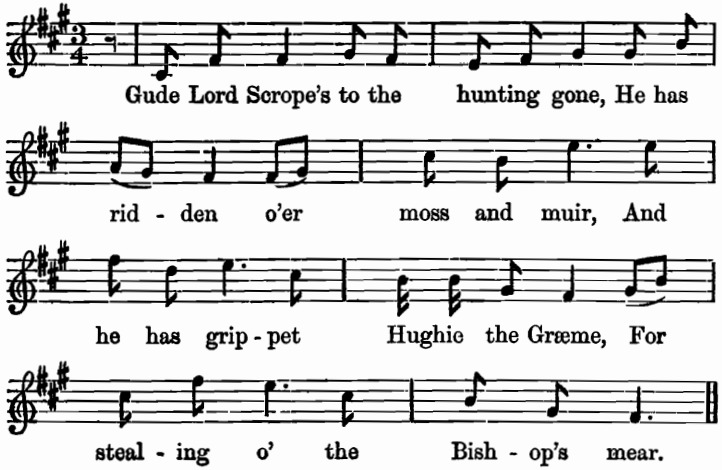
"O say not so, my dearest mother,
But marry her to my youngest brother."

"To a maiden true he'll give his hand,
Hey lillie, ho lillie lallie,
To the king's daughter o' fair England,
To a prize that was won by a slain brother's brand,
I' the brave nights so early."

This ballad, which resembles the Danish ballad of *Ribolt*, was taken down from the recitation of an old fiddler in Northumberland, as Mr. J. H. Dixon informs us in his "Ballads and Songs of the English Peasantry." The copy which we have here followed is taken from a MS. in the handwriting of the late Mr. Robert White, now in the possession of his sister, Mrs. Andrews, of Claremont Place, Newcastle, to whose recollection we are indebted for the beautiful air to which the ballad was chanted in the olden time. Mrs. Andrews learnt the tune from her mother. Professor Child, of Boston, in his edition of "English and Scottish Ballads," is of opinion that this ballad is certainly the most important addition made of late years to the stores of genuine minstrel poetry.

One peculiarity of the ballad is that it is of a duolinear character. The verses consist of four lines, but the second and fourth lines are the same throughout the whole piece. Ballads of a similar metrical construction seem to have been common to all the Northern nations.

HUGHIE THE GRÆME.



Gude Lord Scroope's to the hunting gane,
He has ridden o'er moss and muir,
And he has grippit Hughie the Græme,
For stealing o' the Bishop's mear.

"Now good Lord Scroope this may not be,
Here hangs a broad sword by my side,
And if that thou canst conquer me,
The matter it may soon be tryed."

"I ne'er was afraid of a traitor thief,
Although thy name be Hughie the Græme,
I'll make thee repent thee of 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 two is the better man."

But as they were dealing their blows so free,
And both so bloody at the time,
Ower the moss came ten yeomen so tall,
All for to take brave Hughie the Græme.

Then they hae grippit Hughie the Græme,
And brought him up through Carlisle town.
The lads and lasses stood on the walls,
Crying "Hughie the Græme, thou'se ne'er gae down!"

Then hae they chosen a jury o' men,
The best that were in Carlisle town,
And twelve o' them cried out at once
"Hughie the Græme thou must gae down!"

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

"O no, O no, my gude Lord Hume,
Forsooth and sae it mauna be,
For were there but three Græmes of the name,
They suld be hangit a' for me."

'Twas up and spake the gude Lady Hume,
As she sat by the judge's knee,—
"A peck o' white pennies my gude Lord Judge,
If you'll grant Hughie the Græme to me."

"O no, O no, my gude Lady Hume,
Forsooth and so it mustna be,
Were he but the one Græme of the name,
He suld be hangit high for me."

"If I be guilty," said Hughie the Græme,
"Of me my friends shall have small talk;"
And he has louped fifteen feet and three,
Tho' his hands they were tied behind his back.

He looked over his left shouther
And for to see what he might see,
There was he aware of his auld father
Came tearing his hair most piteously.

"O hald your tongue, my father," he says,
"And see that ye dinna weep for me,
For they may ravish me o' my life,
But they canna banish me frae heaven hie.

"Fare ye weel, fair Maggie, my wife,
The last time we came ower the muir,
'Twas thou bereft me o' my life,
And wi' the bishop thou play'd the whore.

"Here, Johnnie Armstrong, take thou my sword,
That is made o' the metal sae fine,
And when thou comest to the English side,
Remember the death o' Hughie the Græme."

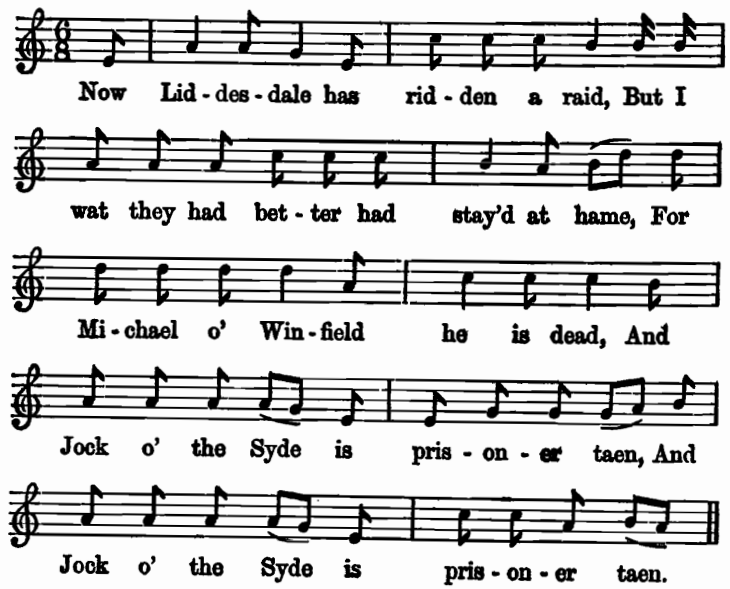
In Mr. Joseph Ritson's curious and valuable collection of legendary poetry entitled "Ancient Songs" (edition 1790), a version

of this border ditty appears under the title of "The Life and Death of Sir Hugh of the Græme," taken from a collation of two black-letter copies, one of them in the Roxburgh Collection. The ballad first appeared in D'Urfey's "Pills to Purge Melancholy," and several versions have since been published—in Sir Walter Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," in Johnson's "Scot's Musical Museum," and other standard works on ballad poetry.

The Græmes were a powerful and numerous clan, who chiefly inhabited "The Debatable Land." They were said to be of Scottish extraction, and their chief claimed his descent from Malice, Earl of Stratherne. In military service they were more attached to England than to Scotland, but in their depredations in both countries they appear to have been very impartial, for in the year 1600 the gentlemen of Cumberland complained to Lord Scroope "that the Græmes and their clans, with their children, tenants, and servants, were the chiefest actors in the spoil and decay of the country." Accordingly, they were at that time obliged to give a bond of surety for each other's demeanour: from which bond their number appears to have exceeded four hundred men. See Introduction to Nicholson's "History of Cumberland," page cviii.

The nationality of the ballad is apparently as debatable as that of the land occupied in those days by this warlike tribe.

JOCK O' THE SYDE.



Now Liddesdale has ridden a raid,
  But I wat they had better ha'e staid at hame,
For Michael o' Winfield he is dead,
  And Jock o' the Syde is prisoner ta'en.

For Mangerton House Lady Downie has gane;
  Her coats she has kilted up to her knee,
And down the water wi' speed she rins,
  While tears in spaits fall fast frae her e'e.

Then up and spak her gude auld lord—
  "What news, what news, sister Downie, to me?"
"Bad news, bad news, my Lord Mangerton;
  Michael is killed, and they ha'e ta'en my son Johnie!"

"Ne'er fear, sister Downie," quo' Mangerton;
  "I have yokes of ousen eighty and three:
My barns, my byres, and my faulds all weil fill'd,
  I'll part wi' them a' ere Johnie shall die.

Three men I'll send to set him free,
  A' harneist wi' the best o' steel;
The English louns may hear and drie
  The weight o' their braid swords to feel.

The Laird's Jock ane, the Laird's Wat twa;
O! Hobbie Noble, thou ane maun be!
Thy coat is blue, thou hast been true
Since England banish'd thee to me."

Now, Hobbie was an English man,
In Bewcastle-dale was bred and born;
But his misdeeds they were sae great
They banish'd him ne'er to return.

Lord Mangerton them orders gave—
"Your horses the wrang way maun be shod,
Like gentlemen you maunna seem,
But look like corn-cadgers ga'en the road.

"Your armour good ye mauna shaw,
Nor yet appear like men o' weir;
As country lads be a' arrayed
Wi' branks and brecham on each mare."

Sae now their horses are the wrang way shod,
And Hobbie has mounted his gray sae fine,
Jock his lively bay, Wat's on his white horse behind,
And on they rode for the water o' Tyne.

At the Cholerford they a' light doun,
And there, wi' the help of the light o' the moon,
A tree they cut, with fifteen nogs on each side,
To climb up the wa' o' Newcastle toun.

But when they cam to Newcastle toun,
And were alighted at the wa',
They fand their tree three ells o'er laigh,
They fand their stick baith short and sma'.

Then up and spak the laird's ain Jock—
"There's naething for't; the gates we maun force."
But when they cam the gate until,
A proud porter withstood baith men and horse.

His neck in twa the Armstrang's wrang,
Wi' fute or hand he ne'er played pa!
His life and his keys at anes they ha'e ta'en,
And cast his body ahint the wa'.

Now sune they reached Newcastle jail,
And to the prisoner thus they call:
"Sleeps thou, wakes thou, Jock o' the Syde,
Or art thou weary of thy thrall?"

Jock answers thus with dulefu' tone:
"Aft, aft I wake—I seldom sleep;
But wha's this ken's my name sae weel,
And thus to mese my waes does seik?"

Then out and spak the gude Laird's Jock:
"Now fear ye na, my billie," quo' he;
"For here's the Laird's Jock and the Laird's Wat,
And Hobbie Noble, come to set thee free."

"Now haud thy tongue, my gude Laird's Jock,
For ever, alas! this canna be;
For if a' Liddesdale were here the night,
The morn's the day that I maun die.

Full fifteen stane o' Spanish iron
They hae laid a' right sair on me;
Wi' locks and keys I am fast bound
Into this dungeon dark and drearie."

"Fear ye na that," quo' the Laird's Jock,
"A faint heart ne'er wan a fair ladye;
Work thou within, we'll work without,
And I'll be sworn we'll set thee free."

The first strang door that they came at,
They loosed it without a key;
The next chained door that they came at,
They garr'd it a' to flinders flee.

The prisoner now upon his back
The Laird's Jock gotten up fu' hie,
And doun the stairs, him, airns and a',
With nae sma' speed and joy brings he.

"Now, Jock, my man," quo' Hobbie Noble,
"Some o' his weight ye may lay on me;"
"I wat weel no," quo' the Laird's ain Jock,
"I count him lighter than a flee."

Sae out at the gates they a' are gane,
The prisoner's set on horseback hie;
And now wi' speed they've ta'en the gate,
While ilk ane jokes fu' wantonlie.

"O Jock! sae winsomely's ye ride,
With baith your feet upon ae side;
Sae weel ye're harneist, and sae trig—
In troth, ye sit like ony bride."

The night, tho' wat, they did na mind,
  But hied them on fu' merrilie,
Until they cam to Cholerford brae,
  Where the water ran like mountains hie.

But when they cam' to Cholerford,
  There they met wi' an auld man:
Says—"Honest man, will the water ride?
  Tell us in haste if that ye can."

"I wat weel no," quo' the gude auld man.
  "I hae lived here thretty years and three,
And I ne'er yet saw the Tyne sae big,
  Nor running ance sae like a sea."

Then out and spake the Laird's saft Wat,
  The greatest coward in the companie—
"Now halt, now halt! we need na try't;
  The day is come we a' maun die."

"Puir faint-hearted thief!" cried the Laird's ain Jock,
  "There'll nae man die but him that's fey;
I'll guide ye a' right safely thro';
  Lift ye the pris'ner on ahint me."

Wi' that the water they hae ta'en
  By ane's and twa's they a' swam thro',
"Here are we a' safe," quo' the Laird's Jock,
  And puir faint Wat, what think ye noo?"

They scarce the other brae had won
  When twenty men they saw pursue:
Frae Newcastle toun they had been sent,
  A' English lads baith stout an' true.

But when the land-sarjeant the water saw,
  "It winna ride, my lads," quo' he;
Then cried aloud—"The prisoner take,
  But leave his fetters I pray to me."

"I wat weel no," quo' the Laird's ain Jock,
  "I'll keep them a'; shoon to my mare they'll be:
My gude bay mare, for I am sure,
  She has bought them all right dear frae thee."

Sae now they are on to Liddesdale,
  E'en as fast as they cou'd them hie;
The prisoner's brought to's ain fireside,
  And there o's airns they make him free.

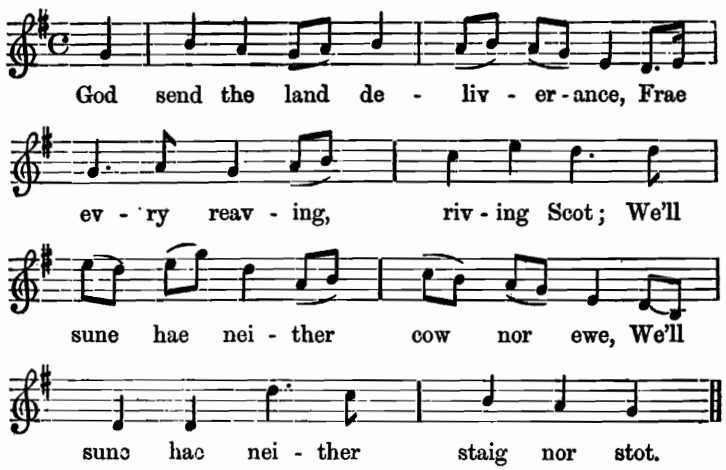
"Now Jock, my billie," quo' all the three,
  "The day is comed thou was to dee,
But thou's as weell at thy ain ingle side,
  Now sitting, I think, 'twixt thee and me."

They hae garred fill up ae punch bowl,
  And after it they maun hae anither;
And thus the night they a' hae spent,
  Just as they'd been brither and brither.

This ballad, and two others entitled "Dick o' the Cow" and "Hobbie Noble," were first published in 1784 in the *Hawick Museum*, a provincial miscellany, to which they were communicated by John Elliott, Esq., of Reidheugh, a gentleman well skilled in the antiquities of the western borders: they are connected with each other, and appear to have been written by the same author. They were afterwards inserted by Sir Walter Scott in his "Border Minstrelsy," and a melody was given with them, which, in our opinion, was written for any purpose except that of having these ballads sung to it. The subjects of the ballads being common events in those turbulent and disorderly times, became favourite themes with the ballad-makers; but the reality of the story rests entirely upon tradition. Jock o' the Syde seems to have been a nephew of the Laird of Mangerton, cousin to the Laird's Jock, one of his deliverers, and probably brother to Chrystie of the Side, mentioned in the list of Border Clans, 1597. Like the Laird's Jock, he is also commemorated by Sir Richard Maitland:—

He is weel kend, Johne of the Syde,
A greater thief did never ryde:
  He never tyris
  For to break byris;
  Our muir and myris,
  Ouir gude ane guide, &c.

THE DEATH OF PARCY REED.



God send the land deliverance
Frae every reaving, riding Scot;
We'll sune hae neither cow nor ewe,
We'll sune hae neither staig nor stot.

The outlaws cam frae Liddesdale,
They harry Redesdale far and near;
The rich man's gelding it maun gang,
They canna pass the puir man's mear.

Sure it were weel had ilka thief
Around his neck a halter strang,
And curses heavy may they light
On traitors vile oursels amang.

Now Parcy Reed has Crosier ta'en,
He has delivered him to the law;
But Crosier says he'll do waur than that:
He'll make the tower o' Troughend fa'.

And Crosier says he will do waur,—
He will do waur, if waur can be;
He'll make the bairns a' fatherless,
And then the land it may lie lea.

"To the hunting, ho!" cried Parcy Reed:
"The morning sun is on the dew;
The cauler breeze frae aff the fells
Will lead the dogs to the quarry true.

"To the hunting, ho!" cried Parcy Reed—
And to the hunting he has gane;
And the three fause Ha's o' Girsonfield
Alang wi him he has them ta'en.

They hunted high, they hunted low,
By heathery hill and birken shaw;
They raised a buck on Rooken Edge,
And blew the mort at fair Ealylawe.

They hunted high, they hunted low,
They made the echoes ring amain:
Wi' music sweet o' horn and hound
They merry made fair Redesdale glen.

They hunted high, they hunted low,
They hunted up, they hunted down,
Until the day was past the prime,
And it grew late in the afternoon.

They hunted high in Batinghope,
When as the sun was sinking low:
Says Parcy, then, "Ca' off the dogs;
We'll bait our steeds, and hameward go."

They lighted high in Batinghope,
Atween the brown and benty ground,
They had but rested a little while,
Till Parcy Reed was sleeping sound.

There's nane may lean on a rotten staff
But him that risks to get a fa',
There's nane may in a traitor trust,
And traitors black were every Ha'.

They've stown the bridle aff his steed,
And they've put water in his lang gun,
They've fixed his sword within the sheath,
That out again it winna come.

"Waken ye, waken ye, Parcy Reed,
Or by your enemies be ta'en,
For yonder are the five Crosiers
A-coming o'er the Hingin'-stane."

"If they be five and we be four,
Sae that ye stand alang wi' me,
Then every man ye will take ane,
And only leave but two to me;
We will them meet as brave men ought,
And make them either fight or flee."

"We mayna stand, we canna stand,
We daurna stand alang wi' thee,
The Crosiers haud thee at a feid,
And they wad kill baith thee and we."

"O, turn thee, turn thee, Johnnie Ha',
O turn thee, man, and fight wi' me;
When ye come to Troughend again,
My gude black nag I will gie thee;
He cost full twenty pound o' gowd
Atween my brother John and me."

"I mayna turn, I canna turn,
I daurna turn and fight wi' thee,
The Crosiers haud thee at a feid,
And they wad kill baith thee and me."

"O turn thee, turn thee, Willie Ha',
O turn thee, man, and fight wi' me;
When ye come to Troughend again,
A yoke o' owsen I'll gie thee."

"I mayna turn, I canna turn,
I daurna turn and fight wi' thee;
The Crosiers haud thee at a feid,
And they wad kill baith thee and me."

"O turn thee, turn thee, Tommy Ha',
O turn now, man, and fight wi' me;
If ever we come to Troughend again,
My daughter Jean I'll gie to thee."

"I mayna turn, I canna turn,
I daurna turn and fight wi' thee;
The Crosiers haud thee at a feid,
And they wad kill baith thee and me."

"O shame upon ye, traitors a'!
I wish your hames ye may never see;
Ye've stown the bridle off my naig,
And I can neither fight nor flee.

"Ye've stown the bridle off my naig,
And ye've put water i' my lang gun;
Ye've fixed my sword within the sheath,
That out again it winna come."

He had but time to cross himsel'—
A prayer he hadna time to say,
Till round them cam' the Croziers keen,
All riding graithed, and in array.

"Weel met, weel met, now, Parcy Reed,
Thou art the very man we sought;
Owre lang hae we been in your debt.
Now will we pay ye as we ought.

"We'll pay thee at the nearest tree,
Where we shall hang thee like a hound."—
Brave Parcy raised his fankit sword,
And felled the foremost to the ground.

Alake and wae for Parcy Reed—
Alake, he was an unarmed man;
Four weapons pierced him all at once,
As they assailed him there and than.

They fell upon him all at once,
They mangled him most cruellie;
The slightest wound might cause his deid,
And they hae gi'en him thirty-three.
They hackit off his hands and feet,
And left him lying on the lea.

"Now, Parcy Reed, we've paid our debt;
Ye canna weel dispute the tale,"
The Crosiers said, and off they rade—
They rade the airt o' Liddesdale.

It was the hour o' gloamin' gray,
When herds came in frae fauld and pen,
A herd he saw a huntsman lie:
Says he, "Can this be Laird Troughen'?"

"There's some will ca' me Parcy Reed,
And some will ca' me Laird Troughen';
It's little matter what they ca' me,
My faes hae made me ill to ken.

"There's some will ca' me Parcy Reed,
And speak my praise in tower and toun;
It's little matter what they do now,
My life bluid rudds the heather brown.

"There's some will ca' me Parcy Reed,
And a' my virtues say and sing;
I would much rather have just now
A draught o' water frae the spring!"

The herd flang aff his clouted shoon,
And to the nearest fountain ran;
He made his bonnet serve a cup,
And wan the blessin o' the dying man.

"Now, honest herd, ye maun do mair,
Ye maun do mair, as I ye tell,
Ye maun bear tidings to Troughend,
And bear likewise my last farewell.

A farewell to my wedded wife,
A farewell to my brother John,
Wha sits into the Troughend tower,
Wi' heart as black as any stone.

A farewell to my daughter Jean,
A farewell to my young sons five;
Had they been at their father's hand,
I had this night been man alive.

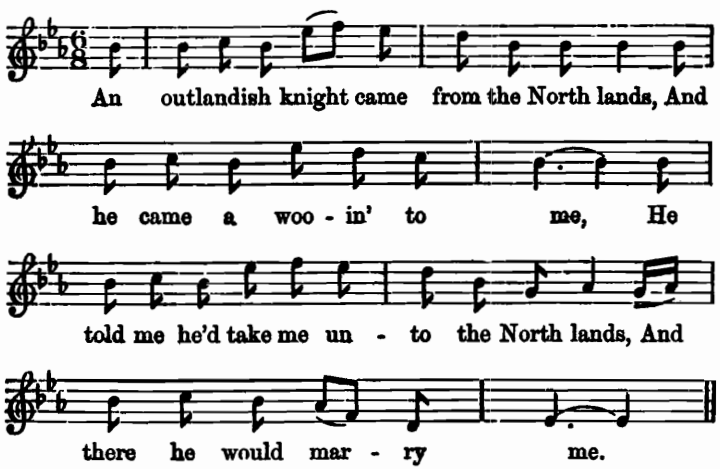
A farewell to my followers a',
And a' my neighbours gude at need,
Bid them think how the treacherous Ha's,
Betrayed the life o' Parcy Reed.

The Laird o' Clennel bears my bow,
The Laird o' Brandon bears my brand,
Whene'er they ride i' the border side,
They'll mind the fate o' the Laird Troughend."

This ballad was first printed in the "Local Historian's Table Book," to which it was communicated by Mr. Robert White, who stated that it had been taken down by Mr. James Telfer, of Saughtree, in Liddesdale, from the chanting of an old woman named Kitty Hall, a native of Northumberland, but resident at Fairloans in Roxburghshire. The event upon which the ballad is founded has been incidentally named both by Sir Walter Scott in his poem of "Rokeby," and also by Mr. Robert Roxby in his "Lay of the Reedwater Ministrel." There is no historical evidence to prove at what period it occurred, but as the farm of Girsonfield belonged to those who betrayed Parcy Reed, and as that place has been in the possession of the successive owners of the Otterburn demesne ever since the reign of Queen Elizabeth, we may assign it a date not later than the sixteenth century. Percival, or Parcy Reed, was proprietor of Troughend, an elevated tract of land lying on the west side and nearly in the centre of Redesdale, Northumberland. His office was to suppress and order the apprehension of thieves and other breakers of the law, in the execution of which duties he incurred the displeasure of a family of brothers of the name of Hall, who were owners of Girsonfield, a farm about two miles from Troughend. He also drew upon himself the hostility of a band of moss-troopers, Crosier by name, some of whom he had been successful in bringing to justice. The whole arrangement of the murder had been previously planned by the Halls and Crosiers. Public indignation was speedily roused against the murderers; the very name of Crosier was abhorred through Redesdale, and the abettors were both driven from their residence, and designated as "the fause-hearted Ha's," an appellation which they bore for a long period.

The ballad is stated to be historically correct, and Mr. John Bell, in the course of his enquiries into Northumberland ballad history had, in 1829, a letter from a Mr. Henderson, of Redesdale, who was 83 years of age at that time, in which he relates that although he could not recollect the ballad of "Parcy Reed," he remembered his gun at Troughend when he was a lad, and it was about "twe yards i' the barrel."

THE OUTLANDISH KNIGHT.



An Outlandish knight came from the north lands,
And he came a wooing to me;
He told me he'd take me unto the North lands,
And there he would marry me.

"Come, fetch me some of your father's gold,
And some of your mother's fee;
And two of the best nags out of the stable,
Where they stand thirty and three."

She fetched him some of her father's gold,
And some of her mother's fee;
And two of the best nags out of the stable,
Where they stood thirty and three.

She mounted her on her milk-white steed.
He on the dapple grey,
They rode till they came unto the sea side,
Three hours before it was day.

"Light off, light off thy milk-white steed,
And deliver it unto me;
Six pretty maids have I drowned here,
And thou the seventh shall be.

Pull off, pull off thy silken gown,
And deliver it unto me,
Methinks it looks too rich and gay,
To rot in the salt sea.

Pull off, pull off, thy silken stays,
And deliver them unto me,
Methinks they are too fine and gay
To rot in the salt sea.

Pull off, pull off, thy Holland smock,
And deliver it unto me,
Methinks it looks too rich and gay,
To rot in the salt sea."

"If I must pull off my Holland smock,
Pray turn thy back to me,
For it is not fitting that such a ruffian,
A naked woman should see."

He's turned his back towards her,
And viewed the leaves so green,
She catched him round the middle so small,
And tumbled him into the stream.

He droppèd high, he droppèd low,
Until he came to the side,—
"Catch hold of my hand, my pretty maiden,
And I will make you my bride."

"Lie there, lie there, you false-hearted man,
Lie there instead of me;
Six pretty maids have you drownèd here,
And the seventh has drownèd thee."

She mounted on her milk-white steed,
And led the dapple grey;
She rode till she came to her own father's hall,
Three hours before it was day.

The parrot being in the window so high,
Hearing the lady, did say;
"I'm afraid that some ruffian has led you astray,
That you've tarried so long away."

"Don't prittle or prattle, my pretty parrot,
Nor tell no tales of me;
Thy cage shall be made of the glittering gold,
Although it is made of a tree."

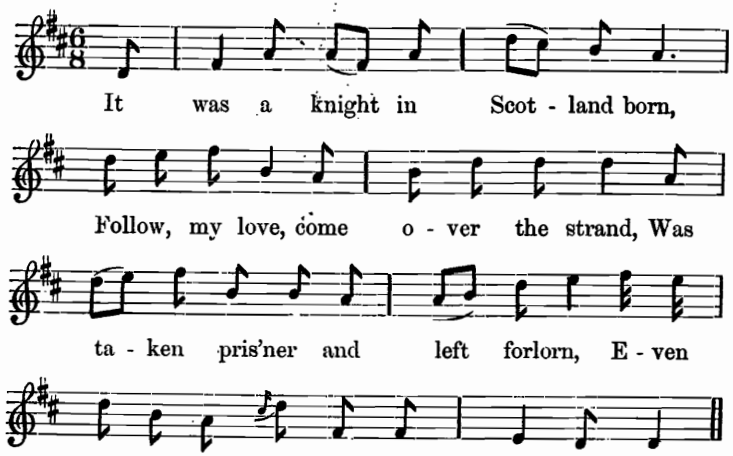
The king being in the chamber so high,
And hearing the parrot, did say:
"What ails you, what ails you, may pretty parrot,
That you prattle so long before day."

"It's no laughing matter," the parrot did say;
"But so loudly I call unto thee,
For the cats have got into the window so high,
And I'm afraid they will have me."

"Well turned, well turned, my pretty parrot,
Well turned, well turned for me;
Thy cage shall be made of the glittering gold,
And the door of the best ivory."

There are two ballads with a similar story to this in Scottish collections, "May Colvine" and the "Water o' Wearie's Well," and the versions in other languages are all but innumerable. In England the ballad is well known and popular, and stall copies of considerable antiquity are in existence. By the term "Outlandish" is signified an inhabitant of that portion of the Border which was formerly known by the name of the "Debateable Land," a district which, though claimed by both England and Scotland, could not be said to belong to either country. The people on each side of the Border applied the term "Outlandish" to the Debateable residents. The tune was taken down from the singing of Mrs. Andrews, of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

THE FAIR FLOWER OF NORTHUMBERLAND.



It was a knight, in Scotland born,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
Was taken prisoner and left forlorn,
Even by the good Earl of Northumberland.

Then was he cast in prison strong
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
Where he could not walk nor lay along,
Even by the good Earl of Northumberland.

And as in sorrow thus he lay,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
The Earl's sweet daughter passed that way,
And she the fair flower of Northumberland.

And passing by, like an angel bright,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
The prisoner had of her a sight,
And she the fair flower of Northumberland.

And aloud to her this knight did cry,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
The salt tears standing in her eye,
And she the fair flower of Northumberland.

"Fair lady," he said, "take pity on me,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
And let me not in prison dee,
And you the fair flower of Northumberland."

"Fair sir, how should I take pity on thee,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
Thou being a foe to our countree,
And I the fair flower of Northumberland."

"Fair lady, I am no foe," he said,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
"Through thy sweet love here was I stayed,
And thou the fair flower of Northumberland."

"Why should'st thou come here for love of me,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
Having wife and bairns in thy own countree,
And I the fair flower of Northumberland.

"I swear by the blessed Trinity,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
That neither wife nor bairns have I,
And thou the fair flower of Northumberland.

"If courteously thou wilt set me free,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
I vow that I will marry thee,
And thou the fair flower of Northumberland.

"Thou shalt be lady of castles and towers,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
And sit like a queen in princely bowers,
Even thou the fair flower of Northumberland."

Then parted hence this lady gay,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
And got her father's ring away,
And she the fair flower of Northumberland.

Likewise much gold got she by sleight,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
And all to help this forlorn knight,
And she the fair flower of Northumberland.

Two gallant steeds, both good and able,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
She likwise took out of the stable,
And she the fair flower of Northumberland.

And to the gaoler she sent the ring,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
Who the knight from prison forth did bring,
To meet the fair flower of Northumberland.

This token set the prisoner free,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
Who straight went to this fair lady,
And she, the fair flower of Northumberland.

A gallant steed he did bestride,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
And with the lady away did ride,
And she the fair flower of Northumberland.

They rode till they came to a water clear;
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
"Good sir, how shall I follow you here,
And I the fair flower of Northumberland?

"The water is rough and wonderful deep,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
And on my saddle I shall not keep,
And I the fair flower of Northumberland."

"Fear not the ford, fair lady!" quoth he,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
"For long I cannot stay for thee,
Even thou the fair flower of Northumberland."

The lady prickt her gallant steed,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
And over the water swam with speed,
Even she the fair flower of Northumberland.

From top to toe all wet was she,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
"This have I done for love of thee,
Even I the fair flower of Northumberland."

Thus rode she all one winter's night,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
Till Edinborough they saw in sight—
The fairest town in all Scotland.

"Now choose," quoth he, "thou wanton flower:
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
If thou wilt be my paramour,
And thou the fair flower of Northumberland.

"For I have a wife and children five,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
In Edinborough they be alive,
And thou the fair flower of Northumberland.

"And if thou wilt not give thy hand,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
Then get thee home to fair England,
And thou the fair flower of Northumberland.

"This favour thou shalt have to boot—
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
I'll have thy horse; go thou on foot,
And thou the fair flower of Northumberland."

"O false and faithless knight," quoth she;
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
"And canst thou deal so bad with me,
And I the fair flower of Northumberland?

"Dishonour not a lady's name,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
But draw thy sword and end my shame,
And I the fair flower of Northumberland."

He took her from her stately steed,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
And left her there in extreme need,
And she the fair flower of Northumberland.

Then sat she down full heavily,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
At length two knights came riding by,
And she the fair flower of Northumberland.

Two gallant knights of fair England,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
And there they found her on the strand
Even she the fair flower of Northumberland.

She fell down humbly on her knee,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
Crying, "Courteous knights take pity on me,
Even I the fair flower of Northumberland.

"I have offended my father dear,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
For a false knight that brought me here,
Even I the fair flower of Northumberland."

They took her up beside them then,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
And brought her to her father again,
And she the fair flower of Northumberland.

Now all you fair maids be warned by me,
Follow no Scotchman over the strand;
Scots never were true, nor ever will be,
To lord nor lady nor fair England.

Like the old ballads of "Chevy Chase" and the "Battle of Otterborne," there is both an English and Scottish version of the "Fair Flower of Northumberland." The English version is by "T. D." or Thomas Deloney, the "ballading silk weaver," who died about the year 1600. The Scottish version is given by Kinlock, and differs only in the burden and in some minor incidents. It begins:—

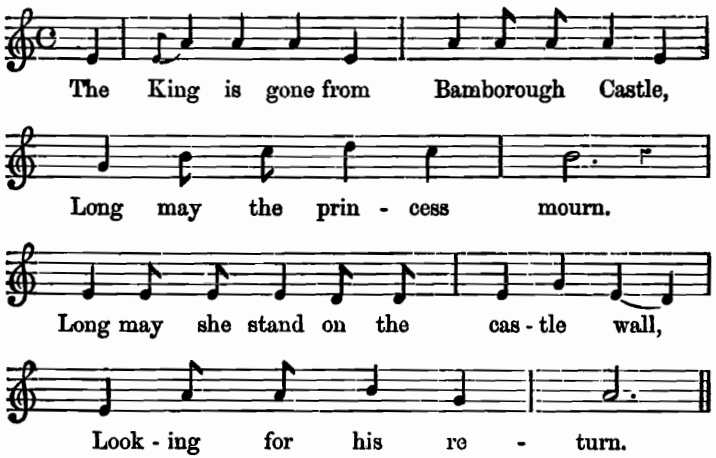
The provost's daughter went out a walking,
A May's love whiles is easy won,
She heard a fair prisoner making her meane (moan),
And she the fair flower of Northumberlonde.

* * * * * *

And finishes with the boast—

She's nae the first the Scots hae beguiled,
And she's still the fair flower of Northumberland.

THE LAIDLEY WORM O' SPINDLESTON HEUGH.



The king is gone from Bamborough Castle,
Long may the princess mourn,
Long may she stand on the Castle wall,
Looking for his return.

She has knotted the keys upon a string,
And with her she has them ta'en;
She has cast them o'er the left shouther,
And to the gate she is gane.

She tripped in, she tripped out,
She tripped into the yard;
But it was more for the king's sake,
Than for the queen's regard.

It fell out on a day the king
Brought the queen with him home,
And all the lords in our country
To welcome them did come.

"Oh! welcome, father," the lady cries.
"Unto our halls and bowers;
And so are you, my step-mother,
For all that's here is yours."

A lord said, wondering while she spake:
"This princess of the north
Surpasses all of female kind
In beauty and in worth."

The envious queen replied at last:
"Ye might have excepted me;
In a few hours I will her bring
Down to a low degree.

"I will liken her to a Laidley worm,
That warps about the stone;
And not till Childy Wynd comes back,
Shall she again be won."

The princess stood at her bower door
Laughing; who could her blame?
But e'er the next day's sun went down,
A long worm she became.

For seven miles east and seven miles west,
And seven miles north and south,
No blade of grass or corn could grow,
So venomous was her mouth.

The milk of seven stately cows,
(It was costly her to keep),
Was brought her daily, which she drank
Before she went to sleep.

At this day may be seen the cave,
Which held her folded up,
And the stone trough, the very same,
Out of which she did sup.

Word went east and word went west,
And word is gone over the sea,
That a Laidly worm in Spindleston Heughs,
Would ruin the North Country.

Word went east and word went west,
And over the sea did go;
The Child of Wynd got wit of it,
Which filled his heart with woe.

He called straight his merry men all,
They thirty were and three;
"I wish I were at Spindleston,
This desperate worm to see.

"We have no time now here to waste,
Hence, quickly let us sail;
My only sister Margaret,
Something, I fear, doth ail."

They built a ship without delay,
With masts of the rowan tree,
With flutt'ring sails of silk so fine,
And set her on the sea.

They went on board. The wind, with speed,
Blew them along the deep;
At length they spied a huge square tower,
On a rock high and steep.

The sea was smooth, the water clear:
When they approached nigher,
King Ida's castle well they knew,
And the banks of Bamboroughshire.

The queen looked out of her bower window
To see what she could see;
There she espied a gallant ship
Sailing upon the sea.

When she beheld the silken sails,
Full glancing in the sun,
To sink the ship, she sent away,
Her witch wives every one.

Their spells were vain; the hags returned
To the queen in sorrowful mood,
Crying that "Witches have no power
Where there is rowan-tree wood."

Her last effort—she sent a boat,
Which in the haven lay,
With armed men to board the ship,
But they were driven away.

The worm leapt up, the worm leapt down,
She plaited round the stane,
And, ay, as the ship came to the land,
She banged it off again.

The Child then ran out of her reach,
The ship on Budle sand,
And, jumping into the shallow sea,
Securely got to land.

And now he drew his berry-brown sword,
And laid it on her head,
And swore if she did harm to him,
That he would strike her dead.

"Oh! quit thy sword and bend thy bow,
And give me kisses three;
For though I am a poisonous worm,
No hurt I'll do to thee.

Oh! quit thy sword and bend thy bow,
And give me kisses three;
If I'm not won e'er the sun go down,
Won I shall never be."

He quitted his sword and bent his bow,
He gave her kisses three;
She crept into a hole a worm,
But out stept a lady.

No clothing had this lady fine,
To keep her from the cold;
He took his mantle from him about,
And round her did it fold.

He has taken his mantle from him about,
And it he wrapt her in,
And they are up to Bamborough Castle,
As fast as they can win.

Her absence and her serpent shape,
The king had long deplored;
He now rejoiced to see them both
Again to him restored.

The queen they wanted, whom they found,
All pale, and sore afraid,
Because she knew her power must yield
To Childy Wynd's, who said:

"Woe be to thee, thou wicked witch,
An ill death mayst thou dee;
As thou my sister has lik'ned,
So lik'ned shalt thou be.

"I will turn you into a toad,
That on the ground doth wend,
And won, won shalt thou never be,
Till this world hath an end."

Now on the sand near Ida's tower,
She crawls a loathsome toad,
And venom spits on every maid
She meets upon her road.

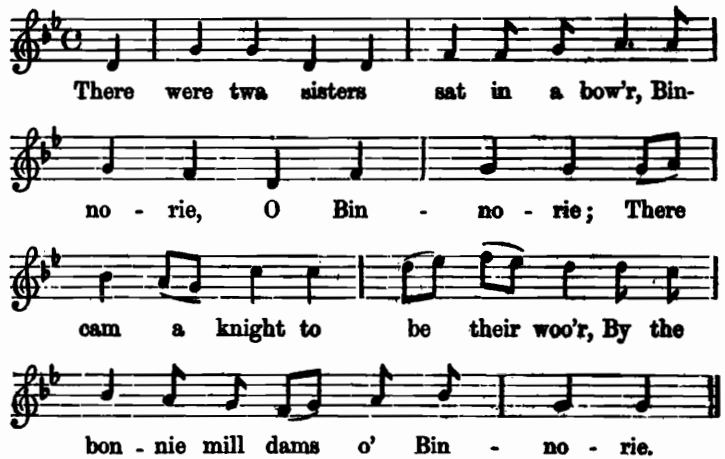
The virgins all of Bamborough town,
  Will swear that they have seen
This spiteful toad of monstrous size,
  Whilst walking they have been.

All folks believe within the Shire,
  This story to be true;
And they all run to Spindleston,
  The cave and trough to view.

This fact now Duncan Frasier,
  Of Cheviot, sings in rhyme,
Lest Bambroughshire men should forget
  Some part of it in time.

This ballad is founded upon a well-known tradition current in Bamborough and its neighbourhood. It was first printed in Hutchinson's "View of Northumberland," from a communication by the Reverend Robert Lambe, Vicar of Norham (editor of the old poem entitled "Flodden Field"), who professed to have obtained it from "an ancient manuscript." The incidents are similar to those in the ballad of "Kempion," published in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," and which seemed in the opinion of Sir Walter Scott "to have been an old metrical romance degraded by the lapse of time and the corruption of reciters." The tune is here given as it was sung on North Tyne many years ago, and, like most of our ballad airs, is only in one part. *Laidley* is a northern corruption for *loathly*, that is, loathsome.

BINNORIE; OR, THE CRUEL SISTER.



There were twa sisters sat in a bow'r,
  Binnorie, O Binnorie;
There cam a knight to be their wooer,
  By the bonny mill-dams of Binnorie.

He courted the eldest wi' glove and ring,
  Binnorie, &c.
But he lo'ed the youngest aboon a' thing.
  By the bonny, &c.

He courted the eldest wi' broach and knife,
But he lo'ed the youngest aboon his life.

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

The eldest said to the youngest ane:
"Will you go and see our father's ships come in."

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

The youngest stude upon a stane,
The eldest cam' and pushed her in.

She took her by the middle sma',
And dashed her bonny back to the jaw.

"O sister, sister, reach your hand,
And ye shall be heir of half my land."

"O sister, I'll not reach my hand,
And I'll be heir of all your land.

"Shame fa' the hand that I should take,
It's twinèd me, and my world's make."

"O sister, reach me but your glove,
And sweet William shall be your love."

"Sink on, nor hope for hand or glove,
And sweet William shall better be my love.

"Your cherry cheeks and your yellow hair
Garr'd me gang maiden ever mair."

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

The miller's daughter was baking bread,
And gaed for water as she had need.

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

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

Ye couldna see her yellow hair
For gowd and pearls that were sae rare.

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

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

A famous harper passing by,
The sweet pale face he chanced to spy;

And when he looked that lady on,
He sighed and made a heavy moan.

"Sair will they be, whate'er they be,
The hearts that live to weep for thee."

He made a harp o' her breast bone,
Whose sounds would melt a heart of stone;

The strings he framed of her yellow hair
Their notes made sad the listening ear.

He brought it to her father's ha',
There was the court assembled a'.

He laid the harp upon a stane,
And straight it began to play alane—

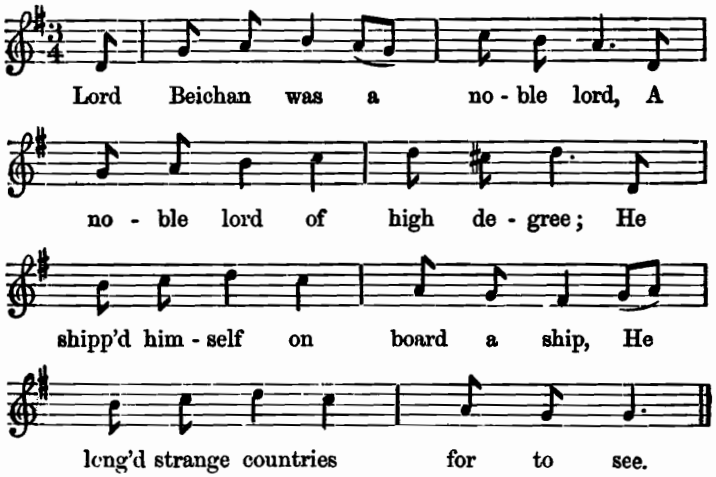
"O yonder sits my father, the king,
And yonder sits my mother, the queen;

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

But the last tune that the harp played then
Was—"Woe to my sister, false Helen!"

The popularity of this ballad in England extends over more than a couple of centuries. Mr. Rimbault printed a version from a broadside, dated 1656. It also appeared in *Wit Restored*, 1658. Sir Walter Scott, Jameson, Buchan, and other Scottish collectors have also published it, with slight variations. Professor Child, of Boston, U.S.A., states that the same story is found in Icelandic, Norse, Faroish, and Estnish ballads, as well as in Swedish and Danish, and a nearly related one in many other ballads and tales—German, Polish, Lithuanian, &c. The tune is a true Northumbrian melody, never before published; it differs from the Scottish tune, which is of modern date.

LORD BEICHAN.



Lord Beichan was a noble lord,
A noble lord of high degree;
He shipped himself on board a ship,
He longed strange countries for to see.

He sailed east, he sailed west,
Until he came to proud Turkey,
Where he was ta'en by a savage Moor,
Who handled him right cruellie.

For he viewed the fashions of that land,
Their way of worship viewed he;
But to Mahound or Termagant
Would Beichan never bend a knee.

So on each shoulder they've putten a bore,
In each bore they've putten a tye,
And they have made him trail the wine,
And spices on his fair bodie.

They've casten him in a donjon deep
Where he could neither hear nor see;
For seven long years they've kept him there,
Till he for hunger's like to dee.

And in his prison a tree there grew,
So stout and strong there grew a tree,
And unto it was Beichan chained,
Until his life was most weary.

This Turk he had one only daughter,
Fairer creature did eyes ne'er see;
And every day as she took the air,
Near Beichan's prison passed she.

And bonny, meek, and mild was she,
Tho' she was come of an ill kin;
And oft she sighed, she knew not why,
For him that lay the donjon in.

O! so it fell upon a day,
She heard young Beichan sadly sing;
And aye and ever in her ears,
The tones of hapless sorrow ring—

"My hounds they all go masterless,
My hawks they flee from tree to tree,
My younger brother will heir my land,
Fair England again I'll never see."

And all night long no rest she got,
Young Beichan's song for thinking on;
She's stown the keys from her father's head,
And to the prison strong is gone.

And she has ope'd the prison doors,
I wot she opened two or three,
Ere she could come young Beichan at—
He was locked up so curiouslie.

But when she came young Beichan before,
Sore wondered he that maid to see!
He took her for some fair captive—
"Fair ladye, I pray of what countrie?"

"Have you got houses? have you got land?
Or does Northumberland 'long to thee?
What would ye give to the fair young ladye
That out of prison would set you free?"

"I have got houses, I have got lands,
And half Northumberland 'longs to me—
I'll give them all to the ladye fair
That out of prison will set me free.

"Near London town I have a hall,
With other castles two or three;
I'll give them all to the ladye fair
That out of prison will set me free."

"Give me the troth of your right hand,
The troth of it give unto me,
That for seven years ye'll no lady wed,
Unless it be along with me."

"I'll give thee troth of my right hand,
The troth of it I'll freely gie,
That for seven years I'll stay unwed,
For kindness thou dost show to me."

And she has bribed the proud warder,
With golden store and white money,
She's gotten the keys of the prison strong,
And she has set young Beichan free.

She's gi'en him to eat the good spice cake,
She's gi'en him to drink the blood-red wine;
And every health she drank unto him—
"I wish, Lord Beichan, that you were mine;"
And she's bidden him sometimes think on her
That so kindly freed him out of pine.

She's broken a ring from off her finger,
And to Beichan half of it gave she:
"Keep it to mind you of that love
The lady bore that set you free."

O she took him to her father's harbour,
And a ship of fame to him gave she;
"Farewell, farewell to you, Lord Beichan,
Shall I e'er again you see?

"Set your foot on the good ship board,
And haste ye back to your own countrie,
And before seven years have an end
Come back again, love, and marry me."

Now seven long years are gone and past,
And sore she longed her love to see,
For ever a voice within her breast
Said "Beichan has broken his vow to thee."
So she's set her foot on the good ship board,
And turned her back on her own countrie.

She sailed east, she sailed west,
Till to fair England's shore came she,
Where a bonnie shepherd she espied,
Feeding his sheep upon the lea.

"What news, what news, thou bonnie shepherd?
What news hast thou to tell to me?"
"Such news I hear, ladye," he said,
"The like was never in this countrie.

"There is a wedding in yonder hall,
(I hear the sound of the minstrelsie),
But young Lord Beichan slights his bride
For love of one that's ayond the sea."

She's putten her hand in her pocket,
Gi'en him the gold and white monie—
"Here, take ye that, my bonnie boy,
For the good news thou tell'st to me."

When she came to Lord Beichan's gate
She tirled softly at the pin,
And ready was the proud warder
To open and let this ladye in.

When she came to Lord Beichan's castle,
So boldly she rang the bell—
"Who's there? who's there?" cried the proud porter
"Who's there? unto me come tell?"

"O! is this Lord Beichan's castle?
Or is that noble lord within?"
"Yea, he's in the hall among them all,
And this is the day of his weddin'."

"And has he wed another love,
And has he clean forgotten me?"
And sighing, said that ladye gay:
"I wish I was in my own countrie."

And she has ta'en her gay gold ring,
That with her love she brake so free—
"Gie him that, ye proud porter,
And bid the bridegroom speak to me.

"Tell him to send me a slice of bread,
And a cup of blood-red wine,
And not to forget the fair young ladye
That did release him out of pine."

Away and away went the proud porter,
Away and away and away went he,
Until he came to Lord Beichan's presence,
Down he fell on his bended knee.
"What aileth thee, my proud porter,
Thou art so full of courtesie?"

"I have been porter at your gates,
Its thirty long years now, and three,
But there stands a ladye at them now
The like of her I ne'er did see.

"For on every finger she has a ring,
And on her mid-finger she has three,
And as much gay gold above her brow
As would an earldom buy to me;
And as much gay clothing round about her
As would buy all Northumberlea."

Its out then spak' the bride's mother—
Aye, and an angry woman was she—
"Ye might have excepted the bonnie bride,
And two or three of our companie."

"O hold your tongue, ye silly frow,
Of all your folly let me be,
She's ten times fairer than the bride
And all that's in your companie.

"She asks one sheave of my lord's white bread,
And a cup of his red, red wine;
And to remember the ladye's love
That kindly freed him out of pine."

Lord Beichan then in a passion flew,
And broke his sword in splinters three—
"O, well a day," did Beichan say,
"That I so soon should married be;
For it can be none but dear Saphia
That's crossed the deep for love of me."

And quickly hied he down the stair,
Of fifteen steps he made but three,
He's ta'en his bonnie love in his arms,
And kist and kist her tenderlie.

"O, have you taken another bride,
And have ye quite forgotten me,
And have ye quite forgotten one
That gave you life and libertie?"

She looked over her left shouther,
To hide the tears stood in her e'e—
"Now fare thee well, young Beichan," she says,
"I'll try to think no more on thee."

"O! never, never, my Saphia,
For surely this can never be,
Nor ever shall I wed but her
That's done and dreed so much for me."

Then out and spak' the forenoon bride—
"My lord, your love is changed soon;
At morning I am made your bride,
And another's choose ere it be noon!"

"O sorrow not, thou forenoon bride,
Our hearts could ne'er united be,
You must return to yonr own countrie,
A double dower I'll send with thee."

And up and spak' the young bride's mother,
Who never was heard to speak so free—
"And so you treat my only daughter,
Because Saphia has cross'd the sea."

"I own I made a bride of your daughter,
She ne'er a whit the worse can be,
She came to me with her horse and saddle,
She may go back in her coach and three."

He's ta'en Saphia by the white hand,
And gently led her up and down,
And aye as he kist her rosy lips,
"Ye're welcome, dear one, to your own."

He's ta'en her by the milk-white hand,
And led her to yon fountain stane,
Her name he's changed from Saphia,
And he's called his bonny love Lady Jane.

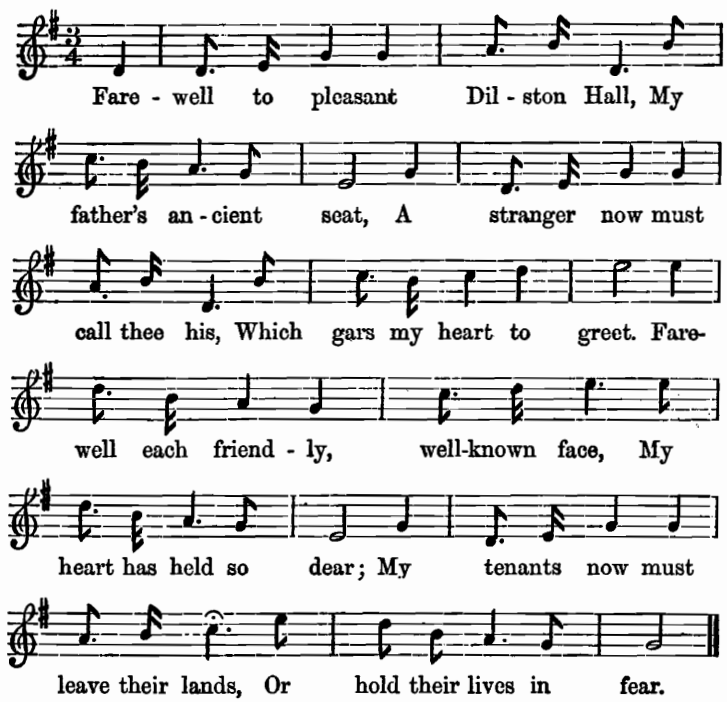
Lord Beichan prepared another marriage,
And sang with heart so full of glee—
"I'll range no more in foreign countries,
Now since my love has crossed the sea."

There are several versions of this highly popular and apparently ancient ballad in the works of Jamieson, Kinloch, Motherwell, &c., and in the "Local Historian's Table Book," vol. II., p. 20, New-

castle-upon-Tyne, 1842, the last being an English traditional version communicated by Mr. J. H. Dixon, of Seaton Carew.

Jamieson suggests that the name of the hero should be not "Beichan," but "Buchan;" and another editor or annotator (Percy Society Publications, No. 43) surmises "that the hero was one of the ancient and noble border family of 'Bertram;'" whilst Motherwell refers the ballad to an incident in the life of Gilbert, father of the celebrated Thomas à Becket. In this opinion he is supported by Professor Child, of Boston, U.S.A. There is also the popular song of "Lord Bateman," a ludicrously corrupt copy of this ballad, an edition of which (in the Cockney vernacular, with comic illustrations by George Cruickshanks, and notes of a burlesque character) was published by Tilt, of London, many years ago, containing the air to which the ballad was sung in the South of England—totally different from the Northern melody, which is here given.

DERWENTWATER'S FAREWELL.



Farewell to pleasant Dilston Hall,
My father's ancient seat,
A stranger now must call thee his,
Which gars my heart to greet.
Farewell each friendly, well-known face,
My heart has held so dear,
My tenants now must leave their lands
Or hold their lives in fear.

No more along the banks of Tyne
I'll rove in autumn gray,
No more I'll hear at early dawn
The lav'rocks wake the day.
Then fare thee well, brave Witherington,
And Forster, ever true,
Dear Shaftesbury and Errington
Receive my last adieu.

And fare thee well, George Collingwood,
Since fate has put us down,
If thou and I have lost our lives
Our King has lost his crown.
Farewell, farewell, my lady dear,
Ill, ill, thou counsell'dst me;
I never more may see the babe
That smiles upon thy knee.

And fare thee well, my bonny gray steed,
That carried me aye so free;
I wish I had been asleep in my bed
Last time I mounted thee.
The warning bell now bids me cease,
My trouble's nearly o'er,
Yon sun that rises from the sea
Shall rise on me no more.

Albeit that here in London town
It is my fate to die,
Oh! carry me to Northumberland,
In my father's grave to lie.
There chant my solemn requiem
In Hexham's holy towers;
And let six maids from fair Tynedale
Scatter my grave with flowers.

And when the head that wears the crown
Shall be laid low like mine,
Some honest hearts may then lament
For Radcliffe's fallen line.
Farewell to pleasant Dilston Hall,
My father's ancient seat,
A stranger now must call thee his,
Which gars my heart to greet.

James, Earl of Derwentwater, having unhappily engaged in the rebellion of 1715, was beheaded on Tower Hill on the 24th February, 1716. His youth, his amiability, his rank, his bravery, drew forth the sympathy of the whole nation, but especially of the inhabitants of Northumberland.

This song first appeared in Hogg's "Jacobite Relics of Scotland," having been communicated to the editor by Mr. Surtees, of Mainsforth. Mr. Surtees, in writing to the Ettrick Shepherd, says:

I send you all I can recover of it, just as I had it." The elegance of the composition, and its resemblance to some of his other poems, renders it more than probable that Mr. Surtees was himself its author.

The tune to which this ballad is set is of considerable antiquity. It originally appears in the "Commonplace Book" of John Gamble (a musical composer), dated 1659, under the title of "My dear and only love take heed." Numerous songs more or less popular have been written to it from that date to later times; amongst others being the song written by the celebrated James Graham, Marquess of Montrose, commencing—

"My dear and only love *I pray*,
This noble world of thee."

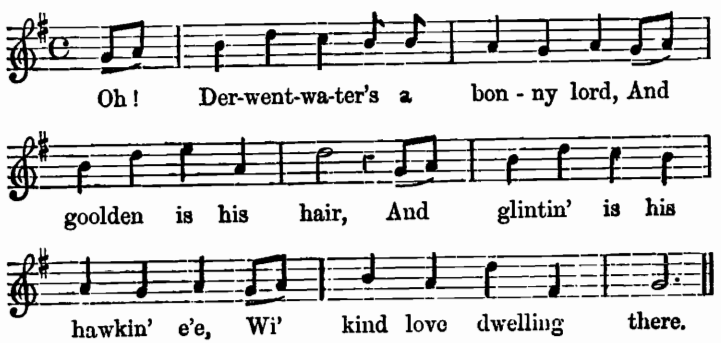
the burden of each verse being—

"I'll never love thee more."

This song made the tune very popular in Scotland, where it often appears in collections under the title of "Montrose Lynes."

Oswald, in his "Collection of Scottish Airs," 1781, inserts this melody, but gives it as the tune to which the ballad of "Chevy Chase" is sung; and in Sir Walter Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," a mutilated fragment of the tune is given as the melody of the ballads of "Jock o' the Syde," "Dick o' the Cow," &c. These adaptations are both erroneous, as the ballads named have each their own particular melodies, which are given in this volume.

DERWENTWATER.



Oh! Derwentwater's a bonny lord,
And goolden is his hair,
And glintin' is his hawkin' e'e,
Wi' kind love dwelling there.

Yestreen he cam to our lord's yett,
And loud, loud, did he ca',
"Rise up, rise up, for good King James,
And buckle and come awa'."

Our ladie held by our good lord,
Wi' weel love-locket hands,
But when young Derwentwater came,
She loos'd the snawy bands.

And when young Derwentwater kneeled—
"My gentle, fair ladie,"
The tears gave way to the glow o' love
In our gude ladie's e'e.

"I will think," he said, "on those e'en o' blue,
And on this snawy hand,
When on the helmy ridge o' war
Comes down my burly brand."

O never a word our ladie spake,
As he pressed her snawy hand,
"But O, my Derwentwater!" she sighed,
When his glowing lips she fand.

He has drapp'd frae his hand his tassel o' gowd
Which knots his gude weir-glove,
And he has drapp'd a spark frae his e'en,
Which gars our ladie love.

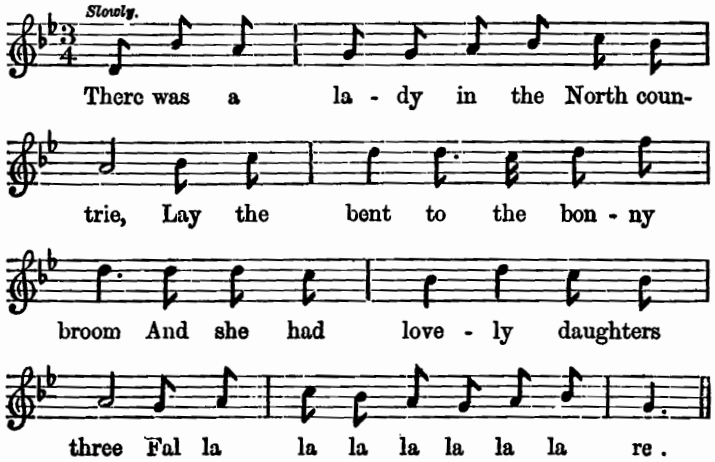
"Come down, come down," our gude lord says,
"Come down, my fair ladie,
O dinna young Lord Derwent stop,
The morning sun is hie."

And hie, hie, rose the morning sun,
Wi' front o' ruddie blude—
Thy harlot front, frae the white curtain,
Betokens naething gude

Our ladie look'd frae the turret top,
As long as she could see,
And for every sigh for her gude lord,
For Derwent there were three.

There is no testimony, traditional or otherwise, to support the surmise that the wife of one of the Jacobite chiefs had a criminal regard for the unfortunate Earl of Derwentwater, whose well-known fate is recounted in the previous ballad of "Derwentwater's Lament.' The earliest copy of this ballad will be found in Allan Cunningham's "Songs of Scotland," 1825, and it is also given in Mr. William Sidney Gibson's "Memories of James, third Earl of Derwentwater."

LAY THE BENT TO THE BONNY BROOM.



There was a lady in the North countrie,
  Lay the bent to the bonny broom,
And she had lovely daughters three,
  Fal la la la la la la la re.

There was a knight of noble worth,
  Lay the bent, &c.,
Who also lived in the north,
  Fal la la la, &c.

This knight was of courage stout and brave,
Nothing but love could his heart enslave.

This knight he knockt at the lady's gate,
One evening when it was full late.

The eldest sister let him in,
And pinned the door with a silver pin.

The second sister she made his bed,
And laid soft pillows under his head.

The youngest sister fair and bright,
Was resolved to wed this valiant knight.

And in the morning when it was day,
These words unto him she did say:

"Now (as I love you well)" quoth she,
"I pray, Sir Knight, will you marry me?"

The young brave knight to her replied—
"Thy suit, fair maid, shall not be denied;

"If thou canst answer me questions three,
This very day I will marry thee."

"Kind sir, in love, O then," quoth she,
"Tell me what your questions be?"

"O what is longer than the way,
Or what is deeper than the sea?

"Or what is louder than the horn,
Or what is sharper than the thorn?

"Or what is greener than the grass,
Or what is worse than woman e'er was?"

"O true love is longer than the way,
And hell is deeper than the sea.

"And thunder is louder than the horn,
And hunger is sharper than the thorn.

"And poison is greener than the grass,
And the Devil is worse than woman e'er was."

When she these questions answered had,
The knight became exceeding glad.

And having tried so hard her wit,
He much commended her for it.

And after it was verified,
He made of her his lovely bride.

Now, fair maidens, all adieu,
This song I dedicate to you;

I wish that you may constant prove,
To the men that you do love.

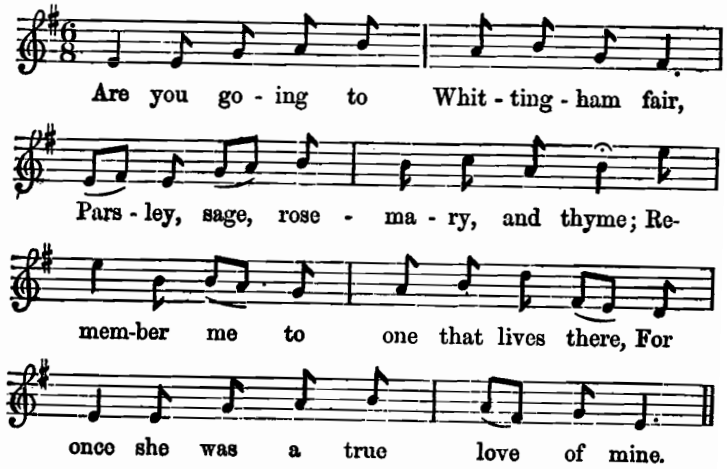
The metrical construction of this Border ballad is common to many of those which have descended to us from the ancient minstrels, snatches of some being given in the plays of Shakspeare and others of the Elizabethan dramatists—"Hey, nonny, nonny," "Willow, willow," "Heigho! the wind and the rain," &c., being examples.

Enigmatical ballads, though somewhat rare with us, are common in Sweden and other northern nations. Sometimes the riddle is propounded to a knight, sometimes to a lady, and sometimes to the Evil One himself.

The first attempts of our early ballad mongers were very rude and simple compositions, each verse consisting of two lines only, and it may be conceived that the minstrels who set them to music would at the end of each line (either to lengthen the subject or to display their musical skill) play a symphony. Vocalists, when singing such ballads without instrumental accompaniment, would, we may conjecture, either sing some unmeaning burthen (such as fal de rals or tol de rols), or add some line having little or no connection with the subject; thus originating the use of *burdens* to the old *duolinear* ballads.

"Lay the Bent" was communicated to the "Local Historian's Table Book" by Mr. J. H. Dixon, who found it in the Bodleian Library Collection of Ballads, in a folio printed in the reign of Charles II.; it also occurs in D'Urfey's "Wit and Mirth," 1699, and in Jamieson's "Popular Songs and Ballads," 1806. The melody is from D'Urfey's works, and is supposed to be the original and ancient tune.

WHITTINGHAM FAIR.



Are you going to Whittingham fair,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;
Remember me to one who lives there,
For once she was a true love of mine.

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;
Without any seam or needlework,
For once she was a true love of mine.

Tell her to wash it in yonder well,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;
Where never spring water nor rain ever fell,
For once she was a true love of mine.

Tell her to dry it on yonder thorn,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;
Which never bore blossom since Adam was born,
For once she was a true love of mine.

Now he has asked me questions three,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;
I hope he will answer as many for me,
For once he was a true love of mine.

Tell him to find me an acre of land,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;
Betwixt the salt water and the sea sand,
For once he was a true love of mine.

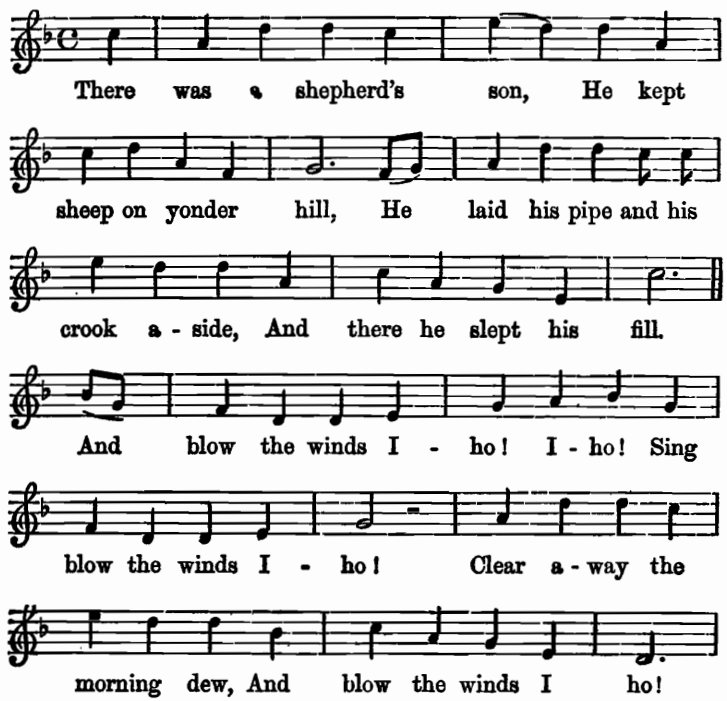
Tell him to plough it with a ram's horn,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;
And sow it all over with one pepper corn,
For once he was a true love of mine.

Tell him to reap it with a sickle of leather,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;
And bind it up with a peacock's feather,
For once he was a true love of mine.

When he has done and finished his work,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;
O tell him to come and he'll have his shirt,
For once he was a true love of mine.

This is another example of the enigmatical *duolinear* ballad, and popular in the north and west of the county of Northumberland; it is also known in several parts of England, but is sung usually as a nursery ballad.

BLOW THE WINDS, I-HO!



There was a shepherd's son,
He kept sheep on yonder hill;
He laid his pipe and his crook aside,
And there he slept his fill.

And blow the winds, I-ho!
Sing, blow the winds, I-ho!
Clear away the morning dew,
And blow the winds, I-ho!

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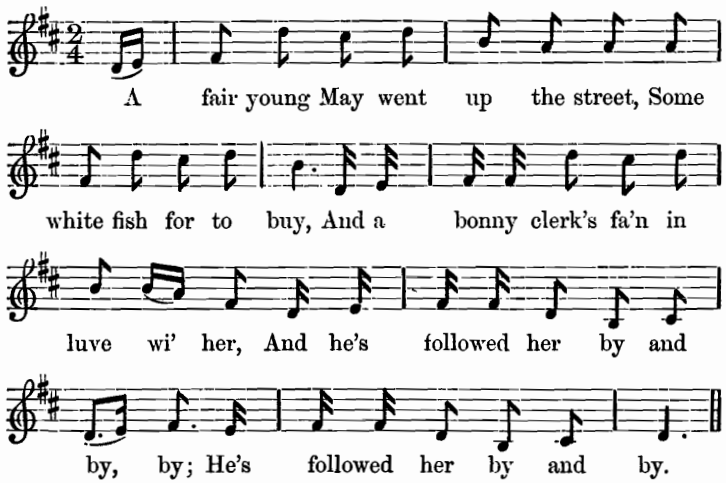
THE KEACH I' THE CREEL.



A fair young May went up the street,
Some white fish for to buy,
And a bonny clerk's fa'n in luve wi' her,
An' he's followed her by and by.

"O! where live ye, my bonny lass,
I pray thee tell to me,
For gin the night were ever sae mirk,
I wad come and visit thee."

"O! my faither he aye locks the door,
My mither keeps the key,
And gin ye were ever sic a wily wicht,
Ye canna win in to me."

But the clerk he had ae true brother,
And a wily wicht was he,
And he has made a lang ladder,
Was thirty steps and three.

He has made a cleek but and a creel—
A creel but and a pin;
And he's away to the chimley-top,
And he's letten the bonny clerk in.

The auld wife being not asleep,
Tho' late, late was the hour—
"I'll lay my life," quo' the silly auld wife,
"There's a man in our dochter's bower."

The auld man he gat owre the bed,
To see if the thing was true,
Bnt she's ta'en the bonny clerk in her arms,
And covered him owre wi' blue.

"O! where are ye gaun now, father?" she says,
"And where are ye gaun se late?
Ye've disturbed me at my evening prayers,
And, O, but they were sweit."

"O! ill betide ye, silly auld wife,
And an ill deeth may ye dee;
She has the muckle buik in her airms
And she's prayin' for you and me."

The auld wife still lay wide awake,
Then something mair was said,
"I'll lay my life," quo' the silly auld wife,
"There's a man by our dochter's bed."

The auld wife now gat owre the bed,
To see if the thing was true,
But what the wrack took the auld wife's fit!
For into the creel she flew.

The man that was at the chimley-top,
Finding the creel was fu',
He wrappit the rape round his left shouther,
And fast to him he drew.

"O help! O help! O hinny now, help!
O help! O hinny, do!
For *him* that ye aye wished me at,
He's carryin' me off just noo'."

"O! if the foul thief's gotten' ye,
I wish he may keep his haud;
For a' the lee lang winter nicht
Ye'll never lie in your bed."

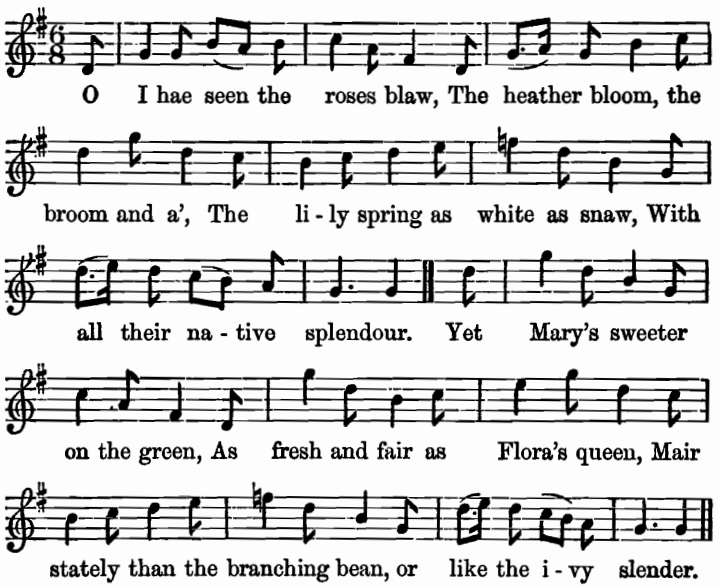
He's towed her up, he's towed her down,
He's gien her a richt down fa',
Till every rib o' the auld wife's side,
Played nick nack on the wa'.

O! the blue, the bonny, bonny blue,
And I wish the blue may do weel;
And every auld wife that's sae jealous o' her dochter
May she get a good keach i' the creel.

This old and very humorous ballad has long been a favourite on both sides of the Border, but had never appeared in print till about 1845, when a Northumbrian gentleman printed a few copies for private circulation, from which the above was taken.

In former days, in the rural districts of Northumberland, courtship was secretly conducted; and often the only place of meeting was the "maiden's bower." A better state of things now generally prevails.

O I HAE SEEN THE ROSES BLAW.



O! I hae seen the roses blaw,
The heather bloom, the broom and a',
The lily spring as white as snaw,
With all their native splendour.

Yet Mary's sweeter on the green,
As fresh and fair as Flora's queen,
Mair stately than the branching bean,
Or like the ivy slender.

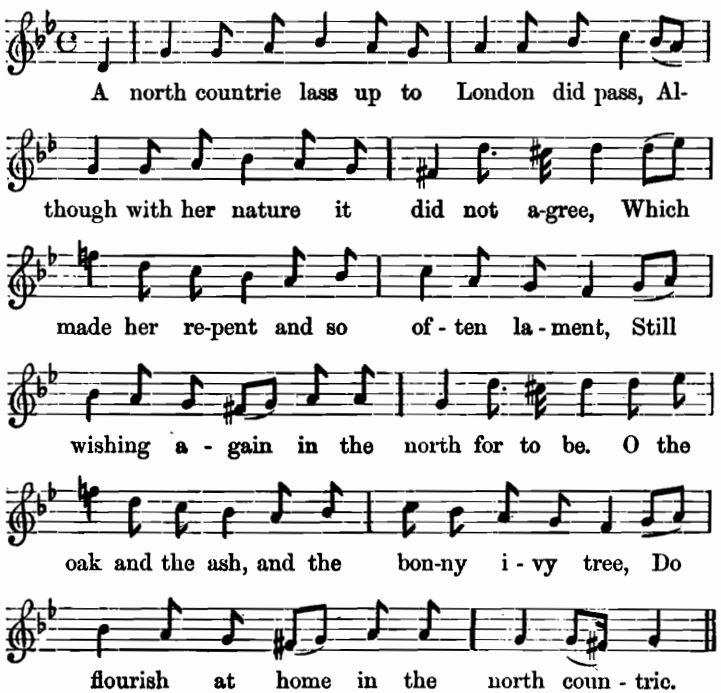
In nature like a summer day,
Transcendent as a sunny ray,
Her shape and air is frank and gay,
With all that's sweet and tender.
While lav'rocks sing their cheerful lays,
And shepherds brush the dewy braes,
To meet wi' Mary's bonny face
Among the shades I wander.

My captive breast by fancy led,
The sweet, the lovely maid,
Wi' ilka smile and charm arrayed
To make a heart surrender.
I love her mair than bees do flowers,
Or birds the pleasant leafy bowers,
Her presence yields me what the showers
To hill and valleys render.

Could I obtain my charmer's love,
Mair stable than a rook I'd prove,
With all the meekness of a dove,
To ilka pleasure hand her.
If she would like a shepherd lad,
I'd change my cane, my crook, and plaid—
Upon the hill tune up a reed,
And with a song commend her.

For her I'd live a life remote,
Wi' her I'd love a rustic cot,
There bless kind fortune for my lot,
And ilka comfort lend her.
Till death seals up my wearied e'e,
In troubled dreams her form I'll see;
Till she consents to live with me,
In lonesome shades I'll wander.

O THE OAK AND THE ASH AND THE BONNY IVY TREE.



A North-countrie lass up to London did pass,
Although with her nature it did not agree,
Which made her repent, and so often lament,
Still wishing again in the North for to be.
O! the oak and the ash, and the bonny ivy tree,
Do flourish at home in my ain countrie.

Fain would I be in the North countrie,
Where the lads and lasses are making the hay,
There should I see what is pleasant to me,
A mischief light on them enticed me away.
O the oak and the ash, and the bonny ivy tree,
Do flourish at home in my ain countrie.

At wakes and at fairs, being void of all cares,
We there with our lovers did use for to dance,
Then hard hap had I my ill fortune to try,
And so up to London my steps to advance.
O the oak and the ash, and the bonny ivy tree,
Do flourish at home in my ain countrie.

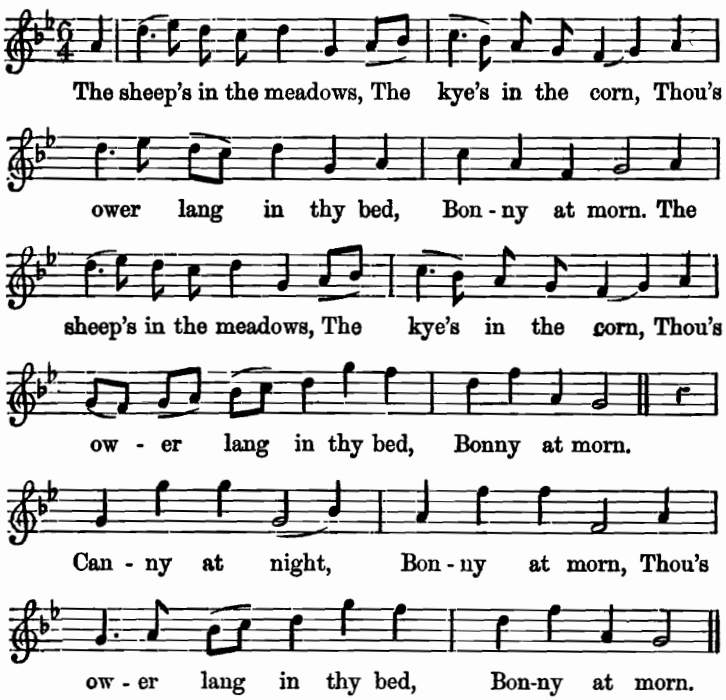
But still I perceive I a husband might have,
If I to the City my mind could but frame,
But I'll have a lad that is North-country bred,
Or else I'll not marry in the mind that I am.
O the oak and the ash, and the bonny ivy tree,
Do flourish at home in my ain conntrie.

Then, farewell, my daddy, and farewell, my minny,
Until I do see you I nothing but mourn,
Rememb'ring my brothers, my sisters, and others,
In less than a year I hope to return.
Then the oak and the ash, and the bonny ivy tree,
I shall see them at home in my ain countrie."

There is a black-letter copy of this ballad in the Roxburgh Collection, vol. ii., p. 367, and the many instances amongst the old writers where the quaint refrain of the ballad are met with, all evidence its great popularity. Sir Walter Scott, in his novel of "Rob Roy," makes the narrator of the tale (Francis Osbaldiston), in recounting the recollections of his childhood, tell how his Northumbrian nurse (old Mabel) amused him by singing the ditties of her native countrie, and specially names "O! the Oak and the Ash and the bonny Ivy Tree" as a Northumbrian ballad.

The tune is older than the ballad, and is in Sir James Hawkins' "Transcripts of Music for the Virginals," and also "The Dancing Master," 1650, under the title of "Godesses."

BONNY AT MORN.



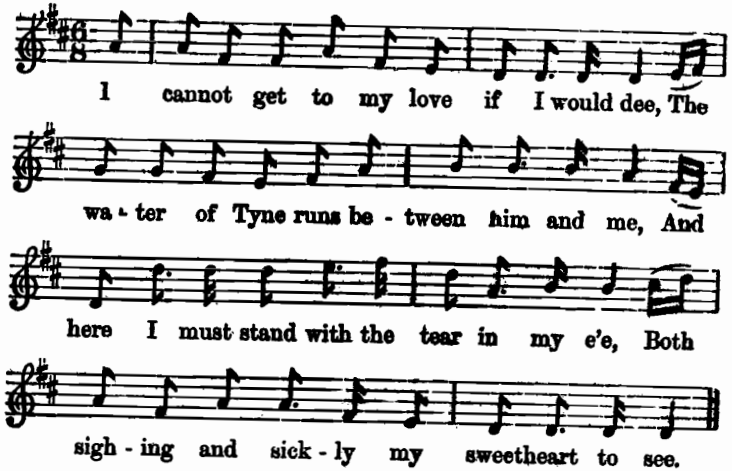
The sheep's in the meadow,
The kye's in the corn,
[Thou's ower lang in thy bed],
Bonny at morn.
Canny at night,
Bonny at morn,
[Thou's ower lang in thy bed],
Bonny at morn.

The bird's in the nest,
The trout's in the burn,
Thou hinders thy mother
In many a turn.
Canny at night, &c.

We're all laid idle
Wi' keeping the bairn,
The lad winnot work,
And the lass winnot lairn.
Canny at night, &c.

The song "Bonny at Morn" gives us a pretty picture of family life. The baby awakes a little too early, but the big lad and the big lass are loath to rise; hence the interjaculatory phrases "Thou's ower lang in thy bed" in the midst of the song.

THE WATER OF TYNE.

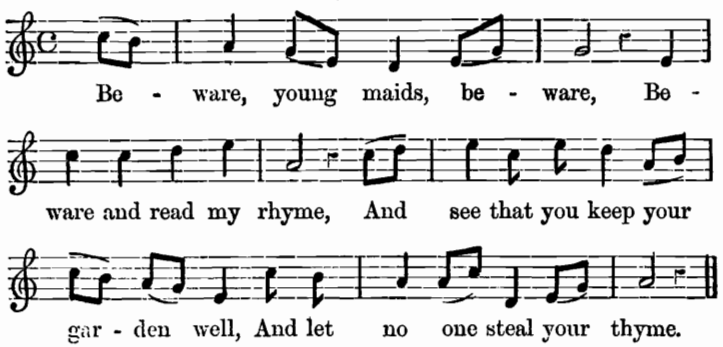


I cannot get to my love, if I would dee,
The water of Tyne runs between him and me;
And here I must stand with the tear in my e'e,
Both sighing and sickly my sweetheart to see.

O where is the boatman? my bonny hinny!
O where is the boatman? bring him to me,—
To ferry me over the Tyne to my honey,
And I will remember the boatman and thee.

O bring me a boatman, I'll give any money,
And you for your trouble rewarded shall be,
To ferry me over the Tyne to my honey,
Or scull him across that rough river to me.

THE WILLOW TREE, OR RUE AND THYME.



Beware, young maids, beware,
  Beware and read my rhyme,
And see that you keep your garden well,
  And let no one steal your thyme.

O, when my thyme was new,
  It flourished both night and day,
Till bye there came a false young man,
  And he stole my thyme away.

And now my thyme's all gone,
  And I can plant no new,
And the very place where my thyme was set
  Is all o'ergrown with rue.

And rue runs over all,
  And nothing can it stop;
But there grows a flower in my father's garden,
  They call it the fair maid's hope.

"Now spring up hope," said I,
  And be not afraid of rue,
And if ever that young man should come again,
  He'll surely find me true."

The gardener standing by,
  I bade him choose for me;
He chose me the lily, the violet, and the pink,
  But I refused all three.

The lily I refused,
  Because it fades so soon:

The violet and the pink I did them overlook,
  And vowed I would wait till June.

In June the red rose buds,
  And that is the flower for me,
But on laying my hands on the red rose bush
  I thought of the willow tree.

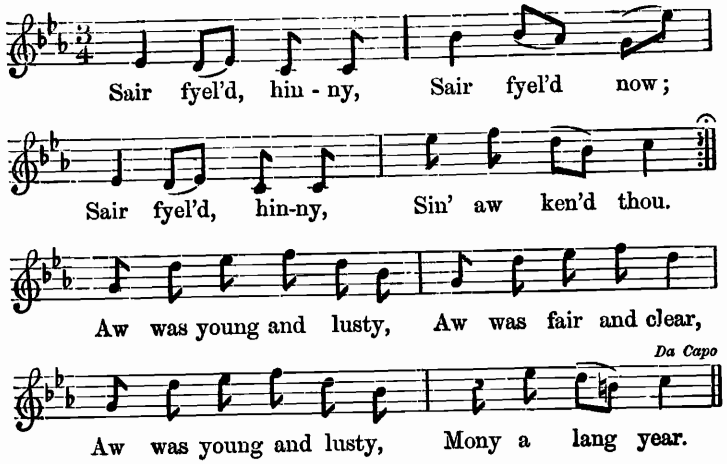
The willows they grow long,
  The willows they grow strong,
And the whole world over may very well know
  That false love has done me wrong.

It's good to be drinking the beer,
  It's good to be drinking the wine.
But it's better far to be on the bonny laddie's knee
  That's stolen this heart of mine.

Farewell to all fading flowers,
  Farewell to young lovely June,
For the grass that once was trodden under foot,
  Perhaps it may rise again.

There are many versions of this ballad, and more than one variation or set of the melody. The song is stated by Mr. William Chappell to have been written by a Mrs Francis Habergham, of Habergham, in the county of Lancaster, who died in 1703. Ruined by the extravagance and disgraced by the vices of her husband, she soothed her sorrows by some stanzas yet remembered by the old people of the neighbourhood. Our version of both tune and ballad, as sung by the common folk of Tynedale and Redesdale, differs slightly from that given by Mr. Chappell in his work.

SAIR FYEL'D, HINNY.



Sair fyel'd, hinny,
Sair fyel'd now;
Sair fyel'd, hinny,
Sin' I ken'd thou.

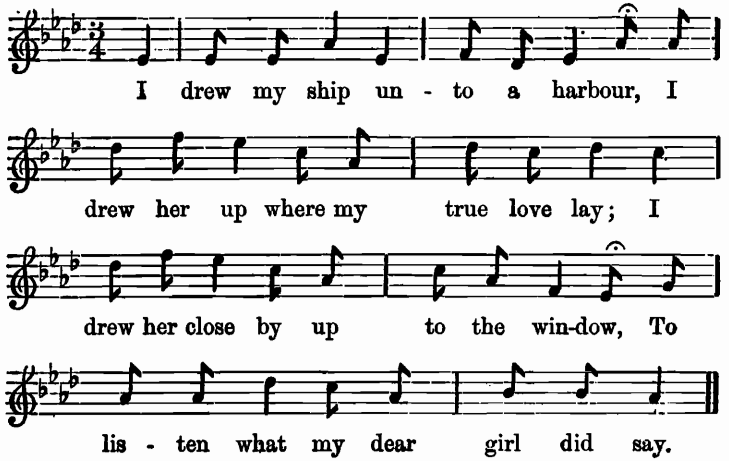
Aw was young and lusty,
Aw was fair and clear;
Aw was young and lusty,
Mony a lang year.
Sair fyel'd, hinny, &c.

When aw was young and lusty,
Aw cud lowp a dyke;
But now aw'm awd an' stiff,
Aw can hardly step a syke.
Sair fyel'd, hinny, &c.

When aw was five an' twenty,
Aw was brave and bauld:
Now, at five and sixty,
Aw'm byth stiff and cauld.
Sair fyel'd, hinny, &c.

Thus said the awd man
To the oak tree:
"Sair fyel'd is aw,
Sin' aw ken'd thee."
Sair fyel'd, hinny, &c.

I DREW MY SHIP INTO A HARBOUR.



I drew my ship into the harbour,
I drew her up where my true love lay,
I drew her close by up to the window,
To listen what my dear girl did say.

"Who's there that raps so loud at my window?
That raps so loud and fain would be in?"
"It is your true love that loves you dearly,
So rise, dear girl, and let him in."

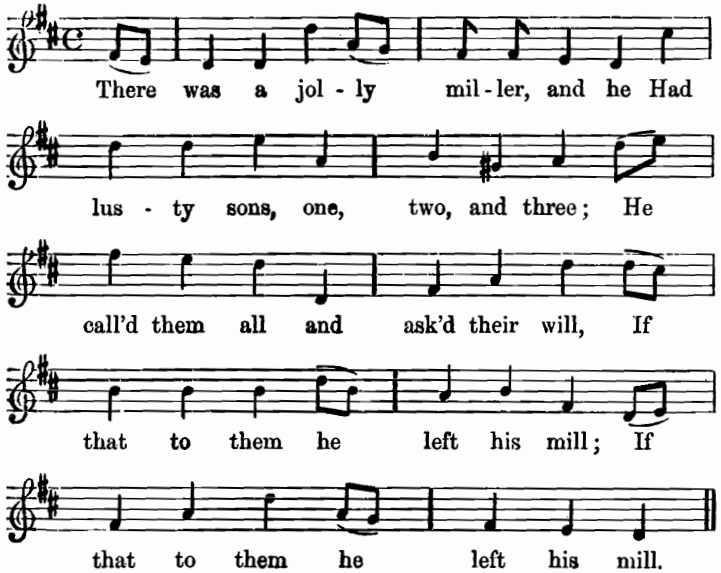
Then slowly, slowly, got she up,
And slowly, slowly, came she down;
But before she got the door unlocked
Her true love had both come and gone.

"Come back, come back, my only true love,
Come back, my ain one, and ease my pain;
Your voice I knew not, your face I saw not,
Oh John! my heart will break in twain."

The ripest apple is soonest rotten,
The hottest love is soonest cold;
Seldom seen, is soon forgotten,
True love is timid, so be not bold.

He's brisk and braw, lads, he's far awa, lads;
He's far beyond yon raging main,
Where fishers dancing and dark eyes glancing,
Have made him quite forget his ain.

THE MILLER AND HIS SONS.



There was a jolly miller, and he
Had lusty sons, one, two, and three;
He called them all and asked their will,
If that to them he left his mill.

He called first to his eldest son,
Saying: "My life is almost run,
If I to you this mill do make,
What toll do you intend to take?"

"Father," said he, "my name is Jack,
Out of a bushel I'll have a peck
From every bushel that I grind,
That I may a good living find."

"Thou art a fool!" the old man said,
"Thou has not well learned thy trade;
This mill to thee I ne'er will give,
For by such toll no man can live."

He called for his middlemost son,
Saying: "My life is almost run,

If I to you this mill do make,
What toll do you intend to take?"

"Father," says he, "my name is Ralph,
Out of a bushel I'll take a half
From every bushel that I grind,
That I may a good living find."

"Thou art a fool," the old man said,
"Thou hast not well learned thy trade—
This mill to thee I ne'er will give,
For by such toll no man can live."

He called for his youngest son,
Saying: "My life is almost run;
If I to you this mill do make,
What toll do you intend to take?"

"Father," said he, "I'm your only boy,
For taking toll is all my joy!
Before I will a good living lack,
I'll take it all and forswear the sack!"

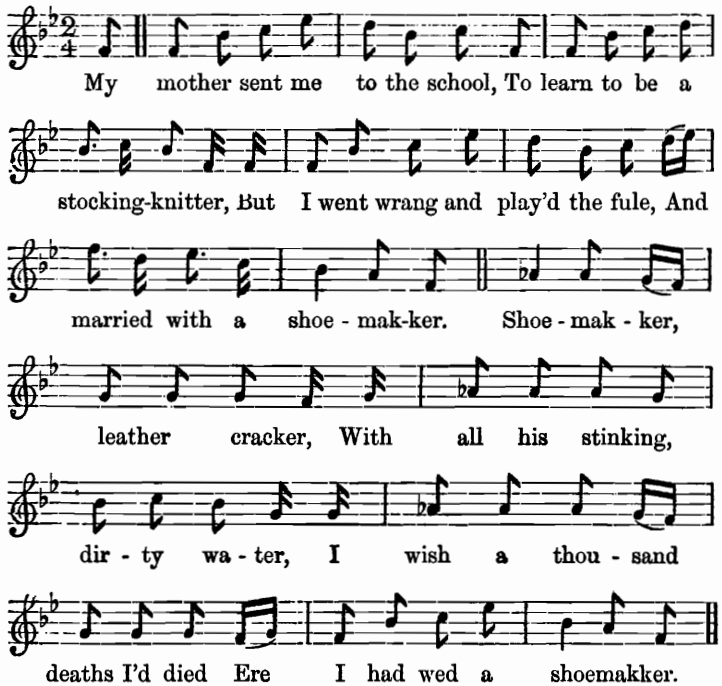
"Thou art the boy," the old man said,
"For thou hast right well learned thy trade;
This mill to thee I give," he cried,—
And then turned up his toes and died.

The miller of the olden time was deemed fair game for the satirist. Chaucer, describing the miller, says:

"A thief he was, forsooth, of corn and meal,
And that a sly, and usant for to steal."

This ballad is one of the most popular of the numerous songs written in ridicule of the trade. Many different versions of it are in existence; the tune also varies in different localities. The present air is evidently a slightly varied set of the old tune called "The Oxfordshire Tragedy," which Mr. Chappell believes to have been one of the old ditties used by the minstrels of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries in chanting their lengthy narratives at Christmas dinners and bride-ales.

THE SHOEMAKKER.

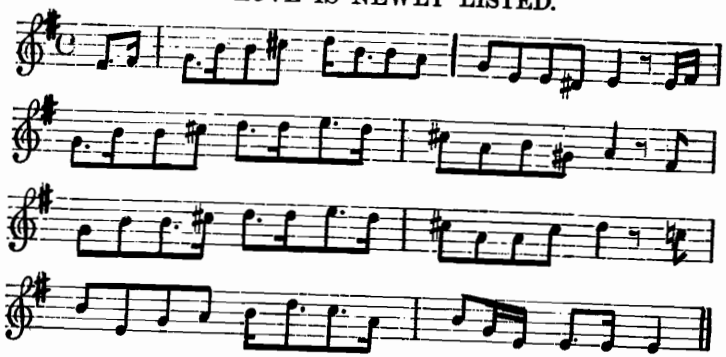


My mother sent me to the school,
To learn to be a stocking-knitter,
But I went wrang and play'd the fule,
And married with a shoemakker.
Shoemakker, leather cracker,
With all his stinking, dirty water,
I wish a thousand deaths I'd died
Ere I had wed a shoemakker.

His hands are like a cuddy's houghs,
His face is like the high-lowed leather,
His ears are like I don't know what,
His hair is like a bunch of heather.
Shoemakker, leather cracker,
Stinking kit and rotten leather,
I wish a thousand deaths I had died
Ere I had wed a shoemakker.

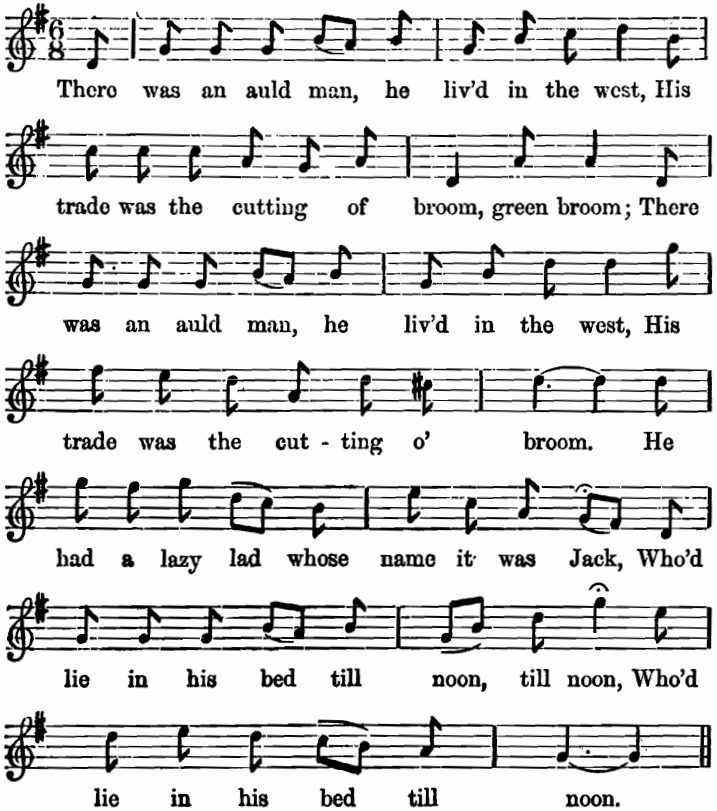
He sent me for a pint of wine,
And I brought him a pint o' water,
But he played me as good a trick,
He made my shoes o' rotten leather.
Shoemakker, leather strapper,
Three rows o' rotten leather,
Balls o' wax and stinking water,
Who would have a shoemakker.

MY LOVE IS NEWLY LISTED.



The late Mr. Thomas Doubleday, an enthusiastic and eloquent advocate for the collection of old Northumbrian music, picked this tune up from a street singer, and inserted it in a contribution to *Blackwood's Magazine*, in 1821. He gave some verses adapted to the melody entitled "Oh the snaw it melts the soonest," and describes it as "An air that has been familiar to me since I was 'penny-can high,' as the saying is; but the merit of which I was never aware of until now. I have forgot what we used to call it, but it now goes by the name of 'My Love is Newly Listed.' It is just one of those ditties which Gay would have put into the 'Beggars' Opera.' Monotonous, yet original—full of mannerism, yet with a vein of unexpected feeling—it embodies, in a faint degree, that mixture of passion which is at the top of what you call 'musical expression.'"

BROOM, GREEN BROOM.



There was an auld man, he liv'd in the west,
  His trade was the cutting of broom, green broom;
He had a lazy lad, whose name it was Jack,
  Who'd lie in his bed till noon, till noon,
  Who'd lie in his bed till noon.

The auld man arose, and to his son goes,
  And swore he would fire the room, the room,
If Jack wadna rise and sharp up his knives,
  And go to the wood to cut broom, green broom,
  And go to the wood to cut broom.

Then Jack he arose, and put on his clothes,
  He bann'd and he swore, and did fume, did fume,
To think that he should, with his breeding so good,
  Be doomed all his life to cut broom, green broom,
  Be doomed all his life to cut broom.

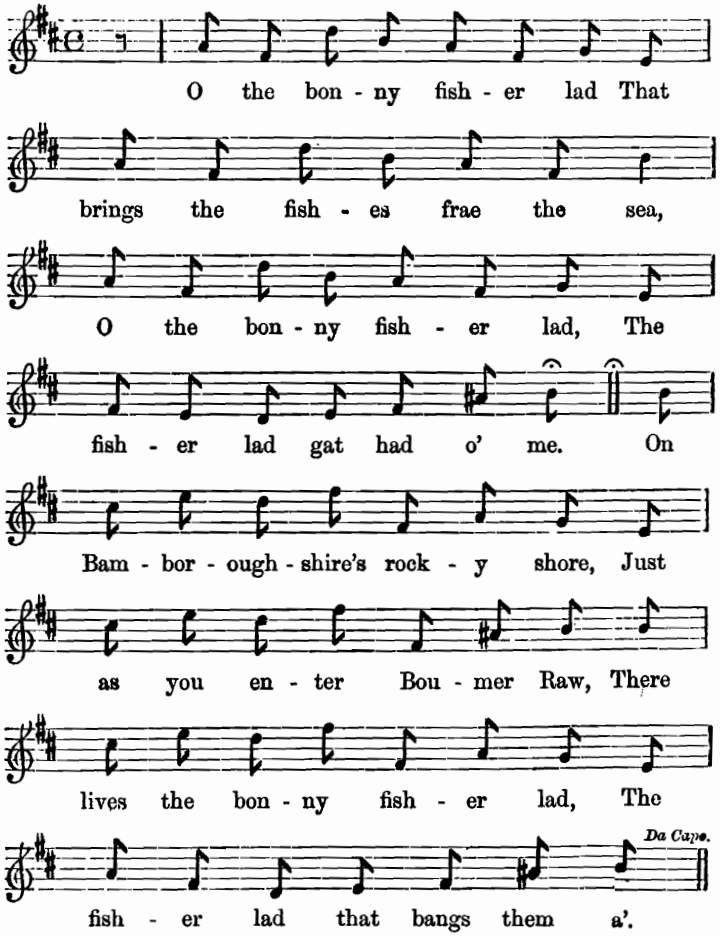
So Jack he passed on to the greenwood alone,
  Till he came to a castle of gloom, grey gloom;
He rapp'd at the yett whate'er he could beat,
  Crying, "Maids, will you buy my broom, green broom?"
  Crying, "Maids, will you buy my broom?"

A lady on high then did him espy,
  And marvelling much at his bloom, bright bloom,
She called on her maid to use all her speed,
  And bring up the youth with his broom, green broom,
  And bring up the youth with his broom.

Jack climbed the dark stair without dread or fear,
  Till he came to this fair lady's room, fine room;
With courtesy kind he pleased so her mind,
  She arled him there for her groom, bridegroom,
  She arled him there for her groom.

Now all you broom cutters that live in the west
  Pray call at the castle of gloom, grey gloom;
There's both meat and drink, lads, what do you think,
  No trade like the cutting o' broom, green broom,
  No trade like the cutting o' broom.

O THE BONNY FISHER LAD.



O the bonny fisher lad,
That brings the fishes frae the sea,
O the bonny fisher lad,
The fisher lad gat had o' me.

On Bamboroughshire's rocky shore,
Just as you enter Boumer Raw,
There lives the bonny fisher lad,
The fisher lad that bangs them a'.

O the bonny fisher lad,
That brings the fishes frae the sea,
O the bonny fisher lad,
The fisher lad gat had o' me.

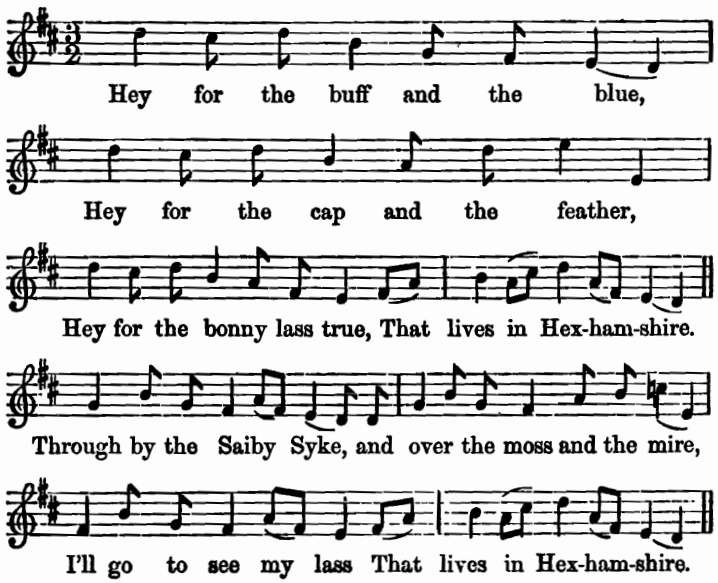
My mother sent me out one day
To gather cockles frae the sea;
But I had not been lang away,
When the fisher lad gat had o' me.

O the bonny fisher lad,
That brings the fishes frae the sea,
O the bonny fisher lad,
The fisher lad gat had o' me.

A sailor I will never marry,
Nor soldier, for he's got no brass;
But I will have a fisher lad,
Because I am a fisher lass.

O the bonny fisher lad,
That brings the fishes frae the sea,
O the bonny fisher lad,
The fisher lad gat had o' me.

THE HEXHAMSHIRE LASS.



Hey for the buff and the blue,
  Hey for the cap and the feather,
Hey for the bonny lass true,
  That lives in Hexhamshire.

  Through by the Saiby Syke,
    And over the moss and the mire,
  I'll go to see my lass,
    Who lives in Hexhamshire.

Her father loved her well,
  Her mother loved her better,
I love the lass mysel',
  But, alas! I cannot get her.
    Through by, &c.

O, this love, this love,
  Of this love I'm weary,
Sleep I can get none,
  For thinking on my deary.
    Through by, &c.

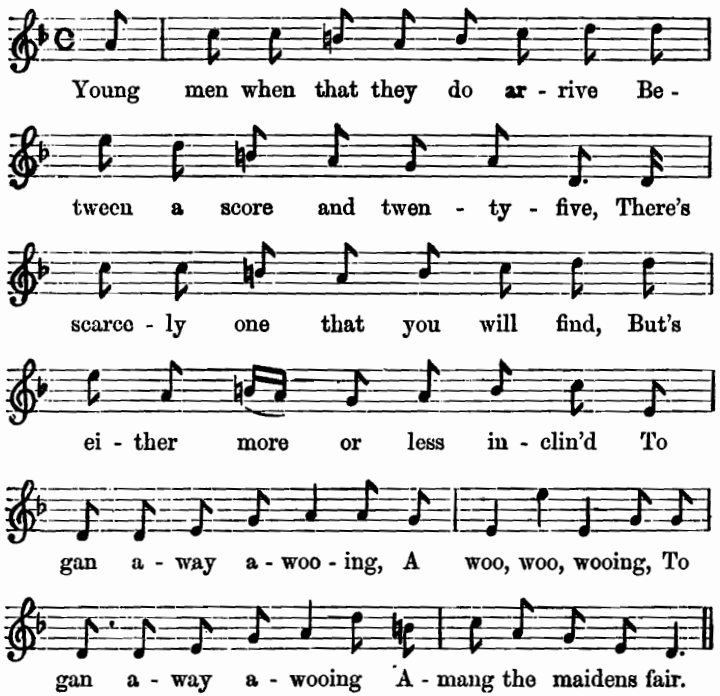
My heart is like to break,
  My bosom is on fire,
So well I love the lass,
  That lives in Hexhamshire.
    Through by, &c.

Her petticoat is silk,
  And plated round with siller,
Her shoes are tied with tape;
  She'll wait till I go till her.
    Through by, &c.

Were I where I would be,
  I would be beside her;
But here a while I must be,
  Whatever may betide her.
    Through by, &c.

Hey for the thick and the thin,
  Hey for the mud and the mire
And hey for the bonny lass,
  That lives in Hexhamshire.
    Through by, &c.

THE MODE O' WOOING.



Young men, when that they do arrive
Between a score and twenty-five,
There's scarcely one that you will find,
But's either more or less inclined
To gang away a wooing, a woo, woo, wooing,
To gang away a wooing, amang the maidens fair.

When I myself was a young man,
Between a score and twenty-one,
One evening, I will ne'er deny,
The trade myself I thought to try,
And gang away a wooing, &c.

But finding it no easy task,
I, in a joking way, did ask
Some counsel of an aged man—
'Twas how he did when he began
To gang away a wooing, &c.

Says he, "Young man, I pray draw near,
And unto me come lend an ear,
And I will tell you, if I may,
Both what to do and what to say,
When ye shall gang a wooing, &c.

"When e'er at market or at fair,
Be sure that weel ye treat them there
With raisins, wine, or ginger-bread,
A comb or ribbon for the head,
When ye shall gang a wooing, &c.

"Remember this, and then ye're sure
To gain a lass, though rich or poor:
But if that ye this thing neglect,
They will for you show no respect,
When ye shall gang a wooing, &c."

"I hear your say, and thank ye, man,
Yet nane the less I doubt your plan,
For I've observed it all my life,
And yet have never got a wife,
For all your mode of wooing, &c.

"Another thing, I plainly see,
Sic wooing will not do for me,
For I've got little in my purse,
And therefore would I fare the worse,
In this your mode of wooing, &c."

It so befell, another day,
As I was walking out the way,
I met a howdie, auld and grey,
And unto me thus did she say:
"It's time you were a wooing, &c."

"Now, honest Luckie, weel ye ken
The nature baith o' maids and men,
While I'm but young and blate, I trow,
And kenna what to say or do,
Were I to gang a wooing, &c."

Says she "Young man, I pray draw near,
And unto me come lend an ear,
And I will tell you, if I may,
Both what to do and what to say,
When ye shall gang a wooing, &c.

"When ye're at market or at fair,
To treat them, gold ye need not ware
On sweetmeats, wine, on toys and tools,
Lest they rank you among the fools,
That waste their wealth in wooing, &c.

"But if you see a lass you like,
About her haud nae unca fyke;
Set tryst with her—if she incline
To come, O, that's a noble sign
Of fortune fair in wooing, &c.

"Before ye speak a word ava',
Just gie her kisses, ane or twa;
And after that a little wee,
Just gie her kisses, twa or three—
Make this your mode o' wooing, &c.

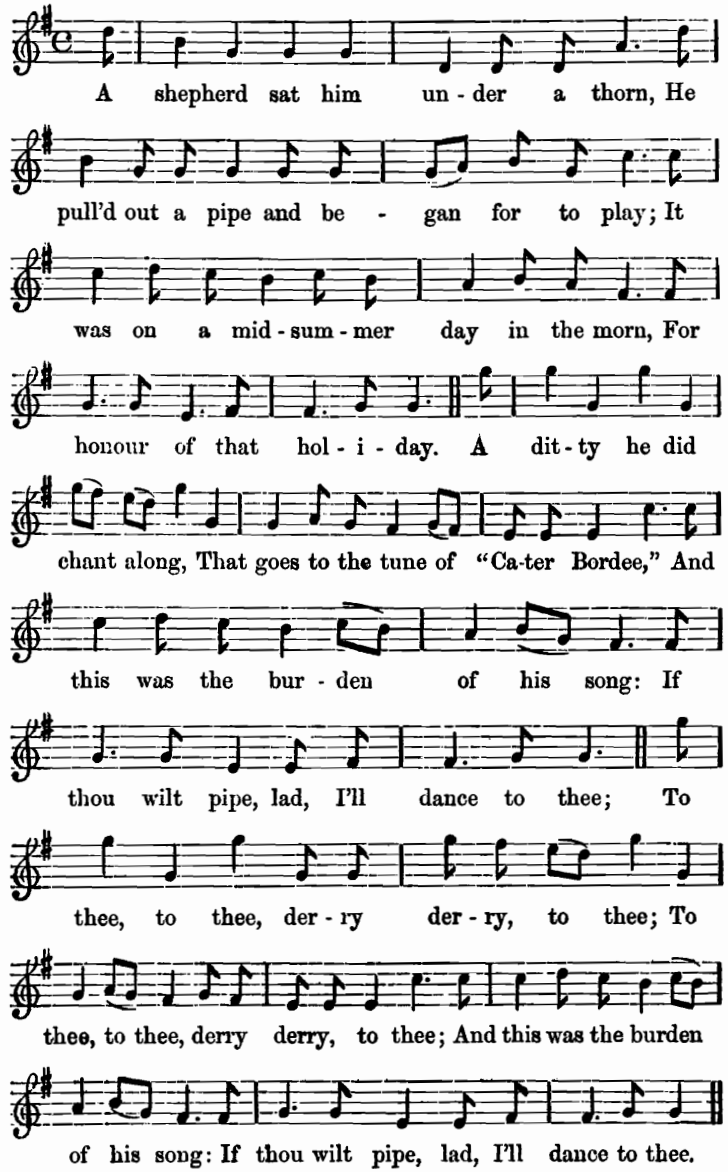
"Sit down her by, tell her your case,
Call her the wale of all her race,
Then take her gently on your knee,
And lay the lip on lavishly:
Make this your mode o' wooing, &c.

"And be your trysting air or late,
Be sure ye be not over blate;
If in the dark ye grip by guess,
She'll like you ne'er a hair the less,
In this your mode o' wooing, &c.

"Remember this, and then your sure
To gain a lass, though rich or poor,
But if you do these things neglect,
They will for you show no respect,
When ye shall gang a wooing, &c."

"Now, honest Luckie, here's my hand,
The case I think you understand;
In woman's will ye maun be wise,
So I will follow your advice,
When I'se away a wooing, a woo, woo, wooing,
When I'se away a wooing amang the maidens fair."

THE NORTHUMBERLAND BAGPIPES.

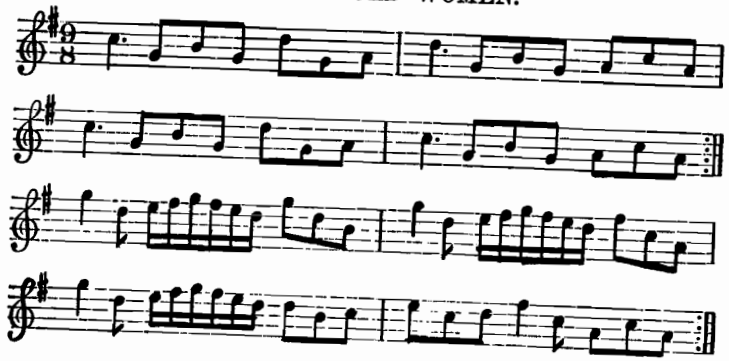


A shepherd sat him under a thorn,
He pull'd out his pipes and began for to play;
It was on a midsummer day in the morn,
For honour of that holiday.
A ditty he did chant along,
That goes to the tune of "Cater Bordee;"
And this was the burden of his song:
If thou wilt pipe, lad, I'll dance to thee,
To thee, to thee, derry, derry, to thee;
To thee, to thee, derry, derry, to thee;
And this was the burden of his song:
If thou wilt pipe, lad, I'll dance to thee.

And while his harmony he did make,
A country damsel from the town,
A basket on her arm she had,
A gathering rushes from the down,
Her bongrace was of wended straw,
From the sun's beams her face to free,
And thus she began when she him saw—
If thou wilt pipe, lad, I'll dance to thee,
To thee, to thee, &c.

Mr. William Chappell, in his invaluable work, "Popular Music of the Olden Time," has several notices of Lincolnshire and Worcestershire bagpipes, but the Northumberland bagpipes are only once mentioned, and that is in connection with this ballad and air. They are taken by him from D'Urfey's "Pills to Purge Melancholy," vol. ii., p. 136, dated 1700, and called by the same title. They are also to be found in the Roxburgh and Bayford Collections as "The merry bagpipes, the pleasant pastime betwixt a jolly shepherd and a country damsel on a midsummer day in the morning, to the tune of "March Boys.'" The same tune appears in a manuscript music book dated 1694-95, inscribed with the name of Henry Atkinson, Hartburn, Northumberland, lately in the possession of Mr. W. A. Chatto, of London. The title of the tune in this book is "To thee, to thee," which is the chorus of D'Urfey's song.

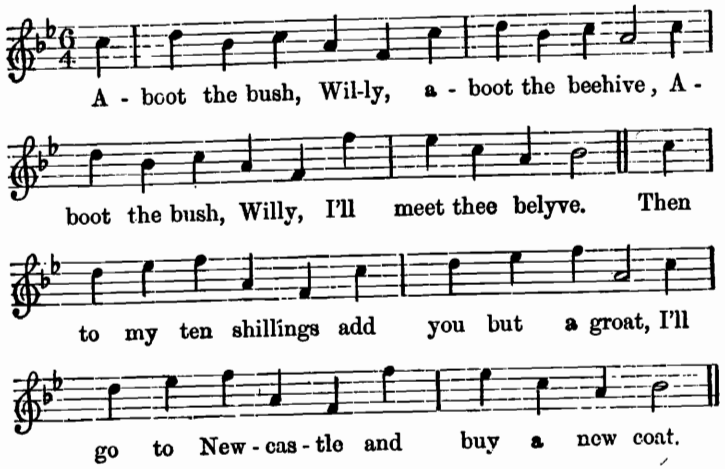
DURHAM OLD WOMEN.



As aw was gannin' to Durham,
Aw met wi' three jolly brisk women;
Aw asked "what news at Durham?"
They said—"Joyful news is coming:

"There's three sheeps' heads i' the pot,
A peck o' peasmeal in the pudding;"
They jump'd, laugh'd, and skipp'd at that,
For the joyful days are coming,

ABOOT THE BUSH, WILLY.



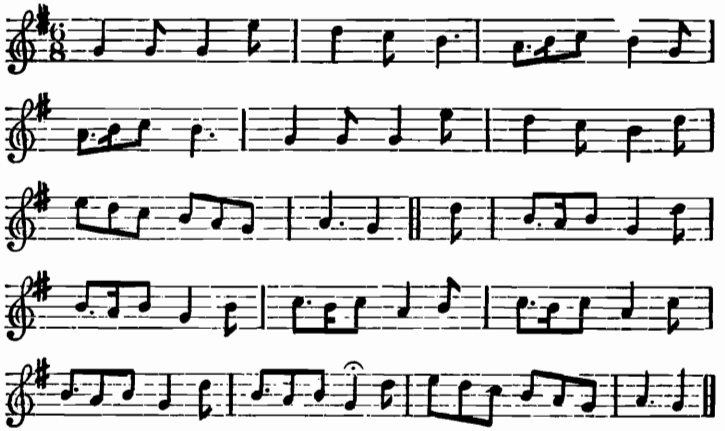
Aboot the bush, Willy,
Aboot the beehive,
Aboot the bush, Willy,
I'll meet the belyve

Then to my ten shillings
Add you but a groat,
I'll go to Newcastle
And buy a new coat.

Five and five shillings,
Five and a crown,
Five and five shillings
Will buy a new gown.

Five and five shillings,
Five and a groat,
Five and five shillings
Will buy a new coat.

CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE MORNING.



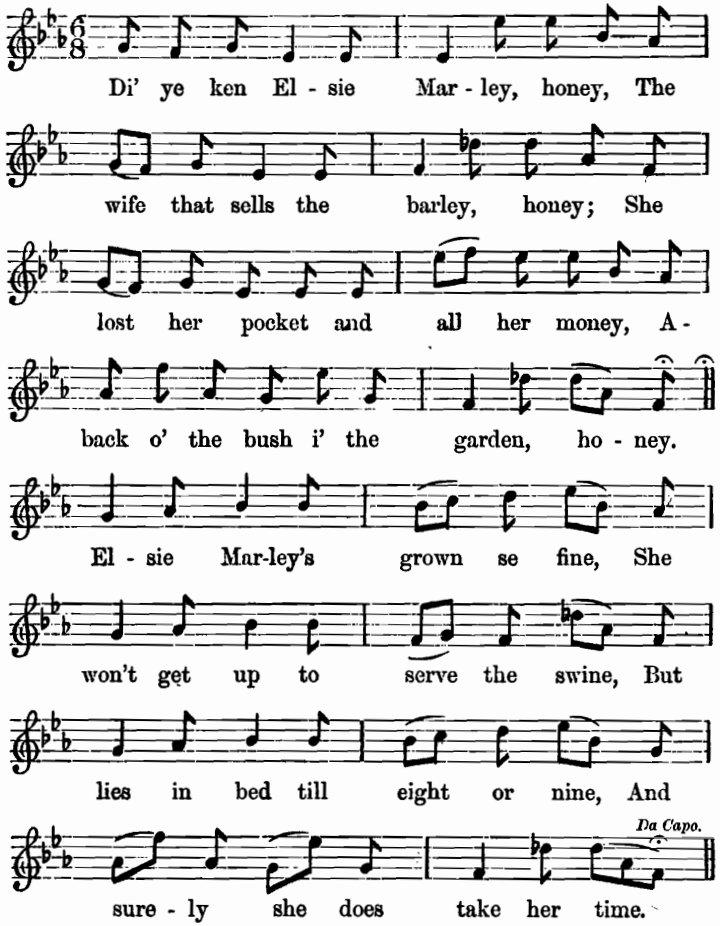
Dame get up and bake your pies,
Bake your pies, bake your pies;
Dame get up and bake your pies,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Dame what makes your maidens lie,
Maidens lie, maidens lie;
Dame what makes your maidens lie,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Dame what makes your ducks to die,
Ducks to die, ducks to die;
Dame what makes your ducks to die,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Their wings are cut, and they cannot fly,
Cannot fly, cannot fly;
Their wings are cut, and they cannot fly,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

ELSIE MARLEY.



Di' ye ken Elsie Marley, honey,
The wife that sells the barley, honey;
She lost her pocket and all her money,
Aback o' the bush i' the garden, honey.
Elsie Marley's grown se fine,
She won't get up to serve her swine,
But lies in bed till eight or nine,
And surely she does take her time.
Di' ye ken, &c.

Elsie Marley is so neat,
It's hard for one to walk the street
But every lad and lass you meet
Cries—Di' ye ken Elsie Marley, honey?
Di' ye ken, &c.

Elsie Marley wore a straw hat,
But now she's gotten a velvet cap;
The Lambton lads mun pay for that,
Di' ye ken Elsie Marley, honey?
Di' ye ken, &c.

Elsie keeps rum, gin, and ale
In her house below the dale,
Where every tradesman, up and down,
Does call and spend his half-a-crown.
Di' ye ken, &c.

The farmers, as they come that way,
They drink with Elsie every day,
And call the fiddler for to play
The tune of "Elsie Marley," honey.
Di' ye ken, &c.

The pitmen and the keelmen trim,
They drink bumbo made of gin,
And for the dance they do begin
To the tune of "Elsie Marley," honey.
Di' ye ken, &c.

The sailors they do call for flip
As soon as they come from the ship.
And then begin to dance and skip
To the tune of "Elsie Marley," honey.
Di' ye ken, &c.

Those gentlemen that go so fine,
They'll treat her with a bottle of wine,
And freely they'll sit down and dine
Along with Elsie Marley, honey.
Di' ye ken, &c.

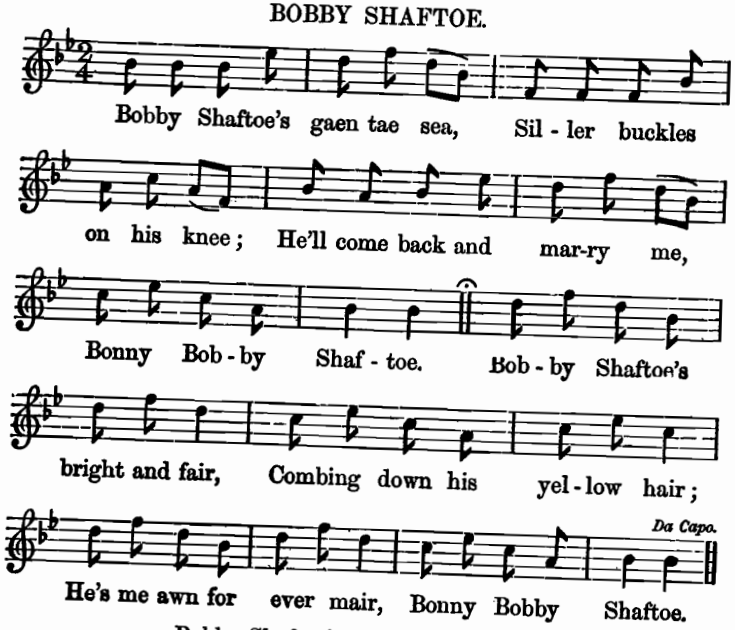
So to conclude, these lines I've penned,
Hoping there's none I do offend,
And thus my merry joke doth end,
Concerning Elsie Marley, honey.
Di' ye ken, &c.

This ballad has come down to us with a double claim for preservation from oblivion in the merit of the lively tune itself and the frolicsome spirit of the song, which, whilst gently satirising, at the same time preserves the memory of one who, in her day, had attained some notoriety as a general public entertainer

Elsie (or Alice) Marley was the wife of an innkeeper at the Barley Mow Inn, Pictree, near Chester-le-Street, where her buxom presence and lively humour were doubtless the means of attracting all ranks of society, from the pitman to the viewer, and from keelmen and sailors to tradesmen and gentlemen.

The ballad was founded upon a true incident in the life of our heroine, and speedily became so popular all over the district that when Joseph Ritson published his "Bishopric Garland" in 1784, he considered it of sufficient importance to be included in that collection. A happy temperament, a comfortable life, and an extensive circle of friends did not, however, suffice to save poor Elsie from a share of the "ills that flesh is heir to," for in Sykes' Local Records, under date 1768, August 5, we read:—"The well-known Alice Marley, who kept a public house at Pictree, near Chester-le-Street, being in a fever, got out of her house and went into a field, where there was an old coal pit full of water, which she fell into and was drowned."

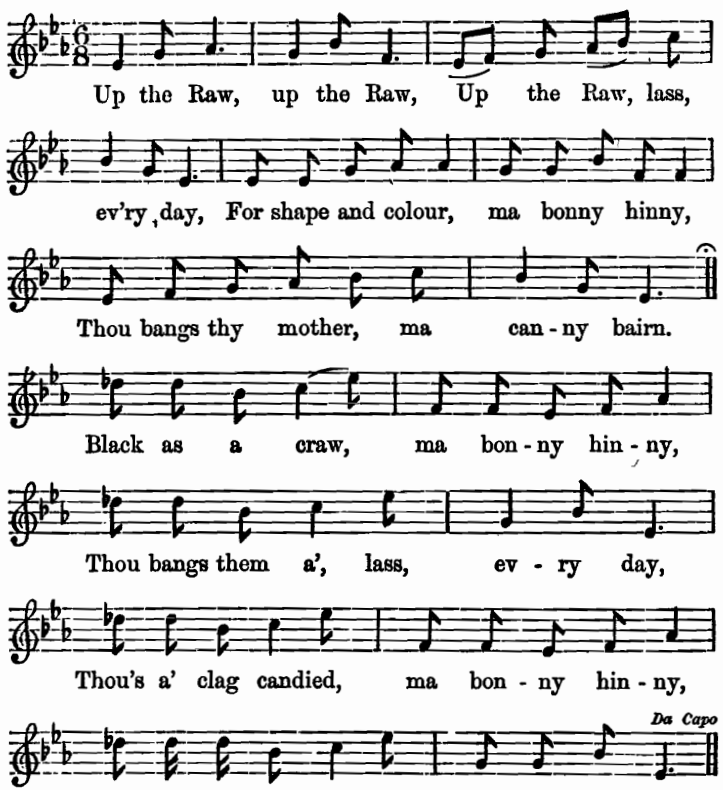
BOBBY SHAFTOE.



Bobby Shaftoe's gaen tae sea,
Siller buckles on his knee;
He'll come back and marry me,
Bonny Bobby Shaftoe.
Bobby Shaftoe's bright and fair,
Combing down his yellow hair;
He's me awn for iver mair,
Bonny Bobby Shaftoe.

Bobby Shaftoe's getten a bairn,
For to dangle on his airm;
In his airm and on his knee,
Bonny Bobby Shaftoe.
Bobby Shaftoe's gaen to sea,
Siller buckles on his knee;
He'll come back and marry me,
Bonny Bobby Shaftoe.

UP THE RAW

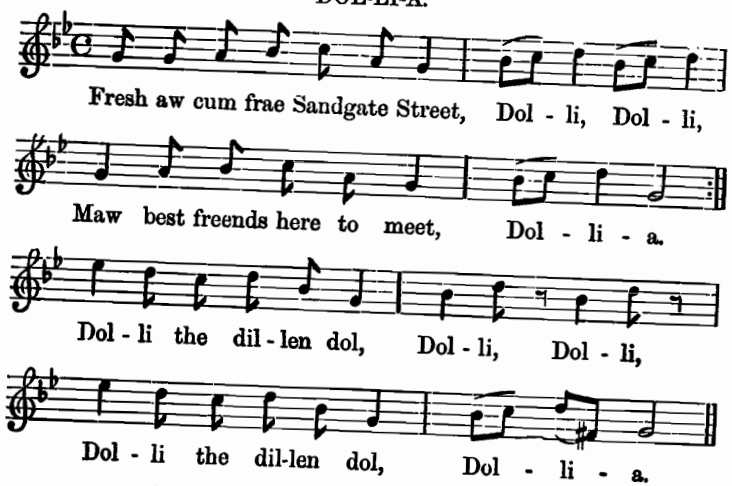


Up the Raw, down the Raw,
Up the Raw, lass, ev'ry day,
For shape and colour, ma bonny hinny,
Thou bangs thy mother, ma canny bairn.

Black as a craw, ma bonny hinny,
Thou bangs them a', lass, ivry day,
Thou's a' clag candy, ma bonny hinny,
Thou's double japanded, ma canny bairn.
Up the Raw, &c.

For hide and hue, ma bonny hinny,
Thou bangs the crew, ma canny bairn,
Up the Raw, maw bonny hinny,
Thou bangs them a', ma canny bairn.
Up the Raw, &c.

DOL-LI-A.



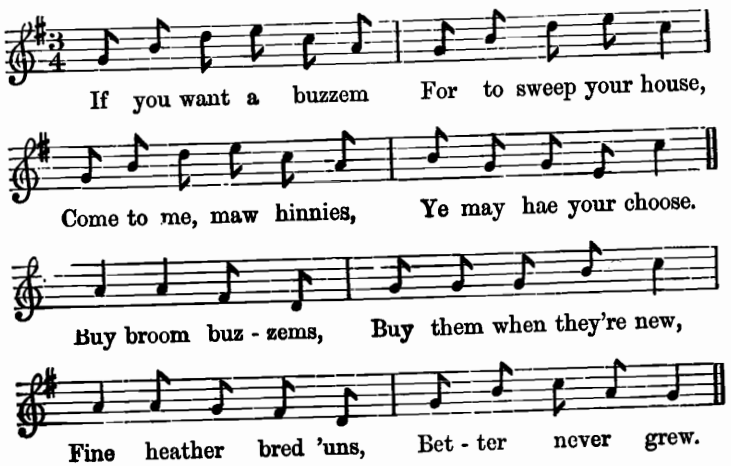
Fresh aw cum frae Sandgate Street,
Dol-li, dol-li,
My best freends here to meet,
Dol-li-a,
Do-li the dillen dol,
Dol-li, dol-li,
Dol-li the dillen dol,
Dol-li-a.

The Black Cuffs is gawn away,
And that will be a crying day.

Dolly Coxon's pawned her shirt,
To ride upon the baggage cart.

The Green Cuffs is cummin' in,
An' that'll make the lasses sing.

BUY BROOM BUZZEMS



If you want a buzzem
For to sweep your hoose,
Come to me, maw hinnies,
Ye may hae your choose.
Buy broom buzzems,
Buy them when they're new,
Fine heather bred 'uns,
Better never grew.

Buzzems for a penny,
Rangers for a plack;
If you winnot buy,
Aw'll tie them on my back.
Buy broom buzzems, &c.

If aw had a horse,
Aw wad hev a cairt;
If aw had a wife,
She wad tyek me pairt.
Buy broom buzzems, &c.

Had aw but a wife,
Aw care not what she be—
If she's but a woman,
That's enuf for me.
Buy broom buzzems, &c.

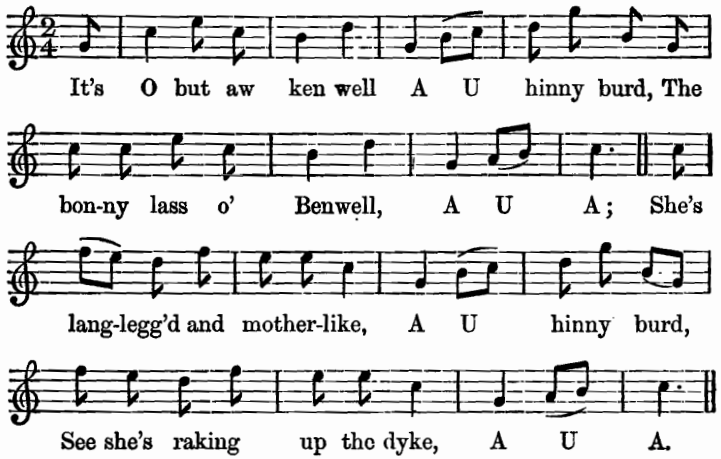
If she liked a droppie,
Her and I'd agree;
If she did'nt like it,
There's the mair for me.
Buy broom buzzems, &c.

This unique little ballad, quaint and simple alike in music and words, is popularly attributed to William Purvis, commonly called "Blind Willie," one of the most worthy and famous of the Newcastle eccentrics. He was the son of John Purvis, waterman, and born about the beginning of 1752, having been baptized at All Saints Church on the 16th February of that year.

This eccentric character never enjoyed the faculty of sight, and many still living remember the sonsy, contented, and sightless face of Willie as he trudged along the streets without a covering on his head. Several attempts were made by presenting him with a hat to induce him to wear one; but after having borne the infliction for a day or two, it was thrown aside, and the "Minstrel," as he was called, again appeared uncovered, preferring the exposure of his hoary but well-thatched pate to the pelting of the pitiless storm. Blind Willie was perfectly acquainted with all the streets, lanes, and chares of his native town, and made his way everywhere without a guide, only using a long stick. His happy, contented nature made him a universal favourite with all ranks of society; and he had his regular places of call, where he was always welcome and duly served. At the inns and public houses of the town Blind Willie's presence in the taproom was a sure attraction, and his voice and fiddle in harmony, singing some quaint local ditty, gave never failing delight to his appreciative audiences.

"Buy Broom Buzzems" was usually considered to be Willie's *chef-d'œuvre*, and he was in the habit of adding new verses, either made by himself or made for him, having no connection with the original theme. They have, therefore, been omitted here. Blind Willie died in All Saints' Poorhouse on 20th July, 1832, upwards of eighty years of age.

A U HINNY BURD.



Its O but aw ken well
A U hinny burd,
The bonny lass o' Benwell,
A U A;
She's lang-legged and mother-like,
A U hinny burd,
See she's raking up the dyke,
A U A.

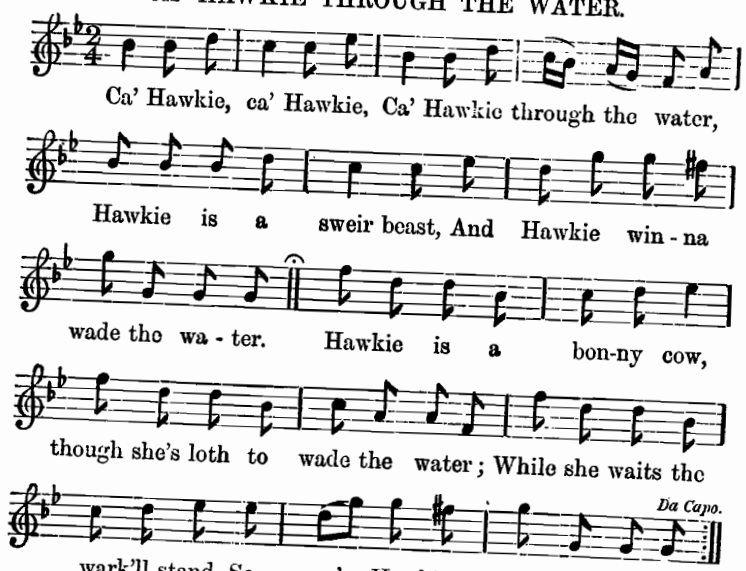
The Quayside for sailors,
The Castle Garth for tailors,
The Gateshead Hills for millers,
The North Shore for keelers.

There's Sandgate for auld rags,
And Gallowgate for trolly bags;
There's Denton and Kenton,
And canny Lang Benton.

There's Tynemouth and Cullercoats,
And North Shields for sculler boats;
There's Westoe lies iv a neuk,
And South Shields the place for seut.

There's Horton and Holywell,
And bonny Seaton Delaval;
Hartley Pans for sailors,
And Bedlington for nailers.

CA' HAWKIE THROUGH THE WATER.



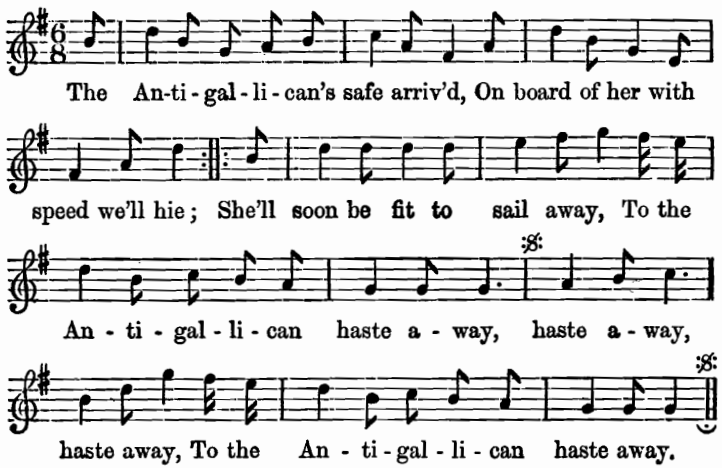
Ca' Hawkie, ca' Hawkie,
Ca' Hawkie through the water,
Hawkie is a sweir beast,
And Hawkie winna wade the water.
Hawkie is a bonnie cow,
Though she's loth to wade the water;
While she waits the work'll stand,
So ca' Hawkie through the water.

Hawkie is a pretty cow,
All the children do adore her,
For she gives them all the milk,
There is none they prize before her.

Girls be not too nice or coy,
If your sweetheart wants to marry,
Ne'er say nay, but quickly comply,
As 'tis hazardous to tarry.

Now, young maids, my counsel take,
Since that it can be no better;
Cast off baith your hose and shoon,
And safely drive her through the water.

THE ANTI-GALLICAN PRIVATEER.



The Anti-gallican's safe arrived,
On board of her with speed we'll hie;
She'll soon be fit to sail away—
To the Anti-gallican haste away.
Haste away, haste away,
To the Anti-gallican haste away.

For gold we'll sail the ocean o'er,
From Briton's isle to the French shore;
No ships from us shall run away—
To the Anti-gallican haste away.

These Spaniards, too—those cunning knaves,
We'll take their ships and make them slaves;
Till war's declared we'll never stay—
To the Anti-gallican haste away.

Our country calls us all to arms,
To keep us safe from French alarms;
Then let us all her voice obey—
To the Anti-gallican haste away.

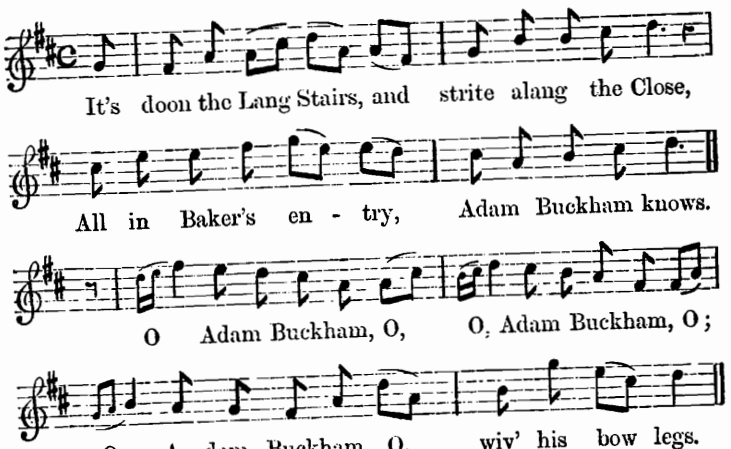
When we are rich, then home we'll steer,
And enter Shields with many a cheer,
To meet our friends so blythe and gay—
To the Anti-gallican haste away.

To Charlotte's Head, then, let's repair,
We'll be received with welcome there;
We'll enter, then, without delay—
To the Anti-gallican haste away.

In Sykes' Local Records, under the date 1779, March 6th, appears the following record:—"The Anti-gallican privateer, of Newcastle, sailed from Shields on a six months' cruise against the enemies of Great Britain, being the first that ever sailed from that port completely fitted and manned."

This song and air were popular at the time the privateer sailed, but the great expectations to which they gave utterance were in this instance doomed to disappointment, as the vessel returned at the end of her cruise without a prize of any kind to reimburse the speculators in what has been called "legalized piracy."

ADAM BUCKHAM, O!



It's doon the Lang Stairs,
And strite alang the Close,
All in Baker's Entry,
Adam Buckham knows.

O, Adam Buckham, O,
O, Adam Buckham, O;
O, Adam Buckham, O,
Wiv his bow legs.

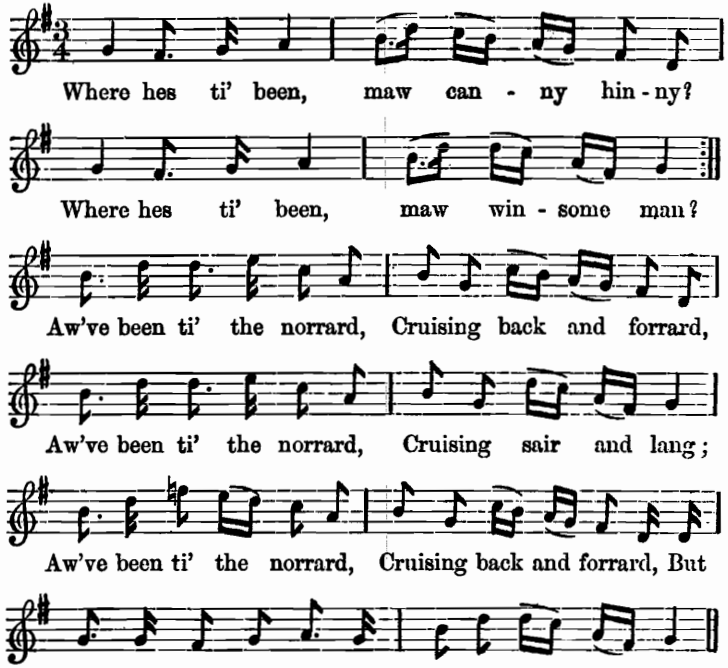
Nanny carries water,
Tommy cobbles shoes,
And Adam gans aboot
Gethering in the news.

O, Adam Buckham, O, &c.

Adam kissed the servant lass,
That will never do;
If he dissent mind hissel,
The kitty myeks him rue,

Oh, Adam Buckham, O,

CAPTAIN BOVER.



The ballads and tunes illustrating the doings of the press-gang in this district have deserved greater attention and more searching investigation from the lovers of historical knowledge than has hitherto been accorded to them.

This oppressive mode of recruiting for the navy acted with great severity upon sailors, keelmen, and all others of the working population whose avocations partook in the least degree of a nautical character. Harsh and tyrannical measures committed by the officers of the navy in the conducting of "a press" invited determined resistance, and resulted in riot and bloodshed. The arrival of a vessel "On His Majesty's Service" in the Tyne was regarded with mingled feelings of aversion and fear by those

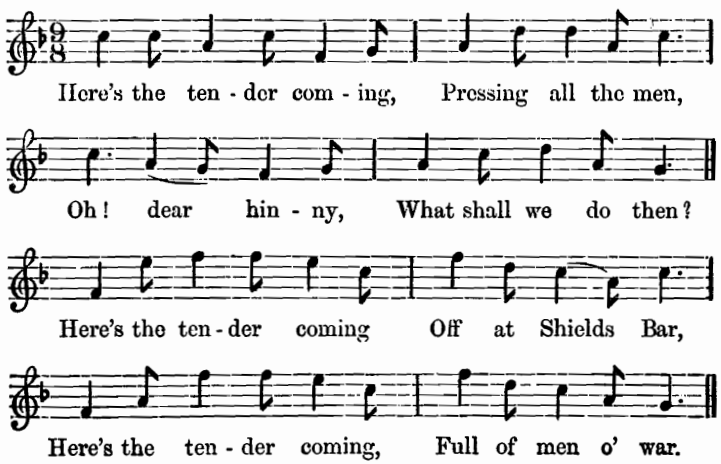
who were liable to be called upon, and the press-gang was a fertile theme for local rhymsters from the earliest period of its operation down to living memory.

"Captain Bover" and the three following melodies are interesting memorials of these stirring times, and as expressions of the popular feeling towards this tyrannical mode of appeal to the patriotism of the sailors.

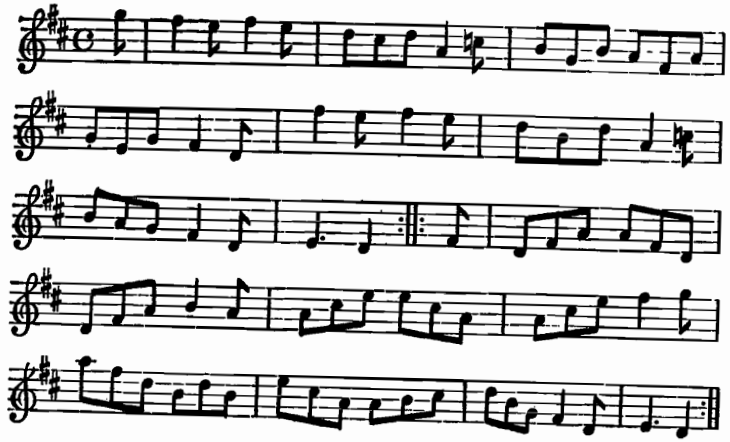
The tune was taken down by Mr. Thomas Doubleday, who was unable to recover more than one verse of the ballad.

On the wall of the north aisle of the nave of St. Nicholas' Church, Newcastle, is a small marble tablet bearing this inscription: "Near this place lie the remains of John Bover, Esq., Post Captain in the Royal navy, who died 20th May, 1782, having for several previous years filled with the highest credit the arduous situation of regulating officer of this port."

HERE'S THE TENDER COMING.



LIBERTY FOR THE SAILORS.



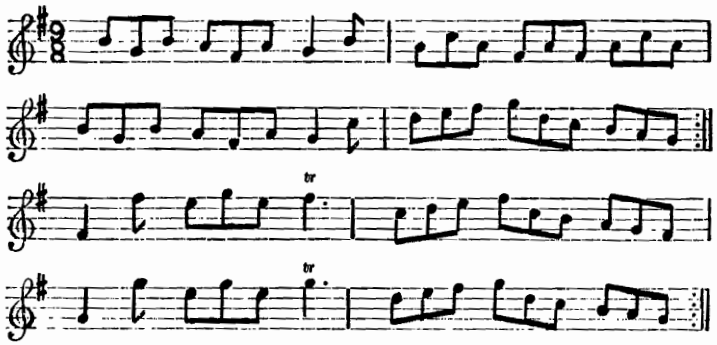
Lasses, call your lads ashore,
Lasses, call your lads ashore,
Lasses, call your lads ashore,
There's liberty for the sailors.

Liberty and money free,
Liberty and money free,
Liberty and money free,
There's liberty for the sailors.

Let the lubbers lie aboard,
Let the lubbers lie aboard,
Let the lubbers lie aboard,
Because they're nobbut tailors.

But lasses, call your lads, &c

THE SAILORS ARE ALL AT THE BAR.



The sailors are all at the Bar,
They cannot get up to Newcastle;
The sailors are all at the Bar,
They cannot get up to Newcastle.

Up with smoky Shields,
And hey for bonny Newcastle;
Up with smoky Shields,
And hey for bonny Newcastle.

The above was all that remained of what had evidently been a longer ballad when Bell's "Rhymes of the Northern Bards" was published in 1812, and it was included in that work. The tune is above a century old, and is very likely one of the old bagpipe hornpipes.

THE LAD WITH THE TROWSERS ON.

At a later period a popular song under this title was also sung to the same tune, but we have only met with a fragment of the song.

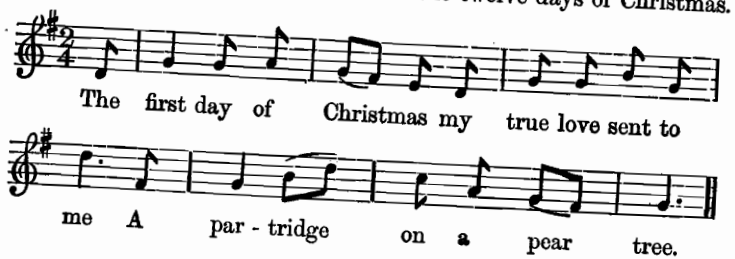
The lad wi' the trowsers on,
He says he winnot hae me;
The lad wi' the trowsers on,
He says he winnot hae me.
If he winnot hae me,
He can let me be;
Aw can get another,
Twice as good as he.

THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS.

This is one of the quaintest of Christmas carols now relegated to the nursery as a forfeit game, where each child in succession has to repeat the gifts of the day, and incurs a forfeit for every error. The accumulative process has always been a favourite game with children, and in early writers from Homer downwards this repetition is often employed.

The twelve days, extending from Christmas Day to Epiphany, were usually amongst our ancesters *the* days of the whole year wherein to make merry and fraternize in mirth and good fellowship.

The music of the first and last verses only are here given, as each verse not only commemorates the gifts of a day, but also re-enumerates those of the preceding days, requiring no slight effort of memory on the part of those who try it. The melody for each gift is the same in all the repetitions, so that the last verse contains the whole of the tune, and the total number of gifts amount to three hundred and sixty-five—one for each day in the year; the twelve pear trees being in commemoration of the twelve days of Christmas.



The first day of Christmas my love sent to me
A partridge on a pear tree.

The second day of Christmas my true love sent to me
Two turtle doves and a partridge on a pear tree.

The third day of Christmas my true love sent to me
Three French hens, two turtle doves, and
A partridge on a pear tree.

The fourth day of Christmas my true love sent to me
Four colly birds, three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and a partridge on a pear tree.

The fifth day of Christmas my true love sent to me
Five gold rings, four colly birds, three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and a partridge on a pear tree.

The sixth day of Christmas my true love sent to me
Six geese a-laying, five gold rings,
Four colly birds, three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and a partridge on a pear tree.

The seventh day of Christmas my true love sent to me
Seven swans a-swimming, six geese a-laying,
Five gold rings, four colly birds, three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and a partridge on a pear tree.

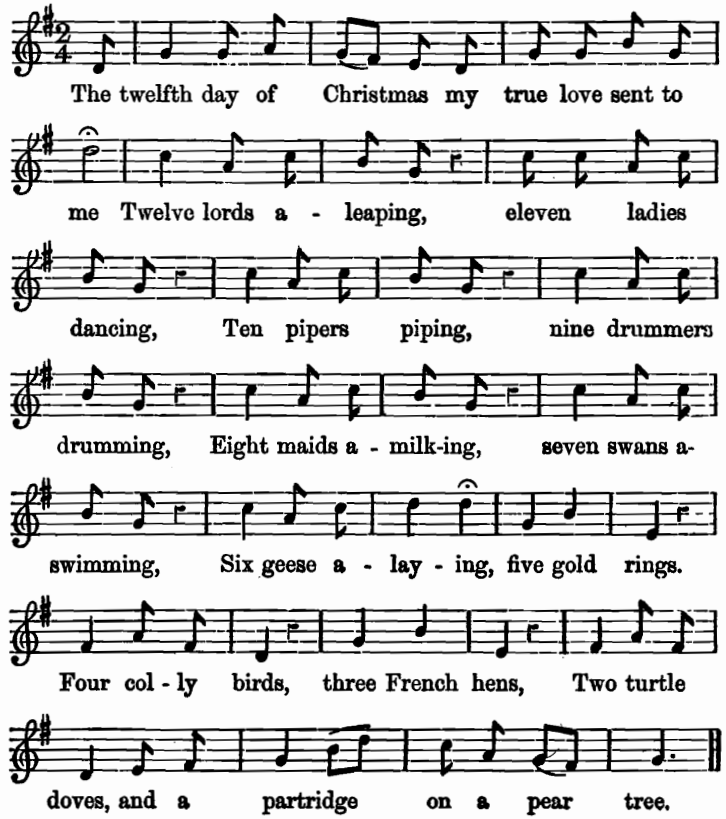
The eighth day of Christmas my true love sent to me
Eight maids a-milking, seven swans a-swimming,
Six geese a-laying, five gold rings,
Four colly birds, three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and a partridge on a pear tree.

The ninth day of Christmas my true love sent to me
Nine drummers drumming, eight maids a-milking,
Seven swans a-swimming, six geese a-laying,
Five gold rings, four colly birds, three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and a partridge on a pear tree,

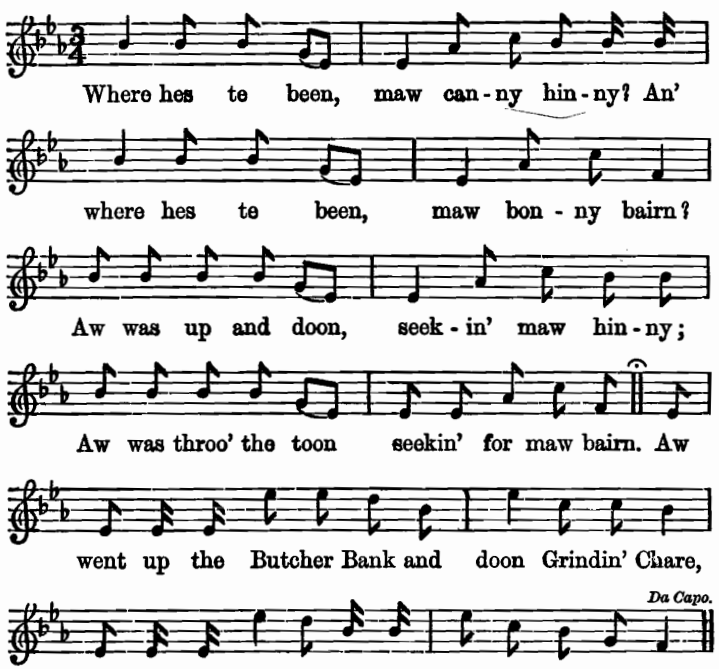
The tenth day of Christmas my true love sent to me
Ten pipers piping, nine drummers drumming,
Eight maids a-milking, seven swans a-swimming,
Six geese a-laying, five gold rings,
Four colly birds, three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and a partridge on a pear tree.

The eleventh day of Christmas my true love sent to me
Eleven ladies dancing, ten pipers piping,
Nine drummers drumming, eight maids a-milking,
Seven swans a-swimming, six geese a-laying,
Five gold rings, four colly birds, three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and a partridge on a pear tree.

The twelfth day of Christmas my true love sent to me
Twelve lords a-leaping, eleven ladies dancing,
Ten pipers piping, nine drummers drumming,
Eight maids a-milking, seven swans a-swimming,
Six geese a-laying, five gold rings,
Four colly birds, three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and a partridge on a pear tree



MAW CANNY HINNY.



Where hes te been, maw canny hinny?
An' where hes te been, maw bonny bairn?
Aw was up an' doon, seekin' for maw hinny;
Aw was throo' the toon seekin' for maw bairn.
Aw went up the Butcher Bank an' doon Grindin' Chare;
Ca'd at the Dun Cow, but aw cuddent find thee there.
Where hes te been, &c.

Then aw went to the Cassel Garth and ca'd on Johnny Fife;
The beer-drawer tell'd me she ne'er saw thee in her life.
Where hes te been, &c.

Then aw went into the Three Bulls' Heeds, an' doon the Lang Stairs,
An' a' the way alang the Close as far as Mr. Mayor's.
Where hes te been, &c.

Frae there aw went alang the Brig, an' up te Jackson's Chare,
Then back agyen te the Cross Keys, but cuddent find thee there.
Where hes te been, &c.

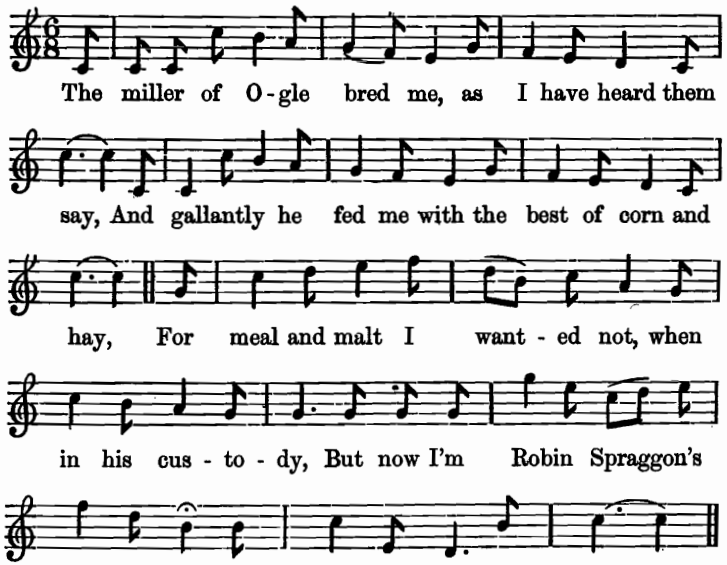
Then cummin' oot o' Pipergate aw met wi' Willy Rigg,
Whe tell'd me that he saw thee standin' luikin' ower the Brig.
Where hes te been, &c.

Cummin' alang the Brig agyen, aw met wi' Cristy Gee;
He tell'd me that he saw thee gannin' doon Hume's Entry.
Where hes te been, &c.

Where hev aw been? aw can suen tell ye that:
Cummin' up the Kee aw met wi' Peter Pratt;
Meetin' Peter Pratt, we met wi' Tommy Wear,
And went te Hume's te get a gill o' beer.
That's where aw've been, maw canny hinny!
That's where aw've been, maw bonny lamb!
Was tu up and doon seekin' for thee hinny?
Was tu up an' doon seekin' for thee lamb?

Then aw met yor Ben an' we were like te fite,
An' when we cam' te Sandgate it was pick nite;
Crossin' the road aw met wi' Bobby Swinny—
Hing on the girdle, let's hev a singin' hinny.
A' me sorrow's ower noo aw've fund me hinny,
A' me sorrow's ower noo aw've fund me bairn;
Lang may aw shoot, maw canny hinny,
Lang may aw shoot, maw canny bairn.

ROBIN SPRAGGON'S AULD GREY MARE.



The miller of Ogle bred me, as I have heard them say,
And gallantly he fed me with the best of corn and hay;
For meal and malt I wanted not when in his custody,
But now I'm Robin Spraggon's auld grey mare, ae how he's guided me!

Sometimes he took his gowpins, sometimes he took his hat,
Sometimes he took the mouter dish to where the toll was put;
For meal and malt I wanted not when in his custody,
But now I'm Robin Spraggon's auld grey mare, ae how he's guided me!

Spraggon sets the pads upon my back sae early in the morn,
And rides me down to Felton without either hay or corn;
When a' the rest get hay enough there's now never a bite for me,
For I'm Robin Spraggon's auld grey mare, ae how he's guided me!

Our thrifty dame, Mally, she rises soon at morn,
She goes and tells the master I'm pulling up the corn;
He clicks up the oxen gad, and sair belabours me,
For I'm Robin Spraggon's auld grey mare, ae how he's guided me!

When aw loup the dyke to Pepperhaugh they hound me back again,
For a' the dogs of Pepperhaugh sae weel they do me ken;
They run me to the lairy bog and round about the lea,
For I'm Robin Spraggon's auld grey mare, ae how he's guided me!

There's Tallyho Trevillian, he hunts upon the hill,
I'll leave to him my carcase to be his dogs a fill,
To make them hunt sly Renny until the day they dee,
For I'm Robin Spraggon's auld grey mare, ae how he's guided me!

There's fussy parson Olivant, his coat is growing thin,
I'll leave to him my battered hide to roll him cozy in,
To keep him warm in winter, as oft it has done me,
For I'm Robin Spraggon's auld grey mare, ae how he's guided me!

Then there's sturdy Willy Hemley, is a ploughman good and true,
I'll leave to him my hind legs to be stilts unto his plough,
To be stilts unto his plough, my lads, for he's often riving lea,
For I'm Robin Spraggon's auld grey mare, ae how he's guided me!

There's canty Matthew Arkley, whiles works about the dykes,
I'll leave to him my small bags to be a pair of pipes,
To play the lasses merry tunes, to make them dance wi' glee,
For I'm Robin Spraggon's auld grey mare, ae how he's guided me!

There's blythesome Tibby Richison, she is a bonny lass;
The water trough, where oft aw drank, may serve as keeking glass,
To see to set her pinner straight, as oft it stands aglee,
For I'm Robin Spraggon's auld grey mare, ae how he's guided me!

Then there's doughty Tom, the blacksmith, sets the shoes upon my heel,
I'll leave to him my other bones to grind to havermeal,
To grind to havermeal, my lads, I think they've all a share,
For I'm Robin Spraggon's auld grey mare, and I can leave ne mair!

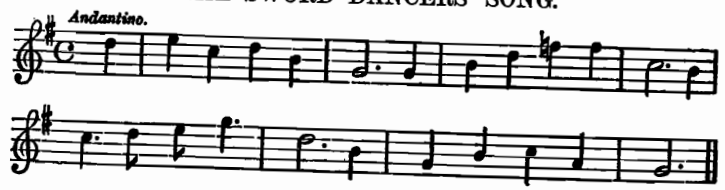
And as for Robin Spraggon, I've left him not a plack,
For many a time he's spurred my sides, and sore he's licked my back;
But worst of all, he pinched my waim, which causèd me to dee,
I was Robin Spraggon's hungered jade, and ill he usèd me.

In these days of newspapers, railways, and cheap trips, we can scarcely conceive of the pleasure which fairs, harvest homes, and ploughing matches afforded the rural population of other times. To

these meetings persons of all degrees came. Class mingled with class, and friendly sympathies were awakened. And when in addition to the strains of the small pipes and the fiddle, some rustic muse was enabled to produce a ballad bearing upon the events of the day, exposing the foibles of some of the personages of the district, the merriment of the gathered crowds was greatly increased. Of this kind is the ballad respecting "Robin Spraggon's Auld Grey Mare." Felton, in Northumberland, is the district to which it refers, and it was probably composed about a century ago. The ballad takes the form of the last will and testament of an old mare that seems to have been very badly used in its latter days.

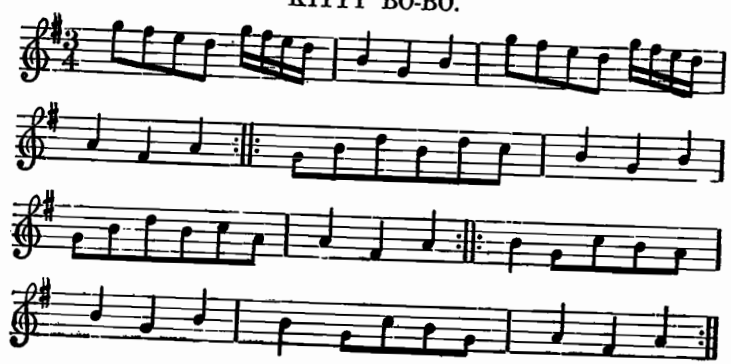
We are indebted for this ballad to the late Mr. Fairless, of Hexham, who wrote it down, we believe, from memory. Mr. Fairless was a man of the most kindly disposition, and was much beloved by his neighbours and acquaintance. He was an earnest student of antiquarian lore, and did much to elucidate the beauties of the Priory Church of Hexham, and to draw attention to the grandeur of the Roman remains in his neighbourhood. He sleeps in the Hexham burial ground, which overlooks the magnificent valley of the Tyne and most of the localities where he used sympathetically to wander.

THE SWORD DANCERS' SONG.

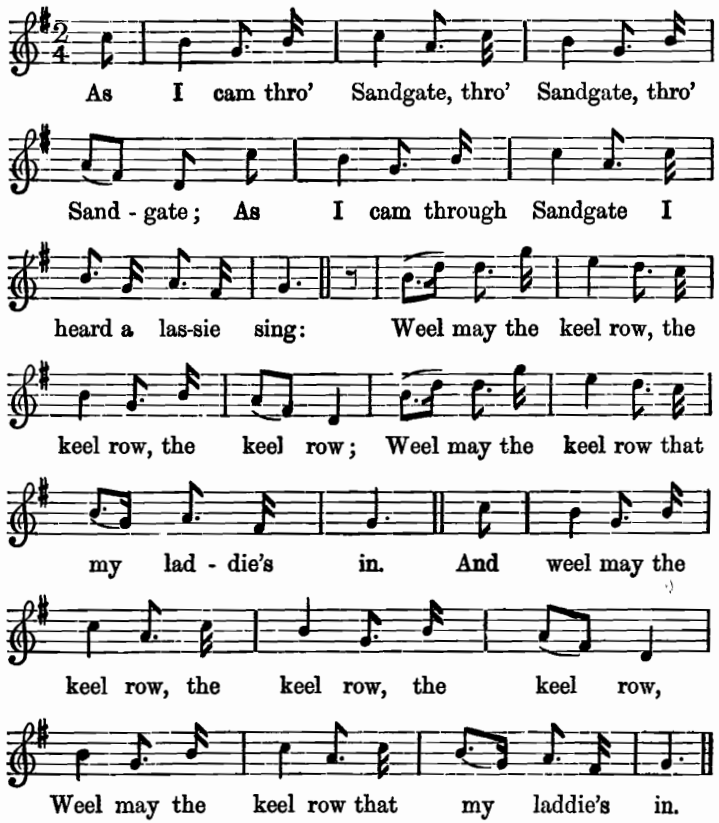


The sword dancers' song and interlude is virtually a drama, which Brand supposed to be a composition made up of the gleaning of several obsolete customs anciently followed in England and other countries. Sir Cuthbert Sharp, in "The Bishoprick Garland," gives a version of the drama, but the action and speeches have varied from time to time; and even at this day parties of from six to ten pitmen—decorated with ribbons, and each having a sword—make their appearance about Christmas time, and perform this descriptive play, which one of the party chants to the tune above. At the termination of the play the whole party dance the sword dance to the following tune, commonly called

KITTY BO-BO.



THE KEEL ROW.



As I cam thro' Sandgate, thro' Sandgate, thro' Sandgate;
As I cam thro' Sandgate I heard a lassie sing:
Weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row;
Weel may the keel row that my laddie's in.
Weel may the keel row, &c.

He wears a blue bonnet, blue bonnet, blue bonnet;
He wears a blue bonnet, a dimple in his chin.
Weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row;
Weel may the keel row that my laddie's in.
Weel may the keel row, &c.

The "Keel Row" is the best known and most popular of all Northumbrian lyrics, and, like some others in this collection, has been claimed for the Scottish side of the Border. The evidence, however, in favour of its Northumbrian origin greatly outweighs any that can be produced upon the opposite side. To begin with, the "keel" is a vessel which is only known on the rivers Tyne and Wear. In the collection of the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle is a Manuscript Book of Tunes, dated 1774, in which the tune appears exactly as it is now sung and played; and Joseph Ritson, the celebrated antiquary, found it so popular that he included it in his collection of old songs, "The Northumberland Garland," published 1793. These dates are anterior to the appearance of the song in any Scottish collection. Cromek inserted it in his "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song," 1810; and Allan Cunningham, in his "Songs of Scotland," 1825, states Cromek's version to be imperfect, and gives another, which is simply a protracted paraphrase of the original song, with the word "keel" entirely omitted (except in the title), the word "shallop" being substituted. The song has attained great popularity in Scotland, but we have no evidence of such favour being bestowed upon it until comparatively late in the present century.

THE NORTHERN MINSTREL'S BUDGET.

BY HENRY ROBSON.

A minstrel who wandered 'tween Tynedale and Tweedale,
Who well could perform on the bagpipes and fiddle,
Who tended at hoppings, at bridals, and fairs,
And charmed young and old with his lilts and his airs,
The following tunes played correctly and clearly :—

Go to bed, Cicely—Laddie lie near me—
The Souters o' Selkirk—and Stannerton Hopping—
(Where blythesome young maids used to cock up their topping)
The famed Lairds o' Ryton—To Wylam away—
The bonny Pit Lad—and the Black and the Grey—
My laddie sits ower late up—Drops of Brandy—
The Lasses love Wine and Sugar Candy—
Coquetside—and the Peacock followed the Hen—
The three true good fellows ayont yon glen—
Famed Felton Lonning—My Eppie is true—
And the Dyer who dyed my apron blue—
Blow the wind southerly home to my dear—
Till the Tide comes in I'll sit on the pier—
And the famed Anti-gallican privateer—
Blink o'er the burn, Bessie, and I'll follow thee—
Into Newcastle and doon by the Key—
My love's like a cherry new come off a tree—
And I cannot get to my love if I should dee—
Get her Bo—Dainty Davie—The Tankard now fill—
And the tune of tunes Galloping ower the Cowhill—
Cut and dry Dolly—and famed Elsie Marley—
My love's but a lassie yet—Hooly and fairly—
The brave lads o' Dunse—and The Wallington Lady—
Roy's Wife—and The Deuks dang ower my Daddy—
Macpherson's Farewell—Hobbie Elliot, see cliver—
Peggy, now the King's come—Cock up your Beaver—
And the good old tune—What can he gotten to give her—
Aboot the bush, Willy, aboot the Beehive—
She's ower young to marry yet—Jack's alive—
Berwick Johnny—The little House under the Hill—
Galloway Tam—And the Mill, Oh, the Mill—
Go water thy Daddy's horse at the Mill dam—
He'll never be like my other Goodman—
The Auld man's mare's dead—Jenny's bawbee—
The Miller of Morpeth—and Jigging for me—
The Sandhill Corner—The Calico Gown—
Leith Wynd—and the World turned upside down—

He's aye kissing me—Bow-wow—and Love's Alarms—
All the night I lay wi' Jacky in my arms—
Brandling for ever and Ridley for aye—
The Fisher Lad—The Dusty Miller—A. U. A.
I've lost my love in Liddesdale—The wee German Lairdie—
The Sow's tail till him yet, the Sow's tail to Geordie—
Jockie's lost his dearie—Drown Drouth—and Peacock's fancy—
Jockey's to the Fair—To the Greenwood gane is Nancy—
Auld Wife, Auld Wife, will you go a Shearing?—
Speak a little louder, for I am dull of hearing—
The Ranting dog, the daddie o't—I'll never leave thee—
O the Ale Wife with her barrel makes me still uneasy—
Little wot ye wha's coming—The Devil amang the Tailors—
Cuddle me, Cuddy—The Morpeth Rant—and Liberty for Sailors—
Jockey's friends are ill to please—Be doing awa, my Yeoman—
Merrily danced the Quaker's wife—The bonny, Jolly Ploughman—
Kiss me suen, my minnie's coming—For Love with Love requite her—
Corn Rigs are bonnie, O—Come tie my petticoat tighter—
I'll love ne'er a laddie but ane—She's false as she's fair and bonny—
Jenny she lay i' th' loft—and Hey, my Nanny, my Nanny—
Go to the Mill again—Sweet Peggy Picken—
The miraculous Hen and the broken-legged Chicken—
O had I a rock and a wee pickle tow—
Lumps o' Pudding—Ne'er heed her Scorning—
I met him beside the Barley Mow—
Drunk at night and dry i' the morning—
You're all blind drunk, and I'm jolly fu'—
And I canna come ilka day to woo—
There was a Wedding i' the West—Cuddle the Butler—Langolee—
Tullochgorum—Auld Lang Syne—and Gan ti' the kye wi' me—
And the Lad wi' the Trousers on—He says he winnot hae me—
There's nae luck about the house, there's nae luck ava—
My Ewie wi' the crooket horn—Up Willie, war them a'—
The bonny lass o' Fisher Row—Bonnie at morn—and Soldier Laddie—
Dame Gowdie—John, come kiss me now—The White Cockade—and Tartan Plaidie—
And some say the diel's dead and bury'd in Kirka'dy—
Lassie, lend me your braw hemp heckle—The Soldier's Joy—and Todlin Hame—
There lives a lass at our town-end, I ken her name, I ken her name—
Because he was a bonny lad she bid him aye come back—
All the lads of Copper Alley—Haud away Jack—

The Oyster Wives' Rant—Frisky—Gillan na drover—
Bamboroughshire Betty—and The Tailor done over.
Where hast thou been, ma canny hinny?—Johnny Hay's bonnie lassie—
I'll gan ne mair ti' yon town—and Hey, Gan ti' the Byre, Bessie—
Tibby Fowler o' the Glen—The High Way to Linton—
Jenny Nettle—Lady fair—We're a' dry wi' drinking—
Guardian Angel now protect me—Water parted from the Sea—
Why should I not love my love? why should not she love me?—
How sweet in the woodlands—At hame wad I be—
My fiddle and Flora—The Banks o' the Dee—
The wind that shakes the barley—My sweet Catherine Ogie—
Jockey's at the helm—Gilderoy—and O'er Bogie—
Why should you be so sad upon your wedding day?
Saw ye ought of my Lad gawn up the Wagon way—
And I got yesternight Curds and Whey—
I winna gan to my bed till I get a man—
My love came passing by me,—and O'er the Moor he ran—
Here's the Cutter coming with a lousy crew—
Sair fail'd, Hinny, sin I ken'd thou—
The lad winna work, and the lass winna lairn—
We're a' laid idle wi' keeping the bairn—
Tweedside—and my Hawkie is a bonny Cow—
Eckey's Mare—and Go to Coquet to woo—
And He that gets my love need'nt to rue—
Pease Straw—The Cuckoo's Nest—and Cauld Winter Weather—
We'll make nae beds but ane, and a' lie together—
O'er the the Hills and far away—Jacky Layton—Speed the Plough—
We'll all be wed in our auld claes, we canna tell when we'll get new—
A lass who lives at Cullercoats can neither Card nor Spin—
Weel may the Keel row that my lad's in—
My Laddie comes on Friday—Oh, fie, John Thomson, run—
The Hexhamshire Lass—and Hey for Bobbing Joan—
We'll all get Gold in Gowpins—and Footy agalnst the Wa'—
Up wi' Smokey Shields—and You've lost your Whirley Wha—
O'er the dyke and at her, Laddie—Framlington Fair—
The Flower's o' the Forest—Begone, dull care—
And I winna gang thro' the dark cellar ne mair—
Ranting, Roaring Willie—Small coals and ready money—
And my heart is away wi' my own dear honey—
I could wake a winter's night—Cromdale Haughs, and Sunny Rays—
Fairly shot of her—Banks o' Tyne—and Such were the joys of my dancing days—

Cauld and Raw the wind doth blaw—Up i' the morning early—
John Fenwick's the flower amang them—and Ower the water to Charley—
Bobby Shafto's gone to Sea—My bonny Meggy Lauder—
Kiss her up the Burn—and rare Cuddy claw'd her—
The new Way to Wallington—The bonny Moor-hen—
The Diel dang o'er the Weaver—Blythe was she but and ben—
Hexham Races—Nancy Dawson—Tell me what the Fiddle says—
Thou and I shall go together, that's what the Fiddle says—
I'll make thee fain to follow me—Andrew Carr—and Jumping John—
We'll all away to the Low Lights—Jolly Companions, every one—
I'll find a hole to hide you in—Laddie come tie my Apron low—
Gude night, and joy be wi' you a'—The Campbell's are coming, yo ho! yo ho!

When this master of minstrelsy oxtered his blether,
Or lovingly plied hair and thairm together,
The lads they were fit to loup out o' their shoon,
And the lasses fidg'd fain till the dance was begun.
"In days o' lang syne," I ne'er grudg'd a few groats,
When my love and I bobbed to his magical notes.

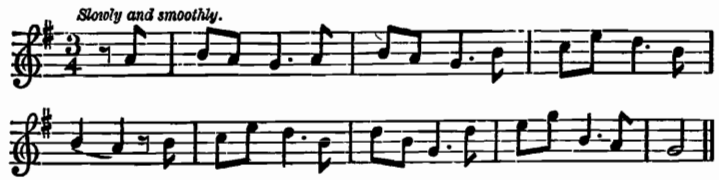
Henry Robson, the author of this unique specimen of Northern Minstrelsy, was born at Benwell in 1770. He followed the trade of a printer in Newcastle for many years, and died there in 1848. He was also the author of "The Collier's Pay Week" and several other popular local songs. This production of his muse is inserted principally for the value it possesses to the connoisseur in the lengthy list of song and dance tunes which were popular and common at the commencement of this century, when the poem was first published. Unhappily, several of them are now, we fear, irrevocably lost.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

NORTHUMBRIAN MINSTRELSY.

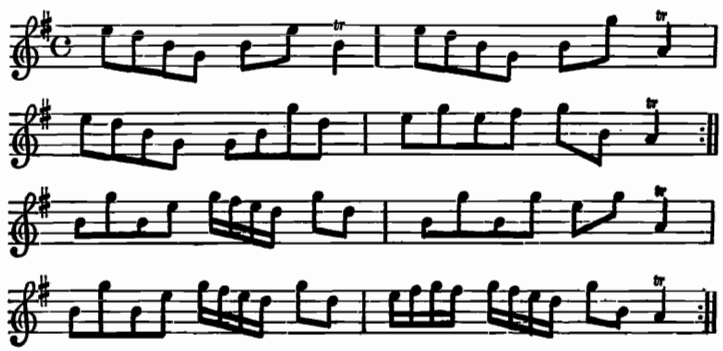
PART II.—SMALL-PIPE TUNES.

CHEVY CHASE.

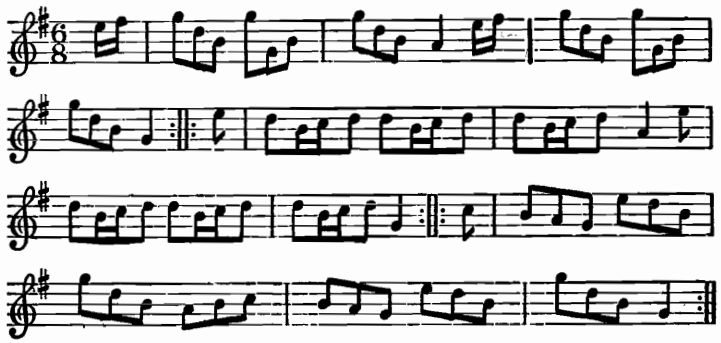


This melody has been played by Northumbrian small-pipe players from time immemorial as the air to which the old ballads of Chevy Chase were sung. It is regarded as "the gathering tune" of the ancient and noble house of Percy, and is played by the Duke of Northumberland's piper on all public and festive occasions. Tradition is certainly in its favour as the correct Chevy Chase melody and an original small-pipe tune. (See Ballads, page 3.)

COQUETSIDE.

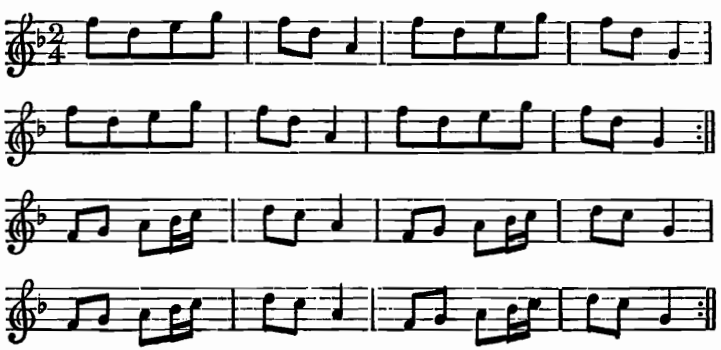


WYLAM AWAY.

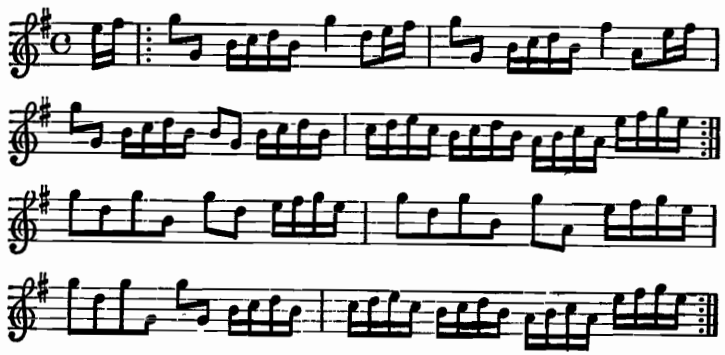


The earliest notice we can find of this tune is under the name of "Gingling Geordie," in an old manuscript book, dated 1694, formerly belonging to Henry Atkinson, of Hartburn, Northumberland. It appeared in Henry Playford's "Collection of Tunes for Violin and Flute," dated 1700, and afterwards in several Scottish collections, down to Johnson's "Scot's Musical Museum," vol. v., p. 382. It was known also by the name of "Wile (*i.e.*, entice) Him Away," and received the name it is now known by in the district, from having been the distinguishing tune of Walter Blackett, Esq., of Wylam, at the great contested Parliamentary election for the borough of Newcastle, in the year 1741.

COCKLE GEORDIE.



I SAW MY LOVE COME PASSING BY ME.



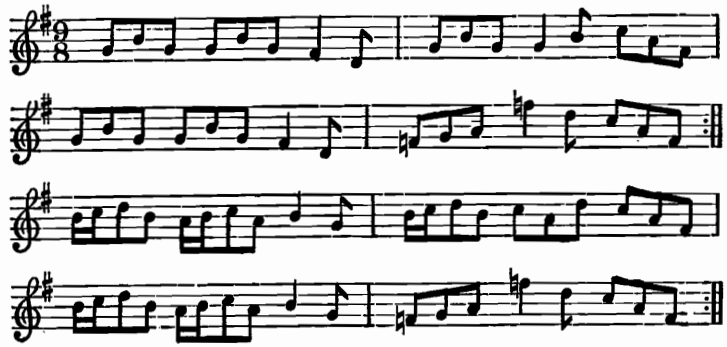
This tune has at some remote period been used for a song, of which only a fragment now is known—

> I saw my love come passing by me,
> But shame to the jade, she ne'er cam' nigh me.

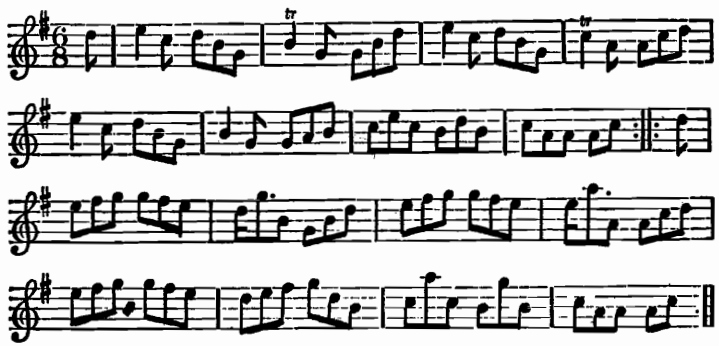
In some very old copies it is marked as the "Duchess of Northumberland's Delight"—in allusion, most probably, to Elizabeth, the first Duchess, who (with her husband) by her patronage and support greatly encouraged the use of the pipes in the county.

cf Cluer — p 19

JOCKEY LAY UP IN THE HAY LOFT.



FELTON LONNIN'.



There is a jingling rhyme fitted to this tune to be found in Sir Cuthbert Sharp's "Bishoprick Garland," but it is there entitled "Pelton Lonnin'."

The swine came jumping down Pelton Lonnin',
The swine came jumping down Pelton Lonnin',
The swine came jumping down Pelton Lonnin',
There's five black swine and never an odd one.

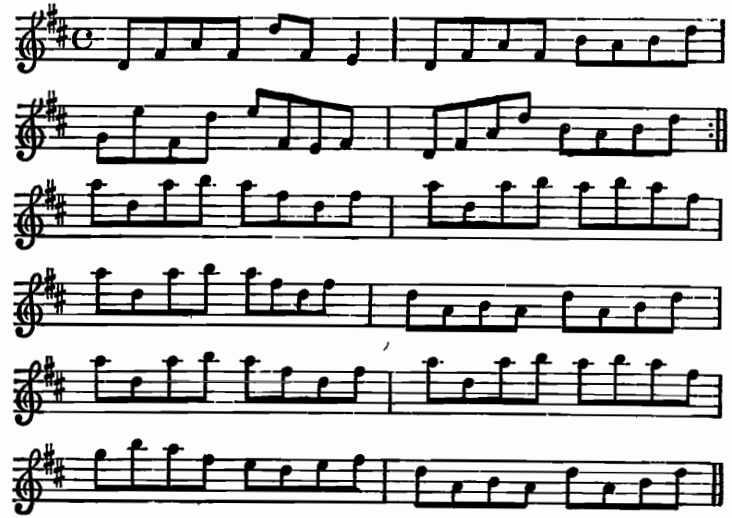
Three i' the dyke and two i' the lonnin',
Three i' the dyke and two i' the lonnin',
Three i' the dyke and two i' the lonnin',
That's five black swine and never an odd one.

Another short rhyme sung to the same air, which we have not yet seen in print, was popular as a nursery rhyme some fifty or more years ago.

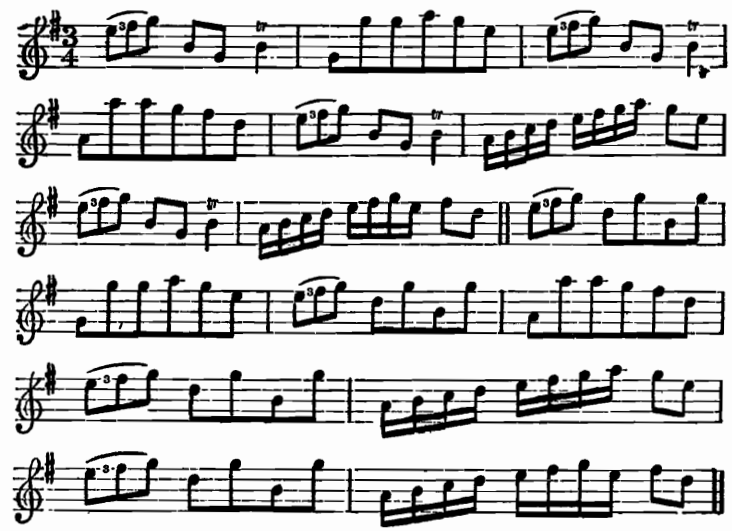
The kye's come hame, but I see not my hinny,
The kye's come hame, but I see not my bairn;
I'd rather loss a' the kye than loss my hinny,
I'd rather loss a' the kye than loss my bairn.

Fair faced is my hinny, his blue eyes are bonny,
His hair in curl'd ringlets hung sweet to the sight;
O mount the old pony, seek after my hinny,
And bring to his mammy her only delight.

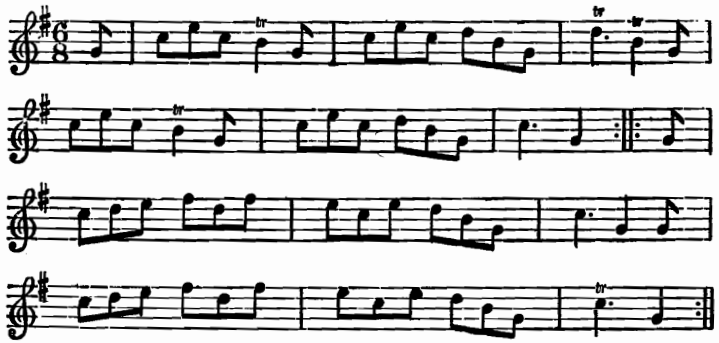
STAY A WEE BIT, BONNIE LAD.



THE BROKEN-LEGGED CHICKEN.



THE BONNY PIT LADDIE.



The bonny pit laddie, the canny pit laddie,
The bonny pit laddie for me, O!
He sits in his hole as black as a coal,
And brings the white siller to me, O!

The bonny pit laddie, the canny pit laddie,
The bonny pit laddie for me, O!
He sits on his cracket and hews in his jacket,
And brings the white siller to me, O!

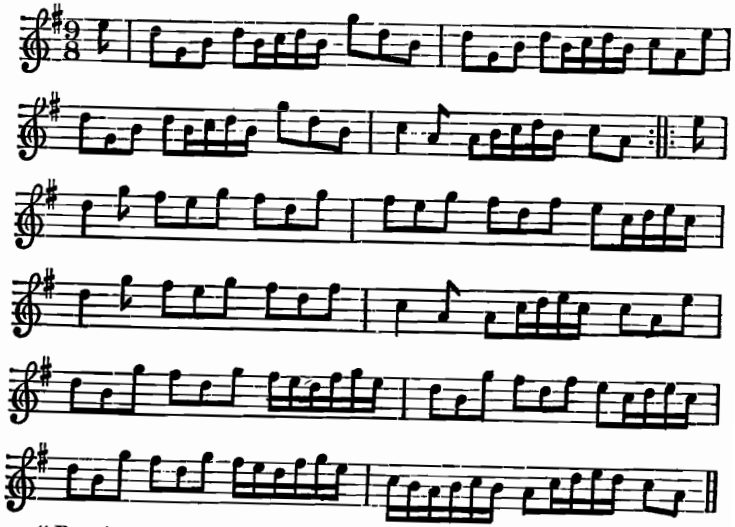
THE BONNY KEEL LADDIE.

My bonny keel laddie, my canny keel laddie,
My bonny keel laddie for me, O!
He sits in his keel as black as the deil,
And he brings the white money to me, O!

Hae ye seen owt o' my canny man,
And are ye sure he's weel, O!
He's gaen o'er land wiv a stick in his hand,
To help to moor the keel, O!

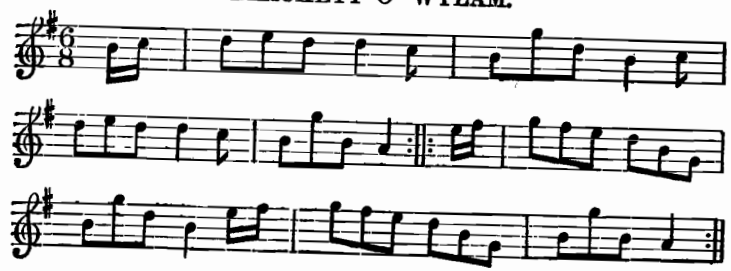
The canny keel laddie, the bonny keel laddie,
The canny keel laddie for me, O!
He sits in his huddock and claws his bare buttock,
And brings the white money to me, O!

DORRINGTON LADS.

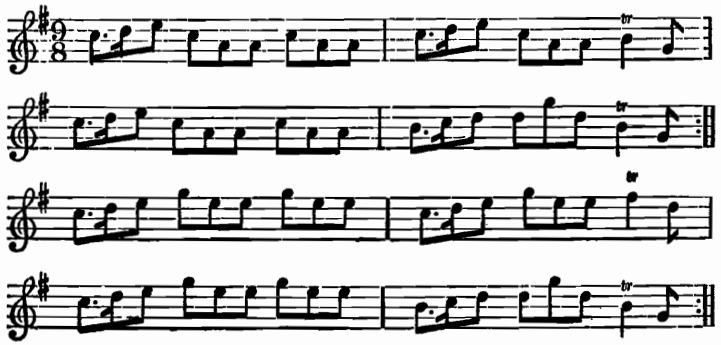


"Dorrington Lads" has always been a great favourite with each successive generation of small-pipe players; notably, the celebrated Willy Allan (after whom it is sometimes named "Willy Allan's Favourite). It is stated that in his last moments, when exhorted by the bystanders to think of the solemn circumstances in which he was placed, he exclaimed, with some degree of peevishness, "Hand me the pipes, an' I'll gie ye 'Dorrington Lads' yet," and expended his failing strength in attempting to sound the bagpipes. This was about 1760.

BLACKETT O' WYLAM.



THE PEACOCK FOLLOWED THE HEN; OR, CUDDLE ME, CUDDY.

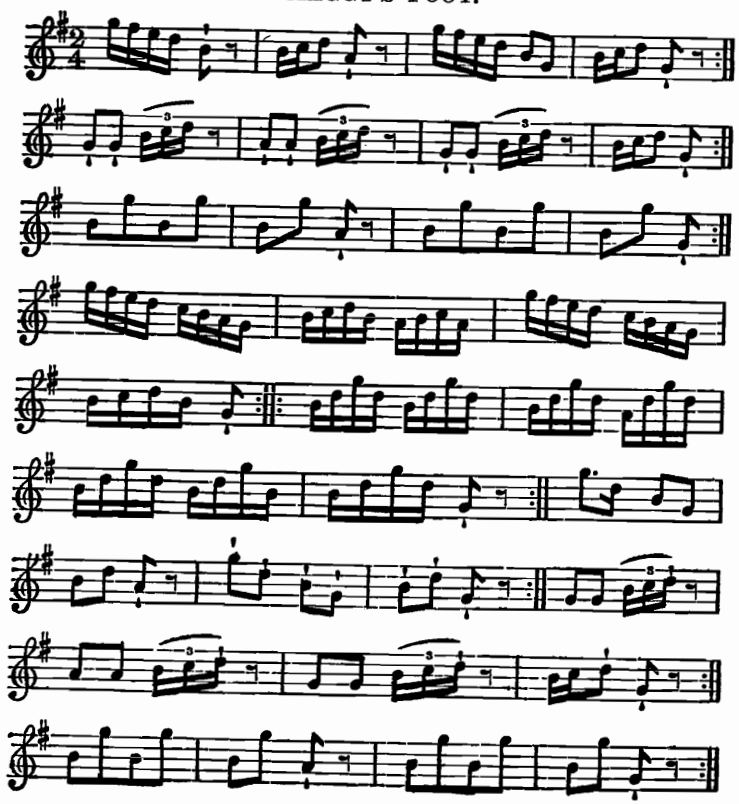


All the neet ower and ower,
All the neet ower agyen,
All the neet ower and ower,
The peacock followed the hen.
The cock he's a dainty dish,
The hen's all hollow within,
There's ne deceit in a pudding,
And a pie's a dainty thing.

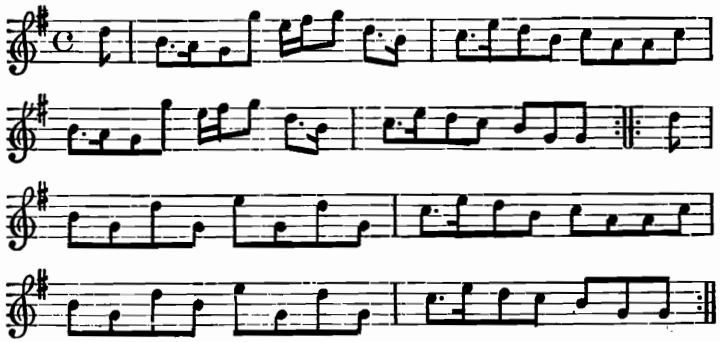
This tune has been claimed as Scottish, and has appeared in the collections of that country under the title of "Brose and Butter," but in reality it is one of the old English bagpipe hornpipes of the kind so plentiful in the seventeenth century and in the former part of the eighteenth. The earliest copy of the tune we have been able to discover is in Playford's "Dancing Master," part II. of the edition of 1698, where it appears under the name of "Mad Moll;" it is nearly identical with our pipe tune as above noted. A slightly different version of the tune was also known by the names of "Yellow Stockings" and "The Virgin Queen"—the latter title seeming to identify it with Queen Elizabeth, as the name of Mad Moll does with her sister Queen Mary, who was said to be subject to fits of mental aberration. The words of "The Virgin Queen" or of "Mad Moll" are not known to exist, but they probably consisted of some fulsome panegyric on Queen Elizabeth at the expense of her fortunate sister.

Allen Ramsey, in his "Tea Table Miscellany," published in 1740, printed Dean Swift's song of "Oh! my kitten, my kitten!" to the second version of this tune, and called it "Yellow Stockings." This, so far as we have been able to trace, is the first appearance of the air in a Scottish publication. Upwards of half a century later it attained great popularity in that country under the name of "Brose and Butter," as before mentioned.

MEGGY'S FOOT.



BECAUSE HE WAS A BONNY LAD.

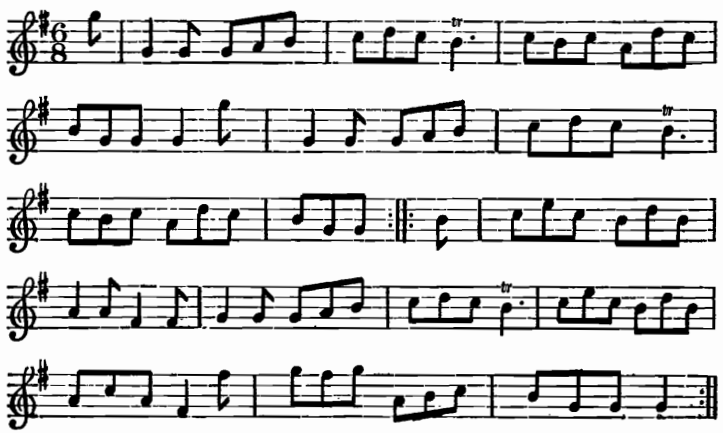


This tune, which has attained a large share of popularity on both sides of the Border, is believed to have been the compositon of Mr. Cole Richardson, a local musician of some repute in his day. There is a short rhyme sung to it—

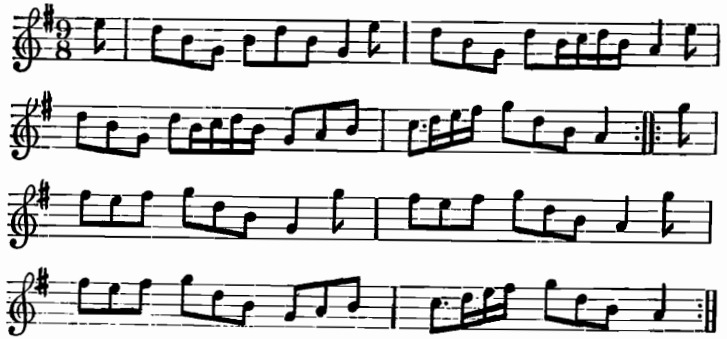
Because he was a bonny lad,
She bid him aye come back again ;
She bid him once, and she bid him twice,
She bid him kiss and come again.

It appears in Peacock's Collection, 1805.

THE FAIR MAID OF WHICKHAM.



MY DEARIE SITS OWER LATE UP; OR, MY BONNIE BAY MARE AND I.



My dearie sits ower late up,
My hinney sits ower late up,
My laddy sits ower late up,
Betwixt the pint pot and the cup.

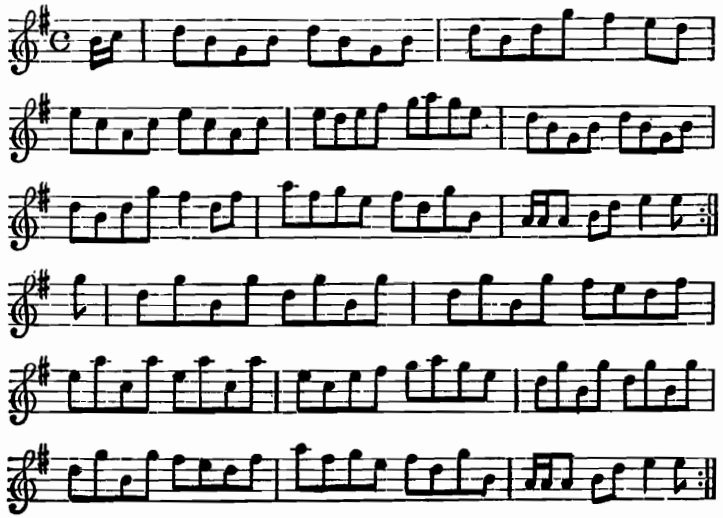
Hey! Johnnie, come hame to your bairn,
Hey! Johnnie, come hame to your bairn,
Hey! Johnnie, come hame to your bairn,
Wiv a rye loaf under your airm.

He addles three ha'pence a week,
That's nobbut a farding a day,
He sits wiv his pipe in his cheek,
And he fuddles his money away.

My laddy is never the near,
My hinney is never the near,
And when I cry out "lad cum hame,"
He calls oot again for mair beer.

This nursery song is thoroughly local, and dates from about the beginning of last century. There is such an insignificant difference between the above tune and "Dorrington Lads," that they are usually taken to be the same air. As it is, however, better to err in repetition than in omission, we have included both, promising that we have been unable to settle the question of priority of date.

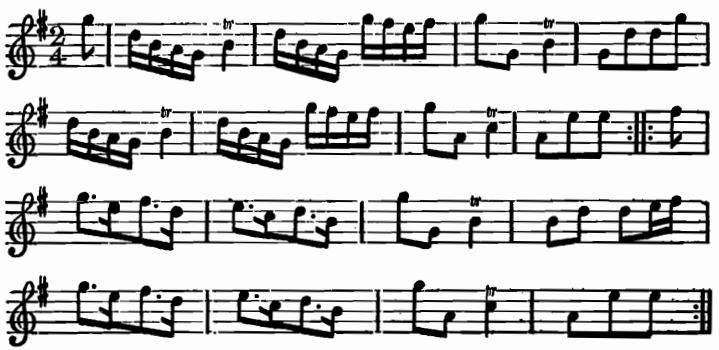
NEWBURN LADS.



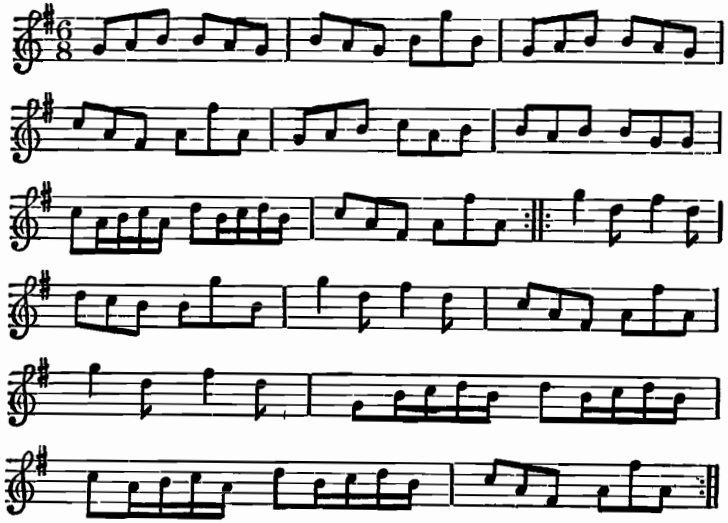
The late Mr. Thomas Doubleday, in a communication to the Antiquarian Society, writes:—"Burns wrote a splendid song to this tune, beginning 'Had I the wyte,' . . . and I guess it belongs to the English side of the Border."

The tune is often found printed under the title of "The Braw Lads o' Jethart."

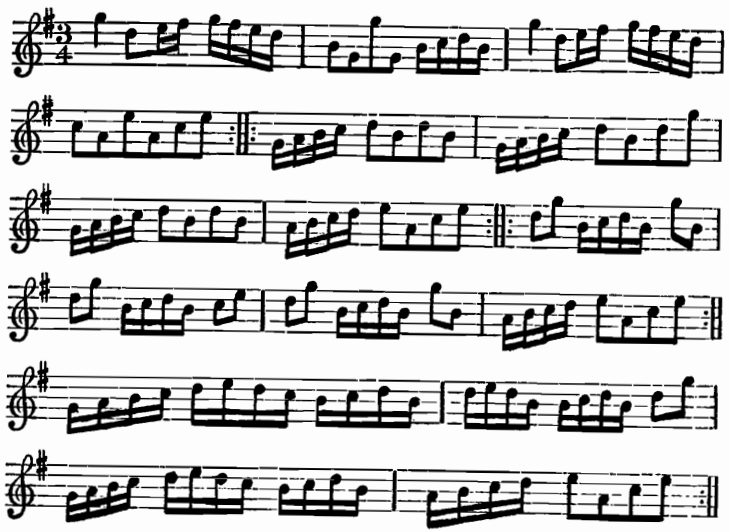
CUT AND DRY DOLLY.



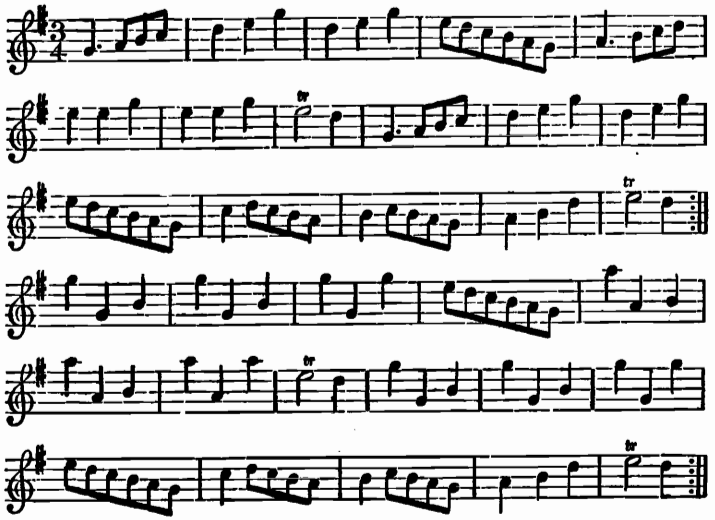
I'LL HAVE HER IN SPITE OF HER MINNIE.



THE LADS OF ALNWICK.



SIR JOHN FENWICK'S THE FLOWER AMANG THEM.



There are but few of those interesting memorials of ancient days now left amongst us of the class to which this melody belongs, viz., the "Gathering Tunes," or tunes played to collect the tenants and retainers of some Border chief to the fray. This air is one of the best, not only for its own characteristic beauty, but also for the melancholy historic associations connected with it. It is traditionally stated that it was the tune to which the Jacobite friends of the brave and unfortunate Sir John Fenwick marched to his seat at Wallington when he was concerting plans for the overthrow of William of Orange and the restoration of James the Second.

A few years afterwards this song, thoughtlessly sung, cost two of the gentlemen of the county their lives. The incident is related in Brand's "History of Newcastle," vol. II., p. 504.

The tune is given in William McGibbon's "Collection of Scotch Airs," published about 1740, under the name of "Mary Scot," but this date is much later than the time of its popularity in Northumberland.

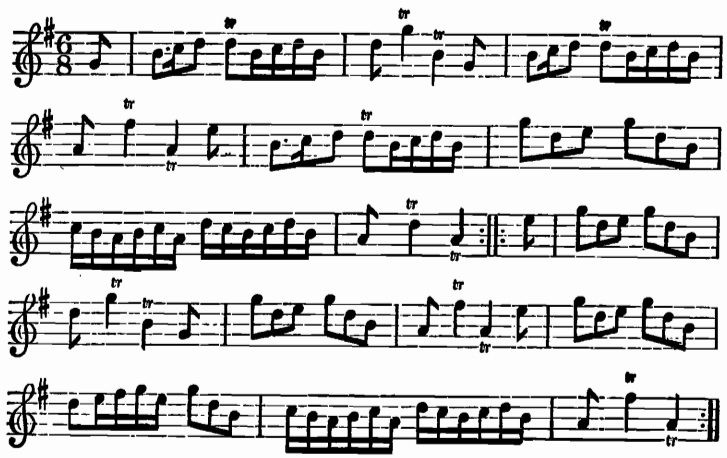
The late Mr. John Bell, of Gateshead, in his efforts to collect and preserve local lyrics, wrote to Sir Walter Scott in 1816, asking him, if possible, to furnish him with some information about Northumberland Jacobite songs, naming amongst others "Sir John Fenwick's the Flower Amang Them." Sir Walter, in his reply, states: "I have heard words somewhat similar, alluding probably to some election business—

> 'They voted twice ower, and so did they wrang him,
> They voted twice ower, and so did they bang him,
> They voted twice ower, and so did they wrang him,
> But Fenwick o' Bywell's the flower amang them.'

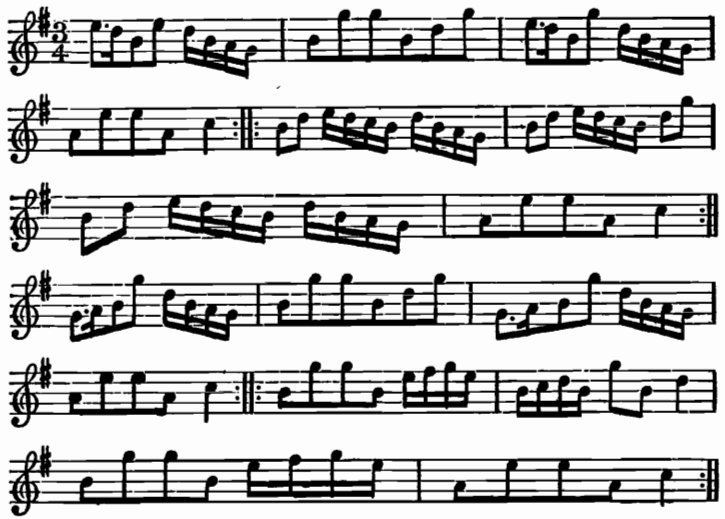
But you know," continued Sir Walter, "how common it is for new words to be written to any popular tune."

The Antiquarian Society of Newcastle some time ago offered a reward for a copy of the original song, but without a successful result.

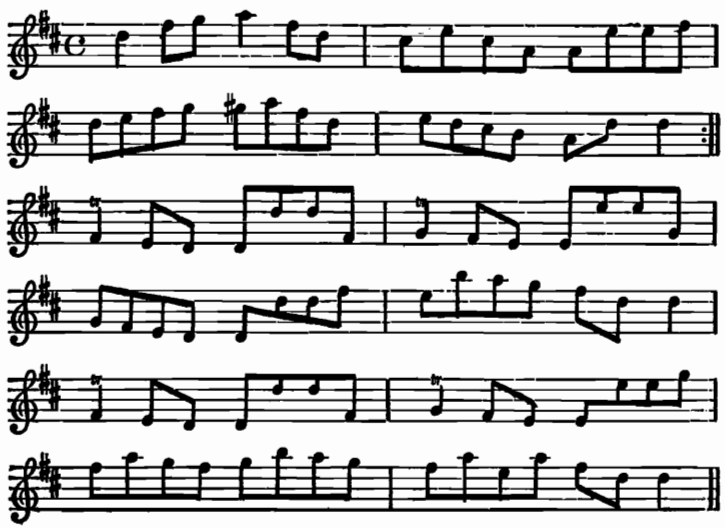
CUDDIE CLAUDER.



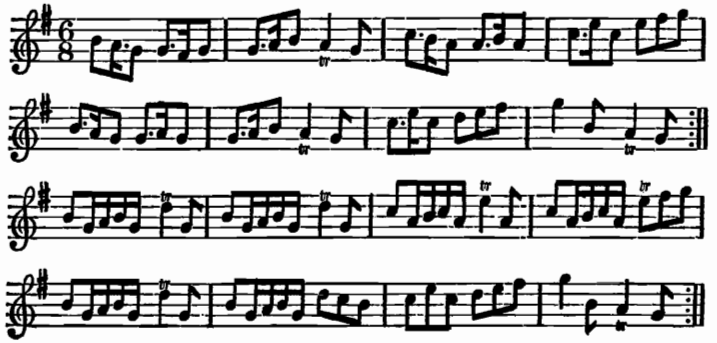
ALL THE NIGHT I LAY AWAKE.



ALL HANDS UPON DECK.



NOBLE SQUIRE DACRE.



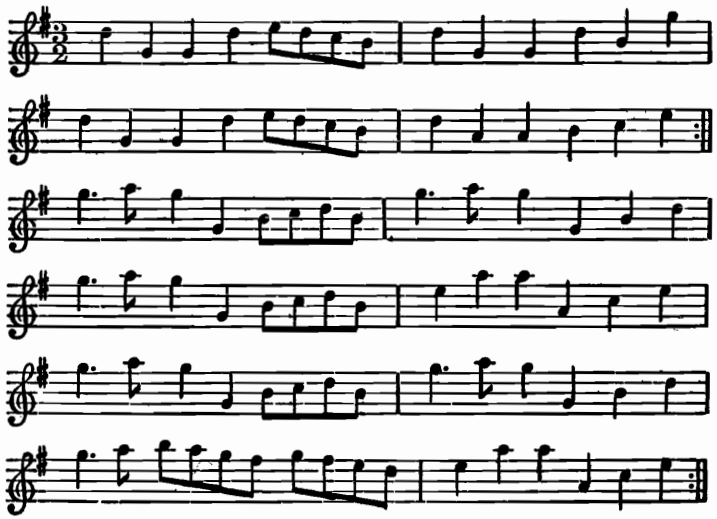
This beautiful air is possessed of that uncommon characteristic appertaining to some of our oldest and best national melodies, that is, if played slowly it awakens the emotional feelings of the listeners, and if played in quick time it appeals as effectively to their saltatory powers.

Sir Walter Scott, in a letter to Mr. John Bell, of Gateshead, dated 7th March, 1816, says: "The Dowager Lady Penicuick (a sister of noble Squire Dacre) tells me that when any of the family was buried the bag-piper played that tune at the funeral, as they play the family lament to this day in the Highlands." There is no doubt that the Dacres, like the other noble families of the district, maintained their family minstrels; and Sir Walter Scott utilized, in an appropriate and happy spirit, the information he received from Lady Penicuick, in his poem of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," canto IV., stanza 14:—

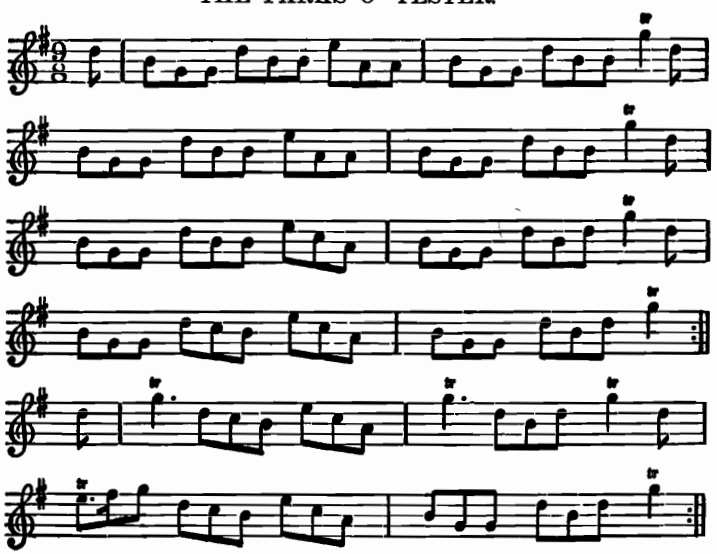
> Lord Dacre's billmen were at hand—
> A hardy race, on Irthing bred,
> With kirtles white and crosses red,
> Array'd beneath the banner tall,
> That streamed o'er Acre's conquered wall,
> And minstrels, as they marched in order,
> Played "Noble Lord Dacre, he dwells on the Border."

It is very probable, from the title given to this tune, that a song or ballad set to it was at one time in existence; but, so far as we know, it has disappeared.

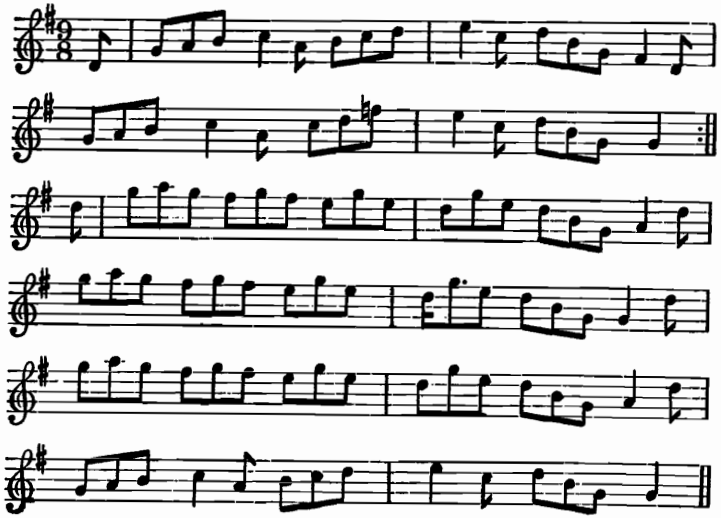
GO TO BERWICK, JOHNNIE.



THE PARKS O' YESTER.



THE WEDDING O' BLYTH, OR BLUE'S GAEN OOT O' THE FASHION.



This old tune was written down by the late Mr. Thomas Doubleday from hearing it sung by a ballad girl in the street. The title "Blue's gaen oot o' the fashion" was the refrain of a song wherein a lass is considering to which of the services she shall unite herself.

Blue's gaen oot o' the fashion,
Red's come in with the new;
But I'll have a sailor laddie,
And dye my apron blue.

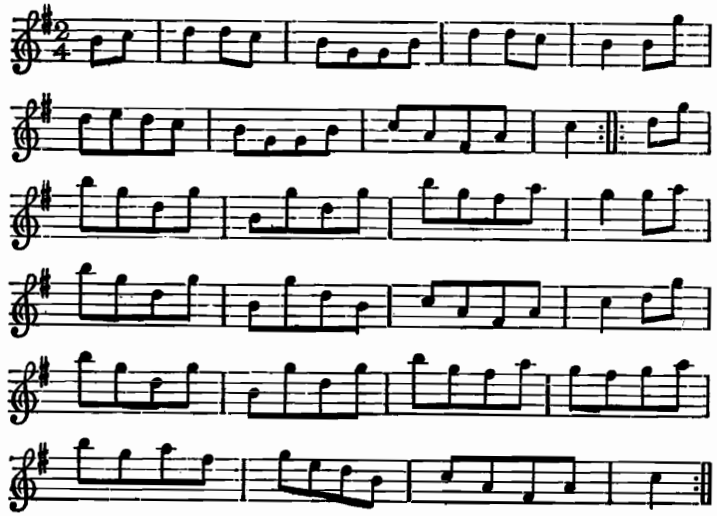
There was also another popular ballad sung to this air, one of the most popular *press gang* songs already noticed.

O the lousy cutter,
They've ta'en my laddie frae me,
They pressed him far away foreign,
Wi' Nelson ayont the salt sea.

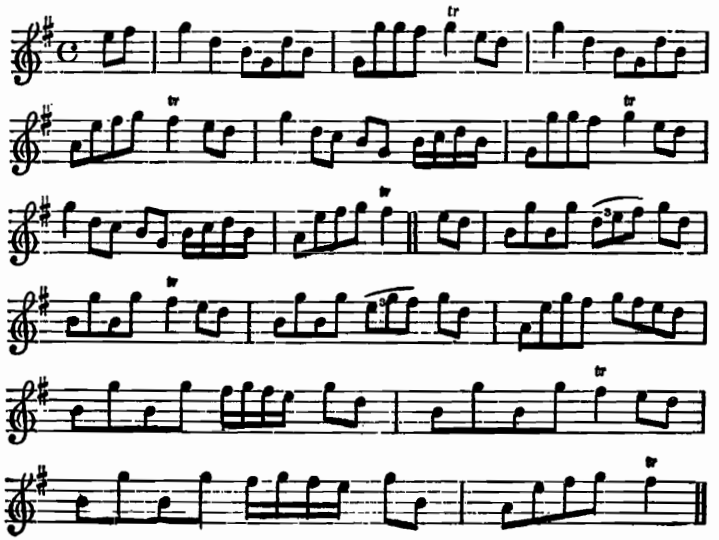
They always come in the night,
They never come in the day,
They always come in the night,
And steal the laddies away.

Of the other title of the tune, "The Wedding o' Blyth," there is no doubt that a ballad existed describing it, but nothing is now known of it excepting that the wedding was a *weary* one.

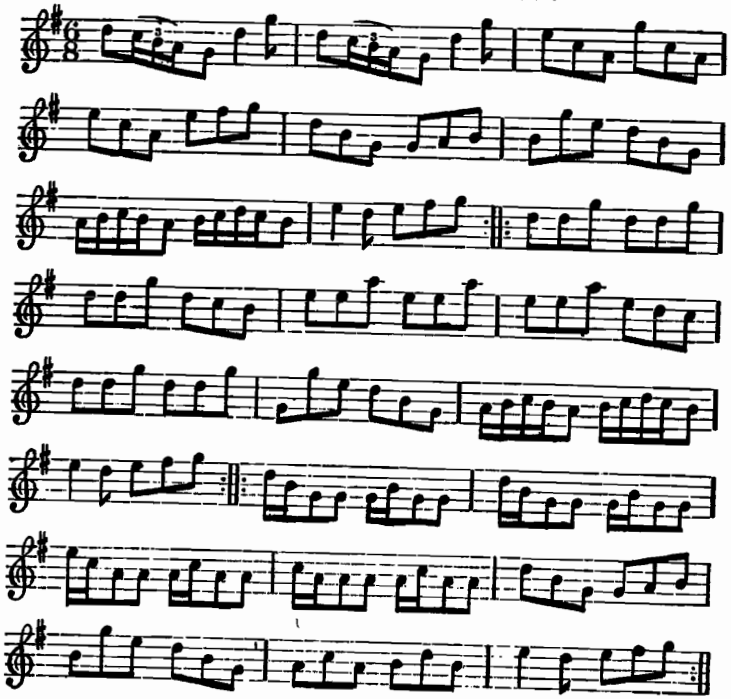
THE BLACK COCK O' WHICKHAM.



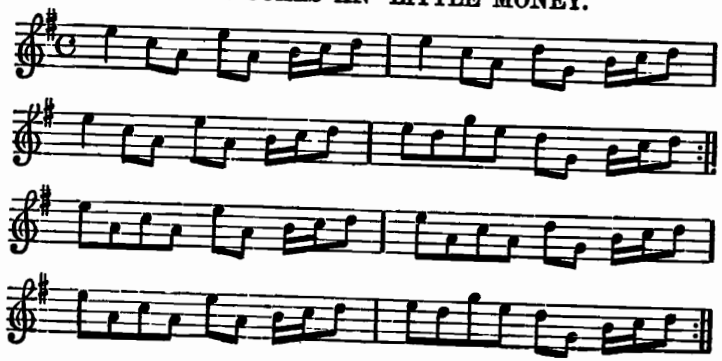
COFFEE AND TEA; OR, JAMIE ALLEN'S FANCY.



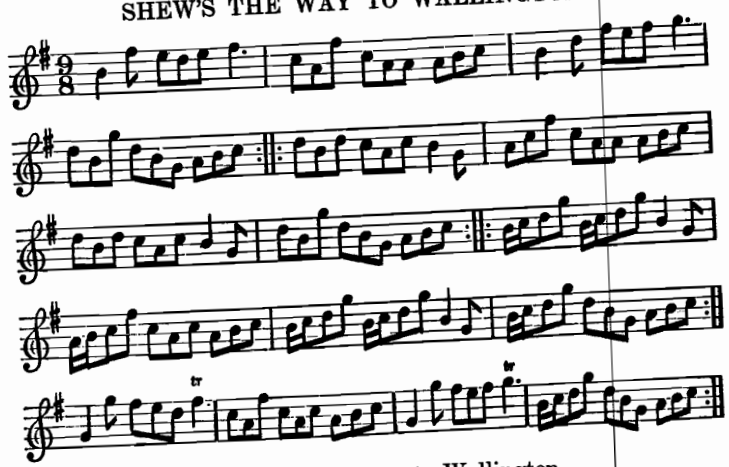
THE KEELMAN OWER LAND.



SMALL COALS AN' LITTLE MONEY.



SHEW'S THE WAY TO WALLINGTON.



O canny man, O shew me the way to Wallington,
I've got a mare to ride, and she's a trick o' galloping,
I have a lassie, beside, that winna give o'er her walloping,
O canny man, O shew me the way to Wallington.

Weel or sorrow betide, I'll hae the way to Wallington.
I've a grey mare o' my ain that ne'er gives o'er her galloping,
I've a lass, forbye, that I canna keep frae walloping,
O canny man, O tell me the way to Wallington.

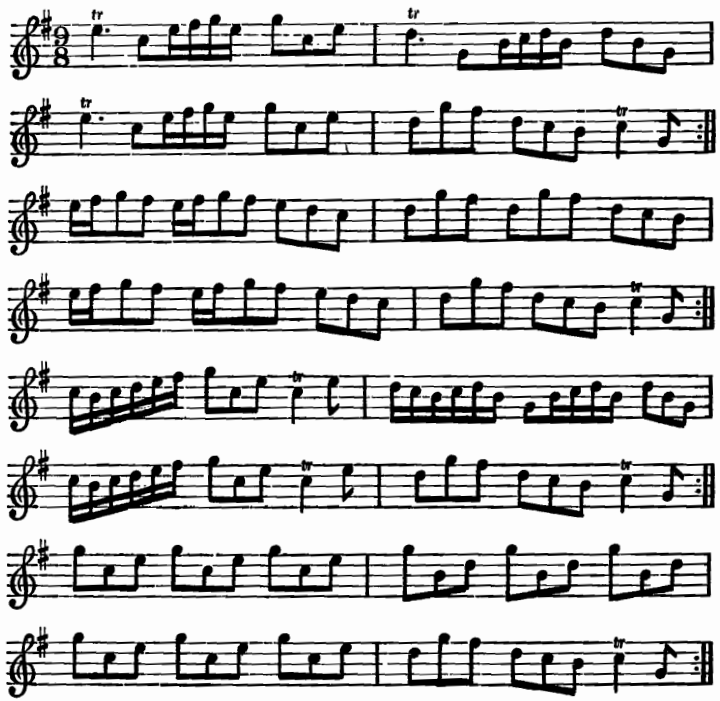
Sandy, keep on the road, that's the way to Wallington,
O'er by Bingfield Kame and the banks o' Hallington,
Thro' by Bavington Ha', and in ye go to Wallington,
Whether ye gallop or trot ye're on the road to Wallington.

Off, like the wind, he went, clattering to Wallington,
Soon he reached Binfield Kame, and passed the banks o' Hallington,
O'er by Bavington Syke, the mare could'nt trot for galloping,
Now my dear lassie I'll see, for I'm on my way to Wallington.

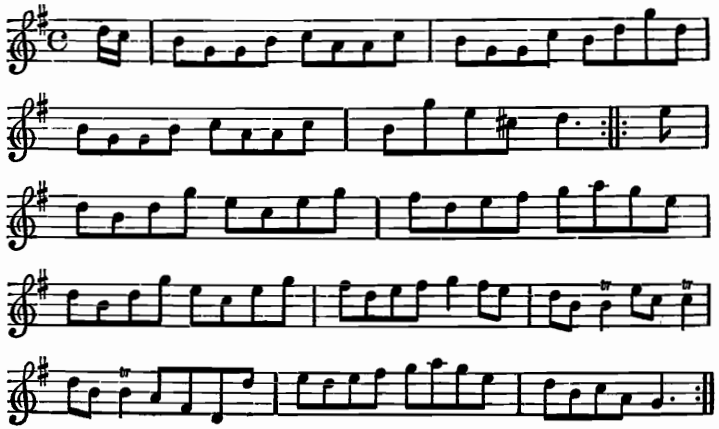
"Shew's the way to Wallington" has always held a premier position as a pipe tune in the fancy of small-pipe players. The tune is, to use a colloquial expression, as old as the hills, but the ballad that was first adapted to it is lost. The verses here appended were composed by a person of the name of Anderson, a miller at Wallington, who hunted with his landlord (Mr. Blackett) upon a certain grey mare.

On rent-days Anderson, who was a good piper, used to go with the other tenants to pay his rent—but not with money. Taking the pipes under his arm, he struck up and amused the landlord and tenants with his favourite tunes and songs the whole day long. The result of his piping was that he returned home with a receipt in full for his rent in his pocket, singing in triumph all the way to his little grey mare—'Shew me the way to Wallington.'"

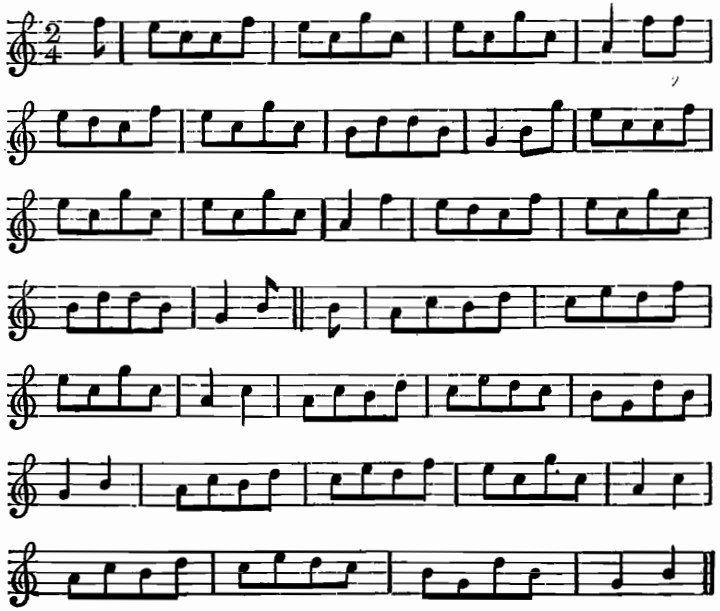
JOCKEY STAYS LANG AT THE FAIR.



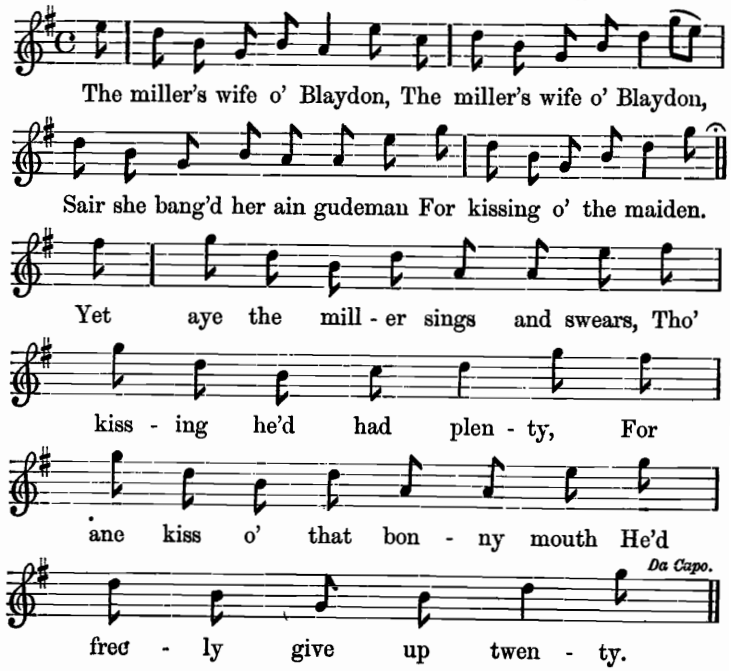
STAGSHAW BANK FAIR.



WE'LL ALL AWAY TO SUNNISIDE.



THE MILLER'S WIFE O' BLAYDON.

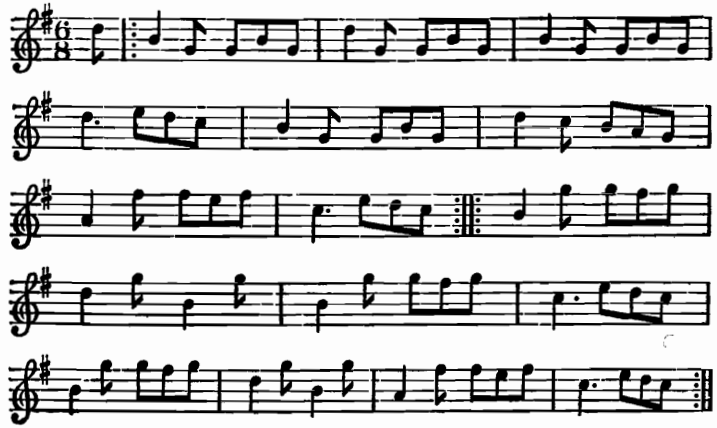


The miller's wife o' Blaydon,
The miller's wife o' Blaydon,
Sair she bang'd her ain gudeman
For kissing o' the maiden.
Yet aye the miller sings and swears,
Though kissing he'd had plenty,
For one kiss o' that bonny mouth
He'd freely give up twenty.
The miller's wife, &c.

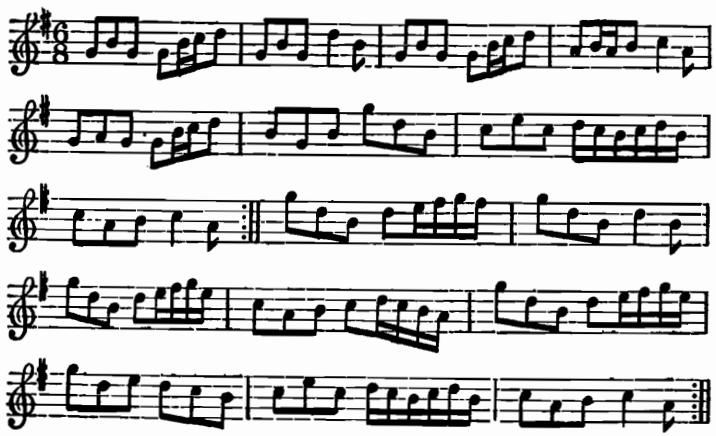
Still though she bang me neet and day,
I'll get another laid in,
For gin you gan through every toon
Ye'll never bang our maiden.
The miller's wife, &c.

"The Miller's Wife o' Blaydon" is a pipe tune of the later date, probably written about a century ago, when reels began to be fashionable and popular at all assemblies for dancing in the north.

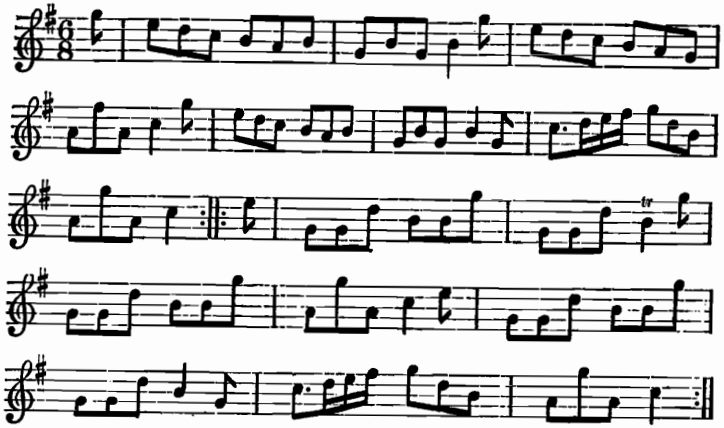
THE HOLEY HALFPENNY.



HOOP HER AND GIRD HER.



FENWICK O' BYWELL.

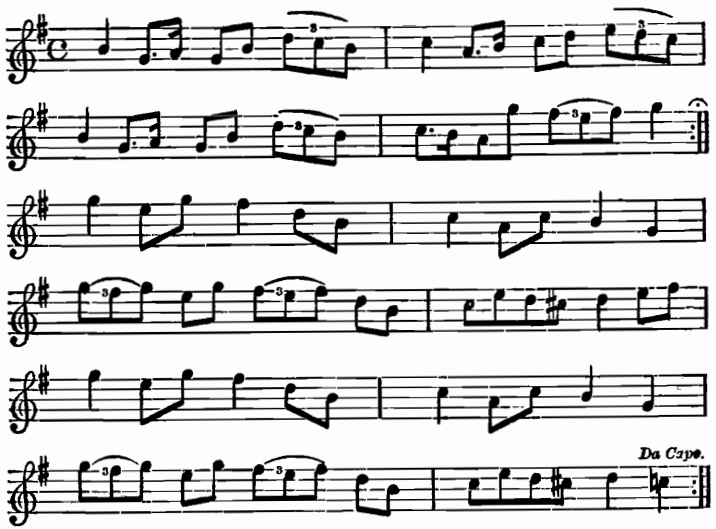


This tune appears in John Peacock's "Collection of Airs for the Northumberland Small-pipes" as "Newmarket Races," and in Robert Bewick's manuscript collection as "Galloping ower the Cow Hill." The two former of these titles refer to a ballad once sung to the tune, celebrating a match at Newmarket between a mare called Duchess, belonging to the then Fenwick of Bywell, and a celebrated Newmarket racehorse. Tradition states that the north country horse won the race (which was run in heats), but with nothing to spare. We have heard the ballad sung by an old jockey about forty years ago, but it is now lost, and we can only recall to memory the first two lines—

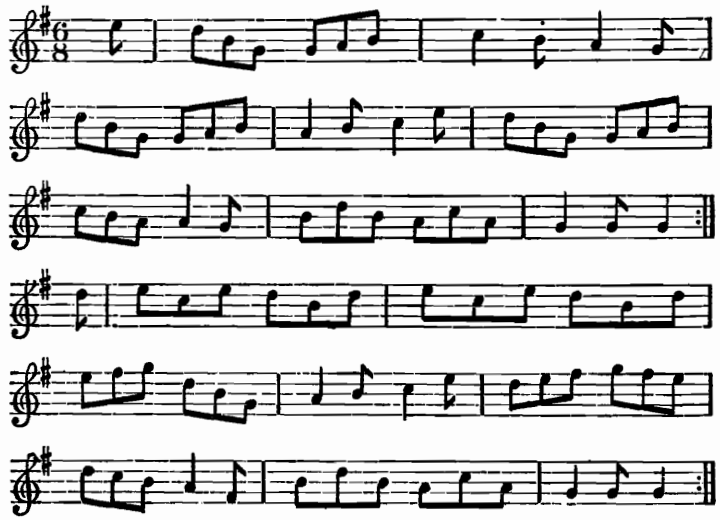
> Fenwick o' Bywell's off to Newmarket,
> He'll be there or we get started.

The tune has a suspicious resemblance to the Irish air "Garryowen," but as played by Northumbrian pipers, it has sufficient individuality to entitle it to a place in this collection.

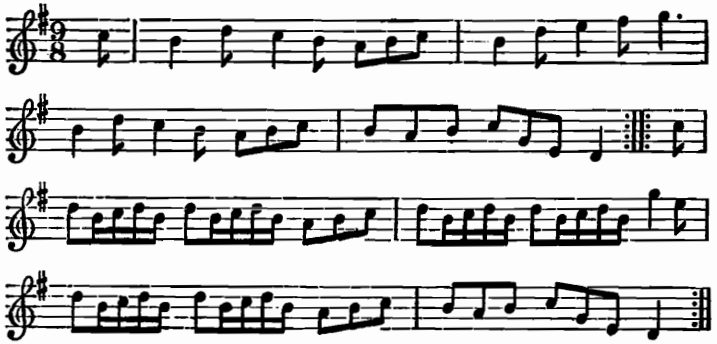
DRUCKEN MOLL KNOX.



THE LASS AND THE MONEY IS ALL MY OWN.



CANNIE HOBBIE ELLIOT.

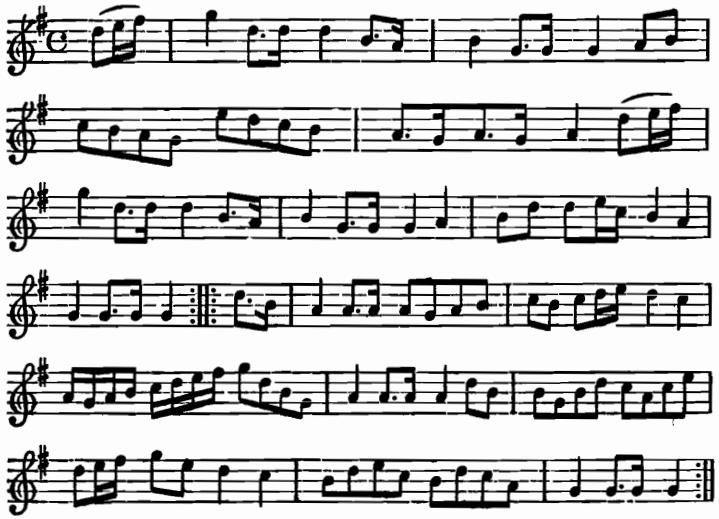


A copy of this tune will be found in Oswald's "Caledonian's Pocket Companion," 1759; and the late Mr. Thomas Doubleday, in writing of it says: "There is in Oswald what I should call an authentic and genuine set of this tune (I forget under what name), and has at its tail more variations than a kite has wisps of hay. It speaks for itself, and as there were Elliott's on both sides of the Border, I don't see the Scotch have any exclusive right to it; besides, the tune being compound triple is in our favour."

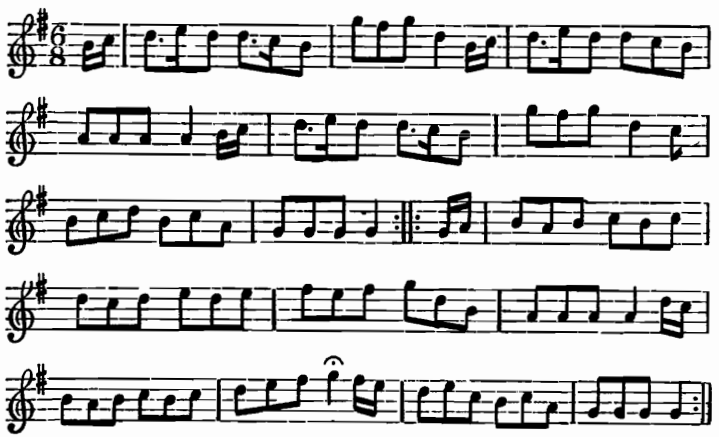
In Bell's "Rhymes of the Northern Bards," 1812, appears the following short song:—

O, canny Hobbie Elliot,
  O, canny Hobbie still,
O, canny Hobbie Elliot,
  Who lives at Harlow Hill.
Had Hobbie acted right,
  As he has seldom done,
He would have kissed his wife,
  And let the maid alone.

PEACOCK'S MARCH.



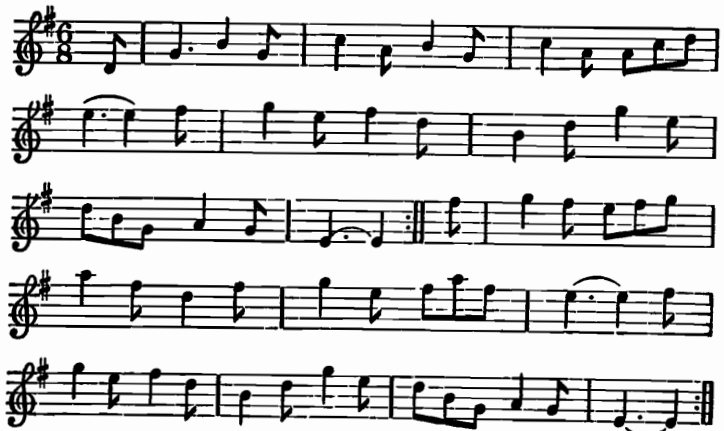
PEACOCK'S TUNE.



This march and air were both the composition of John Peacock, the celebrated Northumbrian piper, who came to Newcastle originally from Morpeth, and was perhaps the best small-pipes player who lived, although not a scientific performer. He was one of the

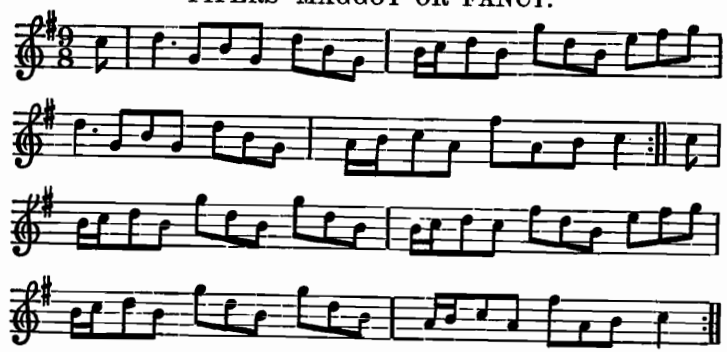
Incorporated Company of Town Waits in Newcastle, and in 1805, in conjunction with William Wright, published a small oblong book of "Tunes for the Northumbrian Small Pipes," of which only two or three copies are now known to exist.

PEACOCK'S FANCY.

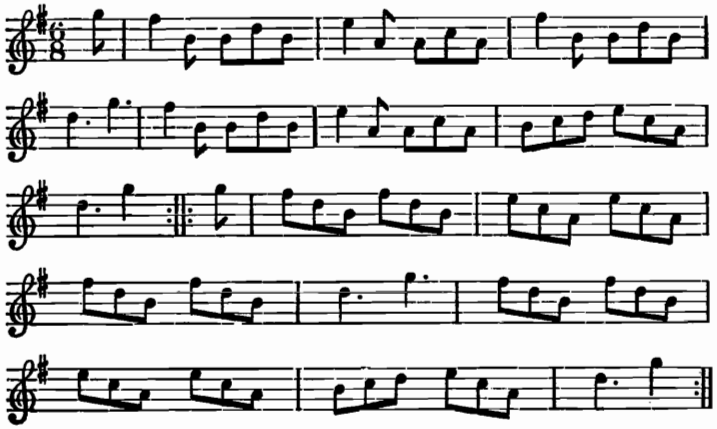


Although not originally written for the small pipes, this tune owes its celebrity with pipers to the circumstance that it was a great favourite with John Peacock and the later players. The song of "Footy," which is sung to it, was better adapted to the tastes of a ruder age than to those of the present time.

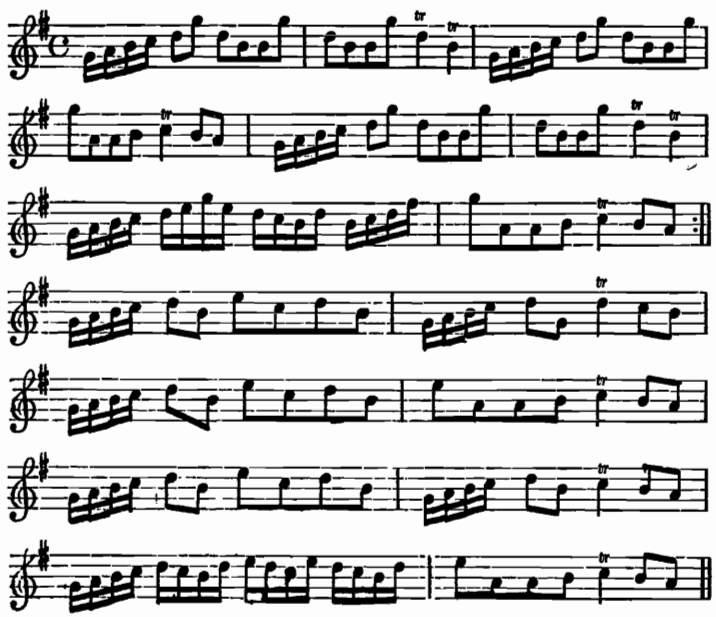
PIPERS' MAGGOT OR FANCY.



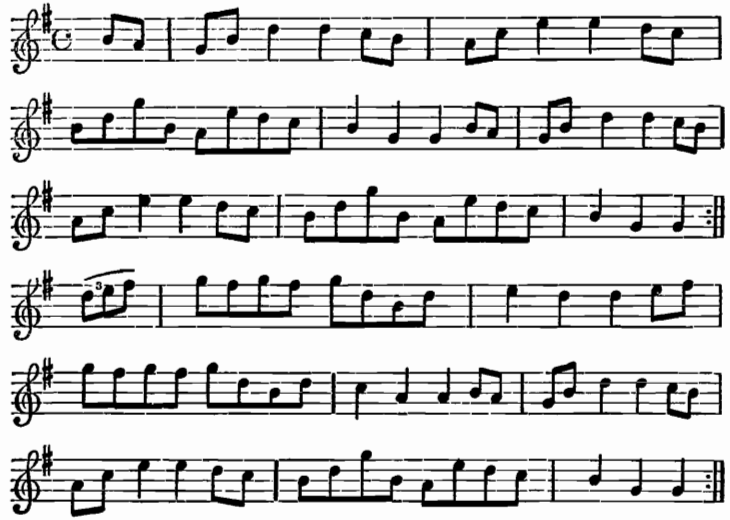
THE GREEN BRECHANS O' BRANTON.



JACKEY LAYTON.



TILL THE TIDE COMES IN.

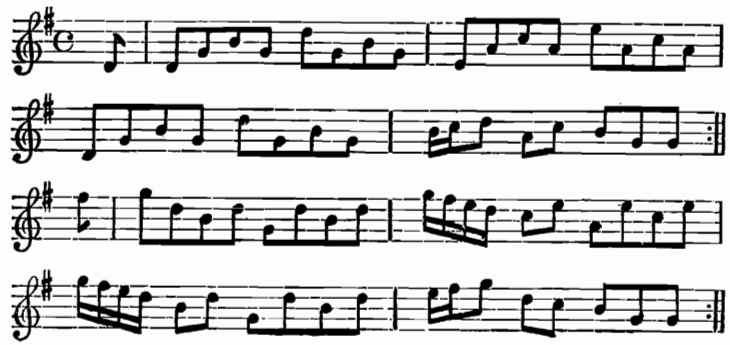


Sir Cuthbert Sharpe, in his "Bishoprick Garland," gives a fragment of the original song to this tune, which was popular in his day:

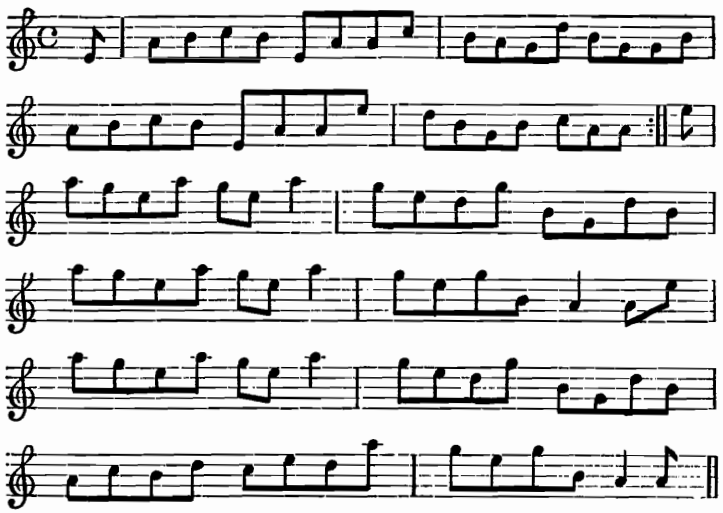
Till the tide comes in, till the tide comes in,
We'll sit upon the pier till the tide comes in.

A more modern song was written by Mr. Henry Robson, about the beginning of this century, to the same air, and it is generally found in collections of local songs.

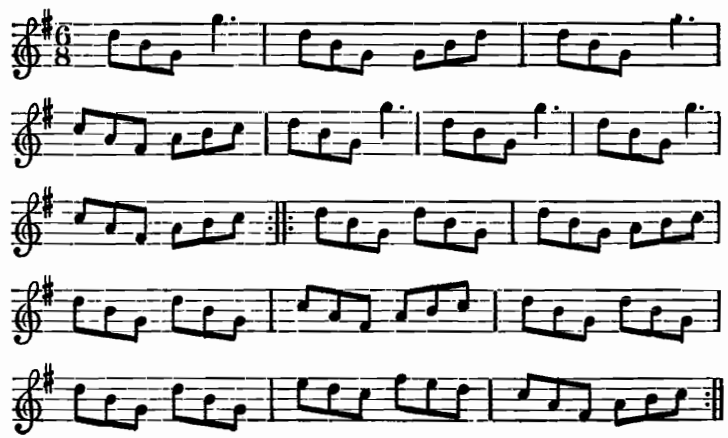
LAMSHAW'S FANCY.



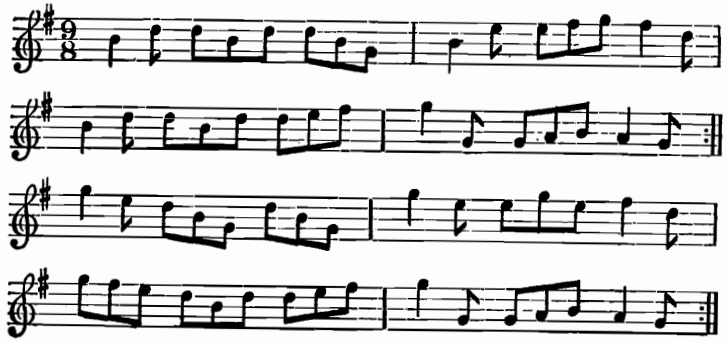
MORPETH LASSES.



THE MAJOR.



ANDREW CARR.



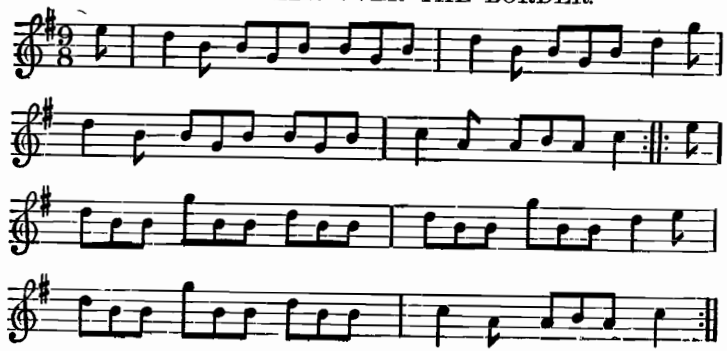
As I went to Newcastle,
My journey was not far,
I met with a sailor lad,
His name was Andrew Carr.

And hey for Andrew, Andrew,
Ho for Andrew Carr,
And hey for Andrew, Andrew,
Ho for Andrew Carr.

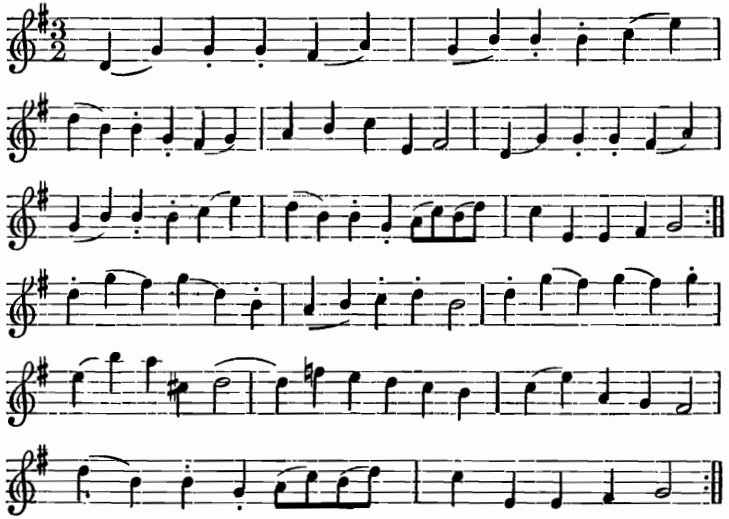
Good fortune attend my jewel,
Now he's sailed over the bar,
And send him back to me,
For I love my Andrew Carr.

And hey for Andrew, &c.

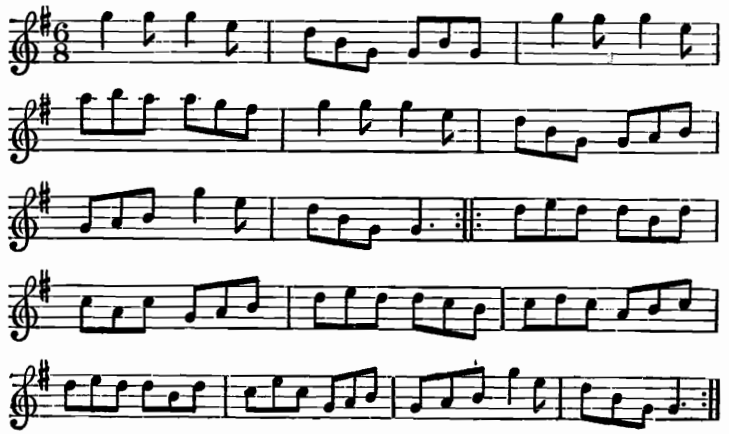
FOLLOW HER OVER THE BORDER.



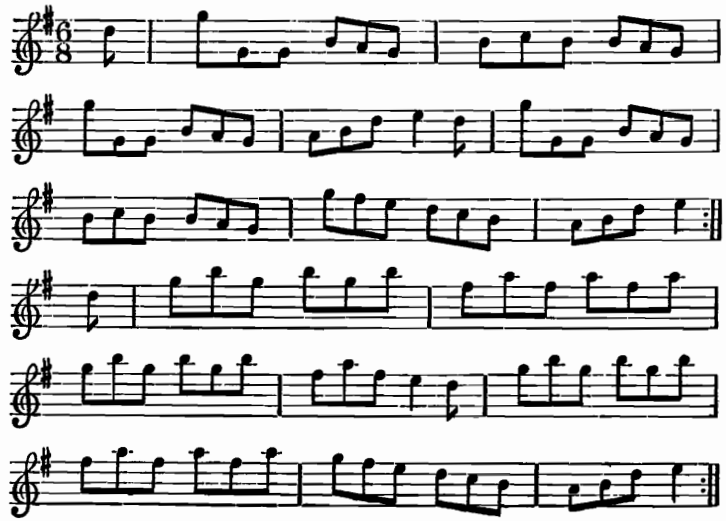
LITTLE FISHIE.



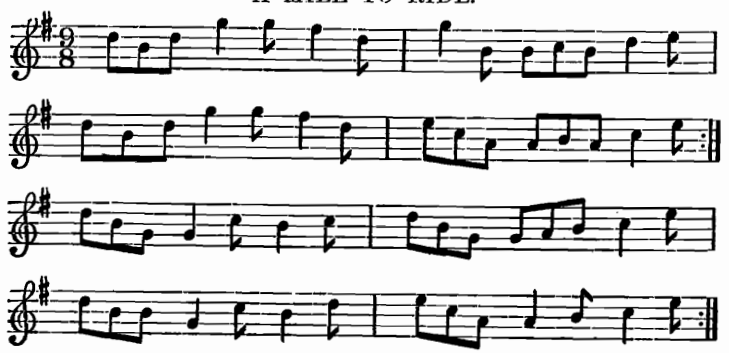
LEAZES HOPPING.



THE COOPER O' STANNERTON HEUGH.

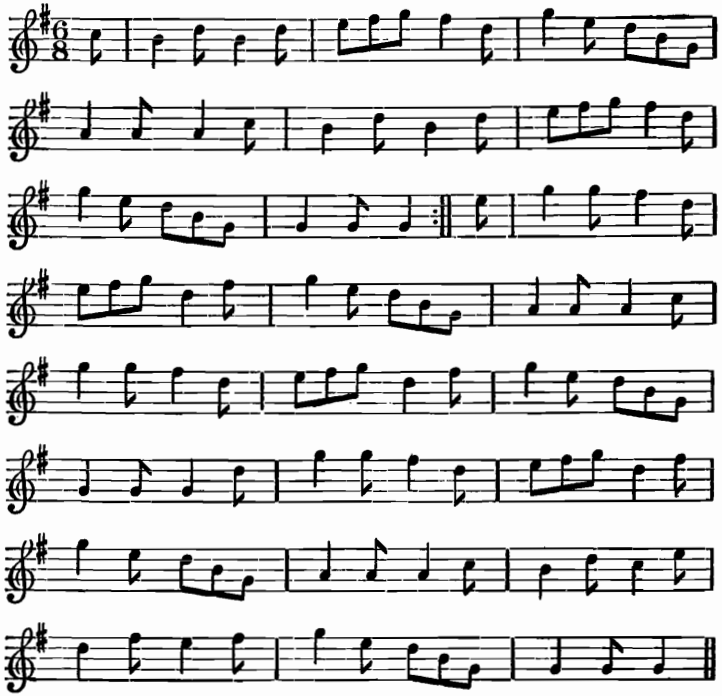


A MILE TO RIDE.

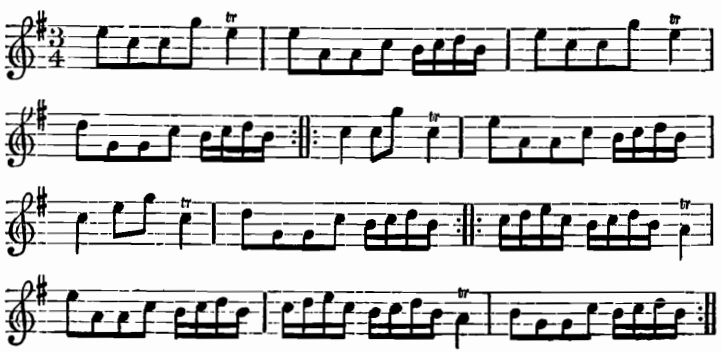


This tune has several titles by which it is known to pipers, such as "Stannerton (or Stamfordham) Hopping," "Stanhope i' Weardale," and "The Fleet's a coming."

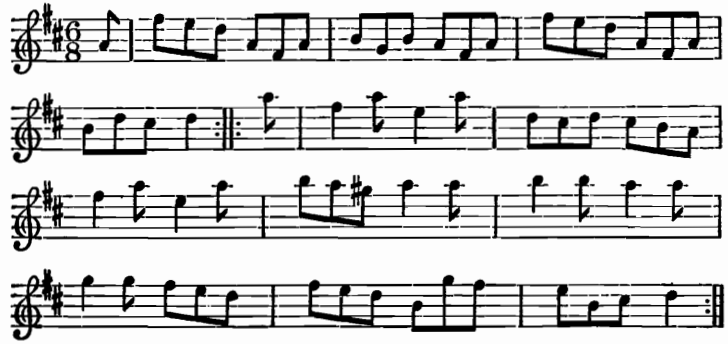
SANDHILL CORNER.



LANG STAY'D AWAY.



BLAW THE WIND SOUTHERLY.

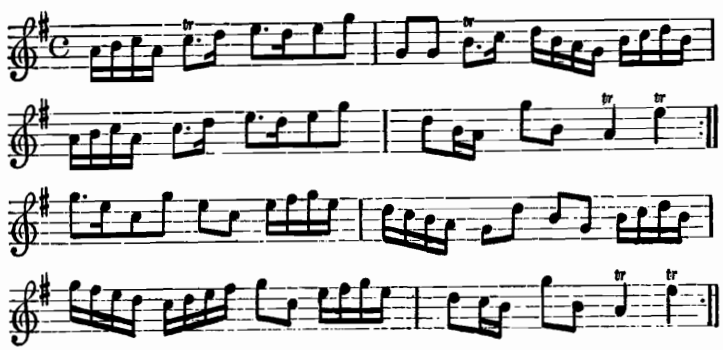


Blaw the wind southerly, southerly, southerly,
Blaw the wind southerly, south, or south-west;
My lad's at the bar, at the bar, at the bar,
My lad's at the bar whom I love best.

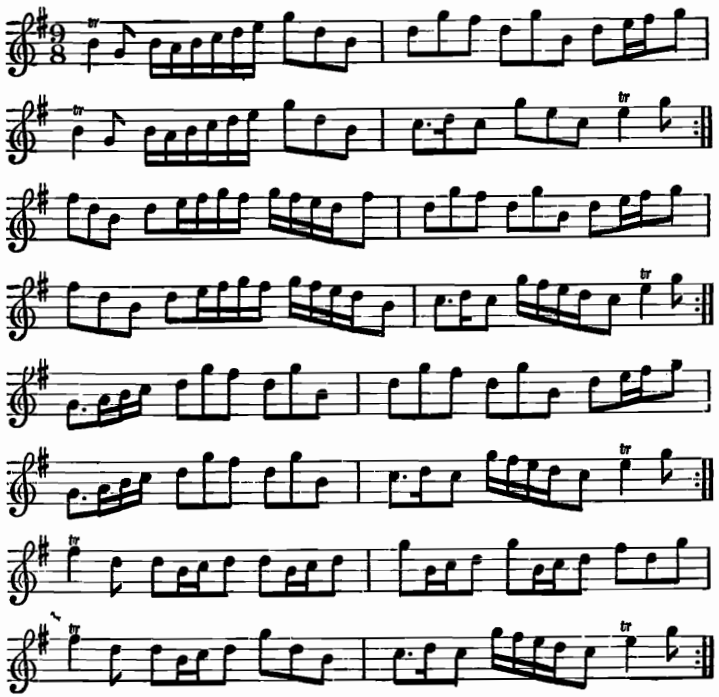
This is evidently a fragment of an older ballad, and is taken from Sharp's "Bishoprick Garland." A variation of the last two lines has been sometimes heard from old songs:—

Blaw the lad ti' the bar, ti' the bar, ti' the bar,
Blaw the lad ti' the bar that I love best.

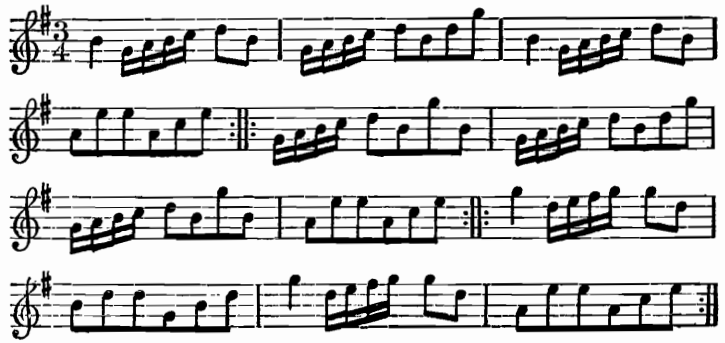
CUCKOLD COME OUT O' THE AMREY.



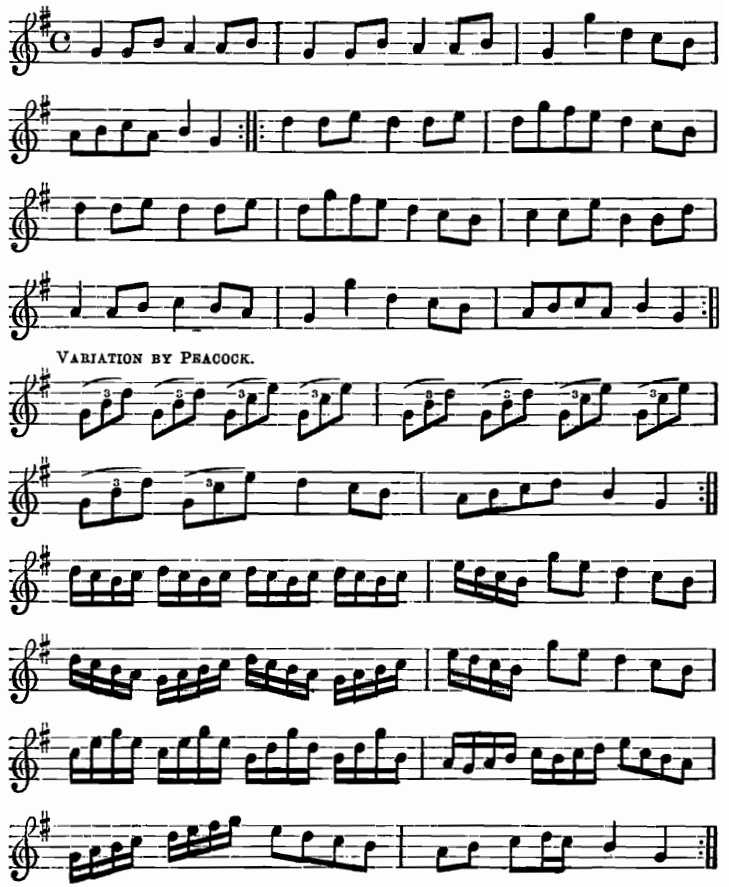
OWER THE BORDER.



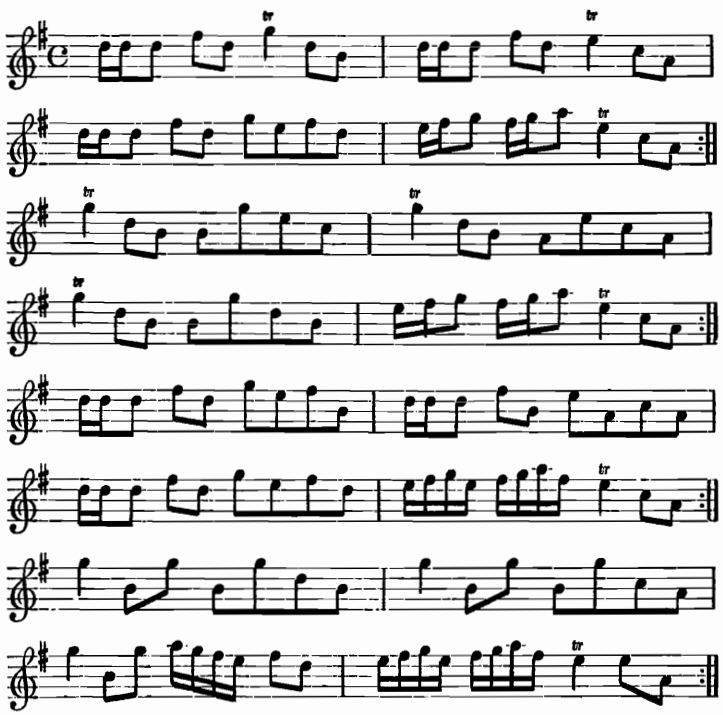
SUNDERLAND LASSES.



NEW HIGHLAND LADDIE.



LITTLE WOT YE WHA'S COMING.



This is really a pipe tune, but whether English or Scottish is we believe, an open question. It has appeared in Scottish collections as "The Highland Muster Roll, 1715," though it only appeared in print in Johnson's "Scots Musical Museum," vol. VI., 1803. The Antiquarian Society possesses a manuscript copy of the date 1770. The song in Johnson is a catalogue of the Jocobite chieftains, who were expected to rise in 1715, and amongst others named are—

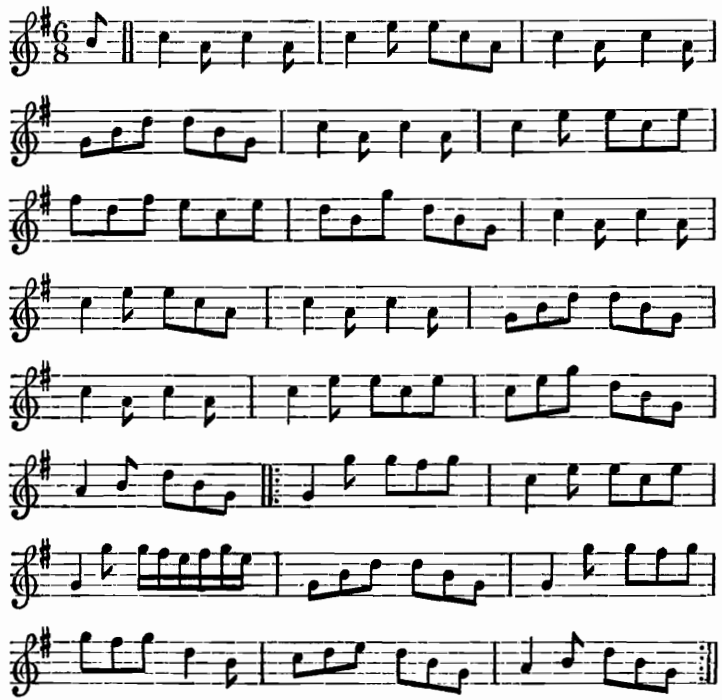
Derwentwater and Forster's coming,
Witherington and Nairn's coming,
Little wot ye wha's coming, &c.

It is known from tradition that a similar Northumbrian ballad was also sung to this tune, a scrap of which only is preserved—

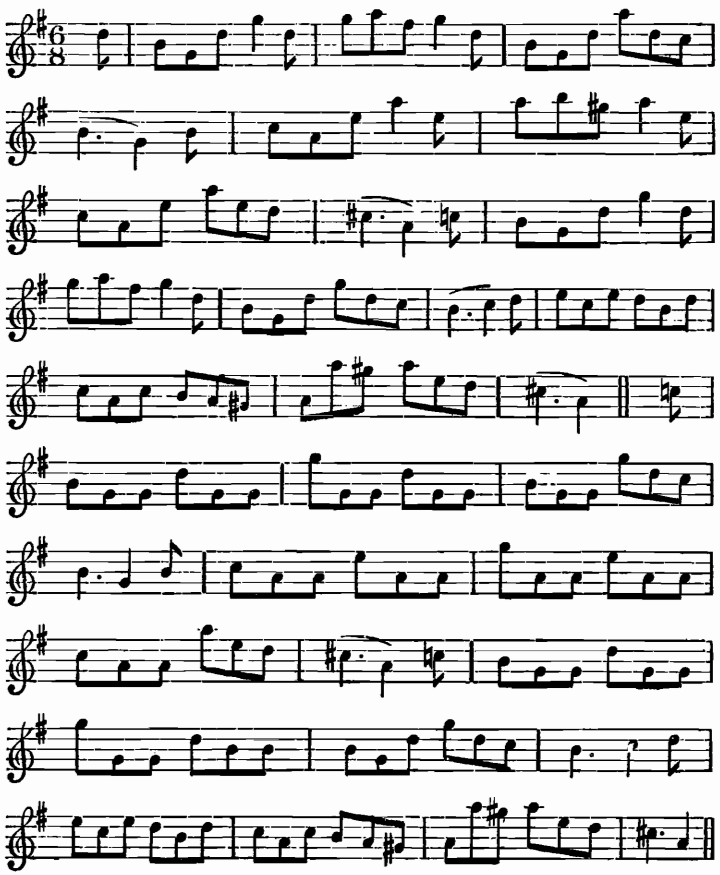
Little wot ye whe's coming,
Bonny Boweree's coming—

the Boweree named being the celebrated William Charlton, of the Bower, near Reedsmouth, called from the name of his estate "Bowery Charlton," whose rough, rude disposition and violent temper led him into many troubles, and frequently brought him within the power of the law.

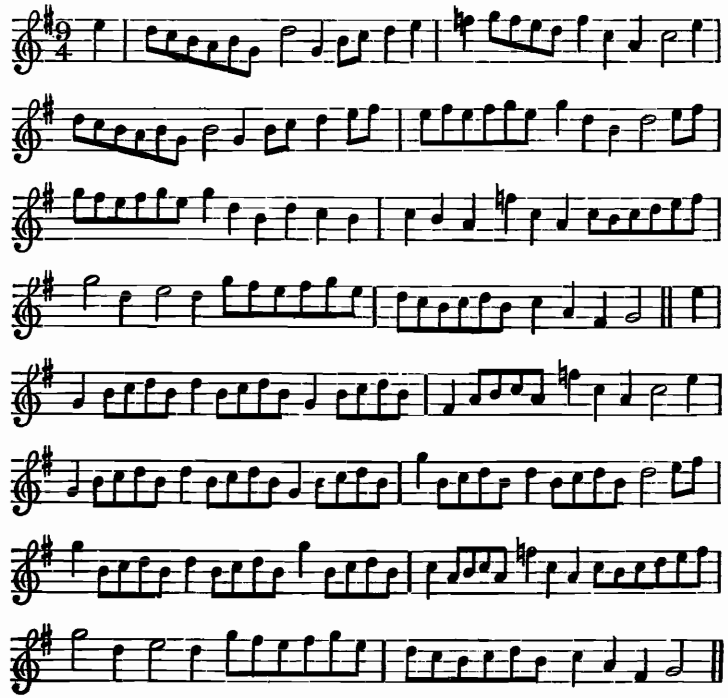
FAIRLY SHOT OF HER.



THE BLACK AND THE GREY.



RANTIN' ROARIN' WILLIE, OR THE MITFORD GALLOWAY.

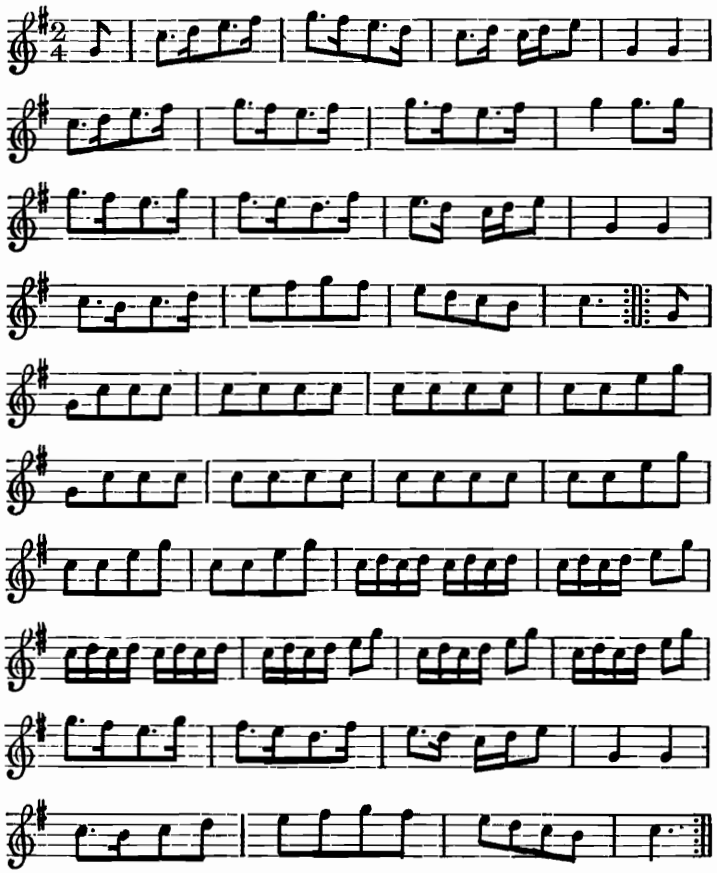


This tune is better known to pipers as "The Mitford Galloway" than by its other title. It is of English parentage, as it can be traced to the year 1669, where it appears in the first edition of "Apollo's Banquet" as "Tom Noke's Jig." Afterwards, it is to be found in the ballad operas of "Flora," 1729; "The Cobbler's Opera," 1729; and "Achilles," 1733, in each of which works it is called "Come open the door, sweet Betty." Under this title many popular ballads were written to it. The time, indeed, is different—it is in $\frac{6}{8}$ time; but it is virtually the same tune.

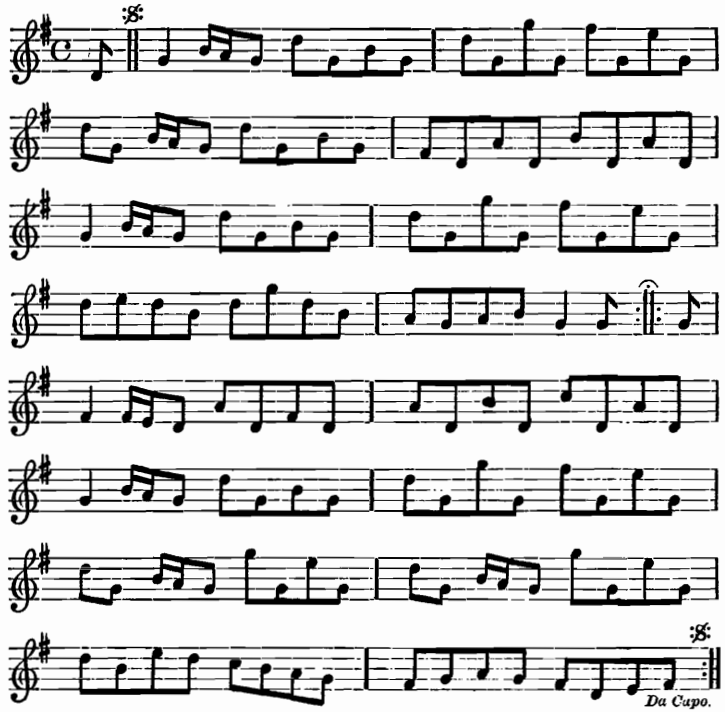
The writer of the ballad, "The Mitford Galloway," was Thomas Whittle, an eccentric and ingenious poet, who lived at Cambo in the beginning of last century. The song is a description

of the adventures of a whirligig maker or wood turner in the pursuit of a runaway galloway or pony, and the ingenious way in which the names of the different localities are interwoven with the story reveal a marvellous command of the rhyming faculty. Whittle died in indigent circumstances at East Shaftoe, and was buried at Hartburn on the 19th April, 1731. His poetical works were published in 1815 by William Robson, schoolmaster, Cambo.

THE HEN'S MARCH.



BLANCHLAND RACES.



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