

THE  
 HISTORICAL  
**BALLAD**  
 OF  
**May Culzean.**

*Founded on Fact.*

154

WITH  
 A POEM ON THE TIMES.



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THE  
HISTORICAL BALLAD  
OR  
May Culzean.

Tune—*Gil Morrice.*

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HAVE ye not heard of fause Sir John?  
Wha liv'd in the west country,  
How he has betray'd eight damsels fair,  
And drown'd them in the sea?

Now he's awa to May Culzean,  
She was her father's heir,  
The greatest beauty o' the land  
I solemnly declare.

“Thou art the darling o' my heart,  
“He says, fair May Culzean,  
“Thou far exceed'st the beauties all,  
“That ever I hae seen.

And I'm a Knight of wealth and might,  
 "Of Town lands twenty-three,  
 and ye's be the lady o' them a',  
 'Fair May, if ye'll gae wi' me.

Excuse me then, she said Sir John,  
 "To wed I am owre young,  
 Unless I hae my parent's leave,  
 'Wi' you I dare na gang.

But he's taen a charm frae aff his arm  
 "And stuck it on her sleeve,"  
 and he has made her follow him  
 Without her parents' leave.

gold and jewels she has taen  
 "Wi' her five hundred pound,  
 and the bravest horse her father had,  
 he's taen to ride upon.

And merrily they rod along,  
 and made neither stop nor stay,  
 until they came to the fatal place,  
 which is called, Benan Bay.

Light down, light down, now May Culzean,  
 Light down, and speak to me,  
 for here have I drowned eight damsels fair,  
 And the ninth ane ye shall be.

" Cast aff, cast aff thy Jewels fine,  
 " So coastly rich and brave,  
 " For they're too coastly and too good,  
 " To sink in the sea wave.

" Her jewels fine she then put aff,  
 " And thus she made her moan,  
 " Have mercy on a virgin young,  
 " I pray thee, sweet Sir John.

" Cast aff thy coats, and gay manteel,  
 " And smock o' Holland lawn,  
 " For their owre costly and owre guid,  
 " To rot in the sea sawn.

" Then turn thee round, I pray Sir John,  
 " See the leaf flee owre the tree,  
 " For it never befitted a book learned man,  
 " A naked lady to see.

" As fause Sir John did turn him round,  
 " To see the leaf flee owre the tree——  
 " She grasped him in her arms sma'  
 " And flung him in the sea.

" Now lie ye there ye wild Sir John,  
 " Whar ye thought to lay me,  
 " Ye wad hae drown'd me as naked's I was born,  
 " But ye's get your claes frae me.

er jewels coastly, rich and rare  
 She straight puts on again,  
 e lightly springs upon her horse  
 And leads his by the rein.

is lady dear, was void of fear,  
 Her steeds were swift and free,  
 d she reached her father's lofty towers,  
 Before the clock struck three.

d first she met the stable groom,  
 He was her waiting man,  
 d when he heard his lady's voice,  
 He ran with cap in han'

Whar hae ye been, fair May Culzean?

' Wha owns this dapple gray?  
 ' That's a foundling, she replied,  
 ' Which I got on my way.'

hen out and spake the green parrot,  
 ' He says, fair May Culzean,  
 ' what hae ye done wi' yon brave Knight  
 ' That gied wi' you yestreen?

laud your tongue my pretty parrot,  
 ' An' I'se be kind to thee,  
 or where ye got ae handfu' o' groats  
 My parrot shall get three.

" Then out and spake her father dear,  
 " From the chamber where he lay,  
 " What is it ails my pretty parrot  
 " That he speaks so long e'er day?

" There came a cat into my cage  
 " Had nearly worried me,  
 " And I was calling on May Culzean  
 " To come and set me free."

And first she told her father dear,  
 Of the deed that she had done,  
 And likewise to her mother dear,  
 Concerning fause Sir John.

So aff they sent with one consent,  
 By dawning of the day,  
 Until they came to the Carleton sands;  
 And there his corpse it lay.

His body tall; by that great fall  
 Was dashed too and fro,  
 The golden ring that he had on,  
 Was broke in pieces two.

And they hae taken up his corpse  
 To yonder pleasant green,  
 And there they buried fause Sir John,  
 For fear he should be seen.

*A Poem on the Times.*

NOT hard to show, some years ago,  
 The Farmers grew too grand,  
 The reason why, grain sold so high,  
 What hunting then for land!  
 What farms they took! by hook and crook,  
 By fraud and extra rent;  
 How chang'd the scene, and low and mean  
 To make such great complaint.

How did the poor so long endure,  
 When all things sold so high?  
 They labour'd hard, and prest forward  
 By sweet frugality.

Farmers break, and methods take  
 Design'd the Lairds to cheat;  
 What cringing hounds, how vice abounds,  
 Are not for church nor State.

But Bonapart' do love in heart,  
 And wills him back again,  
 In his time they so did reign,  
 Sold high both stock and grain.  
 What cursed pride! how high they ride,  
 The best of Horse upon,  
 What rig must have, and dress as brave  
 As any Squire's old son.

They priz'd not peace, nor great increas  
 Got in the year fifteen ;  
 Their aim is dearth, starve from the eart  
 Poor honest lab'ring men.  
 As truth I wrote, Lairds value not  
 Their growling vexing plaints,  
 Make them more low, and frugal go,  
 And duely pay their rents.



[The lower portion of the page contains several lines of heavily scribbled-out text, rendered illegible by dark, diagonal ink strokes.]