

# SIR NEIL

AND

## GLENGYLE,

THE HIGHLAND CHIEFTAINS;

*A Tragical Ballad.*

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

### The Drunken Exciseman,

AND

### Cherry Ripe.

58



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## Sir Neil and Glengyle.

In yonder Isle, beyond Argyle,  
Where flocks and herds were plenty,  
Lived a rich 'Squire, whose sister fair  
Was the flower of all that country.  
A Knight, Sir Neil, had wooed her long,  
Expecting soon to marry ;  
A young Highland Laird his suit prefer'd,  
Young, handsome, brisk and airy.

Long she respected brave Sir Neil,  
Because he wooed sincerely,  
But as soon as she saw the young Glengyle,  
He won her most entirely ;  
'Till some lies unto her brother came,  
That Neil had boasted proudly,  
Of favours from that Lady young,  
Which made him vow thus rudely.

I swear by all our friendship past,  
Before this hour next morning,  
This Knight or me shall breathe our last,  
He shall know who he's scorning.  
To meet on the shore where the loud waves roar,  
In a challenge he defied him :  
Ere the sun was up, these young men met,  
No living creature nigh them.

What ails, what ails my dearest friend?

Why want ye to destroy me?

I want no flattery, base Sir Neil,

But draw your sword and try me.

Why should I fight with you M'Van,

You ne'er have me offended;

And if I aught to you have done,

I'll own my fault and mend it.

Is this your boasted courage, knave?

Who would not now despise thee?

But if thou still refuse to fight,

I'll like a dog chastise thee.

Forbear, fond fool, tempt not thy fate;

Presume not now to strike me,

There's not a man in all Scotland,

Can wield the broad sword like me.

Combined with guilt, thy wond'rous skill

From fate shall not defend thee;

My sister's wrongs shall brace my arms,

This stroke to death shall send thee.

But this, and many a well aimed blow,

The generous Baron warded,

Being loath to harm so dear a friend,

Himself he only guarded:

'Till mad, at being sore abused,

A furious push he darted,

Which pierced the brains of bold M'Van,

Who with a groan departed.

Curse on my skill!—what have I done!

Rash man!—but thou would have it:

You have forced a friend to take thy life,  
 Who would have bled to save it.

Why should I mourn for this sad deed,  
 Since now it can't be mended?

My happiness that seemed so nigh,  
 By one rash stroke is ended.

An exile into some strange land,  
 To fly I know not whether!

I must not see my lovely Ann,  
 Since I have slain her brother!

But casting round his mournful eyes,  
 To see if none were nigh them;

There he espied the young Glengyle,  
 Who like the wind came flying.

I'm come too late to stop the strife,  
 But since thou art victorious,

I'll be revenged, or lose my life;  
 My honour bids me do this.

I know your bravery young Glengyle,  
 Though of life I'm now regardless,

Why am I forced my friends to kill?  
 See brave M'Van lies breathless.

Unhappy lad, put up thy blade,  
 Tempt me no more I pray thee;

This sword that pierced the 'Squire so rude,  
 Soon in the dust shall lay thee.

Does it become so brave a Knight?  
 Does blood so much affright thee?

Glengyle shall ne'er disgrace thy sword,  
 Unsheath it then and fight me.  
 Again with young Glengyle he closed,  
 Intending not to harm him;  
 Three times with gentle wounds him pierced,  
 Yet never could disarm him.

Yield up your sword to me Glengyle:  
 What on is our quarrel grounded?  
 I could have pierced thy dauntless heart,  
 Each time I have thee wounded.  
 But if thou thinkest me to kill,  
 In faith thou art mistaken;  
 So if thou scorns to yield thy sword,  
 In pieces straight I'll break it.

While talking thus he quit his guard,  
 Glengyle in haste advanced,  
 And pierced his generous manly breast,  
 The spear behind him glanced!  
 Then down he fell, and cries I'm slain!  
 Adieu to all things earthly!  
 Adieu, Glengyle t'he day's thy own,  
 But thou hast gained it basely.

When tidings came to Lady Ann,  
 Time after time she fainted!  
 She ran and kissed their clay cold lips,  
 And thus their fate lamented.  
 Illustrious brave, but hapless men,  
 This horrid sight does move me!  
 My dearest friends rolled in their blood,  
 The men that best did love me!

O thou the guardian of my youth,  
 My dear and only brother!  
 For this thy most untimely fate,  
 I'll mourn till life is over.  
 And brave Sir Neil, how art thou fall'n,  
 And withered in thy blossom,  
 No more I'll love the treacherous man,  
 That pierced my hero's bosom.  
 A kind and tender heart was thine;  
 Thy friendship was abused;  
 A braver man ne'er faced a foe,  
 Had thou been fairly used:  
 For thee a maid I'll live and die,  
 Glengyle shall ne'er espouse me;  
 And for the space of seven long years,  
 The dowry black shall clothe me.

### THE DRUNKEN EXCISEMAN:

I KNOW that young folks like to hear a new song,  
 Of something that's funny and not very long,  
 It is of an Exciseman the truth I will tell,  
 Who thought that one night he was going to  
 hell.                      Fal de la, &c.

One night he went out to look for his prey,  
 He did meet with some smugglers, as I heard  
 them say,  
 In tasting the liquors they were going to sell,  
 The Exciseman got drunk, the truth I will tell.

He got so intoxicated he fell to the ground,  
 And like a fat sow was forced to lie down,  
 Just nigh to a coal pit the Exciseman did lie.  
 When four or five colliers by chance did come by.

They shouldered him up and hoised him away,  
 Like a pedler's pack, without any delay ;  
 Into the bucket they handed him down,  
 This jolly Exciseman they got under ground.

The Exciseman awakened with terrible fear,  
 Upstarted a collier, says, what brought you here ?  
 Indeed Mr. Devil, I don't very well know,  
 But I think I am come to the regions below.

Says the collier, what was you in the world  
 above,

I was an Exciseman and few did me love :  
 Indeed Mr. Devil the truth I will tell,  
 Since I have got here, I'll be what you will.

Since you're an Exciseman, here you must remain,  
 You will never get out of this dark cell again ;  
 The gates they are fast, and bind you secure,  
 All this you must suffer for robbing the poor.

Indeed Mr. Devil if you'll pity me,  
 No more will I rob the poor you shall see ;  
 If you will look over, as you've done before,  
 I never will rob the poor any more.

Come give me your money, which now I demand,  
 Before you can get to the christian land,

O yes; Mr. Devil, the Exciseman did say,  
I wish to get back, for to see light of day.  
When first of late I saw the sun  
I wish to get back, for to see light of day.

CHERRY RIPE. They should not  
Like a pedler's pack, without any delay;

Cherry ripe, cherry ripe, ripe I cry;  
Full and fair ones come and buy.  
Cherry ripe, cherry ripe, ripe I cry;  
Full and fair ones come and buy.

If so be you ask me where  
They do grow, I answer there,  
Where the sunbeams sweetly smile,  
There's the land or cherry isle.

Cherry ripe, &c. says the collector,  
above

Where the sunbeams sweetly smile,  
There's the land or cherry isle.  
There plantations fully show  
All the year where cherries grow.

Cherry ripe, cherry ripe, ripe I cry,  
Full and fair ones come and buy,  
Full and fair ones come and buy.

FINIS.  
I never will see the poor any more.  
If you will look over my shoulder  
No more will I see the poor you shall see;  
Indeed Mr. Devil if you'll pity me.

Com'ing give me your money which now I demand.  
But you can get in the christian land.