Gill Mante.

TRAGICAL HISTORY

his paine it waxed wide

GILL MORICE,

But his farne was by a funding that hy'd on Carron sid A.

ANCIENT BALLADITA STORY



Fur all my be fer distributed and the character of the control of

RINTED FOR THE ROOKSELLERS OF

Gill Morke.

Gill Morice was an Earl's son his name it waxed wide. It was nae for his great riches, nor yet his meikle pride.
His face was fair lang was his hair, in the wild woods he staid. The prince was by a fair lady, and and how that liv'd on Carron side.

Where will I get a bonny boy
that will win hose and shoon
That will gae to Lord Barnard's ha',
and bid his lady come
Ye maun rin this errand, Willie,
and maun rin wi' pride,
When other boys gue on their feet,
on horseback ye shall ride

O no o no my master dear a but of the work

I dare not for my life,

I'll no gae to the hauld Baron's county has sold

for to trust forth his wife.

My bird Willie, my boy wil ie, ov a sold med

my dear willie he said, of sould ad heart

How can you strive against the stream, dw bara

for I shall be obey'd.

But oh my master dear he cried in and bee in green wood ye're your lane!

Gi'e o er sic thoughts I would ye red.

for fear, ye should be taken? HOI GATAIL

Haste haste I say gae to the ha; and bid her come here we speed; back if ye refuse my high command and in 1981. I'll gar thy body bleed.

Gae bid her take this vay mantle.

tis a gowd but the hem;

Bid her come to the good green word,
and bring nane but her lane.

And there it is a siken sark;
her aio hand sew d the sleeve.

And bid her come to Gill Morice.

speir nae bauld Baron's leave.

Yes, I will gae your black errand, though it be to my cost;
Sin ye by me will nae be warn day in it ye shall find frost.
The Baron he's a man of might, he ne er could bide a taunt.
As ye shall see before it s night how sma' ye ha'e to vaun.

Now sin I maun your errand rin sair sair against my will less make a vow and keep it true, it shall be done for ill.

And when he came to broken brig he bent his bow and swam.

And when he came to grass growing, and ill set down his feet and tan nouse man and in the set down his feet and tan nouse man.

Balling W Familian Mineral And The

And when he came to Barnard's had an ocean would neither chap nor ca', and hid but But set his bent how to his breas' and lightly lap the wa' of whole will be would tell nae man his errand, though twa stood at the gate. But straight into the ha he came what grit folks sat at meat

Hail hail my gentle sire and dame, and some my message winns wait was hood his had before that it be late made before that it be late made before that it be late made before that it be late it's a' gowd but the hem wood gang e'en by yourself alane

There it is a silken sark
your ain hand sew d the sleeve,
Ye maun come speak to G it. Morice
spier nae bau d Baron s leave.
The lady stamped wi her foot,
and winked wi her ee.
But all that she could do or say,
forbidden he wouldnabe.

Its surely to my bower woman, and and park
It ne'er could be to me a wood in medical
Then up and spake the wyly nurse. The harm
(the bairn upon her knee.)

If it be come from Gill Movice, q 32316 261
his dear welcome to me. I mish! Townsid at
ve lied we find we fitht hitse 3 3 11 3 31 33 1
sae loud s I bear voulded : 1891h vis 5 101
sae loud s I hear you lie ; hours wit is an
I brought it to Lord Barnard's Lady, a tadi
Now he has drawn his ada the hard sail off worl
Then up and spake the bauld Baron, the bus
an angry man was he.
He's ta'en the table wi'his foot, '20 11 ba A
in flinders gart a flee of the not been and
Gae bring a robe of you cleiding, and on both
that he man and the minutes of the state of
that hangs upon the plands a day it is a second
The meaning of the figure and
And I'll gae to the good green wood
and speak with your leman.
that hangs upon the pinings and it is that hangs upon the pinings and it is that hand and it is that hand and it is that hand and speak with your leman. O bide at hame now Lord Barnarit and bial
Ne'er wyte a man for violence, il inquoid bak
that ne'er wyte ye wi'nane!) min bie bas
4 all Marian city in annul amoun property (1) 1 201
he whistled and he sang; the histless
तिवर्ष सिक्षान होता है। है है विशेष निर्माण
he whistled and he sang; O what mean a these felk coming? my mother tarries land.
my mother tarries land.
And when he came to good green wood, and
wi' meikle du l'and care.
wi' meikle du l'and care, It's there lie saw brave Gill Morice, no I and t
kaming his yellow hair. The old yells as
Nae wonder, hae wonder Gill Morice, de bat
my lady lo'ed you weel, hi died beald has
that per in the day the

The fairest part of my hody
is blacker than thy heel;
Yet ne ertheless, now Gill Morice
for a thy great beauty,
Ye's rue the day that ye was born,
that head shall gae with me
Now he has drawn his trusty brand,
and slait it on the straw,

And through Gill Morice's fair body,
he's gard can d iron gae
And he has ta en Gill Morice's head,
and set it on a spear;
The meanest man in a his train,
has got the head to bear,
And he has ta en Gill Morice up,
laid him across his steed

And brought him to his painted bower, a note and laid him on a bed.

The lady sat on castle wa, beheld baith dale and down, a row bund him on a bed come trailing to the town bod come trailing to the town bod on an himder but and that bloody hair.

Than Lord Barnard and a this lands, such hair as they lie here and there), two gridtoen some And sheebas ta'en Gill Morice; or such as they lead to the fall of the and kies d baith mouth and behing use and the

I once was as fu' of Gill Morice, a stable of a said of as hip is o the stane, a find recovered to a said of the muckle gricf and shame as he is a stable as him a stable of the said of t

And brought thee up in green wood, under the heavy rain.

Of thave I by thy cradle sat, and soundly seen thee sleep.

But now I'll go about thy grave, the sat tears for to weep.

And first she kiss d his bloody cheek, and syne his bloody chin.

Better I lo'e my Gill Morice,
than a' my kith and kin

Away away ye ill woman
an ill death may you die,
Gin I had kenn'd he d been your son,
he'd ne er been slain by me.

Upbraid me not Lord Barnard,
upbraid me not for shame.

Wi that same spear of pierce my heart and put me out of pain; Since naething but Gil Morice's head thy jealous rage could quell.

Let that same hand now take her life, that ne'er to thee did ill.

To me nae after days nor nights, in as a me and ! will e'er be saft or kind ; seste all out q des I'll fill the air with heavy sighs and you me sent toa! and greet till I am bund. her totte ob out in Enough of blood by me's been spilt, seck not your death from me; I rather it had been mysell, at qui sent the word bat A than either him or thee than chart in min relief to the than either him or thee With wae so wae I hear your plainty burne bear sair sair I rue the deed, 1 1000 to get II won suff That e'er this cursed hand of mine erest is sell Did gar his body bleed. So is ode stail back Dry up your lears my winsome dame this ones has Ye no er can heal the wound . You see his head uponemy spear, of me o'ol I restress his heart's blood on the ground, did ym'r nait A way away ve ii weinsu I curse the hand that did the deed, a drash line the heart that thought the ill, ed b'aned bad I oil The feet that bore me wi'sic speed, and to an b'ed the comely youth to kill and son am biendy J I'll ave lament for Gill Morice, of son on hisradgu as gin he were mine ain . I'll ne'er forget the dreary day, The promse sail I'll On which the youth was slain. I a see stog bes

since nacthing at (ii) Moriek's head,
thy jealous rage could quell
but that same hand now take her life.

three or to thee did likewer