

THE

TRAGICAL HISTORY

OF

GILL MORICE,

AN

ANCIENT BALLAD.



GLASGOW:

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS

Gill Morice.

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.

But his fame was by a fair lady,
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 gae on their feet,
on horseback ye shall ride

O no o no my master dear
I dare not for my life,

I'll no gae to the hauld Baron's
for to trust forth his wife

My bird Willie, my boy Willie,
my dear willie he said,

How can you strive against the stream,
for I shall be obey'd.

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

Gi'e o'er sic thoughts I would ye red,
for fear ye should be taken

Haste haste I say gae to the ha',
 and bid her come here wi' speed;
 If ye refuse my high command
 I'll gar thy body bleed.

Gae bid her take this pay mantle,
 'tis a' gowd but the hem;
 Bid her come to the good green wood,
 and bring nane but her lane.
 And there it is a siken sark,
 her ain hand sew'd the sleeve;
 And bid her come to Gill Morrice,
 speir nae hauld Baron's leave.

Yes, I will gae your black errand,
 though it be to my cost;
 Sin ye by me wil nae be ward
 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 vaunt.

Now sin I maun your errand rin
 sair sair against my will;
 Ise 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,
 set down his feet and ran.

And when he came to Barnard's ha'
 wou'd neither chap nor ca'
 But set his bent bow to his breast
 and lightly lap the wa'
 He would tel nae man his errand,
 though twa stood at the gate,
 But straight into the ha' he cam,
 whar grit folks sat at meat

Hail hail my gentle sire and dame,
 my message winna wait
 Dame ye maun to the green wood gang
 before that it be late
 Ye're bidden take this gay mantle
 it's a' gowd but the hem
 Ye maun go to the good green wood
 e'en by yourself alane

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

It's surely to my bower woman,
 It ne'er could be to me,
 Then up and spake the wyly nurse,
 (the bairn upon her knee,)

If it be come from Gill Morice,
 'tis dear welcome to me.
 Ye lied, ye fied ye filthy nurse,
 sae louds I hear you lie;

I brought it to Lord Barnard's Lady,
 I trow ye be not she.
 Then up and spake the bauld Baron,
 an angry man was he.

He's ta'en the table wi' his foot,
 in finders gart a' flee
 Gae bringla robe of yon cleiding,
 that hangs upon the pin.

And I'll gae to the good green wood
 and speak with your leman.
 O bide at hame now Lord Barnard
 I warn ye bide at hame.

Ne'er wyte a man for violence,
 that ne'er wyte ye wi' nane.
 Gill Morice sits in good green wood,
 he whistled and he sang;

O what mean a' these folk coming?
 my mother carries land.
 And when he came to good green wood,
 wi' meikle du l and care,
 It's there he saw brave Gill Morice,
 kaming his yellow hair.
 Nae wonder, nae wonder Gill Morice,
 my lady lo'ed you weel,

The fairest part of my body
 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,
 and laid him on a bed.
 The lady sat on castle wa',
 beheld baith dale and down,
 And there she saw Gill Morice head
 come trailing to the town
 Far mair I lo'e that bloody head,
 but and that bloody hair,

Than Lord Barnard and a' his lands,
 as they lie here and there,
 And she has ta'en Gill Morice
 and kiss'd baith mouth and chin,

I once was as fu' of Gill Morice,
 as hip is o' the stane,
 I got thee in my father's house
 wi' muckle grief and shame.

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

Oft have I by thy cradle sat,
 and soundly seen thee sleep,
 But now I'll go about thy grave,
 the sat t' 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 oh pierce my heart
 and put me out of pain;
 Since naething but Gill 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,
 will e'er be safe or kind ;
 I'll fill the air with heavy sighs
 and greet till I am blind.
 Enough of blood by me's been spilt,
 seek not your death from me ;
 I rather it had been myself,
 than either him or thee

With wae so wae I hear your plaint,
 sair sair I rue the deed,
 That e'er this cursed hand of mine
 Did gar his body bleed.

Dry up your tears my winsome dame
 Ye ne'er can heal the wound,
 You see his head upon my spear,
 his heart's blood on the ground.

I curse the hand that did the deed,
 the heart that thought the ill,
 The feet that bore me wi' sic speed,
 the comely youth to kill.
 I'll aye lament for Gill Morice,
 as gin he were mine ain.

I'll ne'er forget the dreary day,
 On which the youth was slain.