

AN EXCELLENT OLD SONG,

31

INTITLED

YOUNG BEICHAN

AND

SUSIE PYE.

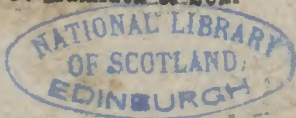
To which is added,

BRITANNIA'S CALL.



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1821.



YOUNG BEICHAN AND SUSIE PYE.

IN London was young Beichan born,
and foreign nations he long'd to see:
He pass'd thro' many kingdom's great,
till at length he came into Turkey,
He view'd the fashions of that land,
their way of worship viewed he;
But unto any of their stocks
would not so much as bow a knee.

Which made him to be taken straight,
and brought before their jury;
The savage Moor did speak outright,
bid him be used molt cruelly.
In every shoulder they put a bore,
and in every bore they put a tree,
They made him for to trail the wire
and spices on his fair body.

They put him into a deep dungeon,
where he could neither hear nor see;
For seven years they kept him there,
till he for hunger was like to die.
Stephus, their king, had a daughter fair,
and they called her Susie Pye;
Who ev'ry day, as she took the air,
near to the prison pass'd by.

But it fell out upon a day,
 she heard young Beichan for to sing;
 And the song it pleased her so well,
 no rest she got till she came to him.
 "My hounds they all go masterless,
 my hawks they flee from tree to tree;
 My youngest brother will heir my land,
 fair England again I ne'er shall see."

But all the night no rest she got
 for thinking on young Beichan's song;
 She stole the keys from her dat's head,
 and to the prison she is gone;
 She has open'd the prison door,
 I wat she open'd two or three,
 Before she could come Beichan at,
 he was lock'd up so curiously.

But when Beichan she came before,
 he admired much her there to see,
 He thought she'd been some prisoner ta'en;
 fair lady I pray of what country?
 Have you any lands, Beichan, she said,
 or have you any buildings free
 That you would give to a lady fair,
 that out of prison could set you free.

Near London town I have a hall,
 with other buildings two or three,
 I'll give them all to that lady fair;
 that from this dungeon would set me free.
 Give me the truth of your right hand,
 the truth of it give unto me,
 That for seven years you'll no lady wed,
 unless it be along with me.

I'll give thee the truth of my right hand,
 the truth of it I'll freely gi'e,
 For seven years I'll stay unwed,
 for the kindness thou dost show to me.
 She's ta'en him from the dungeon deep,
 and set him in a room so free,
 She gave him the red wine to drink,
 his meat was the spice cakes so free.

She kept him safe in her chamber,
 till it fell out upon a day,
 An English merchant there did come,
 with whom she sent young Beichan away.
 She broke a ring from her finger,
 one half to Beichan gave speedily.
 To keep in remembrance of that love,
 the lady bore that set him free.

But when he arrived in London town,
 his friends they all came him to see,
 And would needs have him choose a wife,
 among that jolly company.
 O no, my friends, young Beichan said,
 that would do me much injury,
 Till seven years are almost gone,
 I'll marry none in this country.

When seven years were almost gone,
 this lady began for to think long,
 She thought she heard a voice that said,
 young Beichan's broke his vows, madam!
 She packed up her gay clothing,
 with rich jewels, many a one,
 She set her foot into a ship,
 away she came to see Beichan.

She sailed East, she sailed West,
till to fair England's shore she came,
Where a bonny shepherd she espy'd,
feeding his flock upon the plain :
What news, what news, my bonny shepherd?
What news hast thou got to tell me ?
Such news I hear, madam, he says,
the like was ne'er in this country ;

There is a wedding in yonder hall,
has held these thirty day and three,
The bridegroom will not bed with the bride,
for love of one that's beyond the sea.
She put her hand in her pocket,
I wat she gave him guineas three,
Pray take you that, my bonny boy,
For the good news thou tellest me.

When she came up to Beichan's gate,
she tirl'd softly at the pin,
So ready was the proud porter,
to open and let the lady in.
Is this young Beichan's hall, she said,
or is that noble Lord within ?
Yea, he's in the hall among them all,
this very day was his wedding.

She took the ring from her finger,
and to the porter she gave it free,
Run to young Beichan with all haste,
deliver my message speedily.
When that he came his Lord before,
He kneeled low down on his knee ;
What aileth thee, my proud porter,
Thou art so full of courtesy ?

I have been porter of your gates,
 these thirty long years and three
 Now there stands a lady at your gate,
 the like of her I ne'er did see:
 For on every finger she's a ring,
 and on the mid finger there's three,
 She's as much gold above her brow
 as would buy an earldom to me.

Out then spoke the bride's mother,
 ay, and an angry woman was she;
 You might have excepted our bonny bride,
 and two or three of her company
 Hold your tongue, thou bride's mother,
 of all your folly, let me be:
 She's ten times fairer than your bride,
 and all that's in your company.

She desires one sheaf of your wheat bread,
 ay, and a glass of your red wine,
 And to remember the lady's love,
 Which last reliev'd you out of pain.
 O well a day, young Beichan said,
 that I so soon have married thee,
 For I do vow it is Suffie Pye,
 has sail'd the seas for love of me.

He took the chair then with his foot,
 the table with his knee took he,
 Till silver cups and silver cannis,
 he made them all to flinders flee.
 Out then spoke the forenoon bride,
 my lord, your love it changes soon,
 This morning I was made your bride,
 and another chuse ere it be noon.

O hold thy tongue, thou forenoon bride.
 you're ne'er a whit the worse of me.
 And for every penny I got with thee,
 O here I'll give to thee back three.
 He took her by the milk white hand,
 says, the half of my lands I'll give to thee,
 If thou wilt marry my brother, Will,
 who's a sprightly youth in a lady's eye.

I will not marry thy brother, Will,
 for all the lands that I do see,
 Give me my faith, and troth Beichan,
 I wish I were in my own country.
 I have the bride's shoes on my feet,
 likewise the bride's gloves on my hand,
 For I will neither eat nor drink;
 till I come into my father's lands.

He's ta'en Susie Pye by the white hand,
 and gently led her up and down,
 And aye he kifs'd her red rosy lips,
 your welcome jewel to your own.
 He's ta'en her by the milk white hand,
 and he's led her to yonder green,
 He's chang'd her name from Susie Pye,
 and he's call'd her lovely Lady Jean.

Britannia's Call.

COME, ye lads, who wish to shine
 Bright in future story,
 Hasten to arms, and form the line
 that leads to martial glory.
 Charge the musket, point the lance,
 brave the worst of dangers;
 Tell the blustering sons of France,
 that we to fear are strangers.

Chorus. Charge the musket, point the lance,
 brave the worst of dangers ;
 And tell the blust'ring—
 charge the musket, point the lance,
 Brave the worst of dangers ;
 and tell the blust'ring sons of France,
 That we to fear are strangers,

Britain, whent he Lion's rous'd,
 and her flag is rearing,
 Always finds her sons dispos'd,
 To drub the foe that's daring.
 Charge the musket, &c.

Hearts of Oak, with speed advance,
 pour your raval thunder
 On the trembling sons of France,
 and hrike the world witst wonder.
 Charge the musket, &c.

Honour for the brave to share,
 is the noblest booty ;
 Guard your courts, protect the fair,
 for that's a Briton's duty.
 Charge the musket, &c.

Now since Spain to take their port,
 Forms a base alliance,
 All unite, and British hearts
 May bid the world defiance.

Beat the drum, the trumpet sound,
 Manly and united.
 Dangers face, maintain your ground,
 And see your country righted.

FINIS.

J. Neilson, printer.