THE TRAGICAL HISTORY

GILL MORICE,

OF

AN ANCIENT BALLIAD, Series with TO WHICH IS ADDED, Series with all HIGHLAND MARY.



FALKIRK : PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

GILL MORICE.

GILL MORICE was an Earl's son, LLID His name it waxed wide ; It was nae for his great riches, MI. MA 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, HOIH 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." "Ono! Ono! iny master dear! I dare not for my life, I'll no gae to the bauld Baron's, For to tryst 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 ta en. " Haste, haste, Ilsay, gae to the hai, lot bluow o'H And bid her comenhereitwil speed swit deport If ye refuse my high: command it offi tilgiste sull Whar grit folks fat at .boold ybod yhar grit Gae, bid her take this gay mantle or thisd ! list ! My message winna : med; but the lien and bwog 'Ti' Bid her come to the good green wood a sy small Refore that it break red to be and bud and bring name but her lane And there it is, a silken sark, it she to bidden take this has been said to be a silken sake this has been said to be a silken Her ain hand sew'd the sleeve; ud buog 's s'il Ye maun go to to Gill Moricest of og num "Yes, I will gae your black:errand; a si ti oreft Your ain hand son'd tost y man in mot Sin ye by me will had be warn'd, a omos dunn o' In it ye shall find fron the non Baron the stand The Baron he's a man of might, bequiets yhad oil' He ne'er could bide astaunt, in bedain but As ye shall see before it's night, to sele tailt 'a tull How sma' ye ha'e to valuat. but of nobbidrol Now, sin I maun your errand rin; m of ylerus stil " Sair, sair against my will, of ad binos reien th I'se make a vow, and keep if it the, I of the good I" It shall be done for ill.".she be she.".ll trow that you like the she And when he came to broken brigge bus qu nedT He bent his bow and swam; noqu arise off) And when he came to grass growing, noo od tifl' Set down his feet and ran : emolow read will And when he came to Barnard's ha', I or beil o' Sac loud's I hear; 'san or ca'; used I should be But set his bent how to his breast, I of it is guord !

He would tell.nate mian his errand, state, based. Though twa stood ät the gate of the based bid based at the gate and bid based.

But straight into the hat he came, you werfor on H Whar grit folks fat at meat; wheel you may fl'i

"Hail ! hail ! my gentle sire and dame, I bid , 560

My message winna wait; ode the back is sill Dame, ye maun to the green wood gango rod bid

Before that it bestate and anon paind back Ye're bidden take this gayamantle, si it orodi back

It's a' goud but the hemit; bimes basil air roll Ye maun go to the good green wood, rod bid baA

E'en by your sellvalanerout blued and ried There it is, a silken sark, ald your one lin 1 as Y ...

Your ain hand sew'd the steevet; of the store T Ye maun come speakero Gilb Morice, on the store T

Speir nae bauld Baron's-leave." Ilade of the

The lady stamped an cherifoot, or a soil and will be a the

And winked wi' horreye; obid blace rebar of But a' that she could or say doled one llate or an Forbidden he wadna be: of oast or 'same wold

"It's surely to my bow's woman, anear a us , was

It ne'er cou'd be to mey" a traings size , tike

"I brought to Lord Barnard's day, or a share sail I trow that ye be she." It a though of lists H

Then up and spake the wylie nurse;) en as dy but (The bairn upon her knee;) is word and all

"If it be come from Gill Morice, as all and n hat." Tis dear welcome to me." a bolt sid a rob tak

"Ye lied, ye lied, ye filthy nutser as and and a bat Sae loud's I hear you lie; gain ration bins W

I brought it to Lord Bannirdl'svLddy od sid tos and I trow ye be not she." 'sw adt gai ythgil ba a

An angry man was lie, He's ta'en the table wi' his fout, In flinders gart a' flee. "Gae bring a robe of yon cleiding," That hangs upon the pin, And I'll gae to the good green wood, the word but A. And speak with your leman." I will bist but "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 tarries lang." And when he came to good green wood, Wi' meikle dull 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, IT ST LIT The fairest part of my body due 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, one tert of And slait it on the straw, brond and boys but A And slait it on the straw, And through Gill Morice's fair body, of I matted He's gard cauld iron gae. and using you is meet 1

And he has ta'en Gill Morice's head bus qu non'T

And set it on a spear; and som more grade up The meanest man in a' his train, dat out not a'off

Has got the head to bear of 'n may are built al Add he has ta'en Gill Morice up, an a print al

Laid him across his steed, it man spind that's And brought him to his painted bower, p III back

And laid him on a bed. with your shead and and speak with your star on castle way, saw attact at hame, now is way attact on the set of the set

Beheld baith dale and down is abid or crow I And there she saw Gill Morice's head, or more N

Come trailing to the town of sign poor tail "Far mair I lo'e that bloody head, is spiril IIID

But, and that bloody hair, the block off

As they lie here and there." My mother tarries

"I once was as fu' of Gill Morice was all orbits it As hip is o' the stane. that wellow sid guitted

I got thee in my father's house, one obnow on N Wi' muckle grief and shame, y bo'oi ybal ylf.

The fairest pa, boown nears ni qu sent the fairest pa, boown near grain and the fairest pa than the heat grain the second second

Oft have I by thy cradle sat, now, so and soundly seen the seent, good at thy great good by

But now I'll go about thy grave, the day the bad bad bad the sa't tears for to weep "The sa't tears for to weep out and the bad the sa't tears for to be say the sa't tears for to be say the say the

And first she kiss'd his bloody cheek, and work

And syne his bloody chin; and no ti tials bak "Better I lo'e my Gill Morice: fiid douodt bak

Than a' my kith and kin hou bloss busy s'ell

" Away, away, ye ill woman !? "I tre al ove il f An ill death may you die, and ston of aig el. Gin I had kenn d he'd been your son, tol to set i 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, and and an and an Let that same hand now take her life then) and f That ne'er to thee did ill. Alour mor od and) To me nae after days nor nights, state was I Will e'er be saft or kind; in terturie or a l'il fill the air with heavy sighs, And greet till I am blind." Art dout I produced " Enough of blood by me's been spilt, in an ich Seek not your death from me : I rather it had been mysell, but olag bing the With wae so wae I hear your 'plaint, d b'eab har Sair, sair I rue the deed, That e'er this eursed hand of mine Did gar his body bleed, for a list three off Dry up your tears, my winsome dame, Ye ne'er ean heal the wound You see this head upon my spear, His heart's blood on the ground. I eurse the hand that did the decd, The heart that thought the ill, The feet that bore me wi' sick speed. The coniely youth to kill:

I'll aye lament for Gill Morice;
As gin he were my ain ;
I'll ne'er forget the dreary day
On which the youth was slain !"

Highland Mary: May bak

Lephraid and and installed

YE banks and braes, and streams around The Castle o' Montgomery, Green be your woods, and fair your flow'rs; Your waters never drumlie. There simmer first unfaulds her robes, Aud there they langest tarry: For there I took my last fareweel Of my dear Highland Mary.

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips, i bed in radius I I aft ha'e kiss'd sae fondly ! and radius call?

And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance That dwelt on me sae kindly! And mould'ring now in silent dust, The heart that lo'ed me dearly ! But still within my bosom's core

Shall live my Highland Mary.

FINIS. FINIS.