

THE
TRAGICAL HISTORY

OF

GILL MORICE,

AN ANCIENT BALLAD.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

HIGHLAND MARY.



FALKIRK:
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 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, I say, gae to the ha', let blaw
 And bid her come, heré wi' speed;
 If ye refuse my high command
 I'll gar thy body bleed.
 Gae, bid her take this gay 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 silken sark;
 Her ain 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 ha' be warn'd,
 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,
 I'se 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 tell nae man his errand,
 Though twa stood at the gate;
 But straight into the ha' he came,
 Whar grit felks fat 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' goud but the hem;
 Ye maun go to the good green wood,
 E'en by your sell alane;
 There it is, a silken sark,
 Your ain hand sew'd the sleeve;
 Ye maun come speak to Gill Morice,
 Speir nae bauld Baron's leave.
 The lady stamped wi' her foot,
 And winked wi' her eye;
 But a' that she could or say do,
 Forbidden he wadna be:
 "It's surely to my bow'r woman,
 It ne'er cou'd be to me."
 "I brought to Lord Barnard's lady,
 I trow that ye be she."
 Then up and spake the wylie nurse,
 (The bairn upon her knee);
 "If it be come from Gill Morice,
 'Tis dear welcome to me."
 "Ye lied, ye lied, ye filthy nurse,
 Sae loud's I hear you lie;
 I brought it to Lord Barnard's Lady,
 I trow ye be not she."

Then up and spoke the bauld Baron,
 An angry man was he,
 He's ta'en the table wi' his foot,
 In slinders gart a' flee.
 "Gae bring a 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 tarries lang."
 And when he came to good green wood,
 Wi' meikle duff 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 cauld 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.
 Add 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's 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 thec sleep,
 But now I'll go about thy grave,
 The sa'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 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,

Will e'er be saft 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 mysell,

Than either him or thee.

With wae so wae I hear your 'plaint,

Sair, sair I rue the deed,

That e'er this curs'd hand of mine

Did gar his body bleed.

Dry up your tears, my winsome dame,

Ye ne'er can heal the wound

You see this 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' sick speed,

The comely 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:

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,
 And there they langest tarry :
 For there I took my last fareweel
 Of my dear Highland Mary.

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
 I aft ha'e kiss'd sae fondly !
 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.