

THE
Roman Nobleman,
AND CRUEL
Blackmoor

In the Wood.
AN ANCIENT BALLAD.



FALKIRK:
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THE
BLACKAMoor IN THE WOOD:

IN Rome a Nobleman did wed
a Virgin of great fame,
A fairer creaturer never did
dame Nature ever frame,
By whom he had two children fair,
whose beauty did excel,
And were their parents' only joy,
they lov'd them both so well.
This Lord he lov'd to hunt the buck,
the tyger and the boar,
And still for swiftness always took,
with him a Blackamoor:
Which Blackamoor within the wood,
his Lord he did offend;
For which he did him then correct,
in hopes he would amend.
The day it drew unto an end,
then homeward they did haste,
Where with his Lady he did rest,
until the night had past.
Then in the morning he did rise,
and on his servants call,
A-hunting to provide to go;
straight they were ready all.
Cause of his toil, his lady did
intreat him not to go.

Alas! good Lady, then quoth he,
 why art thou grieved so?

Content thyself, I will return
 to thee with speed again.

Good father, quoth the little babes,
 with us here still remain.

Farewel, dear children, I will go
 and something to you buy;

But they herewith no whit content,
 aloud began to cry.

Their mother took them by the hand,
 saying, Come along with me,

Unso the highest tower, where
 your father you shall see.

The Blackamoor perceiving now
 (who then did stand behind,)

His Lord a-hunting to be gone,
 began to call to mind,

My master he did me correct,
 my fault not being great;

Now on his wife I'll be reveng'd,
 he shall not me intreat.

The place was moated round about,
 the bridge he did updraw,

The gates he bolted very strong,
 of none he stood in awe;

He up into the tower went,
 the Lady being there,

Which when she saw his count'nance grim,
 she straight began to fear!
 But now my trembling heart it quakes;
 to think that I must write!
 My senses all begin to faint,
 my soul it doth affright!
 Yet I must make an end of this,
 which I have here begun,
 Which will melt the hardest heart,
 before that I have done!
 The wretch unto this Lady went,
 and her with speed did will,
 His lust forthwith to satisfy,
 his mind for to fulfil!
 The Lady she amazed was,
 to hear the villain speak!
 Alas! quoth she, what will I do?
 with grief my heart will break!
 With that he took her in his arms,
 she straight for help did cry;
 Content yourself, Lady, quoth he,
 your husband is not nigh;
 The bridge is drawn, the gate is shut,
 therefore come lie with me,
 Or else I do protest and vow,
 thy butcher I will be.
 The chrystal tears run from her cheeks,
 her children cry'd amain,

And sought to help their mother dear,
 but, alas! all was in vain.
 For the egregious filthy rogue,
 her hands behind her bound,
 And then perforce with all his strength
 he threw her to the ground.
 With that she shriek'd, her children cry'd,
 and such a noise did make,
 The townsmen hearing their lament,
 did seek their part to take;
 But all in vain, no way they found
 to aid the Lady's need,
 Who cry'd to them most piteously,
 Oh! help, oh! help with speed!
 Some ran into the forest wide,
 his Lord home for to call,
 And they that stood did still lament
 the gallant Lady's fall.
 With speed his Lord came posting home,
 but could not enter in;
 His Lady's cries did pierce his heart!
 to call he did begin:
 Hold thy hand, thou savage Moor,
 to hurt her do forbear,
 Or else be sure, if I do live,
 wild horses shall thee tear!
 With that the rogue ran to the wall,
 he having had his will,

And brought one child under his arm,
 his dearest blood to spill.
 The child seeing his father there,
 to him for help did call,
 O father, help my mother dear,
 we shall be killed all!
 Then fell the Lord upon his knees,
 and did the Moor intreat
 To save the life of his poor child,
 whose fear as then was great.
 But the vile wretch the little child
 by both the heels did take,
 And dash'd its brains against the wall,
 while parents' hearts did quake.
 That being dead he straightway ran
 the other child to fetch,
 And pluckt it from its mother's breast,
 most like a cruel wretch:
 Into one hand a knife he brought,
 the child into the other,
 And holding it over the wall,
 said, Thus die shall thy mother.
 With that he cut the throat of it!
 to its father he did call,
 To look how he the head had cut,
 that down the brains did fall!!!
 This done, he throws it o'er the wall,
 into the moat so deep;

Which made his father wring his hands,
and grievously to weep!

Then to the Lady went this rogue,
who was near dead with fear!

Yet the vile wretch most cruelly
did drag her by the hair,

And drew her to the very wall!
which when her Lord did see,

Then presently he cried out,
and fell upon his knee:

Quoth he, If thou wilt save her life,
whom I do hold so dear,

I will forgive thee all that's past,
tho' they concern me near.

O save her life, I thee beseech!

O save her life, I pray!

And I will give thee what thou wilt,
demand of me this day.

Well, quoth the Moor, I do regard
the moan that thou dost make,

If thou wilt grant what I request,
I'll save her for thy sake.

O save her life! and now demand
of me what thing thou wilt:

Cut off thy nose, and not one drop
of her blood shall be spilt.

With that this noble Lord did take
a knife into his hand,

And there his nose did quite cut off,
 in place where he did stand.
 Now I have bought my Lady's life,
 then to the Moor did call :
 Then take her, quoth the wicked rogue,
 and down he let her fall !
 Which when this gallant Lord did see,
 his senses all did fail !
 Tho' many fought to save his life,
 yet all could not prevail.
 When as the Moor did see him dead,
 then he did laugh amain
 At them who for his gallant Lord
 and Lady did complain.
 Quoth he, I know you'll torture me,
 if that ye could me get,
 But all your threats I do not fear,
 nor yet regard one whit.
 Wild horses should my body tear,
 I know it to be true ;
 But I'll prevent you of that pain,
 then down himself he threw !
 To good a death for such a wretch,
 a villain void of fear :
 And thus doth end as sad a tale,
 as ever man did hear-

F I N I S.