

The Golden

BULL,

OR

Crafty Princess.

AN ANCIENT

BALLAD.



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THE
GOLDEN BULL.

PART I.

Come listen young lovers, a while, and you'll find,
That crosses attend often true lovers kind,
The like in past ages was never in print,
No doubt but this story will give you content.

It is of a great King, if I must be plain,
Who formerly liv'd in the Southern reign:
He had no more children than one daughter bright,
She pleased her father, and was his delight.

A neighbouring Prince came a visit one day,
It being their usual custom, as they say;
Love wounded the Princess so deep to her heart,
That she was much troubled when he did depart.

It seem'd, to her father she ne'er told her mind,
Neither to the yeang Prince, tho' she was inclin'd
To love him, for Cupid was sharp and severe:
What afterwards happen'd, you briefly shall hear.

She being so beautiful, charming and young,
Her old father said, with a deluding tongue,
Love, I have a fancy to marry with thee,
Tho' thou art my child, thy looks charmeth me!

Dear honoured father, the Princess reply'd,
Sure you're in jest!—No, I am not, he cry'd!
Alas, my dear Father! what makes you say so?
Such things are forbidden in Scripture, you know:
Whilst God gives me breath, & endues me with grace,
I'll act a child's duty, as it is my piece.

He said, I'm resolv'd to make thee my wife,
Or else thy sweet charms will bereave me of life!

The Lady burst out in a shower of tears,
And said, honour'd father, you're stricken in years,
And can have but a short time to remain,
'Tis Satan's temptations puts this in your brain!

Prepare for your end as your strength doth decay;
 And so drive the thoughts of the Devil away;
 Let no such vain fancies enter into your head,
 That your soul may live when your body is dead.

True love for my Father I bear in my heart,
 And will be obedient in every part;
 But rather than have you, I'll chuse for to die;
 So talk no more of it, dear father, O fy!

Dear child, thou art like the sweet innocent dove,
 Yet thy charming beauty inclines me to love:
 Except thou wilt have me, thy life I will take,
 And afterwards murder myself for your sake.



PART II.

To the second part give attention, I pray,
 Which shows how the Lady contrived a way
 To deceive her old father, by her crafty skill,
 Saying, Give me four things, and your mind I'll fulfil,

He said, My dear jewel, your will you shall have,
 In any thing you can desire or crave.

They were four hard requests, you well may suppose,
 Tho' the first three she named, were three suits of clothes.

The first suit resembling the stars in the skies;
 The next of the clouds that before the wind flies;
 The third is a garment most costly and rare,
 Of every bird that doth fly in the air.

The other thing that I to ask will presume,
 Is a Golden Bull, to stand in my room.

I will get them for you, my jewel, he said,
 If possible all these fine things can be made.

Then around the country his Nobles he sent,
 To get all these fine things which she did invent.
 They got these three suits, and rode back with speed;
 And seeing the clothes, then she wond'ring indeed

Her father said, I have brought you your clothes,
 And I'll get the Bull for my amorous rose.
 Then he made the bargain with one, as they say,
 To get the Bull made without longer delay.

Then unto the goldsmith the Lady she went,
 And privately told him her crafty intent;
 Be sure make it hollow, and fit to hold me,
 With a door and three bolts within let there be.

Pray do it ingenious, I charge you once more,
 That no one may find out there is any door.
 He said. Worthy Lady, I'll do it secure,
 That no one may find out the trick to be sure.

When the Bull was made she appointed the day
 With him to be joined, as the story doth say.
 He went towards the chapel, with her to be wed,
 And she had a comical trick in her head.

When come near the chapel, her father to shun,
 She said, Pray excuse me, for back I must run,
 For to fetch a thing that I can't be without.
 This put her old father in great fear and doubt.

He said, My dear, I am loath for to trust
 You for to go back now. — She said, but I must;
 And if I return not, next time you see me,
 I freely will give you leave for to murder me.

Then he gave her leave, and in haste back she went,
 But little thought he of her crafty intent.
 She shut herself fast in the Bull, and lay still,
 So fast and secure, as a thief in a mill.

Her father he waited for two hours and more,
 And finding she came not, in a passion he swore;
 Then about the court he enquiry made,
 But no one could tell where his daughter was fled.

My impudent daughter has shun'd me, I see;
 The Prince that was here, sent choice presents to me,
 Therefore to requite him, I now do approve,
 To send him this Bull as a present of love.

PART III.

He sent it on board then with diligent care,
 But ne'er thought his beautiful daughter was there.
 She carried choice sweet-meats for her nourishment,
 And at last they arrived where the present was sent.

This Princelik'd the present, and gave a command,
 That this golden Bull in his chamber should stand,
 That he might view it each day, I declare;
 But little did dream that a Princess was there.

Quite out of the Bull in the night she did creep,
 And kiss'd the young Prince as he lay asleep:
 She left a rich neckcloth, embroider'd with gold,
 Which he on his pillow next day did behold.

The Prince had a mother, to whom he did say,
 Who did you let into my chamber, I pray?
 Son, there has been none. I do vow and protest.
 He lock'd up the neckcloth, and laugh'd at the jest.

Next night, as he lay asleep, to be plain,
 This Lady crept softly, and kiss'd him again;
 Next morning a handkerchief he did behold,
 Embroider'd with all sorts of flowers in gold.

He said to his mother, I pray tell me right,
 What Lady has been in my chamber this night?
 Dear son, you have very strange whimsies I find,
 He took little notice, but ponder'd in mind.

What Lady this is, I will be satisfy'd,
 If it be for love, I will make her my bride,
 I'll see, for a fancy, who comes in my room;
 But if she's a harlot, death shall be her doom!

At night she creep'd softly, and kiss'd him, 'tis said,
 And a velvet cap on his pillow she laid.
 His thoughts then were ravish'd so with her charms,
 That he on a sudden catch'd her in his arms.

With trembling fear, her joints could not hold,
 And craved his pardon for being so bold.
 He answer'd her straight, I grant pardon to thee,
 But first I desire to know who you may be.

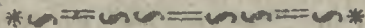
She told him her name, & whose daughter she was,
 And that love had caused her to come there.

He said, My dear love, as you ventur'd for me,
 To cross the wide ocean, my bride you shall be.

Nor doubt but this couple had pleasure that night.
 The Prince said, next morning, as soon as 't was light,
 Keep fast in your Bull, where secure you will be,
 And when I give three knocks, love, come out to me.

So every day many hours there he spent,
 In pleasures of love, to their joy and content.
 He said, I delight to behold thy sweet face,
 And we will be marry'd, love, in a short space.

So then he a ring from his finger did take,
 And said, My dear jewel, keep this for my sake:
 I must make a progress, dear love do not mourn,
 If my life be preserv'd, I will quickly return.



PART IV.

So then to his mother he went, and did say;
 Let no one go up to my chamber, I pray:
 If I find that any goes into my room,
 Then death without mercy shall sure be their doom.

The mother said, Son, I shall keep all secure,
 That none may go into your room to be sure.
 He went to his hunting-match with a cheerful mind,
 But now you will soon a tragedy find.

Three ladies came there, and desired to view
 Her son's Golden-Bull, and did make much ado:
 The old Lady thinking no harm there might be,
 Admitted them up this fine bull for to see.

As soon as they came up, and saw this fine sight,
 They said, In this Bull, he may take delight;
 The goldsmith that made it, sure had crafty skill,
 Come let us go down, since our minds are fulfill'd.

To strike it, said one, full resolved I be;
 The rest had a mind, so they struck it all three.
 Thinking it was the Prince that gave 3 knocks there,
 The beautiful Lady came forth, I declare!

Said they, We have waited to see the best sight,
 For in this base harlot the Prince takes delight;
 Therefore she shall die like a harlot so vain.
 So they all disputed how she might be slain.

The first said, I think it fit to hang her with speed.
 The second said, No! we will drown her indeed.
 The last of the three then this answer return'd,
 If I had my mind, she with speed should be burn'd!

The other two said, No! that shall not be done.
 So out at the window, where a river did run,
 They tossed her headlong!—She swam to a tree,
 Where she lived three days, and no person could see.

A fine suit of clothes this Lady had on!
 A maid went for water, and soon back did run.
 Her master said, what makes your countenance change?
 Sir, there is a sign that is wondrous strange!

The gentleman ran with all speed that might be,
 Where he saw the Lady sit upon the tree!
 He went with a boat, and got her in his arms,
 And was almost ravish'd with her beauteous charms.

The gentleman to her these words did express,
 Lady, how came you to be in this distress?
 She told him her sorrows from first to the last,
 Saying, Now I know all my sorrows are past.

Fair Lady, Your sorrows have not been few;
 The Prince now is sick, I suppose 'tis for you.
 What! Is he come home, Sir? That well pleaseth me.
 In a few days his honoured bride I shall be.

Take this diamond-ring, and go to him I pray,
 The Prince will well know it, I dare to say.
 Then into his chamber with speed he did go,
 Saying, What is the cause of your languishing so?

'Tis love is the cause of my anguish and pain,
 A Lady I lov'd, but do fear she is slain:
 Therefore no physician my life now can save,
 I'll follow my jewel with tears to the grave.

Then he held the diamond-ring straight in his view,
 Which made him to cry, Sir, Who gave that to you?
 Dear Prince, the fair Lady is at my house now.
 He started up, saying, I'm quite well, I vow!

So then to his mother with speed he did go,
 Saying, Some person has been in my chamber I know;
 Then straightway she gave him account who they were.
 The Prince sent for them all, who came I declare,

And unto the Prince they for mercy did crave,
 He said, What you chus'd, you surely shall have;
 One hang'd, one burn'd, and one drown'd shall be;
 So this was the sorrowful end of the three!

The Prince & his Princess with joy soon were crown'd;
 The music did play, and the trumpets did sound!
 In triumph they were wedded, 'twas a joyful day!
 Then, then was the time to wash sorrow away!

The next news she heard, her old Father was dead;
 And then of that country a Queen she was made:
 Then they had both nations to rule and defend,
 And so let my tragical comedy end.

F I N I S.