

# CHRIST'S KIRK

ON THE

# GREEN;

IN THREE CANTOS.

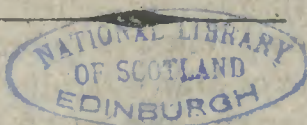
CONTAINING

A very humorous description of a Country Wedding, with a Squabble that ensued: Also how a peace was made up, and a' things 'gree'd again.

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Written by KING JAMES the First, when confined  
a PRISONER in ENGLAND

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STIRLING:

Printed and Sold by C. Randall.

# CHRIST'S KIRK ON THE GREEN.

## CANTO I.

WAS ne'er in Scotland heard or seen  
sic dancing and deray ;  
Nouther at Faulkland on the Green,  
nor Peebles at the play,  
As was of wooers, as I ween,  
at Christ's Kirk on a day ;  
There came out Kitties washen clean,  
in new kirtles of grey.

Fou gay that day.

To dance these damfels did them dight,  
thir lasses light of laits,  
Their gloves were of the rassel right,  
their shoon were of the straits,  
Their kirtles were of Lincome light,  
well prest wi' mony plaits,  
They were sae nice, when men they nicht  
they squeel'd like ony gaits

Fou loud that day.

Of all these maidens, mild as mead,  
was nane sae jimp as Gilly,  
As ony rose her rude was red,  
her lyre was like the lily ;  
Fou yellow, yellow was her head,  
but she of love was silly ;  
Tho' a' her kin had sworn her dead,  
she wad hae but sweet Willy,

Alane that day.

She scorned Jack, and scraped at him,  
 and murgeon'd him wi' mocks;  
 He wad hae loo'd, she wadna let him,  
 for a his yellow locks.

He cherish'd her, she bade gae chat him  
 counted him not twa clocks;  
 Sae shamefully his short gown set him,  
 his legs were like twa rocks,  
 On rungs that day.

Tam Lutter was their minstrel meet,  
 gude Lord, how he could lance,  
 He play'd sae shrill and saug sae sweet,  
 while Toufic took a trance;  
 Auld Lightfoot there he did forleet,  
 and counterfeited France;  
 He us'd himself as man discreet,  
 and up the morrice-dance  
 He took that day.

Then Steen came stappand in wi' stends  
 nae rink might him arrest:  
 Plaitfoot did bob wi' mony bends,  
 for Maufe he made request.  
 He lap till he lay on his lends,  
 but risand was sae prest,  
 While that he hosted at baith ends,  
 for honour of the feast,  
 And dan'd that day.

Syné Robin Roy began to revel,  
 and Dawny to him rugged;  
 Let be, quoth Jack, and ca'd him jewel,  
 and by the tail him rugged;  
 The kenfie cleckit to a gavel,  
 but Lord, as they twa lugged;  
 They parted manly on a nevel:  
 men say that hair was rugged  
 Between them twa.

Ane bent a bow, sic sturt did steer him,  
 great skaith was't to have scar'd him,  
 He chesit a flane as did assear him,  
 the other said Birdum Dardum:  
 Thro' baith the cheeks he thought to  
 sheer him,  
 or through the arse have char'd him;  
 Bein' akerbraid it came na near him,  
 I canna tell what marr'd him  
 sae wide that day.

With that a friend of his cry'd fy,  
 and up an arrow drew,  
 He forged it so furiously,  
 the bow in flinders flew?  
 Sic was the will of God, trow I,  
 for had the tree been true,  
 Men said, wha kend his archery,  
 that he had slain anew,  
 Belyve that day.



A yap young lad that stood him neist,  
 loos'd aff a frot with ire,

He entled the bairn in at the breast,  
 the bolt flew o'er the byre :

Ane cry'd, fy. he has slain a priest,  
 a mile beyond a mire ;

Then bow and bag frae him he keist,  
 and fled as fierce as fire

Frae flint that day.

Then Lawrie like a lion lap,  
 and soon a flane can tedder ;

He heicht to pierce him at the pap,  
 thereon to wad a wedder !

He hit him on the wame a wap,  
 it buft hke ony bladder ;

But sae his fortune was and hap  
 his doublet made of leather

fav'd him that day.

The buff sae boist'rously abaist him,  
 he to the earth dusht down ;

The tither man for dead then left him,  
 and fled out of the town.

The wives came furth, and up they rest  
 him,

and saw life in the lown ;

Then wi' three routs on's arise they rais'd  
 him,

and cur'd him out of swoon,

Frae hand that day.

Wi' forks and flails they lent great flaps,  
 and slang together like friggs,  
 Wi' bougers of barns they best blew caps  
 while they of bairns made briggs.  
 The reir'd raise rudely with the raps,  
 when rungs were laid on riggs :  
 The wives came forth with cries & claps  
 see where my liking liggs  
 Fou low this day.

They girmed and let gird with grains  
 ilk gossip othar griev'd ;  
 Some strack wi' stings, & some wi' stanes  
 some fled and ill mischiev'd.  
 The minstrel wan between twa wains,  
 that day he wisely priev'd ;  
 For he came hame wi' unbruis'd banes,  
 where fighters were mischiev'd  
 Fou ill that day.

Heich Hutcheon with a hisal rice,  
 to redd can thro' them rummil :  
 He maw'd them down like ony mice,  
 he was nae baity bummil :  
 Though he was wight, he was na wise,  
 with sic jangleurs to jummil :  
 For frae his thumb they dang a slice,  
 while he cry'd barlesummil,  
 I'm slain this day.

When that he saw his blood fae red,  
 to flee might nae man let him ;  
 He wear'd it had been for auld feed,  
 he thought and bade have at him :  
 He gart his feet defend his head,  
 the far fairer it set him,  
 While he was past out of all plead,  
 he soud been swift that gat him,  
 Thro' speed that day.

The town-fouter in grief was bouden,  
 his wife hang at his waist,  
 His body was wi' blood a' browden,  
 he grain'd like ony ghaist ;  
 Her glittering hair that was fae gowden,  
 she had in love him lac'd,  
 That for her sake he was not yowden,  
 while he a mile was chac'd  
 And mair that day.

The miller was of manly make,  
 to meet him was nae mows ;  
 There durst nae teasome there him take  
 fae knoyted he their pows :  
 The bushment hale about him brake,  
 and bicker'd him wi' bows ;  
 Syne trait'rouslly behind his back,  
 they hew'd him in the hows  
 Behind that day.

'Twa that were headsmen of the herd,  
 on ither ran like rams,  
 They follow'd, seeming right unfear'd  
 beat on with barrow-trams :  
 But where their gabs they were ungear'd  
 they gat upon the gams ;  
 While bloody bark'ned were their beard  
 as they had worried lambs  
 Maist like that day,

The wives keist up a hideous yell,  
 when all these younkers yoked ;  
 As fierce as flags of fire-flaught fell,  
 frieks to the field they flocked ;  
 The caries wi' clubs did others quell  
 on breasts, while blood out bocked ;  
 Sae rudely rang the common bell,  
 that a' the steeple rocked  
 For dread that day,

By this Tam Taylor was in's gear  
 when e'er he heard the bell,  
 He said he should make a' atter,  
 when he came there himsel :  
 He gaed to fight in sic a fear,  
 when to the ground he fell ;  
 A wife that hat him on the ear,  
 wi' a great knocking mell,  
 send him that day.



When they had beir'd like baited bulls,  
 and brain-wood brynt in bails;  
 They were as meek as ony mules,  
 that mangit are with nails;  
 For faintrefs thae forfoughten fools  
 fell down like slaughter'd fails;  
 Fresh men came in, and hail'd the dools  
 and dang them down in dails,  
 Bedeen that day.

When a' was done, Dick with an ax,  
 came forth to fell a fuder,  
 Quoth he, Where are you hangit smaiks,  
 that wad a skin my brither?  
 His wife bad him gae hain Gib Glaicks  
 and sae did Meg his mither;  
 He turn'd and gavethem baith their paiks  
 for he durit ding naeither,  
 But them that day.

## CANTO II.

BUT there had been mair blood & skaith  
 fair hardship and great spoulzie,  
 and mony a ane had gotten his death  
 by this unlonlie toulzie;  
 But that the dauid goodwife of Braith,  
 arn'd with a great kail gully,  
 came belly-flaught, and bot an aith,  
 she'd gar them a' be hooly,  
 You fall that day.

Blyth to win aff sae wi' hale banes,  
 tho' mony had clowr'd pows ;  
 And dragl'd sae 'mang muck and flanes  
 they look'd like worry cows .  
 Quo' somewho maist had tint their aynds  
 let's see how a' bowls rows :  
 And quat the brulziement at ance,  
 yon gully is nae mows.  
 Forsooth this day.

Quoth Hutcheon, I am well content,  
 I think ye may do war ;  
 To this time towmond I've indent  
 our claihs o' dirt will far ;  
 Wi' nevels I'm amaist fawn faint,  
 my chaffs are dung a char ;  
 Then took his bonnet to the bent,  
 and daddit aff the glar,  
 Fou clean that day.

Tam Tayler, wha in time of battle,  
 lay as gin some had fell'd him ;  
 Got up now wi' an unco rattle,  
 as nane there durst a quell'd him ;  
 Bauld Bess flew till him wi' a brattle,  
 and spite o's teeth she held him.  
 Close by the craig, and wi' her fatal  
 knife, swore she would geld him  
 For peace that day.

Syne a' wi' aë consent shook hands,  
 as they stood in a ring;  
 Some red their hair some set their bands  
 some did their fark-tails wring;  
 Then for a hap to shaw their brands,  
 they did their minstrel bring,  
 Where clever-heughs like willi-wands,  
 at ilka blythesome spring,  
 Lap high that day.

Claud Peky was na very blate,  
 he stood nae lang a dreigh;  
 For by the wame he gripped Kate,  
 and gar'd her gie a skreigh:  
 Had aff, quoth she, ye filthy flate,  
 ye stink o' leeks, O sigh!  
 Let gae my hands, I say, be quiet;  
 and vow gin she was skeigh,  
 And mim that day.

Now settled gossies fat, and keen  
 did for fresh bickers birle;  
 While the young swankies on the green,  
 took round a merry tirlle:  
 Meg Wallet wi' her pinky een,  
 gar't Lawrie's heart strings dirle;  
 And fowk wad threep that she did green  
 for what wad gar her skirle  
 And skreigh some day.

The manly miller haff and haff,  
 came out to shaw good will,  
 Flang by his mittens and his staff,  
 cry'd, gie me Patie's Mill:  
 He lap bauk hight and cry'd had aff,  
 they rocs'd him that had skill:  
 He wad do better quoth a calf,  
 had he anither gill

Of Usquebae,

Furth started neist a pensy blade,  
 and out a maiden took,  
 They said that he was Faulkland bred,  
 and danced by the book;  
 A souple taylor to his trade,  
 and when their hands he shook,  
 Gae them what he gat frae his dad,  
 VIDELICIT, the yuke  
 To claw that day.

When a' cry'd out he did fae weel,  
 he Meg and Bess did call up;  
 The lasses bab'd about the reel,  
 gat a' their hurdies wallop,  
 And swat like ponies when they speel  
 up braes or when they gallop,  
 But a thrawn knoblock hit his heel,  
 and wives had him to haul up,  
 Ha'f tell'd that day.



But mony a pauky look and tale  
gaed round when glowming hous'd  
them,

The hostler wife brought ben good ale,  
and bade the lass's rouse them,  
Up wi' them lads, and Ise be nail,  
they'll loo ye and ye touze them;  
Quoth Gawillie this will never fail,  
wi' them that this gate woos them,  
On sic a day.

Syne stools and furms were drawn aside,  
and up raise Willy Dadle,  
A short hought man, but fou o' pride,  
he said the fidler play'd ill;  
Let's has the pipes, quoth he, beside;  
quoth a', that is nae said ill;  
He sits the floor syne wi' the bride,  
to Cattymug and Tree-ladle,  
Thick, thick that day.

In the mean time in came the laird,  
and by some right did claim,  
To kiss and dance wi' Maussie Aird,  
a dink and dorty dame:  
But O poor Maussie was aff ner guard,  
for back gate frae her wame,  
Beckin, she loot a fearfu' raid,  
that gart her think great thame,  
And blith that day.

Tam Lutter had a muckle dish,  
 and betwisht ilka tune,  
 He laid his lugs in't like a fish,  
 and suckt till it was done ;  
 His bags were liquor'd to his wish,  
 his face was like the moon :  
 And he could get nae part to piss  
 In, but his ain twa thoon,  
 For thrang that day.

The Letter-gae o' haly rhyme,  
 sat up at the board-head,  
 And a' he said was thought a crime  
 to contradict indeed ;  
 For in clark-lear he was right prime,  
 and could baith write and read,  
 And drank fae firm till ne'er a styme  
 he could keek on a head,  
 Or book that day.

When he was strute, twa sturdy chiels,  
 be's oxtar and be's collar,  
 Held up frae cowping o' the creels,  
 the liquid logic scholar :  
 When he came hame his wife did reel,  
 and rampage in her choler,  
 Wi' that he brake the spinning wheel,  
 that cost a good rix-dollar,  
 And mair some say.

Near bed-time now ilk weary wight  
 was gaunting for his rest ;  
 For some were like to tine their sight,  
 wi' sleep and drinking strest,  
 But others that were stomach tight,  
 cry'd out, it was nae best  
 To leave a supper that was dight  
 to brownies or a ghaist,

To eat that day.

On whomelt tubs lay twa lang dales,  
 on them stood mony a goan,  
 Some fill'd wi' brochan, some wi' kail,  
 and milk het frae the loan.  
 Of dainties they had routh and wale,  
 of which they were right fon :  
 But naething wad gae down but ale  
 wi' drunken Donald Don

The smith that day.

Twa times aught bannocks in a heap,  
 and twa good junts of beef,  
 Wi' hind and fore spauls of a sheep,  
 drew whittles frae ilk sheath :  
 Wi' gravie a' their beards did dreep,  
 they kempit wi' her teeth ;  
 A kebbock fyne that maist could creep  
 its lane, pat on the sheaf,  
 In flows that day.

The bride was now laid in her bed,  
 her left leg he was flung;  
 And Georgy Gib was sidging glad,  
 because ic hit Jean Gun:  
 She was his Jo, and aft had said,  
 Fy, Georgy, haud your tongue,  
 Ye's ne'er get me to be your bride,  
 but chang'd her mind when bung,  
 That very day.

Tehee, quoth Touse, when she saw  
 the cathel coming ban,  
 It piping het gaed round them a',  
 the bride she made a fen,  
 To sit in wylicoot iae braw,  
 upon her nether en;  
 Her lad like ony cock did craw,  
 that meets a cocklin hen,  
 And blyth were they.

The Souter, Miller, Smith and Dick  
 Lawrie and Hutcheon bauld,  
 Charles that keep na very strict  
 be hours, tho' they were auld;  
 Nor could they e'er leave aff that trick,  
 but where good ale was fald,  
 They drank a night, e en tho' Auld Nick  
 should tempt their wives to teald,  
 Them for't neist day.



Was ne'er in Scotland heard and seen  
 sic banquetting and drinkin,  
 ic' revelling and battles keen,  
 sic dancing and sic jinkin,  
 And unco wark that fell at e'en  
 when lasses were half winking,  
 They lost their feet and baith their een,  
 and maiden-heads gaed linkin  
 As a' that day.

### CANTO III.

NOW frae east nook of Fife the dawn  
 speel'd wesslines up the list,  
 Carles who heard the cock had crawn,  
 begoud to rax and rift:  
 And greedy wives wi' girning thrawn,  
 cry'd lasses up to thrift:  
 Dogs barked, and the lads frae hand  
 bang'd to their breeks like drift,  
 By break of day.  
 But some who had been fou yestreen,  
 sic as the Lettergae,  
 Air up had nae will to be seen,  
 grudging their groat to pay,  
 But aft' what's fristed's no forgeen,  
 when tounk hae nought to say;  
 Yet sweer were they to rake their een,  
 sic dizzy heads had they,  
 And het that day.

Be that time it was fair four days,  
 as fou's the house could pang,  
 To see the young fouk ere they raise,  
 gossips came in ding dang,  
 And wi' a soss aboon the claihs,  
 ilk ane their gifts down slang :  
 Twall toophorn spoons down Maggy lays  
 baith muckle mow'd & lang,  
 For kail or whey.

Her aunt a pair o' tangs fush in,  
 right bauld she spake and spruce,  
 Gin your goodman shall mak a din,  
 and gabble like a goose,  
 Shoran when fou to skelp ye'r skin,  
 thir tangs may be of use ;  
 Lay them alang his pow or shin,  
 wha wins syne may mak roose,  
 Between you twa.

And Bessie in her red coat braw,  
 came wi' her ain oe Nanny,  
 An odd like wife they say that saw  
 a moupin runcled granny:  
 She fley'd the kimmers aye and a',  
 word gaed she was nae canny ;  
 Nor wad they let lucky awa,  
 till she was burnt wi' branny,  
 Like mony mae.

Steen, fresh and fastin' mang the rest,  
 came in to get his morning,  
 Speer'd gin the bride had tane the test,  
 and how she loo'd her corning?  
 She leugh as she had fun a nest,  
 said, Let a be your scorning,  
 Quoth Roger, Fegs I've done my best,  
 to gie'er a charge of horning,  
 As well's I may.

Kind Kirsh was there, a canty lass,  
 black-ey'd, black hair'd and bonny;  
 Right weel redd up and jimp she was,  
 and woers had fou mony:  
 I watna how it came to pass,  
 she cattled in wi' Johnny,  
 And tumbling wi' him on the grass,  
 dang a' her cockernony  
 A jee that day.

But Maufe begrutten was and bleer'd,  
 look'd thowless, douf and sleepy;  
 Auld Maggy kend the wyt, and sneer'd  
 ca'd her a poor daft heeppy;  
 Its a wise wife that wats her weird;  
 what tho' ye mount the creepy;  
 There a good lesson may be lear'd  
 and what the war will ye be,  
 To stand a day.

Or bairns can read they first maun spell  
 I learn'd this frae my mammy,  
 And coost a leggen girth mysell,  
 lang or I married Tammié :  
 He warrand ye hae a' heard tell,  
 of bonny Andrew Lammy,  
 Stiffly in love wi' me he fell,  
 as soon as e'er he saw me :  
 That was a day.

Het drink, fresh butter'd caiks & cheese,  
 that held their hearts aboon,  
 Wi' clashes mingled aft wi' lies,  
 drave aff the hale forenoon :  
 But after dinner, an ye please,  
 to weary not o'er soon,  
 We down to e'ening edge at ease  
 shall loup and see what's done  
 I'the doup o' the day.

Now what the friends wad fain been at  
 they that wae right true blue ;  
 Was e'en to get their wysons wat :  
 and fill young Roger fou :  
 But the bauld bully took his maut,  
 and was right stiff to bow ;  
 He fairly gae them ut for tat,  
 and pour'd aff healths anew,  
 Clean out that day.



Syne the blythe carles tooth and nail,  
fell keenly to the wark;

To ease the gantrees of the ale,  
and try wha was maist stark;

Till boord and floor and all did fail,  
wi' spilt ale i' the dark:

Gart Jock's fit slide, he, like a flail,  
Play'd dad; and dang the bark.

Aff's shins that day.

The Souter, Miller, Smith and Dick,  
et cetra close fat cockin,

Till waisted was baith cash and tick,  
fae ill they were to flocken:

Gaun out to pilh in gutters thick,  
some fell and some gaed rockan,

Sawny hang sneering on his slick,  
to see bauld Hutcheon bockan

Rain-bows that day.

The Smith's wife her black deary sought  
and fand him skin and birn;

Quoth she, this day's wark's be dear  
bought,

he bann'd and gae a girn;

Ca'd her a jade, and said she micht  
gae name and scum her kirn:

Whisht ladren, for gin ye say ough-

Mair, I'll win ye a pirn,

To reel some day.

Ye'll wind a pirn! ye silly snool,  
 wae-worth your drunken faul;  
 Quoth she, and lap out o'ure a stool,  
 and claught him by the spaul:  
 He shook her, and swore muckle dool;  
 ye's thole for this, ye scaul;  
 I'll rive trae aff your hips the hool,  
 and learn you to be haul  
 On sic a day.

Your tippanizing scant o' grace,  
 quoth she, gars me gang duddy;  
 Our neiber Fate, sin break o' day's  
 been thumpin at his study.  
 An it be true that some fouk says,  
 ye'll girn yet in a woody;  
 Syne wi' her nails she rave his face,  
 made a' his black beard bloody.  
 Wi' scarts that day.

A gilpy that had seen the faught,  
 I wae he was nae lang,  
 Till he had gather'd seven or aught  
 wild hempies stout and strang;  
 They frae a barn a kabber raught  
 ane mounted wi' a bang,  
 Betwixt twa's shoulders and fat straught  
 upen't, and rade the stang  
 On her that day.

The wives and gytlings a' spawn'd out,  
 o'er middens, and o'er dykes,  
 Wi' mony an unco skirle and shout,  
 like bumbees frae their bykes ;  
 Thro' thick and thin they scour'd about,  
 plashing thro' dubs and sykes :  
 And sic a rear'd ran thro' the rout,  
 gart a' the hale town tykes  
     Yaumph loud that day.

But do ye see fou better bred  
 was mensfou Maggy Murdy,  
 She her man like a lammy led  
 hame, wi' a weel-wail'd wordy ;  
 Fast frae the company he fled,  
 as he had tane the sturdy ;  
 She fleech'd him fairly to his bed,  
 wi' ca'ing him her burdy ;  
     Kindly that day.

But Lawrie he took out his nap,  
 upon a mow o' pease,  
 And Robin spewed in's a wife's lap ;  
 he said it gae him ease.  
 Hutcheon wi' a three lugged cap,  
 his head bizzing wi' bees,  
 Hit Geordy a missushous rap,  
 and brake the brig o's neese,  
     Right fair that day.

Syne ilka thing gaed arse cur head,  
 chandlers, board, stools, and stowps,  
 Flew thro' the house wi' muckle speed,  
 and there was little hopes,  
 But there had been some ill-done deed,  
 they gat sic thrawat, coups;  
 But a' the skaith that chanc'd indeed,  
 was only on their doups

Wi' fa's that day.

Sae whiles they toulzied, whiles they  
 drank,

till a' their sense was smoor'd;

And in their maws there was nae mank,  
 upon the furms some snor'd;

Ithers frae aff the bunkers sank,  
 wi' een like collops scor'd

Some ram'd their noddles wi' a clank,  
 e'en like a thick scul'd lord,

On posts that day.

The young goodman to bed did clim,  
 his dear the doer did lock in:

Crap down ayont him, and the rim  
 o'er wame he clap'd his dock on,

She fand her lad was not in trim,  
 and be this fame good token,

That ilka member, li'h and limb,  
 was souple like a doken,

'Bout him that day.

F I N I S.