

STORIES OF
BEWICK AND GRAHAM.

1813

BERKSHIRE LADY'S GARLAND.

AND

MARGARET AND THE MINISTER.



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AND

BEKSHIRE GUILD GIVECOH

THE

BEWICK AND COMPANY

PRINTERS OF

BEWICK AND GRAHAM

OLD Graham he has to Carlisle gone,
Where Sir Robert Bewick there met he,
In arms to the wine they are gone,
And drank till they were both merry.

Old Graham, he took up the cup,
And said, brother Bewick, here's to thee,
And here's to our two sons at home,
For they live best in our country.

Nay, were thy son as good as mine,
And of some books he could but read,
With sword and buckler by his side,
To see how he could save his head;

They might have been call'd two bold brethren,
Wherever they do go or ride,
They might have been call'd two bold brethren,
They might have crack'd the border side;

Thy son is bad, he is but a lad,
And bully* to my son cannot be.
I put him to school, but he would not learn,
I bought him books, but he would not read,
But my blessing he shall never have,
Till I see how he can save his head

* *Bully*, in the North of England, meant brother, friend, or companion.

Old Graham he call'd for an account,
 And he asked what there was to pay—
 There he paid a crown, so it went round,
 Which was all for wine and hay.

Old Graham is to the stable gone,
 Whero stood thirty good steeds and three,
 He's taken his own steed by the head,
 And homo rodo he right wantonly.

When he came thero he did espy,
 A loving sight to spy or see,
 There did he espy his own threo sons,
 Young Christy Graham the foremost was he.

Whero have you been all day, father,
 That no counsel you'll take by me?
 Nay, I have been at Carlisle town,
 Whero Sir Robert Bewick there met me,

He said thou wast bad, and call'd thee a lad,
 And a baffled man by thee I be :
 He said thou wast bad, and call'd thee a lad,
 And bully to his son cannot be,
 For his son Bewick can both write and read,
 And sure I cannot say that of thee.

I put thee to school, but thou wouldst not learn,
 I bought thee books, but thou wouldst not read,
 But my blessing thou shalt never have,
 Till with Bowick thou canst save thy head.

O! pray forbear, my father doar,
 That ever such a thing should be,
 Shall I venture my body in field to fight
 With a man that's faith and troth to me.

What's that thou say'st, thou limmer loon,
 Or how dare you stand to speak to me?
 If thou do not end this quarrel soon,
 Here is my glove—thou shalt fight me.

Christy stoop'd low unto the ground,
 Unto the ground, as you'll understand,
 O father, put on your glove again,
 The wind hath blown it from your hand

What's that thou say'st, thou limmer loon,
 How dare you stand to speak to me?
 If you do not end this quarrel soon,
 Here is my hand, thou shalt fight me.

Christy Graham is to his chamber gone,
 And for to study, as well might be,
 Whether to fight with his father dear,
 Or with his bully Bewick he.

If it be my fortune my bully to kill,
 As you shall boldly understand,
 In every town that I ride through,
 They'll say, there rides a brotherless man,

Nay, for to kill my brother dear,
 I think it were a deadly sin ;
 And for to kill my father dear,
 Tho' blessing of Heav'n I ne'er shall win.

O give me your blessing, father, he said,
 And pray well for me then to thrive?
 If it be my fortune my bully to kill,
 I swear I shall never come home alive.

He put on his back, a good old jacket,
 And on his head a cap of steel ;

With sword and buckler by his side,
 And O he did become them weel.

O fare-thee-well, my father dear,
 And fare-thee-well, thou Carlisle town,
 If it be my fortune my bully to kill,
 I swear I'll nee'r eat bread again.

Now we loave off talking of Christy Graham
 And talk of them again, believe;
 But we will talk of bonny Bewick,
 Where he was teaching his scholars five.

Now when he had learned them to fence,
 To handle their swords, without any doubt
 He's taken his sword under his arm,
 And walk'd his father's close about:

He look'd between him and the sun,
 To see what fairlies he could see,
 And espied a man with armour on,
 As he came riding o'er the lea.

I wonder much what man yon be,
 That so boldly this way doth come;
 I think it is my nighest friend,
 I think it is my bully Graham.

O welcome, O welcome, my bully Graham,
 O man, thou art my dear, welcome,
 O man, thou art my dear welcome,
 For I love thee best in Christendom.

Away, away, O bully Bewick,
 And of thy bullyship let me be,
 The day is come that I nee'r thought on,
 I'm hither come to fight with thee.

O no, not so, O bully Graham,
 That e'er such a word should spoken be ;
 I was thy master, and thou wast my scholar,
 So well as I have learned thee.

My father, he was in Carlisle town,
 Where thy father Bewick there met he :
 He said, I was bad, and call'd me a lad,
 And a baffled man by you I be.

Away, away, O bully Graham,
 And of that talk, man, let us be ;
 We'll take three men on either side,
 To see if we can our fathers agree.

Away, away, O bully Bewick,
 And of thy bullyship let me be ;
 But if thou be a man, as I trow thou art,
 Come over this ditch, and fight with me.

O no, not so, my bully Graham,
 That e'er such a word should spoken be ;
 Shall I venture my body in field to fight
 With a man that's faith and troth to me.

Away, away, thou bully Bewick,
 And of care, man, let us be ;
 If thou be a man, as I trow thou art,
 Come over this ditch and fight with me.

Now, if it be my fortune thee Graham to kill,
 As God's will, man, it all must be—
 If it be my fortune thee Graham to kill,
 'Tis home again I'll never gae :

Thou art then of my mind, bully Bowick,
 And sworn brethren we will be ;

If thou be a man, as I trow thou art,
Come over this ditch and fight with me.

He flang his cloak from off his shouldors,
His psalm-book from his pouch flang he,
He clapp'd his hand upon the ledge,
And o'er lap he right wantonly.

When Graham did see his bully come,
The salt tears stood long in his e'e,
Now needs must I say, thou art a man,
That dare venture thy body to fight with me.

Nay, I have a harness on my back,
I know that thou hast none on thine ;
But as little as thou hast on thy back,
As little shall there be on mine.

He flang his jacket from off his baek,
His cap of steel from his head flang he,
He's taken his spear into his hand,
He's ty'd his horse unto a tree.

Now they fell to it with two broad swords,
For two long hours fought Bewick and he,
Much sweat was to be seen on them both,
But never a drop of blood to see.

Now Graham gavo Bewick an awkward stroke,
An awkward stroke surely struek he,
Ho struck him under the left breast,
Then down to the ground as dead fell he.

Arise, arise, O bully Bowick,
Arise, and speak three words to me,
Is this to be thy deadly wound,
Or God and good surgeons will mend thee ?

O horse, O horse, O bully Graham,
 And pray do get thee far from me,
 Thy sword it is sharp, it hath wounded my heart,
 And so no farther can I gae.

O horse, O horse, O bully Graham,
 And get thee far from me with speed,
 And get thee out of this country quite,
 That not one may know who's done the deed.

Oh! if this be true, my bully dear,
 The words that thou dost tell to me,
 The vow I made, and the vow I'll keep,
 I swear I'll be the first to die.

Then he stuck his sword in a mould-hill,
 And he leapt thirty good feet and three,
 First he boqueath'd his soul to God,
 And upon his own sword leapt he.

Now Graham he was the first that died ;
 And then Sir Robert Bewick came to see ;
 Arise, arise, O son, he said,
 For I see thou's won the victory.

Father, could not you drink your wine at home,
 And letten me and my bully be,
 Now dig a grave both low and wide,
 And in it us two pray bury ?
 But bury my bully Graham on the sun side,
 For I'm sure he's won the victory.

Now we'll leave off talking of these bold brethren
 In Carlisle town, where they were slain,
 And talk of these two good old men,
 Where they were making a pitiful moan.

And now up spake Sir Robert Bewick,

O man, was I not much to blame,

I have lost one of the liveliest lads

That ever was bred unto my name.

With that up spake my good Laird Graham,

O man, I've lost the better block,

I've lost my comfort and my joy,

I've lost my key, I've lost my lock,

Had I gone through all Lauderdale,

And forty horse had set on me,

Had Christy Graham been at my back,

So well he would have guarded me.

I have no more of my song to sing,

But two or three words I will name—

It will be talk'd in Carlisle town,

That these two men were all the blame.

THE

BERKSHIRE LADY'S GARLAND.

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**In Four Parts.**  
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PART I.

Shewing Cupid's Conquest over a coy Lady of Five
Thousand a-year.

PART II.

The Lady's Letter of Challenge to fight him upon re-
fusing to wed her in a Mask, without knowing who
she was.

PART III.

How they met by Appointment in a Grovo, where she
obliged him to fight or wed her

PART IV.

How they rode together in her gilded Coach to her noble
Seat or Castle, &c.

BERKSHIRE LADY'S GARLAND.

PART I.

Showing Cupid's Conquest over a Lady of Five Thousand a-year, &c.

Tune—"The Royal Forester."

BACHELORS of every station,
Mark this strange and true relation,
Which in brief to you I bring—
Never was a stranger thing.

You shall find it worth the hearing :
Loyal love is most endearing,
When it takes the deepest root,
Yielding charms and gold to boot.

Some will wed for love of treasure,
But the sweetest joy and pleasure
Is in faithful love, you'll find,
Graced with a noble mind.

Such a noble disposition,
Had this lady, with submission ;
Of whom I this sonnet write,
Store of wealth and beauty bright.

She had left by a good grannum,
Full five thousand pounds per annum
Which she held without control ;
Thus she did in riches roll.

Though she had vast stores of riches,
 Which some persons much bewitches,
 Yet she bore a courteous mind,
 Not the least to pride inclin'd.

Many noble persons courted
 This young lady, 'tis reported,
 But their lab'ring prev'd in vain,
 They could not her favour gain.

Though she made such true resistance,
 Yet by Cupid's true assistance,
 She was conquer'd after all,
 How it was declare I shall.

Being at a noble wedding,
 Near the famous town of Redding,
 A young gentleman she saw,
 Who belonged to the law.

As she view'd his sweet behaviour,
 Every courteous carriage gave her
 New additions to her grief;
 Ferc'd she was to seek relief.

Privately she then enquir'd
 About him so much admir'd,
 Both his name and where he dwelt,
 Such was the hot flames she felt.

Then at night this youthful lady
 Call'd her coach, which being ready,
 Homeward straight she did return,
 But her heart in flames did burn.

PART II.

The Lady's Letter of a Challenge to fight him upon refusing to wed her in a mask, without knowing who she was.

NIGHT and morning, for a season,
In her closet would she reason
With herself, and often said,
Why has love my heart betray'd?

I that have so many slighted,
Am at length so well requited,
For my griefs are not a few;
Now I find what love can do.

He that has my heart in keeping,
Though I for his sake be weeping,
Little knows what grief I feel,
But I'll try it out with steel.

For I will a challenge send him,
And appoint where I'll attend him;
In a grove without delay,
By the dawning of the day.

He shall not the least discover,
That I am a virgin lover;
By the challenge which I send;
But for justice I contend.

He has caused sad distraction,
And I come for satisfaction,
Which if he denies to give,
One of us shall cease to live.

Having thus her mind revealed,
 She her letter clos'd and sealed ;
 Now when it came to his hand,
 The young man was at a stand.

In her letter she conjur'd him,
 For to meet, and well assur'd him,
 Recompence he must afford,
 Or dispute it with the sword.

Having read this strange relation,
 He was in a consternation :
 Then advising with his friend,
 He persuades him to attend.

Be of courage and make ready,
 Faint heart never won fair lady.
 In regard it must be so,
 I along with you must go.

PART III.

How they met by appointment in a grove, where she obliged him to
fight or wed her.

EARLY on a summer's morning,
When bright Phœbus was adorning
Every bower with its beams,
The fair lady came, it seems.

At the bottom of the mountain,
Near a pleasant crystal fountain,
There she left her gilded coach,
While the grove she did approach.

Cover'd with her mask, and walking,
There she met her lover talking
With a friend that he had brought ;
Straight she ask'd him who he sought.

I am challeng'd by a gallant,
Who resolves to try my talent ;
Who he is I cannot say,
But I hope to show him play.

It is I that did invite you,
You shall wed me, or I'll fight you,
Underneath those spreading trees,
Therefore choose you which you please.

You shall find I do not vapour,
I have brought my trusty rapier,
Therefore take your choice, says she,
Either fight or marry me.

Said he, Madam, pray what mean you?
 In my life I've never seen you:
 Pray unmask, your visage show,
 Then I'll tell you Aye or No.

I will not my face uncover
 Till the marriage ties are over,
 Therefore choose you which you will,
 Wed me, sir, or try your skill.

Step within that pleasant bower,
 With your friend one single hour;
 Strive your thoughts to reconcile,
 And I'll wander here the while.

While this charming lady waited,
 The young bachelors debated,
 What was best for to be done:
 Quoth his friend, the hazard run.

If my judgment can be trusted,
 Wed her first—you can't be worsted;
 If she's rich, you'll rise to fame,
 If she's poor, why you're the same.

He consented to be married;
 In her coach they all were carried,
 To a church without delay,
 Where he weds the lady gay.

The sweet pretty Cupids hover'd
 Round her eyes, her face was cover'd
 With a mask—he took her thus,
 Just for better or for worse.

With a courteous kind behaviour,
 She presents his friend a favour,
 And withal dismiss'd him straight,
 That he might no longer wait.

PART IV.

How they rode together in her gilded coach to her noble seat or
castle, &c.

As the gilded coach stood ready,
The young lover and his lady,
Rode together till they came
To her house of state and fame.

Which appeared like a castle,
Where he might behold a parcel
Of young cedars tall and straight,
Just before her palace gate.

Hand in hand they walk'd together,
To a hall, or parlour rather,
Which was beautiful and fair—
All alone she left him there.

Two long hours there he waited
Her return—at length he fretted,
And began to grieve at last,
For he had not broke his fast.

Still he sat like one amazed,
Round a spacious room he gazed,
Which was richly beautify'd ;
But, alas ! he lost his brido.

There was peeping, laughing, sneering,
All within the lawyer's hearing ;
But his bride he could not see ;
Would I were at home, thought he.

While his heart was melancholy,
 Said the steward, brisk and jolly,
 Tell me, friend, how you came here?
 You have some design, I fear.

He reply'd, dear loving master,
 You shall meet with no disaster,
 Through my means, in any case—
 Madam brought me to this place.

Then the steward did retire,
 Saying, that he would enquire,
 Whether it was true or no:
 Never was love hamper'd so.

Now the lady who had fill'd him
 With those fears, full well beheld him
 From a window, where she drest,
 Pleased at the pleasant jest.

When she had herself attir'd,
 In rich robes to be admir'd,
 Sho appeared in his sight,
 Like a moving angel bright.

Sir, my servants have related,
 How you have some hours waited
 In my parlour—tell me who
 In my houso you ever knew.

Madam, if I have offended,
 It is more than I intended;
 A young lady brought me here—
 That is true, said she, my dear.

I can be no longer cruel
 To my joy and only jewel,

Thou art mine, and I am thine,
Hand and heart I do resign.

Once I was a wounded lover,
Now these fears are fairly over ;
By receiving what I gave,
Thou art lord of what I have.

Beauty, honour, love, and treasure,
A rich golden stream of pleasure,
With his lady he enjoys ;
Thanks to Cupid's kind decoys.

Now he's cloth'd in rich attire,
Not inferior to a squire,
Beauty, honour, riches, store,
What can man desire more.

THE

COMIC TALE

OF

MARGARET AND THE MINISTER.

A douse, religious, kintry wife,
That liv'd a quiet contented life,
To show respect unto the priest,
Whom she esteem'd wihin her breast,
Catch'd twa fat hens, baith big an' plump,
An' butter sho pack'd up a lump,
Which she a present meant to gi'e him,
And wi' them aff sho gaed to see him.
Dress'd in her ain auld kintry fas'on,
Wi' brown stuff gown, an' braw white bussin,
A dark blue cloak an' hood co'er'd a',
Sae lade, sae clad, she march'd awa ;
Thus trudg'd alang—an' hence belyvo,
At the manse door sho did arrive—
Rapp't, was admitted by the maid ;
Ben to the kitchen wi' her gade—
Syn e for the Minister inquir'd,
Who soon came butt, as she desir'd,
When she to him a curtchie made,
An' ho to her thus smiling said,
Min. O ! my dear Margaret, is this you :
I'm glad to see you ; how d'ye do ?
How's Tamos, my auld worthy frien' !
How's Jock your son, an' daughter Jean ?
Mar. They're gaily Sir, we're a' meat hale—
Tho' Tamie's e'en but craz'd an' frail :

But here's some butter, I present ye,
Which wi' thir hens I compliment ye.

Min. Howt, Margret! this speaks t' expence
But thanks ye'se get for recompence:
Wi' gratefu' heart, I freely tell
Ye're ever kind an' like yoursel'.

Mar. Whish, Sir! wi' thanks—nae thanks ava;
Ye're worthy mair—the gift's but sma';
But this acknowledgment from us,
Means ye're beloved by me and Tamos.

Min. Sic favours, sure, I ne'er expected;
Yet blytho am I, I'm sae respected;
Fling aff your cloak and follow me;
Come ben, an' rest, an' crack awee:
'Tis no sae aft ye come to see us;
Ye'll wait, and tak' your dinner wi' us—
It's ready, waiting on my comin';
Come ben, then, Margret, honest woman.

Mar. Na, na, Sir! dinna speak o' that,
I'll tak' nae dinner weel I wat;
Wi' gentle manners (ye will grant it)
I've over yet been unquantit.

Min. The manners that ye use at hame—
Use here, an' banish fear an' shame,
The company's but few, they're wholly
My wife, a preacher, Jess, and Polly:
Ye'se tak' your dinner or ye gang,
Just do like me, ye'll no gae wrang.

To dine at length she was advised;
Gade glowrin' ben like ane surprised;
Spread wide her gown, her head erecked,
Confus'd and awkwardly she becked:
While rev'rend Mess John, kind and fair
Conducted her unto a chair;
An' told them wi' a knacky sentence,
She was an intimato acquaintance.
Blate like, aroun' them a' she gaz'd;
But at the table was amaz'd.

She ne'er before saw siken fairlies,
 Sae mony antic tiry-whirlies,
 How to behave while she was eating,
 In sic a nicy, gentle meeting,
 She had great fears—her heart was beating,
 Her legs did shake—her face was sweating,
 But still she was resolved anon,
 To do in a' things like Mess John.
 A' ready sitting face to face,
 His rev'rence, gravely, said the grace;
 Then, wi' a frank an' open air,
 Bid them fa' on, an' lib'ral share.
 But he, being with the palsy troubl'd,
 In lifting spoonfu's often dribbl'd,
 Sae to prevent the draps o' broth,
 He prin'd to's breast the table cloth.
 Now Margret's settled resolution,
 Was quickly put in execution;
 For, as was said already, she did
 Resolve to do whatever he did,
 Sho therefore also like the priest,
 Prin'd the cloth firmly to her breast,
 (Wi' a prin twa inches lang at least;)
 Which smiles frae them at table drew,
 As far's gude breeding wad allow.
 Sae soon as they the kail had supp'd,
 To glancin' knives and forks they gripp'd,
 Wi' them to weel fill'd plates fell keenly;
 Ate—took a drink—an' crackit frien'ly.
 But Margret only was a hearer,
 She was sae blate; nought seem'd to cheer her,
 Sae mony things appearing new,
 Cam' ilka minute in her view,
 And fill'd her mind sae fu' o' dread,
 Cracking was clean out o' her head.
 In course, the Pastor, her example,
 That brought her there to feed her ample,
 She notic'd twa or three times take

Out o' a dish slaik after slaik
 O' MUSTARD; which she judg'd to be
 Gravie, or some delicious brie;
 For Margret ne'er did peruse it,
 Kenn'd na' its name, nor how to use it;
 But now determin'd to partake o't,
 She wi' a tea spoon took a slaik o't,
 Heedless she supped up the whole,
 Then instantly she looked droll,
 Dung doited in a moment's space,
 She hung her head and throw her faco!
 Throw down her knife an' fork displeas'd,
 Syne wi' baith hands her nose she seiz'd,
 While it did bite an' blin' her cen;
 Tho' like o't sure was never seen;
 For startin' up as fast as able;
 The haill gear tumbl'd aff the table!
 Tho' crash o' crock'ry ware resounded,
 Plates truntlin'—ilka ane confounded.
 Straight to the door she frantic flew,
 An' after her Mess John she drew;
 Which drave the company a' throuter,
 As they were kippled baith thegither.
 But in a crack, the prins brak loose,
 An' Margret, raviu' left the house,
 Hameward, in haste, sho hobbl'd sweating,
 Tell'd Tamos the disaster greeting,
 Wrung baith her han's an' solemn sware,
 To dine wi' gentle folks nae mair.

THE END.