

THE LOVING BALLAD OF LORD BATEMAN.

LORD BATEMAN vos a noble Lord,
A noble Lord of high degree;
He shipped his-self all aboard of a ship,
Some foreign country for to see.

He sail-ed east, he sail-ed west,
Until he come to famed Turkey,
Vere he vos taken, and put to prisin,
Until his life was quite wea-ry.

All in this prisin there grew a tree,
O ! there it grew so stout and strong,
Vere he vos chain-ed all by the middle
Until his life vas almost gone.

This Turk he had one ounly darter,
The fairest my two eyes e'er see,
She steele the keys of her father's prisin,
And swore Lord Bateman she would let go free.

O she took him to her father's cellar,
And giv to him the best of vine;
And ev'ry holth she dronk unto him,
Vos, "I vish Lord Bateman as you vos mine!"

"O have you got houses, have you got land,
And does Northumberland belong to thee?
And what would you give to the fair young lady
As out of prisin would let you go free?"

"O I've got houses, and I've got land,
And half Northumberland belongs to me;
And I vill give it all to the fair young lady
As out of prisin vould let me go free."

"O in sevin long years, I'll make a vow
For sevin long years, and keep it strong,
That if you'll ved no other voman,
O I vill v-e-ed no other man."

O she took him to her father's harbour,
And giv to him a ship of fame,
Saying, "Farevell, Farevell to you, Lord Bateman,
I fear I ne-e-ever shall see you agen."

Now sevin long years is gone and past,
And fourteen days vell known to me;
She packed up all her gay clouthin,
And swore Lord Bateman she would go see.

O ven she arrived at Lord Bateman's castle,
How bouldly then she rang the bell,
"Who's there! who's there!" cries the proud young porter,
"O come, unto me pray quickly tell."

"O! is this here Lord Bateman's castle,
And is his lordship here vithin?"
"O yes! O yes!" cries the proud young porter;
"He's just now takin' his young bride in."

"O! bid him to send me a slice of bread,
And a bottle of the very best vine,
And not forgettin' the fair young lady
As did release him ven close confine."

O! away and away vent this proud young porter,
O! away and away and away vent he,
Until he come to Lord Bateman's charmer,
Ven he vent down on his bended knee.

"Vot news, vot news, my proud young porter,
Vot news, vot news, come tell to me?"
"O there is the fairest young lady
As ever my two eyes did see."

"She has got rings on every finger,
And on one finger she has got three:
Vith as much gay gould about her middle
As would buy half Northumberland."

"O she bids you to send her a slice of bread
And a bottle of the very best vine,
And not forgettin' the fair young lady
As did release you ven close confine."

Lord Bateman then in passion flew,
And broke his sword in splinters three,
Saying, "I vill give half my father's land
If so be as Sophia has crossed the sea."

Then up spoke this young bride's mother,
Who never vos heerd to speak so free:
Sayin, "You'll not forget my ounly darter,
If so be as Sophia has crossed the sea."

"O it's true I made a bride of your darter,
But she's neither the better nor the vorse for me;
She came to me with a horse and saddle,
But she may go home in a coach and three."

Lord Bateman then prepared another marriage,
Vith both their hearts so full of glee,
Saying, "I vill roam no more to foreign countries
Now that Sophia has crossed the sea."

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