

ENGELSK, SKOTSKE OG IRISKE
FOLKE-SANGE OG MELODIER.

N^o 1.

Larghetto.

Scotch song. Skotsk Sang.

1. My lod - ging is on the cold ground And ve - ry hard is my fare; But
 1. Min Bo - lig er paa den kol - de Jord, Jeg har hver-ken Sölv el - let Guld; Men

that which grie - ves me more, love! Is the cold - ness of my dear. Yet
 hvad der græm-mer mig me - re, O det er min Elsk - tes Kuld'. Han

V. S

2. With a garland of straw I will crown thee, love,
 I'll marry you with a rush ring:
 Thy frozen heart shall melt with love,
 So merrily I shall sing.
 Yet still etc.
3. But if you will harden your heart, love,
 And be deaf to my pitifull moan:
 Oh, I must endure the smart, love,
 And tumble in straw all alone.
 Yet still etc.

2. Med en Krands af Straa vil jeg krone dig,
 Med en Siv-Ring besegle min Tro;
 Dit frosne Hjerter skal smelte,
 Naar jeg synger glad og fro.
 Han raabte o. s. v.
3. Men vil du forhærde dit Hjerter,
 Og al min Klage forsmaae:
 Ø, saa maa jeg tie og lide,
 Og lægge mig ene paa Straa.
 Han raabte o. s. v.

still he cried: turn, love! I pray the love turn to me, For
 raab - te: hör mig, Elsk - te! Og vend dog til mig din Hu! Den

thou art the on - ly girl, love! That is a - do - red by me.
 e - ne - ste Mö i Ver - den, Som vandt mit Hjer - te, er du!

N^o 2.

Andante.

Lizie Lindsay. Else Lindsay.

(Skotsk.)

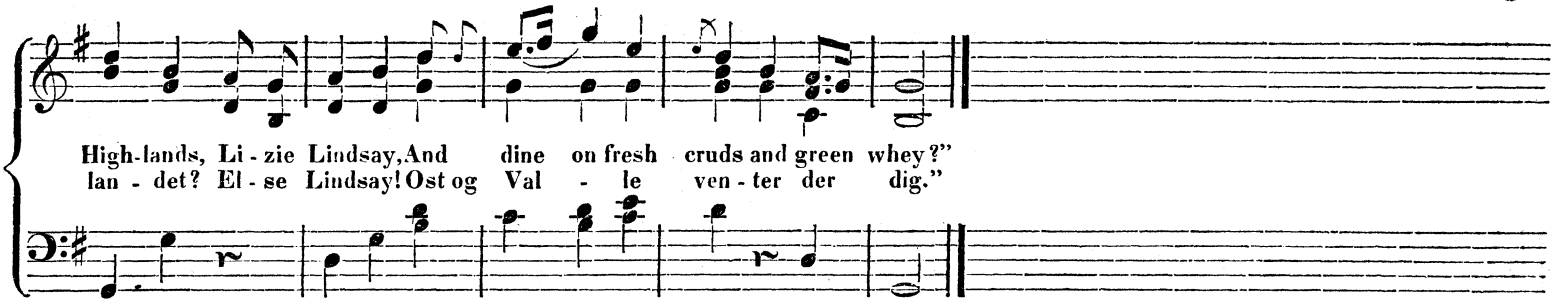
1. "Will ye go to the Highlands, Li - zie Lindsay, Will ye go to the Highlands wi me? Will ye go to the
 1. "Vilt du gaae til Høi - lan - det, El - se Lindsay, Vilt du gaae til Høi - lan - det med mig? Vilt du gaae til Høi -

2. Then out spak Lizie's mother,
 A good old lady was she:
 "Gin ye say sic a word to my daughter,
 I'll gar ye be hang'd high."

3. "Keep weel your daughter frae me,
 madam;
 Keep weel your daughter frae me;
 I care as little for your daughter,
 As ye can care for me."

2. Det meldte da Elselils Moder,
 — En god gammel Frue hun var: —
 "Taler du slige Ord til min Datter,
 Saa høit jeg dig hænge la'er."

3. "Hold din Datter fra mig, Frue!
 Hold vel din Datter fra mig;
 Jeg kær' mig saa lidt om din Datter,
 Som du kan dig kære om mig."



4.
Then out spak Lizie's ain maiden,
A bonny young lassie was she;
Says, — "were I the heir to a kingdom,
Awa' wi' young Donald I'd be."

5.
"O say you sae to me, Nelly?
And does my Nelly say sae?
Maun I leave my father and mother,
Awa' wi' young Donald to gae?"

6.
And Lizie's ta'en till her stockings,
And Lizies ta'en till her her shoos;
And kilted up her green claithing,
And awa' wi' young Donald she's gane.

7.
The road it was lang and weary;
The braes they were ill to climb;
Bonny Lizie was weary wi' travelling,
And a fit furder couldna win.

8.
And sair, O sair did she sigh,
And the saut tear blin'd her e'e;
"Gin this be the pleasures o' looing,
They never will do wi' me!"

9.
"Now, haud your tongue, bonny Lizie;
Ye never shall rue for me;
Gi'e me but your love for my love,
It is a' that your tocher will be."

10.
And haud your tongue, bonny Lizie;
Altho' that the gait seem lang,
And you's ha'e the wale o' good living
Whan to Kincawsen we gang.

11.
There my father he is on auld cobler,
My mother she is an auld dey;
And we'll sleep on a bed o' green rashes,
And dine on fresh cruds and green whey."

20.
"For I am the laird o' Kincawsen,
And you are the lady frøe;

12. * * * * *
"You're welcome hame, Sir Donald,
You're welcome hame to me."

13.
"O ca' me nae mair Sir Donald;
There's a bonny young lady to come;
Sae ca' me nae mair Sir Donald,
But ae spring Donald your son."

14.
"Ye're welcome hame, young Donald;
Ye're welcome hame to me;
Ye're welcome hame, young Donald,
And your bonny young lady wi' ye."

15.
She's made them a bed of green rashes,
Weel cover'd wi' hooding o' grey;
Bonny Lizie was weary wi' travelling,
And lay till 'twas lang o' the day.

16.
"The sun looks in o'er the hill - head,
And the laverock is liltin' gay;
Get up, get up, bonny Lizie,
You've lain till its lang o' the day."

17.
You might ha' been out at the shealin,
Instead o' sae lang to lye,
And up and helping my mother
To milk baith her gaits and kye."

18.
Then out spak Lizie Lindsay,
The tear blindit her eye;
"The ladies o' Edinburgh city
They neither milk gaits nor kye"

19.
Then up spak young Sir Donald,
* * * * *
* * * * *

20. * * * * *

4.
Det meldte Elselils Terne,
— Saa vakker en Ungmø foreand: —
"Var jeg Arving til et Kongerige,
Med ung Donald jeg gik dog paa Stand."

5.
"Siger du mig det? min Nelly!
Og siger min Nelly saa?
Skal jeg forlade Fader og Moder,
Og med ung Donald bortgaae?"

6.
Liden Else tog sine Hoser,
Liden Else tog sine Skoe;
Saa kilted hun op sin Kjortel grøn,
Med ung Donald hun monne bortgaae?"

7.
Den Vei var baade lang og trang,
De Bakker de vare saa onde;
Skjøn Else var af den Vandring mød,
Ei længer hun vinde kunde.

8.
Hun sukked saa saare, saa saare,
Salten Taare blindet hendes Øie;
"Og er dette Kjærligheds Glæder,
Ret aldrig jeg kan dem ophøie".

9.
"Du tie nu kvær, skjøn Elselil!
Paa mig skalt du aldrig klage;
Giv mig din Elskov, som du har min,
Anden Medgift vil jeg ikke tage."

10.
Du tie nu kvær, skjøn Elselil!
Skjødnt Veien tykkes dig lang;
Du skal have saa gode Dage,
Naar t'l Kincaasen vi gange."

11.
Der er min Fader en Hyrde god,
Min Moder en gammel Deie;
Der skal vi leve af Valle og Ost,
Og sove paa grønne Sivleie."

20.
For jeg er Herre af Kincaasens Borg,
Og du er saa fri en Frue;

12.
[Og der de kom for Kincaasens Borg,
Hans Moder mon stande der:]
"Du være velkommen, Sir Donald!
Velkommen hjem til mig her!"

13.
"Du kald mig ei meer Sir Donald!
— Her kommer en Jomfru skjøn; —
Du kald mig ei meer Sir Donald,
Men ikkun Donald din Søn."

14.
"Vær velkommen hjem, min Donald!
Vær velkommen hjem til mig;
Vær velkommen hjem, ung Donald!
Og din væne Brud med dig."

15.
Hun redte en Seng af grønne Siv,
Bredte over Vadmel hiin graa;
Skjøn Else var af sin Vandring mød,
Til laugt op paa Dagen hun laa.

16.
"Solen titter over Bjerger-Rand,
Og Lærken sjunger i Vænge;
Stat op, stat op nu, skjøn Elselil!
Du sover nu altfor længe."

17.
Du skulde ha' været til Sæters
Istedenfor at sove saa meget,
Og op at hjælpe min Moder
Med at malke de Geder og Kvæget."

18.
Det meldte hun Else Lindsay,
— De Taarer paa Kind randt neder: —
"De Fruer udi Edinborg-Stad
Malke hverken Kvæg eller Geder."

19.
Svared da ungen Hr. Donald,
[— Han tog skjøn Else i Arm: —
"Du sørge ei meer, Allerkjæreste min!
Du lade bortfare din Harm.]

20.
Og [vi ville leve i Fryd og Fred
Imedens vi Solen naac skue."]
Svønn Grundtvig.

Andante.

The tree ravens. De tre Ravne.

(Skotsk.)

1. There were three ra - vens sat on a tree, Hey down, hey der - ry day — There were three ra - vens
 1. Der var tre Rav - ne, saa sor - te som Beg, Alt ud - i vil - den Skov — Der var tre Rav - ne, saa

sat on a tree, Hey down — There were three ra - vens sat on a tree, They were as black as they might be. And
 sor - te som Beg, O ja! — Der var tre Rav - ne saa sor - te som Beg, I Trætop de sa - de, saa il - de de skreg, Og

sing lay doo and la doo and day.
 nu fal - der Lö - vet i Lund.

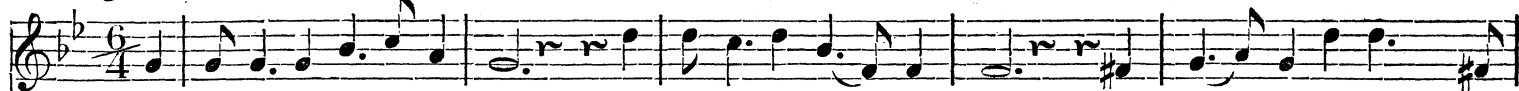
2. |: The one of them said to his mate: |
 "Where shall we our breakfast take?"
3. |: Down in yonder green field, |
 There lies a knight slain under his shield.
4. |: His hounds they lie down at his feet, |
 So well they their master keep.
5. |: His hawks they flie so eagerly, |
 There's no fowl dare come him nie.
6. |: Down there comes a fallow doe, |
 As great with young as she might goe.
7. |: She lift up his bloody head, |
 And kist his wounds that were so red.
8. |: She got him up upon her back, |
 And carried him to earthen lake.
9. |: She buried him before the prime, |
 She was dead herself ere even-song time.
10. |: God send every gentleman, |
 Such hawks, such hounds, and such
 a leman.

2. |: Den Ene sagde da til sin Mage: |
 "Hvor skulle idag vi vor Føde tage?"
3. |: Og hist paa Vang bag den grønne Vold |
 En slagen Ridder ligger under sit Skjold.
4. |: Hans Hunde de ligge ned for hans Fod, |
 Saa vel de vogte den Herre god.
5. |: Hans Falke de slyve hist og her, |
 Slet ingen Fugl tør komme ham nær.
6. |: Der kom löbende hiin bange Daa, |
 Hun søgte did hen som Ridderen laa.
7. |: Hun löfted hans blodige Hoved fra Grunde, |
 Hun kyste de dybe, de röde Vunder.
8. |: Hun tog den Ridder oppaa sin Bag, |
 Og förte ham til saa dyb en Grav.
9. |: Hun jordede ham för Ottesang, |
 Var selv död för Aftenklokken klang.
10. |: Gud sende hver ærlig Riddersmand |
 Slige Høge og Hunde, slig Lillievand!"

Svensk Grundtvig.

Larghetto.

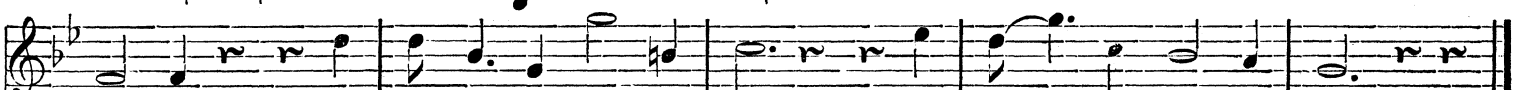
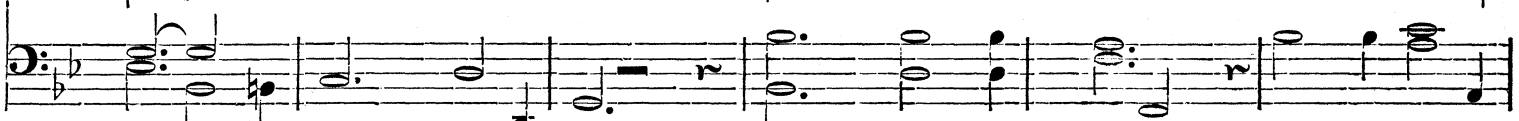
English song. Engelsk Sang.



My dad-dy is gone to his grave, My mother lies un-der a stone, And ne-ver a pen-ny we
I Gra vender hvi - ler min Fa'er, Min Mo'er un-der Ste - nen haard, Ei mind - ste Skil-ling vi



have, A - las I am quite un - done. My lod-ging is in the' cold air, And hunger is sharp and
har, U - lyk-ke - lig om jeg gaaer. I kol - de Luft er mit Hjem, Og Hungrener skarp og



bit - ter, A lit - tle fire, good Sire! spare, To keep us warm at night.
bit - ter, Ak, Her - re! jeg be - der Dem, Giv os et Ly i Nat.



all

*Andantino grazioso.***Robin Adair.***(Irsk.)*

1. What's this dull town to me? Ro - bin's not near. What was't I wish'd to see? What wish'd to
 1. Hvad er nu Sta - den mig? Ro - bin A - dair — Ö - de og sür - ge - lig; Du er ei

hear? Wheres all the joy and mirth? Made this town a heav'n on earth, Oh! they're all
 her. Hvor mig en Him - mel var, Jeg nu kun Sav - net har; Hver Glæ - de

fled with thee, Ro - bin A - dair!
 svandt med dig, Ro - bin A - dair!

2.
 What made th' assembly shine?
 Robin Adair.
 What made the ball so fine?
 Robin was there.
 What, when the play was o'er,
 What made my heart so sore?
 Oh! it was parting with thee,
 Robin Adair.

3.
 But now thou 'rt cold to me,
 Robin Adair.
 Yet I 'll be true to thee,
 Robin Adair.
 And him I lov'd so well,
 Still in my heart shall dwell;
 Oh! I can ne'er forget
 Robin Adair!

2.
 Hvad var hvert Selskabs Pryd?
 Robin Adair.
 Hvad hæved' Ballets Fryd?
 Robin Adair.
 Men, var da Festen endt,
 Glæden til Sorg blev vendt;
 Skilles vi skulde jo,
 Robin Adair.

3.
 Nu er du kold mod mig,
 Robin Adair;
 Tro jeg dog elsker dig,
 Robin Adair.
 Dybt i mit Hjerte staaer
 Mindet om Elskovs Vaar;
 Aldrig jeg glemme kan
 Robin Adair!

No. 5 b).
Irsk Melodie*).

Andante.
dolce

[Duca - tu non Va - na - tu, Ai - leen A - roon, san Du - ca - tu non Va - na - tu etc.]

mf *p*

*.) Den vistnok ældre Syngemaade af foregaaende Melodie. Texten indskrænker sig til en bestandig Gjentagelse af de anførte Ord.

№ 6. Patrick Spens.

(Skotsk.)

Andante.

1. The king sits in Dum - ferm - line town, Drinking the blude - red wine; O! "Whare will I
1. Kongen sid - der i Dum - fer - ling By, Og drik - ker blod - rø - de Viin; O! "Hvor skal jeg

get a skee - ly skip - per, To sail this new ship of mine?" O!*)
fin - de en Skip - per god, At sei - le ny Snek - ken min?" O!*)

*) Efter 2den og 4de Linie tilføies et "O!" Dette Udraab forekommer ofte saaledes i skotske Viser især af tragisk Charakter. I de Vers af den danske Oversættelse, hvor de ovennævnte Linier ende med et *qvindeligt* Riiim, udelades dette "O!"

2.
O up and spake an eldern knight,
Sat at the king's right knee; O!
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor,
That ever sail'd the sea." O!

3.
Our king has written a braid letter,
And seal'd it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

4.
"To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis thou maun bring her hame."

5.
The first word that Sir Patrick read,
Sae loud loud laughed he;
The neist word that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blinded his e'e.

6.
"O wha is this has done this deed,
And tauld the king o' me,
To send us out, at this time of the year,
To sail upon the sea?"

7.
Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be
it sleet,
Our ship must sail the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis we must fetch her hame."

2.
Det meldte den gamle Hofmand
Ved Konningens høire Side: O!
"Som Patrick Spens ingen anden Mand
Kan pløie de Bølger hvide." O!

3.
Kongen skriver et aabent Brev,
Besgler det med sin Hand;
Han sender det til Hr. Patrick Spens,
Han ganger paa hviden Sand.

4.
"Til Norrige, til Norrige,
Til Norgeland over Bølge!
Kongens Datter af Norgeland
Hun maa med dig hjemfølg."

5.
Det første Hr. Patrick i Brevet saae,
Da loe han med lystigt Sind;
Den næste Linie han læste,
Da randt ham Taare paa Kind.

6.
"Hvo har vel oplagt saa onde Raad,
Mig til stor Harm og Kvide;
At vi skal seile den salte Sø
Ved disse Aarsenstide!

7.
Trods Veir og Vind, trods Hagl og Slud
Vi seile ad Bølgen frem;
Kongens Datter af Norgeland
Hende maac vi føre her hjem."

8.
They hoysed their sails on Monenday
morn,
Wi' a' the speed they may;
They hae landed in Noroway,
Upon a Wodnesday.

9.
They hadna been a week, a week,
In Noroway, but twae,
When that the lords o' Noroway
Began aloud to say, —

10.
“Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's goud,
And a' our queen's fee.”
“Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud!
Fu' loud I hear ye lie.

11.
For I brought as much white monie,
As gane my men and me,
And I brought a half-fou o' gudered goud,
Out o'er the sea wi' me.

12.
Make ready, make ready, my merry-
men a'!
Our gude ship sails the morn.”
“Now, ever alake, my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm!

13.
I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm;
And, if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm.”

14.
They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind
blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

15.
The ankers brak, and the topmasts lap,
It was sic a deadly storm;
And the waves cam o'er the broken ship,
Till a' her sides were torn.

16.
“O where will I get a gude sailor,
To take my helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall top-mast,
To see if I can spy land?”

26.
O forty miles off Aberdeen,
'Tis fifty fathoms deep.
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

17.
“O here am I, a sailor gude,
To take the helm in hand,
Till you go up to the tall top-mast;
But I fear you'll ne'er spy land.”

18.
He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step but barely ane,
When a bout flew out of our goodly ship,
And the salt sea it came in.

19.
“Gae, fetch a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And wap them into our ship's side,
And let na the sea come in.”

20.
They fetched a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And they wapped them round that
gude ship's side,
But still the sea came in.

21.
O laith, laith, were our gude Scots lords
To weet their cork-heel'd shoon!
But lang or a' the play was play'd,
They wat their hats aboon.

22.
And mony was the feather-bed,
That flattered on the faem;
And mony was the gude lord's son
That never mair cam hame.

23.
The ladies wrang their fingers white,
The maidens tore their hair,
A' for the sake of their true loves;
For them they'll see na mair.

24.
O lang, lang, may the ladies sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand!

25.
And lang, lang, may the maidens sit,
Whi their goud kaims in their hair,
A' waiting for their ain dear loves!
For them they'll see na mair.

8.
Det var om en Mandagmorgen,
De hidsede Seil i Ræer,
Det var alt om en Onsdag
De landed for Norges Skjær.

9.
De havde ei været i Norges Land
De Uger foruden tvende,
Det var da de norske Herrer
Begyndte saa lydt at skjende:

10.
“I Skotter bruge vor Konnings Guld,
Og alt vor Dronnings Gods.”
“Den Løgn-saasvared Hr. Patrick brat,
Skal Ingen paasige os!

11.
Jeg bragte med mig det hvide Sølv,
Nok til mine Mænd og mig;
Dertil bragte jeg godt røden Guld
Alt ud over Sø med mig.

12.
Nu op, mine Gutter, I rede Jer brat!
Imorgen vort Skib skal gaae.”
— “Det gjør Ingen Gode, kjær Herre
min!
Jeg frygter en Storm saa haard.

13.
Inat Nymaanen paa Himlen stod
Med den gamle Maane i Arm;
Og gaae vi til Søes, kjær Herre min!
Jeg frygter vi fange Harm.”

14.
De havde ei seilet Mile,
Og Miil uden tre fra Lande:
Mørk Luften blev, lydt Vinden peeb,
Vildt skummed de dybe Vande.

15.
Stormen braged og Master knaged,
Der holdt hverken Tov eller Anker,
Bølgerne slog over Skibet op,
Fast gabede alle de Planker.

16.
“Oghvor skal jeg finde en Sömand god,
Vil Roret tage i Hand,
Mens jeg gaaer til Tops i höien Mast,
At speide efter Land?”

26.
Og firti Mile fra Aberdeen,
I femti Favn' dybe Hav,
Der fandt hiin gode Hr. Patrick Spens
Med de brave Skotter en Grav.

17.
“Og her er nu jeg, en Sömand god,
Vil Roret tage i Hand,
Mens I gaaer til Tops i höien Mast;
Dog seer I vist aldrig Land.”

18.
Han havde ei gaaet et Skridt, ei eet,
Fra Roret ei uden et Trin,
För ud foer en Bolt af det gode Skib,
Og salten Sø randt ind.

19.
“Gak, hent et Klæde af Silkevæv,
Et Andet af Silketviind;
Du stoppe dem i Snekkens Bov
Og lad ei den Sø herind!”

20.
Han tog et Klæde af Silkevæv,
Et andet af Silketviind;
Han digted dermed den Snekkebov,
End strömmet dog Søen ind.

21.
Saa nödig de skotske Herremænd
Vilde væde de blanke Skoe,
Nu maatte de lægge de hvide Been
Paa dyben Havbund til Ro.

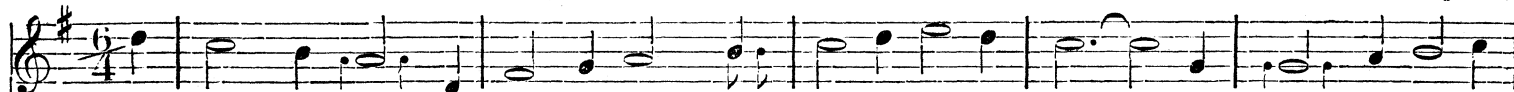
22.
Saa mangan en Hat med höien Fjær
Paa fraadende Bølger svam.
Saa mangan en fuldgod Jarlesön
Ret aldrig derfra hjemkom.

23.
De Fruer de hvide Fingre vreed,
De Möer rev deres Haar;
Det var for deres Hjertenskjære,
Ei meer de at see dem faaer.

24.
Saa længe maae sidde de Fruer,
Med Vifte i hviden Hand,
Alt för de see ham Hr. Patrick Spens
Komme seilende til den Strand.

25.
Saa længe maae sidde de Möer
Med Guldkam i deres Haar,
Og vente paa deres Hjertenskjære,
Ei meer de at see dem faaer.

Scenn Grundtvig.

*Andante con moto.***Chevy-Chase. Cheviot-Jagten.***(Engelsk.)*

1. The Per - cy out of North - um - ber - land, And a vow to God made he, That he would hunt in
 1. Jarl Per - cy ud - af Nord - hum - ber - land Han svoer saa dyr en Eed, At ja - ge paa Che - viots



the moun - tains Of Che - viot, within days three.
 Bjer - ge Alt ud - i Da - ge tre.



2. That he would hunt in the mountains
 Of Cheviot, within days three,
 In the maugre of doughty Douglas,
 And all that ever with him be.

3. The fattest harts in all Cheviot
 He said he would kill, and carry them
 away:
 "By my faith", said the doughty
 Douglas again.
 "I will let that hunting if that I may."

4. Then the Percy out of Banborough came,
 With him a mighty meany;
 With fifteen-hundred archers bold,
 They were chosen out of shires three.

2. Med Hund og med Horn i Cheviot
 Tre Dage paa Jagt at fare,
 Til Trods for den stolte Douglas
 Og Alle de, med ham vare.

3. De fedeste Dyr i Cheviot
 Dem vilde han skyde ned;
 "Paa min Tro," — sagde djærve
 Douglas,
 "Ved den Jagt saa er jeg med!"

4. Jarl Percy ud af Bamberg drog
 Med mangen en vældig Mand,
 Vel femtenhundred Skytter gode,
 De Bedste af alt hans Land.

5. This began on a monday at a morn,
 In Cheviot the hills so hee;
 The child may rue that is unborn,
 It was the more pity.

6. The drivers through the woods went,
 For to raise the deer;
 Bowmen bickered upon the bent,
 With their broad arrows clear.

7. Then the wild through the woods went,
 On every side sheer;
 Grayhounds thorough the greves glent,
 For to kill the deer.

8. They began in Cheviot the hills above,
 Early on a moneday;
 By that it drew to the hour of noon
 A hundred fat harts did there lay.

9. They blew a mort upon the bent,
 They 'sembled on sides sheer;
 To the quarry then the Percy went
 To see the britling of the deer.

10. He said: "It was the Douglas's promise
 This day to meet me here;
 But I wist he would fail verament;"
 (A great oath the Percy swear.)

11. At the last a squire of Northumberland
 Looked at his hand full nee,
 He was 'ware at the doughty Dou-
 glas's coming,
 With him a mighty meany.

12. They were twenty-hundred spearmen
 good
 Withouten any fail;

5. Saa aarlig om Mandag-Morgen
 De naaede Cheviots Höie;
 BARNET maa græde i Moders Liv
 For Jammer, de der maatte döie.

6. Klapperne mylred i Skov og Krat,
 At reise de Dyr til Jagt;
 Skytterne laae i höien Græs
 Med Pilen paa Strængen lagt.

7. Vildtet spidsede Ören brat,
 Og dybt ind i Skoven foer;
 Mynderne strefed hid og did
 Og hyled i Vildtets Spor.

8. I Cheviots Skove tog de fat
 Saa aarle ved Morgenrøde;
 Der det lakked ad Middagstid,
 Laae hundrede Hjorte döde.

9. De blæste da Holdt paa höien Horn,
 De samlede fra hver Leed;
 Percy han gik til Midten hen,
 At see de Dyr hugges ned.

10. Det var sig da Jarl Percy,
 Saa höi en Eed han svoer:
 "Jarl Douglas loved at müde mig her,
 Jeg vidste han holdt ei Ord".

11. Frem da treen der en Riddersvend,
 Han traadte den Herre saa nær,
 Han vared ham om, at Douglas kom
 Alt med saa stor en Hær.

12. De skrede der frem med Sværd i Haand,
 Tretusinde vel i Tal;
 De vare fütte langs Tvydes Vand,
 Og udi Tivi-Dal.

They were born along by the water
o' Twyde,
I' the bounds of Tivdale.
13.
"Leave off the britling of the deer,"
he said,
"And to your bows look ye take good
heed;
For never sithe ye were on your mo-
ther's born
Had ye never so mickle need."
14.
The doughty Douglas on a steed
He rode at his men befor;
His armour glittered as did a gleed
A boldern barn was never born.
15.
The Englishmen had their bows bent,
Their hearts were good enough;
The first of arrows that they shot off,
Seven-score spearmen they slough.
16.
Yet bides the earl Douglas upon the bent,
A captain good enough,
And that was seen verament,
For he wrought him both woe and wough.
17.
The Douglas parted his host in three,
Like a chief chieftain of pride,
With sure spears of mighty tree
They came in on every side.
18.
Through our English archery
Gave many a wound full wide;
Many a doughty they garred to die,
Which gained them no pride.
19.
The Englishmen let their bows be,
And pulled out their brands that were
bright;
It was a heavy sight to see
Bright swords on basnets light.
20.
At last the Douglas and the Percy met,
Like two captains of might and main;
They swept together till they both swat,
With swords, that were of fine Milane.
21.
These worthy freaks for to fight
Thereto they were full fain,
Till the blood out of their basnets
sprent,
As ever did hail or rain.

22.
There came an arrow hastily
Forth of a mighty ane,
It has stroken the earl Douglas
In at the breast-bane.
23.
Never after in all his life-days
He spoke more words but one:
"Fight ye, my merry men, whilst
ye may,
For my life-days be gone."
24.
The Percy leaned on his brand,
And saw the Douglas dee;
He took the dead man by the hand,
And said: "Woe is for thee."
25.
To have saved thy life I would have
parted with
My lands for years three,
For a better man of heart nor of hand
Was not in all the north-country."
26.
Of all that see, a Scottish knight,
Was called Sir Hugh the Montgomery,
He saw the D-s to the death was dight,
He spanned a spear o' trusty tree.
27.
He rode upon a corsiair
Through a hundred archery;
He never stinted nor ever blan,
Till he came to the good lord Percy.
28.
He set upon the lord Percy
A dint that was full sore;
With a sure spear of a mighty tree
Clean through the body he the Percy
bore.

29.
At the other side, that a man might see,
A large cloth-yard and mair:
Two better captains were not in christ-
ian' ty,
Than that day slain were there.
30.
So on the morrow they made them biers.
Of birch and hasel so gray;
Many widows with weeping tears
Came to fetch their makes away.
31.
Tivdale may carp of care,
Northumberland may make great moan,
For two such captains as slain were
there,
On the marches shall never be none.

13.
Sagde han: "Lad nu ligge de Dyr,
I tage til jere Buer!
End aldrig I saae i Verden for
Saa godt, kvortil de vel duer."
14.
Jarl Douglas holder paa høien Hest
I Spidsen for sine Mænd;
Hans Pandser skinnede som en Glød,
Hans Lige ei fødtes end.
15.
De Engelskmænd havde deres Buer
spændt,
De vare saa raske Helte;
Den første Flok Pile fra Strænge for
Vel syv Snese Spærmænd nedfældte.
16.
End holdt Jarl Douglas paa høien Hest,
En Høvding, som vel kunde raade;
Det maatte de Engelskmænd sande for-
vist,
Han voldte dem Vee og Vaade.
17.
Douglas han delte sin Hær i Tre,
— Saa vel forstod han at stride; —
De fældte der brat de tunge Spær,
Og frem mod Fjenden mon skride.
18.
Hvor Skytterne stode i tættest Flok,
Der trængte de Spærmænd ind;
Der luktes saa mangt et Øie,
Der blegned saa mangen Kind.
19.
De Engelskmænd slap deres Buer da,
De blanke Glavind de svunge;
Det var en Lyst at see derpaa,
Hvor Gnister fra Hjelmene sprunge.
20.
Til sidst mødtes Douglas og Percy,
De vare saa stærke og vrede;
De huggede løs af Hjertens Grund,
Saa saare monne de svede.
21.
De huggede baade af Hjertensgrund,
Der gnistrede Lyn paa Lyn,
Til Blodet fra deres Hjelme flød,
Som Regnen strømmer fra Sky'n.
22.
Da hvined igjennem Luften
En Piil saa hvas og god;
Den ramte ham Jarl Douglas
Dybt ved hans Hjerterod.
23.
Han møed end saa djært et Ord,
Det sidste af hans Mund:
"I kæmpe tappert, mine Mænd!
Nu slaer min sidste Stund."
24.
Der Percy saae Jarl Douglas død,
Til Sværd han støtted sig,
Han tog den Dødes kolde Haand:
"Det gjør mig Ondt for dig!
25.
Jeg vilde have kjøbt dit Liv
Med Hælvten af min Jord;
En bedre Mand til Haand og Mund
End aldrig fødtes i Nord."
26.
Sir Hugh udaf Montgomery
Han stred derved saa nær,
Der han saae Douglas slagen,
Han fældte sit stærke Spær.
27.
Han sporede brat sin Ganger god,
Og ind mellem Fjenderne sprængte;
Han agted ei Glavind, han agted ei Spær,
Men frem til Lord Percy sig trængte.
28.
Og der han kom, hvor Jarl Douglas laa,
Hin goden Lord Percy han fandt;
Han stødte til ham med sit lange Spær,
Saa Odden i Hjerter randt.
29.
Og der laac paa saa liden en Plet
— En Favn vel og ikke meer —
To Herrer, hvis Lige man sjelden saae,
Den Dag vare slagne der,
30.
Om Morgenen gjorde de Baarer
Af Birk og Hassel saa sort,
Saa mangen en Viv med Taare paa Kind
Kom at føre sin Mage bort.
31.
Tivdal maa vel bære Sorg,
Northumberland maa vel klage;
To Høvdinge slige, som den Dag faldt,
Dem faaer de aldrig tilbage.

Svensk Grundtvig.

*Andante.***The Jew's daughter. Die Judentochter.** (№ 8-11. *Skotske Viser.*)

1. The rain rins down through Mirryland toun,*) Sae dois it down the Pa: Sae dois the lads of Mir-ry-land
1. Der Re-gen er rinnt durch Mirrilandstadt,*) Rinnt ab und nieden den Po: So thun die Knaben in Mir-ri-land-

toun, Quhan they play at the ba'. Sae dois the lads of Mir-ryland toun, Quhan they play at the ba'.
stadt, Zum Ball-spiel ren-nen sie so. So thun die Knaben in Mir-riland-stadt, Zum Ball-spiel ren-nen sie so.

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| <p>2. Than out and cam the Jewis dochter,
Said: "Will ye cum in an dine?"
: "I winnae cum in, I cannae cum in,
Without my play-feres nine." : </p> <p>3. Scho powd an apple reid and white
To intice the zong thing in:
: Scho powd an apple white and reid,
And that the sweit bairne did win. : </p> <p>4. And scho has taine out a little pen-knife,
And low down by her gair,
: Scho has twin'd the zong thing and his life;
A word he nevir spak mair. : </p> <p>5. And out and cam the thick thick bluid,
And out and cam the thin;
: And out and cam the bonny herts bluid:
Thair was nae life left in. : </p> | <p>6. Scho laid him on a dressing borde,
And drest him like a swine,
: And laughing said: "Gae nou and play
With zour sweit play-feres nine!" : </p> <p>7. Scho rowd him in a cake of lead,
Bade him lie stil and sleip.
: Scho cast him in a deip draw-well,
Was fifty fadom deip. : </p> <p>8. Quhan bells wer rung, and mass was sung,
And every lady went hame:
: Than ilka lady had her zong sonne,
Bot Lady Helen had nane. : </p> <p>9. Scho rowd hir mantil hir about,
And sair sair gan she weip:
: And she ran into the Jewis castel,
Quhan they wer all asleip. : </p> | <p>10. "My bonny Sir Hew, my pretty Sir Hew,
I pray thee to me speik."
: "O lady, rinn to the deip draw-well,
Gin ze zour sonne wad seik." : </p> <p>11. Lady Helen ran to the deip draw-wel,
And knelt upon her knee:
: "My bonny Sir Hew, an ze be here,
I pray thee speik to me." : </p> <p>12. "The lead is wondrous heavy, mither,
The well is wondrous deip,
: A keen pen-knife sticks in my hert,
A word I dounae speik. : </p> <p>13. Gae hame, gae hame, my mither deir,
Fetch me my windling sheet,
: And at the back o' Mirry-land toun
Its thair we twa sall meet." : </p> |
| <p>2. Da 'naus und kam die Judentochter,
Sprach: "Willt du nicht kommen hinein?"
: "Ich will nicht kommen, ich kann nicht kommen
Von allen Gespielen mein." : </p> <p>3. Sie schält einen Apfel, war roth und weiss,
Zu locken den Knaben hinan.
: Sie schält einen Apfel, war weiss und roth,
Das süsse Kind der gewann. : </p> <p>4. Und aus und zog sie ein spizig Mess'r,
Sie hatt's versteckt beiher;
: Sie stach's dem jungen Knaben ins Herz,
Kein Wort sprach nimmer er mehr. : </p> | <p>5. Und aus und kam das dick dick Blut,
Und aus und kam es so dünn;
: Und aus und kam's Kinds Herzensblut;
Da war kein Leben mehr in. : </p> <p>6. Sie legt' ihn auf ein Schlachtbrett hin,
Und schlacht' ihn wie ein Schwein,
: Sprach lachend: "Geh und spiele nun da
Mit allen Gespielen dein!" : </p> <p>7. Sie rollt' ihn in ein'n Kasten Blei,
"Nun schlaf da!" lachend sie rief;
: Sie warf ihn in ein'n tiefen Brunn,
War funfzig Faden tief. : </p> | <p>8. Als Betglock klang und die Nacht eindrang,
Jede Mutter nun kam daheim;
: Jede Mutter hatt' ihren herzlieben Sohn,
Nur Mutter Anne hatt' kein'n. : </p> <p>9. Sie rollt' ihren Mantel um sich her,
Fing an zu weinen sehr:
: Sie rann so schnell ins Juden-Castell,
Wo Keiner, ach! wachte mehr. : </p> <p>10. "Mein liebster Höhne, mein guter Höhne,
Wo bist du? antwort' mir!"
: "O Mutter, o rennt zum Ziehbrunn tief
Euren Sohn da findet ihr!" : </p> |

*) Mirryland toun = Mailand.

11. Mutter Anna rann zum tiefen Brunn,
 Sie fiel danieder aufs Knie:
 [: "Mein liebster Hönne mein guter Hönne,
 O antwort', bist du hier?":]

12. "Der Brunn ist wunder tief, o Mutter,
 Der Bleikast wunder schwer;
 [: Ein scharf, spitz Messer geht durch mein Herz;
 Kein Wort sprech' nimmer ich mehr. :]

13 Geh heim, geh heim, mein' Mutter theu'r,
 Mach' mir mein Leichenkleid,
 : Daheim da hinter Mirrilandstadt
 Komm' ich an eure Seit'." :]

J. G. v. Herder.

Andante.

N^o 9.

1. As I cam down by yon cast - le wa', And in by yon gar - den green, O
 I. Som jeg kom hist ved Bor - ge - muur Til Ab - bild - gaar - den ned, Jeg

there I spied a ho - ny ho - ny lass, But the flower bor - ders were us be - tween.
 saae saa væn, saa væn en Mö, Bag Blom - ster - hæ - ken bred.

2.
 A bony bony lassie she was,
 As ever mine eyes did see:
 "O five hundred pounds would I give,
 For to have such a pretty bride as
 thee."

3.
 "To have such a pretty bride as me,
 Young man ye are fairly mistea' en;
 Tho' ye were king o' fair Scotland,
 I wad disdain to be your queen."

4.
 "Talk not so very high bony lass,
 O talk not so very, very high:
 The man at the fair that wad sell,
 He may learn at the man that wad
 buy.

5.
 I trust to climb a far higher tree,
 And herry a far richer nest:
 Tak this advice o' me' bony lass,
 Humility wad set thee best.

2.
 Hun var saa væn, saa væn en Mö,
 Som mit Öie nogetid saae:
 "Fem Hundred Pund vilde jeg give
 For slig Brud, som dig, at faae!"

3.
 "Nei, nei, du stolte Ungersvend!
 Du taenk kun aldrig derpaa:
 For var du end Konge i Skotland,
 Du skulde mig dog ei faae."

4.
 "Du tal ei saa store, store Ord,
 Du vær ikke altfor kjæk!
 Den Mand, som paa Marken vil sælge,
 Han er dog i Kjøberens Sæk.

5.
 Jeg troer jeg kan klavre et høiere Træ
 Og hæрге en rigere Nest;*)
 Du tage af mig det gode Raad,
 At Ydnyghed klæder dig bedst."

*) Nest o: Fuglcrede.

№ 10.

*Andante.***Johnie Armstrang.**

1. Sum speik's of lords, sum speik's of lairds, And sick lyke men of hie de - grie; Of a
1. Der spricht von Lords, der spricht von Herr'n, Und Män - nern aus ho - hem Stand; Von

gen - tle - man I sing a sang, Sum tyme call'd laird of Gil - no - ckie.
ei - nem Gen - tle - man singt mein Lied, Auch Herr von Gil - no - ckie ge - nannt.

2.

The king he wrytes a luwing letter,
With his ain hand sae tenderly,
And he hath sent it to Johnie Armstrang,
To cum and speik with him speedily.

3.

“Make kinnen and capon ready then,
And venison in great plentie;
We'll wellcum here our royal king;
I hope he'll dine at Gilnockie!”

4.

When Johnie cam before the king,
Wi a' his men sae brave to see,
The king he movit his bonnet to him;
He wecn'd he was a king as well as he.

5.

“May I find grace, my sovereign liege,
Grace for my loyal men and me?
For my name it is Johnie Armstrang,
And subject of your's, my liege,” said he.

6.

““Away, away, thou traitor strang!
Out o' my sight soon may'st thou be!
I grantit nevir a traitor's life,
And now I'll not begin wi' thee.””

7.

“Grant me my life, my liege, my king!
And a bonny gift I'll gie to thee —
Full four and twenty milk-white steids,
Were a' foaled in ae year to me.

8.

I'll gie thee a' these milk-white steids,
That prance and nicker at a speir;
And as mickle gude English gilt,
As four o' their braid backs dow bear.”

9.

““Away, away, thou traitor strang!
Out o' my sight soon may'st thou be!
I grantit nevir a traitor's life,
And now I'll not begin wi' thee.””

10.

“Grant me my life, my liege, my king!
And a bonny gift I'll gie to thee —
Gude four and twenty ganging mills,
That gang thro' a' the yeir to me.

11.
These four and twenty mills complete,
Sall gang for thee thro' a' the yeir;
And as mickle of gude reid wheat,
As a' their happers dow to bear."

12.
"Away, away, thou traitor strang! etc.

13.
"Grant me my life, my liege, my king!
And a great gift I'll gie to thee —
Bauld four and twenty sister's sons,
Sall for thee fecht, tho' a' should flee!"

14.
"Away, away, thou traitor strang! etc.

Because they saved their country deir
Frae Englishmen! Nane were sae bauld

2.
Der König schrieb einen Freundes-Brief,
So zärtlich selbst schrieb er,
Und sendet zu Johnie Armstrang ihn,
Dass er komm' alsbald zu ihm her.

3.
"So macht den Kapaun und Kaninchen bereit,
Und Wildpret die Hüll' und die Füll';
Wir wollen begrüßen hier unsern Herrn,
Zum Mahl, hoff' ich, kommen er will!"

4.
Als Johnie mit all' seinen Männern brav
Kam vor dem König daher,
Bewegte der König die Kappe vor ihm,
Als wär' er ein König wie er.

5.
"Werd' Gnad' ich finden, mein edler Fürst,
Für meine Getreuen und mich?
Denn Johnie Armstrang werd' ich genannt,
Und euer eigen bin ich."

6.
"Hinweg, hinweg, Verräther arg!
Sollst bald aus den Augen mir!
Nie gab ich einen Schurken frei
Und fang nicht an mit dir."

7.
"Schenk mir das Leben, mein König, mein Herr,
Und eine feine Gabe geb' ich dir —
Voll vier und zwanzig Rosse weiss,
All' bracht' ein Jahr sie mir.

Weil sie beschützt ihr Vaterland
Vor Englands Räuberschaar;

15.
"To seik het water beneath cauld ice,
Surely it is a greit folie —
I have asked grace at a graceless face,
But there is nane for my men and me!"

16.
But had I kenn'd ere I cam frae hame,
How thou unkind wadst been to me!
I wad have keepit the border side,
In spite of all thy force and thee. —

17.
God be with thee, Kirsty, my brother!
Lang live thou laird of Mangertoun!
Lang may'st thou live on the border syde,
Ere thou see thy brother ride up and down!

21.
Nane were sae bauld

8.
Ich gebe dir die Rosse weiss,
Die schuauben und wiehern mir;
Und soviel englisch Gold dazu,
Als davon tragen vier."

9.
"Hinweg, hinweg, Verräther arg!
Sollst bald aus den Augen mir!
Nie gab ich einen Schurken frei,
Und fang nicht an mit dir."

10.
"Schenk mir das Leben, mein König, mein Herr!
Und eine feine Gabe geb' ich dir —
Wohl vier und zwanzig Mühlen gut,
Die das Jahr durch gehen mir.

11.
Die Mühlen alle sollen dir
Das Jahr durch seyn im Lauf,
Und so viel rother Waizen gut,
Dass sie zu mahlen vollauf."

12.
"Hinweg, hinweg, Verräther arg! u. s. w.
Schenk mir das Leben, mein König, mein Herr!
Und eine grosse Gabe geb' ich dir —
Ich stelle Schwester-Söhne kühn,

13.
Zum Kampf dir, zwanzig und vier."
14.
"Hinweg, hinweg, Verräther arg! u. s. w.

21.
Bei Johnies Leben keiner wagt'
Zu nahen wo er war.

18.
And God be with thee, Kirsty, my son,
Where thou sits on thy nurse's knee!
But and thou live this hundred yeir,
Thy father's better thou'lt nevir be.

19.
Farewell! my bonny Gilnock hall,
Where on Esk side thou standest stout!
Gif I had lived but seven yeirs mair,
I wad hae gilt thee round about."

20.
John murdered was at Carlinrigg,
And all his gallant companie;
But Scotland's heart was ne'er sae wae,
To see sae mony brave men die —

While Johnie lived on the border syde,
Nane of them durst cum neir his hauld.

15.
"Wer unterm Eis heiss Wasser sucht,
Der neunt wohl thörig sich —
Ich bat um Gnad' ein guadlos Haupt,
Doch da ist keine für mich!"

16.
Doch hätt' ich nur, wie hart du bist,
Mir eh' ich kam, gedacht;
Ich lebte an der Gränze schier
Trotz aller deiner Macht. —

17.
Gott sey, Christoph, mein Bruder, mit dir!
Lang leb' in Mangertoun!
Kannst lange leben an der Gränz',
Eh' du mich mehr wirst schau'n.

18.
Gott sey, Christoph, mein Sohn, mit dir,
Wohl auf der Amme Knie!
Doch lebstest du auch hundert Jahr,
Mich übertrifst du nie.

19.
Leb' wohl! mein schmuckes Gilnockhall,
Das stolz am Strom sich hebt!
Vergoldet wärdst du rings, hätt' ich
Noch sieben Jahr gelebt."

20.
John ward getödtet zu Carlinrigg,
Und all' seine Compagnie;
So traurig wie bei ihrem Tod
War Schottlands Herz noch nie —

Bei Johnies Leben keiner wagt'
Zu nahen wo er war.

Henriette Schubart.

№ 11.
Lord Randal*).

Adagio.

1. O where hae ye been, Lord Ran-dal, my son? O where hae ye been, my hand-some young
1. Wo bist du ge - we-sen, Lord Ran-dal, mein Sohn? Wo bist du ge - we - sen, mein jun - ger Mann

man? "I hae been to the wild wood; mother, make my bed soon, For I'm wea-ry wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down".
schön? "Im wil - den Wald, Mut - ter, mach's La - ger mir bald; Denn mü - de vom Ja - gen will ru - hen ich gehn".

2. Where gat ye your dinner, Lord Randal, my son?
Where gat ye your dinner, my handsome young man?
"I din'd wi' my true-love; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."
3. What gat ye to your dinner, Lord Randal, my son?
What gat ye to your dinner, my handsome, young man?
"I gat eels boil'd in broo"; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."
4. What became of your bloodhounds, Lord Randal, my son?
What became of your bloodhounds, my handsome young man?
"O they swell'd and they died; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."
5. O I fear ye are poison'd, Lord Randal, my son!
O I fear ye are poison'd, my handsome young man!
"O yes! I am poison'd; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wald lie down."

2. Wo hast du gegessen, Lord Randal, mein Sohn?
Wo hast du gegessen, mein junger Mann schön?
"Ich ass bei der Liebsten, mach's Lager mir bald;
Denn müde vom Jagen will ruhen ich gehn."
3. Was hast du gegessen, Lord Randal, mein Sohn?
Was hast du gegessen, mein junger Mann schön?
"Wohl Aale mit Brühe, mach's Lager mir bald;
Denn müde vom Jagen will ruhen ich gehn."
4. Was ward aus den Hunden, Lord Randal, mein Sohn?
Was ward aus den Hunden, mein junger Mann schön?
"Sie schwollen und starben — mach's Lager mir bald;
Denn müde vom Jagen will ruhen ich gehn."
5. Man hat dich vergiftet, Lord Randal, mein Sohn!
Man hat dich vergiftet, mein junger Mann schön!
"O ja! ich bin vergiftet — mach's Lager mir bald;
Denn krank an dem Herzen will ruhen ich gehn."