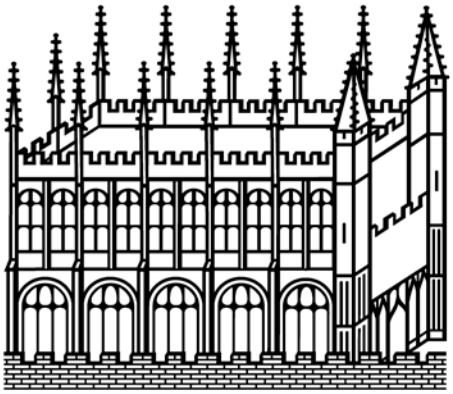


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ANCIENT

DANISH BALLADS

TRANSLATED

FROM THE ORIGINALS

BY

R. C. ALEXANDER PRIOR M.D.

VOL. III.

WILLIAMS AND NORGATE
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PART IV.

BALLADS OF ROMANCE.

CONTINUATION.

CI.

MEDELWOLD AND SIDSELILLE.

This most pathetic and beautiful ballad is deservedly popular in its own country, and in every other part of Scandinavia. The names differ, but the tale is nearly the same. The incident in the wood seems to be taken from Wolfdietrich.

'She had escaped the dragon's fury, but was then 'in labour. The courteous knight of Greece offered her 'his assistance, and directed her to blindfold his eyes, 'that he might play the part of a midwife modestly. 'But she refused what she considered incompatible 'with a lady's honour, and begged the hero to bring 'her some water, in order to be rid of his presence. 'He fetched water for her from a neighbouring well 'in his helmet, but when he returned, he found both 'the lady and her newborn infant dead.'

The opening verses in which we are told how the mother detected her daughter's pregnancy are a commonplace in Scandinavian ballads, and occur again and again in Swedish as well as Danish ones. See e. g. 'Herr Elfver, Bergakonungen' Arw. II. 275.

'The Birth of Robin Hood' in Buchan Vol. II. p. 1 has passages so extremely like some in this ballad, but which are not found in any other printed copy of the Scotch one, that it is difficult to avoid suspect-

ing that the collector added them himself and took the idea from Jamieson's translation of the following. He makes the lady long for junipers

O for a few of yon junipers,
To cheer my heart again;
And likewise for a gude midwife,
To ease me of my pain.

The child survives as the famous Robin Hood, but the mother dies.

The Dutch ballad of 'The Knight and Pretty Alice' Fallersleben p. 170 relates an exactly similar tale, but without any the least beauty of sentiment or poetry in it.

Medelwold and Sidselille.

Dan. Vis. III. 361. Grimm p. 74. Arw. I. 352. Sv. Folkv. II. 189. Jamieson in North. Antiq. p. 377.

1 All in their lofty bower so still
Sat with her mother Sidselille.

2 Gold web they wove, till on her gown
The drops of milk ran trickling down.

3 "Dear Sidselille, I'd gladly know,
"How from thy bosom milk should flow?"

4 "No milk, tho' so you seem to think,
"But mead I had yestere'en to drink."

5 "But those are things unlike indeed,
"So white is milk, so brown the mead."

6 "Then, since the truth I cannot hide,
"I'm Medelwold's affianced bride."

7 "And true is what thou hast even told?
"The affianced thou of Medelwold?

8 "Then high on gallows hang shall he,
"And blaze below the pile for thee."

9 Fair Sidselille in her mantle wrapt
Sped to the chamber where he slept.

10 She waked him up with gentle knock,
"Rise, Medelwold, the door unlock."

11 "Appointment I have none to keep,
"Unlock to no one, while I sleep."

12 "O draw the bar, dear Medelwold,
"My mother has the truth been told;

13 "And thou, she swears, shalt hang on high,
"And burn on blazing faggots I."

14 "Nay, hang, that will I not for thee,
"Nor burn below shalt thou for me.

15 "In casket store thy gold away,
"While I go saddle me my grey."

16 He wrapp'd her well in purple weed,
And laid her gently upon his steed.

17 But when they reach'd the grove of rose,
She pray'd she might awhile repose.

18 "Of length of road dost thou complain?
"Or does the saddle give thee pain?"

19 "Not of the road do I complain,
"It is the saddle gives me pain."

20 His mantle blue he soon has spread,
"Fair Sidselille, make that thy bed."

21 "O that my waiting maid were here!
"Without some help my death is near."

22 "Thy maids are far away from thee,
"Nor other servant here but me."

23 "I'd rather lay me down and die,
"Than now let any man be nigh."

24 "Nay, bind thy kerchief round my head,
"And I will serve in nurse's stead."

25 "O for a draught of water clear,
"My sad and aching heart to cheer!"

26 Young Medelwold, so good and true,
For water took her silver'd shoe;

27 And through the thicket broke his way,
To where a distant streamlet lay.

28 Deep in the dale he reach'd the spring,
And there two nightingales heard sing:

29 "With two small infants by her side
"Your lady in the grove has died."

30 He heard, but heeded not their lay,
And hasten'd back his weary way;

31 But when he found the grove again,
Too true had been their doleful strain.

32 He dug a grave, was broad and deep,
And laid all three therein to sleep;

33 But seem'd, while still he linger'd near,
Beneath his foot their cries to hear.

34 So on a rock he stay'd his sword,
And through his heart the weapon bored:

35 And there with her, his bride so true,
Now buried lies her lover too.

NOTES.

c. 8. A similar threat from a mother to her daughter occurs in a Spanish romance Wolf & Hofm. II. p. 92

Ay, hija, si virgo estais
reina sereis de Castilla;
hija, si virgo no estais
de mal fuego seas ardida.

"Daughter, if still a maid thou art,
Queen thou shalt be of all Castile;
Daughter, if maid thou art no more,
The pangs of burning thou shalt feel."

It would seem therefore to have been in those times the recognized punishment for the same offence over a great part of Europe. It is only too familiar to us in our Scotch ballads as e. g. in Sir Hugh le Blonde.

Tomorrow you'd be taken sure
And like a traitor slain,
And I'd be burned at a stake,
Altho' I be a queen.

Scott's Bord. Min. II. 275.

In 'Lady Maisry' (Jam. Pop. Ball. I. 173 Motherwell p. 91.)

it is a brother, who burns his own sister, and witnesses the execution.

c. 32. Jamieson observes of the concluding stanzas of this ballad

'In the whole compass of tragic poetry it would be diffi-
'cult to find a finer passage than this, where so simple and
'unambitious, and at the same time so strong, natural, and
'impressive a picture is given of the workings of a disturbed
'and distracted imagination. Never certainly was suicide more
'appropriately introduced.' North. Antiq. p. 381.

This beautiful trait, and the song of the two nightingales is omitted in the Swedish, which is otherwise identical with the Danish.

CII.

SIR TONNÉ.

This elegant and agreeable tale has much in common with that of Young Swennendal, No. 84. It is, as a writer in the 25th Vol. of the For. Quart. remarks of its Swedish parallel, one of the finest and most valuable ballads of the whole collection, and is full of illustrations of ancient manners and superstitions." Although in this and many other ballads a king of Iceland is introduced, it is well known that there never was a king there. Iceland and England stand for any distant country.

The opening stanzas are particularly beautiful. It would seem that coquets were to be found even among Elfin ladies. The daughter is plighted to the Dwarf-king, and means to be faithful to him, but cannot resist the temptation to fascinate the young knight, or, to use a more modern term, to 'mesmerize' him.

The eight stanzas from 50 to 57 inclusive seem to be interpolated, or at least altered to gratify the national vanity of the Danes at the expence of their neighbours. In the Swedish the ten last stanzas are omitted. They look very much like an addition by a common-place rimer. The Swedish ballad is certainly better than the Danish. There is a translation of it in Keightley's Fairy Mythology.

Sir Tonné.

Dan. Vis. I. 281. Grundtv. II. 19. Sven. Folk. I. 32 & 127.

1 Sir Tonné forth from Alsey rode,
His sword slung at his side,
Alike on tented field and sea
A hero stout and tried.

2 Sir Tonné off to the green-wood rode
To chase the hind and hare,
And there the Dwarf-King's daughter met
With other maidens fair.

3 She sat with golden harp in hand
Beneath a linden tree;
"See hither the knight Sir Tonné rides;
"I'll make him come to me.

4 "Sit down, sit down, my maidens all,
"And thou, my page, be still;
"I'll play a rune that shall with flowers
"The field and meadow fill."

5 She play'd a rune on golden harp,
And, when she touch'd the string,
The wild bird sitting on the bough
His song forgot to sing.

6 The wild bird sitting on the bough
His song forgot to sing;
The hart that in the green-wood skipp'd
With joy forgot to spring.

7 Charm'd with her runes the meadow bloom'd,
And greener grew the wood;
In vain Sir Tonné spurr'd his steed,
Move he no longer cou'd.

8 Sir Tonné sprang from off his horse,
No farther wish'd to ride,
And to the Dwarf's fair daughter went,
And sate him at her side.

9 "All hail, Dwarf's daughter, lovely maid!
"Of flowers the peerless rose!
"No mortal man thy beauty sees,
"But straight with passion glows.

10 "Hear me, Dwarf's daughter, beauteous maid!
"Plight thou thy love to me,
"And all the days, I have to live,
"I'll faithful be to thee."

11 "Ah stay, Sir Tonné, gallant knight,
"Nor me thy homage bring;
"My hand another lover claims,
"Our own Dwarf-people's king.

12 "My father dwells in mountain cave
"His courtiers round him stand;
"My mother dwells there too and plays
"With gold in lily hand.

13 "Myself I've stolen from out the cave
"My golden harp to play;
"But in a month my bridegroom comes
"To fetch me hence away."

14 "Before the Dwarf enjoy the luck
"Thee for his bride to take,
"I'll risk in fight my life for thee,
"My sword in shivers break."

15 "Ah! nay" the dwarf's fair daughter said,
"From idle hopes refrain;
"A fairer maid thou well may'st find,
"Me thou shalt never gain.

16 "Now haste, Sir Tonné, gallant knight,
"And prithee speed thy pace;
"For both my father and bridegroom come
"Within a little space."

17 Then peer'd her mother from out the cave,
Would know who there might be;
And saw Sir Tonné, where he stood
Beneath the linden tree.

18 Out from the cave her mother came
With fierce and angry mien;
"But how then, Ulfhild, daughter mine,
"Here in the wood so green?

19 "'Twere better in thy mountain cave
"To work thy bride-attire,
"Than here to sit beneath a tree,
"And strike the golden lyre.

20 "The King of Dwarfs didst thou betrothe,
"To him thine honour plight,
"Nor oughtest thus with runic strain
"To 've bound yon gallant knight."

21 The Dwarf-wife went with all her train
Within the cavern door;
And with her went Sir Tonné too,
But saw and heard no more.

22 For o'er a chair she spread for him
A costly silken cloak
And on it sat the knight in trance,
At cockcrow first awoke.

23 The Dwarf's wife call'd her little page,
And bade him bring the book,
And therewithal from off the knight
Her daughter's spell she took.

24 "Awake! I've thee for honour's sake
"Unbound from Runic spell;
"And full securely may'st thou now
"My daughter's art repel.

25 "And further still, Sir Knight, to prove
"What love for thee I bear,
"I'll woo a gentle bride for thee,
"A rose of beauty rare.

26 "For I was born of Christian folk,
"Tho' dwarfs took me to wean;
"My sister, lady Adeline,
"Of Iceland is the queen.

27 "Her daughter once was stolen away,
"And vain her mother's search,
"For she no more to dance may go,
"No longer drive to church.

28 "E'en from her window's loop to look
"That maiden may not dare,
"Nor with the King may play at chess,
"Unless the Queen is there.

29 "No man, except that aged king,
"She ever yet has seen;
"And nightly locks her chamber door
"Herself the cautious Queen.

30 "In Upsal sits this captive maid,
"And Ermeline is hight;
"With iron bolt and massy chain
"Her door is fasten'd tight.

31 "The aged king to a brother's son,
"Designs to leave his land;
"And he, young Allevod, when king,
"Will claim the maiden's hand.

32 "Now horse and saddle give I thee,
"And spurs of gold beside;
"Thy way thou 'lt find, tho' ne'er so wild
"The track, thou hast to ride.

33 "I'll give thee too a dress to wear
"With seams of golden braid;
"And on thine arm a broad red shield
"With jewels all inlaid.

34 "I'll give thee a precious golden band,
"And runes therein are bound,
"That when thou speakest, every word
"As from a book shall sound."

35 Then out her daughter Ulfhild came,
Such love she bare the knight;
"And I'll give thee a trusty sword,
"And lance all burnish'd bright.

36 "And never shalt thou miss thy way,
"As wild as it may be,
"Or ever any foe engage,
"But gain the victory.

37 "Whatever track thy ship shall sail,
"Safe thou shalt come to land,
"Nor e'er receive in battle-fray
"A wound from mortal hand."

38 Now came her mother Thorelille,
And sparkling wine she pour'd;
"Haste from our cavern, haste away,
"Ere home returns my lord."

39 Sir Tonné through the green-wood rode,
And brightly gleam'd his spear,
As riding towards his mountain cave
The Dwarf himself drew near.

40 "Well met, Sir Tonné, gallant knight,
"Right nobly steps thy horse;
"Now, tell me, is thy journey long?
"And whither bent thy course?"

41 "It is a courting I will ride,
"To win a blooming rose,
"And dare to couch the spear I bear
"Against the doughtiest foes."

42 "Ride on, Sir Tonné, noble knight,
"Ride on in peace, good bye;
"In Upsal lives a champion bold,
"Thy strength will gladly try."

43 Sir Tonné rode to essay his luck
And came to Swedish land,
And saw beneath a spreading tree
Nine knights in armour stand.

44 Each bare a helmet on his head,
A shield before his breast,
And at his side a trusty sword,
And glittering lance in rest.

45 "There stand ye nine stout Swedish knights,
"Will ye your valour prove?
"For ruddy gold, or glory fight,
"Or for your lady love?"

46 Up spake the first, Prince Allevod,
So proud was he and bold:
"Enough have we and crave no more
"Of glory or of gold.

47 "A noble maid at Upsal sits,
"And Ermeline her name;
"For her sake let us break a spear,
"See which her hand shall claim."

48 Their first charge rode with all their force
Those gallant heroes twain,
And spears fell shiver'd on the grass,
And shields were rent in twain.

49 Again a second charge they rode,
And that with greater force,
And Allevod with broken neck
Was thrown from off his horse.

50 Much vex'd were they, the Swedish knights,
And tried to venge his fall,
But fortune did not prove their friend,
Sir Tonné beat them all.

51 Fain o'er their shoulders did the knights
Their purple mantles fling,
And mounted up to the lofty hall,
And stood before the king.

52 "A Jutish knight is come to land
"With raiment pied and striped,
"Eight knights he has wounded on the field,
"So ill for them he piped.

53 "Eight knights he has wounded on the field,
"And left them halt and lame;
"And Allevod, thy nephew, kill'd,
"Curse on his Jutish name!"

54 Then answer'd them the aged king,
All with his long gray hair;
"Avenge me on the plaided Jute,
"And sable ye shall wear."

55 Out rode those Swedish warriors all,
And thought a prize to gain,
But soon their laughter turn'd to woe,
And all their joy to pain.

56 Their calf-skin dress they still must wear,
Nor sable earn'd that day,
And daily still must wrap their limbs
In cloth of wadmal gray.

57 Much were those Swedish warriors vex'd,
And mournful plaint began;
"There dares none in the world to strive
"Against this Jutish man."

58 Sir Tonné he to Upsal rode
With glory clad and grace;
The Swedish warriors dared no more
That doughty knight to face.

59 He kill'd the bear, that watch'd the door,
He broke the bar in twain:
And her released, the lovely maid,
So long in thrall had lain.

60 The Swedish courtiers all were still,
No word escaped their tongue;
A grudging grim consent the Jute
From all of them had wrung.

61 He worsted all those Swedish knights,
The Lion and eke the Bear,
And enter'd into the lofty bower,
To see that peerless fair.

62 "Welcome, Sir Tonné, gallant knight!
"Right welcome thou to me!
"For, if I should the truth avow,
"I've sorely long'd for thee.

63 "'Twas told me while a little child,
"A foreign knight should come,
"And Allevod my gaoler slay,
"And take me with him home.

64 "And now, Sir Tonné, gallant knight,
"Be true and good to me;
"For in the world is other none
"I rather wed than thee."

65 Then spake Sir Tonné, gallant knight,
And clasp'd the lovely fair;
"Forsake thee nevermore will I,
"By th' Highest name I swear."

66 He carried off the willing maid,
And all her treasure too,
And sail'd with her to Denmark home,
Each still to the other true.

67 He took her back to his Jutland home,
And led her to her bower,
And Alsey people all with joy
Embraced that blooming flower.

68 The knight Sir Tonné's love for her
From day to day increas'd,
And soon as thirty days were past,
He made his marriage feast.

69 In Iceland, when the news was brought,
That Ermeline was found,
Were greatly joy'd the King and Queen,
And all their people round.

70 The King he sent from Iceland word
To pray Sir Tonné come,
And share with him his northern realm,
And there to make his home.

71 Sir Tonné launch'd his gallant ship,
Spread sail on gilded mast,
And with his bride reach'd Iceland's shore,
Ere two whole months were past.

72 It was Sir Tonné gallant knight,
Who steer'd his ship to land,
And Iceland's aged King and Queen,
Who waited on the strand.

73 "Welcome, Sir Tonné, gallant knight,
"To this our foreign shore!
"My island kingdom far and wide
"Shall all be thine, and more."

74 The aged King resign'd his realm,
And had Sir Tonné crown'd,
And soon was all the island his,
And all the lands around.

75 Now is Sir Tonné gallant knight
A happy man, I ween;
He rules in Iceland far and wide,
And sleeps with Ermeline.

76 He 's now become a mighty king,
Whom towns and forts obey,
And never wish the Swedish knights
To see him come their way.

NOTES.

St. 5. The same effect of fairy song is described in 'Elfinhill' No. 136. and is perhaps derived from the tales of Orpheus.

St. 12. The Dwarf-queen playing with gold is in accordance with the idea of their guarding treasures under the mountains.

St. 27, 28 & 29. This strict confinement of the princess, till the right knight should come to deliver her, occurs also in the ballad of Young Swennendal, No. 84, and may remind the reader of the Arabian tale of the princess Badoura. The gifts, which the Dwarf-queen bestows upon Sir Tonné, are more consistently introduced than those which his deceased mother gives to her son Swennendal from out of the tomb.

St. 34 **a golden band,**
And runes therein are bound.

This is the reading of the older manuscripts. The Dánske Viser have it

Deri ligger Roser drevne

Therein lie *Roses* inlaid

an arbitrary alteration of the editors, which is scarcely an improvement, for the roses could communicate no virtue to the band.

St. 45. A good picture of knight errantry. On a fight they are all determined; but upon what excuse, they must first enquire.

St. 52. This is a remarkable stanza describing the Jute in a plaid dress and piping. Have the Scotch derived their bagpipe and plaid from Denmark? and if so, have they received it through Scandinavian or Celtic immigrants? For some centuries these have been rather Highland than Lowland characteristics, but like the broadsword may have been originally borrowed from the more civilized Lowlands, and

first introduced from Scandinavian countries. On the other hand it may be also suspected that the ancient Celtic inhabitants of Jutland have mixed with their conquerors and retained in that peninsula certain usages originally their own.

St. 55. **Their calf-skin dress they still must wear.**

This, if accidental, is a singular coincidence of thought with Shakspeare.

"Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward,
Thou little valiant, great in villany!
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs."

K. John. Act. III Sc. I.

CIII.

FAIR INGEBORG'S DISGUISE,

or The lady turned stableboy.

This is very similar to the "Lady turned serving man' in Percy III. 127. which throws light upon the refrain of this Danish ballad. In the English poem the lady is represented as having lost her first husband, and escaped from the enemy in disguise.

> Yet though my heart was full of care,
> Heaven would not suffer me to dispaire,
> Wherefore in haste I changed my name
> From faire Elise, to sweet Williame.
>
> And therewithal I cut my haire,
> Resolv'd my man's attire to weare;
> And in my beaver, hose and band,
> I travell'd far through many a land.

The English ballad is much the most romantic and beautiful of the two — the lady in this being detected by having one day in the king's absence dressed herself in female attire and sung to the lute the story of her troubles. The king weary of the chase returns home, hears her song, and discovers her in tears.

> Then stepping in, "Faire ladye, rise,
> And dry," said he, "those lovely eyes,
> For I have heard thy mournful tale,
> The which shall turn to thy availe."

He offers to make her his mistress, but she rejects all his presents, and wins his esteem so far as to become his queen.

The same poem in a mutilated state is also in Kinloch p. 96.

The circumstance of the stableboy sharing the Prince's bed, is a trait of the simplicity of ancient times. Some critics have imagined so remote an origin of the ballad, as that the English and the Danish one may have been handed down from their common home a thousand years ago, and not have been copied the one from the other. Such is the opinion of W. Grimm. See his Preface p. XXXII. It is nearly the only ballad common to England and Scandinavia, to which we do not find a parallel in some other language.

But travesties of this kind were a common stock in trade with the poets and romancers of the 13th century. See for instance the 3d Novel of the 2d day in Boccaccio's Decameron, where a lady, to escape marrying an old man, disguises herself as an Abbot travelling to Rome, and is lodged in the same chamber with a young Italian banker, who marries her afterwards. And beside this tale from the Decameron it would be easy to produce many others where women have assumed men's apparel, or men women's. For instance in that of king Florus and the Fair Jeanne in Morand and D'Hericault's 'Nouvelles Françaises du 13^{me} siècle' a knight gives his daughter to his faithful squire, and knights him. The bridegroom, in consequence of a vow, sets out on a pilgrimage to St. Jago in Spain. Before his departure one Raoul wagers him that the bride will prove unfaithful in his

absence, and as soon as the young knight is gone, himself attempts to win her affections, but fails to do so. Upon the pilgrim's return he accuses her, and brings what seem to be proofs of her guilt. The unhappy husband supposing that he has lost his wager and all his possessions sets out alone to a distant country. Jeanne disguises herself in man's attire, follows him, and gets engaged as his squire. Arrived at Marseilles she induces him to open a hostelry, where through her assistance he makes a large fortune and returns with her to Paris. She there persuades him to challenge Raoul and try by deed of arms whether the accusation is true or false. The knight defeats the slanderer, and she then discovers herself to him as a female and his own wife.

Such were the tales current in the 13th century. Is it then necessary to go back to the 6th or 7th to account for the accident that in English we have a ballad of that kind very similar to a Danish one?

Fair Ingeborg's disguise

or The lady turned stableboy.

Dan. Vis. IV. 116. Grimm p. 123. Arw. II. 179. Sv. Folkv. II. 15. Landstad p. 605.

1 Fair Ingeborg let clothes be made,
"I'll try," said she, "a courtier's trade."
Such secret sorrow she feels for him.

2 She mounted horse in livery drest,
"I'll ride and be the Prince's guest."
Such secret sorrow &c.

3 "O Prince, give ear to what I say,
"And deign to take me into pay."

4 "A clever horseboy much I need,
"Had I but room to stall his steed.

5 "Yet well may his with mine agree,
"And he shall share my bed with me."

6 Three years to serve the Prince she stay'd,
And no one knew she was a maid.

7 Three years she serv'd in horseboy's stead,
The foals to grass and water led;

8 She drove them back again to stall,
A boy they thought her, one and all.

9 She pleas'd the Ladies old and young,
So tender were the lays she sung.

10 Like threads of gold her ringlets shone,
'Twas that the Prince's favour won.

11 But while she plied about the court,
Her hair grew pale, and breathing short.

12 And strange to see such change in her,
She could not buckle on a spur.

13 And what was stranger still, they saw,
Her sword she could no longer draw.

14 The Prince he bade five maidens call,
None lovelier found among them all.

15 With purple mantle round her thrown
They took her into the house of stone.

16 And soon, reclined on bolsters blue,
She sat there nursing infants two.

17 In came the Prince, and great his joy
To see with twins his stable-boy.

18 He gently stroked her pallid face;
"This crown upon thy temples place,

19 "Henceforth art thou my wedded wife,
And true to thee I'll be for life."

CIV.

INGEFRED TORLUF'S DAUGHTER.

This is a companion piece to the following one 'Fair Mettelille, No. 105. It is the exact counterpart to 'Reedisdale and Wise William' Buch. II. p. 70. In this

When Reedisdale and Wise William
Were drinking at the wine;
There fell a roosing them among,
On an unruly time.

For some o' them hae roos'd their hawks,
And other some their hounds;
And other some their ladies fair,
And their bow'rs whare they walk'd in.

When out it spake him Reedisdale,
And a rash word spake he;
Says, 'There is not a lady fair,
In bower wherever she be,
But I could aye her favour win
Wi' ae blink o my e'e.'

Wise William defies him to win his sister, and Reedisdale wagers his lands that he will. William sends his sister private notice, and she of course resists all his offers, nor even yields when he sets her house on fire. The Scotch ballad looks very much like a rifacimento of the Danish one. No other collector than Buchan has met with it, and there is reason to suspect the authenticity of a great deal in his book.

Ingefred Torluf's daughter.

Dan. Vis. III. p. 61. Oehl. p. 232.

1 Sir Lavé and good Sir Iver Blay,
So blithe and so kind of heart,
Two comrades were they, whose mutual love
No force could ever part.

2 'Twas once at the royal board they sat,
As I have the story heard,
And chatted about the pretty girls
With many a pleasant word.

3 And boldly the young Sir Lavé rose,
On table struck his hand;
"There 's not a maiden in all the world,
"My tongue could long withstand."

4 "Well done! but," answer'd Sir Iver Blay,
And much at his boasting smiled,
"I think that I know one pretty girl,
"Were not so soon beguiled.

5 "Sir Torluf's daughter so well I know,
"I bet she is not cajoled;
"Try all your wheedling power of words,
"Or all your glittering gold."

6 "I'll wager my house, I'll wager farm,
"I'll wager — aye! my neck,
"I'll have the maid, if I go tonight,
"Tomorrow at my beck.

7 "Aye! wager will I both wealth and life,
"My farms and my ready fee,
"That Torluf's daughter, fair Ingefred,
"A leman shall be for me."

8 "O talk not wildly, my hearty friend,
"Nor risk your estate and gold:
"If you but knew her so well as I,
"Your bragging were not so bold."

9 Uprose Sir Lavé, and thus he spake,
And lifted his hand on high;
"Tomorrow, if I should live so long,
"That maiden win will I."

10 Sir Lavé he bade his ready knaves,
His horse be duly drest;
"Tomorrow I'll up the country ride,
"And be Sir Torluf's guest.

11 "I'll mount me, and up the country ride,
"A visit to him to pay;
"I fain would his handsome daughter see,
"And win that lovely may."

12 So rode Sir Lavé and came so bold,
In through Sir Torluf's gate,
And there stood his daughter, fair Ingefred,
Attired in her robe of state.

13 "Hail, Ingefred, Torluf's daughter fair,
"Incline you to be my love,
"And all the days that I have to live,
"My kindness you shall prove."

14 "Nay! nay! Sir Lavé, go on your way,
"This year it is not to be;
"You cheated the lovely Silverlille,
"Whose like you will never see.

15 "And then the virtuous Blidelille,
"You plighted her your troth,
"And soon as your wishes you had gain'd,
"You broke your knightly oath.

16 "And next you have wronged fair Mettelille,
"And caused her bitter woe;
"God grant to my father length of life,
"To me you will not do so.

17 "Or I should sit in my lonely bower,
"And sorrowing heave my breast,
"While you afar off were drinking wine,
"And making my love your jest."

18 "But hear me, Ingefred, gentle maid,
"And be not, I pray, so cold,
"And I will give you a store of wealth
"In silver and eke in gold."

19 "Twelve marks of the best and purest gold,
"And twelve of silver too
"My father keeps in his treasure chest,
"And so, Sir Knight, adieu."

20 "But hear me, Ingefred, gentle maid,
"My wife if you will be,
"I'll give you at Bearsholm a lofty fort
"And one upon the sea."

21 "My father, Sir Knight, has castles too,
"And massive forts as well,
"If I should marry the youth I love,
"He 'll find us where to dwell."

22 "O gentle Ingefred, change your mind,
"And kindly hear my prayer,
"On every finger of your fair hands
"Rich jewels you shall wear."

23 "Five rings my father Sir Torluf has,
"And jewels as pure and fine,
"If either of them I wish'd to wear
"All five, I am sure, were mine."

24 "But hear me, Ingefred, gentle maid,
"An ear to my pleading bend,
"And followers, proper men and tall,
"Shall daily your steps attend."

25 "Sir Lavé, I'm neither halt nor blind,
"Nor fear I to walk alone;
"If footmen I wanted, my father's men
"Would follow me every one."

26 "But Ingefred dear, for mercy's sake
"Incline you to be my wife,
"For if your hand I should fail to gain,
"I've forfeited land and life."

27 "Sir Lavé, my friend, I'd quite as soon
"That you in your grave lay dead,
"As stand myself in the Maiden-court
"For your sake pale and red.

28 "My mother is now in heaven above,
"And daily my loss I weep;
"She bade me with e'en her latest breath
"My honour safe to keep."

29 "If your good will then I cannot gain,
"Of all my farms I am shorn,
"And soon on my bier, a lifeless corpse,
"Shall into my grave be borne."

30 "This night, and this very hour comes home
"My father from closed Assize,
"So haste, Sir Lavé, and off, begone,
"You never will gain your prize.

31 "Beside, there is serving the king at court
"A gallant, Sir Iver hight,
"If he your errand should come to know,
"You'll be in a doleful plight.

32 "And then I have nine bold brothers too,
"Your match, Sir Lavé, they;
"And all have sworn me a solemn oath
"They never will me betray."

33 Sir Lavé guided his horse about,
Ride homeward he dared no more;
For lost were his house and his fifteen farms,
And peril beside in store.

34 Well done, fair Ingefred, noble maid,
Who proved herself so true!
She rules in her dear Sir Iver's house,
And wears a silver'd shoe.

CV.

FAIR METTELILLE

or the Enchanting Horn.

This ballad is the counterpart to 'Fair Ingefred, Torluf's daughter' No. 104. The Danish editors give us no information about it. — The captivating effect of the horn upon a lady's heart we have here as well as in the ancient ballad of 'Habor and Signild' No. 21, where the lady declares that the knight whom of all in the world she most dearly loves, is one whom she has never seen, but only heard the tone of his horn.

This ballad is in many respects extremely like 'The Twa Knights' Buch. II. 271. but in the Scotch ballad the lady pretends to yield to the solicitations of her husband's boon companion, and substitutes her niece. Being, as observed on the last one, very distrustful of the genuineness of the ballads published by Buchan, and having a strong suspicion that he composed a great many of them from hints furnished by the Danish, I do no more than allude to this correspondence between the two.

Fair Mettelille

or the Enchanting Horn.

Dan. Vis. III. 53. Grimm p. 173. Oehl. p. 227. R. Warr. p. 128.

1 Sirs Peter and Olave at table sat,
Beneath a linden tree
And joked in a long and pleasant chat.
My sweetheart waits for me.

2 "My friend Sir Olave, you've long delay'd,
"Now choose you and marry some pretty maid."

3 "Nay marry! What need I for wife to care,
"While this my good little horn I wear?

4 "I've only to sound my gilded horn
"To fool the soberest girl that 's born.

5 "There 's none in the town or country round,
"But jumps as she hears it's merry sound."

6 "I know a maiden, lives at the mill,
"You never will gain, try what you will.

7 "I'll bet you the finest horse I ride,
"You win not Metté, my own fair bride."

8 "And I'll bet mine, my favourite white,
"She comes to my chamber this very night.

9 "Your pretty young bride — I'll stake my neck,
"I'll teach her to trip at Sir Olave's beck."

10 So soon as the dew was on the ground,
Began Sir Olave his strains to sound.

11 He tuned his harp, he touch'd the string,
And over the fields she heard it ring.

12 And then on his horn he blew so shrill,
That list to it must fair Mettelille.

13 She rose — and she knew not what to do —
"And must I then go? — at nightfall too?"

14 She stood in doubt — she still delay'd —
"But thither I dare not take my maid."

15 At last with only her little hound
She started to thread the forest ground.

16 All closely wrapt in her mantle blue,
She near to Sir Olave's dwelling drew.

17 She gently tapp'd at his door, did she —
"Sir Olave, oh let me in — 'tis me."

18 "Who 's there? I've given my bail for none;
"I'll open to no one by night: — Begone."

19 "O rise, and let me not beg in vain;
"Nor banter and jest to give me pain."

20 "As bad as it is to bear the slight,
"You'll not come into my room tonight.

21 "Right welcome you were to share my bed,
"But that Sir Peter you 're sworn to wed.

22 "And tho' to you I may be so dear,
"Sir Peter is living and much too near."

23 "O rise, Sir Olave, and let me in,
"The dew will ruin my costly skin."

24 "Well, if your ermines are wet with dew,
"Turn outside inside, and so adieu!"

25 "But if to my prayer you still say no,
"Let one of your pages with me go."

26 "The evening so clear, and the moon so bright,
"You'll find the way to your home aright.

27 "While over the field her beams are shed;
"Go home to your chamber, and go to bed."

28 Fair Mettelille went, and her little hound,
Alone they must thread the forest ground.

29 But when they came to the garden gate,
There waiting his bride Sir Peter sate.

30 "And welcome, fair Metté, but how so gay!
"Where stay'd then hast thou so late today?"

31 "My dear, I had only stolen out
"To gather some flowers and sundry krout:

32 "And such have I cull'd both red and white,
"As just at their prime were found tonight.

33 "I stopp'd by the way and stay'd so long
"To list to the nightingale's tuneful song."

34 "'Twas not to list to a bird, that sang,
"But how that horn of Sir Olave's rang.

35 "Such furtive visits, and such like game
"Are certain to bring us both to shame.

36 "From night-walks and visits like these refrain,
"I trust that it happens not again.

37 "And hark ye, my sweetheart Mettelille,
"Go back to your bed, and there lie still:

38 "Go back to your chamber, and go to sleep,
"If me you would wish my vows to keep.

39 "I've lost a horse, that was all my pride,
"By thy being such a faithless bride."

40 She went, but whither, — that no one knew,
Or where the night-wind her ashes blew:

41 For soon was glowing her room with flame;
So bitter she felt her grief and shame.

42 Sir Peter he mourn'd her long and sore;
Nor dared Sir Olave to meet him more.

43 So prove not your brides, — my counsel take —
Nor yet on their truth your honour stake.

CIV.

SIR SALLEMAND.

This ballad recounts the troubles of two lovers, who, like Axel and Walborg, were prevented from marrying by being too near of kin. It is taken from a manuscript of the 17th century, and is probably, to judge by its style, the work of an educated person, and based on a French original. In the 2d line

'Stolt Mettelille hedte den Frue'

and several other stanzas we find the knight's lady-love called Frue, 'dame' or 'madame' contrary to the usage of Danish ballads, in which knights only fall in love with maiden ladies, but agreeably to the Provençal. In the 16th stanza the lovers are represented as entering Paris, which they would hardly have visited in travelling from Denmark to Italy.

It also bears traits of having been imitated from other poems. In short it is rather a ballad of the pen, than the effusion of illiterate peasants. The last stanzas, as remarked in the notes, are from some copy of the celebrated romance of Sir Tristrem. Yet, let its origin be what it may, it will be allowed by the reader to be a very pretty poem of its class.

The refrain, as is not unusual, tells the issue of the tale from the very beginning;

'Ye know so well how Sir Sallemand died of love.'

Sir Sallemand and his dying bride.

Dan. Vis. III. 348.

1 A brave young knight, Sir Sallemand,
And Metté, such her name,
They dearly each the other loved,
The knight and eke the dame.

2 His passion could Sir Sallemand
Nor check, conceal, nor guide,
Tho' both were of two brothers born,
By blood so near allied.

3 An aunt had he, Sir Sallemand,
Dame Ingeborg by name,
And often he to her house would ride
To tell and wail his flame.

4 "Right welcome here, Sir Sallemand!
"Welcome, dear nephew mine!
"Up in my chamber take your seat,
"And drink of mead and wine."

5 But rather chose the pensive knight
Out in the cool to stand,
And there the goblet brought his aunt,
And placed it in his hand.

6 "I cannot eat, I cannot drink,
"For me no goblet fill;
"My thoughts are on my lady-love,
"My dearest Mettelille."

7 "But listen, good Sir Sallemand,
"Such hopeless passion quell;
"So near akin as you and she
"Together may not dwell."

8 "If Mettelille I may not have
"To soothe my cankering pain,
"Shall never any, dame or maid,
"Sleep in my arms again."

9 "If you have plighted her your troth,
"Send off at once to Rome,
"And pray the Pope to pardon you,
"Before you bring her home."

10 "Ye Ladies know each in and out
"Like market-going wain;
"I 've none in all the world beside
"To whom to tell my pain."

11 And as that kind good lady bade,
The knight sat down and wrote,
And sent his page to Mettelille
To carry her the note.

12 To ask the Lady Mettelille,
The knight that letter sent,
If she with him would go to Rome
To beg the Pope's assent.

13 She wrote and gave her maid the note,
And in it thus replied;
"Where in the world so e'er he went,
"Would she be at his side."

14 Then bade the knight Sir Sallemand
His trusty steed to shoe,
And she, Dame Mettelille, her wain
Got furnish'd all anew.

15 And so the knight and lady fair
From Denmark rode away,
But in their tearful eyes was seen
How sorrowful were they.

16 As into Paris town he rode,
His lady near his side,
Came out the good kind burgers all
To meet the knight and bride.

17 They spared not costly silken cloth
To spread beneath her feet,
But all their kindness could not cheer
A heart with grief replete.

18 The lily up to her room they led,
But worse and worse she grew;
Sir Sallemand went to and fro,
He show'd himself so true.

19 "Cheer up, dear Lady Mettelille!
"Cheer up! no longer grieve,
"Tomorrow comes the brief from Rome,
"That wedded we may live."

20 "Nay, hear me, dear Sir Sallemand,
"All further trouble spare,
"Go fetch a priest to give me shrift,
"My pain I cannot bear."

21 Up in her chamber soon was heard
A cry of loud alarm;
Fair Mettelille had sunk and died
All in her lover's arm.

22 And in the church, while sang the priests
The dirge's dismal note,
Sir Sallemand's heart burst in twain,
And blood pour'd from his throat.

23 South of the church they buried her,
And north of it the knight,
But from their breasts two roses sprang
That brought their love to light:

24 For kindly those two roses twined
Their flowers of crimson hue;
Since Tristram's and his Isold's death
Was never love so true.

NOTES.

St. 22. This as well as the following stanzas is from Sir Tristrem. Fytte IV. st. 11.

'His kind hert it brake,
And sindred in tuo.'

St. 23. This pretty but rather hackney'd idea of the roses springing from the tomb of two lovers and twining together is not only common to the mediæval romances of the West of Europe, which seem to have derived it from 'Tristram and Iseult', but is found in Slavonic poems also: as in the following from Talvj's Hist. of Slavic Lit. p. 373.

The maiden died on Saturday at evening,
And died the youth on Sunday morning early.

Close together were the two then buried,
Through the earth their hands were clasp'd together.
In their hands were placed two young green apples;
Little time had pass'd since they were buried;
O'er the youth sprang up a verdant pinetree,
O'er the maid a bush with sweet red roses;
Round the pinetree winds itself the rosebush,
As the silk around a bunch of flowers.

This idea is met with according to Talvj even in the poetry of Afghanistan. Indeed it occurs substantially in the story of Baucis and Philemon in Ovid's Metam. B. VIII. V. 631. It is in the French prose tale and not the poetical romance of Tristan that we find it introduced. The words are these:

"Ores veitil que de la tumbe de Tristan yssoit une belle ronce verte et feuilleue, qui alloit par la chapelle, et descendoit le bout de la ronce sur la tumbe d'Isseult et entroit dedans." This marvellous plant was three times cut down, but, continues Rusticien de Puise, "Le lendemain estoit aussi belle comme elle avoit cy-devant été, et ce miracle étoit sur Tristan et sur Ysseult a tout jamais advenir."

The above passage is quoted by Sir W. Scott in a note to the last stanzas of Prince Robert. Minstr. III p. 63

The tane was buried in Mary's kirk,
The tother in Marie's quair;
And out o' the tane there sprang a birk,
And out o' the 'tother a brier.

And thae twa met, and thae twa plat,
The birk but and the brier;
And by that ye may very weel ken
They were twa lovers dear."

We have the same conclusion to the ballad of 'Lord Lovel' Bell p. 136.

Lady Nancy was laid in St. Pancras' church,
Lord Lovel was laid in the choir;
And out of her bosom there sprang a red rose,
And out of her lover's a brier.

They grew and they grew, to the steeple too,
And then they could grow no higher;
So there they entwined in a true lover's knot
For all lovers true to admire.

St. 24. The names of Tristan and Iseult were proverbial as examples of unshaken fidelity and are quoted in an ancient French romance in almost the same terms.

Tristan, tant com fu en c'est monde,
N'ama autant Ysoue la blonde,
Com si deux amans s'entr'aimerent.
Et foi et honor se porterent;
Moult bel menoient lor déduit,
Privéement et jor et nuit.

Raynouard Glossaire II. p. 751.

CVII.

THE RETORTED RUNE.

This ballad, although it turns on the rather trite superstition of the power of Runes, is interesting for the allusion in the 8th stanza to the ancient heathen means of averting a spell, and retorting it upon the employer of it. Miss Warrens remarks that a maiden in the Icelandic "Sigmundar Kvædi" frees herself from a spell by transferring it to a quadruped. The sitting out upon a rock to work upon another's feelings strangely resembles the Indian practice of 'sitting dhurna', till a grievance is redressed. To sit 'dhurna' is to remain motionless in that posture, without food, and exposed to the weather, till the person against whom it is employed, consents to the request offered, and the Hindoos believe, that whoever dies under such a process becomes a tormenting spirit to haunt and afflict his inflexible antagonist. See Heber's Journal Vol. I. p. 433.

The Retorted Rune.

Grundtv. II. p. 333. R. Warr. p. 166.

1 The Prince he paces up and down,
And deftly swings his blade;
"Fair Margaret, grant me Heaven but this, —
"You for my trothplight maid!

2 "Fair Margaret, grant me Heaven but this, –
"That you were even mine,
"And never but in my fond arms
"Should you again recline.

3 "You never but in my fond arms
"Should lay you down to rest;
"And faithful swains I'd choose for you
"To wait on your behest."

4 The Prince away to the greenwood rode,
And carved the runes with skill,
Such as might witch that gentle maid,
And make her do his will.

5 Then up and out spake Nicholas,
His best and dearest swain;
"This rune will surely cost your life,
"And bring your soul to bane."

6 "But little for my life I cared,"
'Twas thus the Prince replied,
"I little cared for life or soul,
"Were only she my bride."

7 He took the runes, that royal prince,
And so he threw them down,
That just beneath her cloak they leap'd,
Under her scarlet gown.

8 Nine nights she sat and nine long days
Out on the rocky fell,
And then back on the Prince again
She drove the runic spell.

9 And fain was he, the royal prince,
To ride across the land,
And ask the maid in full Assize,
And plight her there his hand.

10 "I've knelt and sued proud Margaret's love
"Winters not less than three:
"Why should a poor young swain so long
"Have vainly bent the knee?

11 "I've sued proud Margaret's lily hand,
"Winters not less than five:
"Why should a swain sue maid so long,
"And in his suit not thrive?"

12 "Full five years earlier, noble Prince,
"My hand you might have won,
"If only, what you 've done today,
"You from the first had done."

CVIII.

ROSMER.

This seems to be a very widely spread romance. It is not only common in various forms in Denmark, but known in Norway and Sweden, Iceland, the Faroe islands, and Scotland.

Jamieson in the Northern Antiquities has shown that it is from this ballad that Edgar in King Lear quotes the lines "Childe Rowland to the dark tower came" &c. and gives the tale as he heard it in Scotland.

In this tale Burd or Maiden Ellen while looking for a lost ball disappears. Her two elder brothers go in search of her, one after the other, but return no more. The younger then applies to the warlock Merlin, who warns him that he must kill every person whom he meets in the land of Fairy, and neither eat nor drink any thing there, whatever his hunger or thirst may be. His mother gives him his father's sword and her blessing, and he starts on his journey. In the course of time he reaches Elfland, enquires successively of horseherd, cowherd, shepherd, and swineherd, where to find the king's castle, is referred by them from one to the other, and kills them all. At last the henwife tells him to go on a little farther to a green hill, walk round it three times *widershins*, that is to say backwards and three times bid the door to open. He hewed off

her head, but followed her direction, and, passing through a long and lofty subterranean passage, entered a magnificent hall, where he found his sister Ellen. In almost the words of the Danish ballad she tells him

"God rue on thee, poor luckless foole!
"What hast thou to do here?
"And hear ye this, my youngest brither,
"Why badena ye at home?
"Had ye a hunder and thousand lives,
"Ye canna brook ane o' them.
"And sit thou down; and wae, o wae
"That ever thou was born;
"For come the king o' Elfland in,
"Thy leccam is forlorn!"

He refused to taste from a golden bowl the bread and milk that she offered him. The king of Elfland presently came in sniffing about

"With fi, fi, fo, and fum!
I smell the blood of a Christian man!
Be he dead, be he living, wi' my brand
I'll clash his harns frae his harn-pan!"

A furious combat ensued in which Childe Rowland felled the giant, but spared him upon condition of his restoring him his sister and his two brothers. The giant took out a phial, and anointed the eyes and ears of the young men, and they awoke as from a long sleep, and all four returned home.

This tale bears a great similarity to the story of the second calender in the Arabian Nights.

'I took away the earth that covered the trap door, 'and having lifted it up, I saw stairs, down which I 'went with my axe in my hand. When I was come 'to the bottom, I found myself in a large palace. I

'went forward along a gallery supported by pillars of 'jasper, the bases and chapters of massy gold. This 'palace was as light as if it had been above ground; 'and looking round I saw a lady of noble and free 'air coming towards me. "By what adventure," said she, fetching a deep sigh, "are you come hither? I 'have lived here these twenty-five years, and never 'saw any man but yourself during that time." I gave 'her a true account of the accident by which she saw 'me. She told me that her father the king of Ebene 'had chosen for her a husband, a prince who was her 'cousin, and that on her wedding night a genie had 'carried her off to this place.'

The second of these two Ballads accords exactly with one found in the Faroe islands, called 'Gongu-Rolvs Kvædi.' According to this, the Faroese ballad, two brothers built a ship, called 'White Goose' and steer'd for Greenland. As they touched on the coast of Iceland, a man came from the hill and begged them to take on board his son Gongu Rolf as steers-man, which they did. A tempest rose and drove the ship to Elfland (Tröllna-botnur) where a giant seized it, and killed all the crew, except Gongu Rolf and the two brothers. These latter perished with the cold in exploring the country, but Rolf after walking eight days found a cavern from which sparks were flying and went in. He there found his sister Hilda, who warned him of his danger, but hid him under skins, and warmed his clothes at the fire. Rosmer comes in, smells a man's breath, and is answered as in the Danish ballads that a raven had flown over the chimney. Hilda caresses the giant and obtains his pro-

mise to do her brother no harm. Rolf remains six years in the cavern, and having become too intimate with his sister desires to go home. They play the giant the trick related in the ballads, and Rolf and his sister reach King Olaf's court in Norway. Rolf there begs for a priest to absolve him from his sin, is baptized, and dies, as he comes from the font.

This seems to have been the original form of the ballad, and probably arose in Norway, from whence it passed in various forms to the other countries where it is now found. Gongu Rolv or Ganger Rolf, that is Ralph the war-horse, was the founder of the Dukedom of Normandy in France under the name of Rollo the Dane.

Rosmer. A.

Dan. Vis. I. 218. Grimm p. 201. Grundtv. II. p. 82. Geijer and Afzel. III. p. 136. North. Antiq. p. 397.

1 A lady once in Denmark dwelt,
And Hellelille her name;
A lofty castle there she built
And great that castle's fame.

2 Her daughter thieves had stolen away,
She sought her far and near:
The more she sought, the less she found,
And great her grief and fear.

3 She built a ship with gilded masts,
All rigg'd with silken sails,
And mann'd with knights, and a gallant crew
To face the Ocean gales.

4 Her three brave sons down to the strand
That noble lady brought;
And eight years long they roam'd the sea,
And still their sister sought.

5 Eight tedious years they wildly roam'd,
Since first they left the land,
And now they saw a lofty hill,
And anchor'd on the strand.

6 Then spake, as loud as she could call,
The lady Swanelille;
"Say who ye are, ye foreign knights,
Who visit this our hill?"

7 "Lady," the younger brother said,
So shrewd in speech was he,
"We 're all a widow's three poor sons,
"Eight years we 've roam'd the sea.

8 "Fair Denmark is our native land,
"Our mother Hellelille;
"We 've sought a sister robbers stole,
"And seek that sister still."

9 "If born in Denmark thou hast been,
"And Hellelille thy mother,
"Then I am a sister dear of thine,
"And thou my youngest brother.

10 "But why, my dearest brother, why
"At home didst thou not stay?
'For haddest thou a thousand lives,
"Lost, every one, were they."

11 She hid him in the smallest nook,
Where safely he might lie,
And begg'd him by the God above
To neither laugh nor cry.

12 Rosmer came stalking in from sea,
And straight began to ban;
"I smell, by my right hand I swear,
"The breath of a Christian man."

13 "A bird, that bare a Christian's leg,
"Across the courtyard flew;
"He dropp'd it down, but I caught it up,
"And away the carrion threw."

14 She made a bath so nice and warm,
Her lord the while caress'd;
"There's come to me my sister's son,
"O let him be my guest.

15 "There's come to me my sister's son
"From home across the sea;
"My lord! I've pledged my sacred troth,
"From harm he shall be free."

16 "And is thy nephew come from home?
"Be quit of all alarm,
"I swear my great, my highest oath,
"To do the lad no harm."

17 Then was the mighty Rosmer heard
His servants twain to call;
"Go bid my lady's sister's son
"Come to the banquet hall."

18 All pale with fear the stranger grew,
When Rosmer called his name,
And trembling, and with beating heart,
Before his presence came.

19 King Rosmer took him upon his knee,
And kind and tender grew;
He tapp'd his guest so lovingly,
He left him black and blue.

20 "Stay, stay," said gentle Swanelille,
"O Rosmer dear, take care;
"For heavy falls thy giant hand
"To tap a cheek so fair."

21 He there had stayed for fifteen years,
And then he pined for home;
"O give me aid, dear Swanelille,
"That I to Denmark come."

22 Before her giant Lord she stood,
"Let now your guest return,
"So many years he has been at sea,
"He now for home doth yearn."

23 "If here our guest has been so long,
"And pines for his native land,
"I'll help him forth, and give him too
"A gold-chest in his hand."

24 "And if you give him a chest of gold,
"From out your treasured store,
"Then be, dear Rosmer, kinder still,
"And bear them both ashore."

25 While thus spake gentle Swanelille,
She plann'd a knavish jest,
She emptied all the treasure out,
And crept inside the chest.

26 He took the chest between his teeth,
The man upon his back,
And stoutly trod the Ocean depths
A long and weary track.

27 "And now I've borne thee to thy home,
"The land of sun and moon;
"I beg thee name not Swanelille,
"And ask no other boon."

28 As Rosmer sprang into the sea,
Cloud-high he dash'd the wave,
But found no more his Swanelille
To cheer his mountain cave.

29 He found no more his Swanelille;
His dearest wife was flown;
He wildly roam'd the mountain isle,
And turn'd to granite stone.

30 But in their mother's house was joy,
And all the country round,
That both her children, lost so long,
Had now at last been found.

Rosmer. B.

Grundtv. II. 84 Dan. Vis. I. 224. Grimm p. 204.

1 Bucklegs was there and Elfin-stone,
And more than I can say;
They built themselves a sturdy ship,
To Iceland steer'd away.

2 They launch'd the ship into the deep,
The sea growl'd like a bear,
The White Goose down to the bottom sank,
Some Trold was surely there.

3 Childe Roland left the sunken wreck,
And groped along the ground,
And leading towards Eline's bower
A little pathway found.

4 Childe Roland walk'd, till on a hill
He saw a fire's bright glow;
"Now hap to me, what happen may,
"To yonder fire I'll go."

5 And forward he childe Roland went,
And enter'd through the gate,
And there Eline, his sister, stood
Robed in a pall of state.

6 When Roland into the mountain went,
His hands he could not rear;
"Lord pity thee, poor luckless man!
"What can have brought thee here?

7 "Why?" spake the gentle dame Eline,
"Why hither art thou come?
"For be thy errand, what it may,
"'Twere best to have stay'd at home.

8 "Into the chamber go, poor youth
"So dripping wet, and chill'd;
"But if the giant Rosmer comes,
"'Tis sure, thou wilt be grill'd.

9 "Sit down, thou poor unhappy man,
"And warm thy frozen feet;
"But if the giant hither stalks,
"He'll cut thee up for meat."

10 Home came great Rosmer Lengthylegs,
And fierce and angry grew;
"Some Christian man or wife is here,
"And coming here shall rue."

11 Then forward stepp'd the fair Eline,
And solemnly she sware,
That o'er the house a crow had flown,
A deadman's leg-bone bare.

12 Rosmer he screech'd and sprang about,
"A Christian here must be;
"Unless thou tellest me the truth,
"I'll make my steak of thee."

13 A purple mantle o'er her thrown,
Before him stood Eline;
"There 's here a youth from Iceland come,
"My very near of kin."

14 "If here is a youth from Iceland come,
"And of thy kindred he,
"I pledge my oath that while he stays,
"In safety he shall be."

15 Two years was Roland dwelling there,
But now desired to go,
For fair Eline became with child,
The source of coming woe.

16 Then went the gentle dame Eline
Before her lord to stand;
"Will ye this youth a furlough give
"To see his native land?"

17 "If home again this youth will go,
"And thou dost tell me true,
"I'll in a coffer lay for him
"Both gold, and silver too."

18 He took a heap of ruddy gold,
And stowed it in a chest;
Eline, she laid herself therein,
But that he never guess'd.

19 Under his arm he took the man,
The coffer on his back,
And dived beneath the salty sea,
For him an easy track.

20 "And now I've brought thee back to a land,
"Where shines the sun and moon,
"I'll give thee up the chest of gold,
"I trow no paltry boon."

21 "I thank thee, Rosmer, generous man,
"For that my home I've seen;
"And now I'll tell thee news I've heard,
"With child is fair Eline."

22 Like falling dewdrops at the linn
Ran tears on Rosmer's cheek,
"But for my oath I'd gulp the down
"My rage on thee to wreak."

23 As fast he back to his mountain hied,
As hart pursues the hind,
But when he reach'd his cave again,
Eline no more could find.

24 Eline held on by Roland's hand,
The path that he might show;
They revell'd in their mutual bliss,
And talk'd of suffer'd woe.

25 Rosmer he wax'd so wroth of mood,
When her he saw not come,
He changed to a cold gray granite stone,
And lies there stiff and dumb.

NOTES.

St. 15. In the Faroese ballad the hero dies from remorse and it is to this that the last line of the stanza probably refers.

St. 22. The allusion in the text is to the dewlike drops of spray from a linn or waterfall. So in fair Rosamond Percy II. 164

'And from her clear and crystall eyes
The tears gusht out apace,
Which like the silver-pearled dew
Ranne down her comely face.'

Beautiful metaphors and comparisons impress themselves on the mind, till they become common ideas, and get so misapplied as these dewdrops on the face of the giant cannibal.

St. 25. This is the usual fate of giants and wizards; of those, in short, who fall under the Danish term 'Trold.' Grimm in his Deutsche Mythologie gives numerous instances of it, to which it is needless to refer, as we have many in these ballads. See 'St. Olave's voyage' No. 33 and 34.

CIX.

AN ARCHER'S VENGEANCE.

This ballad has some resemblance to that upon Erick Emun and Swarthy Plog No. 54. in which the king is attacked in full court by the brother of a culprit whom he has executed; a scene not unfrequent perhaps in those days of lawlessness and violence. By the twelve jurors, 'Sandemænd', mentioned in the 8th stanza is not to be understood a jury in our modern sense of the word, but a council to aid the judge, men supposed to be cognisant of the circumstances of the case. The Danish and German editors give us no information as to whether the tale is founded on fact or not. It seems to be a popularized form of the Saga of An the Bow-swinger. This hero was serving a king named Ingiald, and had rendered him very essential assistance, but for his reward was exiled by the ungrateful king, and outlawed. An retaliated upon him, and the king in revenge killed his innocent brother. An killed several of the king's men, and eventually instructed his son to kill the king, which he did, and married the king's daughter. He had in early life received from a dwarf three unerring arrows, which always returned to the owner. Such confusion of the persons and simplifying of the tale in the ballad is

what we have found in other instances, e. g. Angelfyr and Helmer Kamp No. 20. See Müller's Sagabibl. II. p. 540.

An Archer's revenge.

Dan. Vis. IV. 40. Grimm p. 181.

1 I stood before my master's board
To pour the wine and mead,
And news was brought of a brother slain
By foul and murderous deed.

2 Soon as my lord and lady both
Had laid them down to rest,
I led me out my trusty steed,
And richly had him drest.

3 I led me out my trusty steed
With gilded bit and rein,
And ere I halted, fifteen miles
Had ridden o'er the plain.

4 I came to a house where troopers sat,
And drank their wine and mead,
And heard my dearest mother's voice
Wailing the murderous deed.

5 I strung my good and trusty bow,
And aim'd a shaft, and drew,
And left the king's twelve champions dead,
For they my brother slew.

6 And forth I rode across to court
Upon the judgement day,
And for my brother six men claim'd,
For six a fine would pay.

7 Three several times I went to court
To pay what I might owe;
The Sheriff all my offers spurn'd,
And show'd himself my foe.

8 The Sheriff he and jurors twelve
Refused to set me free,
And doom'd me from my native land
An outlaw forth to flee.

9 I strung my good and trusty bow,
And aim'd a shaft and drew;
I shot the king's twelve Jury men,
And all the twelve I slew.

10 I left in haste the judgement court,
And mounted horse to ride,
And thought it well the wisest plan
In greenwood glen to hide.

11 An outlaw'd man for eight long years
I harbour'd in the wood,
And nothing else than leaves and grass
Had all that time for food.

12 I made my meals on leaves and grass,
No better was my fare,
Nor had I other bedfellow
Than savage boar and bear.

13 'Twas near the feast of Easter day,
That blessed holy tide,
And all in state the Swedish king
To church resolv'd to ride.

14 I strung my good and trusty bow,
And aim'd a shaft, and drew;
I drove it through his tyrant heart,
And so the king I slew.

15 And low he lay, that Swedish king,
Lay bleeding till he died;
To me they gave his widow'd queen;
And she is now my bride.

CX.

THE ORPHAN SISTER.

This is one of the ballads which Grimm commends for its pleasing naiveté. The subject certainly is not an agreeable one. There is a Portuguese romance of similar purport in Almeida Garrett's Romanceiro Vol. II. p. 32 and an Asturian one called 'Don Bueso' in Duran's collection.

The pretty German ballad 'Die wiedergefundene Königstochter' Kn. Wund. II. p. 277 is evidently derived from a common origin with this, but differs essentially in all the details. See Appendix H. d.

The Orphan Sister.

Dan. Vis. IV. 223. Grimm p. 117.

1 I stood at wash beside a rill,
Under a mountain side
Two knights came riding down the hill.
How Hogen's sons can ride!

2 The one in silence went his way,
And one to chat with me would stay.

3 "O plight me troth, and, maiden fair,
"I'll give thee a gay gold band to wear."

4 "But should my fostermother scold,
"To see me wear a band of gold?"

5 "Say, walking out on yonder strand,
"Thou 'st found it glittering on the sand."

6 "And, pray, how should I frame my tale,
"If she should see my cheek grow pale?"

7 "Thy cheek grow pale if she should see,
"Tell her I mean to marry thee.

8 "But if thou wilt not hear of that,
"At least sit down with me, and chat.

9 "So place thee here upon the bank,
"And tell me what thy name and rank."

10 "At evening sunset I was born,
"My mother died at dawn of morn:

11 "The hour they laid her in her cell,
"Was rung my father's passing-bell;

12 "As him they left beneath the mould,
"For brothers and sisters too was toll'd.

13 "And now were dead, all all were dead,
"All who should find me clothes and bread;

14 "Except Sir Swend my youngest brother,
"Who found for me a foster-mother;

15 "And she my childhood nurs'd and fed,
"Strange maidens taught me spin the thread.

16 "They taught me both to spin and sew,
"Virtue I taught myself to know."

17 "Fair maid, from this thy tale I hear,
"That thou art e'en my sister dear.

18 "So now, my sister, trust to me,
"I'll find a gallant knight for thee.

19 "Go dress and brush thy flowing hair,
"A brave rich knight shall be my care.

20 "Thy wedding feast shall be so grand,
"It's fame shall fill our Danish land."

NOTES.

c. 5. This is a common-place in ballads. So in 'Die Nonne' Kn. Wund. I. 79

"Was soll ich mit dem Ringlein thun,
Wenn ich's nicht tragen darf?"
"Ei sag du hasts gefunden
Draussen im grünen Gras."

"But with the Ring what shall I do —
"A ring I cannot wear?"
"Say you were walking on the mead
"And found it lying there."

c. 11. **Was rung my father's passing bell.**

Syv remarks that it was once customary in the country parts of Denmark to run to the bell, as soon as a person died, and ring it for some time, while the soul, as they thought, was passing to heaven. This was called soul-ringing 'Siæle ringen.'

This ringing of a passing bell was usual in all Christian countries in the Roman Catholic times, and continued in England till the beginning of the last century.

"The passing bell, says Grose, was anciently rung for two purposes: one to bespeak the prayers of all good Christians for a soul just departing; the other to drive away evil spirits who stood at the bed's foot, and about the house ready to seize their prey, or at least to molest and terrify the soul in its passage."

The knell has furnished poets with many beautiful allusions and metaphors with which every reader is familiar. Brande in his Popular antiquities Vol. II. p. 202 gives many interesting particulars respecting it.

In the poem ascribed to Anne Boleyn it is the subject of the refrain

O Death, rock me on sleep,
  Bring me a quiet reste,
Let pass my very guiltless ghost
  Out of my careful breast;
Toll on the passing bell,
Rtng out the doleful knell,
Let the sound my dethe tell,
  For I must die
  There is no remedy
  For now I die.

Ritson Anct. Engl. Songs. p. 121.

CXI.

SIR OGEY AND LADY ELSEY.

This fine ballad is popular throughout all the Scandinavian countries. There is not a man, woman or child, as a Norwegian lady told the translator, who does not know it by heart. In Grundtvig's work there is a copy of it from a manuscript of the 17th century, his letter A, which has served the editors of the Danske Viser as a basis for the better versified one which they have published, our letter B. In the older copy there is a stately grandeur and simplicity, which it would be difficult to convey in translation, and which is partly owing to the irregular and elliptical structure of the phrases, and the capricious number of the sillables in the verses. The more common and popular form of the ballad is still further abbreviated from that in the Danske Viser by the omission of the 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th stanzas. It is this which Grimm has translated, and which is introduced by Öhlenschläger in the closing scene of his drama of Axel and Walborg, where Walborg, after the death of her betrothed, requests a friend to sing it to her, and dies broken-hearted, while listening to it.

Tales corresponding to this are found in the ballad poetry of many nations.

In English we have it's parallel in "Sweet William's Ghost" Percy III. p. 173. Kinloch p. 241 and the same under the name of "William and Marjorie" in Motherwell p. 186. The remarkable similarity between them and the Danish makes it probable that they had a common origin.

Now she has kilted her robes of green
A piece below the knee;
And a' the livelong winter night
The dead corpse followed she.

Is there any room at your head, Willie?
Or any room at your feet?
Or any room at your side, Willie?
Wherein that I may creep?

There 's nae room at my head, Margret,
There 's nae room at my feet,
There 's nae room at my side, Margret,
My coffin is made so meet.

Then up and crew the red red cock
And up and crew the gray:
'Tis time, 'tis time, my dear Margret,
That I were gane away.

No more the ghost to Margret said,
But with a grievous grone
Evanish'd in a cloud of mist,
And left her all alone.

In Motherwell's copy the cockcrowing as in the Danish precedes her walk with the ghost.

"The cocks are crawing, Marjorie," he says
"The cocks are crawing again;
"It 's time the Dead should part the Quick,
"Marjorie, I must be gane."

She followed him high, she followed him low,
Till she came to yon churchyard green;
And there the deep grave opened up,
And young William he lay down.

The 'Suffolk Miracle' (See J. Moore's Pictorial Ballad Book p. 463) is founded on a similar visit of a dead man to his mistress. In this he carries her off on horseback, as in Bürger's Leonora, and in the Breton romance 'Le Frere de Lait.' In this, the Breton tale, we have another curious coincidence similar to those we find in the case of the 'Water-sprite's Treachery' No. 140, and 'Sir Olave' No. 81, a poem, in which there is sufficient to convince the reader of its common origin with the Danish, while all the details differ. Its agreement with the German 'Lenore' is however still closer. See 'Le Frere de Lait.' Barzaz-Breiz. Vol. I. p. 279. By far the most beautiful of all the parallels to it is the Flemish ballad 'Het daghet in den Oosten.' See Appendix F. 1. In German 'Der Todte Freier,' See Appendix F. 2, and Lenore, the simple original from which Bürger conceived his beautiful and wellknown Leonora, belong to the same class. Nor are tales based on this superstition confined to the Northern countries of Europe. In the Greek mythology Laodamia, the wife of Protesilaos is represented as having prayed to the infernal Gods to be allowed to converse with her deceased husband for only three hours. The prayer was granted, and Hermes conducted him to the upper world. Upon his dying a second time at the expiration of this term, his wife died with him. Hyginus Fab. 108.

There is in the Spanish too a passage in the Romance beginning

En los tiempos que me vi.

Duran. Vol. IV. p. 8 where a buried lady comforts her disconsolate lover, and complains of his grief disturbing her in the grave.

In tears I stood beside her tomb,
And call'd, and made my prayer;
"Take me to you, my lady love,
"Your grave with you to share."

And from her tomb's deepest recess
There came a voice, and said;
"O live, my dear, and fare you well,
Live you, tho' I am dead.

And give you God success in arms!
Success with ladies too!
Although my body wastes to clay,
My soul 's in pain for you."

But the more probable source of the Scandinavian tale is a fine poetical passage in the Helga-quida. Helge, the betrothed of Sigrun, has been murdered by her brother Dag, and laid in his barrow, and gone to Valhalla, and Sigrun is sitting alone at Sevafield mourning and weeping for him, when one evening her maid in passing his barrow sees Helge and a great number of followers on horseback. Then said the maid:

'"Is what I seem to see, only illusion; or is the twi-'light of the Gods come? Are the dead urging their 'steeds with spurs? or have the heroes received per-'mission to return to earth?" Helge answers "No illu-'sion is that which thou seemest to see; nor is the 'end of days come, although we urge steeds with spurs; 'nor yet have the heroes received permission to return."

'The maid then ran to her mistress Sigrun, and said, '"Go forth now, Sigrun, from Sevafield, if thou de-'sirest to find thy king. Open is the barrow, come is 'Helge; blood is running from his gaping wounds. The 'noble king begged thee to stop the drops." Sigrun 'went into the barrow to Helge, and sang; "Now am 'I so glad at this our meeting, as the greedy hawks 'of Odin, when they see warm steaks on battlefield; 'or the dew that reddens at dawn. I will kiss thee 'lifeless king! before thou throwest off the bloody mail-'coat. Thy hair, Helge, is heavy with rimefrost, wetted 'with dew of battle-field is thy face, cold and clammy 'thy powerful hands. What vengeance, noble king, 'shall I pursue?

'Helge answered "Thou alone, Sigrun, hast been the 'cause that Helge is wetted with battle-field-dew. 'Frightful tears weepest thou, fair sun-bright maid, be-'fore thou goest to slumber. Icecold and bloody and 'heavy as lead with sorrow falls each tear on the 'breast of the throne-king."

'Then Sigrun prepared a couch in the barrow and 'said to Helge, that here she would sleep at his side, 'as formerly, when he was alive. Then sung Helge: '"Nothing now seems to be incredible, since thou the 'living, high-born woman, daughter of Hogen, goest 'into the barrow to sleep there in the dead-man's arm." 'Then day began to break, and Helge sang; "It is 'time to ride on the reddening paths, to let the pale 'horses tread the noiseless fleeting paths. Afar in the 'west, over heaven's bridges, thither must I reach, be-'fore the cocks crow, and wake in Valhalla the con-'quering heroes." Thereupon Helge and his followers

'rode away. The next day at evening Sigrun went 'again to the barrow; but Helge came not. Sigrun 'lived not long after: she died of sorrow and longing.'

This passage is inserted in Raszman's Deutsche Heldensage Vol. I. p. 87 and many of the phrases differently translated. The above is from the Danish of S. Grundtvig. The term '*reddening paths*' means the 'morgenröthe' or dawn of day. The 'pale horses' are the clouds.

Raszman observes that Sigrun, in calling up her bridegroom from Valhalla, by her longing and her tears, is the prototype of the bride so much celebrated in tale and song, Leonora.

The Swedish ballads seem to be merely variations or perhaps imperfect recollections of the Danish.

It is so natural that a bride pining for the loss of her bridegroom, or anxious for his safety, should dream about him, and have the most vivid impression of his actual appearance, that tales of this kind will perhaps be found in most languages, without their being traceable the one to the other.

In the same spirit an anonymous poem in Gilchrist's collection Vol. I. p. 245 has

'O that I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
Says "Haste and follow me!" '

Sir Ogey and Lady Elsey. A.

Grundtv. II. p. 495, A. See Arw. II. 103. Sven. Folkv. I. 29. II. 204.

1 Three maidens in their chamber,
The two were weaving gold,
And wept the third her bridegroom,
Lay buried in the mould.

2 It was the rich Sir Ogey,
He rode to an isle away,
He wooed the Lady Elsey,
And won that lovely may.

3 He won the Lady Elsey,
Betroth'd his gentle bride,
And on his very wedding night
Before her eyes he died.

4 So sorely wept the lady
And wrung her hands for woe,
The knight Sir Ogey heard it
Down in his grave below.

5 So sorely wept the lady,
So sorely beat her breast,
The knight Sir Ogey heard it,
Nor longer could he rest.

6 He rose, the knight Sir Ogey,
With coffin on his back,
And stagger'd towards her chamber
A dismal weary track.

7 He tapped her door with coffin,
He wore no robe of skin;*
"Wake up, my gentle Elsey,
"And let thy bridegroom in."

8 Some while lay Lady Elsey,
And much in doubt was she;
"But can it be Sir Ogey
"Is hither come to me?"

9 Up spake the Lady Elsey,
And tears were on her cheek;
"Come, if the name of Jesus
"Thou still dost dare to speak."

10 "Rise then, dear Lady Elsey,
"And open me the door,
"For name I can Lord Jesus,
"As I could do before."

11 Uprose the Lady Elsey
And bitter tears she shed,
And let him in to her chamber,
The cold buried dead:

12 She took her comb, fair Elsey,
She comb'd his tangled hair,
And every lock she straighten'd,
She dropp'd on it a tear.

* He therefore could not wrap his fingers in his cloak to tap softly.

13 "Now hear me, dear Sir Ogey,
"The truth I pray thee tell,
"How under ground thou farest
"Down in thy cell."

14 "'Tis so down in that earth house,
"Where I must tarry now,
"'Tis as the joys of heaven,
"If happy thou."

15 "Then hear me, knight Sir Ogey,
"And grant the boon I crave,
"To go with thee, my dearest,
"And share thy grave."

16 "'Tis so down in that earth-house,
"My narrow lonely cell,
"'Tis like to hellish torture,
"O cross thyself well!

17 "So oft as thou art weeping,
"And grievest thee so sore,
"Is brimming full my coffin
"With blood and gore.

18 "Above my head is growing
"The grass so sweet,
"But lothely snakes are twining
"About my feet.

19 "Yet when I hear thee singing,
"And thou art glad,
"Then is my grave's small chamber
"With roses clad.

20 "The white cock now is crowing,
"And down must I below;
"To earth wend all my fellows,
"And with them I must go.

21 "The red cock now is crowing,
"And down must I below;
"To earth must wend all dead men,
"And I too must go.

22 "And now the black cock 's crowing
"Home I must go below;
"Unlock'd are all the portals,*
"And I too must go."

23 Uprose the knight Sir Ogey,
Took coffin on his back,
And stagger'd towards the churchyard
A dismal weary track.

24 And what did Lady Elsey
So sorrowful of mood?
She walk'd beside her bridegroom
Across the murky wood.

25 But when she reach'd the churchyard,
She saw his golden hair,
How pale it grew and paler,
That once had been so fair.

* The editors of the Danske Viser paraphrase this line

Nu aabnes Himmeriges Porte

'Now the gate of the kingdom of heaven opens.'

i. e. The day dawns.

26 And when she had cross'd the churchyard
Up to the church's door,
Grew pale Sir Ogey's cheek too,
As roses red before.

27 At hand and foot Sir Ogey
Was fading away,
Fading his cheerful rosy cheeks
To clods of clay.

28 "Now hear me, Lady Elsey,
"Hear me, my bride so dear,
"No longer mourn thy husband,
"Nor drop for him a tear.

29 "But wend thee home, dear Elsey,
"In peace to sleep;
"No longer mourn thy bridegroom,
"No longer weep.

30 "See yon small stars above thee,
"How wanes their light;
"And see how fast is fleeting
"The hour of night."

31 She turn'd her towards the heavens,
The stars, she saw them wane,
But slipp'd to his grave the deadman,
She saw him not again.

32 He slipp'd away, the deadman,
And down he went below,
And full of grief his lady
Must homeward go.

33 Sorely she wept, fair Elsey,
And daily did she pray,
That live she might no longer
Than year and day.

34 So sick she grew for sorrow,
She laid her on her bed,
And, ere that month was ended,
Was on her bier, and dead.

NOTES.

St. 12. This image of a lady combing her lover's hair and dropping a tear on every lock is one of those common to the ballad poetry of the period. We have it in the Flemish 'Degener' Fallersleben p. 29.

Hi leide sijn hooft in haren schoot,
si scheidelt hem sijn haer van goude was root.
so menighen scheidel als si hem scheidelt,
so menighen traen als si weinet.

He laid his head upon her lap,
She comb'd his hair with gold so red,
As many as were the locks she comb'd,
So many were the tears she shed.

Sir Ogey and Lady Elsey. B.

Dan. Vis. I. 211. Grimm p. 73. Oehl. p. 86.

1 The knight it was, Sir Ogey,
Took horse and rode away,
And wooed the Lady Elsey,
And won that lovely may.

2 The Lady Elsey he betroth'd
With all her heaps of gold;
But that day month Sir Ogey
Lay dead beneath the mould.

3 Then weep did Lady Elsey,
And all so wildly rave,
Sir Ogey heard her wailing
Down in his silent grave.

4 Uprose the knight Sir Ogey,
His coffin on his back,
And stagger'd towards her chamber
A dismal weary track.

5 Her door he tapp'd with coffin,
For mantle none had he,*
"Arise, dear Lady Elsey,
"And open, love, to me."

6 "Nay," answer'd Lady Elsey,
"I'll open not the door,
"Till thou hast named Lord Jesus,
"E'en as thou couldst before."

7 "Rise then, dear Lady Elsey,
"And open me thy door,
"For name I can Lord Jesus,
"As I could do before."

* This alludes to the usual mode of tapping with the fingers rolled in the mantle to soften the sound.

8 She rose, the Lady Elsey,
While tears down-streaming ran,
And so within her chamber
Let in the spectre man.

9 Her golden comb she has taken,
And combs his tangled hair;
And every lock she straightens,
She drops on it a tear.

10 "Now hear me, dear Sir Ogey,
"The truth I pray thee tell,
"How under ground thou farest
"Down in thy narrow cell?"

11 "When thou, my dear, art cheerful,
"And easy in thy mind,
"The coffin where I slumber
"Is all with roses lined.

12 "But oft as thou 'rt in sorrow,
"And bow'd with grief so sore,
"Is all that while my coffin
"Brim full of blood and gore.

13 "But hark! the red cock 's crowing,
"And summons me away,
"The dead to th' earth must hasten,
"I dare no longer stay.

14 "The black cock too is crowing,
"To graveyard I must go;
"There's opening heaven's portal,
"And I must down below."

15 So took the knight Sir Ogey
His coffin on his back,
And 'stagger'd to the churchyard
A dismal weary track.

16 And rose the Lady Elsey,
For sad she was of mood,
And walk'd beside her bridegroom
Across the murky wood.

17 But when she reach'd the graveyard,
She saw his golden hair,
How pale it grew and paler,
That once had been so fair.

18 And when they from the graveyard
The church's threshold cross'd,
His cheek, before so rosy,
It's fair fresh colour lost.

19 "Hear me, my gentle Elsey,
"Hear me, my bride so dear,
"No longer mourn thy trulove,
"Nor drop for him a tear.

20 "See yon small stars above thee,
"How wanes their feeble light,
"And see how fast is fleeting
"The murky hour of night."

21 But while the Lady Elsey
Was gazing on the skies,
Down sank the knight Sir Ogey,
And vanish'd from her eyes.

22 She turn'd her towards her chamber
With sorrow at her breast;
And that day month fair Elsey
Was in her grave at rest.

NOTES.

St. 2. **That day month.** This was the usual period after betrothal at which the 'Bryllup' or formal marriage took place, and would imply that the knight died, just as he was on the point of making her his wife; and this is expressly said in our letter A, 'alt om deris bryllops-aften."

St. 4. **His coffin on his back.** This habit of the dead to carry about their coffins occurs in other Danish ballads, as for instance in some copies of the "Buried Mother."

Burns has the same idea in Tam o' Shanter.

"Coffins stood round like empty presses."

St. 10. **How under ground thou farest.** This thought occurs in the Anglo Saxon poem "The Grave." Thorpe's Analecta p. 153.

Ðus ðu bist ilegd,
and ladæst þine fronden,
nefst ðu nenne freond,
þe þe wylle faren to,
ðæt æfre wule lokien,
hu þe þæt hus þe likie,
ðæt æfre undon
ðe wule ða dure &c.

There once that thou art laid,
Thy friends will come no more,
Not one with friendly hand
Undo thy prison door;

Or kindly smile and ask,
How liketh thee thy cell. &c.

St. 13. The necessity of the dead returning to the grave at cockcrow is a part of northern superstition. It occurs in the "Buried mother" No. 35. "The Wife of Usher's Well" Scott III. 46 and other ballads Danish and English.

We meet with it too in Shakspeare's Hamlet Ac. I. S. 1.

"The cock, that is the trumpet of the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine: and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.
Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes,
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long,
And then they say, no spirit dares stir abroad."

The passage in the Wife of Usher's well is

Up then crew the red red cock
And up and crew the gray;
The eldest to the youngest said,
"'Tis time we were away.

"The cock doth craw, the day doth daw,
The channering worm doth chide:
"Gin we be mist out o' our place,
"A sair pain we maun bide."

Scott. III. 48.

But we have it in a much older poem than any of these — an Anglo-Saxon one in the Exeter Book p. 370 where the departed soul tells the body

Sceal ic þe nihtes se-þeah	Yet must I thee at night
nyde gesecan,	by compulsion visit,
synnum gesargad,	for thy sins afflicted,
and eft sona from ðe	and again soon from thee
hweorfan on hon-cred.	depart at cock-crowing,

þonn halege menn	when holy men
gode lifgendum	to the living God
lof-song doð.	chaunt their hymns.

There is also a fine passage in Odin's Raven song, where the ancient poet, after describing the lulling and benumbing effects of night, presents the day driving forth its richly jewelled horses, and all these beings retreating to their gloomy abode.

Through earth's great	To rest now glided
Gates of the north	Giantesses and giants,
Beneath the outer root	Ghosts and dwarfs,
Of the ancient tree	And dark Elfs.

See Herbert's Works: and Simrock's Edda p. 44.

In fact, to reduce the poetry of these spectres to common prose, as soon as day has dawned, the misty mysterious figures seen in the night resolve themselves into ordinary objects, and the frightened dreamer wakes to find himself in a world of reality. We might expect therefore to trace the same notion in the superstitions of all countries, and indeed we have instances of it in the writers of Greece and Rome.

Philostratus in the account he gives of the shade of Achilles says "It vanished with a little gleam as soon as the cock crowed."

So too Prudentius in his 1st hymn l. 36.

Ferunt vagantes dæmonas
Lætos tenebris noctium
Gallo canente exterritos
Sparsim timere et cedere.

They say that prowling vagrant sprites
Their revels hold of mirky nights,
But soon as cock crows dawn of day,
Scatter in fear and glide away.

And St. Ambrose in his hymn

Preco diei jam sonat,
Hoc omnis errorum chorus
Viam nocendi deserit,
Gallo canente spes redit.

Day's herald now his trumpet blows,
And off all airy phantoms troop;
They cease their mischief, when he crows,
And bright-eyed day returns, and hope.

It may seem superfluous to accumulate instances of this common superstition from the tales of different countries, but this ballad is one that has been prominently adduced by those who maintain the extraordinary antiquity of such as we have in common with the Danes. It belongs, as observed above, to all ages, and all countries. Among the many impersonations of it we have in Danish this ballad and The Buried Mother.

CXII.

LITTLE KRISTIN'S DANCE.

The tale here turns on a deed of lawless violence, that has furnished the subject of several ancient ballads, both in this collection, and in those of Scotland, and other countries. Compare 'Ingfred and Gudrune.' No. 159 and the notes to it. 'Cospatrick' Scott. III. 52 and the Swedish, 'Riddar Olle' Svens. Folkv. II. 56 and 59. This group of ballads seems to have originated from a common source, and they are as inextricably mixed up together, as those upon Hildebrand and Hillelille. The following one bears the closest affinity to the Swedish 'Riddar Olle' l. c. p. 56. in the latter half of it from couplet 19 to the end. Indeed one seems to be the translation of the other; but the beginning of 'Riddar Olle' is the same as the beginning of 'Ingfred and Gudrune' No. 157.

Why Kirstin objected to dance with the Prince is not apparent, but it would have implied perhaps that she had plighted her troth to him, and according to Scandinavian usage considered him her husband, or entitled to the privileges of a husband; as seems to have been the case in some other ballads, The Wake No. 56, Sir Swerkel No. 135, Hogen's dance No. 163.

We must suppose after the eleventh couplet that

she yielded to the wishes of the Prince, in ignorance that he had been her violater, and that that Prince had now become King.

Little Kirstin's dance.

Dan. Vis. IV. 315. Sv. Folkv. II. 56. Arw. I. 361.

1 "O Kirstin, fair Kirstin, come trip it with me;
"I've a gown all of silk, and I'll give it to thee."

2 "For gown all of silk, Sir, — as good I can buy,
"But dance not this year with the King's son will I."

3 "O Kirstin, fair Kirstin, come trip it with me,
"I've shoes latch'd with silver — I'll give them to thee."

4 "For shoes latch'd with silver — as good I can buy,
"But dance not this year with the King's son will I."

5 "O Kirstin, fair Kirstin, come trip it with me,
"I've a buckle of gold, and I'll give it to thee."

6 "For buckles of gold, Sir, — as good I can buy,
"But dance not this year with the King's son will I."

7 "O Kirstin, fair Kirstin, come trip it with me,
"And half a gold ring, — see, I'll give it to thee."

8 "The half a gold ring, Sir, — as good I can buy,
"But dance not this year with the King's son will I."

9 "O Kirstin, fair Kirstin, come trip it with me,
"Knives hilted with silver I'll give then to thee."

10 "Knives hilted with silver as good I can buy,
"But dance not this year with the King's son will I."

11 "O Kirstin, fair Kirstin, come trip it with me,
"My troth and my honour, I plight them to thee."

12 Fair Kirstin she tripp'd it so light and so neat,
Fifteen were the knights, that she danced off their feet.

13 Fair Kirstin so long 'mid the dancers would tread,
That over her shoes was the blood running red.

14 A mantle of scarlet around her was thrown,
And Kirstin was brought to the chamber of stone.

15 A mantle so blue there was spread on the floor,
And pretty and small were the children she bore.

16 And soon to the King is a messenger sped;
"Fair Kirstin sits nursing two children in bed."

17 He 's gone to her chamber — "Now whom do you call
"The father to these pretty children so small?"

18 "Their father, so help me the God overhead,
"I know not, nor whether he 's living or dead.

19 "My father, a poor simple creature was he,
"He built me a bower by the side of the sea.

20 "He built me a chamber below on the strand,
"Where boatmen were wont from their vessel to land.

21 "'Twas eight of those boatsmen broke into my bower,
"And one of them left me disgraced from that hour."

22 "But tell me, fair Kirstin, o tell me, and say,
"What gave he, the price of thine honour to pay?"

23 "Of silk all embroider'd he gave me a dress,
"That ever adds new to my daily distress.

24 "Of shoes latch'd with silver he gave me a pair,
"Are daily renewing my trouble and care.

25 "He gave me a precious gold buckle and band,
"There 's found not a better in all the land.

26 "His gold ring he sunder'd, and half he gave me,
"Shame follow the villain whereever he be!

27 "He gave me two knives, with a rich silver hilt,
"Would Christ with his knives that his hearts-blood were spilt!"

28 "O stay, little Kirstin, and curse him no more,
"For father am I to the children you bore."

29 He kiss'd little Kirstin again and again,
He crown'd her, and gave her the title of Queen;

30 And now may fair Kirstin lay sorrow aside,
And nightly may sleep with the King at her side.

NOTES.

c. 12. Little Kirstin has a rival in the 'Bonny Lass of Anglesey' Buchan II. 63.

She 's ta'en the first lord by the hand,
  Says 'Ye 'll rise up and dance wi' me';
But she made a' these lords fifteen
  To gie it up right shamefully.

c. 14. The **chamber of stone** was the lying-in room. Houses were probably built of wood, as throughout Norway at the present day, and as a place of refuge from fire, as well as safety from violence, such stone rooms must have been requisite.

c. 22. Such gifts, as the price of her favours, the lady seems to have expected, and allusion is made to the payment of them in many of these ballads — for instance 'Signelille' No. 123, 'The Orphan Sister' No. 110, 'Fair Anna' No. 147, 'Siward and Brynild' No. 3, and in the Scotch ballad 'Cospatrick' Scott. III. 57, and the German one 'Der Fang' Knab. Wunderh. I. 226. Indeed murder and every other crime had its precise money value in those times, and if this fine was duly paid, the kinsmen had no further right to resent the outrage, and a very humane law this was at a time when revenge was not only considered a duty, but the neglect of it brought infamy upon the party aggrieved.

CXIII.

THE BROTHER AND SISTER.

This in the Danish bears the repulsive title of 'Illicit Love.' I take it to be of an innocent character expressing the artless affection of a little girl for her brother. In the Swedish it is a duett between two nightingales, and when they have sung their loves,

> The one flew north, and one flew south,
> And one from east to west.

It much resembles a ballad in Scott's Bord. Min. III. 106, where however it is the young man who utters the wishes.

> O gin my love were yon red rose,
> That grows upon the castle wa',
> And I mysell a drap of dew,
> Down on that red rose I wad fa'.
>
> O gin my love were a pickle o' wheat
> And growing upon yon lilly lea,
> And I mysell a bonny wee bird,
> Away wi' that pickle o' wheat I wad flee. &c.

The Brother and Sister.

Dan. Vis. III. 342. Arw. II. 205. Oehl. p. 275.

1 A little sister full of love
Her brother came to woo;
And never heard I lovers yet
With warmer passion sue.

2 "I would thou wert the handsome knight
"Sat drinking at the board,
"And I the cup of ruddy gold
"That stood before my lord."

3 "'Twere ill to be a drinking cup,
"And go the table round;
"There comes so many a drunken fool,
"Might smash it on the ground."

4 "Then thou shalt be the fairest knight
"That horse did ever ride,
"And I will be the polish'd sword
"Hung dangling at thy side."

5 "'Tis just as ill to be a sword
"And hang beside a knight,
"There comes so many a drunken fool,
"May challenge him to fight."

6 "I would thou wert the finest dam
"Could stand upon the sand,
"And I would be a little stream,
"And trickle through the land."

7 "It were not good to be a stream
"And trickle o'er the soil;
"At early dawn the hunter comes
"Its silvery wave to soil."

8 "I would thou wert an antler'd hart,
"And roam'd the wood so wide,
"And I a little playful hind
"To frolick at thy side."

9 "It were not good to be a hind
"And frolick round a hart;
"The hunter to the forest comes,
"And strikes them with his dart."

10 "Then thou shalt be a graceful lime,
"And in a meadow root,
"And I a little tuft of grass
"Find shelter at thy foot."

11 "'Tis ill to be a tuft of grass
"Beneath a limetree's shade,
"The ox comes tramping o'er the mead,
"And breaks the tender blade."

12 "I would thou wert the finest tree,
"Could stand upon the waste,
"And I a gentle nightingale
"To built in it my nest."

13 "'Twere ill to be a nightingale,
"And sing upon a tree,
"There comes so many a listener,
"The warbler fain must flee."

14 "I would thou wert the finest church
"That glitters on a hill,
"And I an altar bright with gold,
"Where folk should come to kneel."

15 "Sister, if thou thy brother woo,
"Fine linen cease to wear,
"For barefoot thou wilt have to stand,
"Clad in a gown of hair."

CXIV.

FAIR ELSEY.

This is, as Anne Krabbe in her manuscript remarks, 'en meget smuk gammel Norsk Vise', a very pretty old Norwegian song. The underground dwelling will remind the reader of Danish of the cave scene in that most beautiful romance by Stenbloch, 'King Waldmar's daughter and King Alkor's son' in Nyerup's Iduna for 1812, and given at the end of Rask's Danish grammar. Caves under the earth seem to have been not uncommon hiding places in those days of violence; at least they frequently occur in romances. So in Tristrem, Fytte III. st. 16.

'In on erthe hous thai lay;
Tho raches with hem thai lede.'

'In an earth house they lay;
These greyhounds with them they led.'

In the Danish ballad of King Görel's daughter, not translated in this collection, a father hides his daughter in a similar earth-house. See Dan. Vis. IV. 47. There is a very pretty Swedish story in the collection of prose tales edited by G. Stephens and Cavallius, which is in fact identical with Stenbloch's romance, and in all probability that from which he derived it; and a similar Danish one in Svend Grundtvig's collection.

Such earth-houses are to this day very much used in the cold dry countries in the North of Asia as far as Kamtschatka, and suggest the possibility that the tale, or at least this incident of it, may have travelled into Denmark from a greater distance than Norway, where I am not aware that they ever have been used, at least by the present race. They have been found in Great Britain with implements denoting a very low state of civilization, and are the work of races that had passed away long before the historic period. But as Sir Tristrem was translated into Norse in the 13th century, it is far more probable that the passage quoted from it above is the real origin of all these numerous cave stories.

Whether Wace was translated into Norse at the same period, I do not find, but in Layamon's Brut, which is a paraphrase of Wace's work, is a remarkable passage giving a very full description of one of these earth-houses. l. 2350. King Locrin had become desperately enamoured of a beautiful German lady, but dared not visit her openly for fear of his wife's relations; so

He nom his enne hired mon,	He took a domestic,
þe he wel trowede on,	that he well trusted on,
& hehte hine swiðe stille	& ordered him most secretly
steolen ut of hirede;	to steal out of the court,
& hehte hine faren to þon tune,	and bade him go to the town
þe Trinovant wes ihaten,	that Trinovant was named,
þe wes on ure leoden	that was in our language
Lundene ihaten,	called London,
& þar an hiyinge	and there in haste
þurh ut alle þinges	throughout all things

makian an eorð-hus,	make an earth-house,
eadi & feier;	beautiful and fair;
þe walles of stone,	the walls of stone,
þe dures of whales-bone,	the doors of whales-bone,
& þat inne swiðe feire stude	and that in a most fair place
from soene þes folkes,	out of the search of the people,
& dude þerinne muchel col,	and place therein much coal,
& cladȝes inowe,	and clothes enough,
pælles & purpras,	palls and purples,
& guldene ponewas;	and golden pennies (?)
muchel win, muchel wax,	much wine, much wax,
muchel winsum þing;	much winsome thing;
& soððe forð rihtes	and afterwards forthright
wende al bi nihte,	go all by night,
& mid stilliche ginne	and with secret craft
brohte Æstrild þerinne.	bring Estrild therein.
þus dude þes riche mon,	Thus did this noble man,
swa Locrin hine hafde ihaten;	as Locrin had ordered him;
for ever ulc god mon	for every good man
ah his laverdes heste to don.	his lord's hest ought to do.
Seoven yer wes Astrild	Seven years was Estrild
i ðissen eorð-huse;	in this earth-house;
þat never ne ferde	so that she never went
heo wiðuten dore,	out of the door,
ne na mon heo þer nuste	and no man knew her to be there
buten þe king Locrin,	except the king Locrin,
and his derne cniþt mid him.	and his privy knight with him.

As such earth-houses are used to the present day in some parts of France, along the banks of the Loire for instance, it is most likely that the idea of introducing them into romances as hiding places for beautiful girls originated in that country.

Fair Elsey.

Dan. Vis. IV. p. 87. Grimm p. 216.

1 On grassy paddock they dance and fling,
Along the strand of the sea they go,
Their rioting wakes the chamber'd king.
He 's lucky who never has tasted woe.

2 The meadow they next so gaily tread,
Their revel is heard by the king in bed.

3 Sir Iver he leads the joyous band,
The liveliest knight in all the land.

4 Up starts from his midnight dream the king;
"What harper so skillfully strikes the string?"

5 "No harper was that, nor harpstring twang;
"With voice so thrilling Sir Iver sang."

6 "The midsummer night is mild and short,
"I'll up and ride there, and see the sport."

7 The king bids saddle his courser gray;
"I'll e'en to the mead, and see the play."

8 The king halts under a linden tree
Those graceful and active swains to see.

9 "A finer man I have never known,
"Nor is there in all the land but one.

10 "As slender is he as a crane and light,
"His skin it is like a swan's so white."

11 "Yet" answer'd the pageboy "rumour tells,
"That him his sister by far excels:

12 "So graceful, so lovely, so sweet and fair,
"She may with a princess well compare.

13 "And when in ermine she stands array'd,
"Is nobler than e'en a royal maid:

14 "As white as a lily, as fine as grass,
"For other maidens a looking-glass.

15 "By night she joins not the dancers' throng,
"Nor stands to list to the warbler's song."

16 The king twice round the meadow rode,
On Iver his special glance bestow'd.

17 Then sprang in amid the dancers' band,
And eagerly seiz'd Sir Iver's hand.

18 "Hark now, Sir Iver, youth so gay,
"And where is thy sister, Elsey, say."

19 "She works with gold in her lonely bower,
"And seldom she knows a cheerful hour.

20 "She sits in her bower, and weaves the braid,
"As well it beseems an orphan maid."

21 "Now hark, Sir Iver, thou well bred knight,
"Go fetch her hither to dance tonight."

22 "Thy wishes, my King, I am loth to cross,
"But dare not for fear of her honour's loss.

23 "For ill it becomes one gently bred,
"With drunken men in a dance to tread."

24 The king his prancing horse bestrode,
And homeward in sullen temper rode.

25 The night long he toss'd a sleepless head,
With thoughts of all that his page had said.

26 "Say, knave, if thou knowest a time and place,
"Where view we may catch of Elsey's face?"

27 "Five nuns tomorrow will take the veil,
"And she to be with them will not fail."

28 The king he dress'd, and his horse bestrode,
And off at once to the Abbey rode.

29 As walk'd fair Elsey in veil attired,
Her graceful figure the king admired.

30 The nuns stripp'd off their blyand* small,
And clad themselves all in cloister pall.

31 Away their gold and brocade they threw,
And coarsest linen upon them drew.

32 The bishop before the altar stood,
And chaunted as march'd the sisterhood.

33 Around her curling and silky hair
A chaplet of pearl fair Elsey bare.

34 As back from the altar she turn'd her round,
Amid the gazers the king she found.

35 With reverence due she humbly bent,
But sorrow was in her bosom pent.

* See Note.

36 The king came forward and spake so free,
"Fair Elsey, give thy troth to me."

37 "Nay, sire," she answer'd with much despite,
"The child am I of a generous knight."

38 She straight to her fostermother went,
Her fears to tell, and her grief to vent.

39 "O let me, mother, thy counsel hear,
"The king intends me some ill, I fear.

40 "And better be poor without a stain,
"Than wealth with a loss of honour gain."

41 She call'd to her maid "O haste," said she,
"Come hither and change thy dress with me."

42 "My mistress shall always find me true,
"Whatever she orders me to do."

43 Her maid in a silken dress she clad,
Herself in a coarse grey woollen plaid.

44 Her golden brooch to the maid she lent,
Herself in a menial raiment went.

45 "Now take thy seat in the gilded wain,
"I'll bid my servants to form thy train."

46 So proudly out of the church she drove,
That every eye to see her strove.

47 In costly raiment the maid was clad,
Her lady in cloak as coarse and sad.

48 The king stepp'd forward like humble swain,
And aided the maid to mount her wain.

49 The maid, she drove, and the king he rode,
But Elsey turned to her own abode.

50 Her plan she delay'd not a single hour,
But lock'd herself into a secret bower.

51 Its entrance was hidden within the wall,
That so it might be unknown to all.

52 Those others they reach'd the grove of rose,
And there would the king a while repose.

53 He took her up in his arms again,
To lift her down from the gilded wain.

54 "Fair Elsey, o let it not now displease
"To stroll with me under the linden trees.

55 "The road is weary, the daylight long,
"We 'll stay and list to the warbler's song.

56 "We 'll make us a couch of linden spray,
"And taste the sweets of a summer day."

57 "O King, give over your warm caress,
"For I have in charge my lady's dress."

58 Her veil of blyand aside she threw,
And gray and wrinkled she stood to view.

59 "Away, wench! thee may the hangman fetch;
"Thy mistress I'll yet find means to catch.

60 "Nay tho' she journey from hence to Rome,
"I'll find her again, and bring her home."

61 The midsummer night was short and cold,
As rode the king in the wood and wold.

62 Himself he rode, and his servants run,
But trace of Elsey they found there none;

63 For hidden from sight in bosky dell
Was under the ground fair Elsey's cell.

64 But when they enter'd the Rosewood, hark!
They heard the sound of a lapdog's bark.

65 They roll'd the stones, they delved the ground,
And there the lily again they found.

66 They seiz'd on her gold-embroider'd band,
And bound with it fast her fair white hand.

67 "Thy band we shall use to make a chain,
"Thou wilt not so easily slip again."

68 In horseman's mantle they wrapp'd the fair,
And lifted her up with tender care.

69 They rode with her off to the wood of rose,
And there would the king awhile repose.

70 "O Virgin Mary, hear thou my cry!
"And undishonour'd oh! let me die."

71 Fair Elsey she scream'd so loud, the sound
Was heard by pirates who lay aground.

72 They heard her, as e'en they came from sea;
"Now what can that cry of anguish be?"

73 The king was riding along the strand,
And met on their march the pirate band.

74 "Hold still, Sir Knight, and thy valour prove,'
"Or give us in prize thy lady-love.

75 "Surrender at once the gentle maid,
"Or dead on the ground shalt thou be laid."

76 "Take her, — I rather resign the wife,
"Than hazard for her to lose my life."

77 In sunder they cut the golden band,
And loos'd the maiden's lily hand.

78 The mantle they doff'd that wrapp'd her round,
And gently placed her upon the ground.

79 In ermine and martin they dress'd the fair,
And off to their ship the maiden bare.

80 But while they were sailing, and while they row'd,
Her tears in silent anguish flow'd.

81 "Cease, beauteous lady, cease to grieve,
"A noble shall soon your hand receive.

82 "We carry you hence to the land of Spain,
"A noble lover you there will gain.

83 "You 'll into so rich a land be sold,
"With ladles they count us their heaps of gold."

84 They hardly had left the Danish shore,
Ere furious winds began to roar.

85 Amid the tempest's howl and hiss
Down sank the ship to the dark abyss.

86 The billows, that drown'd the pirate crew,
On England's coast fair Elsey threw.

87 Wet, sad, and weary, and all alone,
She sat to rest on a block of stone.

88 She sat there wringing her silken dress,
And wept with her pain and weariness.

89 In tears she was pacing the lonely strand,
As rode there a knight along the sand.

90 "Now tell me who are you, my lady fair?
"Whence come you, and why are you waiting there?"

91 "Abroad I have needlework been taught,
"And hither against my will been brought."

92 He wrapp'd in his mantle the maid so fair,
And lifted her up on his horse with care.

93 They rode, and they came to his courtyard gate,
Where waiting her son his mother sate.

94 "Hark, Adelman! tell me, my dearest son,
"That lovely maiden where hast thou won?"

95 "As e'en I was riding along the strand,
"I found the lady upon the sand.

96 "Abroad she has needlework been taught.
"And hither against her will been brought."

97 "If here with us she would like to stay,
"All honour will we the lady pay."

98 Three weeks she tarried with them, or four,
And daily they loved her more and more.

99 Some nine weeks longer she there had stay'd,
And better and better they loved the maid.

100 The knight and his mother, the worthy dame,
Were sitting at board to play a game.

101 "Now, Adelman, tell me, my dearest son,
"What thoughts in thy head so strangely run?

102 "Thou seemest to take of the Rookh no care
"In thinking about the lady fair."

103 "'Tis all the maiden from yon sea-side,
"But do not, mother, I prithee, chide.

104 "'Tis Elsey, 'tis she my heart has won,
"But knows not herself what she has done."

105 "But what wilt thou with a lady win,
"Who cannot lay claim to kith or kin?"

106 "And tho' she may have no kinsmen more,
"Her virtue alone is an ample store."

107 His mother was smiling beneath her cloak;
'Twas only to try her son she spoke.

108 "My wish any longer I cannot hide
"To see thee take her to be thy bride."

109 Five months the banquet did they prepare,
And Elsey was living devoid of care.

110 A knight rode up to the courtyard gate,
As there Sir Adelman's mother sate.

111 "O tell me, Lady, has not for gold
"Been lately to you a maiden sold?"

112 "My son was riding along the strand,
"And found a maid on the lonely sand.

113 "We 're e'en now holding their wedding day,
"Go in, and join in a group so gay."

114 As into the hall she saw him stride,
Beneath her mantle smiled the bride.

115 "My only brother, Sir Iver, see!
"He comes to me over the salty sea."

116 "O give your consent" the bridegroom said,
"That I may your sister Elsey wed."

117 Sir Iver answer'd in courteous strain,
"No happier lot could maid attain.

118 "In this my sister behold your wife,
"In me a brother and friend for life."

119 They sold their lands and return'd no more,
But stay'd for life upon England's shore.

NOTES.

c. 14. **For others a looking glass.** This metaphor is common in all languages, but is a very incorrect one. In a glass the beholder sees his own image, fair or frightful as it may chance to be, and not a model of what he ought to be. Shakspeare uses it in Henry V. I. 24

'The mirror of all martial men.'

In the Spanish too we often have such expressions as

'El espejo
En que te solias mirar.'
'El espejo de la corte.'

c. 19. **Seldom knows a cheerful hour.** The inconsolable sadness of girls for the loss of their mothers is one of the stereotyped commonplaces of a Danish ballad. The seclusion to which it condemned them may have given them some reason to repine at their lot, but it is inconceivable that they should have felt much affection for mothers who were ready to give them to any husband without consulting their feelings, or to burn them for very venial transgressions.

c. 25 and 26. The page would seem to have been sleeping in the king's chamber, as was then customary.

c. 30. **Blyand.** The Danish words are 'Bliant smaa.' None of the dictionaries explain its meaning. It is probably the same as the French 'bliaud', which Le Grand interprets 'habit de dessus', and says that the peasants in some parts of France still use the term 'blaude.' The word 'blyant' occurs three times in Scott's Sir Tristrem, as part of a man's dress.

c. 32. **As march'd the sisterhood.** 'De Fruer pröve sin Offergang.' It alludes to the procession of the nuns to the altar.

c. 33. **A chaplet of pearl.** 'En Krands af Perler' the 'virgin crant' of Ophelia. Haml. V. 1

> Yet here she is allowed her virgin crants.

a passage which, as well as her indelicate songs, shows that like Margareta in Göthe's Faust, she had lost her innocence, before her lover deserted her, a point which our English editors do not seem to have noticed, but which might, if not excuse, yet at least account for Hamlet's treatment of her.

c. 40. This is a proverbial expression recurring on other occasions, and in fact a translation of the Latin distich in the Munich Book

> Malo mundus et pauper vivere,
> Quam pollutus dives existere.

c. 89. This meeting with a nobleman on the shore is repeated in the romance of 'Malfred and Mogens' No. 82.

c. 102. **The lady fair.** This of course is the chess-queen.

Grimm has entirely misunderstood the passage, or translated from an imperfect copy. This ballad indeed is the worst done of his whole collection, and is probably the work of another hand. Tegner, in his fine poem of Frithioff, has introduced his hero playing a game of chess, and making equivocal allusions in the same way. See canto VI.

c. 116. This was not merely asked from politeness. We see from several ballads in this collection, Nos 134 and 162 for instance, that it was an unpardonable offence to neglect it.

CXV.

MAIDEN TRANSFORMED TO A WER-WOLF.

There are several ballads upon nearly the same subject as this one, describing a daughter transformed by a stepmother to some animal. The Danish editor considers this to have the stamp of greater antiquity than the others. There is only one manuscript copy of it, and probably therefore it was never very popular, as from the horrible means the lady employed to recover her shape, it was not likely to be.

In most of the ballads on this subject the restoration to the human form could only be effected by the shedding of blood. In the present one it is that of the babe; in the 'Nightingale' No. 116 it is the stepmother's in the one case, and the bird's own blood in the other; and in No. 117, the one where she becomes a hind and a bird, it is her lover's. The two latter ballads have been very popular in all parts of Scandinavia, but it is questionable whether they are any of them of ancient national origin. The 'Nightingale' especially has much in common with some Netherlandish ballads, which will be found in the notes to it.

Recovery from bewitchment and devilry through the blood of a child may perhaps be an idea derived from the Atonement by Christ's blood, confounded in that

early half-heathenish period with pagan superstitions. See the 'Raven' No. 88.

The Swedish ballad of 'The bewitched knight' is only another version of the same tale applied to a young man instead of a maiden.

Maiden transformed to a Wer-wolf.

Grundtv. II. p. 156. Arw. II. 267.

1 My mother she bare me at eventide,
Ere crow of the cock herself had died.

2 Eight years my father would take no wife,
Lest cruel stepmother should plague my life.

3 But when those first eight years were fled,
Once more did he sorely long to wed.

4 He travers'd the country far and wide,
And brought to his home a smiling bride.

5 He brought to his home the smiling dame,
But stepmother harsh she soon became.

6 As home they were driving her up the street,
I went to the gate the bride to meet.

7 I gently tapp'd on her robe so fine,
"O welcome home, dear mother mine!"

8 She spurn'd me back with a scornful heel,
"'Tis thou that shalt first my temper feel."

9 She changed my form to a scissars small,
And bade that I should not grow at all.

10 To maids and to matrons I was dear,
Their cloth with me they loved to shear.

11 But even the greater grew her hate,
The more that she saw my happy fate.

12 She then to a sword-blade shaped my form,
And bade me to toil in battle's storm.

13 A sword-blade I was so keen and bright,
And dear to squire and to gallant knight.

14 Well pleased with me all, and proud they were
My blade in a gilded sheath to bear.

15 But still the greater grew her hate,
The more that she saw my happy fate.

16 As wer-wolf then by her cruel spell
She drove me to roam the wood and dell.

17 Eight years no other home I knew,
And many a gallant man I slew;

18 She bound me my form to take no more,
Till I should drink of my brother's gore.

19 And that she hoped that I ne'er should get,
For brother had I not one as yet.

20 Eight years I had pass'd in pain and care,
And still no child my stepdame bare;

21 But when the ninth was nearly spent,
She then with a little infant went.

22 One festival day, a holy tide,
To church she had ventur'd forth to ride.

23 But hidden behind a rock I lay,
Just where the dame must take her way.

24 I seiz'd the wretch's purple gown,
And out of her saddle dragg'd her down;

25 I bit the flesh from her left-hand side,
With claws I rent the opening wide.

26 I took the baby so small and good,
And bare him off to the murky wood.

27 I bit the boy in his little toe,
And made a tiny streamlet flow;

28 But scarcely had drunk of brother's blood,
Before on my feet a maid I stood.

29 The boy myself to the font I bare,
And gave him then to a nurse's care;

30 And now in a cloister I go to live,
And all my days to Our Lady give.

NOTES.

c. 1. This situation of a poor orphan girl upon her father's second marriage is very common in the tales and ballads of the middle ages. So in Kemp Owayne

Her mother died when she was young,
Which gave her cause to make great moan,
Her father married the warst woman,
That ever lived in Christendom.

Motherw. p. 374.

And again in Sir Gawaine we find the usual story.

My father was an aged knighte,
  And yet it chanced so,
He tooke to wyfe a false ladyė,
  Whiche broughte me to this woe.

She witch'd me, being a faire yonge maide,
  In the greene forést to dwelle;
And there to abide in lothlye shape
  Most like a friend of helle.

Per. III, 63.

c. 9. As extraordinary as are these transformations to a scissors and sword, they occur in the Second calender's story in the 'Arabian Nights', but are there assumed by the lady voluntarily.

CXVI.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

This very pretty little piece is among the most popular in Denmark, and identical with the Swedish 'Den Fortröllade Prinsessan', 'The bewitched Princess', so that, as Nyerup remarks, there is no doubt but that one has been translated from the other or both from a foreign original. For this latter opinion speaks the fact that there is no older copy of it than a printed broadside of the beginning of the last century, from which we may conclude that it was not much, if at all, known in the country earlier; and secondly there is a Flemish ballad in which the seven first stanzas are nearly the same as in the Danish. See Uhland's Volkslieder p. 55, Willems p. 166. But these stanzas, or some of them, are found as the beginning of several different German ballads, and all on different subjects. They would appear therefore to have been used, like the verses on the merry month of May in our own, as an introduction, where the singer wished to avoid entering abruptly upon the subject, or perhaps in order to get into the tune. It must be allowed in favour of the Scandinavian origin of them, that in the following ballad they make part of a connected

story, which they do not in the Flemish ballad alluded to, where at the 8th stanza the narrative changes from the first person to the third.

In the 25th stanza of the following one the lady is called in the text Söster datter, 'sister's daughter' or 'niece', which Grundtvig suggests should be 'sister.' It adds much to the interest of the story that it should be her brother who is come to release her. Öhlenschläger abridges the ballad, so as to leave out all the brother's history, and lets the knight marry her.

The Nightingale.

Grundtv. II. 171. Dan. Vis. I. 250. Oehl. p. 104. Sven. Folkv. II. 67.

1 I well know where a castle stands,
And richly it is dight
With silver and with ruddy gold,
And marble polish'd bright.

2 Within its yard a linden stands
With tender leaflets hung,
And dwells therein a nightingale,
That sweetly tunes her tongue.

3 A gentle knight at midnight hour
Came riding there along,
And stood awhile in wonder lost
To hear the warbler's song.

4 "Now hark! thou little nightingale,
"A lay I prithee sing;
"And then thy neck I'll hang with pearl,
"With beaten gold thy wing."

5 "I value not the plumes of gold,
"That you would have me wear;
"I roam the world a wild wood bird,
"Whom man shall never snare."

6 "And if a wild wood bird thou art,
"Whom man shall never snare,
"Must pinch thee hunger, cold and snow,
"When all the trees are bare."

7 "Me pinch not hunger wind or snow,
"Nor winter's bitter chill;
"But secret pangs of grief untold
"My heart with anguish fill.

8 "The brawling stream from mountain brow
"Deep in the dale is toss'd,
"But memory of one we've loved,
"Can never so be lost.

9 "A sweatheart once I had so dear,
"A brave and gallant knight;
"But hard stepmother grudged our love,
"And wreak'd on us her spite.

10 "Myself she shaped to a Nightingale,
"And drave me from my home,
"My brother a grisly wolf she made
"In forest wild to roam.

11 "In wolfish guise for seven long years
"He roam'd the murky wood;
"For bound he was in runic spell,
"Till he should drink her blood.

12 "One day, as through the Rose-tree grove
"All gaily dress'd she came,
"He slily watch'd her, lay in wait,
"And caught that hateful dame.

13 "He griped her fast with wolfish claw,
"And then with deadly bite
"Tore out her heart and drank her blood,
"And so stood up a knight.

14 "Myself I am still a little bird,
"That flies on heath so wide;
"And pass in pain the weary hours,
"But most at winter-tide.

15 "Yet, thanks to God who sees my grief!
"I use my tongue anew:
"For five years I've not talk'd as much,
"As now I've done to you.

16 "While others slept, I've on my bough
"Sung through the midnight hour,
"Nor ever found a better home
"Than in my greenwood bower."

17 "Now hark thee, little Nightingale,
"With this my wish comply;
"The winter in my chamber sing,
"And off in summer fly."

18 "Thanks for your offer, gentle knight,
"Your room I cannot share;
"For that my mother's spell forbids,
"While feather'd wings I bear."

19 As musing sat the nightingale,
Nor on his purpose thought,
He stretch'd his hand, and by the foot
The little warbler caught.

20 He took her home, and carefully
Shut door and window to;
And there she turn'd to beasts as strange
As ever came to view.

21 To lion and to bear she turn'd,
And many monsters more;
Or as an ugly lindworm laugh'd,
And seem'd athirst for gore.

22 He cut her with his little knife,
And drew a stream of blood,
And there at once before his eyes
A blooming maiden stood.

23 "Then since I've thee from spell releas'd,
"Thy tears of sorrow dried,
"Say, lady, what is thy descent
"On both thy parents' side?"

24 "My father was of Egypt king,
"My mother was the queen,
"My brother was a grisly wolf,
"That roam'd the woodland green."

25 "And was then Egypt's king thy sire?
"And was thy mother queen?
"Then thou art e'en my sister dear,
"Who long a bird has been."

26 And loud was over house and land
The voice of joy and song,
That he that little bird had caught,
In linden lived so long.

NOTES.

St. 1. The Flemish ballad begins in almost the same words. Fallersleben p. 163.

Daer staet een clooster in Oostenrijc,
het is so wel ghecieret
met silver ende roode gout,
met grauwen steen doormuret.

1 There stands a cloister in Eastern realm,
And richly it is dight
With silver and with ruddy gold
And quarry stone so bright.

2 And in it lives a lady fair
Who pleases me so well,
Would heaven I could her servant be!
And she with me could dwell!

3 I'd bring her home to my father's court,
And there 's a linden grove,
Where sweetly sings the nightingale,
And ever sings of love.

4 "O nightingale, dear tiny bird,
Will you restrain your tongue,
And then shall all your pretty plumes
With golden thread be hung."

5 "And what care I for all your gold?
Or heed your silly flame?
A saucy forest bird am I,
Whom man shall never tame."

6 "Are you a saucy forest bird,
And roam about so free?
Yet strip the hail and chilly snow
The leaf from off your tree."

7 "And tho' the hail and chilly snow
My linden strip so bare,
Yet shines the warm bright sun again,
And all my joys are there."

St. 20. These changes of form to escape from the knight have their exact parallel in Young Tamlane Scott II. 196. and Gilchrist I. 226.

The youth who has been carried off by the fairies tells his sweetheart

'They 'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
An adder and a snake,
But haud me fast, let me not pass,
Gin ye wad be my maike.'

Janet held him fast, as she had been directed to do, and after many transformations

They shaped him in her arms at last
A mother-naked man:

the most frightful surely of all the shocking forms he assumed, but Janet

She wrapp'd him in her green mantle,
And sae her true love wan.

CXVII.

THE MAID AS A HIND AND A HAWK.

This tale is given with considerable variety of form, but all the manuscript copies of it bear evidence of being in a fragmentary state. I have therefore taken the one that seems the most perfect and consistent, Grundtvig's letter B, and added two or three stanzas from his letters A and E to make it complete. The change from the first person, with which it commences, to the third person at the 8th stanza, and thence to the end, is in accordance with the Danish text. It is in many respects so much like The Nightingale, that they may both of them be derived from the same source, and that probably a foreign one.

The maid as a hind and a hawk.

Grundtv. II. p. 158—167. Dan. Vis. I. 241—249. Grimm p. 121. R. Warr. p. 88. Arwidson II. 264. Nors. Vis. p. 488.

1 As I was a little and tender child,
My own dear mother died;
And up the country my father rode,
And married another bride.

2 The night she came to her bridal bed,
A mother she seem'd so good;
The day that follow'd, the same next day,
A stepmother harsh and rude.

3 I sat me down at my father's board
With hounds and puppies to play;
In came my stepmother, stalking in,
To take my comfort away.

4 With roses and lilies I made a wreathe,
And sat at the board so still;
My stepmother grudged my guiltless joy,
For that was against her will.

5 She shaped myself to a little white hind,
And bade me to greenwood wend;
My seven little maids she turn'd to wolves,
And bade them my flesh to rend.

6 My seven little maids they loved me well,
My body they would not tear,
And much it my spiteful stepmother vex'd,
That harder I should not fare.

7 My trulove, Sir Orm, he served the king,
And handsome was he and bold;
He sorrow'd for me both day and night,
But never his grief had told.

8 Sir Orm rode out from the royal court,
His gloom, if he could, to cheer,
And came to the wood with hounds and bow,
And purposed to chase the deer.

9 Sir Orm to the chase halloo'd the hounds,
And near to the hind he rode,
But she for the yelp of the dogs fled not,
Such love for the knight she show'd.

10 The hounds they press'd the hind so sore,
For covert she fain must fly;
She shaped herself to a little wild hawk,
And flew to the clouds so high.

11 He fain would catch her, the good Sir Orm,
And laid in her path a snare,
But never could seize her, so quick was she,
So well of his wiles aware.

12 But down that little wild falcon flew,
And sat on a linden tree;
Beneath it Sir Orm, her trulove, stood,
And bitterly wail did he.

13 Sir Orm on his shoulder brought an axe,
To fell the linden low;
There came the peasant, that own'd the wood
And parried the falling blow.

14 "If thou dost chop my ancestor's wood,
"And waste it in my despite,
"I'll write me a rune, shall work thy death,
"And make thee my loss requite.

15 "O let me but fell this single tree,
"Nor grudge me the boon I crave,
"For if that falcon I cannot catch,
"With grief I sink to the grave."

16 "Now listen, thou handsome active youth,
"A better device I weet;
"A falcon so wild thou wilt not catch,
"Except with a bait of meat."

17 A slice from his breast Sir Orm cut off,
And hung on a linden bough;
The breast it bled, and the steak it crack'd,
'Twere hard if they miss'd her now.

18 And down from her branch the falcon flew
And clapp'd with her wings so quick;
And slily she laugh'd to herself with joy,
She well understood the trick.

19 She hack'd and peck'd at the meat so fast,
She seem'd to relish the treat;
For still the longer she ate thereof,
The more she wanted to eat.

20 Then flitted that falcon so wild away,
And sat on the glittering sand;
And there she changed to a maid, as fair
As any in all the land.

21 And now she stood at her trulove's side,
From trouble and sorrow free,
And much they told of their mutual grief
Beneath the linden tree.

22 He took her so gently within his arm,
And then her lips he kiss'd;
"Thank God! I find thee so sound and fresh,
"So long as I thee have miss'd."

23 And while she was standing beneath the tree,
And combing her flaxen hair,
Her seven little maids, that wolves had been,
Came running her joy to share.

24 "Now plight me thy troth, fair gentle maid,
"And give me in pledge thy hand;
"And say, if ready to go with me
"Afar to my native land."

25 "O thanks for thy goodness, thou brave Sir Orm,
"And thanks for the dainty steak;
"Henceforth, so long as I live and breathe,
"I never will thee forsake.

26 "My gratefullest thanks, thou brave Sir Orm,
"Who saved me from all my pain;
"Henceforth thou never, but at my side,
"Shalt slumber or sleep again."

27 The gallant Sir Orm redeem'd his word,
Like a true and loyal knight,
And held in a month his wedding feast
To drink the nuptial rite.

28 And so has the fair and gentle maid
O'ercome her trouble and pain;
Has found her trulove, the brave Sir Orm,
And is in his arms again.

NOTE.

St. 5. This transforming of persons to quadrupeds to gratify a spite against them is common to the tales of Greece and

Rome, Arabia and Scandinavia. In the latter it is almost always a stepmother who does it, in the East it is oftener a bad wife. It is so that society reflects itself even in tales of faery. Where polygamy prevails, the death of a wife is unattended with any such great change for the children, as where there is at once a new wife and mistress and mother introduced by a second marriage.

CXVIII.

THE LINDWORM.

This and the two following belong to a class of ballads, where restoration to the human form is effected, not by blood, as in the preceding ones, but by a kiss. They may possibly have a symbolical meaning, and imply that wild unruly natures, ever clad, like dragons, in scale armour, may yield to the gentle humanizing influence of love. In oriental tales it is usually by sprinkling of water that persons are disenchanted: an idea not unlikely to be derived from Christian baptism.

In Alison Gross, Jam. II. p. 187 the queen of the fairies thus disenchants a young man:

'She took me up in her milk-white hand,
And straiked me three times o'er her knee,
She changed me again to my ain proper shape,
And I nae mair maun toddle about the tree.'

The Dragon which the horny-skinn'd Sigfrid destroyed, was also a man in that shape who had carried off Grimhild and designed to marry her.

The Lindworm.

Grundtv. II. 213. Dan. Vis. I. 255. Sv. Folk. III. 124. Arw. II. 270. R. Warr. p. 80. Talvj Char. d. Volkslieder p. 229.

1 Fair Signelille in her cheerful bower
With golden harp beguiled the hour.

2 But while the strings her finger swept,
A lothely Lindworm towards her crept.

3 "Fair maiden, plight thy troth to me,
"And heaps of gold I'll give to thee."

4 "Protect me, God, from that sad fate,
"To be a writhing Lindworm's mate!"

5 "Ill will at least thou wilt not show,
"So kiss me once, and let me go."

6 So on his mouth a cloth she laid,
And kiss'd it, as e'en the Lindworm bade.

7 He ruffled up his horny scale,
And blood ran dripping down her veil.

8 As from her bower the Lindworm crept,
She follow'd, wrung her hands, and wept.

9 But when she reach'd the chamber stair,
Her brothers seven were standing there.

10 "Dear Signelille, how find we thee
"Keeping the Lindworm company?"

11 "I needs must follow the Lindworm's lead,
"Because my fate has so decreed."

12 Into the cave the monster crept,
She follow'd, wrung her hands, and wept.

13 Then knelt on her bare knee and pray'd;
"O lend me, Mary's son, thine aid."

14 Soon as the cave he came within,
He cast aside the Lindworm skin:

15 Threw off the vermin's horny scale,
And stood a knight in coat of mail.

16 "I thank thee, sweetest Sidselille,
"I'll live and die to do thy will."

17 And now, reliev'd from all alarm,
She nightly sleeps on a Prince's arm.

NOTE.

c. 13. This couplet has certainly been interpolated by one of the Danish editors. In the Swedish and other parallel ballads the kiss suffices to restore the prince to his human form.

CXIX.

THE MAIDEN IN SHAPE OF A SNAKE.

In this ballad as in the preceding one, 'The Lindworm,' the disenchantment is effected by a kiss, agreeably to the widely spread superstition noticed above. Our ballads furnish us with parallel cases of maidens so restored to their proper form in the 'Laidly Worm of Spindleston-Heugh,' Ritson's North. Garl. p. 78. Lewis's Tales of Wonder II. p. 434, where the knight is requested by a huge serpent to kiss her.

He quitted his sword, he bent his bow,
He gave her kisses three;
She crept into the hole a worm,
But stept out a ladye.

And similarly in 'Kempion' Scott III. 15 'Kemp Owyne' Moth. p. 373 'King Henry' Scott. III. 64 Jamieson II. 194, the monster says

"O out of my den I winna rise,
Nor flee it for the fear of thee,
Till Kempion, that courteous knight,
Come to the crag and thrice kiss me."

He 's louted him o'er the lofty crag,
And he has gi'en her kisses three:
Awa she gaed, and again she cam
The loveliest ladye e'er could be.

We have it in Italian too, in the Orlando inamorato

Lib. II. cant. 25—26. The paladin Brandinarte penetrates into an enchanted palace, where a fair lady seated on a tomb requires him, in order to deliver her, to raise the lid, and kiss whatever shall come out of it. He obeys her and a monstrous snake issues forth. After much encouragement from the lady, and reproaches too

Al fin tra l' animoso e l' disperato
A lei s' accosta, ed halle un bacio dato.
Un ghiaccio proprio gli parse a toccare
La bocca, che parea prima di foco:
La serpe se comincia a tramutare,
E diventa donzella a poco a poco.

What with dispair and struggling to be brave,
At last he ventured, and the kiss he gave.
He felt or seem'd to feel were icy cold
The lips that just before had breath'd a flame;
Anon the snake its hideous length uproll'd
And bit by bit a lovely maid became.

The Maiden in shape of a snake.

Grundtv. II. p. 177. R. Warr. p. 103.

1 There stood a fair and a courtly maid
Beside Sir Jenus' bed,
And proffer'd him five good silver bowls
And gifts of the gold so red.

2 "Five silver bowls were left with me,
"These all will I give to you;
"What time my brother divided goods,
"He nothing about them knew.

3 "I'll give you the whole of my coffer'd store,
"Both gold and jewels rare;
"My brother, when we divided goods,
"Was nothing of them aware.

4 "I'll give you beside the twelve fleet foals,
"That out in the forest race;
"Reliance upon my plighted word,
"Sir Jenus, you may, place.

5 "I'll give you besides my twelve stout boats
"Are anchor'd upon the strand;
"I would, if I were a knight like you,
"Accept such a lady's hand."

6 'Twas near on the stroke of midnight hour,
The cock had struck on the beam;
"I' faith 'tis time that you help me now,
"Ere daylight begins to gleam."

7 'Twas just on the stroke of midnight hour,
The cock he had clapp'd his wing;
She changed from a maid to a creeping snake,
And into the grass did spring.

8 So fast and so sound Sir Jenus slept,
He nothing had seen or heard;
But wakeful was lying the little page-boy,
And told to him every word.

9 "Now list, Sir Jenus, dear master mine,
"In dreams thou art deeply read;
"There came here a fine and gentle maid,
"Was standing beside your bed.

10 "Rich gifts of the gold she proffer'd you,
"And five fair silver bowls,
"And coursing upon the forest lawn
"Twelve fleet and highbred foals.

11 "She proffer'd you all her twelve stout boats,
"Are anchor'd upon the strand;
"She would, if she were a knight like you,
"Accept such a lady's hand.

12 "'Twas near on the stroke of midnight hour,
"The cock had struck on the beam;
"She said, it was time to give her aid,
"Ere daylight began to gleam.

13 "'Twas just on the stroke of midnight hour,
"The cock he had clapp'd his wing,
"And then she changed to a creeping snake,
"And into the grass did spring."

14 Sir Jenus he called his servants twain,
And thus he was heard to say;
"Up knaves, and upon my good grey steed
"My best gold saddle lay."

15 Sir Jenus he went by a lonely road
Along the mountain side,
And there he beheld the creeping snake
Through herbage and bushes glide.

16 Sir Jenus over the saddle bent,
The bright little snake he kiss'd,
And straight there was smiling a lovely maid,
Where even a snake had hiss'd.

17 "Sir Jenus, for this great honour done
"My gratefullest thanks are due;
"Whatever the favour you ask of me,
"I gladly will grant to you."

18 "I thank you heartily, gentle maid,
"Nor will I your offer slight,
"But here I will make you my trulove dear,
"If you will pledge a knight."

19 "Then hear me, Sir Jenus, the words I say,
"There 's no one so dear as you;
"And gladly I'll pledge you before the world
"To you to be ever true."

20 And there Sir Jenus upon the spot
He plighted the maid his troth,
And soon there was held the marriage feast
With joy and with peace to both.

CXX.

THE MAID IN THE LINDEN TREE.

After seeing youths and maidens transformed to birds, serpents and wolves, nay even to swords and scissors, we may the less wonder to find a lady in the shape of a linden tree. We have corresponding instances of trees that talked in a very old English ballad of the 'Hawthorn tree' in Ritson's Antient Songs p. 146 Evans Vol. I. p. 342, and a similar one in German, 'Das Mädchen und die Hasel' Kn. Wund. I. 272 and IV. 354 and a Danish ballad which Grundtvig quotes — viz.

A maiden went to a fountain her waterpail to fill
There stood a little hazel-tree so fresh beside the rill.

"Now tell me, little hazel-tree, why you're so fresh and gay."
"I eat the mould and drink the stream, and therefore am so gay.

"But tell me, gentle maiden too, why you 're so fine and fair."
"I eat of sugar and drink of wine, and therefore am so fair.

"But hark ye, little hazel-tree, nor laugh at what I tell,
"My brothers two, who serve at court, your pretty stem will fell."

"In winter they may cut me down, in summer I'm as green,
"But once a maiden's honour lost, she gets it not again."

This seems to have reach'd Denmark through the German ballad. No one who reads the English one

and its two foreign parallels, can doubt that our's is the original.

In antient mythology we have many such transformations, as in the case of Daphne and Hyacinthus and Syrinx, but the victims lose the power of speech. In Slavonic poetry such talking trees are frequently introduced.

The Maid in the Linden tree.

Grundtv. II. p. 216. Svens. Folkv. III. p. 114.

1 A maiden went in mantle blue
To where a graceful linden grew.
Against so blithe a summer.

2 Oak trees and beech she there might see,
But green as leeks the linden tree.
Against so blithe a summer.

3 "Good morrow, linden! fresh and fair!
"How bright as gold the leaves you bear!"

4 "To me is no such flattery due,
"With better luck God blesses you.

5 "For you sit warm with fire and light,
"And I stand freezing through the night.

6 "While we were children, young and small,
"Our mother left us orphans all.

7 "A new wife then my father sought,
"And home a harsh stepmother brought.

8 "She changed us, some to fleeting deer,
"And some as hawks bade skim the air;

9 "Myself a linden tree she made,
"And set to grow on a green-wood glade.

10 "Alike tho' summer breezes blow,
"Or chill me winter's frost and snow;

11 "I no relief may hope to find,
"Till comes a prince to kiss my rind.

12 "Tomorrow a suitor kneels to you,
"But me to chips the woodmen hew.

13 "To you a suitor comes from Scone,
"But I by woodmen shall be thrown.

14 "They 'll cleave, and build a boat of me,
"And launch me on the salty sea.

15 "Perchance, as some confessor's chair,
"I hear false wives their guilt declare.

16 "Perchance, become a bedstead frame,
"Hear whisper many a deed of shame."

17 "Wait here, poor linden, wait in peace;
"I'll pray to God for your release."

18 Her brother dwelt in a foreign land,
To him she wrote with lily hand.

19 Her letter read the knight and cried,
"In this affair be God my guide!

20 "Befall myself what he decrees,
"I'll e'en in this my sister please."

21 He hoisted high his silken sail,
And cross'd the sea with gentle gale.

22 He dress'd in costly mantle blue,
And went to where the linden grew.

23 He found the linden, kiss'd her wood,
And there at once a maiden stood.

24 With rosy cheek and flowing hair
Retired for shame the blushing fair.

25 O'er her bare charms his cloak he spread,
And then the maid to his sisters led.

26 Up to his sister's bower he went,
In courtesy she rose and bent.

27 "Sister, the lily here behold,
"Of whom thy letter lately told.

28 "I've set her free from thrall and woe;
"On whom wilt thou her hand bestow?"

29 "Hear then my wish, dear brother mine,
"And let the lovely maid be thine."

30 He gave her first a golden band,
And then in troth pledg'd her his hand.

31 He made the blushing rose his bride,
And both have laid their cares aside.

32 Brother and sister both are gay,
They married, both, the selfsame day.
Against so blithe a summer.

CXXI.

THE LITTLE HORSEBOY.

This amusing and elegant little ballad is a great favourite, as it deserves to be, over all Scandinavia. In Swedish it is the 'Little Boatman,' of which there is a translation by the Howitts in their Literature of North Europe Vol. I. p. 279. It has even found its way to the lonely Faroe islands, where it begins with a pretty stanza, that does not however seem to have much to do with the subject, but is very similar to those with which our Robin Hood ballads so often commence:

> It is so sweet at summer tide,
> The ladies dress in all their pride,
> As merry they as day is long,
> And all the little birds in song.

The game mentioned here under the name of 'Tavelbord' is a very ancient one, but the nature of which is unknown. Menage says that it was 'le jeu des dames' draughts, but it was certainly played with dice, for it is told of St. Louis that in returning from Egypt he saw his brother, the Duke of Anjou, playing at tables on board the ship, and was so provoked at such levity on his part after all the disasters and disgraces they had undergone, that he seized the dice and the board, and threw them into the sea, and the money that was lying on it into the bargain. Joinville p. 80.

It was probably something of the nature of backgammon, and is of ancient invention, for it is mentioned by Gregory of Tours, Fredegaire, and Aimoin.

The little Horseboy.

Dan. Vis. IV. 122. Grimm p. 414. Oehl. p. 295.

1 "Come bring the board, my gentle page,
"And venture a game with me,
"I've here no glittering gold in purse
"To stake it at play with thee:

2 "But wager thou that dandy hat,
"Tho' true it is somewhat gray,
"And I'll put up my necklace pearls,
"To win, if thou canst, away."

3 A first time upon the checquer'd board
The golden cubes have run,
The Page it is has lost his stake,
The Lady it is has won.

4 "Come bring the board, my gentle page,
"And venture a game with me,
"I've here no glittering gold in purse
"To stake it at play with thee:

5 "But wager thou that holiday coat,
"Tho' true it is somewhat gray,
"And I'll put up my crown of gold,
"To win, if thou canst, away."

6 A second time on the checquer'd board
The golden cubes have run,
The Page it is has lost his stake,
And Lady it is has won.

7 "Come, bring the board, my gentle page,
"And venture a game with me,
"I've here no glittering gold in purse
"To stake it at play with thee:

8 "But wager thou thy scarlet hose,
"Thine hose and a pair of shoes,
"And I'll my honour and troth put up,
"And truly pay if I lose."

9 A third time upon the checquer'd board
The golden cubes have run,
The Lady now has lost her stake,
The Page it is has won.

10 "But hark thee now, little horseboy dear,
"Up, leave me, I pray, and go;
"And then my silver-mounted knives
"On thee I will all bestow."

11 "Now as to thy silver-mounted knives,
"I'll take them too, if I may,
"But 'faith I'll have the pretty maid,
"I fairly have won in play."

12 "But hark thee now, little horseboy dear,
"Up, leave me, I pray, and go;
"And then these silk-embroider'd shirts
"On thee I will all bestow."

13 "Now as to thy silk-embroider'd shirts,
"I'll take them too, if I may,
"But 'faith I'll have the pretty maid,
"I fairly have won in play."

14 "Nay! hark thee now, little horseboy dear,
"Up, leave me, I pray, and go:
"And then my palfrey and saddle too,
"On thee will I both bestow."

15 "Now as to thy palfrey and saddle too,
"I'll take them both, if I may,
"But 'faith I'll have the pretty maid,
"I fairly have won in play."

16 "Nay, hark thee now, little horseboy dear,
"Up, leave me, I pray, and go;
"And then my castle and all its towers
"I'll gladly on thee bestow."

17 "Now as to thy castle and towers and all,
"I'll take them too, if I may,
"But 'faith I'll have the pretty maid,
"I fairly have won in play."

18 The Lady alone in her chamber stands,
To comb and to dress her hair;
"God pity and better me simple maid,
"And me for the match prepare."

19 The page is standing in castle yard,
And leans him upon his sword;
"As good a marriage wilt thou have made,
"As doth with thy birth accord.

20 "Nor Page nor Horseboy at all am I,
"Tho' mean may have seem'd my birth,
"But son of one as noble a king,
"As ever held rule on earth."

21 "A son of one as noble a king,
"As ever held rule on earth?
"Then thou my honour shalt have and troth,
"And all that beside I'm worth."

NOTES.

St. 5. This was indeed a very high stake to risk, for the crown of gold was an ornament which only maiden ladies were entitled to wear, and the loss of it prevented their being received in society.

St. 10. In the Knight and Shepherd's daughter the struggle is reversed. It is the lady claims the knight, who, after the King has assigned him to her,

Has brought her downe full fortye pounde
Tyed up withinne a glove:
"Faire maid, Ile give the same to thee,
"Go, seek another love."

"O Ile have none of your gold, she sayde,
"Nor Ile have none of your fee;
"But your faire bodye I must have,
"The king hath granted me."

Sir William ran and fetch'd her then
Five hundred pounds in golde,
Saying, "faire maide, take this to thee,
"Thy fault will never be tolde."

"'Tis not the gold that shall me tempt,"
These words then answer'd she,
"But your own bodye I must have
"The king hath granted me."

"Would I had drunk the water cleare,
"When I did drink the wine,
"Rather than any shepherd's brat
"Shold bee a ladye of mine!

But when they came unto the place,
Where marriage rites were done,
She proved herself a duke's daughter
And he but a squire's son.

Percy Vol. III. p. 118.

St. 18. This combing of their hair as the occupation of ladies in leisure moments is as common in Spanish as in Northern ballads.

Estaba la linda infanta
á sombra de una oliva,
peine de oro en las sus manos,
los sus cabellos bien cria.

There stood beneath an olive tree
The Infanta, she so fair;
She stood there, golden comb in hand,
And comb'd and dress'd her hair.

Wolf & Hofm. II. p. 21.

St. 19. A similar thought we find in the Spanish ballad 'Tiempo es, el caballero.' Wolf & Hofman Vol. II. p. 91. Depp. Vol. II. p. 197.

The cavalier tells his lady that he is the son of a peasant, and that his mother sold bread, upon which she curses her hard fate in being linked to such a man. He tells her

No vos maldigais, señora,
No vos querais maldecir,
Que hijo soy del rey de Francia,
Mi madre es Doña Beatriz:
Cien castillos tengo en Francia,
Señora, para os guarir,
Cien doncellas me los guardan,
Señora, para os servir.

"Lady, forbear to curse your fate,
"From all repining, Lady, cease;
"My father he 's the king of France,
"My mother Doña Beatrice.

"A hundred forts I hold in France,
"Where rest you'll find and comfort too;
"These forts a hundred damsels keep,
"And, Lady, all shall wait on you."

The offer on a girl's part of her several maiden ornaments which we have here and in No. 37 and other Danish ballads, occurs also in one of the Bohemian poems in the Königinhofer Handschrift, ascribed upon extremely insufficient data, I fear, to the 13th century. There is a refinement and cultivated delicacy about them that seems to betray a much more recent origin. Still, as an instance of the ballad intercourse of alien nations, the following stanzas from Goethe's translation of "The Nosegay" have their interest. A girl going for a pail of water finds a bouquet floating on the brook.

"Pretty nosegay, knew I who
"Set thee in the soil to grow,
"He should have my golden ring.

"Pretty nosegay, could I tell,
"Who with bast bound thee so well,
"He should have my topknot pin.

"Pretty nosegay, knew I who
"Thee in the cool streamlet threw,
"He should have my maiden crant."

Vol. II. p. 423. Stuttg. 1850.

In a note to No. 93 I have quoted a poem which to my mind proves the very recent origin of this collection. The above stanzas speaking of golden rings and juwelry are just as little in the style of Slavonian ballads, and still less so other poems in it which treat of kings and princes. The Russian, Servian, and Wendish ballads are descriptive of very humble life. The Königinhofer manuscript differs most essentially in this respect from all that we have in these languages or any that are kindred to them.

CXXII.

SIR THOR AND THE MAIDEN SILVERMOR.

There is much interest in the following ballad from the light it throws on the manners of the period — the lady standing on the balcony to descry, if she can, her lover's ship among those entering the harbour, the hero disguised as a minstrel walking into the hall with his chessboard to challenge the guests to a game, the storm raised by the offended mother, or at least believed to be raised by her, form as complete a picture of the home life of the Norwegian seerover, as may be found in any ballad of the whole collection. Like 'Sir Lowman and Sir Thor' No. 99, it is evidently formed upon the favourite romance called 'The Geste of King Horn,' or 'King Horn and maiden Rymenild' which seems to have been originally an English one. This tale is published among Ritson's 'Antient English Romances' Vol. II. p. 91, and represents Horn as upon two different occasions visiting his lady in disguise, the first time at her father's, as a palmer, and again at her husband's as a minstrel.

This last seems to have been a common disguise under which to play the spy. We may remember our own King Alfred in the Danish camp. Our hero arriving by sea with his chess-board, and entering the

hall to challenge the guests is just what we find in Sir Tristrem Fytte I. st. 28.

Ther com a ship of Norway	There came a ship of Norway
To Sir Rohantes hold,	To Sir Rohant's castle
With haukes white and grey,	With hawks white and grey;
And panes fair y fold:	And furs fair folded:
Tristrem herd it say,	Tristrem heard it said,
On his playing he wold	That on his playing he would
Twentie schilling to-lay.	Wager 20 shillings.
A cheker he fond bi a cheire,	A checquer'd board he found by a chair,
He asked who wold play;	He ask'd who would play;
The mariner spac bonair,	The mariner spake gaily,
"Child, what wiltow lay?"	"Youth, what wilt thou wager?"
"Oyain a hauke of noble air,	"Against a hawk of noble brood
Twenti schilling to say;	Twenty shillings — say —
Whether so mates other fair,	Whichever mates the other fairly,
Bare hem bothe oway."	Bears them both away."

Descriptions of chess combats occur frequently in old romances. The grotesque pieces, with which the Scandinavians play'd, may still be seen treasured in Museums.

Sir Thor and Lady Silvermor.

Grundtv. II. p. 265. Dan. Vis. I. 330.

1 The young Sir Thor and Silvermor
Were playing chess in lady's bower.

2 The more they play'd, more kind they grew,
Till love stole in between the two.

3 "But, Silvermor, how long, I pray,
"At home unmarried would you stay?"

4 "If but my kinsmen do not chide,
"Nine years for you I'll here abide."

5 "I ask you not so long to wait,
"Stay for me only winters eight."

6 Those long eight years away have roll'd;
Her kinsmen now a meeting hold.

7 "We 'll wed the maid, we 'll wait no more
"She shall not have the young Sir Thor;

8 "There come to woo from east and west,
"The richest come, and eke the best;

9 "And when a count so wealthy sues,
"His offer let us not refuse."

10 Her hasty father scorn'd delay,
And married her that very day.

11 It was a Sabbath's holy tide,
And richly clad for church the bride.

12 As on her balcony she stood,
She saw the vessels skim the flood.

13 Beyond the rocks she turn'd her gaze,
And ships saw steering through the haze.

14 She look'd along the mountain side,
And saw the gilded rowboats glide.

15 "Each knight comes to his lady home,
"And will my trulove never come?

16 "O brother Salman, wouldst thou ride,
"To pleasure me, to yon sea-side?"

17 As Salman rode along the sand,
Sir Thor his vessel steer'd to land.

18 "Tell me, young swain, who ridest there,
"How all the island maidens fare?"

19 "One after eight years' long delay
"Will drink her wedding feast today.

20 "She wrings her hands for grief at heart,
"And oft is seen the tear to start."

21 Still stood the knight, and heard the news;
He thought his senses he should lose.

22 He went, and in his coffer sought,
And gilded harp and chessboard brought.

23 All with his gilded harp in hand
He went before the maid to stand.

24 First one, and then another lay,
The lady sat and heard him play.

25 "That," thought within herself the bride,
"Is my Sir Thor; 'tis none beside."

26 Sir Thor, with head wrapt in his cloak,
Enter'd the bridal hall, and spoke;

27 "Is any chess-player here within,
"From foreign swain a purse will win?

28 "Is any here, a knight or dame,
"Will sit with me and play a game?"

29 Silent sat all the knights aside;
Her father rose, and thus replied.

30 "There sits at present none within,
"Who prize at chess may hope to win;

31 "Except fair Silvermor, the bride,
"And she must at the board preside."

32 Her mother Torfred rose and spake;
She little knew the prize at stake.

33 "Yet, sure, this long midsummer day
"The bride a game or two may play.

34 "Fair Silvermor, from table rise,
"If you at chess will win a prize."

35 The maiden smiled within her sleeve;
"I'll first go ask my father's leave."

36 She wrapp'd herself in scarlet cloak,
And up to her father went, and spoke.

37 "Father, your leave I come to pray,
"Before I go at chess to play.

38 "May I sit o'er the board awhile,
"And so the tedious hours beguile?"

39 The knight his daughter led aside,
And long with solemn lecture plied.

40 "One small short hour thou may'st remain,
"But win no gold from foreign swain.

41 "And of that knight, Sir Thor, take care;
"I fear he plots some crafty snare."

42 The bride in mantle wrapp'd her head,
And up to the banquet-chamber sped.

43 Soon as she came within the door,
Rose up with due respect Sir Thor.

44 At first, as they their game begun,
It was the young Sir Thor, who won.

45 "The grisly wolf roams in the wood,
"And thinks to make the deer his food.

46 "He rends the one, lets others lie,
"And many wounded leaves to die.

47 "Gold it is hard enough to win,
"And quite as hard a faithless quean."

48 But when they play'd a second game,
That fairly won the youthful dame.

49 Fair Silvermor to his taunt replied,
And sad her tone, and deep she sigh'd.

50 "High o'er the heath the eagle flies,
"And proudly storm and wind defies.

51 "Perch'd on a rock he takes his rest,
"And feathers well his airy nest.

52 "True to their word would many be,
"Could they but rule their destiny."

53 "If you, fair maid, to your troth are true,
"Here sits a swain as true to you.

54 "If you, fair maid, will follow me,
"I'll face for you the roughest sea.

55 "My horse impatient paws the sand;
"My ship lies ready on the strand."

56 "Sir Thor, do you to your vessel go;
"To follow I shall not be slow."

57 By th' eastern door he left the hall;
The bride came round the western wall.

58 Soon as she reach'd the glittering sand,
Sir Thor held out to her his hand.

59 He caught her up, and was not slow
To place her on the gilded prow.

60 High on the yards they spread the sail,
And put to sea before the gale.

61 The news to her father soon was told,
"Sir Thor has Silvermor cajol'd."

62 Her mother sware a cruel oath,
Deep in the sea to sink them both.

63 "A storm I'll raise, and manage so,
"That both shall down to the bottom go."

64 And hardly had they left the strand,
Ere came a blast from off the land.

65 The ship no longer they could steer,
And pale grew every face with fear.

66 So rock'd their vessel, pitch'd and roll'd,
No sailor could the rudder hold.

67 Not one on deck could even stand,
But the fair bride with lily hand.

68 And as the helm she stood to hold,
She wore her precious crown of gold.

69 In her the crew a pilot found,
And what her mother loos'd, she bound.

70 "Now up the mast, my page, and see,
"If land we are nearing on the lea.

71 "But as thou goest aft or fore,
"Take care to tread not on Sir Thor."

72 "Lady, 'tis Norway's rocks I see,
"God bring us there from danger free."

73 "If all is true, that thou dost say,
"Thy tidings richly I'll repay;

74 "I'll thee with me at table seat,
"And courteously and kindly greet.

75 "And give thee a kirtle rich with lace,
"And horse of wild and fiery race."

76 "Aye!" said Sir Thor who lay below,
"Many see land, nor promise so."

77 They cast their anchor upon the sand;
Sir Thor the first stepp'd out on land.

78 The good Norse people, all, on shore
Greeted with cheers the rich Sir Thor.

79 Their joy they show'd on every side,
And cheer'd no less his lovely bride.

80 To Ager-house he brought his spouse,
And wedded her with great carouse.

NOTES.

c. 5. In the romance Horn tells her

"At the sevé yeres ende
Yef y ne come ne sende,
Tac thou hosebonde."

c. 12. In 'King Horn' it is his confidential friend Athulf who scans the ships

Athulf was o tour ful heh,
To loke fer and eke neh.

c. 42. In the romance the bride

Rymenild ros of benche
The beer al forté shenche,
After mete in sale,
Bothe wyn and ale;
An horn hue ber on honde
For that was lawe of londe.

It was while doing her duty in handing round the liquor that she came to her lover, who discovered himself to her by throwing into the cup a ring she had given him.

c. 45. The meaning is that ladies gratify a cruel caprice like the wolves without remorse for the pain they cause their victims.

c. 50. She says in reply that she could not help herself. Men, like the eagle, may defy the difficulties around them. Women would be true to their engagements, if they were equally independant.

c. 57. Horn in the same manner goes to join his comrades under the wood, while Rymenild slips out of her bower, but in the romance he comes back to interrupt the festivity.

Ther hy ronge the belle,
That wedlok to fulfille,
Hue wenden hom with eyse,

To the kynges paleyse,
Ther wos the brudale suete,
For richemen ther ete;
Telle ne mighte no tonge
The gle that ther wes songe.

Horn lays claim to his bride but goes to sea again and during this absence his princess is wedded to his false friend Fykenild. Horn lands, and disguised as a minstrel enters the hall and sings before his lady, and then massacres Fykenild and his troopers and carries her off.

c. 71. A little banter at her lover, who had offered for her sake to go to sea in any weather, and now lay helpless at the bottom of the boat.

CXXIII.

SIGNELILL.

This elegant little ballad has much in common with several others, but is pleasing by its simplicity and unaffected feeling. The copy of it published in the 'Danske Viser' was communicated to the editors by Stenbloch, an elegant writer, to whose pen is due one of the most beautiful narrative poems in the Danish or any other European language, that given at the end of Rask's Danish grammar. It is not unlikely that he had himself added some touches to it, by which it differs from a very similar ballad in Grimm's Altdänische Heldenlieder p. 116.

'Maiden' is used in this translation in the sense of *handmaid*, the Danish word is 'Terne;' 'Lady' in the sense of *mistress*. As the refrain '*Sorrow* pinches *sorely*' may seem, etymologically, a truism, I have only to say that it is so equally in the original,

Men Sorgen den tvinger saa saare.

Signelill.

Dan. Vis. IV. p. 104.

1 Malfred bade her maiden speak,
"Signelill, my maiden!
"Why so sickly pale thy cheek?"
But sorrow pinches sorely.

2 "No wonder if so pale I grow,
"Malfred, oh my lady!
"It is the long long hours I sew."
And sorrow pinches sorely.

3 "Thy cheek was once like roses red,
"Signelill, my maiden,
"But now it 's like the very dead."
But sorrow pinches sorely.

4 "I'll hide no more the truth from thee,
"Malfred, oh my lady!
"Thine eldest son has wheedled me."
And sorrow pinches sorely.

5 "And did my son thy love betray,
"Signelill, my maiden?
"Then how did he thy favours pay?"
For sorrow pinches sorely.

6 "He gave the silver-buckled shoes,
"Malfred, oh my lady!
"That daily still with shame I use."
For sorrow pinches sorely.

7 "He gave me too a silken dress,
"Malfred, oh my lady!
"That still I wear in great distress."
For sorrow pinches sorely.

8 "He gave me a ring of gold so fine,
"Malfred, oh my lady!
"More costly are not even thine."
But sorrow pinches sorely.

9 "And what will all his gifts avail,
"Signelill, my maiden,
"If yet to wed thee he should fail?"
For sorrow pinches sorely.

10 "To wed me, aye! that did he swear,
"Malfred, oh my lady!
"In pledge he gave me these to wear."
But sorrow pinches sorely.

11 "And what will secret vows avail,
"Signelill, my maiden?
"He tells so many more the tale."
And sorrow pinches sorely.

12 "If I but take my harp on knee,
"Malfred, oh my lady!
"My lord will wake and send for me."
For sorrow pinches sorely.

13 And scarcely she a string had stirr'd,
Signelill the maiden,
Before the knight her music heard.
But sorrow pinches sorely.

14 "Bring me," bade the knight his groom,
"My mother's gentle maiden;
"Haste and bring her to my room."
For sorrow pinches sorely.

15 Towards his bedstead rail he drew
His mother's gentle maiden;
"Now seat thee here, there's room for two."
And sorrow pinches sorely.

16 "O no, my lord; that would not dare
"Thy mother's humble maiden;
"I never yet have sat me there."
And sorrow pinches sorely.

17 "Seat thee; why this coyness feign,
"My Signelill, my maiden?
"For thou hast in my bosom lain.
And sorrow pinches sorely.

18 "Seat thee; thou shalt be my bride,
"My Signelill, my maiden,
"Shalt every night sleep at my side."
For sorrow pinches sorely.

CXXIV.

THE ELF AND THE FARMER'S WIFE. A.

FROM VEDEL'S EDITION.

This ballad has been very much, and not very judiciously, altered and expanded from several shorter ones of more ancient date, and published in the following form in Vedel's edition of 1590. As it is the one which has been translated into German by Grimm, and into broad Scotch by Jamieson, and copied in various Danish editions of ballads, it could not be passed over. Jamieson's translation will be found in a note to Scott's Lady of the Lake, p. 367. It is very correct and spirited, but in very broad Scotch. He supposes the scene to be in one of the Orkney islands or Hebrides.

All the latter part from the 32d stanza to the end is Vedel's addition. In the older copies there is nothing about the daughter.

It is supposed that these stories of opposition made by Elves to the first settlement of farmers on their territory may refer to the contests of the Scandinavian race with the aboriginal inhabitants of the northern countries, of whom we know, through the antiquarian researches of modern times, that they dwelt in subterranean excavations.

But is it a too hazardous conjecture, that these Alfs or Elves may in the first place have been the figures that stood for the letters of the Runic Alphabet, in which as J. Grimm says, Myth. p. 487, there was many a God's name, and that partly through the riddling propensity of early Scandinavian poets, and partly through misunderstood reports of the wonderful result of written communications, the name of the leading letter Alf should have been transferred to certain mysterious beings supposed to lurk in the woods, from which the Rune-tables were brought? See J. Grimm's Mythologie p. 411 and Keightley's Fairy Mythology p. 78.

The Elf and the Farmer's wife. A.

Grundtv. II. 145. Dan. Vis. I. 175. Grimm p. 279. Oehl. p. 67. B. Warr. p. 64.

1 'Twas in a wood on a Western isle,
A farmer chose his ground;
He thought to spend the winter there,
And brought his hawk and hound.

2 He brought with him both hound and cock,
For long he meant to stay,
And much the deer, that roam'd the wood,
Had cause to rue the day.

3 He fell'd the oak, he fell'd the birch,
Nor beech nor poplar spared,
And much was griev'd the sullen Elf,
At what the stranger dared.

4 He hew'd him balks, he hew'd him beams,
With eager toil and haste;
"Who," ask'd the Elves in the mountain cave,
"Who's come our wood to waste?"

5 Then up and spake the tiniest Elf,
As emmet* small and slim;
"There 's hither come a Christian man,
"Leave me to manage him."

6 And then spake up the biggest Elf,
And grimly roll'd his eyes;
"We 'll march our troop to the farmer's house,
"And hold on him Assize.

7 "He is hacking down both wood and bower,
"He shows us great disdain;
"His housewife he shall give me up,
"And taste of shame and pain."

8 And all the Elves from out their cave
Began to dance and spring,
And marching towards the farmer's house
Their lengthy tails to swing.

9 The dog howl'd in the farmer's yard,
The herdsman blew his horn,
The falcon yell'd, and crow'd the cock,
For e'en he had had his corn.

* This is quite inconsistent with the subsequent part of the ballad, see st. 23. The words in Vedel's text are

Hand war icke större end en Myre.

10 Seven hundred Elves from out the wood,
And foul and grim they were,
Would at the farmer's hold a feast
His meat and drink to share.

11 The farmer out of his window look'd
This host of Elves to see;
"O help me, Jesus, Mary's son!
"These Elves will visit me."

12 In every nook he made a cross,
But most about his room,
And off flew many a frighten'd Elf,
Back to his forest gloom.

13 Some flew to th' East, some flew to West,
Some flew to the North away,
And some down into the deep ravine,
Where still I hope they stay.

14 But one, the smallest Elf of all,
In through the doorway strode;
No fear had he for sign of cross,
But great the grudge he ow'd.

15 The housewife took the wisest plan,
She set him down to board,
And fed him well with ale and meat
And many a coaxing word.

16 "But hark, thou farmer of Willenshaw,
"What now I say to thee;
"Who gave thee leave to build a house,
"And settle here with me?

17 "Yet if thou wishest here to dwell,
"The treaty bear in mind;
"From this day forth thy wife so dear
"To me must be resign'd."

18 "Ah! nay," the unhappy farmer spake
In all his depth of woe,
"Eline, the comfort of my life,
"I never will forego."

19 He sooth'd the Elf, as best he could;
"Leave me my housewife dear,
"And, for the rest, take what thou wilt,
"My gold and all my gear."

20 "Then both Eline and thee I'll take,
"And trample both of you;
"And bury underneath my cell
"Your gold and silver too."

21 The farmer, maids and serving men
In dread and fell despair,
Thought better, she alone were lost,
Than all in ruin share.

22 The farmer wild and frantic rose
With bitter grief and keen,
And gave to the little hateful Elf
His wife, his dear Eline.

23 He clasp'd her in his arms with joy,
And round in circles sprang;
But pallid grew the housewife's cheek,
For sharp she felt the pang.

24 She spake, poor woman, full of woe,
With many a falling tear;
"O Lord! in mercy send relief,
"My fate is hard to bear.

25 "My husband was a man, as fine
"As one on earth might see;
"And now to such a lothesome Elf
"The leman I must be."

26 He kiss'd her once, and then again,
So sad and woe begone;
The ugliest little Imp he was,
That eye could look upon.

27 But when a third kiss he would take,
On Mary's son she cried;
And straight, instead of a lothely Elf,
A knight was at her side.

28 'Twas under a linden tree so green
His shape he found again,
And that to no one's hurt or loss,
But joy to both the twain.

29 "Now list, my dearest sweet Eline,
"My housewife thou shalt be;
"In England lies a heap of gold,
"I'll give it all to thee.

30 "While I was still a little child,
"And dead my mother lay;
"By stepdame I was driven from home,
"And turn'd to an Elfin gray.

31 "And now I'll make thy husband great,
"I'll give him gold and fee;
"But thou, Eline, the farmer's wife,
"My housewife thou shalt be."

32 "Nay, noble knight, for this relief
"Th' Almighty let us thank;
"Choose thou to live in bliss with thee
"Some maid of equal rank."

33 "If then I get not thee to wife,
"Thy daughter I will take,
"Since recompense for thy good deeds
"No other I can make.

34 "To thee, Eline, thou wise good wife,
"All honour I will pay;
"But since I cannot win thy love,
"'Tis best thou shouldest stay."

35 The farmer now on his island dwells
From care and trouble free,
His daughter in England wears a crown,
And happy days has she.

36 Eline, she too, the farmer's wife,
Is quit of all alarm,
Proud to be mother of a queen,
A king folds in his arm.

37 This queen she first a daughter bare,
And then a little king;
And every hour she praises God,
From whom such blessings spring.

38 And there Eline's fair daughter sits,
A kingdom owns her sway;
And she, that honest farmer's wife,
May with her good man stay.

NOTES.

St. 15. This is agreeable to the received idea in other countries also.

"It is the general belief that those who present them with the best food, may expect all kinds of prosperity, for their property and their family." Keightley, Fairy mythology p. 469 quoted from Du Mege respecting the Fairy people 'Fées' 'Hadas' of Provence.

THE ELF AND THE FARMER'S WIFE. B.

The two following pieces are translated from older forms of the ballad, as it was sung before Vedel had made the alterations and additions, with which is has been printed since his time. They will be found more consistent with themselves and with the description of Elves in other ballads. It will be observed that in these there is no mention of their having tails, and also that the knight is released by the kisses, as in other ballads, and not by the call on Mary's Son. This is agreeable to general tradition, and may be symbolical of the restoration of a fierce character to human sentiments through lady's love. See Kempion, Scott III, 15, and Scott's notes, and also in this collec-

tion 'The Maid in the Linden tree' No. 120 'The Lindworm' No. 118, and the 'Maiden in the snake's guise' No. 119 and the notes to them.

The statement that the Elf was no bigger than an ant in the 3d stanza of A. must be an error that has arisen from misunderstanding some provincial expression, or introduced for the rime's sake in recitation. It is not only contradictory to every other description of Elves, but inconsistent with the subsequent part of the ballad. We might rather expect to be told that he was no longer than a baby, as though his growth had been stopp'd.

These ballads are considered to bear the strongest internal evidence of being extremely ancient. There are three copies, beside Vedel's version, printed in Grundtvig's book, and so different the one from the other, as to indicate transmission through widely separated intervals of time and space.

The Elf and the Farmer's wife.

Grundtv. II. p. 142. A.

1 Out in the West sea lies an isle,
Where once a farmer came,
And brought with him his hound and hawk,
And there his house would frame.

2 He fell'd the oak, he fell'd the beech,
He built his house so fast;
"And shall then," said the cavern Elf,
"This farmer's bragging last?"

3 Out came the very smallest Elf,
An ant were scarcely less,
"And shall this Christian cart our wood,
"And cause us all distress?"

4 Seven hundred ugly Elves there were
Met in a ring so bold,
And flew away to the farmer's yard,
And there their court would hold.

5 The farmer out of his window look'd,
And saw their troop so near;
"O help me, God in heaven above,
"How much these Elves I fear!"

6 The housewife took the wisest plan,
She set them all at board,
And fed them well with meat and ale,
And many a coaxing word.

7 The first who spake, the grimmest Elf,
The farmer thus address'd;
"Farmer, thy housewife I will have,
"And then I'll take the rest."

8 "O leave me but my gentle wife,"
In grief the farmer spake,
"My house and yard are in thy power,
"These thou may'st freely take."

9 "Nay," said the Elf, "have me she shall,"
And took her in his arm;
Her face, as red as any blood,
Betray'd her heart's alarm.

10 Him must she take in arms, and kiss,
And keen she felt the pain;
For ill and strangely he was shaped,
As eye shall see again.

11 The housewife's heart was like to break,
"O give me, God, thine aid:"
The third time she must kiss his mouth,
A knight that Elf was made.

12 "Now thanks, thou noble farmer's wife,
"I'll prize thee, while I live;
"Wilt thou thy farmer have or me?
"The choice to thee I give."

13 "O knight, thank rather thou thy God,
"Who made thy sorrow cease;
"Betrothe some knight's fair daughter thou,
"And live in joy and peace."

NOTE.

St. 3. 'Hand war icke större end en Myre' **He was no larger than an ant.** This, as remarked above, must have crept into the ballad by some accident, for in Danish ballads we find no trace of the Scotch belief that Elves could assume different sizes, as in Young Tamlane

But we that live in Fairy-land,
No sickness know, nor pain;
I quit my body when I will,
And take to it again.

Our shape and size we can convert
To either large or small;
An old nut-shell 's the same to us,
As is the lofty hall.

Scott. Vol. II. p. 193.

THE ELF AND THE FARMER'S WIFE. C.

Grundtv. II. 143. B.

1 Out in the West sea lies an isle,
There once a farmer came,
And with him brought his hawk and hound,
And house began to frame.

2 He fell'd the oak, he fell'd the beech,
He built his house so fast;
"And shall then" ask'd the cavern Elf,
"This farmer's bragging last?"

3 Up rose and spake the smallest Elf,
"In circle let us meet,
"And march away to the farmer's house,
"And yule-feast with him eat."

4 The hound he howl'd in the farmer's yard,
The herdsman blew his horn,
The cock leap'd up on the bench, and crow'd,
As if he had his corn.

5 The farmer out of his window look'd,
And humbly cross'd his breast,
"O help me, Jesus, Mary's son,
"The Elf will be my guest."

6 He made a cross in every nook,
About his room the most,
And some flew east, and some flew west,
And some to Norway's coast.

7 Some flew to the east, and some to west,
And some to the north away,
But one, the grimmest Elf of all,
Would with the farmer stay.

8 The farmer, as he was wont to do,
His people at table placed;
The Elf he took the foremost seat,
Their meal they dared not taste.

9 The farmer had so fair a wife,
On earth was scarce her peer,
And her that foul and lothely Elf
Would take for his leman dear.

10 "For husband I have as good a man,
"As one on earth may see;
"Great God, forbid that now to an Elf
"The leman I should be."

11 "Hark, woman! dear thou art to me,
"Yet if this boon 's denied,
"I'll sink thee down to the lowest pit,
"Thy house and land beside."

12 She took him gently within her arms,
His Elfish lips she kiss'd,
And straight he grew to as fine a knight,
As doth on earth exist.

13 "And now, good honest farmer, hear,
"'Tis much to thee I owe,
"And lifelong every day and hour
"My love to thee I'll show.

14 "With wealth I'll day by day reward
"Thee and thy gentle wife,
"So rich shall be no knight on earth,
"For thou hast saved my life."

NOTES.

St. 1. **brought hawk and hound.** Before the invention of guns the hawk was of value for providing food in lonely settlements. See for instance the Colloquy in Thorpe's Analecta Anglo-Saxonica p. 25—26. "How feedest thou thy hawks?" "They feed themselves and me in the winter, and in the spring I let them fly away to the woods."

St. 4. The hound, cock, and herdsman all give notice of some danger approaching, and lead the farmer to look out of window. The crowing of a cock generally disperses sprites of all kinds, and probably the lines descriptive of the flight of the Elves may have originally followed more closely after this stanza, and the 5th and 6th be an interpolation of Christian times.

There is much that these ballads have in common with Tam-a-line. See Dixon's Scottish Ballads in Percy Soc., Vol. XVI p. 11.

In this the Elfin Knicht asks the lady

"O why pou ye the rose, the rose?
Or why brake ye the tree?
Or why come ye to Charterwoods
Without leave ask'd of me?"

He has ta'en her by the milk white hand,
And by the grass-green sleeve,
And laid her low on gude green-wood,
At her he speir'd nae leave.

At a second meeting with him he tells her —

"O I hae been at gude church-door,
An' I've got Christendom;
I'm the Earl o' Forbes's eldest son,
An' heir ower a' his land.

"When I was young, o' three years old,
Muckle was made o' me;
My stepmither put on my claithes
An' ill ill sain'd she me."

He goes on to tell her how, as he lay asleep under an apple tree, a fairy queen had stolen him away and had detained him ever since.

CXXV.

BEDEBLACK.

This is apparently a mere fragment, but exhibits the extravagant fondness of our ancient heroes for their horses, and the human intelligence which they ascribed to them. The different copies and versions of it vary extremely, and especially in regard to the real character of Bedeblack, whether he was the king's son transformed by his stepmother into a horse; or a kind of demon horse, 'Helhest,' made of deadmen's bones; or merely, what the copy before us represents him, a real horse endowed with wonderful gifts. A Norwegian ballad in Landstad's collection favours the first view, but instances of wonderfully gifted horses are very numerous in the poetry of the Middle-ages, and occur repeatedly in this collection; as for instance in Siward the Hasty Swain No. 2, Vidrick and Langbane No. 7, and more particularly in Swain Felding No. 30.

Bedeblack.

Grundtv. II. p. 205. R. Warr. p. 84. Arwids. II. 256. Lands. p. 58.

1 The emperor's daughter dwelt at Rome,
Her hue was like the rose in bloom.
So proudly he runs amid the fair damsels.

2 A maid on deeds of kindness bent,
A gift to Denmark's king she sent.

3 Five foals she sent from out her stall,
And Bedeblack the best of all.

4 Nine foals she sent, and all so fine;
Yet best was he of all the nine.

5 That fiery steed no stall could hold,
But while he champ'd on bit of gold.

6 No other food he deign'd to eat
But sifted grain of finest wheat.

7 He went not where the river flow'd,
Save when his back a prince bestrode.

8 And if he then would quench his thirst,
A prince must fetch the bucket first.

9 The king to war would march away,
His queen and Bedeblack should stay.

10 The sail of silk and golden oar
Down to the sea the sailors bore.

11 The king steer'd off his bark from land,
The queen stood waiting on the strand.

12 "Guide thou my realm, and guard my coast,
"But care for Bedeblack the most."

13 The queen to her palace hasted back,
And sought the stall of Bedeblack.

14 She took away his sifted wheat,
And made him fire and venom eat.

15 In stall would he no longer stay,
But to the sea-shore took his way.

16 The king gazed from the heaving tide,
And there his Bedeblack descried.

17 The king to his aged steersman spake,
"Turn thee and landward steer my snake."

18 The king the foremost stepp'd on land,
Saw Bedeblack dead on the sand.

19 "Were it not sin, the monks should sing,
"And bells for Bedeblack should ring.

20 "Aye! but for what the world would say,
"His bones in Christian soil I'd lay."

21 They buried Bedeblack on shore;
The king smiled on his queen no more.

CXXVI.

THE BAFFLED SUITOR.

This piece will remind the reader of the very similar, but far cleverer and more humorous English ballad of 'The Baffled Knight'. Percy II. 378, where the lady saves herself by the same stratagem.

He mounted himself on his steed so tall,
And her on her dapple gray, Sir:
And there they rode to her father's hall,
Fast pricking along the way, Sir.

To her father's hall they arrived straight,
'Twas moated round about — a;
She slipped herself within the gate,
And lock'd the knight without — a

He from his scabbard drew his brand,
And wiped it upon his sleeve — a;
And cursed, he said, be every man,
That will a maid believe — a.

A much older poem, which seems to be the original of that which Dr. Percy has published, will be found in Ritson's Ancient English Songs p. 159. In another version of the tale in Dixon's Scottish ballads in Percy Soc^{y} Vol. XVI p. 123 it ends thus

And when they came to the father's gate,
She pulled at the ring;
And ready was the proud porter
For to let the lady in.

And when the gates were open,
The lady jumpéd in;
She says, "You are a fool without,
And I'm a maid within.

"Good morrow to you, modest boy,
I thank you for your care;
If you had been what you should have been,
I would not have left you there."

The Spanish romance

De Francia partió la niña.

is very similar to it.

The baffled Suitor.

Dan. Vis. III. 94. Grimm p. 126.

1 The knight took hawk and his swain took hound
And off they rode to the hunting ground.
My friends they are so few,
Among a score one finds not more
Than one good man and true.

2 And under a linden's dusky shade
They found in hiding a lovely maid.

3 "My greeting, lady so blithe and fair!
"But why then here in the cold night air?"

4 "I've stood in the dark and cold so long
"To list to the nightingale's tuneful song."

5 "You listened not after the bird so sweet,
"But steps of the knight you 're come to meet."

6 "The truth of the matter I'll not disown,
"I've plighted my hand to a knight of Scone."

7 "Then list to the offer that now I make,
"And plight it to me, and him forsake.

8 "Ah! were your birth as your features fair,
"Were none so worthy a crown to wear!

9 "But pledge me your troth, to me be true,
"My hand and my honour I pledge to you.

10 "I'll give you castles and gold beside;
"Be kind to me, maiden, and be my bride."

11 "It ne'er shall be said of me, while I live,
"That I to two men my troth could give;

12 "And you, if your knighthood you would not stain,
"Will take me unhurt to my home again."

13 "For honour I 've harder tasks essay'd
"Than led to her bower a gentle maid."

14 Great honour was that to the lady done,
She rode on his horse, and the knight must run.

15 He ran and he walk'd, but on she rode,
And came the first to her own abode.

16 She fasten'd her door with bolt and bar;
"And there you may stay, Sir, where you are."

17 The knight he mounted, and wroth was he,
But laugh'd the lady with hearty glee.

18 The knight rode back again down the street,
And there had banter and jests to meet.

19 He told his mother the maid's sly plot,
But small was the comfort from her he got.

20 She warn'd him another time well to look,
What maid in his hand to dance he took.

21 "For early and late they are all awake
"To guard the honour they have at stake.

22 "They'll out of your hand as slily steal,
"As when by the tail you grasp an eel.

23 "And trust to their words, you'll be misled,
"As when on a worm-eaten bridge you tread."

As the similarity of this with the English ballad has been adduced as a case in point to prove their antiquity, and their necessary origin in the ancient home of our fathers in Germany, I subjoin the Spanish romance on the same subject, and the reader will see that it is identical with the English and Danish.

De Francia partió la niña.

Duran. V. IV. p. 2. Wolf & Hoffm. p. 82. Grimm p. 250.

1 A maiden left her home in France,
To Paris took her way,
Until anon she knew no more,
If right or left it lay.

2 So down beneath a spreading oak
She sat her on the ground,
And soon there pass'd a gentle knight,
To Paris too was bound.

3 She told the stranger knight her tale,
And pray'd him be her guide;
"Sweet lady, happy I shall be,
"If with me you will ride."

4 The knight with kind and courteous air
Alighted at her feet,
And on the croup the maiden placed,
And took again his seat.

5 While so they travell'd on alone,
He fain had had a kiss,
But she with ready wit replied,
She could not hear of this.

6 "I've left my father deadly sick,
"Father and mother too,
"And if you touch me, their disease
"May be the death of you."

7 The knight he held away for fear,
And silent rode awhile,
Till, as they came to Paris town,
He saw the lady smile.

8 "Aud why, sweet lady, do you laugh?"
"'Tis at the coward knight,
"Who had me in the field with him,
"And took not what he might."

9 "Hark!" said the knight, and check'd his horse,
And blush'd for very shame,
"There's something now I've left behind,
"We'll back the way we came."

10 "No, no," said she, "I turn no more,
"My father here is king,
"And if you dare to touch me now,
"You'll trouble on you bring."

CXXVII.

THE FOUNDLING.

The Danish editors give us no information respecting this piece. England is here, as in so many other ballads, a mere vague name for the land of romance. The terrible penalty to which ladies subjected themselves by indulging in irregular amours, and which the father threatens in the 34th couplet, led to many touching scenes and dramatic positions, that have furnished the old poets with themes for their verse. The king's daughter and a courtier in this, is in some sort a parallel to the king's son and a court lady in the ballad of 'Axelwold' No. 152. The situation is so natural, and might so easily present itself to a minstrel's mind, that we need not trace it to the story of Moses, with which however it has much in common. It has greater affinity to the Spanish romance of Espinelo. See App. H.

The Swedish 'Pehr Wattenman' Arw. I. 370 is identical with the Danish, except in the touching refrain "O pity me! So said the maiden, O pity me and better me!" and the horrible conclusion, in which the son takes his own mother by the hand, and lays her on the faggot pile. The flames however do not harm her, and she flies up to heaven — the old story — with two doves. The refrain in the following piece, by marking

the contrast between the lady's happiness in her state of innocence, and her anxiety afterwards, adds much to its pathos. The 9th and 10th couplets remind us of "The Queen's Marie," Scott's Bord. Min. III. 92

O she has row'd it in her apron
And set it on the sea;
"Gae sink ye, or swim ye, bonny babe,
"Ye 's get na mair o' me."

The Foundling.

Dan. Vis. IV. 55. Grimm p. 345. Arw. I. 370.

1 A daughter fair of England's king,
Without a tear she had spent her youth,
But sorrow now her heart shall wring,
For young Sir Styge has had her troth.

2 In honour and virtue wont to live
Without a tear she had spent her youth,
And only to him her hand will give,
For young Sir Styge has had her troth.

3 Nor sooner were forty weeks gone by,
Than loudly the fair was heard to cry.

4 She muffled her up in mantle blue,
And down to the room of stone withdrew.

5 Alone she is all in secret gone,
And there she has borne an infant son.

6 Her child in linen so fine she dress'd,
And secretly laid in a gilded chest.

7 And since he had never had church's rite,
She set in it hallowed salt and light.

8 She muffled a cloak about her head,
And down to sea with her infant sped.

9 She paced for a while the silent strand,
And off the casket she push'd from land.

10 She drove it to sea with all her might,
"To Christ I trust thee, my little wight:

11 "May He from all evil keep thee free,
"A mother no longer hast thou in me."

12 The King was hunting and reach'd the strand,
And found the chest, as it drove to land.

13 He opened the lid, and saw a child,
And fair was the babe, and sweetly smiled.

14 He rais'd it out of its little chest,
And had it as Christian dipp'd and bless'd;

15 Then took the money from out his purse,
And put the baby so small to nurse.

16 "See, dame, to rear him with utmost care,
"For nobly born is a child so fair."

17 She nurs'd five winters his tender age,
And then he was made the king's own page.

18 He grew, till he reach'd his eighteenth year,
And then he the royal banner bare.

19 The king had given him forts and land,
Would give him to boot his daughter's hand.

20 The good old King to his daughter spake;
"When wilt thou, my child, a husband take."

21 "Whenever it be my father's will,
"My duty gladly will I fulfil."

22 "Sir Carl is my best and bravest knight."
"But, father, Sir Styge is my delight."

23 As drew the day of the wedding near,
Could nothing the lady's sorrow cheer.

24 Five days they were drinking the bridal wine,
And still she would not her seat resign.

25 But soon as a sixth day too had fled,
They carried her off by force to bed.

26 Nor long had waited the weeping bride,
Ere gallant Sir Carl was at her side.

27 He tapp'd her gently the lily cheek,
"Now turn thee, my dearest, to me, and speak."

28 "Hush! hush! now, Sir Carl, my son, and see
"A mother and not a wife in me.

29 "Foul shame it would be to my father's land,
"That mother should give a son her hand."

30 "And shame were it too, should that be told,
"That you, a mother, wear crown of gold."

31 The King he came with the morning light,
To ask of them how they spent the night.

32 "For all his kindness I thank my King,
"Yet nothing but scorn this match will bring.

33 "The King would on me his favours shed,
"But here he has made me my mother wed."

34 "We'll burn her to death on faggot pile,
"Or send her off to a paynim isle."

35 "O spare her, my liege, nor treat her so,
Without a tear she has spent her youth,
But on Sir Styge her hand bestow,
For he Sir Styge has had her troth."

NOTES.

c. 31. This rather intrusive politeness occurs in several other ballads, Torkild Trundeson for instance No. 100 st. 81.

c. 33. The King here has accidentally made the discovery by the same means as the Emperor Claudius, of whom Suetonius tells us, that, when a woman refused to acknowledge her son, and the arguments on both sides were doubtful, he ordered that the parties should be married, and the mother then confessed the truth. Suet. in Claudio ch. 15.

CXXVIII.

DUKE HENRY AND THE MAIDEN MALFRED.

This ballad has some similarity to that of 'Ingefred Torluf's daughter' No. 104, and probably has its parallel in most languages. There is one of the same purport in Meinert's Volkslieder aus dem Kuhländchen p. 11. 'Die unbestechliche,' where the knight offers the maiden half a ton of gold, and a whole ton; half a town, and a whole town, and is refused, but offers her marriage, and she accepts him.

Duke Henry and the maiden Malfred.

Dan. Vis. IV. 134. Grimm p. 135.

1 One balmy night in summer,
All sparkling lay the dew,
As struck his harp Duke Henry,
And music from it drew.

2 Fair Malfred on her balcon
Had heard his soothing lay;
"Oh heavens! that brave Duke Henry
"Would only come this way.

3 "Then, should he wish to slumber,
"On me he might recline;
"And should his lips be thirsty,
"'Tis I would pour his wine."

4 As spake the maiden Malfred,
Her foster-mother came:
"Hush hush! my dearest Malfred,
"You'll bring yourself to shame.

5 "Too young are you and tender
"To think of wedlock's band,
"Nor will for three years longer
"Your father give your hand."

6 "And let me be so tender,
"And let me be so young,
"This evening he were welcome,
"Who such a lay has sung."

7 So guileless spake the maiden,
She thought none other near,
But stood below Duke Henry,
And lent a listening ear.

8 'Twas late one summer evening,
And dew lay on the mead;
The Duke from out his stable
Himself led out his steed.

9 He girt on him the saddle,
He rode away alone;
No squire or groom might follow,
Of them he trusted none.

10 His saddle all of silver,
His bit with gold so red,
He chose a little greenpath,
That up to her chamber led.

11 "Oh, rise, dear maiden Malfred,
"Admit me to thy bower;
"'Tis I, thy true Duke Henry,
"Beneath thy chamber tower."

12 "You lord it over castles,
"Have men at your behest;
"I've not the means at evening
"To treat so rich a guest."

13 "O spread for me no dainties,
"Nor pour for me the wine,
"But in thy bosom lay me,
"And call me, Malfred, thine."

14 "Should I unbar my chamber,
"Or should I call you 'dear,'
"How wroth would be my father,
"If he the news should hear!"

15 "To talk with thee, dear Malfred,
"I've hither spurr'd my steed;
"If now I may not enter,
"I come no more to plead."

16 "'Tis not your steed I care for,
"Or what the pace he came,
"But only for my honour,
"And not to lose my name."

17 "Oh! rise, dear maiden Malfred,
"And kindly let me in,
"I'll ride and see thy father,
"And try thy hand to win."

18 "A thousand thanks, Duke Henry!
"I'll not admit you here;
"Go first and ask my father,
"And all my kinsmen dear."

19 Away he rode, Duke Henry,
And angry too of mood,
But laugh'd the maiden Malfred,
As in her bower she stood.

20 Well done the maiden Malfred!
For well had she replied;
He rode and pray'd her father
To give him her for bride.

21 Well done the brave Duke Henry!
The maiden's worth he found,
And pledged her troth on Courtday
With all her kinsmen round.

22 And so the maiden Malfred
The meed of virtue gains,
And now a wealthy princess,
O'er many a castle reigns.

NOTE.

St. 4. **Her foster-mother.** From the frequent mention of a foster-mother to whom young people were amenable, we see

that the same system prevailed in Denmark as in the Highlands of Scotland, that of putting out their children to be brought up in the family of a friend or kinsman, the highest honour that a chieftain could confer on a retainer. In this ballad it is clear from stanza 18 that the father was not living in the same house with his daughter Malfred. There is reason to suspect that many Highland usages were originally, like the broadsword, Scandinavian.

CXXIX.

HEDEBY'S GHOST.

This ballad has the appearance of having been composed like 'Sir Morten of Fogelsong' No. 38 as a warning from the grave to some usurper of stolen property. It is one of those published by Vedel, but there is no ancient manuscript copy of it any longer to be met with. There is a corresponding Swedish ballad in Arw. II. p. 451.

The German ballad 'Der Vorwirth' 'The first husband' Kn. Wund. IV. 98 comes very near it, but represents the second husband as the murderer, and as himself visiting the grave of the deceased; and continues the story with an account of the wife going thither too to ask permission to come to him. In Silesia and Bohemia there are corresponding Slavonian ones. It was from Silesia that the German ballad was obtained, and perhaps it may be derived from a Slavonian original. It appears to be fragmentary.

Hedeby's Ghost.

Dan. Vis. I. 201. Grimm p. 296. Oehl. p. 80. Grundtv. II. 500. Arw. II. 451. R. Warr. p. 176.

1 At fall of night I ceas'd to ride,
And so my horse in tether tied.
The talk of it spreads around.

2 Down on a tump I laid my head,
And made the grassy sward my bed;

3 I scarce my first short nap had slept,
When up to me the dead man crept.

4 "If thou art of my name and race,
"Thou shouldest take in hand my case.

5 "Do thou to Hedeby repair;
"My kin, all ten, are living there.

6 "'Tis there my father and mother dwell,
"My brother and sister too as well;

7 "And there lives Kirstin, once my wife;
"Who, wicked traitress, took my life.

8 "With five her maids, on silken bed
"She stifled me, and left me dead.

9 "My corpse they then in haybands roll'd,
"And cast me on the cheerless wold.

10 "The swain, on whom I most relied,
"Now takes my horse himself to ride;

11 "Carves with my silver-mounted knife,
"And nightly sleeps beside my wife;

12 "With wine and meat his heart he cheers,
"And all the while my children jeers;

13 "With niggard hand he doles their bread,
"And flouts them, now their father's dead;

14 "He rides my horse, he hunts my hounds,
"And deer he chases through my grounds.

15 "Each one, that through the thicket breaks,
"Me in my grave from slumber wakes.

16 "Be sure, if home to him I go,
"My visit brings him bitter woe."
The talk of it spreads around.

CXXX.

PETER GUDMANSON AND THE DWARFS.

This is a ballad of the class to which Sir Tonné belongs, describing a knight as decoyed into a Dwarf's cave and detained captive there.

In the Faroese ballads we have other stories, and very beautiful ones, where heroes are enticed into dwarf caverns. See Hammershaimb's Siúdrar Kwædi p. 80—113.

Peter Gudmanson and the Dwarfs.

Grundtv. II. 30. Arwid. II. 298.

1 It was Sir Peter Gudmanson
Bade saddle up his grey;
"I'll mount, and to my lady-love
"A visit ride and pay."

2 The knight Sir Peter Gudmanson
Was riding through the grove,
And happy he, for all his thoughts
Were of his lady-love.

3 The knight Sir Peter Gudmanson
Rode over wood and lawn,
And in the forest lost his way
About the morning dawn.

4 And where he tried the devious paths,
With silk he found them spread,
And thus Sir Peter Gudmanson
Into the cave was led.

5 The knight Sir Peter Gudmanson
Enter'd the mountain cave,
And up to meet him rose the dwarf,
And a hearty welcome gave.

6 "Welcome, Sir Peter Gudmanson,
"To this our Elfin land!
"The nutbrown mead, the sparkling wine
"We'll pour with bounteous hand.

7 "The nutbrown mead we'll pour for you,
"The sparkling wine as well,
"But here, Sir Peter Gudmanson,
"A twelvemonth you must dwell."

8 "I've to a maiden plighted troth,
"She lives beyond the heath,
"And if for a year I stay with you,
"She pines herself to death."

9 Sad was Sir Peter Gudmanson,
And sorely did he grieve;
The dwarf's fair daughter barr'd the door,
The cave he could not leave.

10 "I care not I for dames and maids,
"Or all their glittering train,
"But you shall in our Elfin cave
"A year with us remain."

11 At last that wild and salvage dwarf,
On warfare forth would roam;
Glad was Sir Peter Gudmanson,
That he might stay at home.

12 The knight Sir Peter Gudmanson,
His head wrapp'd in his hood,
And to the dwarf's fair daughter went,
And in her chamber stood.

13 "Dwarf's daughter, hail, thou peerless maid!
"Like rose's queenly bloom!
"O teach me 'scape by runic spell
"This cavern's dreary gloom!"

14 "No child of Elfin dwarf am I,
"Tho' such I may appear,
"But, born of good and Christian blood,
"Was brought an infant here.

15 "I'll gladly teach thee runic spells,
"Shall ope for thee the door,
"But fear that thou in foreign lands
"Wilt think of me no more.

16 "Aye truly I will teach thee runes,
"How from the cave to flee;
"When thou 'rt again with dames and maids,
"I charge thee think on me."

17 "And wilt thou really teach me runes,
"How from the cave to flee?
"Then, maiden, on my Christian oath
"Forget I never thee."

18 When home the wild and spiteful dwarf
Came from his wars at last,
Up stood Sir Peter Gudmanson,
And runes against him cast.

19 So soon as rose the morning sun,
And shone abroad so brave,
Much long'd Sir Peter Gudmanson
To leave the Elfin cave.

20 Alas! his hope to leave the cave
Turn'd but to grief and pain;
The dwarf's fair daughter wrote a rune,
And fetch'd him back again.

21 As stepp'd Sir Peter Gudmanson
Into the mountain cave,
Rose from her seat the Elfin maid,
And him a welcome gave.

22 "Welcome, Sir Peter Gudmanson,
"All honour be your due!
"I cannot let you leave my side,
"Such love I feel for you."

23 "O let me see the fields again
"For but one single day,
"And on my honour, Elfin maid,
"Thy goodness I'll repay."

24 She gave a lingering slow consent,
That he the cave should leave;
And truth it is, the Elfin maid
Had bitter cause to grieve.

25 Sir Peter stoop'd and wrote a rune
Down on the threshold floor,
And left the cave, and thank'd his God,
He dwelt therein no more.

26 As rode Sir Peter Gudmanson
In through his homestead gate,
Stood at the door his lady-love
Array'd in robe of state.

27 Out stepp'd that fair and gentle maid
Her trulove knight to greet;
"Now prais'd be God, who sits in heaven,
"That once again we meet!"

28 "With Elves and Dwarfs in mountain cave
"I spent a tedious year,
"But ever was my greatest grief,
"What you for me might fear."

29 The knight Sir Peter Gudmanson
His mantle o'er him spread,
As up into the lofty bower
The way his lady led.

30 And soon they held their wedding feast,
That happy youthful pair,
And live in peace and mutual love
Devoid of pain and care.

31 There pines to death the mountain dwarf
Bound in a runic spell;
And here Sir Peter Gudmanson
May with his trulove dwell.

32 So is Sir Peter Gudmanson
From pain and sorrow free,
Sleeps in his faithful lady's arms,
And happy man is he.

CXXXI.

THE KNIGHT IN BIRD-DRESS.

This rather silly tale, to say the best of it, is a counterpart to 'The Earl of Mar's daughter,' Buchan I. p. 49, a ballad he supposes to be of very high antiquity, in which the lover carries on his intrigue for twenty-three years, before he is discovered. The lady finds the bird on a tower and invites him to come to her.

But she had nae these words well spoke,
  Nor yet these words well said,
Till cow-me-doo flew frae the tower,
  And lighted on her head.

Then she has brought this pretty bird,
  Hame to her bowers and ha';
And made him shine as fair a bird
  As ony o' them a'.

When day was gane, and night was come,
  About the evening tide;
This lady spied a sprightly youth
  Stand straight up by her side.

After bearing seven sons to her cow-me-doo, which he carries off as soon as they are born, she is about to be forced into a marriage with a 'lord of high renown', to relieve her from whom cow-me-doo's mother applies to

'an auld woman
who had mair skill than she,'

and by her art

'Four and twenty wall-wight men
Turn'd birds of feathers gray.'

With these, and his own seven sons transformed by the 'auld woman' to swans, he carries off the lady from her father's hall in spite of all resistance.

The use of pigeons to carry letters to and from lovers is a frequent resource in Oriental tales, and very possibly suggested these stories of a sweetheart in a pigeon's shape flying into his lady's window. The bird was often seen, and the rendez-vous undiscovered.

The tale is clearly derived from the 'Vogelritter' an old Netherland romance, in which a knight goes to Cyprus and wins the king's daughter, whom he had previously visited in the guise of a bird, having a stone in his possession, which enabled him to metamorphose himself.

In one of the Poesies of Marie de France, the Lai d'Ywenec, the knight assumes the form of a hawk, and flies in at the lady's window. The poem is otherwise very different from the following Danish one.

The Knight in Bird-dress.

Grundtv. II. p. 230 C. See Arw. II. 188. R. Warr. p. 117.

1 There lives a maiden within a bower,
I'll venture my life, will I,
As graceful, she, as a lily flower.
I'll venture my life for a lady.

2 There lives on a neighbouring isle a knight,
Who fain with the maid his troth will plight.

3 Her hand this lady will give to none,
Except to a flying knight alone.

4 The Master Hillebrand that had heard,
And learnt to dress him in guise of bird.

5 With plumes of silver and wings of gold
He flitted around and about so bold;

6 Both over and under her bower he flew,
And gazed on the maiden he came to woo.

7 So soon as the gentle bird she saw,
There seem'd her a something to him to draw;

8 And out she ventur'd, that lily flower,
To lure him within her maiden bower.

9 A dainty morsel as bait she threw,
And nearer the bird and nearer drew;

10 He flitted in, and he came so near,
And seem'd so gentle and free from fear.

11 "O bird, pretty bird, wert thou but tame,
"I'd seat thee here on my broidery frame.

12 "Oh bird, pretty bird, wert thou but mine,
"I'd set for thy perch my gilded shrine."

13 'Twas evening twilight, the dew had spread,
And soon the lady retired to bed.

14 The bird he sat on her mantle pole,
And tardily seem'd the hours to roll.

15 The morning bell to the matins rang,
And up and twitter'd the bird and sang.

16 With wonder and fear the lady woke,
"Now who is here in the bower, and spoke?"

17 "Nay," answer'd her maid, "the voice you heard,
"Was only your pet, your pretty bird."

18 And down from his pole he flew below,
And strutted him boldly to and fro;

19 He flew and perch'd on the lady's bed,
And hopp'd and chirrup'd about her head;

20 He play'd with her hair, her pearls, and band,
And gently he peck'd the lady's hand.

21 "Dear bird, wert thou from feathers free,
"None other I'd take to wed but thee."

22 "You've plighted your word, and now be true,
"Give hither your hand, my claw take you."

23 The lady she gave the bird her hand,
And free from feathers she saw him stand.

24 He shook his limbs from the plumage free,
And straight a gallant young knight was he.

25 "By day in thy cage thou still shalt keep,
"By night shalt here in my bosom sleep."

26 So long did the knight her chamber share,
Till Ingelille two little babies bare.

27 For summer amusement the lady won
A bonny fair maid and a comely son.

28 Her father came in the babes to see,
And thus to his daughter dear said he.

29 "O say, my daughter, whom thou dost call
"The father to these pretty babes so small?"

30 "Dear father, to you the truth I'll tell,
"I found them both in a woody dell.

31 "I rais'd them from off the cold damp ground,
"And here have a foster-mother found."

32 "Well well, my daughter, so let that be;
"The babies perhaps belong to thee."

33 At th' evening hour flew home her pet,
Whom she with a kindly welcome met.

34 "Go sue for me now to be thy bride,
"For here can I thee no longer hide."

35 The Master, Sir Hildebrand, donn'd his cloak,
And up to her father he went, and spoke;

36 "List, worthy good knight, to my demand,
"And give me your gentle daughter's hand."

37 "What ails thee my Ingelille's hand to claim?
"She bears no better than leman's name.

38 "But if to thy word thou yet wilt hold,
"I'll give her for dowry two casks of gold.

39 "If thou wilt wed her, and wilt be true,
"Fifteen estates will I give her too."

40 "O keep your estates and all your store,
"And give me your daughter, and nothing more."

41 And now she may lay her griefs aside,
The Master Hildebrand's lawful bride;

42 For joke and banter no longer care,
The knight she has wedded can wing the air.

NOTE.

c. 3. The text says
Except to one who could fly in feather dress *feder-hame*. See Note to No. I. st. 3. This flying in a feather dress is a new achievement for the famous Master.

CXXXII.

FAIR HILLELILLE AND SIR JUDAH.

This very pathetic tale has its parallel in the German ballad of 'The Knight and his Maid' 'Der Ritter und die Magd' Knab. Wund. I. 53, where, as in the Danish one, retributive justice overtakes the offender through his own stricken conscience. It is given in Appendix G, at the end of this volume. In the Scotch ballad of 'Lord Lovel' we have many points of resemblance that seem to indicate a common origin with the Danish. It will be found in Kinloch's ancient Scottish Ballads p. 31 and a garbled copy of it in Bell's Early Ballads p. 134 reprinted from the Percy Society's copy.

He was gane a year away,
  A year but barely ane,
When a strange fancy cam into his head,
  That fair Nanciebel was gane.

It's then he rade and better rade,
  Until he cam to toun,
And there he heard a dismal noise,
  For the church bells a' did sŏun.

He asked what the bells rang for,
  They said 'It's for Nanciebel;
She died for a discourteous knight,
  And his name is Lord Lovel.'

The lid o' the coffin he opened up,
The linens he faulded down;
And as he kiss'd her pale pale lips,
The tears cam trickling down.

The knight breaks his heart and dies the next day. The effect of the knell upon a lady is very finely described in Barbara Allen

She had nae gane a mile but twa,
When she heard the deid-bell ringing,
And every jow that the deid-bell gied,
Cry'd "Woe to Barbara Allan!" Gilch. I. 242.

A tale almost exactly the same as the German 'Knight and his Maid,' and indeed in part word for word the same, is found in a Flemish ballad in Fallersleben p. 61, and Willems p. 154 called 'Een ridder en een meisken jonck' 'A knight and a young girl.' But her death is only assumed, and as soon as her lover comes to her bier, and sees her smile, he exclaims

Staet op, staet op, mijn soete lief,
Wel overschoone joncfrowe!
Ic en sal nu noch nemmermeer
U worden onghetrowe.

Stand up, stand up, my sweetest love,
So wondrous fair to view!
I'll not be now nor evermore
Untrue again to you.

There is a very beautiful Swedish ballad 'Duke Nilus' Arw. II. 21 and one nearly resembling it, 'Sir Malmsten's Dream' Sven. Folkv. III. 104, in which the lover being apprized in his sleep that his mistress is on her deathbed, rides to see her, but meets her

bier, and kills himself, and is laid in the same grave with her. In these, as in the Scottish ballad of 'Lord Lovel,' the knight is not charged with any ill usage of the lady. Her death is the effect of his absence only. But the conclusion of all these tales is similar to that of the Danish one.

Fair Hillelille and Sir Judah.

Dan. Vis. III. 184.

1 There lay and dreamed fair Hillelille
Alone in her bower so high,
She never should be a wedded wife,
And yet would in childbed die.

2 At dead of the night fair Hillelille
From heavy sleep awoke,
And, all so vivid had been her dream,
In fright to her mother spoke.

3 "How strange, dear mother, the dream I dreamt,
"As e'en I was sleeping here!
"What anguish I feel, God only knows,
"Or what I may have to fear.

4 "Oh! strange, dear mother, my midnight dream,
"Th' Almighty my conduct guide!
"All through my body I seem'd to feel
"The sword of Sir Judah glide."

5 Awake her listening mother lay,
In dreams her especial skill;
"Oh heed thee well, my daughter dear,
"It surely must bode some ill.

6 "Oh! heed thee well, my daughter dear,
"Beware of a scheming foe;
"Sir Judah against thy honour plots,
"As falcon besets a roe."

7 "My troth Sir Judah shall never gain,
"His suit I shall aye repel,
"And rather will take what wealth I own,
"And live in a cloister cell."

8 "Oh grieve me not, Hillelill, daughter mine,
"By taking the fatal vow,
"My pride, and the fairest of all our isle,
"My only child art thou.

9 "But seat thee awhile in thy maiden bower
"To broider with golden thread,
"Till he, Sir Judah, has plighted troth
"Some other fair maid to wed."

10 And there eight weary years she sat
So tedious and so long,
And never could hear in all that time
A mass or a vesper song.

11 Sir Judah wrote to his friends around
He would on a journey ride,
But came at nightfall, and lay in wait
In under the mountain side.

12 The gentle Hillelill left her bower
Her mother for leave to pray;
"And now may I safely drive to church,
"Sir Judah is far away!"

13 "Aye! go thou mayest, dear daughter mine,
"For danger is none at hand;
"The knight to a widow has plighted troth
"Afar in a foreign land."

14 Fair Hille was driving so glad to church,
Was passing the greenwood shaw,
As under a tree in evil hour
Sir Judah himself she saw.

15 "Good morrow, my gentle Hillelill,
"And whither then all alone?
"Say wilt thou show me the same contempt,
"And ever my claim disown?

16 "Three times so humbly I made my suit
"With all my kith and kin,
"Your hand, you have sworn by all that's good,
"I never may hope to win."

17 "Now hark thee, my dearest Sir Judah, hark!
"And let me this journey ride,
"And then by all that is good I swear
"To hold me thy trothplight bride."

18 "And faithful thou mightest a month remain,
"Aye two regard thine oath,
"But comes the suitor thou lovest more,
"Thou givest to him thy troth.

19 In greenwood was Hillelille's bridal bower,
Her bed of the linden leaf,
And two little sons she bare the knight,
But died at their birth, of grief.

20 "With all my kindred with due respect
"Three times I have come to woo,
"You said that I had no morning gift,
"None such as to you was due.

21 "Go now to your home, fair Hillelille,
"Sit down at your mother's board;
"You never shall see the happy day,
"I greet you with e'en a word."

22 "But" answer'd the gentle Hillelille,
Poor sorrowful hapless wife;
"Should once to my kin the tale be told,
"This outrage will cost your life."

23 "Now as to your kin and all their wrath,
"To fear it I do not need,
"For off on the salty sea I sail,
"And vengeance I little heed."

21 The gentle Hille went weeping home,
Tore off her crown of gold,
And deeply and bitterly sigh'd and sobb'd,
But could not her tale unfold.

25 Her kind good mother to Hille came
To welcome her home again;
"But what has the priest in his sermon said
"To cause thee so bitter pain?

26 "O speak to me, dearest daughter mine,
"And tell me where hast thou stay'd;
"For other folk, all, who went to church,
"To bed and to sleep are laid."

27 "Sir Judah it is has wrought me shame,
"And lifelong and daily care;
"Ah! luckless it was and doom'd for ill,
"That me any mother bare!"

28 "But cease thy plaining, dear daughter mine,
"As ill as thy journey sped,
"For soon as thy kinsmen hear the tale,
"The villain Sir Judah 's dead."

29 "Ah! mother, in vain my kinsmen threat
"His outrage to make him rue,
"Sir Judah is sailing the salty sea,
"Nor cares he what they may do."

30 For many a long and weary week
She neither had laugh'd nor play'd,
Nor pastime nor kindly words avail'd
To cheer the drooping maid.

31 Sir Judah he steer'd his bark from shore,
And sail'd on the salty tide,
Nor came to his native land again,
Till after the maid had died.

32 Fair Hillelill, when the forty weeks
In tedious course were gone,
She ask'd of her dearest mother leave
To go to the room of stone.

33 And into the room of stone she went,
I do but the truth declare,
The hapless mother in childbed died
With two little sons, she bare.

34 Sad scene it was in the room of stone,
And tears in every eye,
As laid was on Hille's tender lips
A gag to check her cry.

35 The gentle Hillelille spake but this,
And e'en with her dying breath;
"Go bid ye a thousand times farewell
"To him who has caused my death.

36 "And send Sir Judah my infant boys,
"And set them before his board,
"Tho' he, in return for the woes he caus'd,
"Would give me no friendly word."

37 That night she turn'd to the chamber wall,
And sank to a guiltless death;
She lean'd her back in her mother's arms,
And calmly resign'd her breath.

38 That very same night Sir Judah woke,
Where far far off he slept,
And scared with a vivid and fearful dream
His silence no longer kept.

39 "Methought to a church with all my men
"A mass I had gone to hear,
"And fell my clothes on the pavement down,
"And there was my body bare."

40 Awake by his side his comrade lay;
"'Tis this that thy dreams portend;
"The loss of thy clothes will plainly say,
"Thou losest thy dearest friend.

41 "And that thou hast dreamt that thou wast bare,
"Lost even thy scarlet pall,
"It means that thy lady the first shall die,
"And thou the next of all."

42 As steer'd Sir Judah his bark ashore,
He heard the island bell;
"Grant heaven it be not for Hillelill
"Is tolling that doleful knell!"

43 Sir Judah in haste with all his men
To th' island churchyard hied,
And saw on her bier, a clay-cold corpse,
His Hille, his gentle bride.

44 "Sir Judah, 'tis thou" the mother said,
"'Tis thou that the maid beguiled;
"Through thee she lies on her bier a corpse,
"My dear and my only child.

45 "And, villain," the poor sad mother cried,
And fiercely she drew her knife;
"Had not my daughter so pray'd for thee,
"This outrage would cost thy life."

46 "Ye let my infants to church be brought,
"And rear them in Christian lore;
"I go with my Hille to church today
"And come from it back no more.

47 "There's nothing left me, but this cold steel,
"To lessen my sorrow's smart."
He fix'd it firmly against a stone,
And drove it through his heart.

48 Yet spake Sir Judah, as on the ground
All bleeding he lay and cold;
"These infant boys are my own true sons,
"And heirs to my land and gold."

NOTE.

St. 34. **As on her lips a gag was laid.** This seems to have been done that her cries might not be heard, and betray her dishonour.

CXXXIII.

HOW SIR HYLLELAND WINS HIS BRIDE.

This is a popular form of an ancient Icelandic Saga upon Illugi Griðar-fóstri written about the 14th century and undoubtedly grounded on an ancient song, which perhaps was extended and embellished in the Saga, but which we recognise in this Danish ballad, in a Faroese, and in a Norwegian one.

A king name Aale or Ali reigned at Alfheim and had a daughter named Signe. She was married to King Erik, who fell on a piratical expedition, and she then with her daughter Hilde returned to her father. King Ali's queen, the mother of Signe, died, and he married Grimhild, a beautiful woman, but a malignant witch. She transformed Signe her stepdaughter into a lothely witch-wife, gave her the name of Gride, and bade her to dwell with her daughter in a mountain in Finmark. The daughter should retain her beauty, and every man who saw her, should fall in love with her; but Gride should murder every man who came to them, unless he should be so brave, as not to tremble at her frightful knife. As Grimild bade, was done; and so matters continued eleven winters. Gride lived in the cavern, and murdered every man who came and fell in love with Hilde, sixteen in number, for they were all afraid of her ugly

knife. At that time there was a small king in Denmark, named Ring, who had a son named Sigurd, and this son had a comrade, named Illuge, a peasant's son, but the only man who could equal Sigurd in all manly feats. Sigurd went on a piratical enterprize and Illuge with him. After having visited the Orkneys, and devastated the coast of Scotland, he steered homeward: but a storm drove his ship northward to Finmark, where he entered the port of Gandvig. They had no firewood on board, and Illuge went ashore to find some. Towards evening he reached a cavern in the rock, entered it, and found in it a witch wife hideous in the extreme. He begs her to give him fire. She answers that he must first tell her three truths. If he can do that, he shall have leave to sleep with her daughter. Illuge saw the beautiful girl and at once fell in love with her. He then tells three truths; first that he had never seen a larger or stronger house, secondly that he had never seen a more frightful woman than the old woman before him (her nose was so long that he had never seen the equal to it, and her complexion so swarthy that the floor looked bright in contrast with it) and thirdly he said that her daughter was the most beautiful girl he had ever set eyes on. The old woman begged him not to hurry about the fire, but to go to bed with her daughter. He did so; but as soon as he lay down, the old woman came and seized him by the hair, dragged his head over the bedstead rail, and set her knife to his throat. "Dost thou imagine" said she "that thou shalt have leave to caress my daughter? Nay thy death thou shalt have, and that quickly." Illuge answered very

tranquilly that she could do as she thought best, although she had promised him peace and no danger. "I have never known fear," said he "nor do I feel it now. We must all die once, and nobody dies more than once." The old woman then threw him back on the bed and went away, and he turned to his fair bride. So it happened a second and a third time. Neither the old woman nor her knife alarmed him, and then she bade him repose in peace, for that he had broken the spell, under which she had suffered so long; and she told him her history: that she was Signe, and her daughter Hilde. She then reassumed her proper form and went home with them. Prince Sigurd took her to wife and inherited the kingdom after his father; but Hilde remained Illuge's wife. See Müller Sagabib. II. 656.

Hylleland in the following ballad represents Illugi, Hillandsborg is the daughter Hilde, and King Loffer is Ali.

How Sir Hylleland wins his bride.

Grundtv. II. p. 95.

1 The good King Loffer had launch'd his ship,
And sail'd the billowy main;
There came a Trold, and his daughter seiz'd,
And bitter his grief and pain.
Sir Hylleland fetches his bride.

2 Sir Loffer, her father, that good old king,
At banquet table sat,
And talked to his men of times gone by
In cordial hearty chat.

3 "Whichever of you, my faithful men,
"Will bring me my child again,
"Shall wed the maiden, and share with me
"My castles and wide domain.

4 "If any will rescue my daughter dear,
"If any will ease my grief,
"I'll give him to wife the gentle maid
"With castles and ample fief."

5 All silent they sat, good honest men,
From danger they seem'd to quail;
Nor one but the gallant young Hylleland
Would offer himself to sail.

6 Up rose that gallant young Hylleland,
And sprang across the board;
"'Tis I will bring you your daughter back,
"Hold you, my lord, your word."

7 'Twas he, the gallant young Hylleland,
Sail'd Norway's shore along,
And there at her cave the mermaid found,
Who wrought them so grievous wrong.

8 "And here thou art sitting, thou lothely witch,
"Aye stirring* a smoky brand;
"Go fetch me the maiden Hyllensborg,
"And bring her to yonder strand."

* With her nose according to one of the prose tales.

9 "The fair young maiden thou wilt not gain,
"Of that there is little doubt,
"Unless alone to the cave with me
"Thou goest to fetch her out."

10 And into the cave he boldly stepp'd,
And held in his hand his blade;
And there sat one he had known so long,
'Twas even the lovely maid.

11 Uprose to meet him the gentle fair,
And blush'd as a rose in bloom,
And wonder'd enough to see the youth
That into the cave was come.

12 "Stranger," said then the lothely witch,
"Thou winnest not her for bride,
"Until three truths thou hast told to me,
"That never can be denied."

13 "There 's money lying upon the floor,
"The walls are gleaming with gold,
"And thou art thyself the lothesomest witch,
"Mine eyes did ever behold."

14 Up then and answer'd that lothely witch
And angrily answer'd she;
"What sort of a footman boy is this,
"Come hither to rail at me?"

15 "A trooper am I, and serve the king,
"Sir Hylleland is my name,
"And who-so calls me a footman boy,
"I'll teach him to rue the same."

16 "This night together I'll let you sleep,
"Since such is your mutual will;
"Tomorrow you surely shall lose your life,
"Ere sun shines over the hill."

17 At evening was standing beside his bed
The maiden so fair and bright;
"Would God, that, as long as five, could last
"So happy and sweet a night!"

18 The young Sir Hylleland turn'd him round,
And smiled to the gentle maid;
"Regard not, my dearest, a witch's spite,
"Nor be of her threats afraid.

19 "Lie down, lie down there, my lovely fair,
"And quit you of all alarm;
"I've skill to write such a potent rune,
"That nothing shall do us harm."

20 So soon as had dawn'd the morning light,
And sun shone over the lea,
Uprose from her lair the lothely witch,
And sharpen'd her knife with glee.

21 Sir Hylleland laid the potent runes
Just under the threshold floor;
So soon as the witch had trodden thereon,
She threaten'd their lives no more.

22 She gently stepp'd to the bedstead side,
Her malice and spite repress'd;
And threw on the bed a quilt of silk,
And bade them in peace to rest.

23 *"Arise from your bed, fair Hyllensborg,
"In gayest of raiment dight,
"And go with Sir Hylleland off to sea,
"For he is a gallant knight."

24 She bade them to bring the gilded shrine
All fill'd with the brightest gold:
"And that is for you, Sir Hylleland,
"As merits a heart so bold."

25 She bade them to bring a second shrine,
And ruddy the gold there lay,
"And this shall be your's, my lady fair,
"Your season of grief repay."

26 Right joyous were both the gentle maid,
And gallant Sir Hylleland,
And gladly they took the witch's gold,
And went to the ocean strand.

27 The knight in his arms the lady rais'd,
And down in his vessel stow'd,
And steering back to his native land
The prize of his valour show'd.

28 The king stood up on his castle tower,
And gazed on the sea so wide;
"She's coming — my daughter — her ship it is —
"Is speeding across the tide."

* There seems a stanza to be lost here.

29 The good king Loffer was glad at heart
His daughter to see again;
And gave her to young Sir Hylleland,
With castles and wide domain.

NOTE.

St. 8. Saxo Grammaticus in his history of Torkel Adelfar in his 8th book represents him too as visiting giants, who are stirring up the fire with their long noses, and to whom he must tell three truths.

CXXXIV.

THE MAID IN THE WOOD.

The beginning of this ballad corresponds almost exactly to a very pleasing lively German one called 'Jagdglück.' Knab. Wund. I. 278.

Es ritt ein Jäger wohlgemuth
Wol in der Morgenstunde,
Wolt jagen in dem grünen Wald
Mit seinem Ross und Hunde.

Der Jäger fand ein feines Wild,
Fein hurtig und geschwinde;
Es war ein schönes Weibesbild,
Das sich allda liess finden.

A hunter once at early dawn
Rode out in merry mood,
He took his hawk and horse and hound,
And rode to search the wood.

The hunter he was keen and quick,
He found him noble game;
All sheltering under a green wood bower
He found a lovely dame.

He greets and tells her that whatever he finds in the wood he makes his own.

There is a pretty Spanish romance also, which closely resembles it. Depp. II. 407.

Á caza va el caballero
  Por los montes de Paris,
La rienda en la mano isquierda,
  Y en derecho el neblí.

* * *

Volvió la cabeza al valle
  Y vió una dama venir,
En el vestido serrana,
  Y en el rostro serafin.

* * *

"Si os place, Señora mia,
  Volved conmigo al lugar;
Y porque llueve, podréis
  Cubriros con mi gaban."

Perdido se han en el monte
  Con la mucha oscuridad;
Al pié de una parda peña
  El alba aguardando están.

The knight he is off to his hunting gone,
  From Paris he 's gone to the hills and plain;
He bears on his right hand a gay goshawk,
  And holds in his left his horse's rein.

He look'd to the valley, and there he saw
  So lonely and sad a lady pace,
To judge by her dress a mountaineer,
  A seraph to judge by her angel face.

"Now if it may please you, my lady fair,
  "I'd fain escort you to yonder town,
"But wrap in my cloak your tender limbs,
  "For see the rain that is pouring down!"

They lost their way in the tangled wood,
  So narrow the path, so dark the night,
And lay themselves under a great grey stone,
  And there they waited the morning light.

The tragical sequel of our Danish ballad has its parallel in the Scotch one of 'The cruel brother' Jam. I. 66. Gilch. I. 205, and arises from the same cause, the offence given by not asking the brother's assent to the marriage, an affront which they seem in those times to have looked upon as unpardonable. In this Scotch ballad the wedding is celebrated with great splendour and general harmony, but in parting with his sister the brother stabs her.

He has got consent fra her kin each one,
With a heigho and a lily gay,
But forgot to speer at her brother John.
And the primrose spreads so sweetly.

Now when the wedding day was come,
With a heigho —
The knight would take his bonny bride home.
As the primrose —

Her mother dear led her through the close,
With a heigho —
And her brother John set her on her horse.
As the primrose —

She lean'd her over the saddle bow,
With a heigho —
To give him a kiss, ere she did go.
As the primrose —

He has ta'en a knife baith long and sharp,
With a heigho —
And stabb'd the bonny bride to the heart.
As the primrose —

There is another ballad on the same subject called 'The Three Knights' in Percy Soc. Vol. XVI. p. 56. In the fine Spanish romance of Don Reynaldos de

Montalvan. Depp. II. 45 while Rinaldo is carrying off the beautiful Moorish maiden Celidonia, whom he has won at a tourney, the brother revenges himself upon her in the same cowardly manner as in the Scotch ballad. The lady was telling her lover,

"Sabiendo vos amor mio,
Que os iba yo á acompañar
Dexando yo al Rey mi Padre,
Con tanto enojo, y pesar."

Buelvese á consolarla
Con amoroso hablar;
"Esforzad, Señora mia,
No quiérades desmayar."

Ellos estando en aquesto,
Su hermano fuera á llegar;
Dado le ha cruel herida,
Su cuerpo le fue á passar.

"Well you know, how great my love,
And what must be my sorrow too,
How I've left the king, my father,
Left my all to follow you."

He, in vain, to give her comfort
Tenderest words of love address'd:
"Bear your troubles, sweetest lady,
"Bear them, be not so depress'd."

While the twain were thus discoursing,
Up the vengeful brother came;
Pois'd and whirl'd his ruthless lance,
And drove it through the gentle dame.

We may remark on the following ballad, as in so many other instances, the disposition of the Scandinavians and Scotch to give a tragical conclusion to tales that

the Germans end with an agreeable one. The refrain 'In summertide' is completed in the corresponding German one

'In May at the dance
Are merry both lads and lasses.'

The maid in the wood.

Dan. Vis. III. 99. Grimm p. 163. Oehl. p. 237.

1 The knight took hawk, and his swain took hound,
And rode to the chase away,
And game they started both great and small,
That skipp'd on the heath at play.
In summer-tide.

2 Beneath a linden he found a hind,
A maiden beneath a rose,
And laid on the ground his cloak so blue
To taste of a sweet repose.

3 And there they lay the night so long
To nobody's harm or grief;
And all the while the linden tree
Was hiding them under its leaf.

4 They lay in comfort the night so long,
And nobody knew they were there;
And shelter'd them both the linden tree
With branches so green and fair.

5 But soon as morning began to dawn,
And shrilly the cock to crow,
The lady she tapp'd the knight's fair breast;
"'Tis time for you now to go.

6 "So over the bridge and gallop away,
"And carefully cross the heath,
"My seven bold brothers avoid, if you can,
"Or surely they'll be your death."

7 "Now whether thy brothers are seven or ten,
"Or ever so handsome and tall,
"If me for a comrade and friend they take,
"I'll not be the worst of them all.

8 "And if to me they are staunch and true,
"A brother they'll find in me;
"But if they will rather my life and blood,
"A match for them all shall see."

9 "But oh! now, hear me, my dearest knight,
"So earnest and hard I sue,
"And turn thee and ride some other road,
"If ever they come in view."

10 "Nay, that shall never be told at court,
"That I have skulk'd away:
"Nay, tho' there should meet me three times seven,
"I'll prove me as good as they."

11 The knight he donn'd his coat of mail,
And belted sword to side;
A thousand adieus, as he rode away,
He bade to his weeping bride.

12 He plied the spur to his courser's flank,
So fiery was he of mood,
And soon he had reach'd the forest's edge,
Where seven brave horsemen stood.

13 "Well met! well met! thou gallant young knight,
"'Tis early we find thee here!"
"I've ridden in greenwood at early hour,
"And hunted the forest deer."

14 "But where is thy hawk? and where thy hound?
"And game that thou there didst slay?"
"I gave them all to a very good friend,
"Who met me at dawn of day."

15 "Nay never has that been knightly use,
"To give to a friend one's game;
"But thou with our sister has slept tonight,
"Unmindful our leave to claim."

16 "I rode to the wood to chase the deer,
"Nor sister of your's had known,
"I chased and I caught the first I saw,
"So pretty and all alone.

17 "It crept so sweetly beneath my cloak,
"So well was it pleas'd with me,
"And I was as glad and well content,
"How could I but let it be?

18 "The deer they had run before my hounds,
"To thickets had made their flight;
"The pretty tame hind to my breast I drew,
"And gaily we pass'd the night.

19 "A lady was she, a graceful maid,
"As mortal with eyes may see;
"If she is your sister, your leave I pray,
"That wedded she be to me.

20 "A faithful brother I'll be to you,
"For you will I risk my life;
"And her with all honour and love will treat;
"What more can I promise a wife?"

21 "No! never shalt thou our sister gain,
"Thy wedding we'll here prepare;
"Confess thee now at the linden tree,
"Confess to the birds in the air.

22 "And say if thou rather wilt stand or fly?
"Or thee to the wood betake?
"Or boldly with arms defend thy life
"And fight for the lady's sake?"

23 "Then here will I stand, and scorn to fly,
"Or me to the wood betake,
"I'll boldly with arms defend my life,
"And fight for my lady's sake."

24 He first slew one, and he then slew two,
Such prowess and skill he show'd;
His lady's brothers he slew them all,
As gallant as they were proud.

25 But bitter the tears the lady shed
At news of the dismal fight;
She wept for her seven bold brothers slain,
But most for the handsome knight.

NOTES.

St. 2 l. 2 in the original it is

'En Jomfru under de Pile,'

the willow, for the sake of the rime with 'hvile' repose. I hope I have not taken more than metrical licence in changing the swamp-loving willow for a bower of rose.

St. 7. **I'll not be the worst of them all.** 'Saa vel skal jeg dem rönne.' put them to the proof, test or rival them in their accomplishments.

St. 25. The last line is rather obscure, for the preceding stanza represents the knight as slaying them all, but the Swedish ballad 'Herr Hielmer,' Arw. I. 15. throws light upon it. The knight had spared the last brother, and was treacherously slain by him. See 'Sir Helmer Blaa' No. 162, which much resembles the foregoing ballad, and is perhaps only another version of it.

CXXXV.

SIR SWERKEL

OR THE PARTED LOVERS.

This ballad turning upon a domestic misfortune bespeaks our sympathies, and is possibly founded on fact, but the Danish editors give us no information about it. By plighting troth seems to have been understood throughout these ballads a close intimacy. In Norway, where ancient Scandinavian habits, I might say the ancient usages of Europe, still subsist unaltered, a betrothal is the same thing as a civil marriage, and no disgrace attaches to the lovers, if they live together as man and wife. It is much the same in Scotland. The latter part of it from the fifteenth stanza is a very pleasing and natural picture of the distress of a virtuous mind at the inability to dispossess itself of a fatal attachment.

It is most likely derived from the Lai de l'Espine, one of the Poésies of Marie de France Vol. I. p. 542. In this Breton tale the young people are the children of a king and queen by former marriages, and after their separation, and some chivalrous deeds on the young knight's part, are eventually married, not being, as in the Danish ballad, related to each other by blood.

Sir Swerkel

or The parted Lovers.

Dan. Vis. Vol. III. p. 358.

1 In Swerkel's house the fairest there
Fair Christel danced with flowing hair.
So modest and good the maid,
Who holds my heart in thrall.

2 Danced King and court, and all so gay,
And little Christel sang the lay.

3 Sir Swerkel gave the maid his hand;
"Fair Christel, deign with me to stand."

4 He press'd her hand, he drew her near,
"O Christel, be my trulove dear."

5 Her foot he trod, her hand he press'd,
"Fair Christel, are my wishes guess'd?"

6 They danced within the chamber both,
And there she plighted him her troth.

7 The knight his mantle o'er him threw,
And off to his mother's chamber flew.

8 "Hark mother! Christel, lovely may,
"Has plighted me her troth today."

9 "Now heaven forefend," the dame replied,
"That sister be her brother's bride!

10 "Wedded may ye two never be,
"Ye're both my children, thou and she."

11 "O speak, and tell me, mother dear,
"When didst thou little Christel bear?"

12 "Whilst thou wast at the court of Rome,
"First saw the light that budding bloom.

13 "Whilst thou wast at the Holy Grave,
"Birth I to that bright mirror gave.

14 "But bred at court, since she was born,
"The maid has fur and scarlet worn."

15 "O mother dear, thy counsel give,
"How without Christel I may live."

16 "Go then, and hunt the hart and hind;
"So banish Christel from thy mind.

17 "Go, hunt the stag, go hunt the roe,
"And every thought of love forego."

18 He hunted both the hart and hind,
But she was ever in his mind.

19 He hunted both the stag and roe,
But thought of her could not forego.

20 So him they forced to quit the land,
And she to cloister pale was bann'd.

21 But not a bird approach'd her cell,
She pray'd not news of him to tell.

22 Not one could o'er his island glide,
He did not ask, how fared his bride.

NOTES.

c. 13. Ballad geography is rather vague. By Rome was meant apparently any distant foreign country to which young men went on service or on pilgrimage. It passed equally well for Constantinople, Jerusalem, or the court of the German emperors.

c. 21. The last two couplets have a thought that occurs in the Spanish Ballad 'Ebro caudaloso' Depping II. p. 434

Parlerillas aves,	O warbling birds, that still
Que á la aurora bella	Salute the rising day,
Haceis dulce salva	And plain and valley fill
Con harpadas lenguas,	With your enchanting lay;
Decilde a mi niña,	O! if in field or plain
Flor desta ribera,	My love should chance to be,
Si entre sus contentos	Ask if her heart retain
De mí se acuerda.	A thought of me.

CXXXVI.

ELFIN HILL.

The form of this ballad given under letter B was till Grundtvig's publication the only one known, and its elegance and poetical beauty had been universally felt, and translations of it made into several foreign languages. It has also been introduced into a scene in the favourite Danish opera of 'Elverhoi,' one in which Kühlau has composed the music to a drama by Heiberg. But this form of the ballad, B. is clearly only a fragment of the more ancient one given under letter A. in which we have the pretty episode of the sister introduced. The treacherous draught, which she had to bring him, would have rendered him forgetful of all the world, as in another ballad happens to Sir Bosmer, No. 151, a thought perhaps taken from Homer's Odyssee, but thoroughly naturalized in the North, and often occurring in Danish ballads. The reader can hardly fail to see, through all the imperfection of a translation, how imaginative and beautiful a poem it is in the original.

Elfin Hill. A.

Grundtv. II. p. 106. R. Warr. p. 1.

1 I once was an innocent poor young swain,
And, riding to meet my love,
I felt so weary, I longed to rest,
On lawn of the rosetree grove.

2 So down on a hillock I laid my head,
And sleep on mine eyelids fell,
When out of their cave three maidens tripp'd
Their treacherous tale to tell.

3 The one came towards me, the other went fro,
And whisper'd the third in my ear,
"Up, pretty young swain, to the dancers come,
"And join in our woodland cheer.

4 "O do as I bid thee, my pretty young swain,
"And join in the dancers' ring;
"My maiden shall time it with sweetest strain,
"Lips ever were heard to sing."

5 They brought from a cave a golden chair,
As seat for their Elfin queen;
And now, if I freely the truth declare,
Entranced I had nearly been.

6 She cleared her voice, and a song began,
And sweetly she tuned her lay,
The brook, that was wont so fast to flow,
Its torrent was fain to stay.

7 The brook, that was wont so fast to flow,
Its torrent was fain to stay,
The fish stood still in the crystal wave,
And ceas'd with their fins to play.

8 The pearly fish in the crystal wave
Lay still, as the maiden sang;
The deer, that roam'd in the greenwood shaw,
No longer or skipp'd or sprang.

9 The deer, that roam'd in the green wood shaw,
Forgot them to caper and bound,
The birds, that sat on the boughs above,
Were still at the soothing sound.

10 And each with her trulove, and all so gay,
Were dancing there, out and in;
But silent I sat, the poor young swain,
My hand held under my chin.

11 Then came there a maid with a silver can,
Came tripping from out the crew,
But down at her foot she spill'd the mead,
The maiden right well I knew.

12 "O listen and say, dear sister mine,
"The wine shall I drink, or no?"
"Nay raise it, but let it not touch thy lips,
"But down on thy bosom flow.

13 "Raise but to thy lips the silver cup,
"The wine in thy bosom spill;
"For sad is the life with an Elfin quean
"In cavern beneath the hill."

14 I rais'd to my lips the silver cup,
The wine on my breast let flow;
The Elf-queans merrily clapp'd their hands,
They thought they had won me so.

15 "Now hark to me, dearest sister mine,
"Up mount thee with me and ride;
"I'll bear thee to where afar from Elves
"In safety thou may'st abide."

16 "Thou would'st not in all the livelong day
So distant a gaol have won,
"That hither I came not back again
"At rise of the morning sun."

17 If God had not help'd me in time of need
With crowing of cock so shrill,
I surely had stay'd with these Elfin queans
In cavern beneath the hill.

18 And therefore I counsel all good young swains,
Whoever an errand ride,
They lay them not down upon Elfin hill,
Lest them such a fate betide.

Elfin Hill. B.

Dan. Vis. I. 234. Grimm p. 156. Oehl. p. 98. Grundtv. II. 107. Lewis's Tales of wonder I. p. 31. Jamieson's Pop. Ball. I. p. 225. Svens. Folkv. III. 170.

1 On Elfin hill as I laid my head,
A trance on mine eyelids fell;
And forward tripp'd with a lively tread
Two maidens their tale to tell.

2 With gentlest hand they smooth'd my face,
And whisper'd it into my ear;
"Up, pretty young swain, a dance to pace,
"And strains of our music hear.

3 "Wake up! wake up! thou pretty young swain,
"Join hands in our dancer's ring,
"And tread to the time of the cheerful strain,
"My maiden for thee shall sing."

4 As soon as the one her lay began,
A lovely and peerless maid,
The brook that before so swiftly ran,
It's eddy and brawling stay'd.

5 The brook that was wont so fast to flow,
It's eddy and brawling stay'd,
And fishes down in the waves below
Their fins to the cadence play'd.

6 The fishes down in the limpid flood
Were sporting with pearly tail;
And birds came flitting from out the wood,
And twitter'd in all the dale.

7 "Stay thou with us here, my pretty young wight,
"And gaily we'll pass the time;
"We'll teach thee to read, we'll teach thee to write,
"And many a Runic rhyme.

8 "We'll teach thee to tame the boar and bear,
"And tie them up to a tree,
"And force the Dragon to leave his lair,
"His treasure forsake, and flee."

9 But all the while that the Elfin train
Was tripping it round and round,
On sword-hilt I lean'd me, the fair young swain,
And silent sat on the ground.

10 "Now wilt thou not answer us e'en a word?
"Nor take in our dance a part?
"Then soon shall thy glittering knife and sword
"Bear death-sleep into thy heart."

11 That moment there crew the cock so shrill,
Sure Jesus my soul would save,
For else had I stay'd on the haunted hill,
And been to the Elves a slave.

12 So list to me, every gentle wight,
And wisely my counsel keep,
You ride not on Elfin hill at night,
Nor lay yourselves there to sleep.

NOTES.

St. 4. The lulling fascinating effect of song described in these ballads occurs in the Spanish 'Romance del conde Arnaldos.' How are we to account not only for the reappearance at a distant part of Europe of the same thought, but for the incidents being told in the same order, the effect on the waves, the fish, and the birds successively, in the Spanish as in the Danish? The words are

Marinero que la manda
diciendo viene un cantar
que la mar facia en calma,
los vientos hace amainar,
los peces que andan nel hondo
arriba los hace andar,
las aves, que andan volando,
en el mástel las fece posar.

Wolf & Hofm. II. 80.

A lay so sweet the pilot sings
Who steers her o'er the seas,
He lulls the roaring wave asleep,
And stills the rushing breeze.

The fish that at the bottom swam,
Up on the surface float;
Birds flitting by rest on the mast,
And cease their woodland note.

This romance, like that from which a stanza has been taken into 'Axel and Walborg,' appears from the language to be an old one.

It is to be observed that in Danish ballads

'The faery elves
Whose midnight revels by the forest side
Or fountain the belated peasant sees,'

are full grown women and not the diminutive beings of our English tales, whose dance is so prettily described in an old song on Hawking, Hunting &c. quoted by Donce in his Shakspeare.

> By the moone we sport and play,
> With the night begins our day;
> As we friske the dew doth fall,
> Trip it little urchins all,
> Lightly as the little bee,
> Two by two, and three by three,
> And about go wee, go wee.

St. 11. Their hurrying away at cockcrow is an old and very general idea. It was perhaps from this belief of his dispersing ghosts and evil spirits, that a cock was placed on the spire of Christian churches. See Notes to 'Sir Ogey and Lady Elsey' No. 111.

CXXXVII.

THE THREE ROBBERS AND THEIR THREE SISTERS.

The Danish editors remark that this tragic and truly horrible tale appears to be founded upon fact. The clergyman at Horbelew on the island Falster reports that Tostrup wood, the scene of the murder, is now cleared away, but that a spring is still shown, as the spot where the three sisters were buried, and a cavern in a neighbouring hill, as that in which the three robbers lived. Upon the right hand side of the church tower there are some figures carved in the stone, which the common people suppose to refer to this story. There was a very old man living there, who had known this ballad from childhood, and sang it almost exactly as given in the manuscript from which the text is printed.

In the Færöiske Kvæder published by Hammershaimb in the Nordiske Oldskrifter there is one, the 'Margretu Kvædi,' wherein a brother, who has been brought up an outlaw in the woods, meets his sister on her way home from her cloister, and not knowing who she is, takes advantage of her. The sequel is different, but the stories, notwithstanding the localizing of one of them in Denmark, may be derived from the same ancient source. See Vol. II. p. 163.

The three Robbers and their three Sisters.

Dan. Vis. III. 392.

1 Sir Truel he dwelt beside the sea,
Far out on an island west,
And with him his graceful daughters three,
The roses in silk were drest.

2 Dame Mettelille wakes her daughters three
Far out on &c.
"Get up, my daughters, and come to me.
The roses &c.

3 "Get up, my daughters, you've slept so long,
"You've miss'd the sermon and morning song."

4 "Then if the matins we miss'd today,
"We'll much the longer at high-mass stay."

5 Dame Mettelille comb'd her daughters' hair,
Nor dream'd how ill they were doom'd to fare.

6 She clad them each in a mantle blue,
And sent them to church to Horbelew.

7 There, just as they reach'd the Tostrup shaw,
The robbers' dog in the path they saw:

8 Nor sooner had enter'd the Tostrup wood,
Than all three robbers before them stood.

9 "Now, say, will you rather be robbers' wives?
"Or here on the instant lose your lives?"

10 "We never will be three robbers' wives;
"We rather will all of us lose our lives."

11 They murder'd one, and they murder'd two,
Hard strove the third one, ere her they slew.

12 "Then grant us this for our honour's sake,
"Tonight at Sir Truel's your rest to take."

13 'Twas late as they came to Sir Truel's house,
And there they halted and held carouse.

14 They feasted so long, they drank so deep,
Sir Truel retired to his bed to sleep.

15 "Now hark, Dame Mettelille, what we say,
"And plight us your favour, nor say us nay."

16 "Before I plight me to all the three,
"I fain would first in your wallets see."

17 She open'd their wallets, and saw therein
Her daughters' brooches and golden pin.

18 "Now tarry a moment and take your rest,
"I go but to fetch my treasure chest."

19 She fasten'd the door, as out she pass'd;
With bars of iron she made it fast.

20 She mantled her head, and up she stepp'd
To where in his loft Sir Truel slept.

21 "O wake, Sir Truel, and come with me;
"These robbers have murder'd our daughters three."

22 Sir Truel he hasted his men to wake,
"Up! up! my troopers, your weapons take.

23 "Up! buckle upon you coats of mail,
"These robbers are not the men to quail."

24 "Now speak and tell us, ye robbers three,
"Who are ye, and who may your fathers be?"

25 "Our father had sent us all to school,
"But us poor children the robbers stole.

26 "With them we have dwelt these fifteen years,
"And eaten our bread with grief and tears.

27 "Those older robbers are now all dead,
"And we on the highway seek our bread.

28 "One only crime we have dared to do,
"We yesterday night three maidens slew."

29 Sir Truel in tones of anguish griev'd,
"Of all my children I'm now bereav'd.

30 "Your mother it was ye wish'd to plight,
"Your sisters it was ye slew last night.

31 "Three suits of clothes for you I will buy,
"But out of the town and country fly."

32 "O nay! dear father, that will not we;
"Nay! 'Life for Life' is the law's decree."

33 They fetter'd and led them out of town,
And better at once had hewn them down.

34 The two were rack'd on a pole and wheel,
But one made off to the woods to steal.

NOTES.

c. 1. The **roses.** These of course are the maidens. They are often called so.

c. 32. This sentiment, honourable even in a robber and murderer, occurs also in the fine Scotch ballad of 'Lord John's murder' Buch. II. p. 20

'Ae foot I winna flee, lady,
Ae foot I winna flee;
I've dune the crime worthy of death,
It's right that I shou'd die.'

CXXXVIII.

SIR LUNO AND THE MERMAID.

Great interest attaches to this short ballad on account of the allusion to Greenland as an inhabited country and Sir Luno's home. That peninsula was colonized by the Danes and frequented by them from the 10th to the 15th century, when from the increasing rigour of the climate it was abandoned and forgotten by them, till the beginning of the 17th century. Yet the name seems to have been retained in the songs of the Danish peasantry.

Sir Luno binds the mermaid to the rock, as Sir Rodengard in No. 13 binds the eagle to the branch. It is rather curious, as Grundtvig observes, that Gaelic songs represent Jutland, where this ballad was found, as the home of a powerful magician named Luno, who forged Fingal's sword, and from whom that sword obtained the name of Luno's son. (See Ossian. Notes on Temora.) It is probable that the name of Luno may have been engraved on a sword, and so become known to the Gaelic tribes, and the mystery in which artists enveloped their processes, have given this Luno the character of another Wayland. But while it is doubtful whether Macpherson had any authentic manuscripts on which to frame his tales, all disquisition on the subject is superfluous.

The conclusion resembles a passage in the Edda lay of Helga, where Atli also changes a sea-witch to a rock.

"The day shines, Hrimgerd: thee awaited here
Atli for thy destruction.
A laughable beacon wilt thou be to the skipper,
As thou standest here a statue."

From Simrock's Edda 1855. p. 154.

Sir Luno and the Mermaid.

Grundtv. II. p. 92. R. Warr. p. 30.

1 Sir Luno he built a ship so grand,
As never was seen on sea or land.
They gather gold in Greenland.

2 'Twas gilt all over from stern to prow,
The name of the Virgin on either bow.

3 'Twas gilt all over from deck to floor,
And blazon'd the name of Jesus bore.

4 The sails were of silk, so bright and new,
The one was yellow, and one was blue.

5 The yards they were all with silver bright,
The mainmast top with gold was dight.

6 Sir Luno bade, and they down to shore
The anchor bare and the slender oar.

7 As steer'd Sir Luno across the sea,
There met him a Mermaid, and wroth was she.

8 "Hark thee, Sir Luno, and wend thee back,
"Or high on a rock thy ship I'll wrack."

9 "Foul witch, thou never the day shalt live,
"That I should place to a Mermaid give."

10 The very first wave the Mermaid cast,
Asunder were rent both sail and mast.

11 The very next wave that the Mermaid threw,
The sails to the sea in tatters flew.

12 Said then the steersman, "Has none the skill
"With Runes the Mermaid's wrath to still?"

13 Up spake Sir Luno, that worthy knight,
"The Runes myself I have learnt to write."

14 On staff so slender he wrote the Rune,
And bound the struggling Mermaid down.

15 He wrote the Rune on a twig so small,
Yet bound her fast on a stone withal.

16 "Sir Luno, Sir Luno, oh set me free,
"Seven tons of silver I'll give to thee.

17 "Seven tons of silver and eight of gold;
"Have mercy, Sir Luno, and loose thy hold!"

18 "Sit thou and famish in cold and pain;
"The spell I never will loose again.

19 "Sit there, and all who come near thee, tell,
"How thou hast been bound in Sir Luno's spell."

20 Sir Luno is home to Greenland gone,
The Mermaid is fast on a reef of stone.

CXXXIX.

PROUD ELINE.

The Danish editors give us no information respecting this piece. From the metre and the abrupt character of the verses it appears to be one of the most ancient. I do not find in our own or any other literature a parallel to it, or any tale from which it might seem to be derived. In its tone and character it belongs to the Hero ballads. The metre is the same as in 'Sivard and Brynhild' No. 3. As is not unusual, the refrain tells from the very first that 'She murdered him in his sleep,' but as the murderess is not named till the latter part of the ballad, it would only cause confusion to the reader, and is therefore omitted.

The metre, it will be observed, agrees in the number of syllables with an Alexandrine, but is in its effect a very different form of verse. The Alexandrine, as used by Drayton, consists of two lines of three iambi in each, while this consists of two lines of four and of two iambi respectively. In Tegner's poem of Frithioff there is yet another form of this metre used in the concluding canto, 'The Reconciliation.'

Danish ballads are full of fine dramatic situations, and the present one furnishes in these few stanzas

some very striking ones — the proud revengeful discarded mistress showing the guests every politeness in order to conceal her murderous intentions, and to carry them out better, yet unable to restrain her anger at seeing the bridal cup in the hands of her rival, and then lurking under the silk coverlet of her bed to murder her, softened by the kind words the bride speaks of her, but unrelenting towards her perjured lover — there are few more animated scenes.

Proud Eline.

Dan. Vis. III. 203. Grimm p. 187.

1 It was the handsome Sir Remold
He rode away,
And won Sir Bonde's daughter's hand,
A lovely may.

2 He brought Sir Bonde's daughter home
To his abode;
The Archbishop and the King himself
Beside them rode.

3 In state they brought that gentle bride,
To Sir Remold,
Nor for the minstrel stinted they
The ruddy gold.

4 They led the bride to banquet room
From out her wain,
There follow'd her both knights and squires
To hold her train.

5 They seated her, the lovely bride,
On bridal chair,
And walk'd in front both knights and squires
Her robe to bear.

6 Uprose with silver cup in hand
The proud Eline,
And all the day she pour'd the wine
Till dusk of e'en.

7 All the day long she serv'd the wine
From man to man,
But snatch'd in anger from the bride
The silver can.

8 She pour'd the bright and sparkling wine,
While yet was light;
The bride was led in state to bed
At fall of night.

9 From banquet hall to bridal house
They led the fair;
In front there march'd both knights and squires
The torch to bear.

10 They seated on her bridal bed
The gentle bride,
And he from table rose, and soon
Was at her side.

11 The rest they left the bridal house,
Friends all, so kind,
But crept beneath the silk Eline
And stay'd behind.

12 Then spake the handsome Sir Remold,
As there he lay,
"One thing, my dear and gentle bride,
"I prithee say:

13 "Tell me between our own two selves,
"Are you not lothe
"To sleep beside a faithless man,
"Who brake his oath?

14 "My Christian faith, my hope in God,
"My honour too,
"Was plighted all to proud Eline,
"Ere given to you."

15 "While one you had at home so fair
"As here I see,
"Why rode you to my father's house
"To wed with me?

16 "While here so lovely a one you had
"Your home to share,
"Why ride across to plight to me
"Those vows you sware?"

17 "I would no longer lead with her
"A graceless life,
"And therefore, Daumor, wedded you
"To be my wife."

18 "And yet methinks," fair Daumor said,
So good was she,
"Might surely claim the proud Eline
"Your match to be."

19 While so they spake, thought Sir Remold
None other near,
But in the bride-house stood Eline
With listening ear.

20 When on his pillow Sir Remold
Sank down and slept,
The proud Eline to the bridal bed
For vengeance crept.

21 Her golden-hilted knife she drew
From sleeve so red,
And therewithal she stabb'd the knight,
Till he was dead.

22 From sleep awoke the gentle bride,
And weeping spake;
"Forbear, by all that's good in heaven,
"My life to take."

23 "But that e'en now I heard thee say
"Kind words for me,
"The selfsame death as Sir Remold
"Awaited thee.

24 "Put on thy maiden crown again,
"And band of gold,
"The bride thou wast but not the wife
"Of Sir Remold."

25 Back to her father's went the bride
In saddest mood,
And left the handsome Sir Remold
Drench'd in his blood.

NOTES.

St. 6. The office of Skienker, Germ. Schenk, the Scottish Skynker or cupbearer, seems to have been usually performed by some man of the party, but in 'Sir Peter and Christine' No. 160, as well as this ballad, a rejected mistress performs the duty, and one of the most affecting passages in the fine ballad of 'Fair Anna' No. 148 describes her as doing the same. The present ballad may be considered a counterpart and contrast to these two.

St. 9. The bridal house must have been a detached building on the premises, to which the young couple were conducted in state, a δομος such as those in King Priam's court.

St. 15. This passage occurs in No. 160 also, a ballad with which this one has so much in common. We see from this and similar expressions that there was nothing discreditable in living as a mistress. It was in fact a morgenatic marriage, a compromise with the law that forbad the union of those who were not of equal rank.

CXL.

THE WATER-SPRITE'S TREACHERY.

The idea of ladies being carried off to live with watersprites under the sea occurs in the ballad 'Fair Agnes and the Merman' No. 153. There is a Scotch one called 'James Herries' Buchan I. 214 Motherwell p. 95 of a similar character. See introductory note to No. 153.

There is among the Breton ballads published by Villemarqué under the title of 'Barzaz Breiz' one called 'La Fiancée' V. 1. 262 which bears the same sort of analogy to this and the following Danish one, as 'Sir Nann and the Fairy' bears to 'Sir Olave.' The general resemblance is so great, that there can be little doubt of their common origin, as different as are the details.

Deux jeunes gens de qualité avaient été fiancés ce jour-là.
Dix huit tailleurs avaient fait la robe de noces de la jeune fille;
Lui avaient fait sa robe de noces, où brillaient douze étoiles.
Où douze étoiles, et le soleil et la lune étaient peints.
Quand la messe eut été chanté, elle revint au cimetière.
Survint un grand seigneur paré, couvert de fer de la tête aux pieds;
Un casque d'or sur la tête, un manteau rouge sur les épaules;
Ses yeux comme des éclairs, sous son casque, en sa tête;

Pour monture, une haquenée saxonne aussi noire que la nuit;

Une haquenée dont le sabot faisait jaillir du feu.

"Donnez moi la nouvelle mariée, que je la conduise aux miens pour la leur faire voir."

Ils parlaient encore, qu'ils étaient rendus au rivage,

Et emportés par une petite barque, et qu'ils avaient passé la grande mer —

The tale goes on to say that he took her down to the infernal regions for having plighted her hand to three different lovers.

The Water-sprite's Treachery.

Grundtv. II. p. 59 A. R. Warr. p. 20.

1 The maids at the palace they danced away,
With hair all flowing so blithe and gay.

2 With hair all flowing there danced the maids,
There danced the knights with their naked blades.

3 The knights they danced, and their sword blades rang,
The measure the king's own daughter sang.

4 The maiden was proud, and her voice so clear
All under the ice the sprite could hear.

5 Up heaved him the sprite, and clothes put on;
"That maiden so proud is mine anon."

6 He clad him in dress of gold and green,
Took Allfast, the Prince's, name and mien.

7 A black and white horse he then bestrode,
And off on a golden saddle rode.

8 As up to the courtyard gate he came,
They tripp'd a dance, as in chase of game.

9 His horse to the churchyard rail he bound.
And enter'd and danced to the tuneful sound.

10 The maiden her hand held out to the sprite;
"Come dance with me, Allfast, my trulove knight."

11 "I will not join in the dance with thee,
"Unless thou wilt come to my home with me.

12 "O maiden, no longer thy love withhold,
"I'll grace thy head with a crown of gold;

13 "I'll give thee so precious a golden band,
"As never was seen in all this land.

14 "Tho' rules thy father so many a town,
"He gave thee never so rich a crown;

15 "Tho' king thy father o'er all the land,
"He gave thee never so rich a band."

16 "But how shall I 'scape from the castle yard,
"Where kinsmen so many hold watch and ward?"

17 "Tho' guard thee thy kindred by night and day,
"Thy troth thou hast plighted, and must away."

18 His horse so gentle was standing there,
And up on its back he rais'd the fair;

19 He gallop'd away o'er heath and wold,
And gleam'd afar with a blaze of gold.

20 His horse rush'd onward o'er holt and hill,
And first at a roaring stream stood still.

21 "Now tell me then, Allfast, my knight so true,
"What will you to cross that water do?"

22 "No trulove of thine, tho' such I seem,
"My home is here in the roaring stream."

23 With fifteen nails in the four gold shoes
Down sank the steed in the stifling ooze;

24 And far they could hear on the mountain side,
How under the water the maiden cried.

NOTES.

c. 8. 'enn bedde-dantz' literally a bait-dance. Miss Warrens translates it 'Rund-tanz,' *round*-dance.

c. 9. 'kierke-knop' church-*knob*. Miss Warrens translates it 'Kirchenfirst,' church-*summit*, which it certainly cannot be, for the sprite is assuming a human form and habits.

CXLI.

MAR STIG'S DAUGHTER AND THE MERMAN.

This is a ballad very similar in its character to the preceding one. Grundtvig is of opinion that it originally had no especial reference to a daughter of Marshal Stig, but that her name has been adopted in later times. It has been frequently translated into both German and English.

Mar Stig's daughter and the Merman.

Grundtv. II. 62. Dan. Vis. I. 310. Grimm p. 403.

1 "O mother, give me thy rede herein,
"Mar Stig's fair daughter how I may win."

2 Of water she made him a horse to ride,
Of sand a saddle and reins beside.

3 Himself she shaped to a knight so proud,
And off to St. Mary's church he rode.

4 His horse to the churchyard rail he bound,
And twice the church walked wrongways round.

5 He enter'd the door, and one and all
Turn'd round at the sight the statues small.

6 The priest who before the altar stood,
Ask'd who he might be, that knight so proud.

7 Said Mar Stig's daughter with downcast eyne;
"Would God that the gallant knight were mine!"

8 He stepp'd over one stool, stepp'd o'er two,
"Be mine, Stig's daughter, to me be true."

9 He stepp'd over three seats, stepp'd o'er four;
"O come to my home on yonder shore."

10 Up rose the maid and her hand gave she;
"I plight thee my troth and follow thee."

11 They walk'd from the church in bridal train,
And danced so joyously both the twain.

12 They danced till at last they reached the shore,
And no one was left beside them more.

13 "Mar Stig's fair daughter, hold thou my steed,
"For here I must build us a ship at need."

14 So soon as they came there and trod the sand,
The little boats all turn'd round to land.

15 They hardly put off and left the bank,
Ere down to the bottom Stig's daughter sank.

16 The far off dwellers about the creek,
Heard under the water her drowning shriek.

17 So list to my rede, ye maidens good,
And go not to dance in so proud a mood.

NOTES.

c. 4. **Churchyard paling.** Kirkekam, *church comb* — an expression that puzzles all commentators. Grimm translates it 'Schlüssel,' *key*, Jamieson *kirk-stile*. The Danish editors say that the meaning should be 'Rygningen' ridge, but that that sense is inapplicable. There is nothing more like the teeth of a comb than a palisade, and the meaning seems obvious that he tied his horse to a stake of the paling.

c. 4. **Walk'd wrong-ways round.** Whether from right to left, the contrary of the sun, or backwards, is a question. The Danish editors explain the word 'avet' by 'baglænds' backwards, but observe that in the North Sealand dialect it means 'til venstre Side,' *to the left side*.

It is curious that the savages of Australia have a notion that evil spirits walk backwards, a kind of notion, observes Jamieson on this passage, of mighty efficacy in all incantations.

c. 7. **smiled with downcast eyne** 'smiler under Skind,' smiled *under her cloak*, thought to herself 'Would that the knight were mine.'

CXLII.

THE TWO SISTERS WHO AVENGED THEIR FATHER.

Vedel introduces this ballad with the remark that "In those old times it was all in a state of open feud and suchlike mutual quarreling and homicide. People knew little of law or justice, or settling matters by means of them. Every one avenged his wrong on the other, as he best found opportunity." So sacred a duty was it considered to avenge the murderer of a father, that we see here two young women take it upon themselves, and a priest sanction what they did by letting them off with a nominal penance.

The two Sisters who avenged their father.

Dan. Vis. IV. p. 34. Grimm p. 208.

1 A sister thus to a sister spake,
My trulove who secretly had my vows
"And never wilt thou a husband take?"
Is sheltering under the greenwood boughs.

2 "Nay wed will I never a living swain,
My trulove &c.
"Till vengeance I've had for a father slain."
Is sheltering &c.

3 "But what will our own two hands avail?
"No sword have we here, nor coat of mail."

4 "These wealthy farmers, who near us dwell,
"Will lend us mail and a sword as well."

5 On cloak and collar they plied their shears,
And made them dresses for cavaliers.

6 They d'onn'd their mail, girt sword to side,
And mounted horse to the court to ride.

7 When up to the courtyard gate they came,
There stood beside it Sir Erland's dame.

8 "Our greeting, Sir Erland's wife! now say,
"Is he, Sir Erland, at home today?"

9 "Sir Erland sits in his hall to dine,
"With guests around him is quaffing wine."

10 As enter'd the hall those maidens two,
He rose to meet them with honour due.

11 The purple cushion Sir Erland press'd,
"Come hither, sit down, young men, and rest."

12 "We're not so weary, nor are we tired,
"And yet were a little rest desired."

13 "Now say, are ye married men, ye two?
"Or stealthily ride ye out to woo?"

14 "We are not married, nor have we bride,
"But hither to woo by stealth we ride."

15 "Then hark ye, young gallants! for I can tell,
"Where two rich fatherless maidens dwell."

16 "But if so rich are these orphans two,
"Say, why for their favour did you not sue?"

17 "Their favour myself I had gladly sought,
"If hinder'd me not a crime, I wrought;

18 "The maidens' father had I not slain,
"And then with the widow'd mother lain."

19 "'Tis true, by thy hand our father died,
"But touching our mother 'tis foully lied."

20 With maidenly grace their swords they drew,
With manly courage the knight they slew.

21 They hack'd Sir Erland to bits as small,
As chips from a woodman's hatchet fall.

22 With teardrops many, and rueful face,
The maids to their shrift were seen to pace;

23 But all the penance the father bade,
Three Fridays on bread and water paid.

NOTE.

c. 23. As it was usual to fast on Fridays, this was no punishment at all.

CXLIII.

SIR JOHN.

This humourous song has long been an especial favourite all over Norway and Sweden as well as Denmark, and consequently subjected to the many alterations, that arise from caprice and fault of memory. In one of the Swedish versions Sir John serves the king for love of the princess, and especially admires her in church at her marriage with Sir Lavé. The rest of the ballad is much like the Danish. This usually begins

'Herr Lave han red sig under oe.'

Sir Lave rode to an isle away.

The six introductory stanzas are added in Nyerup's edition from a broadside, in which the song is separately printed; and although very probably of more modern date, they are an improvement to it. It is supposed to have been originally a serious composition like most other Scandinavian ballads, and rendered humorous by the addition of Sir John's quaint answers.

Sir John

Dan. Vis. IV. 166. and note. Grimm p. 132. Arw. I. 274.
Sv. Folkv. II. 141.

1 As home Sir Peter came from town,
Ye're bidden every one!
All eagerly rush'd his daughter down
To ask about Sir John.
So bind a golden helmet on,
And come along with John.

2 "Dear father, welcome home at last!
"Now tell me what at court has pass'd,
"And all about Sir John."

3 "My dear, the news I bring is grand,
"The rich Sir Lavé gets your hand,
"And not the rogue Sir John."

4 "And if he does, then I can tell,
"For him it wo'nt turn out so well,
"If still alive Sir John."

5 His news Sir Peter had hardly told,
When up Sir Lavé rode so bold,
Alas! 'twas not Sir John.

6 Sir Lave made his marriage feast,
Sir John got shod his trusty beast,
"I'll soon be there," said John.

The above verses are usually omitted, and the ballad begins as follows, and this is probably its original form.

1 Sir Lavé rode to an isle away,
Ye're bidden every one
And there betroth'd a lovely may;
"I'll ride with them," said John.
So bind a golden helmet on
And come along with John.

2 Sir Lave brought him home his bride,
And knights and squires to meet them hied,
"And here am I," said John.

3 They set her down on bridal chair,
To deal the wine Sir John was there.
"Now drink away," said John.

4 They took to bed the blushing bride,
But left by chance her stay-lace tied;
"Come, I'll loose that," said John.

5 He lock'd the door with hearty glee,
"Sir Lave wish 'good night' from me,
"For here I stay," said John.

6 "Sir Lave, haste man! haste!" they cried,
"Sir John 's up stairs and with the bride;"
"Aye! that I am," said John.

7 Sir Lave tapp'd the chamber door,
"Come out, Sir John, and jest no more;"
"Now wait a bit," said John.

8 With spear and shield he made a rout,
"Up, up, Sir John! this instant out."
"See if I do," said John.

9 "Unless at once you leave my bride,
"Before the King I'll have it tried."
"And that you may," said John.

10 The morrow morn at dawn of day
To court Sir Lave bent his way;
"And I'll go too," said John.

11 "I wooed and brought me home a bride,
"Sir John has stolen her from my side;"
"That's very true," said John.

12 "If she's to both of you so dear,
"Then go like men, and break a spear."
"With all my heart," said John.

13 The morrow, soon as it was light,
Went knights and squires to see the fight.
"I'm ready, boys," said John.

14 They rode and charged with all their force,
And knuckled down Sir John's good horse.
"God help me now!" said John.

15 They rode again and grappled well,
And on the ground Sir Lave fell.
"There let him lie," said John.

16 As reach'd Sir John his castle gate,
There waiting him his lady sate.
"You are mine then now," said John.

17 And so Sir John, apart from strife,
Can live in comfort with his wife.
"I've got her safe," said John.

NOTES.

The words in the refrain that are here translated **Ye're bidden every one** are in the original 'I ere vel bon.' Bon is clearly a provincial pronunciation of 'boden' *invited,* but is often altered to 'baarn' *born.*

So bind a golden helmet on. This golden helmet, Hielm af Guld, or Hoved af Guld, was a female ornament, and the refrain would seem to be addressed to the lady, or the brideswomen.

St. 3. Jon böd dennem vel iskiænk. John bæde them pour well. As he carried round the tankard he bade them fill up. This office was usually performed by a near relation or intimate friend.

CXLIV.

LADY BODILD.

Whether the Sir John of this pathetic and beautiful ballad is our genial friend of the foregoing one, we have no information. Öhlenschläger in his revision of it strangely omits, as he very often does, one of the finest passages, the 21st stanza, which every reader will feel to be so true to nature, and very touching. A note attached to the first edition of it in the Tragica informs us that Sir John had married against the king's wish, and that he was purposely placed in a post of danger.

Lady Bodild.

Dan. Vis. III. 47. Grundtv. III. 325. Oehl. p. 258.

1 The Linden stands on Lindenhill,
Stands bending towards the ground;*
For Lady Bodild's wasting grief
A cure can not be found.

* Bent by winter blasts. The poet means to say that in winter and summer she is equally cheerless.

2 The linden stands on Lindenhill,
And gaily spreads its leaf,
But still to Lady Bodild's heart
No season brings relief.

3 It was the gallant knight Sir John
Awoke, and told his wife,
"I've dream'd tonight a wondrous dream,
"And fear I lose my life.

4 "I dream'd I rode to hunt the wolf
"Out in the forest shaw,
"And slain, and rent in morsels small
"Fell mangled from his jaw."

5 "And have you dreamt this frightful dream?
"God guide us for the best!
"Get shriven before you take the field,
"And have your banner bless'd."

6 Sir John in church is duly shriven,
And off to the war is gone;
The first, that in the battle fell,
Was even he Sir John.

7 Sir John, he with his king had march'd
To meet his country's foes,
And in the van his banner bare,
And fell, and never rose.

8 Three months went by, and peering out
The Lady Bodild stood;
"A hearse comes hitherward from south,
"I see the gilded wood.

9 "Bright glittering over Lomberd hill
"That hearse comes moving on,
"And either 'tis the King himself,
"Or else my lord, Sir John."

10 The Lady Bodild call'd her men;
"Ye servants twain, come near;
"Go saddle me quick my good grey horse,
"I'll ride to meet the bier."

11 Then thus Sir Peter, gallant knight,
No guile was in his heart;
"'Twas I that won his wife's consent
"To let Sir John depart."

12 Off to the van, where rode the king,
Sir Peter went, and spake;
"See here my sister Bodild comes;
"What answer shall we make?"

13 "O tell her 'tis Sir John's small page
"That on the bier is lain,
"Before next candlemas is past,
"Sir John comes home again."

14 The Lady Bodild heard the news,
But gave it no belief,
And wept, and wildly clapp'd her hands
In bitterness of grief.

15 "Set down, set down that gilded bier,
"I'll see what may be there,
"For better I can trust my eyes,
"Than what my kinsmen swear."

16 She look'd, but knew Sir John no more,
Nor aught of him could see,
For tied up in a linen cloth
All chopp'd to bits was he.

17 She first of all his fingers view'd,
Then on his eyes would pore;
"Wert thou the only man on earth,
"I should not know thee more."

18 His little finger again she view'd,
And there she found a scar,
That with her scissars she had made
Herself in playful spar.

19 "'Tis thou indeed, my dear Sir John,
"All mangled tho' thou art;
"I ne'er shall see that happy day,
"That anguish quits my heart."

20 His clay-cold cheek she gently tapp'd,
A tender tear let fall;
"Forgive thee God, my brother dear,
"But thou hast caus'd it all."

21 She gently through her fingers drew
His long soft yellow hair;
"How often with my silver shears
"I clipp'd these locks so fair."

22 She rais'd his hand, his dear right hand,
And kiss'd his lips so cold;
"O pity, Lord, a widow's grief,
"My happy days are told."

23 Then kindly spake the Danish king,
Nor longer could refrain;
"My noble lady, why thus weep,
"Where sorrowing is in vain?

24 "Cease, lady, cease to mourn and sigh
"For what is lost and gone;
"I'll find thee soon another man
"Much richer than Sir John."

25 "Nay, gold and silver lack I not,
"I still have both in store,
"But friend so true, as was Sir John,
"I find me nevermore.

26 "And thanks for other rede you gave,
"But surely spoke in jest;
"There's one above can venge the wrong'd,
"And give the troubled rest.

27 "On me, a weak defenceless wife,
"You've wreak'd your wrath and spite,
"But look to what the proverb says
"Shall you for this requite."

28 In angry mood rode off the King,
To church the lady drave,
And weeping there she left Sir John
Closed in his silent grave.

29 She little cared for Denmark's king,
Or gave his counsels heed,
But ever sat on widow's bench,
And dress'd in widow's weed.

Nor knight was there in all the court,
Despite the king's command,
Could ever cheer her lifelong grief,
Or ever gain her hand.

NOTE.

St. 24. On the subject of offering husbands to widows see in Lady Guest's Mabinogion the Tale of the Lady of the Fountain, and the editress's remarks on it. Vol. I. p. 63.

St. 27. This verse alludes to the king's having purposely exposed Sir John to be killed. In one of the copies he is represented as marrying her after her husband's death.

CXLV.

FAIR SIGNILD AND THE BROTHER WHOM SHE RESCUED.

This exists in Swedish also, but there is no explanation of the event, to which the tale refers, in either the Danish or the Swedish edition. It appears to be mythological. The name of the brother in the Swedish is Håkan (Hogen). It possibly refers to some episode in the great drama of the Nibelung family.

Fair Signild and the brother whom she rescued.

Dan. Vis. IV. 31. Arw. II. 128. Grimm p. 207.

1 Fair Signild had brew'd and mix'd the wine,
The rime begins to fall
And ask'd her brother to come and dine.
Up! d'on your harness, all!

2 The mead and the wine they set to run,
As long as was shining the cheerful sun.

3 Her brother, he then would homeward ride,
And swains she would give him his course to guide.

4 "What need have I now your swains to take?
"So late my foes are no more awake."

5 But just as the town from sight he lost,
His path seven foes, his bitterest, cross'd.

6 When round to the thickset wood he turn'd,
He there more plainly his foes discern'd.

7 "Now grant me, my foes, a boon, my last,
"On gilded cornet to sound a blast."

8 "Thereto we give thee a short reprieve,
"So blow, as thou wilt, thou hast our leave."

9 He blew on his horn, he blew so hard,
Fair Signild heard him in castle yard.

10 His horn so long and so loud he blew,
Its tone in her bed fair Signild knew.

11 O'er all the castle was heard her call;
"My palfrey bring me from out his stall.

12 "Aye bring from his stall the gallant gray;
"'Tis seven years, since he has seen the day.

13 "'Tis seven, since he the sun has seen;
"Since saddle he bare, at least fifteen.

14 "Bring forth my spear, and bring my brand,
"They've eighteen years not been in hand."

15 Fair Signild she urged her gallant steed,
And off he sprang at his utmost speed.

16 Fair Signild she call'd with voice so high,
"If living, my brother, make reply."

17 "I still am unhurt, nor think to bend,
"But yet, if thou canst, some succour lend."

18 She charged his foes, and she cut them down,
And living she brought him back to town:

19 And though there had twice as many fought,
Their death had the fearless maiden wrought.

NOTES.

c. 7. This is a stratagem familiar enough in our own Robin Hood ballads.

c. 12—14. This nonsense of the horse, spear &c. not having been used so many years is all omitted in the corresponding Swedish ballad. See Arwids. II. p. 129. The frequent occurrence of it in the Danish ones might satisfy us that they were not composed, in their present form at least, till after the period of chivalry was passed away.

CXLVI.

SIR NORMAN AND CHRISTINE,

or Proved Fidelity.

This little piece has much unaffected pathos and beauty. It will remind the reader of the 'Friar of Orders gray,' where the lady's fidelity is put to the proof in the same way. A similar thought occurs also in a Spanish Romance "Caballero de lejas tierras" Duran Vol. IV. p. 17, Wolf & Hoffm. Vol. II. p. 88, Depping Vol. II. p. 195. The lady asks a knight if he has seen her husband, and describes his person and accoutrements. He tells her that her husband must be one whom he saw assassinated at Valencia in a gambling quarrel, and deeply lamented by the daughter of the host, his 'enamorada;' and himself proposes to the lady. She rejects his suit, and says she will rather turn nun. He then discovers himself to her as her lost husband.

There are several forms of the Spanish ballad the original of which is the Portuguese romance in Almeida-Garrett's Romanceiro

Estava a bella infanta
No seu jardim assentada.

Willie's Lyke Wake Buchan II. p. 51. is a ballad of

the same character. Willie, like Sir Norman, gets himself laid on a bier as dead; his bride comes to the funeral, and

She lifted up the green covering
And gae him kisses three;
Then he look'd up into her face,
The blythe blink in his e'e, e'e,
The blythe blink in his e'e.

O then he started to his feet,
And thus to her said he:
'Fair Annie, since we're met again,
Parted nae mair we 'se be, be,
Parted nae mair we 'se be.'

Sir Norman and Christine,

or Proved Fidelity.

Dan. Vis. IV. 236. Grimm 212.

1 Some knights, while at an isle they stay'd,
Wrangled about a pretty maid.

2 "I'd wager all my gold so red,
"Christine cared not, were Norman dead.

3 "I'd wager gold and neckbone too,
"Christine is not to Norman true."

4 Sir Norman all their doubts had heard,
"Come now, my friends, I'll prove your word."

5 Sir Norman, clothed in silk so red,
Lay down, stretch'd out, as he were dead.

6 The King's men steer'd their ship to land,
Where paced Christine along the sand.

7 "Welcome, ye King's men, home again!
"How have ye fared in this campaign?"

8 "Dear has our troop this voyage cost,
"So fine a man we 've lately lost.

9 "We 've lost a handsome gallant knight,
"The young Sir Norman he was hight."

10 The news she scarcely heard them tell,
Ere fainting on the ground she fell.

11 "And is it true that Norman 's kill'd?
"Then o'er his corpse a church I'll build.

12 "Its walls shall be of marble stone,
"The tomb of whitest whalefish bone.

13 "His coffin I'll with silver dight,
"And golden letters on it write;

14 " 'So there' shall say the passers by,
" 'The bones of Christine's lover lie.' "

15 Her sorrow he could bear no more,
But rose and kiss'd her o'er and o'er.

16 Good loyal knight, without delay
Sir Norman fix'd the wedding day.

17 Well done the gentle lady too!
She show'd herself so good and true.

18 And now she is free from all alarm,
And nightly sleeps on Norman's arm.

NOTE.

c. 12. **Whalefish bone** perhaps means that of the narwhal or the walrus, but more probably ivory from the east, the origin of which was unknown to the ancient ballad-makers. It is used in our old English romances and ballads as the symbol of whiteness, as in the Erle of Tolous v. 355

'Her handys white as whallys bone.'

and again in the Squire of low degree

'Lady as white as whale's bone.'

and in Syr Eglamour of Artoys

'The erle had no chylde but one,
A mayden as white as whale's bone.'

In the tale of The Lady of the Fountain in Lady Guest's Mabinogion Vol. I. p. 42 is mention of 'daggers with blades of gold and with hilts of the bone of the whale.'

CXLVII.

GUNDELILLE AND SIR PALLE.

This lively amusing piece is supposed to be founded upon fact, like one in many respects similar to it, 'Ellen Ove's daughter' No. 68.

Anne Krabbe in her manuscript song-book says "It is a pretty old song about a maiden named Gundelille, who is said to have lived at Södring at a time when there were so few churches, that her parish church was at Skiörring, about two miles from Aars and two from Stenalt; and it is said by very old people that her prayer-place 'Bedested' was in Stenalt wood at a great beech tree, where a coat of arms is still found on the same beech. There a knight, named Sir Palle, once came to her, as this song relates. The road that she took to church through Stenalt wood, is still called 'Maiden Gunder's road.' He is said to have lived in a house called 'Old House' in Vibel mark."

The story is imperfect. A stanza or two seem to have been lost between the second and third; and after the agreement that her lover should wait till after church, and return in her carriage, we find him receiving her at his own house.

There are several Swedish versions of it.

The name Palle is pronounced in two syllables *Palley* and not *Paul.*

Gundelille and Sir Pallé.

Dan. Vis. IV. 175. Oehl. p. 302. Arw. I. 284.

1 It was the maiden Gundelille
Her mother's rede would know,
Might she to drink her Yule-tide draught
To young Sir Pallé go.
The leaves are bursting out so green.

2 "My daughter, surely as thou shalt dare
"With him thy Yule to keep,
"He'll do what he so long has tried,
"And give thee cause to weep."

3 *Sir P.* "O listen, maiden Gundelille,
"My tender love requite,
"And all the days, I have to live,
"I'll prove thy faithful knight."

4 "Now hark, Sir Pallé, gallant knight,
"If me no harm you do,
"As soon as Mass is duly sung,
"Home I will go with you.

5 "Yes, hark, Sir Pallé, gallant knight,
"From troubling me refrain,
"And when the Priest has sung the mass,
"Mount with me in my wain."

6 But when the Mass was duly sung,
And people gone away,
Did still the maiden Gundelille
In church awhile delay.

7 In scarlet cloak of finest cloth
Her coachman boy she clad;
Herself, the maiden Gundelille,
Disguis'd her like the lad.

8 She took the reins, and towards the house
Drove off the buxom maid,
And there the rich Sir Pallé stood
In marten robe array'd.

9 Sir Pallé he, like gallant knight,
Stepp'd to the lady's wain,
And gently folded in his arms,
And lifted down the swain.

10 And then with graceful courtesy
Led to his room the lad;
Behind them follow'd Gundelille
In driving mantle clad.

11 There at the board they seated him
On bridal bench to dine;
The maiden Gundelille herself
Pour'd out and serv'd the wine.

12 And while he sat, that coachman boy,
And quaff'd the brimming horn,
Went Gundelille and gave the steeds
Their water and their corn.

13 But now with evening's chilly mist
The fields were overspread,
And time the lady's coachman boy
Should rise and go to bed.

14 They led him off to the bridal house,
That coachman boy so fair,
And in the van march'd Gundelille
The bridal torch to bear.

15 So soon as in the bridal bed
The lady's coachman lay,
No longer could the gallant knight,
Sir Pallé, stay away.

16 Down in the bridal bed he sat,
And tapp'd him on the cheek;
"Turn round, my lovely Gundelille,
"Turn round to me, and speak."

17 "I'm not the maiden Gundelille,
"I do but drive her wain;
"Sir Pallé, prythee, gracious knight,
"Forgive an humble swain."

18 "Art thou not maiden Gundelille,
"But only hired to drive?
"Then never from this bridal bed
"Shalt thou come out alive."

19 To find a weapon, knife or spear,
Sir Pallé turn'd him round,
And out of window sprang the lad,
And lighted on the ground.

20 Into the courtyard leap'd the lad
From off the window sill,
Where, waiting in her carriage, sat
The maiden Gundelille.

21 And off and through the courtyard gate
She drove her gilded wain,
And turn'd her round, and gaily laugh'd,
And gave her steeds the rein.

22 Anon with sundry courteous notes
The unhappy knight she teaz'd;
"Would know, if with his coachboy bride
"The gallant knight was pleas'd."

23 With cruel jokes and daily pranks
She drove him nearly wild;
A cradle sent and baby clothes
To rock and wrap the child.

24 The knight Sir Pallé, vex'd was he,
And keenly felt her jest:
"O would to heaven I were but dead,
"And in my grave at rest!"

25 So vext was he, the baffled knight,
He broke his heart and died;
But she lives on, fair Gundelille,
In all her maiden pride.

NOTE.

St. 1. **Yule** is derived from the old Norse word jol *joy*, from which the Gods were called jolnar, and Odin jolnir, the Yule-host.

CXLVIII.

FAIR ANNA.

This beautiful tale has been widely spread over Europe, and is that upon which Jamieson founded the theory, controverted in the Preface to this work, that the Danes and the Scotch must have derived many of their ballads from that remote period in the history of the Northern nations, when we all formed one people together on the continent. Sir Walter Scott in his Border Minstrelsy Vol. III. 36. has referred it to its real source, the 'Lay of the Ash,' by Marie of France, a tale which under various forms is found in the romance literature of France, Scotland, Flanders, Germany, Denmark, Spain and probably other countries. It is curious to observe how the national character shows itself in the changes that a ballad undergoes, as it passes from one country to another. In the French the poor girl had been brought up in a convent and seduced from it by a man of rank. Among the trading commercial Flemings she had been pledged to a money-lender and sold. Among the piratically disposed Danes she had been carried off by pirates. Among those friends of the Wirthshaus, the Germans, she is stolen by a pedlar and sold to the landlady of an inn, who brings her up as a barmaid, and a knight,

who lodges there, discovers her to be his sister. Among the Spaniards, burning with holy zeal against the Infidel, she is carried off by a Moorish king from the count of Castile to be a slave to his wife, who recognises her as her own sister by a song that she overhears her singing. In all these different tales there is the same kernel, a young lady of rank long lost to her parents and friends, and recognised by a sister or brother in a degrading situation, through some early recollection of home.

Our Danish ballad bears evidence of being the translation of a Flemish or Low German one. Such lines as

> Konning, sagde hun, Herre!
> Moder, sagde hun, Frue!

are quite in the Flemish style. The mention of mills across the Rhine also points to the same country. The Danish editors remark that it is of the whole collection the worst versified, which is what we might expect in the adaptation of a foreign ballad to Danish rimes.

A summary of Marie's Lay, and a translation of the different ballads that seem to have been derived from it, will be found in Appendix H.

The Swedish versions agree in their general bearing with the Danish. In the one given by Afzelius in the Svenska Folkvisor a young man sees her on the sea-strand and carries her off to live with him. In Arwidsson's Svenska Fornsånger she is carried off by pirates, as in the Danish, and sold to a Marcgrave. In both of them the bride recognises the armorial bearings of her father's house on the dresses of Anna and her children.

Fair Anna.

Dan. Vis. IV. 59. Arw. I. 291. Sven. Folkv. I. 24. Oehl. p. 281.

1 The rovers sail'd in search of spoil,
And far from home they came,
And stole a daughter of England's king,
Fair Anna call'd by name.

2 They took her off to a distant land,
And Anna there they sold;
A Duke's son he that bought the maid
With heavy sums of gold.

3 And while eight years with him she liv'd,
Seven sons Fair Anna bare,
And through her modesty and worth
He won a crown to wear.

4 This lord was born in Mecklenburg,
Of princely race and old;
And him the child of England's king
Was by those rovers sold.

5 But when eight years were past and gone,
Could Anna not mistake,
That he would wed another maid,
And her at last forsake.

6 Before his mother's chair she stood,
And, "Mother dear," said she;
"O pity me, and pray your son
"To marry none but me."

7 "That, Anna, gladly I will do,
"Will ask him even now;
"No other maid, that he could wed,
"Were dear to me as thou."

8 She went and stood before her son
Fair Anna's cause to plead;
"How long designs my lord and king
"This graceless life to lead?

9 "Your wife, your wedded wife and queen
"The faithful Anna make,
"And let your seven fair children too
"Their rank and station take."

10 "Nay, mother, nay! that will I not,
"With money she was bought,
"Nor know I, who her parents are,
"Nor whence the maid was brought."

11 The King his marriage-letters wrote,
And sent them up and down,
To name the lady he would wed,
And for his queen would crown.

12 Fair Anna heard up in her bower
The words the barons spake;*
"O heavenly father, grant my prayer,
"That my poor heart may break."

* They spoke her native language according to the Swedish version of the ballad.

13 There came the king, and Anna found,
And, "Anna," said the king;
"What gift, what worthy gift wilt thou
"My bride and princess bring?"

14 "I'll give her good and precious gifts,
"My lord and king," said she,
"I'll give her all my seven fair sons,
"Her pages they shall be."

15 "That is no precious gift to give,
"Anna, my gentle dove;
"Some other richer one bestow,
"Wilt thou retain my love."

16 "A richer gift than that I'll give,
"And very ill can spare,
"Thy own dear person to be her's,
"And try my loss to bear."

17 "That is no very precious gift,
"Anna, my gentle dove,
"Thy best gold buckle thou must give,
"Wilt thou retain my love."

18 "My best gold buckle gets she not,
"For never will I spare
"What eight years since as morning gift
"Yourself you bade me wear."

19 Then stood the king before his bride;
"Fair Princess, fain I'd know,
"On Anna, long my leman dear,
"What gift will you bestow?"

20 "A very good and fitting gift,
"My lord and king" said she,
"A pair of old and cast off shoes,
"As suits her base degree."

21 "My noble Princess, and my bride,
"That were not good or kind,
"Some better gift than that bestow,
"My love if you will find."

22 "So shall I give her richer gifts,
"My lord and king" said she,
"I've seven fine mills across the Rhine,
"And her's those mills shall be.

23 "Well built are all those mills, and deck'd
"With many a choice device;
"And rich indeed the rents they pay,
"They grind both wheat and spice."

24 Fair Anna stood before her lord;
"O grant me this request,
"That I may go to the bridal bower,
"To see your pretty guest."

25 "Nay, Anna, that thou mayest not,
"From all such thoughts forbear;
"For angry should I be to learn,
"That thou had'st enter'd there."

26 Before his mother then she stood,
And, "Mother dear" she cried,
"I'd fain within the bridal bower,
"To see the pretty bride."

27 "Right welcome that to do art thou,"
'Twas thus the mother spake,
"But dress thee in thy richest suit,
"And all thy maidens take."

28 Fair Anna stepp'd within the door,
With anxious heart and sad:
Before her walk'd all seven her sons
In scarlet richly clad.

29 Fair Anna pour'd the bride a draught
From out the silver can,
And one may think, how down her face
The tears of sorrow ran.

30 Then went and stood before her lord
The fair and royal bride;
And ask'd him whence the lady came,
And why she wept and sigh'd.

31 "That lady then, my fair young bride,
"If I the truth should tell,
"Is but a niece, that from afar
"I fetch'd with me to dwell."

32 "Nay! nay! my lord, it is not so,
"Why such untruth pretend?
"Your leman, once so dear, is she,
"God knows how that may end."

33 "If to her pain and sorrow then
"The truth must needs be told,
"She from abroad was sent to me,
"For money she was sold.

34 "Her sons and mine those seven fair boys,
"Who stand before your chair;
"To see her children serving you,
"Has brought her to despair."

35 "I had a little sister once,
"And her name Anna too,
"Was stolen away and sold abroad,
"Bnt where we never knew.

36 "By pirates she was stolen away
"In childhood's early years,
"And bitter was her parents' woe,
"And ceaseless were their tears.

37 "That sister Anna thou must be,
"That rosebud now in bloom;
"Thy mother has never smiled again,
"Since thou wast stolen from home.

38 "It is that sister's voice I hear
"Too plainly to be wrong;
"Keep now thy lord; God grant you both,
"Happy to live and long!"

39 Great was the joy and merriment
That through the palace spread,
To see, in all his royal state,
The King fair Anna wed.

40 Anon the fair young bride return'd
Back to her home again,
And took her sister's youngest boy
And all her bridal train.

NOTE.

St. 29. The lady pouring the wine and serving the guests occurs here, in Proud Eline No. 139, and in Peter and Christine No. 160, and in all of them it is a discarded mistress who performs this office. But it appears to have been in older times the custom for the lady of the house or her daughters to do so, and not only in the North, but, as we see from the Spanish romance of the 'Conde Dirlos,' in the South also.

Ya puestas eran las mesas,
Ya les daban á cenar,
La condesa lo servia,
Y estaba siempre delante.

The tables were now placed,
They were giving them meat for supper,
The countess served him,
And ever stood before him. W. & H. II. p. 176.

This custom is still kept up in some degree in Norway, not at dinner any longer, but at slighter repasts. At tea, for instance, the lady of the house brings her several guests their cups, and the gentlemen are not expected to rise and assist her. I was once making a call on the clergyman at Ringebo with a Norwegian family from Christiania, and while we sat in the drawing room, the eldest daughter came in with a tray of wine glasses and wine, followed by a female attendant with a tray of cakes, and handed them round to each of us, after which she took her seat and joined in the conversation.

Like other usages of that country this was once the fashion in England; for instance in the Seven Sages l. 1862 Weber's Metr. Rom.

The wife served of bread and ale,
And after set hire adoun sone.

Lady Guest in her Mabinogion Vol. I. p. 110 quotes a passage from St. Pelaye shewing its prevalence in France too in the days of romance. It was probably universal.

CXLIX.

SIR TIDEMAN AND BLIDELILL.

This is a ballad of a class to which several others belong, showing the irresistible power of runic spells. See 'Sir Buris and Christine' No. 57 and 'Sir Peter and Mettelille' No. 86.

The trick of floating the runes upon shavings to the lady is clearly copied from that mine of incident, Sir Tristrem, Fytte II. st. 84.

'Tristrem was in toune,
In boure Isonde was don;
Bi water he sent adoun
Light linden spon;
He wrot hem all with roun,
Isonde hem knewe wel sone,
Bi that Tristrem was boun,
Ysonde wist his bone,
To abide;
Er amorwe none,
Her aither was other biside.'

The meaning of this passage is easy enough to understand, but some of the expressions are very obscure. It seems to imply

'Tristrem was in town, Isonde was placed in her bower; By water he sent down, Light linden shavings;

He wrote them all with runes (that is whispers) Ysonde knew them (understood them) very soon, Where Tristrem was bound to, Ysonde knew his request, To abide. Before the morrow noon, each was beside the other.'

A superstition similar to that of the ancient Scandinavians in regard to Runes exists among the Malays of the Cape of good Hope, who believe that something which they call 'Paljas' can be mixed with the food, and exert an irresistible influence in gaining the affections of the lady to whom it is administered.

Miss Warrens has translated another copy of this ballad, in which the maiden borrows plumes to fly to the knight. It is perhaps an older form of it than the following one; but our sympathy is denied where too great a demand is made upon our credulity.

Sir Tideman and Blidelill.

Grundtv. II. 292.

1 It was the knight Sir Tideman
Sat quaffing wine at board,
And gaily among his comrades joked
With many a merry word.
It is dawning under the hill.

2 "If I win not fair Blidelil
"With gift or word of lip,
"I'll write and send her runes so strong,
"Shall lure her aboard my ship."

3 He wrote a pair of potent runes,
And toss'd them towards the land,
And bade them both to float ashore
To Blidelil's fair hand.

4 There went the maiden Blidelil
To walk along the Sound,
And saw two little scribbled chips,
Lay thrown upon the ground.

5 She gather'd up the little chips,
And stuck them in her sleeve,
And on her pillow laid them down,
As home she came at eve.

6 That night the maiden Blidelil
At midnight hour awoke,
And scar'd with wondrous dreams she had dream'd,
She thus to her mother spoke.

7 'I know not whence this longing comes,
"Or how it well can be;
"'Tis after one Sir Tideman,
"I never chanced to see."

8 "Spread over her a silken sheet,
"And velvet counterpane;
"Perhaps our little Blidelil
"May fall asleep again."

9 But rose and dress'd fair Blidelil,
And left her mother's bower,
And went to walk along the strand
Alone at midnight hour.

10 As stepp'd the gentle Blidelil
On board the gilded prow,
Up rose the knight, Sir Tideman,
And made the maid his bow.

11 "Welcome, dear maiden Blidelil,
"Right welcome to my hand!
"And was there then no knight or squire
"In all your father's land?"

12 "Aye! truly knights there are, and squires,
"And gallant men at home;
"'Tis through the potent runes, you wrote,
"That here you see me come."

13 Vex'd was the gentle Blidelil,
Sore vex'd at what he said,
And took the little grassy path,
That to the deep sea led.

14 Crosswise she spread her arms, and leap'd
From off the rocky bank,
And down beneath the billows blue
To th' Ocean's bottom sank.

15 Long stood the knight, Sir Tideman,
Lost in sad thought was he;
"And could the gentle Blidelil
"Have drown'd herself for me?"

16 Long musing on her mournful death
The knight in anguish stood;
Then toss'd aside his purple cloak,
And plunged into the flood.

17 Ill written were those runes, and sad
The doom that o'er them hung,
That both so soon their death should find,
So highborn and so young.

NOTE.

St. 14. The words are

giorde kaars paa bölgen hin blaa,

and the same expression occurs in 'Sir John Rimord's son's Shrift' No. 77, st. 31 on the occasion of that villain's drowning himself. It means literally

Made the cross upon the blue billows.

They would seem to have extended the arms so as to form with the body the shape of a cross, probably from a superstitious feeling.

CL.

FAIR CHRISTEL AND THE HEATHEN KING.

The exchange of letters, the trick upon which the tale hinges, is not uncommon in mediæval stories. We find it in the Gesta Romanorum in that of 'The Emperor Conrad and the Count's son.' The Emperor jealous of the popularity of a young man in his court writes a letter to his wife commanding her to put to death the bearer of it. The young man falls asleep in a chapel, and a priest opens the letter and reads it, and out of compassion alters it, so as to command the Empress to give the young man her daughter in marriage: which, upon receiving it, she does.

There is a similar tale in the English Gesta Romanorum ch. LVI. An Emperor warned in a dream that the infant child of a peasant, at whose house he is sleeping, should succeed him, delivers it to two men to destroy. They deceive him and save the boy, who is not discovered by the king, till he is grown up. The Emperor, bent on his destruction, sends him to his Empress, who happens to be at a distance, with a letter desiring her to put him to death. On the road the lad lodges with a knight who reads the letter and exchanges it for one in which the Empress is commanded to marry the lad to her daughter, and she does so.

The King upon hearing of it acquiesces in it, and makes his son-in-law heir to the crown.

The same story is related by Saxo Grammaticus l. III. p. 52 of Hamlet, the prototype of Shakespeare's hero, that when Fengo, who had murdered Hamlet's father, and married his mother, sent him with two emissaries to the king of England, he changed the runic letters on the tablet so as to request the king to put the emissaries to death, and to give himself the princess in marriage. All which was done. A tale like that of the 'Emperor Conrad' is found in Grimm's 'Kinder- und Haus-Märchen', that of the 'Demon with three golden hairs', in which the young man, who bears the letter sentencing him to death, falls asleep in a den of robbers, who exchange it in the night.

Fair Christel and the Heathen king.

Grundtv. III. 161. Dan. Vis. IV. 225. Grimm p. 225.

1 Fair Christel she serves the royal hall,
Fair Christelille of Fuen,
She robes her in silk and sable pall,
And well she eludes the Rune.

2 She wins the favour of knight and squire,
Fair Christelille of Fuen,
Wakes even the Danish king's desire,
And well she eludes the Rune.

3 "Dear Christel, would heaven the queen had died,
"And thou, my Christel, shouldst be my bride!"

4 "O hush, my king, hush! and say not so;
"Compare not to her a maid so low;

5 "For fairer would she be turn'd to clay,
"Than I in my scarlet on gala day.

6 "Aye! fairer would she be upon her bier,
"Than I am in health and best of cheer."

7 Now while they thought they were all alone,
The queen had listened to every tone.

8 The queen she spake to her servants twain,
"Go summon me Christel back again."

9 Fair Christel she stood before the board;
"My gracious Queen, you have sent me word?"

10 "What was it thou toldest the king of me,
"As he last evening spake with thee?"

11 "Naught else but only, so help me heaven!
"That thou art to every virtue given."

12 The queen with her kinsmen thought awhile
To burn her to death on faggot pile.

13 "Nay, burn her, that were too harsh amend;
"The maid to the Paynim sultan send.

14 "And let him roast her, or boil, or burn,
"Whatever he chooses, will serve my turn."

15 She lost not a moment, but wrote a brief,
Should bring little Christel into grief.

16 She gave them into her servants' hand
To carry them both to a heathen land.

17 But when they were near the Paynim shore,
That hateful letter the servants tore.

18 They wrote in a new one to pray the king
To take for his wife the maid they bring.

19 Fair Christel she enter'd the castle gate,
Where wrapt in ermine the sultan sate.

20 "Now sooner than be that Paynim's wife,
"I gladly this instant would lose my life."

21 "Then rather than miss a maid so fair,
"Baptize me your Christian faith to share."

22 On Saturday night baptized was he,
On Sunday was married with games and glee.

23 Bright gold on the altar Christel laid,
And two full measures her servants paid.

24 "Salute me the King with as oft 'good bye,'
"As glitter the stars in a winter sky.

25 "But ban on the queen as many sad cares,
"As linden has leaves, or the hind has hairs."

A wish similar to the concluding lines we meet with not unfrequently — for instance in the German Liebesprobe. Knabens Wunderhorn I. p. 71.

Ich wünsch ihm so viel gute Zeit,
So viel wie Sand am Meere breit,
Ich wünsch ihm so viel Glücke fein,
So viel wie Stern am Himmel sein;

Ich wünsch ihm all das Beste,
So viel der Baum hat Aeste,
Ich wünsch ihm auch eine gute Nacht,
Weil er mein nimmer hat gedacht.

I wish him as many happy days,
As sand-corns that lie on ocean bays.
I wish him as many a lucky prize,
As glitter the stars in midnight skies.

I wish for him all that best may be,
As thick as the branches upon the tree;
I wish him as truly a long farewell,
As he has forgotten his absent belle.

CLI.

SIR BOSMER IN ELFLAND.

The intoxicating draught, which renders the person, who takes it, forgetful of home, has probably been suggested by the cup of Circe in Homer's Odyssee. B. X. 274.

> 'Soon in the luscious feast themselves they lost,
> 'And drank oblivion of their native coast.'

See the ballad of Elfin Hill No. 136.

The 'omquæd' or refrain is the same in all the languages in which the ballad is found, although the Norwegian and Swedish have come down to us by tradition and the Danish manuscript is three hundred years old. This uniformity is the more remarkable as the words have no reference to the subject matter of the piece.

Sir Bosmer in Elfland.

Grundtv. II. p. 102. Svens. Folkv. I. p. 110. Landstad p. 456. R. Warr. p. 6.

1 Sir Bundé had dwelling beside the sea
Two daughters, as fair as fair could be.
The linden is all in leaf.

2 Five sons he had too, fair youths and tall,
But Bosmer the fairest by far of all.

3 An elfquean that lived upon the shore,
Had loved him for fifteen years or more.

4 For fifteen winters on plans she thought,
How Bosmer might be most safely caught.

5 One evening late, as fell the dew,
The elfquean wrapp'd her in mantle blue.

6 Well wrapp'd in her mantle, in she stepp'd,
And up to the room where Bosmer slept.

7 She tapp'd at his door with muffled knock,
"Get up, Sir Bosmer; the door unlock."

8 "No meeting tonight have I to keep,
"I let in nobody, while I sleep."

9 Her fingers were all so small and fine,
As into the wards of the lock to twine.

10 With tiny finger the bolt she drew,
For well the trick of his door she knew.

11 She seated herself beside his bed,
And play'd with the locks of Sir Bosmer's head.

12 She seated herself on his bedstead rail,
And soothingly told her wily tale.

13 "Now promise to meet me, nor say me nay,
"And be at the stone-bridge at break of day."

14 Sir Bosmer at midnight hour awoke,
And thus of his dream to a comrade spoke.

15 "A lovely maiden I seem'd to see,
"As fair and tender as wax was she.

16 "Methought she sat in my bedside chair,
"In kirtle of silk and flowing hair.

17 "I've pledged my promise, at dawn of day
"To meet at the bridge the lovely may."

18 "Lie still, Sir Bosmer, nor give it heed,
"Some elfquean surely will thee mislead."

19 "The dream turn out, as it pleases heaven!
"But stand I must to the pledge I've given."

20 As soon as the sun in his chamber shone,
Sir Bosmer rose, and his clothes put on.

21 He first a shirt on his shoulders drew,
And then a jacket of velvet blue.

22 And then he fitted a buckskin boot
And gilded spur upon either foot.

23 Sir Bosmer his servants was heard to call;
"Go fetch me my steed from out his stall.

24 "Up! saddle me quickly and rein the grey,
"For I must e'en to the bridge away."

25 He girt on his side his trusty brand,
His mother was near and wrung her hand.

26 As out of the yard Sir Bosmer rode,
The tears on the cheek of his mother flow'd.

27 But while he was crossing the bridge of stone,
His horse tripp'd up on his golden shoon.

28 His horse tripp'd up on the nails of gold,
And into the torrent Sir Bosmer roll'd.

29 Sir Bosmer he swam the eddying flood,
To where on the bank an elfquean stood.

30 "O welcome, Sir Bosmer! come home to me,
"I've brew'd the mead and the wine for thee."

31 "The wine and the mead thyself may cheer;
"Unhappy am I to have landed here."

32 "Now tell me, Sir Bosmer, as gallant knight,
"The name that the land of your birthplace hight."

33 "In Denmark have I from my childhood grown,
"And there was my clothing cut and sewn.

34 "And there dwells also the gentle bride,
"With whom I had willingly lived and died."

35 She turn'd to her maid, "Go thou with speed,
"And fetch me hither the horn of mead.

36 "Bring hither the goblet of red-deer horn,
"And cast in it grains of elfin corn."

37 The maid came in at the chamber door,
A goblet of horn in her hand she bore.

38 "Now pledge me, Sir Bosmer, a friendship's cup."
"If such is thy pleasure, I drink it up."

39 He swallow'd the juice of the elfin grain;
The world was lost to his wilder'd brain.

40 His father and mother he clean forgot,
His sisters and brothers remember'd not.

41 Forgot his trulove, the gentle bride,
With whom he would gladly have lived and died.

42 "Now tell me, Sir Bosmer, as gallant knight,
"The name that the land of your birth-place hight."

43 "Elfland, and here from a child I've grown,
"And here my clothing was cut and sewn.

44 "And here you are standing, the winsome bride,
"I'm ready to live and die beside."

45 The elfquean has now her mind at rest,
May daily repose on Sir Bosmer's breast;

46 But much have his father and mother cried,
His brothers and sisters, and eke his bride.

NOTES.

c. 7. This visit to the knight's bedside is given in almost the same words as that of Rigissa to Sir Styge's No. 85.

c. 9. If the reader has seen the Faroese lock in the Kew Museum, this picking of one with the fingers will not appear to him a very difficult or improbable achievement. Old Scandinavian locks were made of wood, and, singularly enough, are found to be identical in construction with those of the ancient Egyptians, and such as are used in Negroland to this day.

c. 19. For other instances of the irresistible power exerted over people by these elves, see 'Sir Tonne' No. 102, 'Agnes and the Merman,' No. 153, and the 'Lindworm' No. 118.

c. 43. The fairy's draught seems to have been like that in Comus 'One sip of this Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight Beyond the bliss of dreams.' The love potion, Minnetrank, is mentioned in the Sigrdrifumal as given by Brynhild to Sivard, but this was a different thing. It caused no forgetfulness.

CLII.

AXELWOLD.

This is a ballad, upon which Robert Jamieson in the introduction to his translation of it in the Northern Antiquities (p. 354) has bestowed his especial praise.

'We consider this piece as a very favourable spe-
'cimen of the old narrative ballad; equally simple,
'perspicuous, and satisfactory, where nothing seems to
'be wanting, and nothing redundant. The natural
'passions are sketched with a masterly and chaste hand,
'and the more interesting features are marked with
'such happy dexterity, that in the successive scenes,
'as they pass in review before us, every thing seems
'to be alive, exactly in its place, and acting its proper
'part; and there is in the whole a propriety neatness
'and elegance, which is deserving all approbation. One
'of the most affecting passages is that where Axelwold's
'mother takes off her coronet. There is something
'peculiarly characteristic and affecting in this conduct
'of 'Burd Ellen.' Surprized, confounded, abashed, and
'unable to utter a word, she mechanically and almost
'unconsciously, divests herself of her maiden coronet
'and stomacher, which she feels that she may now no
'longer hope to wear; and then in her confusion and
'embarassment stammers out a disavowal, which we
'presume those only will blame, who are sure that in

'the same situation they would not have done as much. 'The different deportment of Axelwold in the presence 'of his nurse, his mother, and his father, is finely 'marked.' Knowing, as we do from other ballads, Scotch as well as Danish, to what a cruel death she was liable according to the severe usages of the time, no less than that of being burnt to death on a faggot pile, we shall be disposed with Jamieson to feel for the poor mother, and be lenient to her perjuries.

He notes among other dramatic traits the young man drawing on a scarlet robe to present himself to the Prince, (stanza 24.) as though he assumed royal rank, but it is a very common expression, and used on all occasions of a visit,

'Han axler skarlagen skind'

for no better reason, apparently, than that it rimes so conveniently to the hero's coming

'For Dannerkongen ind.'

The scene between Bernaldo el Carpio and his father, and that in our text, have much in common. See Wolf & Hofmann I. p. 39.

Axelwold.

Dan. Vis. IV. 3. Grimm p. 153.

1 The King's men out to the forest ride
To chase the hart and hind,
And under a linden tree so green
An infant boy they find.

2 All wrapp'd and roll'd in mantle blue
The little babe they bare,
And gave him in the royal court
To foster-mother's care.

3 To holy church they carried him,
They christen'd him by night,
They call'd his name 'Young Axelwold,'
And hid him out of sight.

4 They nurs'd him all the winter through,
They nurs'd him winters three,
Till he the finest lad was grown,
That one on earth might see.

5 They rear'd him yet some fifteen years
To manhood's strength and height;
Nor rode there in the royal guard
More brave or graceful wight.

6 The King's men went to try their skill
At pitching bar and stone,
But forward stepp'd young Axelwold,
And beat them every one.

7 "Go to the Ladies' chamber thou,
"And learn thy mother's name!
"'Twere better than on target ground
"To put us so to shame."

8 With bloodless cheek made he reply,
So ill their taunts he bore;
"Till I to name my mother learn,
"I join your game no more."

9 Silent and sad young Axelwold
From castle-yard withdrew,
And bade his foster-mother tell,
What of his birth she knew.

10 "Hear me, my foster-mother dear,
"What now I come to say;
"If of my mother aught you know,
"Tell it without delay."

11 "But tell me thou, dear Axelwold,
"Why sadden'd thus thy brow?
"If lives thy mother, or is dead,
"I'faith I do not know."

12 "Nay then," replied young Axelwold,
And drew his glittering knife,
"My mother me this instant show,
"Or this shall end your life."

13 "Go then, but go with studied speech,
"Up to the ladies' hall,
"And her, who wears a crown of gold,
"Thy mother thou may'st call."

14 He turn'd about, young Axelwold.
And round him wrapp'd his cloak,
And where the maids and matrons sat,
His silence thus he broke.

15 "My greeting, matrons all, and maids,
"And dames of high degree!
"My greeting, dearest mother, too,
"If here with you she be!"

16 Silent those other ladies sat,
Nor answer'd him a word;
Eline took off her crown of gold,
And laid it on the board.

17 "You then, who work with lily hand,
"And dare that crown to wear,
"My rightful mother, you I ask,
"Where is the son you bare?"

18 Long sat in silence proud Eline,
Nor what to answer knew,
The while her cheek, so red before,
Now pale and paler grew.

19 She stripp'd her gorget off her breast,
So much was on her mind;
"No son have I in secret borne,
"So God to me be kind!"

20 "Now think you, dearest mother, think,
"Is't not a crying shame,
"So long to hide my birth from me,
"And such a son disclaim?

21 "Hear, dearest mother, hear my prayer,
"And let the truth be told,
"If to yourself my father 's known,
"The whole at once unfold."

22 "Go then, but go with studied speech,
"Up to the banquet hall,
"And him, whom serve the knights at board,
"Thy father thou may'st call.

23 "Go to the hall, where sits the king
"'Mong knights and men of fame,
"And if Prince Erland thou shalt see,
"Him for thy father claim."

24 With haughty mien young Axelwold
Robed him in scarlet cloak,
And in the hall of Denmark's king
Address'd the Prince, and spoke.

25 "Hail, all ye courtly knights and squires,
"Who drink of wine and mead!
"You too, my dearest father, hail!
"If here you are indeed.

26 "While you so proud at banquet sit,
"A 'foundling' me they name;
"Now is not, think you, my reproach
"For you a crying shame?"

27 The courtiers all in silence sat,
Prince Erland only spake;
"I'm not thy father, Axelwold,
"Such claim tho' thou may'st make."

28 He turn'd him round, young Axelwold,
And sternly drew his knife;
"Hear me! My mother you shall wed,
"Or this shall cost your life.

29 "Among your knights and very squires
"I've been a jest and scorn,
"Been treated as a leman's brat,
"And yet so princely born."

30 "True Prince thou art, young Axelwold,
"Put up that murderous knife;
"Eline thy mother give thou me,
"And she shall be my wife."

31 A merry scene was that at court,
And talk'd of o'er the land,
As Axelwold his mother gave
Into his father's hand.

32 He waved his hat, young Axelwold,
So glad was he and gay;
"But yesterday a foundling boy,
"A Prince I am today."

NOTES.

St. 2. The word translated babe is in the original '*mard*,' a martin, upon which Jamieson remarks that in the cold winters of Denmark it was usual to wrap up infants in martin fur, and that thence they got the name of '*mard*.' 'It is 'amusing' says he 'to observe how the same circumstances 'suggest the same associations of ideas to different nations, 'who can for many thousand years back have had no con-'nexion or intercourse with each other. Thus, Mr. Hearne 'observes, that among the North American savages about 'Hudson's bay, the names of girls are chiefly taken from 'some part or property of a martin, as "The white martin" '"The black martin" "The martin's head" "The martin's 'tail" &c.'

St. 7. This reproach cast on the youth by his companions, that he did not know his parentage, and his bitterness of feeling in consequence of it, is an incident common to several other tales both in prose and verse, and occurs in that of Bedreddin Hassan in the Arabian Nights.

CLIII.

AGNES AND THE MERMAN.

The Ballads on this subject are among the prettiest of the whole collection, and are perhaps the most widely diffused. In Germany, Scotland, and in both branches of the great and widely spread Sclavonian race, it is always a water-sprite who carries off and detains the lady. In Norway and Sweden and Denmark there are other tales, almost identical with these, but in which the seducer is a Mountain Dwarf. In nearly all of them she bears seven children, and longs to go to church once more. It is the opinion of the Danish editor, Grundtvig, that the tales, in which the sprite, as in this one, is a Merman, have been introduced into Denmark from Germany. In that country there are several ballads on the subject, one of which, 'Der Wassermann,' is given in the Appendix I. In the Slavonian forms of it the sprite tears the seventh child asunder, as he offers to do in the German.

In the Finnic there is nothing found that exactly corresponds to it, but some that at least appear to be nearly related to it. The Scotch ballads 'James Herries' Buchan. Vol. I. 214 and 'The Demon lover' Motherwell p. 92 describe a married lady to whom her first lover returns, and induces her to quit her husband and children, and go to sea with him. On the voyage

he proves to be a sprite who had assumed the form of her lover, and he sinks the ship in the sea. This is clearly the same tale, but the Scotch, not having the idea of an irresistible influence exerted by sprites, have replaced it with one of a more natural and ordinary character, the recurrence of old affection at the sight of a former lover. Possibly this may really be the original story, to which poetry has added the supernatural agents.

Leyden has a very beautiful ballad (Scott V. III. p. 325) in which it is a mermaid who detains a knight. He gives a curious account of mermaids and their subaqueous abodes.

As a Danish ballad it does not appear to be of any great antiquity, the different copies of it having been taken down from recitation in the present century, or copied from a broadside. It has been extended into a much longer and more polished poem by J. Baggesen under the name of Agnete fra Holmegaard.

The Mermen described in Danish ballads are by no means uniform. Some, like Rossmer, are enormous giants, who can stalk through the ocean, others, like the husband of Agnes, would seem to be much like ordinary mortals.

Andreas Faye in his Norske Sagn, Arend. 1833 says, 'Seamen and fishers in very tranquil weather some-'times see Mermen and Mermaids rise to the quiet top 'of the sea. The males are of dusky hue, have a 'long beard, and black hair, and above are like men, 'but below like fishes; the females on the contrary 'are beautiful, and above are like the fairest women, 'but shaped like a fish below. Their children are

'called 'Marmæler,' sea-talkers, and fishermen some-'times take them home to get from them a knowledge 'of the future. It is however a rare occurrence to 'hear the merwomen talk or sing. Seamen are very 'sorry to see these creatures, because they portend a 'storm.'

He quotes from Olaus Magnus, Lib. XXI præfatio. 'Sunt et belluæ in mari, quasi hominis figuram imi-'tantes, lugubres in cantu, ut Nereides: etiam marini 'homines, toto corpore absoluta similitudine, qui as-'cendere navigia nocturnis temporibus videntur; statim-'que degravari, quas insiderint partes, compertum est, 'et si diutius permanent, etiam ipsæ naves merguntur. 'Imo per fidelem Norvagicorum piscatorum assertionem 'addo, nisi tales capti illico dimissi fuerint, adeo sæva 'tempestas exurgat, cum horrido planctu ejus generis 'hominum, ac nonnullorum aliorum monstrorum, ut 'coelum ruere videatur.'

The Ballads do not support Faye's assertion that these beings are like fishes below. On the contrary, Rossmer takes the young sailor on his *knee*, and in 'Mar Stig's daughter' and this ballad they walk into the church. In that of Queen Dagmar and the Mermaid, No. 61, the creature dances on the floor.

It is probable that this tale might be traced to its source in Asia. The story in the Arabian Nights of a lady carried away on the day of her nuptials, enclosed in a glass box, and kept by a genius at the bottom of the sea, is like an Eastern version of it. See Appendix I.

Agnes and the Merman.

Grundtv. II. 51 A. Dans. Vis. I. 313. Oehl. p. 108.

1 Fair Agnes, on Hoveland bridge she stands,
As up from the sea a Merman lands.
Ha! ha! ha!
And up from the sea a Merman lands.

2 "O turn thee, my Agnes, and list to me;
"Say wilt thou come and my trulove be?"

3 "Aye gladly I will, and at once I go,
"If thou wilt take me with thee below."

4 Her ears he stopp'd, and her mouth he stopp'd,
And down to the bottom of ocean dropp'd.

5 Eight years she dwelt with the Merman there,
And under the sea seven children bare.

6 But while at her cradle she sat to sing,
She heard church-bells in England ring.

7 Before the Merman she went to stand;
"O may I not go to church on land?"

8 "Thou 'rt welcome, my Agnes, to church to go,
"But back to thy children return below."

9 He stopp'd her ears, and her mouth he bound,
And landed her safely on English ground.

10 Her steps to the church fair Agnes bent,
And close behind her her mother went.

11 "O hear me, my Agnes, and still my fears;
"Now where hast thou lived these eight long years?"

12 "In th' ocean, dear mother, and on its floor
"I seven small sons to the Merman bore."

13 "The day that he took thee with him to live,
"To pay thine honour what gift did he give?"

14 "He gave me of gold as rich a band,
"As any that glows on the queen's own hand."

15 In strode the Merman: the statues all
Turn'd round their face to the church's wall.

16 His hair it glitter'd like purest gold,
And blithe and joyous his eyes he roll'd.

17 "Now hark thee, my Agnes, and come with me,
"Thy seven little children all long for thee."

18 "And long as they may, their longings are vain,
"I'll never go back with thee there again."

19 "O think of the big ones, and think of the small,
"And think of the infant can hardly crawl."

20 "I think not of big ones, I think not of small;
"Of th' infant in cradle think least of all."
Ha! ha! ha!
"Of th' infant in cradle think least of all."

NOTES.

c. 1. **Hoveland.** In some copies it is Höieland that is High land. In the Dan. Vis. it is altered to Höielofts **Bro**, the chamber gallery.

c. 6. This pleasing image of home being recalled to her mind by the bells of her native parish occurs in the whole of this group of ballads.

c. 13. In all cases where a maiden has been dishonoured, or a relative murdered, we see that the first question ask'd is whether the price was paid.

c. 15. This couplet is repeated wherever a sprite enters a church.

CLIV.

AGNES AND THE HILL-KING.

The series of ballads in which an Elf of the mountains, called in Danish 'Biergman,' in Swedish 'Bergakung,' carries off a maiden to dwell with him in his cave, are very similar to those in which a Watersprite or Merman or Neck detains her. A Swedish ballad on the subject is translated by Keightley in his Fairy Mythology p. 103, Bohn's Ed.

The first line of the following one

"Agnes went out to the field and cried."

seems to imply some domestic trouble, such as the Scotch ballad, 'James Herries,' describes — her being wedded to a man who was not her choice. See Introduction to the preceding one, 'Agnes and the Merman' No. 153.

Agnes and the Hill-King.

Grundtv. II. 53 C. Compare Sv. Folkv. I. 1, and II. 22 and 201. Arw. II. 280.

1 Agnes went out to the field and cried,
The birds were singing sweetly
The Hill-King listen'd at Agnes' side
Beautiful Agnes!

2 "O Agnes, come into the cave with me,
"The ruddiest gold I'll give to thee."

3 Thrice went fair Agnes the mountain round,
And enter'd the cave beneath the ground.

4 Three times three years in the cave was she,
And sorely she long'd green fields to see.

5 As Agnes was sitting and Lullaby sang,
The bells so merry in England rang:

6 She went to her lord; "I were so fain
"In England to go to church again."

7 "To church in England I let thee go,
"But leave thy jewels and gold below.

8 "And when in the churchyard, bear in mind,
"Thou shalt not thy golden hair unbind.

9 "And when thou kneelest at church to prayer,
"Apart from thy mother place the chair.

10 "And when the Highest of Names is heard,
"Kneel thou not down at the Holy word."

11 She deck'd her with gold and jewels rare,
And over her shoulders she toss'd her hair.

12 She reach'd the church at a holy tide,
And took a seat at her mother's side.

13 So oft as she heard God's Holy Name,
Her knee on the marble pavement came.

14 And mass and sermon at last are done,
And she is home with her mother gone.

15 "O Agnes, my Agnes, come back to me,
"Thy seven small children they wail for thee."

16 "The children may wail, as they will, and cry,
"With them nothing more to do have I."

17 He smote her with sickness and pangs of death;
And the birds were singing sweetly
That hour breath'd Agnes her latest breath.
Beautiful Agnes!

NOTE.

c. 5. The word here rendered Lullaby is in the original Lullernebi, which not being a Danish word, seems to indicate that the ballad has been derived from an English source.

CLV.

THE LADY AND THE DWARF-KING.

The resemblance between this and the ballads of 'Agnes and the Merman' and 'Agnes and the Hill-king' is obvious. The manuscripts of it differ very much the one from the other, and from this circumstance and the tale being widely dispersed over the whole of the Scandinavian countries, we may conclude that it is one of the most ancient, as it is certainly one of the most popular ballads. It is found in several forms in Norse and Swedish, in Faroese and Icelandic.

There are two Scotch ballads 'Young Akin' and 'Young Hastings the groom,' which have much in common with the Danish. In both these, which are possibly only variations of the same original, a young man of low degree carries off a king's or a nobleman's daughter, and detains her in the forest, till she has borne him seven children.

> 'He built a bower, made it secure
> With carbuncle and stane;
> Tho' travellers were never sae nigh,
> Appearance it had nane.'

She longs to go to church, her little boy tells her that out hunting he had heard fine music ring, and she sets out with all her children, and returns home.

See Motherwell p. 287 and Buchan I. 6. In these Scotch ballads there is no supernatural agent in play.

It may be remarked that this is the form which the tale assumes in Scotland, that of the 'Mountain Dwarf' in Scandinavia, and the 'Merman and Agnes' in Germany and the Slavonian countries. The outline is the same in all; the details vary in each country. Who shall say from what remote antiquity it has descended to us? or from what region of the world?

The Lady and the Dwarf-king.

Grundtv. II. p. 44 E. See Svensk. Folkv. I. 1. & II. 22. Arw. II. 280.

1 Fair Hermeline ask'd her father dear,
The time drives on so slow
"O might I to church, a mass to hear?"
So heavy the weight of woe.

2 "Yes surely, my daughter, I grant thy prayer,
"But be of the mountain dwarf aware."

3 In purple and gold the maid was dight,
And all her fingers with gold were bright.

4 Fair Hermeline went by a small green lane,
The Dwarf by the highroad across the plain

5 Away to his cavern he drew the maid,
And eight long years in the hill she stay'd.

6 She lived in his cave eight years or more,
And there to the Dwarf seven sons she bore.

7 Fair Hermeline came and bent her knee;
"O may I my father go and see?"

8 "Yes surely thou may'st to thy father go,
"But say not a word of thy fate below."

9 "Nay that will I not: have thou no fear,
"That any thing reach my father's ear."

10 Fair Hermeline came to her home once more,
Her father was standing before his door.

11 "O! Hermeline, answer, my child, and say,
"Where hast thou been living so many a day?"

12 "I've dwelt so long in a mountain cave,
"And borne to the Dwarf seven sons so brave."

13 "Go then to the table, my child, and eat,
["'Tis long thou hast tasted no Christian meat."]*

14 Fair Hermeline went to the board and ate,
The Dwarf knock'd loud at her father's gate.

15 "What is it fair Hermeline talks of me?"
"'Tis nothing at all I have said of thee.

16 "I say that all honour to me he shows,
"I say that his heart no malice knows."

17 The Dwarf on her lap gold apples threw,
[That home to the cavern his lady drew.]**

18 Fair Hermeline up from the table sprang,
The apples of gold they clash'd and rang.

* A line here is wanting in the original.
** A line is wanting in the original here too.

19 As Hermeline came to the mountain cave,
The Dwarf on her ear a buffet gave.

20 As came fair Hermeline under ground,
To welcome her stood her children round.

21 He whipp'd her on with a birchen rod,
And sullen and vengeful in she trod.

22 Her first little boy, he brought a chair,
The second, he pray'd her be seated there.

23 The third to his mother the water gave,
The fourth, he pray'd her therein to lave.

24 The fifth with a napkin was near her side,
The sixth stood by, till her limbs were dried.

25 The seventh was her comfort, for he in time
Will surely avenge his father's crime.

NOTE.

c. 17. **The Dwarf on her lap gold apples threw.** In the German tale of the 'Wassermann,' which is nearly identical with the Danish 'Fair Agnes,' and much resembles our present ballad, the gold ball is thrown into the fire, and thereupon stands the 'Wassermann' before her. The second line of this 17th couplet is lost, as well as the 2d line of the 13th couplet. The throwing of gold balls into a lady's lap occurs also in the first stanza of 'Young Swennerdal,' No. 84, and seems there too to have some power of attracting the lady.

We meet with nothing in Northern literature that throws light upon it, but there is no doubt that these ballads are in many of their details traceable to oriental fictions, and

in the Arabian Nights is the following passage. 'The princes 'again forgot the sultan's command, and yet he was not 'angry with them for their negligence; and instead of being 'so, he took out three little gold balls, which he had in a 'purse, and putting them into Prince Bahman's bosom, he 'said with a smile on his countenance, 'These balls will pre-'vent your forgetting to do what I so much wish; the noise 'they will make this evening in falling out of your clothes, 'will put you in mind of it.''

Such balls then were used as 'souvenirs,' 'Andenken,' remembrancers of the absent.

CLVI.

SIR MAGNUS AND THE ELF-MAID.

This little piece Grundtvig suspects to be of Swedish origin, in which language it exists in several different forms, that seem to be transitions from the well known Elfin Hill to this one. In the most of them the crowing of a cock wakes the youth from his trance and saves him from being the victim of the Elfqueans, but in none of the others does the wondrous metamorphosis to a blazing fire occur, nor perhaps in any other Danish ballad, but we have it in Arabian tales.

Magnus was the son of a king of Sweden, and became deranged. He passed the latter years of his life in Ostergothland, and one day threw himself from the window of his castle into the sea, but was taken up unhurt. It was, he explained, because two pretty arms had caught him lightly as he fell, for the beautiful mermaid had beckoned to him from below to come to her.

The words of the refrain 'O Magnus &c.' we may suppose to be those which the poor lunatic prince heard ever dinning in his ears.

Sir Magnus and the Elf-maid.

Grundtv. II. p. 120. Svens. Folkv. III. 168—174.

1 The maiden wooes the handsome knight
To plight to her his troth,
Would give him gifts to sleep with her
Of gold and silver both.
"*O Magnus plight thy troth to me,*
"*So longingly I pray:*
"*And thou canst answer 'nay' or 'no,'*
"*Or 'yea and yea and yea.'*"

2 "I'll give thee a richly broider'd shirt,
"As fine as e'er was bought,
"And every seam, there is therein,
"With silken thread is wrought.
"*O Magnus &c.*

3 "I'll give thee too a horse to ride
"So stout of wind and bone,
"He walks as well on billows blue
"As on the hardest stone.
"*O Magnus &c.*

4 "I'll give thee a ship with gold belaid;
"Will stem the roughest seas;
"Its sails are all of scarlet cloth,
"It flies with every breeze.
"*O Magnus &c.*

5 "I'll give thee a costly sword of gold,
"The best thou couldest wield;
"With it the victory shall be thine
"On every battle field.
"*O Magnus &c.*

6 "And hark! I'll give thee a falcon blue,
"No swifter sits on bough;
"Such precious gifts would I not miss,
"Were I a knight as thou."
"*O Magnus &c.*

7 "Thee would I gladly wed, wert thou
"Like other woman-kind;
"But thou'rt as foul a mountain Elf,
"As one on earth may find."
"*O Magnus &c.*

8 The Knight girt up his good grey steed,
To Rendsborg he would ride,
But seiz'd his skirt the Elfin maid,
"Nay here shalt thou abide."
"*O Magnus &c.*

9 The Knight he drew the costly blade,
That at his side he wore,
And chopp'd the maid to bits as fine
As sand on ocean shore.
"*O Magnus &c.*

10 The maiden turn'd to a blazing fire,
And rose in angry flake,

And made the mightiest forest trees
To tremble all and quake.
"*O Magnus, plight thy troth to me,*
"*So longingly I pray,*
"*And thou canst answer 'nay' or 'no',*
"*Or 'yea and yea and yea.'*"

NOTE.

St. 5. These swords of gold, that are to cut through every thing, occur in Welch as well as Scandinavian tales.

CLVII.

INGFRED AND GUDRUNE.

The chief incident in this ballad, the bride's engaging another to personate her, has probably been taken from Sir Tristram, Fytte II. st. 54, and is repeated in 'Torkild Trundeson' No. 100. It is also introduced into Stenbloch's beautiful romance of 'Kong Waldemar's Datter og Kong Alkaar's Sön.' We have it too in the Scotch ballad, 'Cospatrick.'

The discovery of the trick through the nightingales is more beautiful than the speaking of old blankets, as in the corresponding Scotch and Swedish ballads, but is perhaps an improvement upon the original, that has been introduced from motives of delicacy.

This ballad is inextricably mixed up in different copies with that called 'Little Kirstin's dance' No. 112. They probably both proceeded from the same source.

A similar trick is related by William of Malmsbury (60) as having been practised on King Edgar. He had ordered a nobleman whom he was visiting at Andover to bring him his daughter, whose person had been praised to him, but the mother of the young lady sent her attendant to personate her; and this perhaps has been the source of the later tales, for

the vagaries of this excentric king became a favourite subject of the ballads, *cantilenas*, of the Anglo-Saxon poets.

See also the 'Twa Knights' Buch. II. 271. In this the knight cuts off the ring-finger of the lady, and so discovers the next day that he has been deceived by a substitute one.

Ingfred and Gudrune.

Dan. Vis. IV. 158. Grimm p. 195. See Arw. I. 361.

1 Two sisters, Ingfred and Gudrune,
Were seated in their bower alone,
So fair it is at summer tide.

2 Fair Ingfred wove a web of gold,
But tears her sister's sorrow told.

3 "O speak, Gudrune, my sister dear,
"And say, why sheddest thou the tear?"

4 "Much cause I have to weep and sigh,
"For heavy griefs to bear have I.

5 "Hear, Ingfred, hear now what I say,
"Do thou be bride for me to-day:

6 "And this my wedding dress so fine,
And all my dowry shall be thine."

7 "Unless thy bridegroom I may keep,
"As bride with him I will not sleep."

8 "Then doom me heaven to weal or woe,
"My bridegroom I will not forego."

9 In silk attire was clad the bride,
And led to church in all her pride.

10 The priest in golden stole was dress'd,
And her and Samsing join'd and bless'd.

11 Away they drove across the mead,
Where sat a herd his flock to feed.

12 "Ye gentle maids, be on your guard,
"And enter not Sir Samsing's yard;

13 "For there he keeps two nightingales,
"Will tell of ladies secret tales;

14 "Will sing with little treacherous bill,
"If dame they be, or maiden still."

15 They drove aside to a greenwood glade,
And change of all their dresses made.

16 But tho' they clad themselves anew,
They could not change their faces' hue.

17 To Samsing's hall the bride was led,
And gold abroad in handfuls shed.

18 They placed her high on bridal chair,
And knights were proud her cup to bear.

19 Up spake the Minstrel, spake so free,
"Methinks 'tis Ingfred's face I see."

20 The maiden doff'd her golden ring,
And fee'd him something else to sing.

21 "'Twas but in silly jest I spoke;
"Heed not, I pray, a minstrel's joke."

22 It now was late, and fall'n the dew,
And time the bride to bed withdrew.

23 And then to his birds Sir Samsing cried,
"Talk, pretty birds, before my bride.

24 "Sing me your song, and truly say,
"If to my bed is gone a may."

25 "'Tis Ingfred lies in bed as bride,
"Gudrune it is stands at the side."

26 "Up then, fair Ingfred, leave the bed,
"And thou, Gudrune, lie there instead.

27 "And say, Gudrune, my dearest, say,
"Why she and not thyself there lay."

28 "My father dwelt beside the strand,
"Where lawless violence ruled the land.

29 "Eight rovers came at midnight hour,
"And broke into my lonely bower.

30 "And one there was of high degree,
"Brought me to shame: — a knight was he."

31 He kindly tapp'd her cheek, and cried,
"Weep thou no more, my dearest bride;

32 "For, sent by me at midnight hour,
"My swains were they who broke thy bower;

33 "My swains and I it was who came,
"Myself the knight who wrought thy shame."

34 The seeming bride, fair Ingfred, too
A royal courtier came to woo.

35 As bride she had been so gaily dight,
She married too a wealthy knight.

NOTES.

c. 5. In the Scotch ballad of Cospatrick, Scott's Bord. Min. III. p. 52 it is a bower-maiden who personates the bride.

> The ladye has call'd her bour maiden
> That waiting was into her train;
> "Five thousand marks I'll give to thee
> To sleep this night with my lord for me."

c. 13. Instead of nightingales Cospatrick keeps a bed and a sword that tell tales. In the Swedish Ballad of 'Ridder Olle' Sv. Folkv. II. 59 it is a 'sängefell' or a 'skinfäll,' a fur counterpane, as in the Scottish.

> Riddar Olle han hade en gammal sängefäll,
> Han kunde så väl tale som Riddar Olle sielf.
>
> Knight Olle had an old bed skin,
> It could talk as well as knight Olle's self.

The idea of birds talking may have been derived from the East, as well as many other superstitious and poetical fancies. So Eccles, ch. X. v. 20 'A bird of the air shall tell the matter.' The reader will remember the use that Gil Blas made of an oriental tale of talking birds to lay his grievances before the Duke of Lerma.

c. 19. The word Legere is used to designate one who amused the court of a great man. Le Grand speaking of minstrels says 'Il y en avoit qui à tous ces talents joignoient la science de l'escamotage, de la jonglerie, et de tous les tours connus.' Vid. Le siége prêté et rendu. One of these men amused the Norman army before the battle of Hastings,

singing war songs and playing sword games before them. Legere is the Old Norse *Leikar*, literally a player, and from the next couplet, where he is called minstrel, he was probably both. It is from *leikar* that the Italians made *Harlequin* by first transposing the two syllables of the word and then adding the diminutive *ino*. Leikar, Arleik, Arlecchino. The Normans first introduced these Jesters among them at the court of Naples, and thence they spread over the peninsula.

CLVIII.

SIR VERNER'S ESCAPE,

or The power of Song.

Vedel introduces this ballad with a remark, which applies to many others. 'Who this Sir Verner or 'Dame Ingeborg may have been, or what Lindholm 'house is meant, is unknown, or whether the scene 'was in Sconen, Seeland or Jutland. So let it stand, 'and let every one form what opinion he pleases; for 'it is not possible to clear up every thing in these 'old poems, and point with the finger and say 'This 'was done here, and that was done there,' although it 'is very possible that all this may have been plain 'enough in the days when the poem was made, and 'the action had newly occurred, and was fresh in the 'memory of people.'

A minstrel putting the inmates of a castle to sleep we have in Scott's Border Minstrelsy Vol. I. p. 136. where 'The Lochmaben Harper' by a clever stratagem steals his best horse from the Warder of Carlisle. In reading the long tedious romances of the Middle Ages we may wonder that after the heavy potations common in those days the listeners did not generally fall asleep.

Orvar Odd also effected his escape by the same means. Müller Sag. Bib. II. 534.

Sir Verner's Escape,

or The power of Song.

Dan. Vis. IV. 43. Grimm p. 130.

1 The banquet was spread at Lindholm house,
The troopers were drinking a full carouse.

2 The troopers were drinking, and glad were they,
And singing Sir Verner in dungeon lay.

3 Dame Ingeborg woke, and heard his strain;
"Now singing is which of my maiden train?"

4 "So sweetly not one of your maidens can;
"Nay, that is Sir Verner, the captive man."

5 She call'd two pages, who serv'd her bower;
"Go fetch me Sir Verner from out the tower."

6 Sir Verner enter'd, and him to greet
Dame Ingeborg rose with courtesy meet.

7 Sir Verner he stood before the board;
"My Lady, you see me; you sent me word!"

8 Dame Ingeborg kindly the cushion press'd,
"Come hither, Sir Verner, sit down and rest.

9 "Now listen, Sir Verner, to what I say;
"You sing me of love some tender lay."

10 "Full fain would I sing one at your behest,
"But lovesong I cannot; I'll try my best."

11 Sir Verner he chanted so soft a strain,
He lull'd the ladies in chamber lain.

12 He lull'd the ladies and maids to rest,
He lull'd the dame in her scarlet drest.

13 Sir Verner saw hanging on chamber wall
The keys of the castle, the great and small.

14 Sir Verner so quick from the door withdrew,
He stay'd not to wish the dames 'Adieu.'

15 But soon as he came on the open plain,
He struck up as gaily his lay again.

16 Sir Verner he waved his hat on high,
"Go wish the lady for me 'Good bye.'

17 "And, watchman, in pacing here to and fro,
"Give ear to the songs of those below.

18 "A bushel of gold she scorn'd last night,
"Now gets not a doit for the captive wight."

19 Sir Verner so quick from the door withdrew,
He stay'd not to wish the dames 'Adieu.'

CLIX.

THE KNIGHT DISGUISED AS A HART.

By the Danish editors, Abrahamson, Nyerup and Rahbek, this ballad is classed with those of 'Trylleri' or enchantment, and the knight is supposed to have really transformed himself into a hart. For this opinion there seems to be no ground, for, as Grundtvig remarks, there is no enchantment here or disenchantment, but a voluntary assumption of the shape of a hart. Among nations, which live by the chase, it is a common stratagem of the hunters to imitate the animals, of which they are in pursuit, by dressing themselves in the skin of one of them. The Bushmen of South Africa are said to act the Ostrich so admirably, as to get into the middle of a flock of those wary birds without being detected by them. We must allow something for poetical licence in Sir Lavy's coming into the courtyard, and under the very window of the lady, and suppose that he deceived her by a similar imitation of a hart.

The trick, by which the lady escapes, is probably taken from Reineke Fos.

The Knight disguised as a Hart.

Grundtv. II. 221. Dan. Vis. I. 258. Grimm p. 198.
R. Warr. p. 110.

1 "Up hoist, my lads, the silken sail,
"We'll steer to an isle away;"
The swain was dreaming all the night
About a lovely may.
All the night long has dreamt the swain,
About that lady fair.

2 Sir Lavy dwells beside a stream,
And loves to row and sail,
And cheats full many a simple maid
With false and wily tale.

3 Sir Lavy call'd two faithful squires
Ready to do his will;
"Entrap for me with honied words
"The maiden Elselille."

4 In came to her bower the table squires,
And stood before the board,
And ready men of speech were they
To choose the fittest word.

5 "O rise, fair maiden Elselille,
"In richest raiment dight,
"And come with us on board our ship
"To meet a gallant knight."

6 "That will no welbred maiden do,
"To go on board a ship,
"And make herself a jest and scorn
"For every sneering lip."

7 Home rode again those faithful squires,
And thus to their lord replied;
"We could not catch fair Elselille
"With all the arts we tried."

8 "Could ye not catch that wary maid
"With all your art and skill?
"Within a day, live I so long,
"I'll win fair Elselille."

9 With that Sir Lavy in dappled skin
His head and limbs array'd,
And like a tame and gentle hart
Before her window play'd.

10 As open stood the courtyard gate,
In skipp'd the spotted deer,
And ran the lady's lapdogs all
Beneath her robe for fear.

11 Fair Elselille to her window stepp'd,
And stood awhile to gaze;
"Whose is the tame and pretty hart,
"That in the courtyard plays?"

12 Then answer'd her the waiting maid,
She fear'd some crafty snare;
"When have you seen a hart or hind,
"That golden antlers bare?"

13 With playful bound and graceful gait
The hart ran towards the strand,
And after him went Elselille
Waving her lily hand.

14 "Would heaven, dear hart, that thou wert tame,
"And that I thee could keep!
"And then thou shouldest every night,
"On scarlet mantle sleep."

15 He toss'd aside the hartskin dress,
A man again became;
"And now, fair maiden Elselille,
"Behold the hart is tame."

16 "Had I but only known before,
"You were so brave a knight,
"I ne'er had wish'd to other swain
"My hand and troth to plight."

17 But Elsey planned a crafty scheme,
While she the knight cajoled;
"Sir Lavy, I shall show you now
"My father's buried gold.

18 "While I was still a little child,
"My father brought his store,
"And buried it deep in the earth
"Just at my chamber door.

19 "Now could we take that gold with us,
"Before I leave my home,
"The little children, we may have,
"To want could never come.

20 "Do you and all your active swains
"Push off your ship from land,
"While with my maids the treasur'd gold
"I dig from out the sand."

21 They grubb'd the earth, they hack'd the stone,
They nothing won but clay;
'Tis hard to dig a treasure up,
Where treasure never lay.

22 The lady a lucky moment saw,
To seize it was not slow,
And up the stairs to her chamber ran,
And left the knight below.

23 She stood and call'd from out her bower
In gay and bantering tone;
"Good bye, Sir Lavy; all your gold
"Seems turning into stone!

24 "And hark, Sir Lavy, naught but dirt
"Is lying there in store;
"And so a thousand times Good bye!
We meet again no more."

NOTE.

St. 1. This first stanza has little or no connexion with the following, and perhaps was sung to get into the tune, as appears to be the case with the commencing verse of other ballads, German and Flemish as well as Danish.

CLX.

SIR PETER AND CHRISTINE.

This very natural, pathetic, and beautiful ballad has justly been a general favourite in Sweden and Denmark. The circumstances are much the same as in 'Fair Anna,' and 'Proud Eline' in so far as a faithful mistress, who thought herself secure of her lover's affection, is rejected in favour of a lady of higher rank, and witnesses his marriage with her. The catastrophe is very different in each of them. All these three fine ballads are probably true pictures of society at that period, when there seems to have been no disgrace attached to the position of a mistress, if born in a humbler station of life. The very great importance of the bride and bridegroom being of equal rank, 'lige,' must have often led to such connexions, in cases where the parties were of different stations in society and could not marry, as is actually the case in the United States with regard to women of colour.

In this piece we see that Christine urges that her gold was

'by no dishonour won'
'Jeg fik det for ingen Vanære'

and the bride herself asks why Sir Peter, when he had Christine's society, should wish to marry another.

The same question is put by the bride in 'Proud Eline' No. 139. Indeed at that period, except in the case of royal or noble ladies, there seems to have been scarcely any thing ignominious in the position of a mistress, for we find men offering their own sisters to a comrade; as for instance in the Spanish Romance 'Compañero, compañero,' where the friend tells the disconsolate lover,

De tres hermanas que tengo
darte he yo la mas garrida,
si la quieres por mujer,
si la quieres por amiga.

Wolf & Hofm. II. p. 59.

"Of three my sisters now at home
The best and prettiest thine shall be,
Make her, I pray, thy wedded wife,
Or leman, just as liketh thee."

It has much in common with the affecting tale of 'Lord Thomas and Fair Annet,' Perc. III. 298 and probably both ballads have descended from the same original. The mistress in the English as well as the Danish tale had resolved to outdo the bride in finery;

The cleading that fair Annet had on
It skinkled in their een.

And when she cam into the kirk,
She skimmer'd like the sun;
The belt that was about her waist,
Was a' wi' pearls bedone.

A translation of the corresponding Swedish ballad will be found in the Howitts' Lit. of N. Europe, Vol. I. p. 259. Geijer, following Botin and Fant refers it to the tragic story of Buris and Christine the sister of Waldemar. See Saml. Skrift. III. 348.

Sir Peter and Christine.

Dan. Vis. III. 365. Svens. Folk. I. 49. Mohn. Schw. Folk. p. 93.

1 Christine and Sir Peter sat at board,
Our love we'll now maintain for ever
And joked with many a pleasant word,
My dearest, thee forsake I never.

2 "Now hark, Sir Peter, what I say,
"You'll ask me on your wedding day?"

3 "Where I must go to fetch my bride,
"Is much too far for you to ride."

4 "And tho' your wedding be at Rome,
"Ask me, Sir Peter, I shall come."

5 "But if, Christine, you will be there,
"Your glittering gold you must not wear."

6 "To wear it there I need not shun,
"'Twas gold by no dishonour won."

7 While he prepared his marriage feast,
Christine got shod her trusty beast;

8 And, mounted on that good grey horse,
Straight to Sir Peter's bent her course.

9 Christine within the courtyard rode,
Where richly dress'd Sir Peter stood.

10 "Hark ye, Sir Peter, fair and fine,
"And may I pour* you out the wine?"

* In the next line there is a play upon this word skiænke *pour*, which, like the German schenken, means both *pour out liquor* and *make a present.*

11 "Though bride-gift there be none for you,
"A leman's seat is still your due."

12 Christine in sorrow dropp'd a tear;
"Contempt is hard indeed to bear."

13 As went her knight to banquet hall,
She follow'd him in costly pall.

14 With glittering gold her dress was dight,
With gold her every finger bright.

15 So soon as into the room she came,
Rose up to greet her maid and dame.

16 She took the can of silver fine,
And pour'd the knight a cup of wine.

17 The bride would know what maid so fair
Was she, the silver wine-can bare.

18 "That," said her maid, "dear lady mine,
"That is Sir Peter's concubine."

19 "If one so fair he had at home,
"Why did he to my father's come?

20 "While she still in his bosom lay,
"Why come his court to me to pay?

21 "More gold she bears upon her hand,
"Than worth is all my father's land."

22 As came the night and hour for bed,
The bride would to her room be led.

23 All in the van before the fair
Christine the blazing flambeau bare.

24 And soon in bed was laid the bride,
And he, Sir Peter, at her side.

25 Christine the coverlet o'er them spread,
"There lies the youth I thought to wed."

26 But ere she latch'd their chamber door,
"Good night!" she wish'd them o'er and o'er.

27 She closed the bower, she turn'd the key;
"And so God's will be done!" said she;

28 Then went, with sorrow on her brow,
And hung her on an apple bough.

29 In rush'd a page, the bridegroom told,
"Christine is hanging dead and cold."

30 Sir Peter rose — grief in his look —
A sword beneath his mantle took;

31 Against a stone made fast its hilt,
And his heart's blood for sorrow spilt.

32 But little could the chilly steel
That house's pain and anguish heal;

33 For to the bride the tidings spread,
"Sir Peter 's in the orchard dead."

34 'Twas hardly told, ere sank and died
For sorrow too the tender bride.

35 So on the morn at dawn of day
In one sad house three corpses lay;

36 The bride, that late so gay had been,
Sir Peter, and the fair Christine.

CLXI.

THE COUNT OF VENDEL'S DAUGHTER.

Among the various casualities that befall the lady in this ballad, we find her married to the Prior of a convent st. 17, and the marriage dissolved not from the objection of the church to the marriage of priests, but because he was too nearly related to her; an evidence of the antiquity of the poem, or of its Slavonian origin. I should be inclined to the latter opinion. It is well known that, till a comparatively recent period, the clergy of Slavonian countries, not only those of the Greek church, but the Roman Catholics also, were at liberty to marry. The name 'Vendel land' would imply as much. The Vends or Windish are the Slavonian inhabitants of German provinces.

The Count of Vendel's daughter.

Dan. Vis. III. 235. Oehl. p. 268.

1 A little babe 'mong dames and maids
In chamber I was bred,
And richly swathed in finest silk
And scarlet cloth so red.
But none may all my trouble know.

2 But soon a hard stepmother came,
Small favour show'd she me;
She laid me in a gilded chest,
And toss'd me on the sea.

3 One wave would drift me out afar,
Another back to land;
Till God should rule it, that at last
I stopp'd upon the strand.

4 The flood would carry me ashore,
The ebb afar to sea;
No royal child did breeze e'er drift
So strangely on, as me.

5 But God had guided so my luck,
The sea threw me on land,
As prowling came a grisly wolf,
And paced along the strand.

6 Prowling came by a wild grey wolf,
And took me in his jaw,
And all so gently bare me off
Into the greenwood shaw.

7 Beneath a tree that friendly wolf
Had laid me down with care,
When skipping came a nimble hind,
And took me to her lair.

8 She foster'd me the winter long,
Aye did she more than one;
And first I learnt to creep about,
And then on foot to run.

9 There eight so happy peaceful years
In greenwood I was kept,
And many a slumber, sweet and sound,
I've in her bosom slept.

10 No other dress than linden leaves
To clothe me could I find;
Nor other nurse to foster me,
But her, the gentle hind.

11 One day there came a gallant knight,
A hunter he, so keen,
And shot my foster-mother dead
All in the wood so green.

12 He shot my foster-mother dead,
While skipping in the field;
But me he wrapp'd in mantle blue,
And laid me on his shield.

13 In his own room he foster'd me,
That gallant handsome knight,
Till I had grown to be his bride,
And could his love requite.

14 My father was, as he had heard,
A count of high degree;
And castles held in Vendel's land,
A sovereign lord and free.

15 Our very first, our wedding night
Began my tale of pain;
Into the court-yard rode his foes,
And he my knight was slain.

16 That first, the wedding night, I pass'd
In anguish and alarm;
His foes brake down the chamber door,
And slew him on my arm.

17 My kinsmen then in counsel met,
And me a husband gave;
And he was e'en the cloister Prior,
Sir Nilus, good and grave.

18 But soon as I to cloister came,
The nuns they rais'd a din;
By God's high name they swore the Prior
My very near of kin.

19 They led him out beyond the town,
They stoned him there with stones;
And weeping I stood looking on,
And heard his dying groans.

20 My friends in council met again,
And husband found for me;
A prince, the son of England's king,
Sir Engelbert was he.

21 We lived together a winter long,
We lived through winters nine;
And ten sons had I borne my lord,
All gallant youths and fine.

22 At last broke war upon the land,
And brought me grief again,
For with my lord, Sir Engelbert,
Nine of our sons were slain.

23 My sons and husband both were kill'd,
For that I grieve so sore,
The tenth they took to a foreign land,
I never saw him more.

24 As numerous now my sorrows are
As threads, that maidens spin;
God bless in heaven Sir Engelbert,
So pure his heart from sin!

25 And now in cloister I will dwell
Apart from worldly care,
And never more a husband wed,
But pass my life in prayer.

26 And here I'll learn me under foot
To tread my useless grief;
For all the more I mourn and sigh,
The less I find relief.
And none may all my trouble know.

NOTE.

St. 2. See the 'Foundling' No. 127 and notes.

CLXII.

SIR HELMER BLAA AND HIS BRIDE'S SEVEN BROTHERS.

This ballad turns on the same subject as the 'Maid in the wood' No. 134, with the additional offence that the hero had slain the lady's uncle, and what was in those days of infinitely greater consequence, had not paid the fine for it to his nearest relatives.

There is a Swedish ballad 'Herr Hielmer' (Arw. I. 155) which seems to be a variation of the same original. In this the surviving brother treacherously slays Sir Helmer, and is stabbed by the sister, while drinking from a silver goblet.

Blaa is pronounced Blo.

Sir Helmer Blaa and his bride's brothers.

Dan. Vis. IV. 251. Grimm 166.

1 Sir Helmer Blaa with hawk and hound
Was riding through the forest ground.
So well he sits in saddle.

2 He saw just under a mountain side
His lady-fair's seven brothers ride.

3 Sir Helmer ask'd his squire so true,
"What thinkest thou were best to do?"

4 "'Twere best, the truth if I may say,
"To spur our steeds and ride away."

5 "That to my bride shall ne'er be said,
"That I before her brothers fled."

6 No coward he, Sir Helmer Blaa,
He boldly rode and met his foe.

7 "Sir Helmer, meet we thee again?
"Our honour'd uncle thou hast slain:

8 "Thou, thou, it was, our uncle slew,
"And never paid what fine was due.

9 "And now thou hast made our sister thine,
"Our leave unask'd, unpaid the fine."

10 "Safe in my treasure chest I hold,
"To pay the death, ten marks of gold."

11 "We'll take of thee but one amend,
"Thy left foot and thy dexter hand."

12 "Ere ye shall get my hands or feet,
"Some other fate yourselves may meet."

13 Sir Helmer Blaa his sabre drew,
And at a stroke Sir Ebbe slew.

14 When Lang and Ove slaughter'd lay,
His sword had just come into play.

15 He then kill'd Wolf and Edgar White,
And so were four in equal plight.

16 Torkild and Thor the next he sped,
So lay in all six brothers dead.

17 Then rose as red as blood Sir Paul,
A courteous man belov'd by all.

18 "Sir Helmer, lay this feud aside,
"My sister I'll give thee for bride."

19 His terms with joy Sir Helmer heard,
And in the greensward stuck his sword.

20 "Thanks, good Sir Paul! and I agree;
"Henceforth a brother see in me."

21 Like loving brethren home they rode,
Such courtesy each the other show'd;

22 And when Sir Helmer reach'd his hall,
His sister too he gave Sir Paul.

23 Gaily they drank their wedding feast,
Nor has their friendship ever ceas'd.

NOTES.

c. 11. The loss of a hand and a foot seems to have been the usual penalty demanded for the seduction of a sister. See 'Sir Buris and Christine' No. 57, c. 134 and note; and the amusing story of Laurin Pant in Nyerup's Almindelig Morskabläsning p. 68.

"Han maa alt sätte Laurin Pant
Venstre Fod og höire Haand."

"He must pay Laurin Pant left foot and right hand," for breaking into the dwarf's garden.

Grimm gives several other instances of this cruel punishment.

c. 15. **Edgar.** In the original Adzer.

c. 17. **Then rose Sir Paul.** Opstod Herr Palle. This implies that the seven brothers had not attacked Sir Helmer all at the same time, but in succession, which renders this story and similar ones rather more probable: as in Erlington

If ye be men of your manhood,
Ye'll only fight me ane by ane.
Scott. Bord. Min. II. p. 209.

And so in the Spanish Romance of Il Conde d' Irlos

El campo pueden aceptar,	The combat they may accept,
Si quieren, uno por uno,	If they like, one by one,
O los dos juntos á la par.	Or two together side by side.

and in many other places.

After terms like these have been agreed on, the hero

'He set his back unto an aik,
He set his feet against a stane,
An' he has fought these fifteen men,
An' kill'd them a' but barely ane.'
Scott II. p. 209.

or 'Johnie's set his back against an aik,
His fute against a stane,
And he has slain the seven foresters,
He has slain them a' but ane.'
Scott. II. p. 341.

In the Hervarar Saga quoted to No. 20 we find the same practice, and Oddur kills eleven of the Berserker brothers one after the other. The same we find also in 'Grimmer' No. 27. See note.

CLXIII.

HOGEN'S DANCE AND SONG.

Whether the ancient Hero Hogen of the Niebelung Lay is meant, the Danish editors do not express an opinion. As that hero is represented to have been a man of most ferocious countenance, we can hardly venture to claim for him the conquest of the Queen's heart. The metre of this ballad is very rough and irregular. It consists of one line of three feet and a coda of two or three feet, followed by a similar line and a coda riming to the preceding one, a measure that seems to be peculiar to the more ancient ballads, and to have been originally trochaic.

– ⏑ ⏑ – ⏑ ⏑ – ⏑
Kongen han | sidder i | Ribe |
⏑ – ⏑ –
Han | drikker | Vin
⏑ – ⏑ – ⏑ – ⏑ – ⏑
Saa byder | han de | danske | Riddere |
– ⏑ –
Hiem til | Sin |

There are in several places what look like the remnants of alliteration, as

Det var Helled Haagen
Rakte Haand fra sig.

and

Hvad monne Danske Dronning
Her udi Dandsen giöre?

The Danish editors give us no information about it, as to the age of the manuscript, or on any other point. It appears to be one of the most ancient. The brother of Hogen, Folker Spilleman, the minstrel, is frequently confused with him, and this ballad may be derived from some episode in his career.

Hogen's Dance.

Dan. Vis. IV. 100. Grimm p. 134.

1 The King he sits at Ribe,
And quaffs his wine so gay;
"Up, now, my Knights of Denmark!
"We'll make a merry day.
So gloriously dances Hogen.

2 "Up, up, my squires and horsemen!
"And ye my knights so keen!
"Up all, and leave the banquet
"To dance upon the green."

3 Now lists the King of Denmark
To dance the rest among,
And off goes Hero Hogen,
And leads them with a song.

4 Up wakes the Queen of Denmark,
As in her bower she lies;
"Now which of all my maidens
"The harp so sweetly plies?"

5 "'Tis none of all your maidens
"Is touching so the string;
"There's none but Hero Hogen
"Such lay as that can sing."

6 "Wake up, wake up, my maidens,
"With roses bind your hair,
"And out with me to the greensward,
"And merrily dance we there."

7 First rode the Queen of Denmark
In scarlet robe so red,
And then her maids and ladies
So high and nobly bred.

8 And there the Queen of Denmark
Rode round and round the dance;
But still on Hero Hogen
Was ever turn'd her glance.

9 Till came the Hero Hogen
And held her forth his hand;
"Now lists my gracious lady
"In dance with me to stand?"

10 Off tripp'd the Hero Hogen,
And gaily tripp'd the Queen;
And sooth to say, their gladness
Was in their faces seen.

11 But came a little maiden
All in a kirtle blue;
"Beware of newsy tattlers,
"That listen after you."

12 Then ask'd the King of Denmark
With angry voice and mien,
"To dance here on the greensward
"What business has the Queen?

13 "'Twere better in her chamber
"To strike the tuneful string,
"Than here amid the dancers
"With Hogen so to fling."

14 Then came a little maiden
All in a crimson gown;
"Haste home, my gracious lady,
"The King begins to frown."

15 "'Twas late I join'd the dancing,
"But, faith! I'll see the end;
"So let him, if he is angry,
"His manners learn to mend."

16 Then came and lightly whisper'd
A little Page in green;
"The King is riding homeward,
"O hasten home, my Queen."

17 Fie! fie! on Hero Hogen,
And on his honied tongue;
Close pent within her chamber
She rues the song he sung.

CLXIV.

CHILDE ENGEL.

This horrid tragedy appears to be founded on fact. Sandvig in the Notes to Suhm's History of Denmark says. B. I. pt. I. p. 115.

'There is an old song and story of a Lady Haufred, 'who was carried off forcibly by a landed proprietor, 'Ingvor Ingvorson of Helleris, and afterwards fled with 'him through Rokier Wood to Sunberg church in Thye, 'where her brother, Judah Laumandson of Ostergard, 'pursued him with his armed men, and to revenge 'himself on him, set fire to the church, where Ingvor 'was burnt, and the church with him. Herself she was 'rescued, and thereupon went down into a valley west-'ward of the church, which is still called Quindedal, 'Womandale. There she bare a son, whom she called by 'his father's name, Ingvor. He fifteen years afterwards 'avenged his father's death by setting fire to Ostergard, 'where Judah Laumanson and all his people were burnt.'

Childe Engel.

Dan. Vis. III. 147. Grimm p. 265. Oehl. p. 241.

1 A daring wight, Childe Engel,
He up and mounted horse,
A lady seiz'd in Upland,
And bore her off by force.

2 He ask'd no leave of kinsmen,
He cared not he for right,
But took her home to Westerris,
And slept with her the night.

3 But out of sleep Childe Engel
At dead of night awoke,
His dreams had been so frightful,
He turn'd to her and spoke.

4 "A gaunt and hungry wolf's whelp
"And mother wolf so gray
"My heart methought were munching,
"As wide awake I lay."

5 "Childe Engel, 'tis no wonder,
"Your dreams should be so sad;
"You've torn me from my kinsfolk,
"Their leave have never had."

6 In stepp'd young Sauley Johnson,
And stood before the board,
A cunning man in parley
To find the fittest word.

7 "Childe Engel, up from table!
"Up, mount thee quick and ride!
"Here's come Sir Judah Lowman
"With men from every side."

8 "I tremble not for four men,
"I tremble not for ten,
"Nor yet for Judah Lowman
"And all his thirty men."

9 "But more there are than four men,
"Aye more there are than ten;
"There's with Sir Judah Lowman
"A hundred armed men."

10 In haste arose Childe Engel,
His lady towards him drew;
"For God's sake think, dear Malfred,
"And tell me what to do."

11 In sore distress Childe Engel
He tapp'd her on the cheek;
"What means are left of safety?
"O hear me, dear, and speak."

12 "This counsel then I give thee,
"As best to serve our turn,
"St. Mary's church we'll purchase,
"For that they dare not burn.

13 "We'll spare not of your silver,
"We'll ladle out your gold,
"Give both to buy St. Mary's,
"Tomorrow get it sold.

14 "With all your brave retainers,
"Your bread with you who share,
"We'll while the danger urges,
"To yonder church repair.

15 "And all your gallant horsemen,
"Your steeds are wont to ride,
"Take all within St. Mary's,
"And there the storm abide.

16 "Such plan I deem the wisest,
"A poor weak wife am I,
"To lock us in St. Mary's,
"And there their threats defy."

17 In haste arose Childe Engel,
And into church he went,
And soon Sir Judah Lowman
His horsemen thither sent.

18 Five months so long and weary
They lay before the place,
And daily greater anger
Was in Sir Lowman's face.

19 Then spake fair Malfred's mother,
Nor could her spite withhold;
"Burn down the church and steeple,
"And build it up with gold."

20 The blaze began to sparkle,
And playful in it flew;
The lily cheek of Malfred,
From pale to paler grew.

21 It scalded in the churchyard,
It glow'd so fiery red;
Inside it still was hotter,
As ran the molten lead.

22 Then spake the lady Malfred,
Full sad was she of mood;
"We'll slaughter all our horses,
"And cool us in their blood."

23 "Alas!" Childe Engel answer'd,
Beneath the blazing aisle;
"Their blood will serve to cool us
"A very little while."

24 "Kill them not" said the groomboy,
He loved them far too well;
"'Twere better Lady Malfred
"Herself the victim fell."

25 Childe Engel clasp'd his Malfred,
And "No, my dear" he cried,
"Of death art thou not worthy,
"My gentle dearest bride.

26 "But listen now, my Malfred,
"And grant me this my prayer,
"If son this year thou nursest,
"My own name let him bear."

27 They laid her on a buckler,
And lifted it with spears,
And up to the window rais'd her
All trembling and in tears.

28 Through churchyard went fair Malfred
Amid the smoke and glare,
All singed her scarlet mantle
And burnt her flowing hair.

29 There sank the Lady Malfred,
And pray'd on naked knee;
"Grant heaven I bare a son this year,
"And vengeance on them see!"

30 They took the lady Malfred
All in her mantle clad,
And rais'd her on her palfrey
So sorrowing and so sad.

31 "There," said the lady Malfred,
When to the mead they came,
"St. Mary's church is burning
"And brave men in the flame.

32 "There, there the church is blazing,
"And 'mid the cinders lain
"So brave a man, as never more
"Will here be seen again."

33 That year fair lady Malfred,
Ere many months were run,
Retired within her chamber,
And bare an infant son.

34 To holy font they brought him,
They christen'd him at night,
Him too they named Childe Engel,
And hid him all they might.

35 She nurs'd him through the winter,
She nurs'd him winters nine,
No lad in all that country
So fair as he and fine.

36 In grace and strength and beauty
Seven winters more he grew;
"Now hark!" said she, "thine uncle,
"'Twas he thy father slew."

37 And day by day she told him
For other winters five,
"Thine uncle slew thy father,
"Or he were still alive."

38 "Now hear me, dearest mother,
"All robed in costly pall,
"I'll serve the king of Denmark,
"A trooper in his hall."

39 "Ride then and serve as guardsman,
"Be brave and earn thee fame,
"But think upon thy father,
"I need no more to name."

40 He serv'd the king of Denmark,
And won the royal grace,
But laugh as might his comrades,
Was sadness on his face.

41 Well mark'd the king of Denmark
The grief upon his brow;
"Come hither, speak, Childe Engel,
"And what thy grief, avow.

42 "Like some lone bird on branchlet,
"I hear thee ever moan;
"Like one who claims no kindred,
"Thou mopest all alone."

43 "Ah! hear then, King of Denmark,
"The reason why I pine;
"My uncle slew my father,
"And never paid the fine."

44 "To venge thy murder'd father
"To Upland thou shalt ride;
"I'll lend thee trusty guardsmen
"To combat at thy side.

45 "To venge a murder'd father,
"As right it is to do,
"I'll lend thee arm'd and mounted
"Three hundred good and true.

46 He mounted horse, Childe Engel,
And rode to the green-wood lawn;
And arm'd his gallant troopers,
And off at early dawn.

47 In came a little page boy,*
And stood before the board,
And cunning he in parley
To choose the fittest word.

48 "Sir Judah Lowman, listen,
"Up, mount thee quick and ride,
"For here's Childe Engel marching
"With men from every side.

49 "From all four roads Childe Engel
"Is riding through the land,
"His face so full of anger
"His drawn sword in his hand."

* To Sir Judah Lowman's banquet hall.

50 "To Council and Assizes
"I've ridden far and near;
"But yet that name, Childe Engel,
"Has never reach'd my ear."

51 Then call'd his page Sir Lowman,
And tapp'd him on the cheek;
"If counsel thou canst give me,
"Be quick, my page, and speak."

52 "For shelter then betake thee
"To yonder room of stone;
"To me no other counsel,
"No refuge else is known.

53 "It's walls are all of marble,
"Of metal forged the gate,
"And hard shall be the struggle
"Ere foe break through the plate."

54 A moment check'd Childe Engel
His troopers on the heath,
"In yonder church, St. Mary's,
"My father met his death.

55 "And there I see the mansion,
"My uncle dwells within:
"God guide us what atonement
"We have therein to win."

56 On all four sides Childe Engel
Besat that room of stone;
The first in every danger,
He made his valour known.

57 Then peer'd Sir Judah Lowman
From out the window loop;
"And who then is the captain,
"So boldly leads your troop?"

58 Childe Engel made him answer
Beneath his cloak so fine:
"'Tis I myself, Childe Engel,
"A sister's son of thine."

59 "Aye!" spake Sir Judah Lowman
With anger on his brow,
"And small the ground for glory;
"A bastard son art thou."

60 "And tho' I'm born a bastard,*
"My birth I need not hide,
"I've gold in store, and silver,
"And gallant steeds to ride.

61 "Let be, I am born a bastard,
"For that art thou to blame,
"Green woods I have and meadows,
"And towers to guard the same.

62 "My father thou hast murder'd,
"And never paid the fine,
"And darest thus upbraid me!
"But vengeance now is mine.

* This is also Swain Felding's answer to the same reproach.

63 "My friends, what profits hoarding?
"Our chest with gold is fill'd,
"We'll burn this room to cinders,
"And soon another build."

64 The anteroom was scalding,
All molten ran the lead,
But hotter was the chamber,
Where now the fire had spread.

65 Awhile he stood, Childe Engel,
His steed he turn'd not round;
"I'll stay but till the chamber
"Lies smouldering on the ground."

66 And then rode off Childe Engel,
And waved aloft his hands,
He saw his uncle burning
To cinder 'mid the brands.

67 He smiled and spake, Childe Engel,
As redder glow'd the fire;
"Now feelest thou the torment
"Thyself didst cause my sire."

68 He mounted horse, Childe Engel,
And up to his mother's rode,
And found her, robed in martin,
Before her own abode.

69 "Hail thou, my dearest mother,
"In robe so richly drest!
"I've ridden up to Upland,
"I've done thy stern behest."

70 "Aye?" answer'd lady Malfred,
And tears she shed anew,
"Before I had but one grief,
"And now I weep for two."

71 "I've done what thou hast bidden;
"Why drop these idle tears?
"Why weep for what thou badest?
"How woman's temper veers!"

72 Childe Engel turn'd his charger,
Nor longer would he stay,
But left his mother weeping,
And rode to Court away.

73 Before the royal mansion
He check'd his horse's rein,
Where stood the king of Denmark
To welcome him again.

74 Beside the king of Denmark
In to the Court he went,
And thank'd him well and warmly
For all the men he lent.

75 "I've taken now my vengeance,
"And in his marble-room
"The wretch, who burnt my father,
"Himself has met his doom.

NOTES.

St. 19, 20, 21. Just such a horrid revenge as this is narrated as an historical fact in Johnson's Western Isles p. 108.

'As the bagpiper was playing, an elderly gentleman in-'formed us, that in some remote time, the Macdonalds of 'Glengarry having been injured or offended by the inhabit-'ants of Culloden, and resolving to have vengeance, came 'to Culloden on a Sunday, where finding their enemies at 'worship, they shut them up in the church, which they set 'on fire; and this, said he, is the tune that the piper played, 'while they were burning.'

St. 37. The mother inculcating on her son the duty of a-venging his father is quite in accordance with the manners of the age. So in the Spanish Romance of 'Gaiferos,' Wolf & Hofm. Vol. II. p. 222. Depping Vol. II. 128

Dios te dé barbas en rostro,
Y te haga barragan;
Déte Dios ventura en armas,
Como al paladin Roldan,
Porque vengases, mi hijo,
La muerte de vuestro padre:
Matáronlo á traicion
Por casar con vuestra madre.

"God make thee yet a man of might!
And give thee beard upon thy chin!
To be like Roland's self in fight,
To quit thee like a Paladin!

And grant thee God, my little son,
A vengeance for thy father slain!
By traitor hands his death was done
Thy wretched mother's hand to gain."

CLXV.

ESBERN AND SIDSELILLE.

This is one of those domestic tales that have been repeated in every language since the days of Homer's Odyssee, and ever read with untiring pleasure. In the present collection we have one very similar to it in 'Henry of Brunswick' No. 53, as is also the Spanish romance of 'Dirlos,' Wolf & Hofm. II. p. 129. The lady herself washing the pilgrim in the bathroom (st. 31) is a curious trait of ancient and simple manners, to which we have a parallel in the 'Life of Merlin' in Lady Guest's Mabinogion.

'When they went to the palace and had discovered 'themselves, King Laodegan made his daughter Ge- 'nievre take the richest cloths which were in the house, 'and warm water, and fair basons of silver, and made 'them be placed before King Arthur and King Ban, 'and King Boors; and his daughter would wait upon 'King Arthur, and would wash his neck and his face, 'but he would not allow thereof, till Laodegan and 'Merlin requested him, and made him accept the lady's 'service. The damsel washed his face right humbly, 'and then she wiped it with a fine towel full gently; 'and then she went and ministered in like manner to 'the other twain.'

There is another instance of it in the English Gesta Romanorum ch. LXXX.

The very same usage as in our Danish ballad occurs in Homer's Odyssee Bk. III. l. 464.

Τόφρα δὲ Τηλέμαχον λοῦσεν καλὴ Πολυκάστη,
Νέστορος ὁπλοτάτη θυγάτηρ Νηληϊάδαο.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ λοῦσέν τε, καὶ ἔχρισεν λίπ' ἐλαίῳ,
ἀμφὶ δέ μιν φᾶρος καλὸν βάλεν, ἠδὲ χιτῶνα.

which Pope renders

Sweet Polycaste took the pleasing toil
To bathe the prince and pour the fragrant oil.
O'er his fair limbs a flowery vest he threw,
And issued like a God to mortal view.

But it is not to the ancients only that we may look for examples of a custom so strange to our present notions of delicacy. Ferrier in his Caravan Journeys p. 232 tells us 'The Seherai ladies who had waited 'during dinner conducted us to our apartments. Their 'subsequent attentions were remarkable, for they not 'only assisted at our toilette, but washed our feet, 'and to my great astonishment subsequently shampooed 'me from head to foot. At first I flattered myself 'that mine was an exceptional case, but I subsequently 'ascertained that my fellow travellers and even my 'servant were equally the object of these ladies' care, 'and that the chief's daughter is not exempt from the 'duties attendant upon this singular custom.' This happened to him in a tribe of Tartars established in Afghanistan since the time of Genghis Khan. So similar are the customs of people in a certain stage of civilization, let them be ever so remote from each other in point of time and locality; and so little are

we justified in arguing any connexion between races, or any influence of the one upon the other, where we find traits of resemblance in customs, religion, manufactures, or works of imagination.

This ballad seems to be one of those which Grundtvig would reject as pretty evidently written with the pen, and not of the kind properly called 'Folkeviser,' or in German 'Volkslieder.'

Esbern and Sidselille.

Dan. Vis. IV. p. 145.

1 Sir Esbern he serv'd the King at court,
So long in his troop he rode,
The King at the last he dubb'd him knight,
And fiefs on him too bestow'd.

2 So well and so truly he serv'd the king
With bravery and with skill,
He gave him besides a maid to wife,
The beautiful Sidselille.

3 They lived together the winter through,
Together for five whole years;
And nowhere a truer or tenderer love
Has man ever seen than their's.

4 They dwelt together in joy and peace
For more than winters nine,
Nor ever exchanged an angry word,
Nor ever did they repine.

5 Sir Esbern was wont to pace his yard
And flourish his silver'd brand,
And often there came to his mind a vow
To go to the Holy Land.

6 "God bless thee, my gentle Sidselille,
"Who sittest to spin thy gold;
"My vow to visit the Holy Land
"In duty I'm bound to hold."

7 "You 've gold in your chest, an ample store
"Of gold and of silver too;
"Now send on your errand your faithful squire,
"For ill can I part with you.

8 "You 've silver and gold enough in store,
"Long treasur'd within your chest,
"Your squire may go on the pilgrimage,
"And you at your home may rest."

9 "O prithee, my gentle Sidselille,
"To this my design agree,
"For thither I must, and keep my vow,
"I'll soon be again with thee."

10 To church Sir Esbern on Sunday rode
At the holy hour of prayer,
And call'd aloud on his kinsmen all,
Were bidden to meet him there.

11 "If any among you I've ever wrong'd,
"Or wrought on you aught of ill,
"I pray you avenge it on me today,
"And not on my Sidselille."

12 Sir Esbern made ready to launch his ship,
That riding at anchor lay;
His lady was sitting with tearful eyes
And wailing the livelong day.

13 She down to the strand with her husband went,
So running her cheek with tears;
"Remember I am but a poor weak wife,
"Forgive me a woman's fears."

14 She press'd to her bosom the noble knight,
A thousand times bade 'Adieu,'
"Remember, my lord, in a distant land,
"There's one at home thinks of you."

15 "God bless thee and keep thee, my dearest wife,
"Whom here I must leave behind!
"Wherever I wander the world so wide,
"Thine image I keep in mind."

16 The gallant Sir Esbern stepp'd on board,
His row-boat he steer'd from land;
He manfully stood to the wild wide sea,
As loudly as roar'd the strand.

17 He thought he should on that pilgrimage
A year and a month remain;
It lasted him fully fifteen years,
Before he was home again.

18 'Twas hardly a month the gallant knight
Had sail'd from his native shore,
Ere Sidselille up in her lofty bower
A fair little daughter bore.

19 Full eighteen years was Sir Esbern gone
Still leading a pilgrim's life,
And often and sorely for home he long'd,
For home and his gentle wife.

20 Full eighteen long and weary years
Away did the knight remain,
And well we may think how pined his wife
To see him at home again.

21 At last when eighteen years were gone,
He came to his native land,
And there Sir Esbern a herdsman saw,
Was pasturing near the strand.

22 "Now hark thee and say, good honest man,
"Adriving thy cows to dell,
"Say truly what I would so gladly know,
"Does here any widow dwell?"

23 "Hard by there is living a widow here,
"Call'd Lady Sidselille;
"'Tis eighteen years that her husband left,
"And him she is mourning still."

24 "Now tell me how fares the country folk
"Around her and far and near;
"How Sidselille too, the Lady fares,
"For she is to me so dear."

25 "'Tis well is faring the country folk
"Of all and of each degree,
"And well is the Lady Sidselille,
"The worthiest dame is she."

26 In haste Sir Esbern he left his ship
To tread on his native ground,
And sought the lady he loved so well,
And her at her door he found.

27 A pilgrim's wallet was on his back,
A staff in his hand he bore;
A stranger he enter'd his house and home,
And nobody knew him more.

28 He greeted the lady in courtly tone,
As due to her rank and right,
"Now all for your husband Sir Esbern's sake
"Give lodging to me tonight."

29 "Full gladly," said Lady Sidselille,
In tears to the man she spake,
"Full gladly I lodge you in Jesus' name
"For dearest Sir Esbern's sake."

30 "God bless you, good Lady Sidselille,
"So courtly of tone and air!
"But let for the same dear husband's sake
"A bath-room for me prepare."

31 Herself she fetch'd him the cleansing lye,
Herself the water too;
Just as she had bathed in former times
Her husband so good and true.

32 "A daughter I have, is his and mine,
"Eighteen she now must be,
"Her father's face she has never yet seen,
"And never, I fear, will see."

33 The Lady Sidselille all this time
Stood washing his hands so white;
"Let him, who longer could hide the truth,
"Be shorn of the name of knight."

34 He clasp'd her hard to his heaving breast,
He call'd her his dearest dear;
"And now I shall tell thee a joyful news,
"Thy husband is standing here.

35 "No longer could I the truth conceal,
"My purpose thy love o'ercame;
"I'm here thy husband, Sir Esbern's self,
"And thou art my faithful dame."

36 She led him above to the ladies' bower,
So soon as she heard his tale,
And brightly her smiles lit up the cheek,
Had been with her grief so pale.

37 And all was glad in Sir Esbern's house;
His daughter she came anon,
And stood before him the fairest maid,
That ever the sun beshone.

38 Sir Esbern he gave his daughter's hand,
As fair as the very light,
He gave her hand to the young Sir Carl,
As gallant and good a knight.

CLXVI.

CLOISTER ROBBING.

This humourous piece seems to have been a great favourite in Sweden as well as Denmark. The one corresponding to it in the Svenska Folkvisor Bk. I. p. 179, Mohnike's Volkslieder der Schweden p. 17, is very often acted as a drama among the country people, and is said to be founded on fact and allude to Folke and Carl, the sons of Algot, having by this stratagem carried off Ingrid the daughter of Svantepolk Knutson.

This ballad was translated by the Revd. James Johnstone, and published with the Danish text at Copenhagen in 1786 under the title of 'The Robbing of the Nunnery or The Abbess outwitted' — upon occasion of the marriage of the crown-princess Louisa Augusta.

It has its counterpart in the beautiful Scotch ballad 'The Gay Goss-Hawk,' where it is the lady who feigns death and gets carried into church on a bier. Scott's Bor. Min. II. 373, and in the 'Blue Flowers and Yellow' Buch. I. p. 185.

Cloister-robbing.

Dan. Vis. IV. p. 261.

1 I'll sing you now a story,
Who listeth, hear my lay,
Of how the young Sir Morten
Betroth'd a lovely may.
The lilies and roses they grow so well.

2 And full of grace and goodness
The gentle girl he won,
Yet much it vex'd his kinsmen,
For riches she had none.

3 The lady's kinsmen, they too,
When news of it was spread,
Swore all by God Almighty,
That her he should not wed.

4 Him sent from home his father
Beyond the salty Rhine,
And her shut up her kinsmen
In cloister cell to pine.

5 Sir Morten stay'd the winter,
For winters nine he stay'd,
And all the while was longing
To see his trothplight maid.

6 So sorely long'd Sir Morten
To see his lovely bride,
That stay he could no longer,
Tho' for it he had died.

7 And home he came, Sir Morten,
Back to his native land;
But painful were the tidings
He heard on every hand.

8 But what of all those tidings
Griev'd him the most of all,
He heard that she, his trulove,
Was doom'd to cloister thrall.

9 He sought his dearest father;
"My trouble let me tell;
"The maid to whom I'm plighted,
"They 've shut in cloister cell."

10 "Hear thou a father's counsel,
"For her no longer pine,
"But wed this other maiden,
"She 's twice as rich as thine.

11 "Give way no more to sorrow,
"But take a father's rede;
"Thine Adelaide has little gold,
"And less of grassy mead."

12 "I 'd rather have my trulove
"In but her scarlet gown,
"Than knight Sir Stige's daughter
"With all that she may own.

13 "I care not I for treasure,
"Still less for grassy land;
"To Adelaide I've plighted troth,
"And fain would have her hand.

14 "I care not I for kinsmen,
"Tho' they were many more;
"I'll keep the word I've plighted,
"Tho' driven to foreign shore."

15 Off went the young Sir Morten,
And ask'd his brother rede;
"O say how shall my trulove
"From cloister thrall be freed?"

16 "Go, get thee swathed in grave-clothes,
"And lay thee in thy shell,
"And I will to the cloister ride,
"The gloomy news to tell."

17 He laid him down in grave-clothes,
The news was widely spread;
Sir Nilus to the cloister rode,
And wail'd a brother dead.

18 "My greeting, fair young maidens,
"I'll richly you repay,
"If here within your cloister
"My brother I may lay."

19 This heard those holy maidens,
And sat there silent all;
But one, the maiden Adelaide,
Let work and scissars fall.

20 And she it was made answer,
The tears upon her face;
"Here in our cloister chapel
"Make you his resting place.

21 "In this our cloister chapel
"Inter his corpse you may;
"And I, to please his kinsmen,
"Will go there every day.

22 "In tender years of childhood
"I plighted him my love,
"And how I grieve to lose him,
"Knows only God above:

23 "That pent I was in cloister,
"Was much against my will;
"Him too his kinsmen banish'd
"Our glowing love to chill."

24 Then kindly spake Sir Nilus,
And tapp'd her cheek so fair;
"O weep not, maiden Adelaide,
"But banish grief and care."

25 "I ne'er shall still my sorrow,
"Or solace ever see,
"For gone is dear Sir Morten,
"Who best could comfort me."

26 So sorely wept the maiden,
So frequent fell the tear,
While to the cloister chapel
They bore Sir Morten's bier.

27 She pray'd beside his coffin
All bending on her knee;
"Christ save thy soul, Sir Morten!
"How dear wast thou to me!"

28 Two tapers then she lighted,
And bitterly she cried;
"O would that in my cradle
"I long ago had died!

29 "I've nine long weary winters
"In pining for thee pass'd;
"Mine eyes had scarce beheld thee,
"And see thee a corpse at last."

30 While wept that lovely maiden,
And wrung her hands so white,
Her wailing heard Sir Morten,
And laugh'd, and rose upright.

31 No more could bear Sir Morten
To see her so distrest;
But toss'd aside the grave-clothes,
And clasp'd her to his breast.

32 "Now hear, my dearest trulove,
"Away with grief and care!
"And off with me from cloister,
"As fast as horse can bear.

33 "In churchyard stand the horses,
"And dark they are of hue,
"And mail-clad all my troopers,
"Will follow thee so true."

34 He wrapp'd her up, Sir Morten,
In costly sable pall,
And led her off so gaily
Outside the cloister wall.

35 The pious nuns around her
Stood reading in their book,
They thought 'twas some good angel,
Their sister from them took.

36 There stood those holy maidens,
And warmly did they pray,
"Would God there came such angel
"Me too to fetch away!"

37 Bravo the young Sir Morten!
He wavered not the least,
But to his dwelling brought her,
And made his marriage feast.

38 And now with maids and pages,
And honour'd and caress'd,
She lives Sir Morten's darling
In costly sable drest.

NOTES.

St. 4. **The salty Rhine.** This is so in the original

'Alt over den *salte* Rhin.'

St. 12. **Knight Sir Stige's daughter.** The marriage of this wealthy knight is the subject of No. 85, and his name was probably long synonymous with that of a very rich man.

St. 21. **To please his wealthy kinsmen.** Saa maa jeg for hans rige Frender Hver Dag ind til hannem gaae. I am not sure of the meaning of it.

St. 29. **Mine eyes had scarce beheld thee.** In the Danish Jeg Dig ret aldrig med Ojen saae. And yet so deeply in love with him!

St. 33. **Horses dark of hue,** as if from the region of death, said to deceive the nuns.

CLXVII.

THE LADY'S REJOINDER.

This little piece, to judge by its style, is not of very great antiquity. I confess I do not quite understand why the knight should have been so pleased with the lady for quizzing and exposing him before the whole court, but the drift of the ballad seems to be this.

Sir Peter had been, as it is called, talking *at* some of the Queen's ladies, as poor and proud and above doing their domestic duties. Christine in their name retorts upon him that on the contrary she attends to her cooking and covering chairs, while he intrudes himself into the society of the great, for which he showed himself so unfit, that, when called upon for his opinion at the court of Assize, he stood dumbfounded. Sir Peter feeling the justice of what she says, makes her a proper amends by offering her his hand.

The Lady's rejoinder.

Dan. Vis. IV. 259.

1 A group of gay and gallant knights
At the Queen's table sat,
Among her maidens pass'd the time
In light and lively chat.
You wait for me under the linden.

2 They talk'd not, they, of priest or church,
Nor yet of cloister cell,
But of the dames, who daughters had,
And such as bred them well.

3 Then up Sir Peter rose and spake,
His notions were so grand;
"No maiden I to wife will take,
"But who has house and land.

4 "My bride in broidery shall be skill'd
"To sew her silken gown;
"But such I'll never take to wife,
"As gads about the town.

5 "Her household duties she must know,
"And how the board to spread,
"Nor be too flippant of her tongue,
"For such I'll never wed."

6 All still those handsome maidens sat,
And utter'd not a word,
Till spake her mind the fair Christine,
Who serv'd the Queen at board.

7 "Now were I once a woman grown,
"And suitor came to woo,
"I'd choose, so help me God in heaven!
"Not such a one as you.

8 "Retired within my bower I sit
"My cloth to cut and sew,
"While you — you mount your prancing steed,
"And off to council go.

9 "I sit at home and pride myself,
"With taste to deck my board,
"While you — you rise in Council Hall,
"But cannot speak a word.

10 "On all these benches seat by seat
"My broider'd work I lay,
"While you with Lords and Princes sit,
"But not one word can say."

11 Then up at once Sir Peter rose,
The words were on his tongue;
"And now I've just the maiden found
"For whom I've look'd so long."

12 Great was the mirth and joy at Court,
And echoed far and wide,
As gave the Queen her waiting maid
To be Sir Peter's bride.

NOTE.

St. 5, l. 2. som vel kan brede sit Bord. What was meant by 'brede Bordet,' *spread the board,* is not explained in the Dictionaries. It seems to mean either make a cloth fit to cover the table, or prepare the food and liquors for a banquet, both which duties fell on the ladies.

CLXVIII.

THE MAIDEN GISSELMORE.

This ballad has much interest from the very natural unexaggerated tone that pervades it, and the reference in it to bygone times, when a King and Queen of Norway were detained at the Orkneys, then a part of their dominions, and the captain of a foreign vessel would land and enter their hall to challenge their courtiers to a game of chess. We have a very similar scene in 'Sir Thor and Silvermor' No. 122, in the introduction to which there is a passage quoted from Sir Tristrem describing the same usage. The editors of the Danske Viser apologize for admitting this piece, and only do so, they say, because they have so few in the collection, the scene of which lies in Norway. Danes must be the best judges of Danish ballads, but there are many in their volumes, which to a foreigner would appear much less deserving a place in them than this one. In such matters we are bound to follow the opinion of native critics. There are few foreign collections of English poetry in which we do not find several that in this country would be thought very contemptible productions; and on the other hand there are poems in all languages which from some idiomatic turn of expression have for the native a raciness which cannot be appreciated by the foreigner. Without there-

fore at all questioning the taste and judgement of the Danish editors, as regards the originals, I venture to express the opinion that most English readers of the translation will prefer the story of Little Gisselmore to the coarse and sanguinary hero ballads, in which the Danes, and their excellent translator, W. Grimm, find so much sublimity and beauty.

The Maiden Gisselmore.

Dan. Vis. IV. 309.

1 And it was Norway's King and Queen,
So stormy were the seas,
Under the Orkneys lay awhile
To wait a fairer breeze.
Ye maidens, leave off playing.

2 The King stood in his highest bower
To view the shores around,
And saw a youth with gilded masts
Who thither too was bound.

3 In steer'd the knight, and brown and blue
The sails his vessel bore;
His anchor on the sand he cast,
And stepp'd upon the shore.

4 His clothes were all of silken stuff
With golden tissue dight,
And followers bare his gilded shield
With jewels gleaming bright.

5 Young Alf, he stood before the king
With courteous air and dress:
"Is any here, a knight or squire,
"Will play a game at chess?"

6 Sir Alf took out a checquer'd board,
That like the embers shone:
There play'd with him the king's men all,
But won a game not one.

7 Then up the King of Norway spake,
For vex'd at heart was he;
"Go, bid the maiden Gisselmore
"Come hither in to me."

8 In came the maiden Gisselmore,
And stood before the board;
"What is your royal will with me?
"Your grace has sent me word."

9 "Hark thee, my little Gisselmore,
"This chess is thy delight;
"So sit thee down and play a game
"With yonder foreign knight."

10 Sir Alf and little Gisselmore
They sat at chess and play'd,
And aye with soft and coaxing words
He wooed the gentle maid.

11 They sat before the checquer'd board,
Were moving turn by turn;*
"Fair maid, with right and loyal views
"Your favour I would earn.

* See note.

12 "Hear me, my little Gisselmore,
"And plight your hand to me;
"I claim as born of noblest blood
"Equal with you* to be."

13 "That of my brother you must ask,
"And of my other friends;
"For well you know, that not on me,
"Whom I may wed, depends."

14 "Your brother's leave I cannot ask,
"He lives so far away;
"Give me yourself your plighted troth,
"And you I'll not betray."

15 A ring, where lily twined with rose,
Into her lap he threw,
And all at once love's gentle pangs
Through her soft bosom flew.

16 "While yet I plough these dark blue waves,
"Three winters for me stay,
"And then to your island I'll return
"To keep our wedding day."

17 "I'll ask their leave of friends and kin,
"And surely wait for you;
"Nor ever any other wed,
"Although an Earl should sue."

* Gissel-maar means 'hostage-maiden.' It would imply perhaps that she was a girl of rank.

18 With sighs and mutual vows of love
Must part them now the twain,
And she return to Ladies' bower,
And he to the salty main.

19 She waited him eight weary years,
She told them one by one,
And though there woo'd her knights and squires
She gave her hand to none.

20 There woo'd her Biorn of Vareness
With fifteen farms in fee;
She paid the knight all due respect,
But "was no longer free."

21 Sir Alf sail'd o'er the salty waves
'Mid dangers not a few,
Until to a wealthy seaport town
The breeze his vessel blew.

22 And with a widow there he lodged,
A dame of wealth and power,
And there love-fetters bound his heart,
And vex'd him hour by hour.

23 The knight some love-drink surely drank,
His bride he quite forgot:
'Tis what young men too often do,
Their vows remember not.

24 The news was told at Norway's court,
And rumour'd far and wide;
"Sir Alf had won a widow's hand,
"And brought him home his bride."

25 There sat the Queen's young maidens all,
And work'd their silken seam;
The fairest of them, Gisselmore,
Her eyes were seen to stream.

26 She rose, the maiden Gisselmore,
And round her wrapp'd her cloak,
And mounting to the royal bower
To Norway's Queen she spoke.

27 "Lady, a while before my birth,
"My parents made a vow,
"That in the cloister I should live,
"And I would go there now.

28 "'Twas at an hour of urgent need,
"That they the promise gave,
"And there in cloister I would live,
"And there would find my grave."

29 They set her on a palfrey gray,
With gilded bit and rein,
And so to cloister led the maid,
To all her kinsmen's pain.

NOTES.

St. 11. In the second line of this stanza the meaning is very obscure.

'De legte med Rakker og Hinde.'

'They played with dogs and hind.'

Whether any of the chess-men were so named, or whether, as is more probable, this was some particular opening, is not explained.

St. 13. We have numerous instances of the truth of this, that it did not depend upon themselves, whom young ladies married; and yet they contrived sometimes to choose their lovers. It was with great risk to their suitors that they did so, for we see both in Scottish and Scandinavian ballads, that the brothers resented such an engagement as a deadly affront. See 'Sir Helmer Blaa,' No. 162, and the 'Cruel Brother' Jam. I. p. 66.

St. 15. A trinket with lily and rose entwined implied an engagement. See 'Axel and Walborg,' No. 78 st. 44.

CLXIX.

FAIR ELLENSBORG AND SIR OLAVE.

The cause of dispute in this piece is the same as in 'Sir Helmer Blaa' No. 162, but very different the catastrophe. It has the usual merits of a Danish ballad, rapid and picturesque narrative, but little that is remarkable.

Fair Ellensborg and Sir Olave.

Dan. Vis. III. 316.

1 Fair Ellensborg was gazing round,
As in her bower she stood;
"My own Sir Olave there I see
"Come riding through the wood.

2 "It is indeed Sir Olave's self
"In greenwood glade I see;
"Grant heaven, he prove my loyal knight,
"And hither come to me!"

3 Fair Ellensborg to her maiden turn'd,
And ask'd her friendly rede;
"And now what answer shall I give,
"So hard he is wont to plead?"

4 "Tell him that long you've loved him well,
"But speak in modest tone;
"Tell him, of all who ask your hand,
"You love but him alone."

5 Now came Sir Olave riding in
And gaily lighted down;
And met the gentle Ellensborg
In ermine-border'd gown.

6 "My greeting, gentle Ellensborg!
"To me your favours yield,
"And you I'll love, and with my life
"From every danger shield."

7 "A sun among the lesser stars
"'Mong other men are you,
"And had you not my uncle slain,
"You should not vainly sue."

8 "I'll freely gold and silver give,
"Your uncle's life to pay;
"Nay more, with friends in full Assize
"On bended knee will pray."

9 "My dear Sir Olave, say no more,
"But let these matters be;
"There 's not another man on earth
"Is half so dear to me."

10 And there by stealth that very hour
They plighted them their troth,
And sware each other mutual love,
Till death o'ertake them both.

11 "Sir Olave, stay no longer here,
"Mount horse, and haste away;
"For if my brother Magnus comes,
"I fear a bloody fray."

12 With tearful eyes they bade adieu,
The loving gentle twain;
And God, their heavenly father, grant,
They soon may meet again!

13 Sir Olave went with hawk and hound
In greenwood glade to ride,
And in some evil hour he there
His lady's brother spied.

14 "Sir Olave ha! 'tis well we're met
"Alone in greenwood glade;
"The very man my uncle slew,
"And fine has never paid!"

15 "I'll give to pay your uncle's life
"Both gold and silver fee,
"And with my friends in full Assize
"Will pray with bended knee."

16 "You've not alone mine uncle slain,
"Nor ever paid the fine,
"But also won my sister's love,
"Nor cared for will of mine."

17 "I've won and plighted her my troth,
"Shall her with honour treat,
"And you shall ever, while I live,
"As friend and brother meet."

18 With only five, his body swains,
Sir Olave left the place,
With three times five, all men at arms,
Sir Magnus gave him chase.

19 Sir Olave soon they overtook,
And cut to bits as small
As leaves that swept by wintry winds
From linden branches fall.

20 Sir Magnus left the bleeding corse,
Girt sword again to side,
And to his sister's started off
At rapid pace to ride.

21 And soon Sir Magnus reach'd his home,
And gaily lighted down,
And met his fond dear sister there,
In ermine-border'd gown.

22 "Welcome, my dearest brother, home!
"And what then did you find?
"Say, have you chased the hare today,
"Or hart or spotted hind?"

23 "I've neither hind nor martin slain,
"Nor any other deer,
"Than just the tame and gentle hart,
"Was wont to nestle here."

24 "And have you done this cruel deed?
"My dear Sir Olave slain?
"You nevermore shall live the day
"To see me glad again.

25 "But have you then Sir Olave met,
"And really wrought his death?
"I'll e'en to a cloister cell retire,
"And mourn him, while I've breath."

26 "O weep no more, nor be thine eyes
"In tears for ever drown'd;
"I'll give thee soon the richest knight
"Can in this realm be found."

27 "Sir Olave I would rather have
"With but his saddled dun,
"Than any else the wealthiest knight
"That dwells beneath the sun."

28 And spake the gentle Ellensborg,
And wrung her hands for woe;
"Brother, on you I most relied,
"Why deal me such a blow?"

29 With pity yearn'd Sir Magnus' heart
His sister's grief to see;
"If lovers' woe I had ever known,
"He might have lived for me."

30 The lady mourn'd in cloister cell
Till sorrow crazed her mind,
So much for him, her brother slew,
She daily sighed and pined.

CLXX.

YOUNG WILLIAM.

This is a tragedy of the same class as 'Childe Engel' No. 164, which it in many respects resembles, and turns upon the imperative necessity of avenging a father's death, or exacting a fine for it. If a son neglected this duty, he was looked upon with contempt. This ballad is interesting for the picture it gives us of the state of the country, where, after having slain a man in open court, the murderer holds a dagger to the king's breast, and exacts a pardon from him, and lives at home after it unmolested. Such scenes might perhaps be paralleled from the early history of Scotland.

Young William.

Dan. Vis. III. 135.

1 Dame Margaret dwells across in Scone,
She and her daughter too;
That lovely maiden's wedding day
How many have to rue!

2 There wooed her Swend of Voldislef,
A knight of royal race;
But 'twas young William won her hand,
She loved his friendly face.

3 Though wooed her Swend of Voldislef,
So rich in gold and fee,
Yet 'twas young William won her hand,
So kind of heart was he.

4 When heard young Swend of Voldislef
What news had come to town,
For sorrow up to his room he went,
And sick he laid him down.

5 Up to his room he went, and lay
For very grief so low;
His mother and sister went to him,
Went often to and fro.

6 His mother, while alone they sat,
Would ask him, what he ail'd;
"Hast thou with any neighbour feud,
"Or ventured aught and fail'd?"

7 "Feud with my neighbours none have I,
"Nor been by kinsmen cross'd;
"Young William weds the maid I love,
"And all my hope is lost."

8 "Oh! vex no more, my dearest son,
"Nor at thy wrongs repine;
"I'll show thee a richer maid than her,
"And many times more fine.

9 "Her counsel let a mother give,
"The best a mother can;
"Fret thou no more about a maid
"Who weds another man."

10 But evil rede his sister gave;
"Go, knock him on the head;
"When once young William thou hast slain,
"His widow thou may'st wed."

11 His mother spake with sound good sense,
As she was wont to speak;
"The vengeance for a father slain
"A son may live to wreak."

12 "Pshaw!" answer'd Swend of Voldislef,
"Such fears I well may scorn:
"'Tis early time to think of that,
"Ere yet the child is born.

13 "I ne'er shall see another chance
"To win so fair a maid:
"Please God I live, young William's luck
"Shall with his life be paid."

14 Young William rode to his marriage feast,
And gay the banquet there;
How wroth was Swend of Voldislef,
He little seem'd to care.

15 Young William took a lonely path
To journey through the wood,
And there in most unlucky hour
Sir Swend before him stood.

16 "Young William, hark! Why ridest thou
"To meet me here tonight,
"And knowest thou hast won the maid
"Was all my heart's delight?

17 "'Tis true I've won that gentle maid,
"Dear as she was to thee,
"But had the luck been thine instead,
"She ne'er had come to me.

18 "Fair Lisbet I have now betroth'd,
"And will not give thee place;
"There dwell in Denmark other maids
"Will not thy rank disgrace."

19 Fiercely Sir Swend of Voldislef
Drew out his glittering knife;
"The gentle Lisbet thou hast won,
"But that shall cost thy life."

20 Young William spake no more but this,
As on the ground he fell;
"If Lisbet bear a son this year,
"Call '*William*' him as well.

21 "If Lisbet bear a son this year,
"Ye call him after me;
"Ye call his name '*Young William*' too;
"No coward he will be."

22 When woodland shaws were green again,
And forty weeks had run,
The lady up to her bower retired,
And bare an infant son.

23 The boy was born one afternoon,
They christen'd him at night,
But told Sir Swend a girl was born,
And hid the little wight.

24 With mother's care she rear'd him up
Till eighteen years of age,
And gave him then a tall war-horse
To serve as royal page.

25 Full eighteen years of age was he,
When first he bare a shield;
He vied in games with knight and squire,
And always kept the field.

26 Young William with a peasant stood
The bar and stone to throw,
And in their game a brawl arose,
That led to bitter woe.

27 Young William struck the peasant youth,
And dragg'd him by the hair;
"'Twere best to venge a father's death,
"And lads like me to spare!"

28 Young William heard, and red by turns
And deadly pale was he;
"If foully slain my father was,
"No summer-play for me!"

29 Young William left the tilting field,
Drew on his scarlet cloak,
And mounting to the ladies' bower,
He thus to his mother spoke.

30 "My greeting, dearest mother mine!
"The truth I prithee tell;
"If foully slain my father was,
"And by whose hand he fell."

31 "My son, thou 'rt still too young and weak
"To buckle sword to side;
"Procure that Swend of Voldislef
"Shall at the court be tried."

32 Young William got a summons wrote,
And sent it round the land,
That Swend should on the following day
At court before him stand.

33 "I'll off" said Swend of Voldislef,
Soon as he read the deed,
"I'll to the King's house ride, and there
"Ask of my uncle rede.

34 "Now hark! and tell me, Uncle mine,
"What best I may begin?
"Young William summons me to court
"With all his wealthy kin."

35 "But hark thee, Swend of Voldislef,
"And tell me, why so sad?
"Have I not often heard thee say,
"That she a daughter had?"

36 "Now help me, Holy Virgin Queen!
"I then no better knew;
"A woman's craft in all my days
"I never shall see through."

37 "I'll lend thee a band of trusty men,
"Take whom thou wilt or all;
"With them, dear Nephew, ride to court,
"And see what may befall."

38 To court went Swend of Voldislef,
And 'neath the penthouse strode;
"Now who has summon'd me to court
"This long and weary road?"

39 Then forth young William boldly stepp'd,
No softness he betray'd;
"My father thou hast foully slain,
"And fine hast never paid."

40 "No," answer'd Swend of Voldislef,
And spirted up the earth;
"Nor for thy father shalt thou get
"Penny or penny's worth."

41 Young William spake, as in the ground
He stuck his glittering sword;
"I for my father ought to get
"Both coin and civil word."

42 Over his helmet threw Sir Swend
A skein of silken thread;
"Prithee, young William, heed thee well,
"Thou dost not strike me dead."

43 It was young William, gallant youth,
His sword so glittering drew,
And Swend of Voldislef it was,
In open court he slew.

44 And while Sir Swend of Voldislef
Dead in the court-house lay,
Rode William off to Voldislef,
And seiz'd a lovely may.

45 To good Sir Nilus on the strand
The baleful tidings came;
His brother slain in open court,
His sister brought to shame.

46 A summons got Sir Nilus wrote
And sent it round the land;
That at the peasant court next day
Young William too should stand.

47 The good Sir Nilus call'd his swains,
Bade saddle up his steed;
"I'll to the King's house ride across,
"And ask my uncle's rede.—

48 "Oh! hear my grief, dear Uncle mine,
"Or hast thou heard the same?
"My brother kill'd in open court,
"My sister brought to shame?"

49 "I'll lend thee a troop of faithful men,
"Take whom thou wilt or all;
"Myself I'll ride with thee to court,
"And see what may befall."

50 Young William, bold and gallant youth,
Into the court-house strode,
And ask'd, who might have summon'd him
That long and weary road.

51 "Hear me, young William, hear the words,
"That now I have to say;
"My brother thou hast put to death;
"What blood-fine wilt thou pay?"

52 "As to thy brother, we are quits,
"For he my father slew:
"Thy sister I will wed today,
"And treat with honour due."

53 The good Sir Nilus he replied,
And these the words he said;
"Not so, young William; thou, I swear,
"The maid shalt never wed."

54 In wrath young William started forth,
And drew his glittering blade;
"If otherwise it cannot be,
"So lend me, God, thine aid!"

55 He kill'd Sir Nilus on the spot
In short and mortal strife;
And held his sword at the King's breast,
And begg'd him grant his life.

56 "Seize him!" with fierce and angry look
The King of Denmark cries;
"Young William seize, who dares to break
The peace of this Assize."

57 "Forgive me, Sire," young William said,
And drew him back with awe;
"Forgive and let me go in peace,
"I knew not Sessions law."

58 Young William left the justice hall,
To mount his noble dun;
"And now I'll to my mother ride,
"And tell her how I've won."

59 Young William on his prancing horse
Came riding through the gate,
And there the fair Dame Lisbet stood
Attired in robe of state.

60 "Welcome, young William, home again!
"Welcome, my son, and say,
"What blood-fine for thy father's death
"They offer'd thee to pay."

61 "No fine the murderer offered me,
"Nor any did I crave,
"But dead is Swend of Voldislef,
"And moulders in his grave.

62 "Aye! dead is Swend of Voldislef,
"Sir Nilus too is dead;
"Their sister Gertrude I've betroth'd,
"And her I mean to wed."

63 The good Dame Lisbet took her son,
And clasp'd him to her breast;
"Since thou hast well thy father 'venged,
"Are all my cares at rest."

64 Well done, young William! luck to thee,
And all such brave young swains!
He fully venged a father's death,
And still at home remains.

NOTES.

St. 26. There is a similar passage in 'Axelwold' No. 152, where his companions, being worsted by him, throw his base birth in his teeth.

St. 37. It is characteristic of the times, that a man going to the Assizes needed a troop of followers to protect him from foul play.

St. 40. This answer is one of those commonplaces which occur repeatedly. The defendant had rather die than acknowledge his fault. See 'Wolf of Yern' No. 11.

St. 42. This throwing of a silken thread over the helmet occurs in 'Wolf of Yern' No. 11. St. 45. The meaning of it is unknown. The murderer here had probably been condemned to death by the court.

St. 53. We have read in the second stanza that the Voldislevs were of royal race.

St. 61. **Still at home remains.** Was not forced to exile himself, a proof that public opinion was in his favour. Such at that time was the state of society. A Spanish romance records a scene at the Pope's court, less serious in its character, but not unlike our Danish ballad in the view it exhibits of medieval manners. The Cid had accompanied his king, Don Sancho, to Rome, and upon entering Saint Peter's church had felt so indignant at seeing the French king's chair placed higher than that of his own sovereign, that he kicked it to pieces and put Don Sancho's chair in its place. A Savoyard duke reprimanded him for it. The Cid struck him a stunning blow in return, and the Pope thereupon excommunicated him. The Cid told the Pope that if he did not absolve him again, he would pay him off for it, and take his rich robes to cover his horse. The Pope absolved him immediately. Wolf & Hofm. I. p. 110. Lockhart has given a loose paraphrase of this tale, but seems to have misunderstood the original, and represents the Cid as kicking the *Pope's* chair away and planting that of the Spanish king in its place.

CLXXI.

LYBORG AND HER MOTHER-IN-LAW.

This tale of cruelty would not have found its place in the collection, but that it serves to illustrate a very barbarous practice that prevailed over all the north of Europe till a late period of the Middle-ages, that of burying women alive. Their bodies have been found in Denmark, Friesland and other countries, and in Oct. 1835 one was exhumed at Haraldskiær in North Jutland, the particulars of which are detailed in the Annaler for Nordisk Oldkyndighed 1836—1837. The knees and elbows were pinned down with hooks made of the forked branches of trees, and two boughs were bent over the chest and abdomen. She had evidently met with a violent death, for the body had been so well preserved by the peat in which it had lain, that the features, when it was first taken up, still expressed an agony of desperation. It was supposed from the fashion and materials of the clothing to have been buried 900 or 1000 years. It appears to have been chiefly for witchcraft and perjury that they were sentenced to this punishment, but for further particulars I refer to Mr. Akerman's valuable paper 'De furca et fossa' in the Archæologia Vol. XXXVIII, where he has collected many curious facts and passages from ancient writings.

In the following ballad jealousy seems to have been the only motive, but it shows that that mode of death was familiar to the Danes.

Lyborg and her Mother-in-law.

Dan. Vis. III. 214. Grimm p. 261.

1 Sir Volmor away from his home must fare,
And leave his wife to his mother's care.

2 Fair Lyborg was dancing, and sang the while,
Dame Ingeborg follow'd her full of guile.

3 "O wait, and ere Summer and Fall are past,
"I'll silence thy tuneful voice at last."

4 Fair Lyborg's maidens so gaily sprang,
And she the lay for the dancers sang.

5 But hardly had pass'd one other day,
Ere Lyborg on bed of sickness lay.

6 Fair Lyborg was sick and lay so low,
Dame Ingeborg went to her to and fro.

7 "O give me, dame Ingeborg, mother mine,
"A drop of water to drink, or wine."

8 "The wine is frozen, and will not run,
"And frozen the tap of my water-tun.

9 "The cellar is lock'd, and gone the key;
"I cannot tell where that key can be."

10 "If frozen the wine and water too,
"Yet open the door, and admit the dew.

11 "Put open I pray the northern door;
"The breezes may yet my strength restore."

12 "I'll open the door to the bright noon-day,
"And leave thee to bask in its hottest ray"

13 "O Christ, that I had a trusty friend,
"That word to my mother I could but send!"

14 "My mistress," her own little page replied,
"'Tis I will off with your message ride."

15 They knew not, but thought none other near;
Dame Ingeborg listen'd with eager ear.

16 The page sprang up on his horse so high,
And rode as fast as a bird could fly.

17 In came the page in his kirtle red;
"Your daughter, dame Lyborg, will soon be dead.

18 "She prays you to haste and come tonight;
"She will not live to the morning's light."

19 Dame Mettelille bade her grooms, with speed
Go fetch her horses from out the mead.

20 The horses ran with the wain so fleet
The livelong day in the scalding heat.

21 The sun shone fiercely, 'twas Midsummer day,
Fair Lyborg sick and in anguish lay.

22 The Dame a bowl-ful of money took
And went to the loft with smiling look.

23 "Will any to win this sum of gold
"Put Lyborg alive beneath the mould?"

24 So soon as the coin was duly paid,
That lily beneath the ground they laid.

25 Proud Mettelille came to the courtyard gate;
Dame Ingeborg near the threshold sate.

26 "My greeting, Dame Ingeborg, ease my fear,
"And tell me where lies my daughter dear."

27 "No longer ago than yesterday
"They buried thy daughter beneath the clay."

28 "Enough then. No further news I crave,
"But show me at once my daughter's grave."

29 As over the spot her mother trod,
She heard her moaning beneath the sod.

30 "If any would silver win and gold,
"Come help me to dig away the mould."

31 Fair Lyborg out of her grave they drew;
Her mother around her a mantle threw.

32 "O speak to me, Lyborg, my daughter dear,
"So gladly alive I see thee here:

33 "Now tell me what Ingeborg's death shall be,
"The wretch that alive has buried thee."

34 "She wish'd to have kill'd me, the hateful wife;
"But prithee, dear mother, spare her life."

35 "Not so: Dame Ingeborg now shall learn,
"What means it to sit in the fire and burn."

36 Dame Mettelille call'd her servants twain,
"Go build her a pyre on yonder plain.

37 "Hew boughs of the ash, and boughs of oak,
"That fiercely the fire may blaze and smoke."

38 Outside of the town they dragg'd the dame,
And burnt her there in the crackling flame.

39 Sir Volmor in haste came back from war,
The news of her sentence had spread so far.

40 'Twas dismal and earnest the news he learnt;
His wife was gone, and his mother burnt.

41 He offer'd for Lyborg gifts and gold,
But never that lily could more behold.

42 To gain her he five of his forts would give,
But never with him would Lyborg live.

43 To presents or prayers she gave no heed,
And this was his own base mother's deed.

NOTE.

c. 8. This is pretty strong considering that it was mid-summer day, (see c. 21) but these ballads are full of such inconsistencies.

CLXXII.

CHILDE DANEVED AND SWAIN TRUSTY.

This is one of the few pieces among the published ballads, that we find written in dialect. What dialect it is, I am unable to say, but the 1st, 3rd, and 5th stanzas may imply that it is that of the South of Sweden. Its peculiarity is the necessity of leaving out the letter *d* except where it begins a word, and the *v* and *g* between vowels; otherwise the lines will not scan; — see for instance the 13th stanza

⏑ – ⏑ – ⏑ –
Og jeg haver slidt Eders klæder,
⏑ – ⏑ – ⏑ –
Og jeg haver reden Eders Hest;
– ⏑ – ⏑ ⏑ – ⏑ –
Jeg skal stande med Eder i Dag,
⏑ – ⏑ – ⏑ –
Imeden Eder trænger mest.

⏑ – ⏑ – ⏑ –
Tagen haver jeg Eders Sölv og Guld,
⏑ – ⏑ – ⏑ –
Og ædet haver jeg Eders Bröd &c.

where the words haver, Eders, reden, imeden, tagen, must be respectively pronounced ha'er, E'ers, re'en, ime'en, ta'en.

W. Grimm has evidently not been aware of its character, and has given syllable for syllable with rather too great accuracy in his translation of it.

Childe Daneved and Swain Trusty.

Dan. Vis. IV. 26. Grimm p. 161.

1 "But what shall I over in Denmark do,
"For armour like their's too young?
"The Danish troopers will surely laugh,
"So badly I talk their tongue."
But I shall never learn good Danish.

2 Childe Daneved he his varlets call'd,
And bade that his horse be drest;
"I'll mount and across to Borreby,
"And be my mother's guest."

3 They rattled and clank'd their glittering spurs,
And off their horses sprung;
In church at Lunden in Sconeland
They heard the Vesper sung.

4 The Vespers they stay'd in church to hear,
And masses nine beside;
And then would again Childe Daneved
His gallant good horse bestride.

5 But kindly the reverend Olave spake,
Their own parish priest was he;
"Now list to my prayer, Childe Daneved,
"And tarry the night with me."

6 "I will with nobody eat today,
"Nor drink of the sparkling mead,
"Till first I have ridden to Borreby,
"And ask'd of my mother rede."

7 "But list to me, dear Childe Daneved,
"There's reason for what I say;
"Our foes are lurking beyond the town,
"And surely will thee belay."

8 "I trust to my good and well-tried sword,
"I trust to the steed I ride;
"And next I trust to my faithful swains,
"But most in myself confide."

9 "You well may trust to your own good sword,
"And trust to your gallant steed,
"But, trust, as you will, your faithful swains,
"They'll fail you in time of need."

10 They scarcely had ridden beyond the town;
The childe and his mailclad band,
Than met him his foes, some thirty men,
And halted, and bade him stand.

11 So strong and so many seem'd his foes,
That lurking in ambush lay,
Childe Daneved's swains their furlough took,
And ran from their lord away.

12 They took their furlough those troopers all,
Not one of the band was true,
Except Swain Trusty, and he so fought,
As though he was hired anew.

13 "And I have so long your livery worn,
"So long have ridden your steed,
"And faithful I'll stand by you today,
"Nor fail you in time of need.

14 "I've taken your silver and gold for pay,
"And long I have shared your bread;
"I will not swerve from your side today,
"But faithfully fight, till dead."

15 They set them together back to back
All on the greenwood lawn;
Fifteen they had slain, those two alone,
Ere peep of the morning dawn.

16 They set them together back to back
All under the greenwood spray,
And thirty they slew, those two alone,
Great honour they won that day.

17 And, ended the fight, Childe Daneved,
He belted his sword to side,
And off to his mother's, with joyful heart,
He mounted his horse to ride.

18 As up to her house Childe Daneved
Came riding within the gate,
Out stepp'd his mother in costly furs
Her son at the door to wait.

19 "O welcome, my son, my dearest son!
"Right welcome art thou indeed;
"Now wilt thou drink of the sparkling wine,
"Or rather the luscious mead?"

20 "I will not eat, nor a cup will drink
"Of either your mead or wine,
"Till you give Trusty, my faithful swain,
"Yon only dear sister mine."

21 "But harken to me, my dearest son,
"For what I will say is true;
"Her brother is he, so help me God!
"Her brother, as well as you."

22 "O list to my prayer, dear mother mine,
"Nor fraudfully tell me so;
"For where could you rear Swain Trusty up,
"That naught of it I should know?"

23 "I sent him, a little and tender babe,
"Away to a foreign shore;
"I heard for a truth that he was dead,
"And spake of him never more."

24 He made her answer, Childe Daneved,
He spake like a brave man's son;
"No reason have I to plain of that,
"And have such a brother won. —

25 "God bless thee, young Trusty! and here to thee
"This pledge of my troth I give;
"I never will leave thee, or play thee false,
"As long as on earth I live."

26 Childe Daneved, he, and Trusty too
In raiment of sable both,
Rode off to serve in th' Emperor's court,
And truly were nothing loth.

NOTE.

St. 26. **Rode off to serve in th' Emperor's court.** It is remarkable as corroborative of Robert Chambers's opinion

that the Scotch ballads are not very ancient, that they make no allusion to the habit of taking service in foreign countries, an incident that so frequently occurs in the Danish, although it is well known that for some centuries the Scotch were as much in the habit of hiring themselves out for mercenaries as the Scandinavians, and this could hardly have failed to be reflected in their popular songs, if these had existed as long ago. The latter seem to have served both the Greek and the German Emperors, and the great number of weapons and valuable ornaments of Greek manufacture that have been dug up in Denmark from the graves of ancient kings and warriors, and are now stored in the Museum at Copenhagen, would show, independantly of historical testimony, and Rafn's interesting discovery of the inscription upon the Venetian horses, that among these Waringer or War-boys (War unger) were young men of the highest birth and rank.

CLXXIII

THE COMPULSORY MARRIAGE.

This piece gives us an interesting account of the marriage ceremony of an earlier age. The originals are in a fragmentary state, and it has been necessary to compile the translation from several different copies.

The Compulsory Marriage.

Grundtv. II. p. 295—299.

1 I heard within my lady's bower
A knight with her at play;
Of gold the diceboard and the dice,
And thus he wooed his may.

2 "O deign, fair maid, to hear the knight,
"So humbly to you sues,
"And you shall dress in scarlet red,
"And walk in golden shoes.

3 "Deign, gentle maid, to plight me troth,
"O listen to my prayer,
"And I will place upon your head
"A crown of gold to wear."

4 "I've to the Virgin Mary sworn,
"And plighted her my vows,
"Never with sinful man to dwell,
"Or ever be his spouse."

5 "If then, so warmly as I sue,
"You scorn and flout me still,
"I'll write such runes, as spite of you
"Shall win you to my will."

6 "And if you really write those runes,
"And foully work my fall,
"I'll all my life complain to Heaven,
"And vengeance on you call."

7 He wrote the runes, such potent runes,
And threw them on her gown,
That blood sprang from her finger ends,
And tears in streams ran down.

8 "Tomorrow come beneath my bower
"With thirty men beside;
"I've taken now a new resolve,
"And home with you will ride."

9 Ere yet the lark had trill'd his song
To greet the morning hour,
Rode up the knight with thirty men
Beneath his lady's bower.

10 Their horses all with gold were shod,
And all with pearl bestrown,
Their saddle knobs with crystal gleam'd
And many a precious stone.

11 And that on which the bride should mount,
As very snow was white,
His trappings of the silken cloth
With ruddy gold bedight.

12 Up at her window sat the bride
To gaze on dale and down,
And saw the knight with thirty men
Come riding up the town.

13 "Rise ye, my maids, and dress me now
"With all the haste ye may;
"A deed, I am lothe enough to do,
"I must this very day."

14 They dress'd her in a silken dress,
And crown of gold so red;
"O Heavens, that, maiden as I am,
"I were but lying dead!"

15 The horse no sooner saw the bride,
So gently train'd was he,
Than down, to take her on his back,
He dropp'd upon his knee.

16 On the good horse she seated her,
And took in hand the rein,
And swallow'd then an edder draught,
Should burst her heart in twain.

17 That fiery edder draught she drank,
Her heart was rack'd with thirst;
"A sinful woman I must be,
"Or else my heart would burst."

18 Over the high steep hills they rode,
And through the lowly dell;
"O would that to my mother's ear
"My wishes I could tell!

19 "Then would I pray her that my corpse
"Not on this heathen wold,
"But buried in Saint Mary's church
"Might lie in Christian mould."

20 "Cease for your mother, maiden fair,
"Or other friend to sigh;
"Your corpse shall not in heathen soil,
"But in Saint Mary's lie."

21 They rode till gilded vanes they saw
Gleaming on lofty tower;
"That castle, lady, you shall rule,
"And there shall find your bower.

22 "Twelve maids I'll keep, shall day by day
"Attend you out and in,
"And eight young knights shall follow you
"To bear your scarlet skin.

23 "No day or hour shall be too long,
"Such pastimes I shall find;
"You could not, lady, plight your troth
"To any knight more kind."

24 "Fair as might be to lead with you
"Such life of joy and rest,
"Yet might I rather dwell in heaven
"With Jesus and the blest."

25 And straight the pearl-bespangled silk
Over the earth was strown,
And so into the ladies' bower
The gentle maiden shown.

26 The marriage feast was baked and brew'd,
The board with dainties piled,
Yet silent walk'd the gentle maid,
And neither joked nor smiled.

27 They drank the wedding all that day,
They drank it in the best,
And then the bridefolk rose from board,
And fain would go to rest.

28 Up rose the maidens twelve, with silk
The grassy earth to spread,
And rose the knights, and walk'd all twelve
Behind the bride to bed.

29 To bridal house they follow'd her,
That blushing gentle fair,
Nor tarried long the wealthy knight,
But soon himself was there.

30 Up on the bed they lifted her,
Took off her crown of gold;
"O that I might, maid as I am,
"Be laid beneath the mould!"

31 They sat together on bridal bed,
The bells of heaven heard ring;
They sat an hour, and over them
They heard God's angels sing.

32 They heard the merry bells of heaven,
They heard the angels' song;
"Come, gentle maiden, come with us,
"And tarry not so long."

33 Over them both was thrown the silk,
Was thrown the sindal red,
But naught knew he, till at his side
His bride was lying dead.

34 "And all so long as I have wooed,
"Is this then what I reap?
"O heavenly Father, grant us both
"In the same grave to sleep!"

35 Great sorrow fill'd the bridal house
And anguish and alarm;
Dead were the bride and bridegroom both,
One on the other's arm.

36 Great sorrow fill'd that bridal house,
And all within it cried;
Bridegroom and bride they both were dead,
One at the other's side.

37 They laid them in a gilded chest,
And bare them to the tomb,
Of costly marble built its walls,
And on it graved their doom.

Appendix F.

SEE NO. CXI.

In the introduction to 'Sir Ogey and Lady Elsey' there is allusion made to the beautiful Flemish ballad below. Willems tells us that the Beguine nun of Delft, who was afterwards canonised as St. Gertrude, used to sing it daily, referring it to her dear Lord, Jesus Christ. She lived in the 14th century and was herself a poetess. Who knows but that the poor nun was also the victim of an early disappointment, and indulged other feelings than religious ones in chaunting it?

The knight in whose arms the lady imagines herself to be reposing, seems from his being called her 'lief' and 'liefste' and herself 'joncfrou' to have been her lover, and not her husband, and we may perhaps conclude from the third stanza that in the Netherlands, as well as the other Germanic, and the Scandinavian nations, the betrothal was equivalent to a civil marriage. Her exclusion from her father's house would not refute this belief, for the lover may have been offensive to her family for other reasons.

Thijm in printing this, the finest ballad in his native language, omits the first five stanzas, and in his usual tasteless manner tells us that the bridegroom has been slain out of jealousy by another knight, who comes

in triumph to tell the lady the news of his death. It is obvious enough that she has seen her lover in a dream or vision, as indeed the corresponding German ballad distinctly states. See Mone's Anzeiger IV. 455 for 1835.

Ich sah ihn nächte spate
Vor minem betlin ston.

I saw him late last night
Stand before my bed.

The story belongs to the 13th or 14th century. What a series of very pathetic pictures are presented in this short but exquisite ballad! The poor girl finding her lover really dead under the tree, — then turned away from her father's door, — then kneeling over the body and kissing it, — then digging the grave with the knight's sword, and letting him down into it — and lastly in her nun's weeds performing the offices of the church for him. How much we must regret the loss of so many other Flemish poems of the Middle Ages!

The Day in the East is breaking.

Het daghet uyt den Oosten.

Willems p. 111. Le Jeune No. 5. Uhland p. 213. Fallersl. p. 65.

1 "The day in th' East is breaking,
"Its light comes stealing on;
"How little knows my dearest,
"Where I must now be gone!
"How little knows my dearest!

2 "Ah! were they all my friends here,
"The foes that round me stand,
"How glad were I, my darling,
"With you to quit the land!
"How glad were I, my darling!"

3 "And whither would you take me,
"My brave, my gentle knight?
"To sleep beside my trulove
"I surely have the right;
"To sleep beside my trulove!"

4 "With him then are you sleeping?
"Alas, your dream is vain!
"Go, look beneath the linden,
"For there he 's lying slain;
"Go, look beneath the linden."

5 The lady took her mantle,
And through the wood she sped,
And underneath the linden
She found her lover dead;
Beneath the fresh green linden.

6 "And here then lying slaughter'd,
"All smother'd in your blood!
"And so at last have ended
"Your vaunts and haughty mood!
"In this at last have ended!

7 "Yourself so foully slaughter'd,
"My comfort and my stay;
"And I left sad and friendless
"To mourn you many a day!
"Left all so sad and friendless!"

8 The lady took her mantle,
And sped her through the wood,
Her father's door was open,*
And weeping there she stood.
Her father's door was open.

9 "But is there none among you,
"Not one of gentle birth,
"Will kindly come and help me
"To lay him in his earth?
"Will kindly come and help me?"

10 All still they sat and silent,
There spake to her not one,
And, turning back, the lady
Went weeping all alone;
Back to her dead the lady.

11 Up in her arms she rais'd him
From where they left him slain,
And on his mouth she kiss'd him
Again and still again;
On his cold mouth she kiss'd him.

12 And then his grave she delv'd him
All with his own bright blade;
With arms as white as snow-drift
His body in it laid;
With arms as white as snow-drift.

* Some copies have *open* and some *bolted.*

13 "And now to some small cloister
"I'll go, my duty done,
"And wear the veil my life long,
"And be a poor black nun;
"Will wear the veil my life long."

14 And there with her fair fingers
The hand-bell she would ring,
And with a voice most mellow
His vigil mass would sing;
With voice so sweet and mellow.

NOTE.

St. 15. The cloister seems the more natural place for singing the Vigil service, and upon that account I follow those copies which place this stanza last. In some it stands between the 12th and 13th, as though the lady were kneeling before a field-chapel. The *hand-bell*, 'belleken,' is the small bell which is rung at the altar in the service of the mass.

The following ballad is published by Meinert in his 'Volkslieder aus dem Kuhlande.' The Kuhland, Cowland, is a small district in Moravia, that was peopled some centuries ago by settlers from the Baltic, who retain many highly interesting ballads, that they probably brought with them from their former home.

The dead Suitor.

Knab. Wund. IV. 74.

1 There came beneath the window
A youth at midnight hour;
"Are you within, my dearest?
"Rise, open me your door."

2 "Nay! let you in I dare not,
"Though speak to you I may;
"There's one to whom I'm plighted,
"And him I'll not betray."

3 "That youth, to whom you're plighted,
"Am I who stand below:
"Your snow-white hand reach hither,
"And me perhaps you'll know."

4 "Methinks, you reek so mouldy,
"'Tis Death* with whom I speak."
"And long as I've been buried,
"Of mould must I not reek?

5 "Your parents wake from slumber,
"Bid all your friends to rise,
"And take this leafy chaplet,
"And wear it to the skies."

* Perhaps alluding to the popular representations of Death in the form of a skeleton come to fetch his victims, in the numerous so called 'Dances of Death.'

Appendix G.

THE KNIGHT AND HIS MAID.

The latter part of this affecting and well told ballad bears so very close a resemblance to the conclusion of our No. 132, and the English and other ballads referred to there, that they are doubtless derived from the same source.

Knab. Wund. I. 53.

1 A knight play'd with his brown-eyed maid,
And fondly did they play,
They play'd together the livelong night
Until the dawn of day.

2 But when the bright clear morning broke,
Began the maid to cry,
To think her hours of joy were past,
And day of sorrow nigh.

3 "O weep not, weep not, brown-eyed maid,
"I'll pay thy wasted bloom,
"Will give thee many a heavy purse,
"Aye, and my faithful groom."

4 "As to the groom, I like him not,
"Nor will I stoop so low;
"I'll either have the knight himself,
"Or to my mother go."

5 And when to Augsburg gate she came,
Into the narrow street,
She there with water-pail on head
Her mother chanced to meet.

6 "Welcome, my daughter, welcome home!
"But what is this I find,
"Thy gown so much too short before,
"And all too long behind?"

7 "O mother, dearest mother mine!
"I've grief enough and care;
"I've play'd with a noble knight so long,
"A little one I bear."

8 "If with the knight thou so hast play'd,
"Then no one of it tell,
"And when thy little one is born,
"We'll drown it in the well."

9 "No, mother, no, dear mother mine,
"No, that we'll leave alone;
"For if I bear a living child,
"Its father I shall own.

10 "But, mother, dearest mother mine,
"Make me the silken bed,
"And make it, mother, broad and smooth,
"For I shall soon be dead."

11 She turn'd her here, she roll'd her there,
Turn'd round and round about;
"Good night, Good night, my best beloved!
"My term of life is out."

12 'Twas at the stilly midnight hour,
The knight lay on his bed;
He dream'd he saw his absent love,
In childbirth lying dead.

13 "Get up, get up, my faithful groom,
"And saddle for me and thee;
"We'll gallop day and night, and learn
"What may its meaning be."

14 As on they rode across the heath,
They heard a distant knell:
And soon they met a shepherd boy,
Was herding in the dell.

15 "God greet thee, honest shepherd-boy!
"For whom then do they ring?"
"It is some noble knight's betroth'd
"That they to burial bring."

16 And as they came to Augsburg town,
Before the lofty door,
Four bearers, all array'd in black,
A bier and coffin bore.

17 "Set down and let me see the dead,
"Good bearers, set it down;
"For it may be my best-beloved,
"The maid with eyes so brown."

18 He gently rais'd the snowy shroud
To gaze upon her breast;
"And true, my sweetheart thou hast been,
"And now thy heart 's at rest."

19 He gently rais'd the shroud so white
To gaze upon her feet;
"And true, my sweetheart thou hast been,
"And now thy sleep is sweet."

20 He gently rais'd the shroud so white
To gaze upon her hand;
"And true, my sweetheart thou hast been,
"But all is at an end.

21 "So dear, poor maid, wast thou to me,
"Had God prolong'd thy life,
"Little as thou didst that believe,
"Thou should'st have been my wife.

22 "Go now to yonder rocky dell
"A broad deep grave to make;
"There with my dearest I will sleep,
"And in her arms awake."

23 "O say not so, my noble knight,
"From all such thoughts forbear;
"For death did part before today
"Full many a loving pair."

24 He drew him out his naked sword,
And stabb'd it to his heart;
"If thou hast borne the pangs of death,
"I'll share with thee the smart."

Appendix H.

In the Preface to this work and in the introduction to 'Fair Anna' No. 148 allusion was made to the various tales that have been derived from the Breton romance called 'The Lay of the Ash.' Readers who have not been used to tracing tales through different lands and languages, will perhaps doubt if the following ones are really all connected with each other. Certainly the discrepancies are almost as great as the points of resemblance, but we need only look to the Legendary ballads of this collection, those especially upon Scriptural subjects, to see what changes are made in stories as they pass orally from one minstrel to another. It is remarkable how often tales that at first sight appear to be entirely unconnected, are proved by the discovery of intermediate forms to have been originally one and the same. It is with them as with objects of Natural history, where we find forms that seem to be separate creations, without a link to associate them with any other, until in some distant land, another hemisphere perhaps, those lost links are discovered, and the paradoxial exception is found to merge into some general type. No one upon a first perusal of the three Danish ballads, 'Fair Anna,' the 'Orphan Sister' No. 110 and 'The Foundling' No. 127, would

suppose them to be derived from the same original, and yet when we fill up the gaps from Germany, France and Spain, we find the transitions no longer abrupt, and these three to form part of a romance that was once current over all the West of Europe.

The Lay of the Ash. a.

Two gentlemen of Brittany had married at the same time, and one of their ladies after some months bare twins. The other declared that she must therefore have been unfaithful to her husband, but not long after had twins herself, and fearing that her malicious remarks would be retorted upon her, gave one of the children, a little girl, to a faithful attendant to expose. This woman left it in a hollow ash tree near the gate of a convent, where the child was found, and was received and educated by the nuns under the name of Frene, *Ash-tree*. As she grew up, the lady Abbess, for whose niece she passed, gave her the rich mantle, in which she had been wrapped up, and a ring that was attached to her person, and through these she was subsequently recognized.

To follow the excellent old English translation —

There was there in that cuntré
A riche knight of land and fee,[1]
Proud and young and jollif,[2]
And had not yet ywedded wife.

1. *Fee* money. 2. *Jollif* gay.

He was stout, of great renown,
And was ycleped Sir Guroun.
He hearde praise that maiden free,
And said he would her see.
He dight[1] him in the way anon,
And jolliflich thither is gone,
And bade his man segge[2] verament,
He should toward a turnament.
The Abbess and the nounes[3] all
Fair him grette[4] in the guest hall;
And damsel Frain, so fair of mouth,
Grette him fair as well she couth.
And swithe well he gan devise[5]
Her semblaunt,[6] and her gentrise,[7]
Her lovesome eyen, her rode[8] so bright,
And commenced to love her anon-right;
And thought how he might take on
To have her for his leman.

With this object in view he endows the abbey with a large estate upon the condition of having quarters there, when he passed that way. He soon became on the most intimate terms with the beautiful Frain, and

"Leman," he said, "thou must let be
The Abbess thine aunt, and go with me.
For ich am rich of swich powere,
Ye finde bet[9] than thou hast here."
The maiden granted,[10] and him trist,[11]
And stole away that no man wist;
With her she took no thing
But her pel[12] and her ring.
So long she was in his castel,
That all his meynie[13] loved her well.

1. *dight* prepared for his journey. 2. *segge* say. 3. *nounes* nuns. 4. *grette* greeted welcomed. 5. *devise* observe. 6. *semblaunt* appearance. 7. *gentrise* breeding. 8. *rode* complexion. 9. *bet* better. 10. *granted* consented 11. *trist* trusted. 12. *pel* mantle of fur. 13. *meynie* household.

To rich and poor she gan her dress,[1]
That all her loved more or less;
And thus she led with him her life,
Right as she had been his wedded wife.
His knightes com and to him speke,
And holy church commandeth eke,
Some lordis daughter for to take,
And his leman all to forsake.
And said him were well more fair,
In wedlock he geten him an heir,
Than lead his life with swiche one,
Of whose kin he knewe none.
And said "there besides is a knight,
That hath a daughter fair and bright,
That shall bear his heritage;
Taketh her in marriage!"
Loth him was that deed to do,
Ac,[2] at last, he granted thereto.
Allas! that he no had ywit,
Ere the forward[3] were ysmit,
That she and his leman also,
Sistren were, and twinnes two!
The new bride was graithed[4] with all,
And brought home to the lordis hall.
Her father com with her also,
The levedi[5] her mother, and other mo;[6]
The Bishop of the land, withouten fail,
Come to do the sponsail.

The above is taken from G. Ellis's Metrical Romances, and here unfortunately the English version ends. We have the more reason to regret it, that the French editor, B. de Roquefort, instead of troubling himself to translate hard passages, accompanies the text with a loose running paraphrase, which he makes the peg

1. *dress* address. 2. *Ac* but. 3. *forward were ysmit* the contract drawn. 4. *graithed* dressed. 5. *levedi* lady. 6. *mo* more.

whereon to hang his republican notions and vulgar jests on the Scripture. The tale in the French continues —

When she knew that the knight had betrothed another lady, she dissembled her chagrin, and served him with the usual attention. All the retainers of the house were extremely sorry upon hearing of their master's intention to dismiss her. On the day of the wedding the Archbishop comes to officiate, and the parents of the bride, whose name is Codre, *hazel*, bring her to the house. The mother fearing that the knight might return to his former love, and grow indifferent to her daughter, advizes him to marry her to some honest man. Frain, in the midst of all, pursues her domestic duties with a cheerful countenance, and seeing a shabby coverlet upon the bridal bed, takes out her own handsome cloak, which she had treasured so long, and throws that over it. When the mother brings the bride to the chamber, she is struck with it, as the handsomest that she had ever seen, except that in which she had wrapped her other daughter, and sends for Frain, and asks her where she got it. The damsel tells her that the Lady Abbess had preserved that cloak, and a ring, from the day when she was brought to her cloister to nurse. The mother sees the ring and recognises Frain for her daughter, and presents her to her husband, Frain's father. The knight was delighted when he heard of it, and the Archbishop consented to annul the marriage the next day, which he did, and Codre returned home with her parents, and was married to a man of wealth.

This is the original tale, upon which we shall find so many variations in all the countries of the West of Europe. The first to which we call the reader's attention, is a Spanish Romance, which appears to be a fragment of a longer story, the 'Romance of Espinelo.' In this we shall see that the sex of the foundling is changed, but the cause of his exposure is the same, although the parents are no longer a Breton gentleman and lady, but a king and queen of France. He too takes his name from the tree at which he is found, Espino, the buckthorn. Agreeable to the royal rank, with which he enters life, is his fortune also. He becomes the Sultan of Syria. Whether his Maddalene proved to be his sister, as from the parallel tales we might expect, we have no means of knowing.

The prejudice, upon which the above Breton Tale of the Ash and the following Spanish romance are founded, is embodied in another romance in which the lady is repaid for her unjust suspicion of a poor mother of twins by herself bearing 370 live children no bigger than mice.

Romance of Espinelo. b.

Wolf and Hofmann II. p. 77. Depp. III. 74.

1 On sickbed Espinelo lay
In finest holland roll'd,
His tables all of silver plate,
His chairs of massy gold.

2 His sheets in water were not seen,
So fine was spun the thread;
With pearl bestrown the counterpane
That over him was spread.

3 His Maddalene with peacock plume
Her princely lover fann'd;
And, while she near his pillow stood,
With grace she made demand:

4 "O Espinelo, thou wast born
On some most lucky day!
Thy moon at full in glory shone
With undiminished ray!

5 "O Espinelo, wouldest thou
Thy story deign to tell!
Thy land, thy birth, and all relate,
That ever thee befell!"

6 "Señora, then I'll tell it you
Of love and complaisance: —
My mother was of Lombardy,
My father king of France.

7 "My mother, now that country's queen,
Got pass'd a stern decree,
To charge all wives, who twins should bear,
With foul adultery.

8 "If any on the selfsame day
Birth to two infants gave,
She should on faggot pile be burnt,
Or drown'd beneath the wave.

9 "But God for my good fortune ruled,
And for her own disgrace,
That she herself two infants bare
At the same hour and place.

10 "She kept, in necromancy skill'd,
A Moorish female slave;
And, 'Moor,' she said, 'thy counsel give,
My honour try to save.'

11 "'Señora, I rede you take your son,
'The one you like the best,
'And toss him on the briny sea
'Closed in a precious chest.

12 "'That chest with gold and jewels freight,
'And well with pitch besmear,
'To tempt whoever finds the same
'Your infant boy to rear.'

13 "The lot was cast, on me it fell,
They toss'd me on the sea;
It swill'd me off, and far away
It drifted me to lea.

14 "It threw me on a foreign shore,
Where grew a tangled thorn,
And Espinelo from that bush
The name that I have borne.

15 "Some mariners were sailing by,
And found me in its shade,
And me to the mighty Sultan brought,
Whom Syria's realm obey'd.

16 "The Sultan chanced no son to have,
And rear'd me for his own:
That kind good Sultan now is dead,
And I retain his throne."

From this Spanish tale we must look far across Europe to pick up the story again in Denmark, and refer the reader to our No. 127 'The Foundling.' Here the cause of the child's being exposed is not, as in the Breton and Spanish tale, the prejudice respecting twins, but his being the illegitimate offspring of the king's daughter; and at the marriage it is not a sister that he recognizes, but his own mother. Still his being drifted to sea as an infant, brought up at the king's court, and about to be married, when the discovery is made, can leave little doubt of the tale being derived from the same origin. See No. 127.

From Denmark we must now travel farther north to the poetical regions of Norway and Sweden, and here we find our foundling a maiden again, in the house of a Merlady beneath the sea. The tale is certainly much changed from its original Breton form. Yet here we have, as in the last, an infant lost at sea, serving in a strange house, recognized by a near relative, and claimed by the parents. That a mermaid should carry off the child while drifting on the waves, is the turn that those northern nations would naturally give the story. The following is from the Swedish, in which language there are three other scarcely different versions of it, and one in Norwegian that is very nearly the same. See Landstad p. 494.

The Mer-lady. c.

Arw. II. 320. Afz. III. 148. Landst. p. 494.

1 "I once had a sister, a lovely may,
Cold cold it blows from off the sea
"But her the Merlady stole away.
Cold cold it blows from off the sea.

2 "Oh! had I gold horse-shoes, and nails beside,
"I would in the rapidest torrent ride."

3 Childe Hildebrand he his gray bestrode,
And spurr'd to the Merlady's bright abode.

4 As up to the Merlady's court he came,
There waiting to meet him stood the dame.

5 "God greet you, so comely and fair of hue!
"A handsomer lady I never knew."

6 "So handsome and fair as I may seem,
"My handmaid is bright as the noonday beam."

7 "If bright as the noonday beam is she,
"I pray you to let me the maiden see."

8 The Merlady up to her chamber hied,
Herself to the sleeping maiden cried:

9 "Stand up, little Ellen, from slumber wake,
"And you to a stranger swain I'll take."

10 "But how can I face him, and have not seen
"A ray of the sun for years fifteen?"

11 They clad her in silk-embroider'd gown,
Where fifteen maidens their skill had shown.

12 They clad her in petticoat all so blue,
With gold in the folds, of brightest hue

13 The Merlady came and curl'd her hair,
And gave her a chaplet of gold to wear.

14 With chaplet of gold they dress'd her head,
Each leaf of it glitter'd with gold so red.

15 With gilded laces her waist they bound,
Fifteen gold tassels there swept the ground.

16 With stateliest step she trod the floor;
"But will you then still adorn me more?"

17 And now in her hand her lady placed
A tankard of silver brightly chased.

18 The Merlady took the maiden's hand,
And led her before Childe Hildebrand.

19 "I take not thy tankard, nor taste the same,
"Till first thou hast told me thy father's name.

20 "Say who was thy father, and who thy mother,
"Who thou art thyself, and who thy brother."

21 "My father a count of large estate,
"My mother a countess of house as great.

22 "My brother was call'd 'Childe Hildebrand,'
"And here 'little Ellen' myself I stand."

23 "And is 'little Ellen' indeed thy name?
"Then thou art my sister, and thee I claim."

21 Childe Hildebrand wrapp'd her in mantle blue,
And gently the maid on his charger threw.

25 He mounted behind her and toss'd the rein,
And rode to his father's home again.

26 As up to his father's gate he rode,
Outside it to meet them his father stood.

27 "O welcome, dear Ellen, come home to me!
"It gladdens my heart thy face to see."

28 The Merlady waited for two long years,
But naught of the maiden reach'd her ears;

29 She seiz'd her wand, and the water lash'd,
Till billows around her in fury dash'd.

30 "Oh had I her falsehood and tricks foreseen,
"And broken her neck, the thievish quean!"

NOTES.

c. 2. The **golden horse-shoes and golden nails** seem to have been thought a charm against water-sprites. We find the same in No. 79.

c. 3. Whether he visited the Merlady under the water, is not clear. It is probably meant that he did so.

c. 14. The leaves in the gold crown 'guldkronan' show that these maiden ornaments were chaplets or wreaths.

The transition from this imaginative fairy tale to the homely one that follows is as curious as any that could be found in the literature of fiction. For a

Mer-lady dwelling in a subaqueous cavern we have a landlady keeping a roadside inn in Germany. Here too the brother comes as a visitor, the maiden in all her loveliness brings him out a tankard, he demands who her father and brother are, recognises his sister, swings her up behind him on his horse and rides home with her. If compared with the Norwegian tale the similarity is still greater than with the Swedish one, for the mother comes out to welcome her in nearly the same words. The German ballad reads like a travestie of the foregoing, but is merely an instance among many, how differently one nation will apprehend a thing from another, and how a romantic tale will be degraded by misconception. The language is colloquial and common, and what adds not a little to the naiveté of it is, that, as Annie is called Annelein, a neuter noun, she is all through the piece spoken of as 'it' instead of 'she.'

The lost Princess found again. d.

Die wiedergefundene Königstochter.

Knab. Wund. II. 277. Willems p. 180.

1 One only daughter had a king,
And Annie named the tiny thing.

2 As she beside a stream one day
Sat with the pebble stones at play,

3 There came a foreign trader there,
Decoy'd away that child so fair.

4 He toss'd her down a silken band,
"Come thou with me to a foreign land."

5 At a small inn some time he stay'd,
And for his bastard pass'd the maid.

6 "Now, hostess, we'll a bargain make;
"My little girl for payment take."

7 "O yes, o yes, and that I will,
"And fear not, I shall use her ill:

8 "But, all a mother should, I'll do,
"And treat her well and kindly too."

9 Now, when some several years had flown,
And she was a comely damsel grown,

10 Sets off a gallant gay young man,
To see if find a wife he can.

11 He stopp'd before the hostess' door,
And out the maid a tankard bore.

12 "Now, hostess, worthy hostess mine,
"Is that your daughter grown so fine?

13 "Or wife to your only son and heir,
"That she should be so passing fair?"

14 "No daughter she, the girl you saw,
"Nor yet is she my daughter 'n law!

15 "She's only a little slut I bred
"To make and show my guests their bed."

16 "Hostess, my worthy hostess, see,
"I'd fain stay here two nights or three,
"Or long as it my pleasure be."

17 "O yes, and surely that you may,
"Just at your will and pleasure stay."

18 Fair Annie by the hand he led,
Up to the room where lay his bed;

19 And as he near it with her stood,
Ask'd her, if sleep with him she wou'd.

20 The Duke his gilded broadsword drew,
And laid it down between the two.

21 The sword was not to harm the maid,
But for her safety there was laid.

22 "Now, Annie, turn thee round to me,
"And tell me all thy history;

23 "Thy griefs and cares, and all beside,
"And nothing in thy bosom hide.

24 "Say who thy parents may have been."
"My father king, my mother queen.

25 "Sir Manifold my brother's name,
"And God knows what of him became."

26 "And has a king thy father been?
"And was thy mother really queen?

27 "And hight thy brother Manifold?
"Then 'tis my sister here I hold."

28 So soon as dawn of daylight came,
Call'd at the door the worthy dame:

29 "Get up, you good-for-nothing jade,
"And get your guest his breakfast made."

30 "Nay, nay, let Annie be at rest,
"And go yourself to serve your guest.

31 "It is my sister here with you,
"And she shall that no longer do."

32 Himself, upon his horse he sprung,
And Annie then behind him swung.

33 Up by her band he rais'd the maid,
And on his horse's crupper laid.

34 As near his mother's door he came,
To meet him went that stately dame;

35 "God speed and welcome home my son!
"And welcome too thy pretty one!"

36 "No, mother, no! it is no bride;
"You see your daughter with me ride,
"The one we 've lost so long a tide."

37 They set her down to the highest dish,
And gave her boil'd and roasted fish;

38 They gave her rings and golden chain,
"And there's my Princess home again!"

NOTES.

c. 13. **That she should be so passing fair.** This idea that children of high birth betray their origin by their greater beauty, is common to the tales of nearly all countries.

c. 20. It was etiquette in those days of romance that the knight, when he lay down beside a lady, should put his naked sword between them. In the scene where the king discovers Sir Tristrem sleeping with his queen Isold, he spares the knight's life upon seeing the sword there. Fytte III. st. 20. So also in Talvj's translation from the Icelandic in her Volkslieder p. 173.

Sigurd aus Süden	Sigurd from the South
Ein Schwert er legte	A sword he laid,
Stahlblanken Degen	A polished steel sword,
Zwischen sie beide.	Between them both.
Nicht thät er sie küssen	He neither kissed
Nicht nahm in die Arme	Nor took in his arms
Die schöne Jungfrau	The beautiful maiden
Der hunnische König.	That Hunnic king.

It was also an Eastern custom, for we find that Aladdin, when he had got the princess brought to his chamber, placed a sabre between him and her, before he lay down on the bed with her.

We now follow our tale back into Denmark again, and find the poor castaway washing clothes by the side of a brook, where her brother finds her and makes proposals of love to her, but recognises her as in the last piece, and takes her home to wed her to a wealthy man, the established reward for good girls according

to all ballads. See 'The Orphan Sister,' No. 110. We have now wandered a good way from the original Breton tale and must return to the Spanish Peninsula to pick it up. There is a Portuguese romance in Almeida Garrett's Romanceiro V. II. p. 183 'Rainha e captiva' of the same general import as the following Spanish one of 'The two Sisters,' but I have never been able to see a copy of it. In this, the Spanish romance, we shall find all the essential features of our tale, the separation of the sisters, and their mutual recognition after the marriage of one of them to a foreign prince. It is true that, instead of being exposed as an infant, the child is carried off by Moors while gathering flowers; and instead of the newly arrived sister being the bride, and the lost one the servant, their parts are reversed, and the lost one is become the Queen of the Moors, more in consonance with the stories where the foundling is a boy and becomes a king. But such shifting of parts is too familiar to all readers of ballads to raise a doubt of the identity of a story, where other circumstances agree.

The Two sisters.

Moro, si vas en España,
Traerás una cautiva.
Wolf and Hoffmann II. 38.

1 "Moor, if thou goest into Spain,
A captive fair one bring to me,
Comely and graceful, nobly born,
And not of base and low degree."

2 Count Flores, see, from chapel comes;
  Thither he went to pray of heaven,
That him one day an infant child,
  A daughter or a son be given.

3 "O Flores! Flores! noble Count!
  The Moors are here! will seize your wife!"
"Her shall no Paynim make his thrall,
  I had rather ten times lose my life."

4 Soon as the Count had left his home,
  The Moor had made his wife a slave.
"See, Moorish queen, the gift I bring,
  The fairest one I ever gave.

5 "No abject thrall of humble race,
  I here a Christian lady bring;
Her husband Count of all Castille,
  He scarcely ranks beneath a king."

6 "Among the many slaves I have
  Is none that me so well doth please;
My daily meals thy hand shall dress,
  And to thy charge I trust my keys."

7 "Señora, great my luck I deem
  To serve a mistress such as you."
The Moorish queen was then with child,
  And evenso the captive too.

8 They both, as that by heaven was ruled,
  Their children bare the selfsame day,
The queen upon a silken couch,
  Her maid upon a floor of clay.

9 A little daughter bare the queen,
A little son the Christian slave;
But the false midwives chang'd the two,
And each the other's infant gave.

10 One day the captive all alone
Over her little nursling hung,
And while she wash'd and dress'd the babe,
To still its cries her story sung.

11 "O cry no more, my darling child,
My child, but yet my offspring no;
I'll surely have thee well baptiz'd,
If once I to my country go.

12 "I'll call thee 'Mary, flower of life,'
'The Flower of life' shall be thy name,
For once I had a sister dear,
And she, my child, she bare the same.

13 "But she one day at early dawn
Was carried off by roving Moors,
As in her garden all alone
She cull'd the rose and other flowers."

14 The queen had overheard her song,
Where in her chamber she was laid,
And sent a little negro boy
To fetch her in the Christian maid.

15 "What didst thou say, my pretty slave?
Now tell me all, and tell me true."
"Señora, what I sat and sang,
The same I'll sing again to you.

16 "O cry no more, my darling child,
My child, but yet my offspring no;
I'll surely have thee well baptized,
If once I to my country go.

17 "I'll call thee 'Mary, Flower of life,'
'The flower of life' shall be thy name,
For once I had a sister dear,
And she, my child, she bare the same.

18 "But she one day at early dawn
Was carried off by roving Moors,
As in her garden all alone
She cull'd the rose and other flowers."

19 "If true is that which thou dost tell,
Then thou art e'en my sister dear."
"And true, Señora, true it is,
"As that I'm born and standing here."

20 Each, to a sister's bosom press'd,
Her love and joy pour'd out in tears,
[And heard by turns and told her tale,
How they had fared those many years.*]

21 One day these sisters took their walk
With daughter fair and infant son,
And, both agreed, they left the Moor,
Off to their native land to run.

* These two lines are added to fill out the verse for want of material in the Spanish.

So far as we have yet traced the lost child, we have seen a similarity to the beginning of the Breton tale, and to those founded upon it, but nothing that could be referred to the latter part, in which she is the mother of a family of children, and yet must submit to leave her lord, and see him marry another. This portion of the romance has been most developed in Italy, in the tenth tale of the tenth day of Boccaccio's Decamerone. Petrarch was so pleased with this, that he translated it into Latin, and Chaucer has introduced it as his Clerke's Tale. It is versified in Way's Fabliaux under the name of Griselidis, and is the 'Patient Grizzle' of a ballad in Bell's collection p. 73. In all these tales, which are mere repetitions of one and the same, the prince marries a girl of humble parentage, and to try her patience and obedience, takes her two children from her, and has them educated at a distance, leaving her under the impression that they are killed. After some years, when her daughter is grown up, he sends the mother back to her father's cottage, and makes preparations to marry a new bride. She assists in preparing the chambers and all that is requisite, as in the Breton tale, with the most perfect composure and resignation. Upon the wedding day he presents to her the pretended bride as her own daughter, and restores her to her station.

It is singular how such a tale of heartless cruelty could take with the public, but there is scarcely one that has been so popular. Many translations of it, both in prose and verse, have appeared in every country in Europe. Its celebrity during the 14th century was unrivalled. Le Grand says that it went through

twenty different versions, and Way that he has seen as many. The best one is perhaps his own in Vol. II. p. 109 of his most agreeable French Fabliaux. From the tale of 'Griselidis,' 'Griselda,' or 'Patient Grizzle' we pass to 'The Patient Countess' Percy. I. 316. The subject of this is a tale told by one of the two wives in a colloquy of Erasmus called 'Uxor μεμψιγαμος,' where a married count carries on an intrigue with a girl of low rank, but is recalled to his duty by the patient kindness of his wife.

The tale in the work of Erasmus is as follows — A gentleman of rank, who was fond of the chase, accidentally met with a country girl, the daughter of a very poor woman, and fell desperately in love with her; a man of rather advanced age. For her sake he used to stay out all night and make the chase his pretext. His wife, who was an excellent woman, having some suspicion of what was going on, set enquiries on foot, and found her way to the cottage, and questioned them as to the whole affair — how he slept, what he had to drink, and how his table was furnished. Indeed they were living in the most abject poverty. The lady returned home, and soon came back with a bed and comfortable furniture, and some vessels of silver, and gave them money to boot, requesting them to treat him better if he came again. She concealed from them that she was his wife, and pretended to be his sister.

After some days the husband returned there by stealth, and seeing the improvement of their furniture, asked them where it came from. They told him that a lady of respectability, a relation of his had brought

it, and desired them to entertain him better for the future. A suspicion immediately crossed his mind, that it was his wife's doing. He returned home and asked her, and she did not deny it. He asked her with what object she had done so. "My husband," she said, "you are used to a more refined way of living, and finding that you were very badly entertained there, I thought it my duty to see that you were made more comfortable." The gentleman, seeing his wife's goodness of heart and civility, never afterwards indulged in any clandestine intrigue, but stayed at home and was very happy with her.

This takes us to the Danish ballad of 'The Victory of Patience' No. 42, where a betrothed knight carries on an intrigue with a maid servant, and makes his affianced prepare the bridal bed for her rival, but is won over by her patience and affection. Among other traits that remind us of the Italian tale, she is compelled to wear a common peasant dress, while her rival is decked out in rich apparel.

From these examples of patience we come to the group of which 'Fair Anna' is the most perfect type, and which, although itself a translation probably, seems to contain the complete story which we have in a disjointed form in several Scotch ballads, and in an imperfect state in the Flemish or Dutch ballad of 'Pretty Adeline and King Alewyne', which follows. The third stanza I have introduced to fill an obvious gap, and connect the preceding and following ones.

Pretty Adeline and King Alewyne. f.

Mooi Aeltje en Koning Alewijn.

Fallersleben p. 46. Willems p. 177.

1 There came a vile usurious rogue,
A king's fair daughter he waylaid;
He hawk'd her all the country round,
And dearly did he sell the maid.

2 He scorn'd the common current coin,
And took her weight in silver sheen;
For wealth and peerless beauty famed
Her name was Pretty Adeline.

3 [King Alewyne the maiden bought,
And long was kind to her and true,
And seven the sons she bare her lord,
And all in grace and beauty grew.]

4 She went and 'fore his mother stood,
"O Queen and mother dear," said she,
"And when will Alewyne, your son,
"His promise keep, and marry me?"

5 "I know not, Pretty Adeline,
"But of himself I'll that demand:
"I could not see a blither day,
"Than when you should in favour stand."

6 She went and stood before her son,
And "Hark," said she, "King Alewyne,
"How long then shall this lady fair
"Unwedded in dishonour pine?"

7 "Dear mother, that I cannot tell,
"But kindly give me rede therein;
"They say that she 's a foundling girl,
"And God knows what her kith and kin.

8 "Across the Rhine but yesterday
"I went another wife to take,
"And now will Pretty Adeline
"Her heart for very sorrow break."

9 She went and fore his mother stood,
And "Mother dear and Queen" she cried,
"Say, may I to the bride-house go,
"For home your son will bring his bride."

10 "If to the bride-house you will go,
"Your state demeanour keep in mind;
"Let all your children march in front,
"And fourteen footmen walk behind."

11 Fair Adeline was half way there,
As met her Alewyne, the king,
"If to the bride-house you will go,
"What present for the bride d' you bring?"

12 "Your bride will, sure, have wealth enough,
"My lord," said she, "King Alewyne,
"My worn out stockings and my shoes
"I trust that she will not decline."

13 "Your worn out stockings take I not,
"My pretty Adeline," said he,
"Some better present you must give,
"If you with her good friends will be."

14 "Your bride will sure have wealth enough,
"My lord," said she, "King Alewyne;
"I'll give to serve her all her life
"Our seven fair children, yours and mine."

15 "Your seven fair sons she gets of course,
"Fair Adeline, my dear," said he,
"But you must give her up your brooch,
"If you with her good friends will be."

16 "My brooch! that never shall she get,
"My lord," said she, "King Alewyne;
"Two such were at my father's court,*
"My sister's one was,—this was mine."

17 "A king your father? your's," said he
"My Pretty Adeline so true!
"Now had you told me that before,
"I long ago had wedded you."

18 As soon as she to the bride-house came,
The lords stood up and pray'd her drink;
But she let many a bitter tear
Into the golden goblet sink.

19 Then up and spake the gentle bride,
"King Alewyne, my lord," said she,
"Now who may be that poor sad wife,
"Sits weeping there so bitterly?"

* There is evidently something lost here and badly supplied by the reciter.

20 "Who she may be?—that poor sad wife?
"The boys my nephews, she my niece;
"They 've travell'd from a foreign land
"To bring you worthy gifts apiece."

21 "No nephews they, nor she your niece,
"No, Alewyne, my lord and king,
"But Adeline, my sister dear,
"On whom you this dishonour bring."

22 She took her crown from off her head,
A crown of fine and purest gold;
"Take that, my pretty Adeline,
"Your bridegroom, sister, you shall hold.

23 "Up, groom, and bring me round my steed,
"And on the best one lay the rein;
"I've hither come in pomp and state,
"And humbled now ride home again."

Appendix I.

THE GENTLE ANNELIE.

As a specimen of the German form of the favourite tale of a maiden carried off to live under the sea, the following is subjoined as an Appendix to No. 153.

The gentle Annelie.*

Deuts. Balladenbuch p. 1. Kn. Wund. IV. 87.

1 There came a Waterman so wild
From mountain dell across the sea,
He came to woo the king's own child,
The gentle Annelie.

2 He built a bridge of gold so red
From mountain dell across the sea,
To tempt the maid thereon to tread,
The gentle Annelie.

3 And off she went from bank to bank
From mountain dell across the sea,
Until it brake, and down she sank,
The gentle Annelie.

* **Annelie** in German 'Hannăle,' a corruption of 'Annelein' little Ann, or Hannah.

4 And as she sank beneath the wave,
From mountain dell across the sea,
He dragg'd her down to his ocean cave,
The gentle Annelie.

5 Seven years with him she tarried there,
From mountain dell across the sea,
And seven the finest children bare
The gentle Annelie.

6 But as she over her cradle hung,
From mountain dell across the sea
She heard the bells, how sweet they rung,
The gentle Annelie.

7 "O hear me now, dear Waterman,
From mountain dell across the sea,
"And let me go to church again,
"Thy poor wife Annelie."

8 "But if to church I let thee go
To mountain dell across the sea,
"Thou mightest not return below,
"Thou gentle Annelie."

9 "Why not return to our ocean cell
From mountain dale across the sea?
"My children who could nurse so well
"As I, thine Annelie?"

10 And as she through the churchyard went
From mountain dell across the sea,
The grass and leafy branches bent
Before fair Annelie.

11 As into church they saw her tread
From mountain dell across the sea,
Both count and noble bow'd his head
Before fair Annelie.

12 The king, her father, placed her chair,*
From mountain dell across the sea,
Her mother spread a cushion there
For gentle Annelie.

13 And as to her home again she went,
To mountain dell across the sea,
Their arm her father and mother lent
The gentle Annelie.

14 They placed her near the topmost dish,
From mountain dell across the sea,
And feasted her with roasted fish,
The gentle Annelie.

15 But while she dined in her father's hall,
In mountain dell across the sea,
Fell into her lap a golden ball
To gentle Annelie.

16 "O mother dear, a kindness show
"In mountain dell across the sea,
"Into the fire this apple throw
"For thy poor Annelie."

* Literally 'opened the bench for her.'

17 But as it burnt away in flame,
From mountain dell across the sea
The Waterman to the chamber came
Before poor Annelie.

18 "Come, Annelie, 'twas so agreed,
"From mountain dell across the sea;
"For who shall else our children feed,
"My gentle Annelie?"

19 "For them — two lots of them we'll make,
"In mountain dell across the sea,
"Take thou the three, and four will take
"Thy poor wife, Annelie.

20 "Nay three take I, and three take thou,
"To Mountain dell across the sea;
"The baby seventh we'll split in two,
"My gentle Annelie.

21 "One leg be mine, and one be thine
"In mountain dell across the sea,
"Nor greater be thy share than mine,
"My gentle Annelie."

22 "Sooner than split my child in twain,
"From mountain dell across the sea
"I'll back, and in the sea remain
"Thy poor wife Annelie."

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