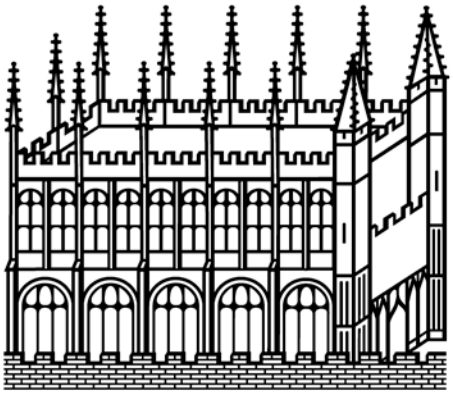


Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

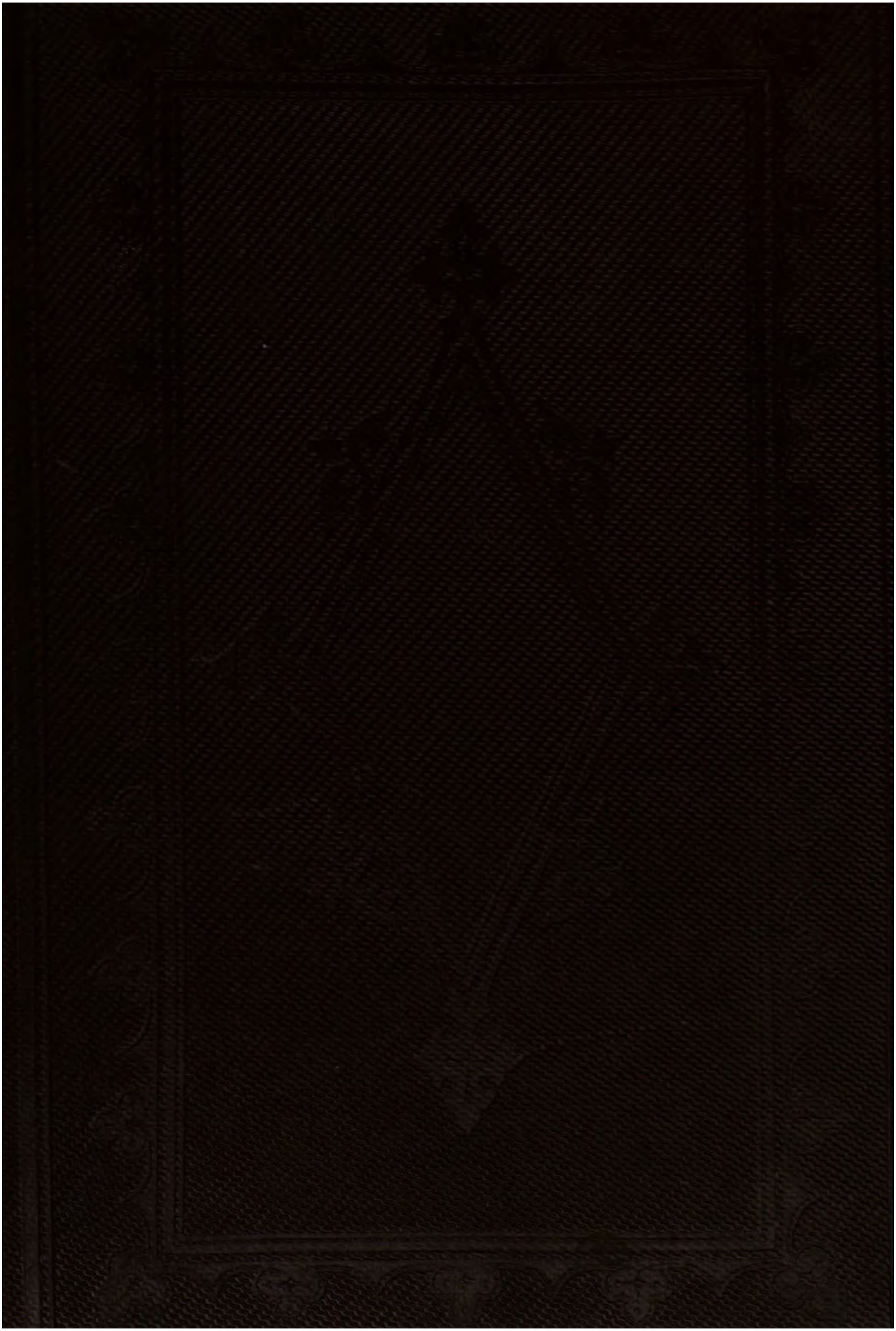
This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.



288993 ε. 6

QUEEN THYRA'S DEVICE.—All good and wise deeds of ancient times are ascribed to this national favourite, who was surnamed Dannebod, or Pride of the Danes. The Dannevirke, or wall of defence, which was constructed in ancient times to defend Jutland from the incursions of its southern neighbours, is believed to have been erected under her directions by the joint labours of men from all the provinces, who worked for three years, while her heathen husband was absent fighting desperately against the Emperor Henry the Fowler, who had resolved if he could to make a Christian of Gorm. Thyra was as politic too in her wifely relations as she was active in her queenly duties, and we are told that when her eldest son Knud was killed while bathing off the English coast, whither he had gone on a Viking expedition, she arrayed herself and her attendants in mourning, and decking her house with all the ordinary badges of grief, awaited in silence the return of Gorm, who had declared that he would slay any one who announced to him the death of his favourite son. The king, when he beheld his house hung with black and the queen with her face veiled, exclaimed, "If the Court of Denmark thus mourns, surely my son is dead!" "Thou hast said it, Lord, not I," was Thyra's reply. This device turned aside the King's threat of vengeance; but we are told that he died of grief for the loss of this his best beloved son. Two sepulchral stones, covered with Runic characters, and erected in Thyra's honour, the one during her life by Gorm, and the other by their son Harold Blaatand after her death, stood for seven hundred years over the barrow on the heath of Jellinger, in which her remains were laid; and although they have been removed from their original site, they rank among the most precious memorials of their kind.—*London Society.*

THE DAGMAR CROSS.—No choice could have been happier, for, apart from the artistic value of the ornament (the oldest enamelled cross of the kind extant), the memory of Dagmar has always been held in the greatest veneration by the Danes. Little is recorded in history of the life of this queen beyond the fact that she was the daughter of Przemisl, known later as Ottocar, King of Bohemia, was married in 1205, at the age of eighteen years, to King Valdemar Sejer of Denmark, and dying in 1213, was buried in the church of St. Benedict, at Ringsted, where in after years her husband and his second queen, Berengaria, were laid by her side. Her true name was Margaret, but the popular love of the Danish nation exchanged for it the tender appellation of Dag-maar,—"Lovely maiden of the day," or "Light of the dawn." The details of her life that history has failed to give have been amply supplied by the legendary ballad lore in which Denmark is so pre-eminently rich; and tradition makes Dagmar ask as her morning gift from her lord and king, the victorious Valdemar, not lands, riches, or jewels, but the abolition of an onerous tax, and the liberation of those who pined in prison, a prayer she is believed to have reiterated on her death-bed. When her tomb was opened in the time of Christian V., this cross, which she is believed to have brought with her from Bohemia, was found suspended round her neck, bearing a relic within its enclosure; and as it has always been preserved by the Danish people as a precious memorial of one of the purest and best beloved of their queens, no happier symbol could have been chosen as a parting gift for our Royal bride.—*London Society.*

domesticated. Six years' unexceptionable references. Age 31.
Address M. A. P., post-office, Redland, Bristol.

A S COOK. Town or country. Age 28. A Catholi
Good character.—M. Y., Baldwin's library, 18, Albe
terrace, Bayswater.

A Young Lady, of prepossessing appearance an
good address, wishes for a SITUATION in a BAZAAR
refreshment rooms, confectioner's, or any light business. Wou
give the first month. Good references.—Address A. C., libra
36, Featherstone-street, City-road.

RESIDENT GOVERNESS.—A young lady desi
a RE-ENGAGEMENT in a school or family. Acqu
ments: Thorough English in all its branches, excellent mu
singing, plain and fancy needlework.—Address X. L., post-offi
Stratford, E.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PIANO, 18 Guineas; cost 50 six months ag
brilliant toned, full compass, handsome case, carved fr
legs, repetition touch, metallic plate, all latest improvemen
Music stool included. The lady will allow one month's trial.
Apply at 5a, Downham-road, five doors from Kingsland-road.

POSTAGE STAMPS.—A Lady, who has accum
lated a large number of used postage stamps, is desirou
giving them to any one who is collecting for any useful or be
volent purpose.—Apply, stating object, by letter, to O. Y.,
Fleet-street.

FOR SALE, at a bargain, a capital GAS-COOKIN
STOVE, adapted to use of a large family.—Apply at
Fleet-street, E.C.

WANTED, by a respectable married woman,
CHILD to NURSE.—A. B., 2, Maldon-road, Kentish-to

CONSOLS closed yesterday at 93 to ⅜.
an expectation that the rate of discount
this day reduced to 3½ per cent.
In the House of Commons yesterday
A. CHURCHILL gave notice of his in
to ask on Friday whether merchant ships
prosecution of a voyage between neutral
would be justified in defending themsel
arms against capture by Federal c
The. Innkeepers Liability Bill was, afte
discussion, read a second time, as were a
Elections during the Recess Bill and the B
Residence Uniform Measurement Bill.
regard to the latter measure a divisio
place, the second reading being carried
votes to 135. The Marriages, &c., Irela
passed through committee.
At Marlborough House, yesterday, the
and Princess of WALES received address
the Corporations of London, Edinbur
Dublin, and from the University of Ca
An address to the PRINCE alone was p
from the University of Oxford. A de
from the General Assembly of the Ch
Scotland, and another from the Presb
ministers in and near London, were
sented, and handed in addresses.
A meeting of the vestry of St. Pa

THE DANISH KING'S KEEPSAKE TO THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA.

(From the *Denmark* of Copenhagen.)

Dagmar, the "darling Queen" of Denmark, died in 1212, and was buried in Ringsted Church. She was carried to the grave adorned with a costly jewel, which lay on her breast. In the time of Christian V., when her tomb was opened, this cross was taken care of, and it is now one of the most precious objects preserved in the Museum of Northern Antiquities in this city. This golden cross, which is about an inch and a half long and one inch broad, is covered with figures in enamel on both sides, and is supposed to be of Byzantine workmanship. On the front is Christ on the cross, and on the back five half-length figures,—Christ in the middle, St. Basilius above, St. John Chrysostomus below, St. Mary on the left, and St. John the Evangelist on the right. Golden screws fasten the two sides together, and the space within probably contains a splinter of the Holy Cross or some other relic.

This splendid ornament has great artistic value, it being the only enamelled cross which is known to be older than the year 1212. It is always beheld with veneration by the crowds who visit the museum, for it speaks of a lady beautiful beyond compare who died in the bloom of youth, and who demanded neither goods nor gold, broad acres nor stones of price, as her morning gift, but only asked Valdemar the Victorious, her lord and master, to free the peasantry from their plough tax and the poor prisoners from their fetters. It was this same queen who, according to tradition, had never committed a greater sin than that on a Sunday she once "laced her silk sleeves small," and of whom the old Danish ballad sings, that though she lay "dead on little Kerstin's arm when the king rode up the street," she woke up at the sound of Valdemar's and her maidens' prayers to ask him "Peace give to the outlawed men, free the prisoners from their irons." If ever there was a woman regarded for centuries as holy, it was Queen Dagmar. Even down to the beginning of this century, when the farmer went to his bench in Ringsted Church, he first approached the three graves where lie Valdemar and his two wives, and said, "Dagmar, hail Bengerd, fie!"

No one in this country has so long and so eagerly pursued and protected antiquarian studies and our national monuments as the King. And he has had the happy idea to use this famous cross as a motive for a rich diamond jewel which he intends to give the Princess Alexandra on her leaving the shores of her country. To lay hands on the original cross was of course not to be thought of. It is regarded by the people as a kind of Palladium. But his Majesty has ordered an exact copy to be made by his Court jeweller, Mr. Diderichsen, who is also at work on the jewel which accompanies it.

May Dagmar's Cross be a happy symbol for her Royal ... of the love and respect with which she will be ... by the nation whose Queen she will one day be!

... HOUSE
... to a single gentleman or widower. Thorough
... domesticated. Six years' unexceptionable references. Age 31.

hesitate, but if they were in the Warrior and Prince they would not hesitate? He (Mr. Linds very much gratified in the marked improvement seamen. (Hear, hear.) The men were content happy, and altogether the discipline was splendid tain Cochrane, for instance, never used the la did not think it would be safe to abolish the po flogging. (Hear.) The good seamen in the fl not desire to have the power of flogging taken He mentioned the matter to a captain Russian frigate, who said that in their they were to a certain extent controll the Government, but the men themselves, on a bad fellow amongst them, flogged him and sa captain the trouble. Considering the necessity serving discipline, he did not think it would be to take away the power of flogging under certain stances in the navy. (Hear.) Would his nobl tell him the tonnage of the iron-cased ships? able to tell them what their neighbours were do what number of iron-cased vessels the French have ready by the April of next year?

Mr. BENTINCK could not understand th member for Rochdale and the hon. member for M denouncing the estimates, at the same time th expressed themselves ready to vote the required of men and ships. (Hear, hear.)

Lord C. PAGET said the hon. member for R had asked why the Admiralty went on building ships when they must necessarily come to iro The hon. member seemed to forget that ever their armour-plated ships was lined with wood hear)—and they had ascertained for certain that way of saving the plate from the great concussio shot was by giving it the vibration wh caused by the wooden backing. (Hear, hea hon. member for Birkenhead (Mr. Laird) co that the committee was never informed of th building and repairing ships. He (Lord C. Paget to impress upon the committee that they had means of knowing what was the cost, not only ship that was built, but of every article that w in the dockyards, from an account that was pre the Accountant-General of the Navy. He tru committee would not be induced to believe that they were introducing into their navy iron-cas they might reduce largely the number of men. hear.)

Mr. COBDEN said his noble friend had co two things essentially different. There were tw of iron vessels. One was the Warrior class the frame of which was of iron, and require noble lord very properly said, a wooden ba the batteries. His noble friend, however, wante that an argument to show he was justified in 112,000 loads of timber. He (Mr. Cobden) h the inquiry of a shipowner—how many loads would it have taken to construct the Warr timber, and how many would it take to put a to its batteries?—and he was told that about of timber would serve for batteries, but it wo 6,000 loads to build her altogether of wood. hear.) The noble lord kept this vast stock of t the plea that they required seasoned timber, wood that was used in backing came from Ind be used, and required no storing. (Hear.) H therefore, the noble lord would sell this wood. (and a laugh.)

Sir F. SMITH regretted that the Admiralt have put at the head of their building yards M who had no experience whatever in shipbuildi hoped there was yet time to recal Mr. Reed's ment.

The vote was then agreed to, as were also th ing:—

2,921,951*l.* for wages of seamen and m
1,416,986*l.* for victuals and clothing f
On the next vote, of 165,322*l.*, for

ANCIENT

DANISH BALLADS

TRANSLATED

FROM THE ORIGINALS

BY

R. C. ALEXANDER PRIOR M.D.

VOL. II.

WILLIAMS AND NORGATE
14, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON;
AND
20, SOUTH FREDERICK STREET, EDINBURGH.

1860.

BODLEIAN LIBRARY
16
AUG
1922
OXFORD

LEIPZIG PRINTED BY B. G. TEUBNER.

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

NO.		PAGE
41.	Gertrude How she calls up her godfather from the grave to protect her.	3
42.	The Victory of Patience How a betrothed bride, who is suspected of infidelity, recovers her knight's confidence.	7
43.	Jesus and the Virgin Mary How Mary loses her son and discovers him again, and how he is martyred.	18
44.	Mary Magdalene How she does penance for her sins.	25
45.	Saint James and the Vision of Hell How he recovers a youth who has been drowned, and what the youth saw in the other world.	29
46.	The Angel's Errand How the Virgin Mary is summoned, and taken up into heaven.	33
47.	The Rich man's soul How bad angels contend for it.	38
48.	The miraculous Cure How a maiden's leg that has been burnt off, is restored to her.	44
49.	Saint George and the Dragon How he rescues a princess from a dragon that would devour her.	49
50.	Ordeal by Fire How an innocent maiden is laid on a blazing pile, and left unscathed.	56
51.	The Maid on the Pyre How a maiden is accused by her brother, and	62

NO. PAGE

laid by him on the pile, but ascends from it as a white dove.

52. The Murdered Wife 66
How a faithful wife is killed by her husband, but carried to heaven as a white dove.

53. Henry of Brunswick 69
How he is taken prisoner at Babylon, and after many years returns home.

Appendix.

C. The Christian Captive. From the Spanish . . . 77

PART III. HISTORICAL BALLADS.

54. Erik Emun and Swarthy Plog 83
How Plog avenges his brother.

55. Ebbé Galt 87
How he is executed for an assault on a peasant wife.

56. The Wake 94
How a maiden is poisoned at a wake by a jealous queen.

57. Sir Buris and Christine 99
How a brother executes his own sister for incontinence.

58. Ingerlille 112
How she avenges her mother.

59. King Waldmar's Suit to Dagmar. 118
How the king's envoy fetches her from Bohemia.

60. Queen Dagmar in Denmark 126
How she gets all captives released.

61. The Queen and the Mermaid 130
How the Mermaid foretells her fate.

62. Queen Dagmar's death 136
How after her death she revives to warn the king.

63. Niels Ebbeson 141

NO. PAGE

How he conspires against Count Gherrit and kills him.

64. The Robbers at Nordenshaw 155
How they are arrested at a farm.

65. Folker Lowmanson 160
How the king executes him out of jealousy.

66. Tove-lille 167
How she is stifled in a bath.

67. Sir Ebbe's daughters 171
How they avenge themselves.

68. Ellen Ove's daughter 177
How she escapes an importunate suitor.

69. Sir Asbiorn Snaré 182
How a very young maiden wins his heart.

70. King Swerker the younger 186
How the Danes fought at Lena.

71. Thule Vognson and Gray Swain 189
How Gray Swain insults a lady at church, and is killed by her son.

72. Mar Stig 193
How he conspires against the king for having abused his wife, and kills him.

73. Mar Stig's daughters 213
How in poverty and exile they take refuge with the king of Norway.

74. Mar Stig (No. 6 of Vedel's edition) 217
How the king's party recover a castle.

75. Mar Stig (No. 7 of Vedel's edition) 221
The wretched exile of the outlawed Ranild.

76. Mar Stig (Nr. 8 of Vedel's edition) 224
How Ranild is executed.

77. Sir John Rimord's son's Shrift 227
How he confesses his crimes, and is thrown over board to appease a storm.

Appendix.

D. Spring-dance. From the Low German 234

NO. PAGE

E. Count Floris and Gerard van Velzen. From the Flemish 238

PART IV. BALLADS OF ROMANCE.

78. Axel and Walborg 247
How the knight is parted from his betrothed, being too near of kin to her; and the tragical end of their loves.

79. The Power of the Harp 283
How Sir Peter recovers his bride from a water-sprite.

80. German Gladenswain 288
How a flying monster makes good his claim upon a young man, who has been promised to him before his birth.

81. Sir Olave 298
How the knight is accosted by an Elfquean and receives his deathblow from her.

82. Malfred and Mogens 310
How an orphan girl is turned adrift in a boat, that the Prince may not marry her; and how, after many strange adventures, they meet together again.

83. The Dalby Bear 324
How a knight engages in combat with a bear, which proves to be an enchanted Prince.

84. Young Swennendal 328
How the knight and a foreign princess are mutually enamoured with each other without having ever met, and how he discovers and wins her.

85. Knight Stig's Wedding 338
How he marries the king's sister with great festivity and luxury.

86. Sir Peter and Mettelillè 348
How the lady under the influence of a rune pursues the knight and becomes his wife.

NO. PAGE

87. The twelve Wizards 355
What wonderful feats they could perform.

88. The Raven 357
How a lady is carried across the sea to her lover by a raven, which proves to be her own brother under enchantment.

89. The wicked Mother-in-law 364
How she delays her daughter's delivery, and how the latter is disenchanted.

90. The Coward Bridegroom 371
How he loses his bride from fear to cross a swollen river.

91. The Ready Reply 376
How a sister evades her brother's intrusive questions.

92. Ebbé Skammelson 380
How a younger brother wins the bride of the elder in his absence, and is murdered by him on his wedding night.

93. The Raven rune-bearer 391
How a raven carries a lady's love-letter to her betrothed.

94. The fatal Appeal 396
How a maiden elopes from her father's house with her lover, and how she involuntarily causes his death by naming his name, and is sold for a church-bell.

95. Sir Peter and Dame Margaret 422
How the lady, having been unfaithful to her husband, is tortured by her guilty conscience.

96. John Rand's courtship 430
How he wins the beautiful but bloodthirsty princess.

97. Little Christel and her captive bridegroom . . . 435
How she rescues him.

98. Sir Olave and Fair Metté, or The Lover's death-bed 437

NO. PAGE

How she visits her lover on his deathbed, and inherits his wealth.

99. Sir Lowman and Sir Thor 441

How after a long absence the knight returns upon the very day of his bride's intended marriage.

100. Torkild Trundeson 447

How the knight is sent to Iceland and detained there in captivity, while his bride is married to another, and how he recovers her.

PART II.

LEGENDARY BALLADS.

CONTINUATION.

XLI.

GERTRUDE.

This is a most remarkable ballad, and unfortunately very imperfect. It exists in the Faroese dialect also, but in a fragmentary state. I have been obliged to have recourse to this last to complete the translation of the Danish. If metaphor and impersonation are the essence of poetry, the originals may claim to rank with the finest ballads extant in any language.

The simple prose meaning of it is probably this. The maiden, whose lands had been devastated by the Count, went to the tomb of her god-father, and imprecated a death-sickness upon her oppressor, who consequently was seized with a mortal disease, struggled hard with it, but was compelled in the last extremity to implore the aid of the maiden whom he had injured. She averted death from him, but fell sick herself, and only recovered after vowing a church and shrine to her sainted god-father.

It would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to find another passage in which a fine allegory is so well sustained. It more resembles those in the Bible than any in modern literature. There is also a simple grandeur in the diction of the original, which with

the abrupt transition from couplet to couplet adds to the terrific effect. If to a modern reader tales of this kind appear childish, it should not be forgotten, that at the time at which they were composed and sung, people believed in the truth of them. Grundtvig seems to agree with J. Grimm in tracing this ballad back to a very ancient heathen original. The heroine, to whom the action is now referred, is Saint Gertrude, a relative of Charlemagne.

Saint Gertrude.

Grundtv. II. 502.

1 Gertrude was e'en the fairest may
Of all the isles in Charles's sway.
Help us thou virgin Saint, Gertrude!

2 Gertrude's godfather, newly dead,
Had left the maid his towers so red.

3 Then came a count with ruthless band
To spoil and waste the maiden's land.

4 Gertrude went out with staff and book,
Her silent way to the churchyard took.

5 She read a chapter, two she read,
And chaunted prayers to wake the dead.

6 She read so loud, she sang so long,
Until the dead man heard her song.

7 With hollow moan he rais'd his head,
"Who dares upon my grave to tread?"

8 "'Tis I Gertrude, god-daughter thine,
"O help me, dear god-father mine!

9 "There's come a count with ruthless band
"To waste and ravage all my land."

10 The dead man stretch'd his long leg bone,
And rent the walls and marble stone.

11 'Twas far to go, the pathway strait,
And slow and shambling the dead man's gait.

12 In through the door the dead man stepp'd;
The living all to corners crept.

13 All but the guilty count had fled,
But he stood up and fought the dead.

14 In two the dead man broke his back,
In three he made his leg-bones crack.

15 "Gertrude, Gertrude, enjoy thy land,
"And save me from the deadman's hand."

16 Back to his grave, a weary track,
She bare the dead man on her back.

17 "And what, if now I let thee live,
"Wilt thou thy dear Godfather give?"

18 "Over thy grave a church I'll build,
"With glittering gold its roof I'll gild.

19 "Beneath a cross shall rest thy bones,
"In marble shrined, and precious stones."
Help us, thou virgin Saint, Gertrude!

NOTE.

St. 1. **Charles** is Charlemagne. In the Faroese he is called Karlamagnus. The epithet there applied to Gertrude is 'fagrasta' *fairest*. In our Danish ballad it is 'första' *first*.

XLII.

THE VICTORY OF PATIENCE.

This is the Danish version of the well-known tale of 'Griselidis', which first appeared in a prose form, and will be found as the 10th novel of the 10th day in Boccaccio's Decameron, but which no doubt was derived from the latter portion of the beautiful ancient Breton tale 'The Lay of the Ash', written in French verse by Marie de France at the beginning of the 13th century. See Appendix H. This ballad accords rather more nearly with the English one of 'The Patient Countess' Percy. I. 317. than with the Italian tale. It is with some hesitation that I place it here among the Legendary ballads, but its drift is so obviously a moral one, that this seemed the right place for it.

Although it is unquestionably of foreign origin, the Danish editors tell us that Scone has been fixed upon as the scene of the event, and that that opinion was adopted by the historians, Suhm and Siöborg. Mrs. Anne Krabbe, who had a great taste for fixing localities, notes that it was at a place in Jutland near which Stisen and Espen Ottesen (Esbern Andersen) had estates, "and," says she, "I Anne Krabbe, relict f Jacob Biörn of Stenalt, was myself personally at both places in the year 1592."

The English ballad of the Patient Countess is merely a versified translation of a tale told of one of the two wives in a Colloquy of Erasmus called 'Uxor *Μεμψιγαμος*.' That and the following Danish ballad agree in so far that the husband in the one, and the betrothed in the other, after carrying on an intrigue with a woman of low birth, is recalled to his duty and a right feeling by the patient affection of the lady.

The Victory of Patience.

Dan. Vis. IV. 275.

1 The lovely maiden Ellensborg,
  An orphan she was left;
Of parents, — father and mother both, —
  In tender years bereft.

2 Her father and mother both had died,
  Her brothers and sisters too,
When Lave Stisen, a wealthy knight,
  The maiden came to woo.

3 He gain'd the slender Ellensborg,
  To her he pledged his hand,
And trusted her to his mother's care,
  And left his native land.

4 Off started Lave Stisen, he,
  And went to the wars away;
Right glad was Esbern Anderson,
  That he at home could stay.

5 As Lave Stisen went on board,
And push'd his boat from land;
Off gallop'd Esbern Anderson
Across the yellow sand.

6 He mounted, Esbern Anderson,
Wrapt in his purple cloak,
Up to the ladies' upper room,
And thus to the maiden spoke.

7 "My greeting, little Ellensborg!
"This kindness show to me,
"Make me a shirt all richly wrought
"With gold embroidery."

8 "Should I make up a shirt for you,
"And broider it with gold,
"My trothplight man would hear of it,
"And all his love grow cold."

9 They knew not, they, while so they talk'd,
That any else were near;
There stood outside the waiting maid,
And every word could hear.

10 That little treacherous waiting maid,
She sat her down and wrote ,
And off afar to a foreign land
To Stisen sent the note.

11 "A stag is in our garden ground,
"He nibbles off the leaf,
"And if you come not quickly home,
"Will bring the root to grief."

12 With sorrow Lave Stisen read
What she, the maid, had penn'd;
"Now help me God in heaven above!
"How will this story end?"

13 As Lave Stisen towards his home
Came riding up the street,
His mother and eke his trothplight maid
Went out the knight to meet.

14 They led him both so joyously
Into the banquet room;
So little knew fair Ellensborg,
What soon should be her doom.

15 "Welcome, my dearest trulove, home
"From all the toils of war!
"Where have you stay'd this long long time
"In foreign lands afar?"

16 "What time I march'd from home away,
"A modest maid wast thou;
"I hear that Esbern Andersen
"Is much too friendly now."

17 "So help me God, who dwells on high,
"And thou Our Virgin Queen!
"I treated him, as I had done,
"Had he my brother been."

18 He shut her up in a room of stone,
Where three whole years she stay'd;
And in her stead for leman took
The little waiting maid.

19 None to the maiden dared to speak,
Or e'en to her prison go;
Sir Lave's mother, and no one else,
Went thither to and fro.

20 And in Sir Lave's mother came
With step of stately grace;
"God's mercy! little Ellensborg,
"How pallid grows thy face!"

21 "Aye!" answer'd maiden Ellensborg,
So meek and gently bred;
"A poor lone orphan girl am I,
"My parents both are dead."

22 Sir Lave's mother heard her tale
Drew on her scarlet cloak,
And mounted up to the upper room,
And thus her son bespoke.

23 "Good day, Sir Lave, greet thee well,
"My dearest son and heir!
"Now wilt thou not thy trulove wed,
"So good she is and fair?"

24 Sir Lave rose and spake in haste,
A wrathful man to view;
"O no, my dearest mother, no,
"That will I never do.

25 "No, mother, that I'll never do,
"I 'd rather far be dead:
"Next Sunday make my marriage feast,
"My leman I shall wed."

26 "And if the marriage day is fix'd,
"And she to be thy wife,
"Grant heaven she make thee soon repent,
"And plague thee all thy life!"

27 Sir Lave took his scarlet cloak,
And went to the room of stone,
Where still was pent little Ellensborg,
And sorrow'd all alone.

28 "Now list to me, little Ellensborg,
"So gentle and so fair;
"Go to my bridal chamber thou,
"My bridal bed prepare.

29 "The silken counterpane above,
"The fur beneath it spread,
"My leman sleeps between the two,
"For her prepare the bed.

30 "To her, my leman, I shall give
"A gown of velvet pile;
"To thee I mean to give one too,
"But woollen that, and vile.

31 "A precious belt I'll give to her
"With gold to hold it fast,
"A girdle too I'll give to thee,
"But that shall be of bast."

32 And thus the maiden Ellensborg
With modest gentle air;
"Whatever clothes you give to me,
"Contented I shall wear."

33 It was that very Sunday next,
So holy was the tide,
Sir Lave Stisen off to church
Would with his leman ride.

34 The leman stood in the upper room
In velvet robe so gay,
And outside maiden Ellensborg
In gown of wadmal gray.

35 The leman girded on her belt,
With gold she made it fast;
Her's too the maiden Ellensborg,
And that was made of bast.

36 Then out the good kind mother spake,
Nor longer could forbear;
"God's mercy, child, and daughter mine!
"What wedding clothes to wear!"

37 As joyously as off to church
The leman drove away,
As sorely did his trulove grieve,
That she at home must stay.

38 When mass the priest had duly sung,
And lesson read beside,
He with his leman mounted horse
Home to his house to ride.

39 In came to the hall the little page,
In kirtle red was drest;
"And here Sir Lave's leman comes
"Under the mountain crest.

40 "Her wain is all so brightly gilt,
"Her horses dapple gray;
"I never yet, sweet Ellensborg,
"Saw any thing so gay."

41 The leman on the bridal chair
They placed to head the board,
And Esbern Andersen it was
The bridal goblet pour'd.

42 The guests they ate, and quaff'd the wine,
Nor stay'd to drink too deep,
For soon Sir Lave Stisen rose,
Would fain retire to sleep.

43 They left the leman all in state
Reclin'd on silver bed;
Nor long did Lave Stisen wait,
But up to the chamber sped.

44 It chanced Sir Lave Stisen's cloak
From off his shoulders fell;
Fair Ellensborg she pick'd it up,
For still she loved him well.

45 She hasted so, little Ellensborg,
To pick him up his cloak,
That, as she stoop'd, her belt gave way,
And all asunder broke.

46 And thus spake maiden Ellensborg,
Her secret thoughts she told;
"Too fast holds that which ought to break,
"And broken is what should hold."

47 "Now what is that?" Sir Lave said,
In eager haste he spake,
"Say what is that which ought to hold,
"And what was that which brake?"

48 "What burst in two and ought to 've held,
"That was my belt of bast;
"My heart it is that ought to break,
"And yet it holds so fast."

49 Sir Lave's leman up and spake,
And laugh'd to see her pain;
"'Twere very little loss, I deem,
"Should thy heart burst in twain."

50 Sir Lave spake in other tone,
For no bad man was he,
"To hear thy words, little Ellensborg,
"I truly pity thee.

51 "Hark thee, my leman, take thee hence!
"Quick! leave the bridal bed,
"And hither thou, my trulove, come,
"For none but thee I'll wed."

52 There to their bedside came the priest
And join'd them man and wife;
"God grant," said maiden Ellensborg,
"Our friendship last for life!"

53 And now the gentle Ellensborg
No longer grieves or weeps,
But nightly on Sir Lave's arm
In wedded comfort sleeps.

54 His mother to the bridal house
At early morning went,
To ask how with his youthful bride
The wedding night he spent.

55 "So pleas'd with her, my gentle bride,
"The livelong night I've lain,
"That deep and sorely do I rue,
"I ever gave her pain."

56 "Now then, Sir Lave, list to me,
"And do the thing that's right;
"Thy leman give young Anderson
"To wed this very night."

57 Loud rose the joy of all the house,
And voice of song and lute;
To him he did his leman give
And granges two to boot.

NOTES.

St. 7. This seems to have been understood by the ladies as an overture from a lover. Nearly the same stanzas occur in Mar Stig No. 69. See Note to the first of that series.

St. 11. The same image is used by Sir Peter in No. 95. and taken from the Bible perhaps.

St. 21. This common-place about the cheeks of a girl being pale for the loss of a mother occurs rather obstrusively where she had so much better cause for her grief. In Malfred and Mogens a little infant girl is described as having her cheeks pale from this cause.

St. 31. **bast.** What this material was, I do not know. It could hardly have been the inner bark of the linden tree,

its usual meaning. As I do not find it explained, I leave the original word.

St. 34. This **wadmal gray** is always mentioned as the dress of the peasantry. It seems to have been a coarse homespun woollen cloth. The clothing of his betrothed in this stuff is borrowed from the original in Boccaccio, where the wife is sent back to her father's cottage dressed as meanly as she came from it.

The word 'Jomfru,' that, for want of a word exactly corresponding to it, is here translated 'maiden', implies some degree of rank above that of servants; and the two last stanzas are meant to express the reversed condition of the two young women; that while the leman was in the drawing room and dressed like a lady, her young mistress was degraded to stand outside in the servant's place, in a peasant's habit. In Norway at the present day the housekeeper, usually a young woman of decent family, who sits at table with her master and mistress, is called 'Jomfru.' *Miss* would render it better than 'maiden', but is not a ballad word, and 'Mistress' is no longer applied to unmarried women.

St. 51. If we accept these ballads as a true picture of ancient manners, we must believe these petty lords to have been as arbitrary in their small dominions as Ahasuerus. As to marriage, it is a puzzle to discover what really constituted a marriage in those days. This is not a solitary instance of a change of bridegroom at the last hour. See for instance Sir John No. 143. The coward Bridegroom No. 90. and Sir Lowman and Sir Thor No. 99. It is probable that the priest's blessing at the bedside, spoken of in the next stanza, 52, and in the 12th of No. 90, may have been the most essential part of the ceremony.

XLIII.

JESUS AND THE VIRGIN MARY.

The first of these very singular ballads was noted down by Pontoppidan from the recitation of an old woman, at the same time as that upon St. Stephen and Herod No. 40, as an example of the remains of Popery in Denmark. Strange as it must appear, that such an ignorance of Gospel history should have still existed in a Protestant country at the beginning of the last century, it is much more so that the same ballad with several inconsistent additions was printed at Colmar in Sweden in 1812, and is in vogue there to this day: and Sweden is one of those schoolmastered countries in which every individual of every rank alike is taught to read and write. So much for enforced education! Yet notwithstanding all its absurdity in representing an infant child as rising from its cradle to work in a garden, there is great poetic beauty in it of the character usually so agreeable to the unlearned, that in which an intellectual is illustrated by a sensible object.

The second of them, Letter B. is still more absurd in representing Hallelujah as a living person.

In both of them it is the little infant Jesus, as he is represented in pictures and statues in his mother's arms, whom they bring before us. But we forget

all the anachronisms and all the misconceptions. There is a tenderness in them that must please every reader who has either taste or feeling. Upon the third, Letter C, which is properly a separate ballad, but comes into the group as exhibiting the life and sufferings of Jesus, the remarks are given below, immediately preceding it.

Jesus and the Virgin Mary. A.

Grundtv. II. p. 528.

1 On Yule night Christ to man was given,
Praised be Jesu's name!
A star that night was set in heaven,
From th' Holy Spirit came.

2 In cradle Mary laid him down
Clad in his little linen gown.

3 A slumber over Mary crept,
And gone was Jesus, while she slept.

4 Mary, in tears and full of woe,
She sought him long through frost and snow.

5 She took a pilgrim's staff in hand,
And wander'd forth to Israel's land.

6 Where first she trod on Israel's ground,
Joseph her own goodman she found.

7 "My goodman Joseph, answer me,
"Hast thou my Jesus chanced to see?"

8 "Aye! sooth, I've seen thy dearest son;
"He 's not long since to his garden gone."

9 Out to the garden Mary hied,
And Jesus 'mid the flowers espied.

10 "O tell me, thou, my son so dear,
"Why cause thy mother grief and fear?"

11 "Mother," he said, "have I not need
"My flowers to tend, my beds to weed?

12 "I weed them all from first to last,
"And what bear thorns, away I cast.

13 "The thorns they go to a place of dole,
"I cast them into a murky hole."

Jesus and the Virgin Mary. B.

Grundtv. II. p. 528.

1 Here we come to sing our lay,
Welcome, welcome, month of May!
Little pretty girls so fair.
Far and wide
At summer-tide
Are rosebuds springing every where.

2 The Virgin and her blessed Son
Up to Jerusalem were gone;

3 She went to church, but while she pray'd,
In slumber sank the Holy Maid:

4 And when she woke from sleep again,
Gone was He from where he had lain.

5 Mary look'd among the chairs,
Where the maidens sat at prayers.

6 She look'd behind the holy tree, *
Where many a sinner bent the knee.

7 At last, as to the stile she came,
There Hallelujah met the dame.

8 "Hark Hallelujah! dear old friend,
"Hast thou seen Jesus hither wend?"

9 "Up at Jerusalem yestr'een
"Thy dear son, Jesus, I have seen.

10 "I heard him there, I saw him there,
"A gory crown of thorns he bare.

11 "With whips his little back they flay'd,
"Of leather straps new scourges made."

12 This song we yet must sing again,
Little pretty girls so fair,
Before we think of all his pain.
Far and wide
At summer-tide
Are rosebuds springing every-where.

* The crucifix or holy rood.

Jesus and the Virgin Mary. C.

This piece seems to be a fragment of a longer one from which some stanzas between the 2d and 3rd and others after the 9th have been lost. Although upon a scriptural subject it is composed in the genuine style of the ancient ballad, and indeed reminds us so strongly of the myth of Hödur and Balder, that we are tempted to suspect that this may lie at the bottom of it, and give its colouring to a Christian legend. The tale will in the first place have represented the spiritual blindness of the lancer as being cured, and in the mouths of the people have assumed its present matter of fact character. In the Acta Sanctorum it is said that a soldier named Longinus who was sent by Pontius Pilate and stood beside the cross, opened his side with a spear. But when he saw the signs that took place, the sun being darkened and the earth quaking, he smote himself on the breast and said with a loud voice, "Truly this is God's son!" Jacob a Voragine in his Legenda aurea ch. 47 says that when Longinus had wounded Jesus and seen the signs, he believed on him chiefly because a drop of blood which ran down the lance, upon his accidentally touching his eye with it, relieved him from an obscurity of sight with which he was suffering.

The following is properly a separate ballad, but it seemed better to throw all the three together as representing the legendary, the traditional, ideas of Gospel history retained among the Danish people.

In German legends we do not find the miraculous cure

Der kam ein blinder Jud gegangen,
Er führt ein Speer an einer Stangen.

He is not always represented as blind even.

Der kam ein Jud, ein Höllenbrand,
Ein Speer führt er in seiner Hand,
Gab damit Jesu einen Stoss,
Dass Blut und Wasser daraus floss.

Weyden's Kölns Vorzeit p. 270.

Grundtv. II. 538.

1 I've heard a song, I've learnt the same,
How God will sinners spare,
A song about Lord Jesus Christ,
And Virgin Mary fair.
Our Lord be for his mercy prais'd!

2 The Son he sits and tells his dream
On his sweet mother's knee:
"I've dream'd tonight that wicked Jews
"Will doom and martyr me."

3 They led him up and down the streets
In sight of all the town,
And thorns and thistles gather'd up,
And plaited him a crown.

4 Out to the cross they led him then,
And nail'd him on the wood:
"Now must I bear the pangs of death
"Alike for bad and good!"

5 Out to the cross they led him forth,
And hammer'd in the spike:
"Now must I bear the pangs of death
"For poor and rich alike!"

6 And then they brought a blind man up
To take a lance's hilt;
He drove it into Jesus' side,
And holy blood he spilt.

7 That pure and holy blood they took,
And smear'd it on his eye;
The blind man gain'd his sight anew,
And saw Lord Jesus die.

8 "Have mercy, Lord, on me poor man,
"And pardon me my crime,
"And father and mother I will leave,
"And seek some distant clime.

9 "Have mercy, Lord, on me poor man,
"And pardon me my sin,
"I'll make my pilgrimage afar,
"And leave my kith and kin."

XLIV.

MARY MAGDALENE.

It has long been disputed in the church, whether Mary Magdalene, who is first mentioned after the death of Jesus is the same as the Mary who anointed his feet, and the sister of Lazarus. But that she was the same as the woman at the well of Samaria, which this ballad represents her to have been, does not seem to have occurred to Bible commentators. She is usually supposed to be the sister of Lazarus, of whom Jacob a Voragine in his Legenda aurea says. — 'Mary 'Magdalene and her sister Martha and many other 'Christian women after the ascent of our Lord, and 'the martyrdom of Stephen, went in a ship from Jerusa-'lem to Marseilles, and thence to a cavern in Provence, 'which is still to be seen. There Mary Magdalene 'spent the rest of her life, plagued and tempted by 'evil spirits in the shape of Dragons, but powerfully 'supported by holy angels and by Christ himself, who 'often manifested himself to her, and in a miraculous 'manner sustained her for 30 years, till he called her 'to himself.' This is the legend which is treated in this ballad with the peculiar addition of the scene at the well, which is mixed up with the story of the Magdalene.

It occurs in the Faroe islands and in Sweden in many copies, with variations in nearly every line.

It was a principle of the church in the Middle ages, that no amount of the most heinous crime was too great to be compensated by penance. This legend must have been considered by the priests as a good case in point, and we cannot wonder at its wide distribution. See the introductory note to 'Ebbe Skamnelson' No. 92 for another one, and especially the Spanish ballads of Don Rodrigo

aquí acabó el rey Rodrigo, Here died the King Rodrigo,
al cielo derecho se iba: To heaven he went straight,

a king whose sensuality had brought his country to ruin.

It is found in the Slavonian languages, but does not seem to be applied to Mary Magdalene. A Moravian tale in the Deutsch. Museum Vol. I. p. 282 is as follows.

'One Sunday afternoon the Lord was taking a walk, 'and met with a servant girl, who was drawing water 'at a well. The Lord said "Girl, give me water to 'wash my feet." She answered, "The water is not 'clean; some leaves are fallen into it." Then said the 'Lord; "Be silent, girl, it is cleaner than thou art; 'thou hast misled 15 men, and had children by them 'all. Thou art filling hell with the men, and the sea 'with thy children." Then cried the girl "O thou art 'the Lord himself, and knowest my sins." The Lord 'said "Go into the church, and fall on thy knees!" 'As soon as she came to the churchyard, all the bells 'began to ring: when she entered the church, the

'images turned themselves round directly; and when 'she knelt, she was changed into a pillar of salt.'

A Windish tale in Haupt and Schmaler II. 197 is as follows.

'A girl goes to fetch water from the well. An old 'man comes and asks her for a draught. "The water 'is not clean" says she, it is full of oak-leaves. The 'man answers "The water is clean, fair damsel, but 'that art not thou." The girl answers "I know that 'there is a God above, who can forgive me all my 'sins." Then says the man "Go to church early on 'Sunday morning, and thy sins shall be forgiven thee." 'As the girl walks to church the grass withers behind 'her, and the stones bleed before her. In the church-'yard nine graves open, and her nine children stand 'up before her. The eldest of them clings round her 'neck and carries her off out of sight.'

Mary Magdalene.

Grundtv. II. p. 532. Sv. Folkv. II. 229. Arw. I. 377.

1 Beside a fountain stood a dame,
And thither too Lord Jesus came.

2 "Hark, dame! a draught from this clear spring!
"And in thy hand the water bring."

3 "Welcome thou art to quench thy thirst,
"I'll fetch my silver goblet first."

4 "Didst thou but pure before me stand,
"I would have drunk it off thy hand."

5 Pure as a newborn babe, she sware,
She free from sin was standing there.

6 "Swear thou not so, for in the earth
"Lie three to whom thou gavest birth;

7 "The first one is thy father's son,
Thy brother's is the second one.

8 "The third begot the parish priest;
"That of thy sins was not the least."

9 The woman fell at Jesus' knee;
"O dearest Jesu, shrive thou me."

10 "I thee none other shriving give,
"Than seven whole years afield to live;

11 "No other meal whereon to feed,
"Than groweth on the grassy mead;

12 "No other draught to cool thy lips,
"Than dew that from the herbage drips."

13 When seven long years she thus had spent,
To seek this sinful dame He went.

14 "Hark thee, my daughter, answer me,
"If well thy fasting liketh thee?"

15 "So liketh me this fasting mine,
"As tho' I ate of bread and wine."

16 "So then shalt thou partake of heaven,
"And 'fore my mother stand forgiven."

LXV.

SAINT JAMES AND THE VISION OF HELL.

This legend is found in Sweden and the Faroe islands, as well as Denmark, but in the Swedish version it is an angel who rides on the stone, and who tells what he has seen in heaven and hell. In the Faroese the country is called Garsialand, that is Gallicia in Spain. The original legend represents James, the son of Zebedee, sailing, when a corpse, in a ship without rudder attended by his disciples. With this is mixed up another legend of a resurrection and account of things in the other world, a favourite subject with poets of the middle ages. There is a curious metrical legend in Landstad's Norwegian ballads of a youth who fell asleep, and in a vision saw heaven and hell and purgatory, which Landstad traces to the visions of the first apostle to the Scandinavian countries, Ansgar, who lived 1000 years ago. There is a still older vision of the same kind related by Bede in his Ecclesiastical history Bk V. ch. 12.

In Ritson's 'Ancient English Songs' there is at p. 287 one called the 'Deadman's song' in which the deceased describes his sickness, death, and burial for five hours, during which his soul visited the other world. He is first in a place where

'The grasse was sweet, the trees ful fair,
And lovely to behold,
And full of fruit was every twig,
Which shined like glistering gold.'

He was guided by 'a faire young man' to a city —

'Of diamonds, pearls and precious stones,
It seem'd the walls were made;
The houses all with beaten gold
Were tiled and overlaid.'

'Beside such sweet triumphant mirth
Did from the city sound,
That I therewith was ravished,
My joy did so abound.'

This he was told was heaven — He was then 'turn'd round about' to take a view of hell and its horrible tortures, and describes minutely what each vice has to expect below. After this his 'spirit return'd againe.' See the Introduction to 'Little Katey' No. 32.

Saint James and the Vision of Hell.

Grundtv. II. p. 540. Lyngbye p. 520. Sven. Folkv. II. 233.

1 Saint James had taken a stone for seat,
O help us, Lord, and save!
And fain would rest his weary feet;
Send us, great Christ, thy grace.

2 And Jesus came, and bade him, hail!
"Thou now to a foreign land shalt sail."

3 "To foreign lands how shall I steer,
"And neither ship nor cutter here?"

4 The stone with staff Lord Jesus smote,
And set the mighty mass afloat.

5 Gently the same began to glide,
And then a hundred miles it hied.

6 From window look'd the heathen king;
"I never saw a stranger thing.

7 "Such wonder never met mine eyes;
"Yon rock with a man upon it flies.

8 "What dost thou in my land design?
"My God is better far than thine."

9 "If better thou thy God hast found,
"Bring me the son yestre'en was drown'd."

10 "No son of mine was drown'd yestre'en,
"My son was lost years now fifteen."

11 Saint James the Holy Bible took,
And sang by turns and read the book.

12 A chapter read, a chapter sang,
Till on his feet the deadman sprang.

13 He floated up so white and red,
As though he never had been dead.

14 "Tell me, my child, where hast thou been,
"So many years since thee I've seen?"

15 "Father, I've stood at heaven's high door,
"Where all are glad, and grieve no more;

16 "And down to the gates of hell I've gone,
"Where those must sit, who ill have done;

17 "Seen her, who once her mother slew,
"On red-hot stool the murder rue;

18 "Seen him, by whom his father died,
"In hell on red-hot saddle ride;

19 "The hostess, she who mix'd her wine,
"In hell I've seen her sit and pine;

20 "The trader, he who falsely weigh'd,
"In hell I've seen his theft repaid;

21 "The bailiff too, with hat so high,
"In hell I've heard for taxes cry;

22 "And seen the spoilt unruly chit
"In hell on glowing iron sit.

23 "Over them hangs a cloak of lead,
"And melts, as burns the fire so red."

XLVI.

THE ANGEL'S ERRAND.

This seems to be of Swedish origin, in which language there are many variations of it. The ballad is not devoid of the simple artless beauty by which such pieces commend themselves to the heart more than to the understanding. In the midst of anachronisms and follies of all kinds the legendary ballads of Scandinavia show a deep poetic feeling to reside in its lower classes. The subjects of them have been common to the whole Christian world, but it is only in the North that they have been decorated with elegant fictions. One would think from the last couplet that the Virgin of the following piece could hardly be the Virgin Mary.

Hun havde trolovet den Herre Christ
Nu lever hun udi Himmerig vist.'

She had betroth'd her lord Christ;
Now she certainly lives in Heaven.

which would lead us to suppose that St. Catharine must be meant, who according to the legend (See above No. 32) was betrothed to Jesus in a vision; but the truth is that the Virgin Mary and St. Catharine, as the spouse of God and the spouse of Christ, and both carried up to heaven by angels after death, were

strangely confused with one another in popular legends. See for instance the Finnic Rune to the Virgin and St. Catharine in Schröter's collection p. 77.

The Assumption of the Virgin has afforded the painters a subject for some of the most beautiful pictures that the hand of man has executed; that of Titian at Venice, Murillo's in the Louvre and Raphael's Madonna di San Sisto at Dresden.

The Angel's Errand.

Grundtv. II. 569 A and 570 C.

1 The Virgin Mary paced a wood,
And pluck'd the flowers that round her stood.

2 The brown she pluck'd, and blue so sweet,
She wish'd the Master she could meet.

3 Our Lord sat on his heavenly throne,
And th' angel bade in kindly tone:

4 "Down to the earth thy journey wing,
"And up to me the Virgin bring."

5 A bird sat on a linden-spray,
And trill'd a sweet and heavenly lay.

6 He sat him on a peartree rod,
And sang of Christ, and sang of God.

7 One day he sang, he sang for three,
Before she chanced the bird to see.

8 But when she heard the notes he sung,
How much she joy'd in heart and tongue!

9 "Lord Jesus, grant this bird were mine,
"I'd seat him on a gilded shrine.

10 "Lord Jesus, would the bird were tame!
"I'd seat him on a golden frame."

11 The Virgin open'd windows three,
But into none of them would he.

12 She open'd five, she opened all,
Yet came not in that bird so small.

13 She went, bright as the streamlet clear,
To lure the little songster near.

14 He greeted her in tones of love,
"Tomorrow thou 'rt in heaven above."

15 "In heaven shall I tomorrow be?
"Then I my Saviour there shall see."

16 The maid went out so sound and hale,
But breathed a blast of deadly bale.

17 "Sister, a co'erlet o'er me spread,
"Stand thou, dear mother, near my bed.

18 "Oh! brother, were a priest at hand!
"My dearest father near me stand.

19 "My parents, weep not ye for me,
"In heaven we soon each other see.

20 "And now my spirit I commend
"Into my blessed Saviour's hand."

21 Between the hours of four and five
They laid her down in bed alive.

22 Between the hours of eight and nine
Her breath in peace did she resign.

23 To clothe her corpse stood Mary there,
Her soul to heaven good angels bare.

24 And now with God is her abode,
Because a stedfast faith she show'd.

25 The maid had plighted Christ her love,
And now she dwells in heaven above.

NOTES.

c. 2. **The Master** seems to allude to the master of the garden in the favourite tale of The Sultan's daughter. Kn. Wund. I. 15. Willems p. 304. Thijm p. 241.

c. 23. **Stood Mary there.** Here the word is simply 'Maria.' In the first verse it is 'Samaria', that is Sancta or Santa Maria, a rather unusual name for the Madonna. The Mary of this 23d stanza will probably mean the Magdalene.

To show the different way in which this subject is treated in Germany, the following is subjoined from the Knabens Wunderhorn Vol. IV. p. 190.

1 Regina through her garden stroll'd
And chanced to turn her round,
And whom behind her found she there?
A fair young man she found.

2 "But how hast thou, youth, gentle youth,
"Into my garden pass'd,
"And all its walls are built so high,
"And lock'd the door so fast?"

3 "No door is there I cannot through,
"No wall too high for me:
"But, maiden, dearest maiden mine,
"Say how thou callest thee?"

4 "*Regina* — such the name I'm call'd;
"And now I've told thee mine,
"Deign thou in turn, youth, gentle youth,
"To tell me what is thine."

5 "*Lord Jesus* is the name I bear,
"A name so many know."
"Then father and mother I will leave,
"With thee, Lord Jesus, go."

6 And Jesus wrote a little note,
The words upon it few;
"Your daughter sits in heaven above,
"In bliss she lives anew."

St. 4. **Regina** here will stand for Regina cœli, the queen of heaven. It is only in a ballad like this that she would be called so before she went there.

XLVII.

THE RICH MAN'S SOUL.

This very mysterious and strange piece belongs to a cycle of poems upon a subject that was a favourite with writers of the middle ages, the contest between the soul and body. Grundtvig gives a Swedish and a Danish copy of it. They are both fragmentary, but in some degree complete one another.

It looks like something written to console the family of a wealthy man, who had died after an ill-spent life.

Compare the 'Vision' Knab. Wund. III. p. 14.

Ein Seel stand traurig an einem Grab,
Und schrie mit heller Stimm hinab:
"Steh auf, mein Leib, verantwort dich,
Denn ich bin hier, beschuldge dich."
Da hebet sich des Grabes Stein,
Und geht hervor ein weiss Gebein.

Beside a grave there stood a soul,
And call'd below in voice of dole:
"Rise, Body, rise, and answer me
"For crimes I am come to charge on thee."
Up heav'd itself the marble stone,
And out there stalk'd a frame of bone.

A mutual recrimination then begins, which continues till the morning star and the bird of Saint Peter announce the dawn, and then soul and body disappear.

Such an address of a soul to its body occurs so

late as in a Dutch poem of about 1660 — 1690 by Cornelius Blok. There is a soul at a grave, which says

Ontwaakt, verrotte fleęsch en been,
Rukt en scheurt de kist van een;
Stoot den zark van uwe leden,
En komt uit uw duister graf,
Breekt uw doodslap, gij moet mede
Naar de hel tot onze straf.

Ye, mouldering flesh and bone, awake!
Your coffin burst, your prison break!
Thrust from your limbs the cramping tomb,
And up, and leave that place of gloom.
Shake off your death-sleep, come with me
To pay in hell our penalty.

Le Jeune. Nederlandsche Volkslieder.

This strange superstition, or perhaps poetical fancy, is the subject of a very fine Anglo-Saxon poem in the Exeter Book p. 367. two passages from which will throw light on our Danish ballad.

17 Sceal se gæst cuman,
gehþum hremig,
symle ymb seofon niht,
saule, findan
þone lic-homan,
þe heo ær longe wæg,
þreo hund wintra.

28 Cleopaƌ þonne swa cearful
caldan reorde,
sþriceƌ grimlice
se gæst to þam duste:
druguþu dreorga!
to hwon dreatest þu me,
eorþan fylnes?
eal forweornast,
lames gelicnes.

17 The ghost shall come,
anxiously moaning,
always after seven nights,
the soul, to find
the body, [quickened,
that ere-while it long
for three hundred years.

28 Then shall call so sad
with cold voice,
shall sternly speak
the spirit to the dust:
'Gory dust!
why hast thou tortured me,
foulness of earth?
thou art all rotting,
likeness of clay!

Lyt þu geþohtes to hwon	Little thoughtest thou whither
þinre saule siđ	thy soul's journey
siþþan wurde,	after would be,
siþþan heo of lic-homan	after it from its body
læded wære.	were led. [accursed?
Hwæt wite þu me, werga?	Why dost thou torture me,
Hwæt þu huru wyrma gifl!	Yes thou mere food of worms!

The Rich man's Soul A.

From the Swedish.

Grundtv. II. p. 572.

1 Death to the rich man's mansion went,
Was purpos'd the rich man's self to hent.
The tongue may talk, but the soul shall answer at Judgement day.

2 "O death, o death, prithee, let me live,
"And thee I will all my goldheaps give."

3 "It is not thy ruddy gold I crave;
"Thyself thou art due to fill thy grave.

4 "Bring hither the coin, the great and small,
"So sinfully gain'd, so loved withal."

5 Tho' many were willing his coin to share,
Was no one his guilty soul would bear.

6 The rich man he cross'd his children all,
And little he thought on Adam's fall.

7 That day in revel and feast he kept,
The night in his sinful mansion slept:

8 But burst his heart, and his soul slipp'd out,
And left his body a cast off clout.

9 So many bad spirits crowded round,
The soul no longer a refuge found.

10 It sat itself down on the rich man's breast;
"God help me! where find I refuge best?"

11 But thither an angel wing'd his flight,
And rescued the soul from Satan's might.

12 Loud shouted the devil a fearful wail;
"That soul shoot dead and on cross tree nail."

13 O mortals, repent, while yet ye may,
Nor think on the world your trust to lay;

14 Ere sun and moon shall have ceas'd to rise,
And fallen the stars from out the skies.

NOTE

c. 6. Och tänkte så lited på thet syndiga fall. 'Syndfall' means the fall of the first man, original sin, which brought death into the world. Whether that is meant here, I am not sure.

c. 7. **sinful mansion** sitt syndiga hus. His body is meant.

c. 10. The soul thus clinging to the flesh became the devil's property, till he was balked of his prey by the angel.

The rich man's soul. B.

Grundtv. II. p. 572.

1 A golden cross the rich man wears,
And little for Jesus Christ he cares.
The tongue may talk, but the Soul shall answer at judgement day.

2 But into the rich man's house came death,
And ere the sunrise stopp'd his breath.

3 Down on his mouth they laid his soul,
It cursed his body, part and whole.

4 They laid the soul on the rich man's breast,
"God show, where comfort it finds, and rest!"

5 They led the soul through murky woods,
To land and money and household goods.

6 They laid the soul on scales to weigh,
"If sin thou hast done, thou'rt now my prey."

7 But down on the scale three blood-drops fell,
And shudder'd with fear the sprites of hell.

8 So soon as account of its life was given,
The soul slipp'd into the gate of heaven.

NOTES

c. 4. By **they** will be meant the evil spirits of the preceding copy, and of the 7th couplet of this one.

c. 5. They try to tempt the soul to hanker after the luxuries of life in order to claim it.

c. 7. The three blood drops are, of course, Christ's, as indeed is told us in another fragment from the Swedish, that Grundtvig gives. Viz.

C.

1 At Heaven's gate sat the soul and dinn'd;
"O Jesus what have I then sinn'd?"

2 "The orphan's substance thou didst waste,
"And hast the widow'd wife disgraced.

3 "Angel of vengeance, bend thy bow,
"And hurl him headlong down below."

4 The Virgin came before his chair;
"This one poor soul, o Jesus, spare.

5 "Some drops of blood on it dispend,
"And all its pain and troubles end."

XLVIII.

THE MIRACULOUS CURE.

There are several ballads in this collection, which have been admitted into it less for any intrinsic beauty they possess, than for the light they throw upon the manners and opinions that prevailed at the time to which they belong; and this is one of them.

There are two corresponding Swedish ballads Arw. Vol. II. p. 148—151. but in these the maiden has only assumed lameness to test her suitor's honour, and breaks her crutches before him, and gives him back his presents. The two Danish ballads which Grundtvig gives, both relate the miraculous cure, and there can be little doubt that this is the right story, for his manuscripts are very old ones, while the Swedish ballads have been noted down from recitation not long since. We have frequent occasion to remark the tendency of a later age to turn the serious compositions of a former one to subjects of merriment.

The Miraculous Cure.

Grundtv. II. 592.

1 Sir Biorn to foreign service went,
Far far away seven winters spent;

2 And first when all those years were past,
He came to his long left home at last.

3 Sir Biorn rode up to his courtyard gate,
And near it he saw a pilgrim wait.

4 "Good Pilgrim, plodding thy way from Rome,
"Hast thou pass'd lately my trulove's home?"

5 "Aye! yesterday morning I was there,
"And saw and spoke to your trothplight fair.

6 "And truly were none so fair as she,
"But just for a secret injury.

7 "The loveliest maid beneath the sun
"Has but one leg to stand upon."

8 Sir Biorn he call'd his varlets twain,
"Go ye, my palfrey to girth and rein.

9 "Haste, bring me my good grey palfrey round;
"And get, ye others, that pilgrim bound.

10 "Down into the tower the slanderer throw,
"While I to the lady's dwelling go."

11 He halted where lived his trothplight maid,
And met him Christine in furs array'd.

12 "Here standing, Christine, so lovely still!
"How fares my trothplight Ingelille?"

13 "Fair Ingelille sits in her lonely room,
"To spin her gold and to ply the loom:

14 "But while the silk with the gold she weaves,
"Her heart with a secret sorrow heaves."

15 Sir Biorn in a mantle wrapp'd his head,
And up to Ingelille's chamber sped.

16 She saw at the door her trulove stand,
And kindly she held him forth her hand.

17 The soft blue cushion'd couch she press'd,
"Here seat you with me, Sir Biorn, and rest."

18 Fair Ingelille call'd – "Go maiden mine,
"And bring me hither the horn of wine."

19 "I taste not of wine or other thing,
"Unless my trulove the goblet bring."

20 Fair Ingelille then her tale began,
While streaming tears from her eyelids ran.

21 "Now hark, Sir Biorn, sit at my side,
"My troubles from you I will not hide.

22 "In th' evening at twilight I was born;
"My mother had died ere dawn of morn:

23 "And while they laid her in Christian mould,
The passing bell for my father toll'd.

24 "Of all but a brother was I bereft,
"And me in a cloister that brother left.

25 "The foster-mother he found for me,
"A good and a gentle dame was she.

26 "Her maidens they nursed me one by one,
"And round the gallery let me run.

27 "As, tired, to bed I wish'd to go,
"A boiling cauldron stood below·

28 "I tripp'd, and fell within its brim,
"And so was scalded off a limb.

29 "For when they drew me from out its wave,
"My foot there could no master save.

30 "And now take back this clasp so red,
"For wrong it were for me to wed."

31 With crutch beneath her mantle blue
And tearful eyes the maid withdrew.

32 Out to the garden alone she went
With grief in her gentle bosom pent.

33 She knelt and pray'd on her bare knee;
"O Jesus, Lord, show grace on me.

34 "Lord Jesus, help me, hear my cry,
"And I will a virgin live and die."

35 'Twas on a crutch she thither crept,
But back on both her feet she stepp'd.

36 "Take back, Sir Biorn, your clasp of gold;
"Tho' now you may wish your bride to hold.

37 "Take back again your golden band;
"Tho' now you may wish to gain my hand."

38 He offer'd her all the gold again,
"Fair maiden, my trulove still remain."

39 "O keep it yourself, the gold so bright,
"My love to you I shall never plight.

40 "The clasp and the band yourself retain;
"I'll nevermore trust a knight again.

41 "I now retire to a cloister cell,
"Will there to Our Lady's service dwell."

42 And into the cloister she withdrew,
And with her went all her maidens too.

XLIX.

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

This favourite ballad is not only found in Danish manuscripts of the 16th and 17th centuries, but is still sung by the peasantry of Seeland to the present day. In Sweden too it was sung at the battle of Brunkeberg in 1471, and is still in vogue. Grundtvig remarks that we have no popular ballad on the subject in England, although St. George is our tutelar saint, the subject of the sword-dance described in 'The Pirate', and the hero of many dramatic entertainments, from the one written by Ælfric in the Anglo Saxon period to those of the present time. We must presume from this statement that he does not consider the ballad published by Percy Vol. III. p. 282 (Ed. 1812) to be genuine, or does not admit it under the head of 'Folkviser,' Popular ballads; and this last is probably his meaning.

In Germany, although it seems that this legend was sung in the 10th century, there is no genuine popular ballad on the subject, for such Grundtvig does not consider that in the Kn. Wund. II. 157 to be.

The hero, St. George, is said to have been killed in Syria among other martyrs in the year 303, and in the 6th century was recognised as a saint in both the eastern and western church, and the tortures he

bore painted in the most fearful colours. But at that period, and up to the 13th century, he was only celebrated for the firmness with which he bore the pains of martyrdom. It is first in the Legenda aurea of Jacob a Voragine AD 1298 that we find any thing about his fight with the Dragon. The first occasion, on which he is said to have appeared in battle, was in 1098 at Antioch, where he was seen on his white horse, bearing a white banner and red cross, and assisting the Normans against the Turks. He was often seen afterwards, and in many different countries. He was chosen for the patron of England at a Synod held in Oxford 1220.

The story of his fight with the Dragon was brought home from the East by the Crusaders. It had been common in those countries to represent him in pictures as mounted on a horse and overcoming the devil in the form of a dragon, with a crowned virgin at his side to mean the church. Other saints had been pictured with the same symbols, Constantine for instance, Theodorus, Victor, and Margaret. The Normans having made him their warlike saint, their God of war, built up the romance upon these pictures. There is no occasion to trace the story back to Perseus and Andromeda, or similar tales among the Persians and Tartars. The Normans themselves had an ancient legend of their own on a similar subject — that of Sigurd Fafnisbane. Be that as it will, from the 14th century the story has been appropriated to St. George, and he has always been represented in combat with the Dragon. The place is quite unsettled, and varies with the country of the singer.

The history of the Saint as given by Gibbon, is a curious one. He was the son of a fuller in Cilicia, and by the arts of a parasite got an army contract for a supply of bacon. Beginning from this speculation, he accumulated wealth by the basest arts of fraud and corruption, and whether from the love of literature, or mere ostentation, formed a valuable library, and actually became archbishop of Alexandria. In this dignity he practised every form of iniquity and extortion to increase his wealth, till the people could endure his tyranny no longer, rose upon him, and dragged him in chains to prison, and massacred him. But George had been an opponent of the Athanasians, and protector of the Arians, and favoured by these latter has been allowed to pass for a martyr, a saint, and a christian hero, till the infamous George of Cappadocia has been transformed into the renowned St. George of England, the patron of arms, of chivalry, and of the garter.

There is in Mone's Anzeiger IV. 177. a tale of Sir Jonas which agrees precisely with this of St. George. It is from 'Die Kinder von Limburg' by Johannes Sust of Soest in Westphalia, and translated from a Flemish original in 1470, in 25000 verses.

The story it will be observed is almost exactly the same as that of Swain Felding No. 30.



St. George and the Dragon.

Grundtv. II. 560.

1 "Saint George, mine errand thou shalt ride,
"My true and loyal knight,
"At Tabiam, that mighty town,
"Against the Dragon fight.

2 "Outside the gate there lies a pool,
"And well 'tis wall'd with stone;
"Therein a lothely dragon dwells,
"The bane of all the town.

3 "Each day some wretch doth he devour,
"Or puffs his poisonous breath,
"And who inhales its baleful stench,
"Is doom'd to a speedy death."

4 The King and Emperor counsel took,
The rich and eke the poor,
Who to the Dragon next must go,
And whom he should devour.

5 The lots were cast, and doom'd to death
The Princess too must go;
And much the king her fate bewail'd,
And wrung his hands for woe.

6 "Rise then, my daughter, dress thyself
"All in thy best array:
"I thought to see thee a Prince's bride,
"And not a Dragon's prey."

7 Up rose the maiden, dress'd herself
In richest robe of state,
Took in her arms a little lamb,
And left the castle gate.

8 As tearful out of town she went,
And much and deeply sigh'd,
No child was there in all the place,
But for the maiden cried.

9 She stood before the mountain cave,
And peer'd around so wide;
And there the knight Saint George she saw
In gallop towards her ride.

10 His horse was white, his banner red,
By that the knight was known;
"Speak, noble maiden, speak, and say,
"Why here you stand alone?

11 "And tell me, noble maiden, why
"You drop the frequent tear;
"If robb'd you 've been, or foully used,
"Your grief I fain would hear."

12 "I weep that to a lothely worm
"My parents me must give;
"Ride, gallant youth, ride hence away,
"If longer you would live."

13 "Fly will not I, nor leave your side
"In this your hour of grief;
"I've to the holy Virgin vow'd
"To haste to your relief."

14 While there they stood in sweet discourse
That gentle saintly pair,
Out flew the Dragon against the knight
Forth from his mountain lair.

15 Into his gorge the lance he drove,
And splinter'd it in three,
But, swift as any bird could fly,
Unsheathe his sword did he.

16 As swift as any bird could fly,
He drew and dealt his blows;
"I charge thee by the Holy Ghost
"Thy fetid maw to close.

17 "Come now, fair maiden, loose your belt,
"And bind his head withal,
"And let your friends and townsmen see
"The monster led in thrall."

18 In to the city then they went,
That saintly pair so brave;
"O King, take on the Christian faith,
"Your realm from peril save."

19 "Thy faith we take, myself and realm
"Of all and each degree:
"My daughter, her to thee I give,
"Thine equal she will be."

20 "Nay, though she be of equal rank,
"My troth I dare not plight,
"I've to the Virgin made a vow
"To live her loyal knight."

NOTES.

St. 2. In Beowulf too it is from a pool that the monster Grendel issues, and his savage mother. The malaria from undrained swamps suggested these images. See ch. XI. l. 1424.

þa com of more	Then came from the moor
under mist-hleoþum,	under the misty hills,
Grendel gongan;	Grendel stalking;
Godes yrre bær:	he God's anger bare:
mynte se man-scaða	expected the wicked spoiler
manna cynnes	of the race of men
sumne besyrwan	one to ensnare
in sele þam hean.	in the lofty hall.

Upon this follows a fine description of the monster's seizing a sleeping knight, and Beowulf's battle with him.

St. 7. **Took in her arms a lamb.** Innocence is typified as a maiden with a lamb in her arms.

St. 17. This triumph of purity is so described in the German ballad

"Drum fürcht euch gar nicht dieses Falls,
"Legt euren Gürtel ihm um den Hals."
Als sie das thät, ging er zur Stund
Mit ihm wie ein gezähmter Hund.
Er führt ihn so zur Stadt hinein,
Da flohen vor ihm Gross und Klein.

Kn. Wund. I. 161.

"Let fear no more disturb your mind,
"But round his throat your girdle bind."
So soon as she the beast had bound,
He led him like a docile hound;
Brought him within the city wall,
Where fled before him great and small.

It is singular that this feat which conveys the moral of the tale, the subjugation of a fierce monster by a pious knight and a chaste lady, is never represented in any of the numerous pictures of the legend.

L.

ORDEAL BY FIRE.

In our own ballads and the Scottish and Spanish, as well as the Scandinavian, we have frequent mention of the burning of ladies for unchastity, as for instance in Lady Maisry Jam I. 73. Ayt. II. 201.

It is probable that in the first place they were exposed to the flames as an ordeal by which the truth might be discovered, and that in the course of time, as few of them escaped, and people became familiarized with burning these poor women, it was looked upon as the legitimate punishment of their offence. It is related in the Alsace Chronicle. Strassburg. 1698 p. 105. that the Empress Ricarda voluntarily subjected herself to this ordeal. Her husband, the Emperor Carl, had suspected her of intimacy with the Bishop of Vercelli, and to prove her innocence she drew on a waxed chemise (gewihsset hemede) and walked with it into the fire, and remained uninjured. She refused afterwards to return to the Emperor, and retired to the cloister at Andelo in the Bishoprick of Strassburg, which she endowed anew, and greatly enlarged. The whole passage in the antiquated German, in which it is written, with several curious particulars, is quoted by Grundtvig Vol. I. p. 190. Older chroniclers re-

present the story differently, but all agree that she herself appealed to the ordeal.

The burning for heresy most likely crept into use in the same manner, first as an ordeal, and then as a punishment.

In similar cases women were subjected by the law of Moses to an ordeal of a less frightful kind. They were compelled to drink bitter water, into which a curse had been washed off from a book or tablet, Numb. V. 23. and perhaps in most cases their conscience was so worked upon by the solemn ceremony that accompanied their trial, as to betray them. An ordeal that is often resorted to in the East Indies at the present day, and said to be a very efficacious one, is to make the accused chew dry rice and spit it out.

The earliest notice that we have of the ordeal by fire occurs in the Antigone of Sophocles, where after Antigone has buried her brother contrary to the command of the king, the watchmen offer to prove by the ordeal that they were not accomplices or cognisant of the fact. V. 264.

> ἦμεν δ' ἕτοιμοι καὶ μύδρους αἴρειν χεροῖν,
> καὶ πῦρ διέρπειν, κἀι θεοὺς ὁρκωμοτεῖν,
> τὸ μήτε δρᾶσαι, μήτε τῳ ξυνειδέναι
> τὸ πρᾶγμα βουλεύσαντι, μήτ' εἰργασμένῳ.

> But we were ready to lift with our hands hot irons,
> And to creep through fire, and adjure the gods,
> That we neither did it, nor connived with him
> Who designed the deed, nor with him who executed it.

In the middle ages the accused person usually had to take up pieces of red hot iron of 1, 2, or 3 pounds

weight, or to walk blindfold throug nine red-hot plough-shares laid lengthwise at unequal distances. We are told that Emma, the mother of Edward the confessor, had to submit to this last method of trial, and cleared her character, when suspected of familiarity with Alwyn bishop of Winchester. Rudborne Hist. maj. Winton. l. IV. ch. I.

In a rude and ignorant age people were glad to be relieved from doubt and difficulty, and above all from the pain of thinking.

Ordeal by fire.

Grundtv. II. 578. Dan. Vis. III. 338. Arw. I. 318.

1 Sorrow lies wait at all men's door,
Grant God it come not in!
And so may little Kirstin say
Anent her kith and kin;
This sorrow, friends, I owe to you, To whom I've ever been so true.

2 Sir Peter home from council came,
Was riding up the street;
And out she stepp'd, his daughter dear,
With greetings him to meet.

3 "Welcome, Sir Peter, home again,
"Welcome, my father dear;
"Now what was at the council said?
"What tidings met your ear?"

4 "This is the news I learned today,
"And little else beside;
"Thy trothplight man has thee forsworn,
"And chosen another bride.

5 "Thy trothplight man has thee forsworn,
"And says, report is rife,
"That thou hast led these eight years past
"A wicked wanton life."

6 "Believe not thou, my father dear,
"That I have wrought that sin;
"These falsehoods told some other maid,
"Would fain my trulove win."

7 "Ah! list to me, my daughter dear,
"And what thy sentence, learn;
"E'en now the peasants cart the logs,
"And thee tomorrow burn."

8 Kirstin with calm and cheerful breast
Drew on her purple pall:
But they, who rais'd her on her horse,
Wept, maids and matrons all.

9 Forward they rode across the mead,
And through the flowery ling;
And all who pass'd her, far or near,
Might hear the maiden sing.

10 So cheerful little Kirstin rode,
As she to town drew nigh,
And saw from far the mighty pile,
And flames sport in the sky.

11 When on the grassy mead she came,
Fair Kirstin smiled and said;
"And here then has my trulove knight
"Prepared my bridal bed!

12 "And all so scarlet are my sheets,
"My bolsters are so blue;
"Knights, who shall so their daughters wed,
"Grant God there be but few!"

13 The little Kirstin then they seiz'd,
Her golden locks untied,
And all that stood around the pile,
In bitterest sorrow cried.

14 "Sir Olave, forward! you 're the knight,
"Betroth'd with me to wed;
"Yourself lift up and lay your bride
"Upon her bridal bed."

15 And up that knight Sir Olave rose,
So ruthless he of mood,
And lifted little Kirstin up,
Upon the blazing wood.

16 His trulove rais'd that cruel knight,
And on the faggots laid;
The flame shrunk back, and left unscath'd
The good and gentle maid.

17 There, as amid the fire she stood,
Aloud fair Kirstin cried;
"Believe you now, my father dear,
"How much on me they lied?

18 "All praise and thanks to God in heaven,
"Who heard my anxious cry!
"I'll now within the cloister's pale
"A virgin live and die."

19 Then came in tears her trothplight man,
And fell down on his knee;
"I pray you now in God's great name
"Forego your wrath with me."

20 "Henceforth to Mary, holy maid,
"My life I vow to give,
"And pledge me never, while on earth,
"With any man to live."

21 Into the cloister Kirstin went
With all her gold so red;
Sir Olave rode in shame away,
And soon with grief was dead.

LI.

THE MAID ON THE PYRE.

This story, painful as it is to read, is so characteristic of the ideas that prevailed in the middle ages, that it could not have been omitted from the collection. It has been picked up in one of the Faroe islands, and is written in a mixture of Danish and Faroese rather difficult to interpret. It is perhaps merely a different version of the preceding tale.

The maid on the pyre.

Grundt. II. 588.

1 His sister Ivar ask'd one night,
Roses, my counsel keep
"Thy troth wilt thou thy brother plight?"
While others round us sleep.

2 "Nay that forbids the God above,
"That sister plight a brother love."

3 "If it thou wilt not plight to me,
"A lying charge I'll make on thee."

4 "Lie, as thou wilt, so foully lie,
"That from thy head thine eyes may fly.

5 "Lie as thou wilt, on thee the shame,
"For Christ will prove me free from blame."

6 His head wrapt in his scarlet hood,
Ivar before his father stood.

7 "Hail, father, o'er thy cheerful cup!
"How breddest thou thy daughter up?"

8 "So well I've taught my dear Eline,
"That day by day her worth is seen."

9 "I state but what beheld mine eyes,
"Th' archbishop with thy daughter lies.

10 "Nor in that sin alone is he,
"But with him all his followers three."

11 The count up from his table stood,
His face with anger red as blood.

12 "Now, Ivar, say, my dearest son,
"What with thy sister shall be done?"

13 "Fit doom methinks, for crime so vile
"Were death on blazing faggot pile."

14 Ivar call'd out his servants two,
"Go ye to the wood and billets hew."

15 They builded up both asp and oak,
And bright the flame rose through the smoke.

16 With willow and asp they heap'd the pyre,
And fearful glared the bickering fire.

17 His four and thirty swains were there,
And in the labour all must share.

18 Out came Eline so fair and fine,
And saw the fire in green-wood shine.

19 "But tell me," ask'd that maid so fair,
"What fire doth in the green-wood glare?"

20 "The fire that yonder gleams so red,
"That is to be thy bridal bed."

21 "'Fore God no reason do I know,
"Why thus my bridal bed should glow.

22 "'Fore God I've wrought no sin nor ill,
"That bed so bright I'm doom'd to fill."

23 Her brother took her lily hands,
And laid her on the blazing brands.

24 She cried amidst the scalding flame,
"Give me to drink in Jesus' name".

25 "Here in the forest flows no rill,
"No drop thy burning thirst to still."

26 Her mother ran, poor sorrowing wretch,
A stoup of wine from home to fetch.

27 The grateful draught she brought from town,
But Ivar knock'd the pitcher down.

28 Then soar'd two doves from out the sky,
And towards the pile were seen to fly.

29 Amid the brands their course they stay'd,
Eline to follow them they bade.

30 "If I to heaven shall go with you,
"Must go my father and mother too."

31 "Freed shall thy mother be from pain,
"But here thy father must remain."

32 'Twas two flew down, and home flew three,
The fairest of all of them was she.

33 There came two ravens from out of hell,
And Ivar took with them to dwell.

34 'Twas two flew up, and back flew three;
The foulest of all of them was he.

35 In heaven there stands a golden stool,
And there Eline shall drink her Yule.

36 Below a coffin stands in hell,
His Yule keeps Ivar in its cell.
Roses my counsel keep
While others round us sleep.

NOTES.

c. 5. The second line of this couplet is quite unintelligible

Ljugv og liugv, so tu fær skam!
Og to er Kristus mætar imann.

c. 9. **The Archbishop.** It was the greatest possible aggravation of an offence of this kind that a priest should be the paramour, especially a dignitary of the church. See No. 14 and No. 58.

c. 23. As in the preceding ballad the lover, so in this her own brother commits her to the flames. It is a brother too in the Scotch Ballad of 'Lady Maisry' Jam. I. 73. Ayt. II. 201.

c. 28. The concluding couplets about the doves occur in several other Danish and Swedish ballads, as 'Little Katey' 'The Murdered Wife' etc.

LII.

THE MURDERED WIFE.

This piece has only been discovered of late years, and within 20 miles of Copenhagen, but is considered to bear the stamp of antiquity, especially in the 11th couplet. The conclusion is the same as in No. 32 and No. 51.

The Murdered Wife.

Grundtv. II. p. 590.

1 Christine to Sir Peter bent her low,
"Oh say, may I home to my father's go?"

2 "To go to thy father's thou art free,
"But what is thy grievance to tell of me?"

3 "I've naught to my father of thee to tell,
"But that thou art handsome and bred so well."

4 Christine has the open highway ta'en,
Sir Peter a nearer narrow lane.

5 As home she was riding up the street,
Came out her father his child to meet.

6 "Now tell me, Christine, true answer give,
"How dost thou at home with thy husband live?"

7 "'Tis well that my lord and I agree, —
"But better his leman he treats than me.

8 "For when with his leman he goes to meat,
"Alone with my servants I must eat.

9 "While they are at wine and dainty cheer,
"Must I with my servants drink of beer.

10 "While they together in bed are laid,
"Must I go sleep with my serving maid.

11 "By day I must work the quern-stone round,
"By night my neck is with iron bound."

12 "O cease, my daughter, thy tale of woe,
"And both thy brothers with thee shall go."

13 "And follow me home, who follow will,
"My death is but all too certain still.

14 "Aye let them follow, and all who can,
"My life is the prize of a ruthless man."

15 As back she came to her home once more,
There stood Sir Peter before his door.

16 "Now tell me, Christine, and nought withhold
"What grievance hast thou to thy father told?"

17 "Naught else to my father had I to tell,
"But that thou art handsome and bred so well."

18 A pace or two backward Sir Peter stepp'd,
And off with a blow her head he swept.

19 Her two bold brothers rode up the street,
"Why comes not our sister her guests to meet?"

20 "Christine she sits in her room of stone,
"And drinks her mead and her wine alone."

21 They search'd each crevice and corner round,
And cut in pieces Christine they found.

22 Sir Peter a little aside they drew,
And chopp'd at a blow his neck in two.

23 They clad their sister in ermine fine,
But toss'd Sir Peter to dogs and swine.

24 Straight soaring from heaven two doves were seen,
And back to heaven they took Christine.

25 'Twas two came down, and home flew three,
The fairest of all of them was she.

26 There came two ravens from out of hell,
And took Sir Peter with them to dwell.

27 'Twas two flew up, and back flew three,
The foulest of all of them was he.

LIII.

HENRY OF BRUNSWICK.

This piece is founded upon a tale of German origin, which was extremely popular in the middle ages, but like so many other romances of Lower Germany, is almost forgotten in its native country after having supplied materials for Scandinavian poems. Grundtvig has devoted many pages to tracing it to its various sources. The oldest German romance on the subject is 'Reinfrit von Brunsvig', of which 27,000 verses are preserved and probably nearly as many lost. It was written about the year 1300.

Similar tales occur, as might be expected, in the poetry of other nations. The captivity and release of the hero has its exact counterpart in the Spanish romance of 'The Christian captive'. Wolf & Hofm. II. 41.

Nearly the same story will be found in the ballad of 'The Duke of Brunswick' in Willems's Oude Vlaemsche Liederen p. 251 and Fallersleben p. 6, and is clearly taken from the same original as our text. The Duke leaves his wife in great distress, requesting her to wed again if he does not return in seven years. She parts a gold ring with him, and he sails away. His ship is tossed and broken by a tempest and drifted to a land where loadstones hold fast the iron, and his comrades all die. Near this shore is a wilderness where a griffin dwells that comes day by

day to fetch their carcases for her young. Having lived seven years there, the Duke, like Sindbad, sews himself up in an oxhide, and is carried by the griffin to her nest, where he cuts his way out, and kills the young brood. Going through the forest he sees a lion fighting a lindworm, and kills the monster. The lion in gratitude attends him and hunts for him. One day a ship came to the coast and he begged them to give him a passage. The evil one was on board and contracted to carry him asleep to his own country, and receive the Duke's soul in recompense. The Duke had bargained that the lion shall attend him, and, as he expected, upon their approaching land the faithful beast with loud roaring and scratching woke him up, and the devil lost his reward from not having fulfilled his part of the contract, to land the Duke asleep. Dressed as a mendicant he went to his palace and saw his wife going to church to marry another. At the banquet he sent to ask her to drink a cup with him to the honour of the Duke of Brunswick, which she did, and upon returning the cup he dropped into it the half of the gold ring. The lady recognised her own husband, and acknowledged him, to the great joy of the whole town. But exhausted with his pilgrimage he soon died, and the faithful lion which would not quit him even then, starved to death at his side.

The Flemish editor supposes this ballad to be very ancient; Fallersleben assigns it to the 15th century.

A variation of these stories, in which the lady who released him comes to claim him for her bridegroom, occurs under the names of 'Young Bekie' or 'Young

Beichan', and describes the romantic tales of the parents of our famous martyr Thomas à Becket. See Jam. Pop. Ball. V. II. p. 117 and 127. Kinl. p. 260.

Henry of Brunswick.

Grundtv. II. p. 625. Compare Willems p. 251.

1 The Duke of Brunswick, a knight so bold,
His like shall we ever again behold?

2 So ready in tourney and battle strife
To grapple his foe, to risk his life!

3 The Duke at night from his sleep awoke,
So vivid his dreams, and thus he spoke.

4 "Allow me to go to a distant clime,
"I live not else to the morning's prime."

5 "If such be your will, I'll not say no;
"But whither then means my lord to go?

6 "And when the wine shall I mix and brew?
"And when again shall I look for you?"

7 "O stay for me years but only eight,
"And after that time no longer wait.

8 "If then I am come not back again,
"Wed thou with thy best and dearest swain.

9 "But list to my words, choose not a hare
"To lie in the bed where lay a bear."

10 There follow'd the Duke to the ocean strand
His knights all thirty, and steer'd from land;

11 And sobbing there was, and tears not few,
As knights and their ladies bade adieu.

12 Afar to the East he led his band,
And came to the heathen soldan's land.

13 His bravest he fought, and battles won,
He battled his way to Babylon.

14 But there did the heathens gain the day,
And captive they led the Duke away.

15 He dragg'd the harrow, he dragg'd the plough,
So little avail'd his dukedom now.

16 The Duke for eight years his thraldom bore
With wounds unheal'd, and many a sore.

17 He toil'd as a horse from day to day,
But never forgot to our Lord to pray.

18 And He inclined him his wrath to tame,
And truly to serve the heathen dame.

19 One day that her husband was gone from home,
She bade him from out his dungeon come;

20 And sent him loaded with store of food
A seven weeks' journey through the wood.

21 All under his old and tatter'd plaid
He belted a well-tried sabre blade;

22 And while through forests and wilds he went,
He met with many a strange event.

23 A lion, fighting a grisly pard,
Was well nigh faint, they fought so hard.

24 "Welcome, Duke Henry! o help thou me,
"And then I will serve and follow thee."

25 "Would God that I had the strength and skill,
"This grisly pard I would gladly kill."

26 The lion, he bit, and the Duke hit hard,
And soon they fell'd the grisly pard.

27 As threaded the Duke that tangled ground,
Went with him his lion like faithful hound;

28 And journeying onward, it so befell,
They found a hermit before his cell.

29 "Duke Henry, welcome! With morning's light
"Thy wife will wed with another knight.

30 "Thou needest no pain or grief to feel,
"But seat thee and share my frugal meal;

31 "Refresh thee, and sleep thy toil away,
"And I to my God will go to pray."

32 The Duke on a stone he slept so sweet;
The faithful lion was at his feet;

33 But ere he scarcely an hour had slept,
That stone five hundred miles had leapt.

34 The Duke awoke, as a shepherd sung, —
And heard a lay in his German tongue.

35 "Now hark, good shepherd, and answer me,
"Whose flock thou art driving across the lea."

36 "This flock it belongs of Brunswick's dame,
"And once Duke Henry own'd the same.

37 "But far in the East the Duke is dead,
"And she will tomorrow another wed."

38 "Good shepherd, and may a pilgrim share
"The mirthful feast and the dainty fare?"

39 "They grudge thee neither the meat nor wine,
"But welcome the pilgrim to sit and dine."

40 The Duke to the Court walk'd up the street,
The lion as lackey was at his feet.

41 Much wonder'd the citizens all to see
That lion attend him so faithfully.

42 The Duke at the kitchen threshold stood,
"O give me a bit of the steaming food."

43 He saw and call'd to the waiting maid,
And her to carry his message pray'd.

44 "Go thou to the bride my prayer to make,
"I fain to her health a glass would take."

45 Up into the hall the damsel hied,
The pilgrim's message she told the bride.

46 "He bade me his prayer to you to make,
"He fain to your health a glass would take."

47 "And where has he known me, and who is he
"To send so bold a request to me?

48 "Go, damsel, that holy pilgrim call,
"And bring him up to the banquet hall."

49 She saw, in drinking the glass of wine,
The half a ring at the bottom shine.

50 The bride sprang up from the festive board,
"And now Duke Henry has kept his word."

51 "Ah nay!" said the bridegroom, "for vouch I can,
"'Tis not Duke Henry, that pilgrim man."

52 "My friend, we yonder each other knew,
"Where once together the plough we drew.

53 "And shave me my beard, and wash my hair,
"My scars will plainly the truth declare.

54 "My daughter so lovely to thee I give,
"But I with my wife myself will live."

55 And all was joyous again and gay,
And deeply they drank their wedding day.

NOTES.

c. 7. **O stay for me years but only eight.** This is just what count Dirlos tells his wife in the Spanish romance and must have been the usage of the times. W. & H. II. p. 132.

Siete años, la condesa,
todos siete me esperad;
si á los ocho no viniere
á los nueve vos casad.

Wait for me, Countess, seven whole years,
Wait for me seven, aye wait for eight;
And then, if I 'm not yet come home,
Choose at the ninth some other mate.

c. 50. The same means to recall a lady's recollection of a long absent friend is used in Sir Tristram Fytte IV. St. 6.

A cup he prepares,
The ring therein can lay,
Bidene;
Brengwain the gaye
Yraught it the quene.
Ysonde the ring knewe,
That riche was of gold,
As tokening trewe,
That Tristrem her yold.

A cup he prepares, The ring therein laid, Immediately Brengwain the gay Handed it to the queen. Ysonde knew the ring, That was rich with gold, Which Tristrem had given her, As token true.

So also in the Ballad of 'Hynde Horn'. Buchan. Vol II. p. 268.

Tho bride came tripping down the stair,
The combs o red gowd in her hair;
A cup o red wine in her hand,
And that she gae to the beggar man.
Out o' the cup he drank the wine,
And into the cup he dropp'd the ring:
"O got ye 't by sea, or got ye 't by land,
"Or got ye 't on a drown'd man's hand?"
"I got it not by sea nor got it by land
"Nor got it on a drown'd man's hand;
"But I got it at my wooing gay
"And I'll gie 't to you on your wedding day."

Appendix C.

[to No. LIII.]

As the ballad of the Duke of Brunswick is one which has been extensively circulated over the countries of the North of Europe, and has a distant parallel in our Scotch ballad of Young Beichan and Susie Pye Jam. II. p. 117, Kinl. p. 260. I here subjoin a Spanish one nearly akin to them.

The Christian Captive.

Mi padre era di Ronda.

Wolf & Hofm. II. 41. Depp. II. 464. Grimm p. 282.

1 My father was of Ronda,
my mother of Andaluce;
the Moors had made me captive,
and that in time of truce.

2 To Xerez on the frontier
they carried me away,
and hawk'd me on the market
a week by night and day.

3 But neither Moor nor Mooress
for me would give a crown,
till came a dog and bought me,
and paid a hundred down.

4 He took me home and bound me
with heavy iron chain,
and black the life he led me,
a life of toil and pain.

5 By day I beat his rope-grass,*
by night I ground his wheat,
was muzzled, while I ground it,
for fear that I should eat.

6 But God be thanked! my mistress
had pity on my pain,
and while the Moor was hunting,
took off the galling chain.

7 On her own lap she laid me,
and comb'd and clean'd my head,
for some small favours done her did
a greater one instead:

* esparto, the grass called in Italy *stuoja*, and universally worn there to stiffen ladies' dresses instead of crinoline; used also for mats &c. from the most ancient times. It was the material of which the Carthaginians made the ropes for their navy, see Livy B. XXII. ch. 20. It is that from which Gen. Espartero takes his name.

8 Dubloons she gave me, a hundred,
and bade me hasten home,
and, thanks to God Almighty!
I 'm here in safety come.

Poems upon this theme appear to have been very common in the Middle ages. See G. Müller in his 'Niedersächsische Sagen', Göttingen 1855, under the head of 'Duk Henry.'

PART III.

HISTORICAL BALLADS.

LIV.

ERIK EMUN AND SWARTHY PLOG.

The event related in this ballad took place in the year 1137. The cause of it, and the circumstances that attended it, are involved in obscurity. According to Suhm (Danmark's Historie V p. 513—515) Plog slew the king to avenge the death of his father, whom the king had executed in spite of a safe-conduct that he had given him. The ballad replaces the father with a brother. Vedel in his work published in 1575 speaks of a ballad on the subject, no doubt this one, as being very popular in Jutland. Erik Emun seems to have taken the part of the people against the aristocracy, as kings were doing at that period in other parts of the West of Europe.

The fate of Swarthy Plog himself is told in a Faroese ballad in Schröter's collection. Plog according to this was taken ill at Ribe, and enquired for a swain or esquire who would accompany him home. One named Ingemann offered himself and swore most solemnly to be faithful to him, but upon the journey took advantage of Plog's divesting himself of his coat of mail on account of the heat, and stabbed him. He was himself tortured and executed for the murder by order of the king to whom he had announced his deed in the hope of reward.

Erik Emun and Swarthy Plog.

Grundtv. III. 7. Dan. Vis. II. 25. Grimm p. 320.

1 The lark at dawn of the morning sang,
Beneath the brow of the greenwood hill
Sir Carl from his bed as gaily sprang.
Avenge it the king of Denmark will.

2 He first put on him a shirt so new,
His green silk jacket on that he threw.

3 His buckskin boots he drew on his feet,
And over them gilded spurs so neat.

4 He buckled his spurs and his horse bestrode,
Alone to the court of Assizes rode.

5 Unguarded and fearless he went his way,
Though many an omen he met that day.

6 In walked Sir Carl to the hall of doom,
The people retired to make him room.

7 But summon'd the king his nine stout swains,
And bade them to lay Sir Carl in chains.

8 Uprose nine stout and active swains,
And bound, as he bade, Sir Carl in chains.

9 Sir Carl outside of the town they took,
And there on a new made wheel they broke.

10 To swarthy Sir Plog the news came back,
"The king has thy brother upon the rack."

11 Up sprang Sir Plog and across the board,
Nor tarried to waste one single word.

12 He drew on his leg his buckskin boot,
And gilded spurs upon either foot.

13 He buckled his spurs and his horse bestrode,
And off to the Court of Assizes rode.

14 He urged his horse to his utmost speed,
And gallantly sprang that noble steed.

15 As enter'd Sir Plog the justice hall,
Uprose the king in his scarlet pall.

16 "Had I not come to the hall so late,
"Things would not have been in such a state."

17 "If so thou talkest with tongue so free,
"Thou gettest the self-same doom as he."

18 He call'd nine servants and each a knight;
"Up! bind ye Sir Plog before my sight."

19 "If there be a manly heart in thee,
Thyself thou wilt lay the bonds on me."

20 King Erick he toss'd his gloves aside,
Sir Plog with his spear the court defied.

21 He first slew four, and he then slew five,
He left nor trooper nor king alive.

22 Aye eight at a blow and nine he slew,
The king and his bravest troopers too.

23 He slaughter'd them all and clear'd the room,
And drove with his brother's body home.

LV.

EBBÉ GALT.

This ballad presents a picture, probably a truthful one of the manners of the age. A young man heated with liquor, and presuming on his high rank, outrages a farmer's wife, and when her husband accuses him before the king, thinks to browbeat her; but foiled by the straightforward character of the woman, is condemned to death by his uncle, the king, and executed in spite of magnificent offers on the father's part to purchase his acquittal. The Scotch ballads of 'Earl Richard' in the collections of Motherwell and Kinloch, and that published by Percy as 'The Shepherd's daughter', are essentially the same, but terminate with a marriage of the parties as the alternative of death.

The king is Waldmar I. and the Queen the infamous Sophie.

The incidents are well told, and with excellent dramatic effect. The civility of the woman and her mental prayer at the same time, in the 4th stanza; the just anger of the king, and his subsequent grief at being obliged to condemn his nephew, yet stern resolution to maintain the law that he had decreed; the forcible appeal of the woman; and the ejaculation of the king, who would give three times as much as the

criminal's own father, if he could swerve from his painful duty; all these points of the story are told in the true ballad spirit, and with great animation. Mrs. Anna Krabbe, who took so much pains to ascertain localities, tells us that the event took place near Aalborg, and that a wood there is still called 'Ebbe Galt's wood.'

Ebbe is pronounced in two syllables Ebbey.

Ebbé Galt.

Dan. Vis. II. 47.

1 In Kolding sit the King's men all,
And drink till dawn of day,
Among them sits young Ebbé Galt,
And dearly his freak will pay.

2 He rose from wine, young Ebbé Galt,
And rode through Rosenshaw,
And there in a luckless hour for both
A farmer's wife he saw.

3 "List now! Thou pretty farmer's wife,
"Show me the way to town,
"I'll give thee gold, and a handsome gift,
"A gay new Lundish gown."

4 "Aye, Sir, you seem so gently bred
"The way I'll gladly show.
("How much I fear these drunken men!
"God help me, while we go!")

5 But when he reach'd the farmer's house,
From bad he grew to worse,
He beat them all, and outraged heaven,
So foully did he curse.

6 The farmer's wife went to and fro,
For best of meat and drink,
But what for her he had in view,
Was bad as one can think.

7 With spurs he tore her trembling limbs,
He dragg'd her by the hair;
Had not the ale his master been,
Such deeds did he not dare.

8 "And now you've had your will of me,
"To both our loss and shame,
"I pray by all that's good above
"You tell me what's your name."

9 "The horse I ride is dapple-gray,
"My cloak is striped with blue,
"My men have call'd me Ebbé Galt
"Since service first I knew."

10 Back to his home from Sessions house
The honest farmer came,
And met in tears and bitter grief
Poor Gundelille, his dame.

11 "On me there's fall'n a foul disgrace,
"While you were still away;
"And never, come what luck there will,
"Shall I forget the day.

12 "I went across to Rosenshaw
"Our pretty foals to house,
"And there on horseback met a knight
"All heated from carouse.

13 "My hair he seized, and dragg'd me down,
"And wrought me greater shame;
"No more may I your wife be call'd,
"No longer bear your name."

14 He clasp'd her in his arms again,
And tapp'd her pallid face;
"My own dear wife you still shall be,
"To you 'tis no disgrace."

15 The honest farmer went to court
To tell his sad distress;
"My wife has been most foully used
"And here I seek redress."

16 Wroth was the Danish king thereat,
And grasp'd his glittering knife;
"If here he serves who did thee wrong,
"This deed shall cost his life.

17 "Good farmer, hear me, honest man,
"All in thy coat of gray;
"The youth who did thy wife this wrong,
"His name I bid thee say.

18 "His name then I will not conceal,
"One all too widely known;
"He bears the name of Ebbé Galt,
"Is serving near thy throne."

19 Full sad was then the Danish king,
And black as earth his face;
"Ebbé, the grief that fills my heart
"No time will ever chase.

20 "And is it thou, my sister's son,
"Has done this lawless deed?
"I rather had lost the half my realm,
"Than death for it decreed."

21 Then summon'd up the Danish King
His nephew, Ebbé Galt;
"Come forward thou, my sister's son,
"Disprove or own thy fault."

22 And forward stepp'd young Ebbé Galt,
So bold of speech was he;
"Bring thou thy housewife here to court,
"She 'll not complain of me."

23 The honest farmer turn'd his head,
And look'd along the hill;
"Here comes astride her dapple gray
"My housewife Gundelille."

24 G. "You know that when, Sir Ebbé Galt,
"You came with us to dine,
"I pour'd you with unsparing hand
"The best of mead and wine.

25 "The sparkling ale, the luscious mead
"I gave your men and you;
"To treat our guests with hearty cheer
"My husband's wish I knew.

26 "I spread for you a bed of silk,
"As suits a noble knight,
"And show'd you in to sleep thereon
"With tapers burning bright.

27 "I with my children went to rest,
"As I was wont to do,
"And well you know, Sir Ebbé Galt,
"You broke the door in two.

28 "My five poor faithful waiting maids
"Are ill from blows you gave,
"And three my best and bravest swains,
"Are dead and in their grave."

29 Uprose Sir Peter, Ebbé's sire,
A hero strong and bold;
"I bid my horse for Ebbé's life,
"And a thousand marks of gold."

30 But answered him the Danish king,
"For judgement here he stood;
"I'd give myself thee thousand marks,
"Release him if I cou'd.

31 "I've sworn to pass a righteous doom,
"To heaven I dare not lie;
"The woman he has foully used,
"This instant he shall die."

32 "Ha!" said the young Sir Ebbé Galt,
The while he pass'd the Queen;
"I should not so regret my life,
"Had she but fairer been."

33 "What?" answer'd she with royal grace,
"What was the wife to thee?
"And had her face been black or white,
"Thou should'st have let her be."

34 They led the handsome Ebbé Galt
Away to the bushy field,
And off his shoulders chopp'd his head,
And laid it on his shield.

NOTES.

This ballad as observed above, is the counterpart to the English and Scotch ballads of the 'Knight and Shepherd's daughter' Perc. III. 115. and 'Earl Richard' Kinloch p. 15. Moth. p. 377. except that in these the story ends with the marriage of the knight to the object of his violence, and her proving to be a girl of high rank. Many of the stanzas are so similar to those of the Danish ballad, that one might almost think that they had been translated from it. That in Kinloch is far the most humourously told. The word 'Mitchcock,' the name that Earl Richard calls himself, means 'Little Dickey,' Mitch, Litch, and Rich being abbreviations of Richard, and 'cock' a diminutive like 'kin' or the German 'chen' added to other names. So from William is derived Wilcock and Wilkin, from Johan Hancock and Hankin.

St. 29. This offer to buy off a criminal was agreeable to the age. So in Layamon's Brut King Arthur threatens that if again any one quarrels at his table neither gold nor fine horse shall ransom him from death. l. 22853. See also Notes to the preceding ballad.

LVI.

THE WAKE.

A wake was originally a festivity held at the dedication of a church, and was kept by watching all night. The anniversary of the day used to be celebrated with much gaiety and dissipation. As late as 1791 Macaulay says in his history of Claybrook p. 93.

'The people of the neighbourhood are much attached 'to the celebration of wakes. On the annual return 'of those festivals the cousins assemble from all quarters, 'fill the church on Sunday and celebrate Monday with 'feasting, with music, and with dancing. The return 'of the wake never fails to produce a week at least of 'idleness, intoxication, and riot.'

There is a very curious account of a wake given by Thomas Naogeorgus and translated into English by Barnabe Googe, which will be found in Brande's Popular Antiquities Vol. II p. 9 (Bohn).

The reader upon referring to it will see that Signelille's mother had good reason to forbid her to go to one.

There is a counterpart to this ballad in the German one called 'Springel-tanz' given in Appendix D. which appears to be a fragment only, and may perhaps have ended tragically like the Danish. The conclusion of the following one has much in common with the English ballad of Fair Rosamond. Percy II. 156.

From the 11th and 25th couplet we may infer that the dance was out of doors in the courtyard, as in 'Tove Lille' No. 66 and several others.

The Wake.

Grundtv. III. 165. Dan. Vis. II. 54. Grimm p. 193.

1 There's Wake tonight, and off they throng,
They revel there all that revel will,
They take their part in the dance and song,
But wakes at her home fair Signelille.

2 She went to her mother, and so she spake;
They revel there all that revel will,
"And, mother, may I not see the Wake?"
She wakes at her home, fair Signelille.

3 "But what at a Wake art thou to do?
"No brother hast thou, nor sister true.

4 "No brother or friend thy part to take,
"Thou shalt not go to a noisy wake.

5 "The King and his gay young men will come;
"No — listen to me, child, stay at home."

6 "The Queen is coming and all her train,
"To chatter with them I were so fain."

7 So long and so hard her suit she drave,
Her grudging consent the mother gave.

8 "Go then, my daughter, if such thy bent,
"Thy mother to wake rooms never went."

9 Fair Signelille up to her chamber hied,
And dress'd her in all her maiden pride.

10 She set on her head a golden crown,
Her hair left floating in tresses down.

11 And over the grassy mead she sped,
As went the queen and her maids to bed.

12 But when she came to the courtyard gate,
Was going the dance of stag at bait.

13 She saw young knights so gaily fling,
And dance with the rest himself the king.

14 The king held forward his hand so free;
"Come, lovely maiden, and dance with me."

15 "I'm come to the Wake across the dale
"To see and to tell the Queen my tale."

16 "Then trip it with us to a lively strain,
"Till she comes back to the dance again."

17 She stepp'd to the front as a graceful wand,
And danced away on his royal hand.

18 "Now, Signelille, listen to what I say,
"And sing me of love some tender lay."

19 "Of lays or love-ditties know I none;
"I'll try in their stead some other one."

20 She sang her song with a voice so clear,
Its notes the queen in her bed could hear.

21 She ask'd, as up in her bower she lay,
"Now which of my maidens dared to stay?

22 "Who, tell me, can this sweet songstress be?
"Why came she not hither to bed with me?"

23 "That," answer'd the page in his red array'd,
"Is not any royal bower-maid.

24 "None other a song like that could trill,
"But th' upland maiden, Signelille."

25 "Haste! hither my purple mantle bring;
"I'll go there and hear the maiden sing."

26 And when she came to the courtyard gate,
Was going the dance of stag at bait.

27 Three times they had danced it, and danced it still;
The queen stood gazing on Signelille.

28 That, thought Sophie, is a monstrous thing,
That Signelille dance with Denmark's king.

29 She call'd to her maid, "Up, maiden mine,
"And fetch me hither a horn of wine.

30 "Fetch hither the richly moulded horn,
"But drop in it first an Edder-corn."

31 Up stepp'd the king to his queen, Sophie;
"Wilt thou not enter the dance with me?"

32 "Before a place in the dance I fill,
"Must drink to my health fair Signelille."

33 She drank but a sip to quench her thirst,
Her guiltless heart in her bosom burst.

34 The king was a while with horror mute;
The maid lay lifeless before his foot.

35 "A fairer than she has ne'er drawn breath,
"Or guiltless come to a fouler death."

36 Both maids and matrons wept full sore,
As into the church her corpse they bore.

37 "O! had she but heard her mother's rede,
"Such would not have been her cruel meed."

NOTES.

c. 12. **Stag at bait.** beder-danndtz, bait- or hunt-dance.

c. 23. Here we see that in Denmark formerly, as in farm houses in Norway at this day, the servant boys slept in the same bedroom with the ladies of the family.

c. 30. **The Edder corn** was an inebriating drug.

c. 33. This expression of the heart bursting after a draught of poison occurs frequently in German and Flemish as well as Danish ballads: so in the Flemish one in Uhland p. 161

Den eersten dranc mer die si dranc,
haer herte in duisent stucken spranc.

One draught she swallowed to quench her thirst,
Her heart in a thousand pieces burst.

It is these conventional phrases that afford the most unequivocal proof of the common origin of most of the ballad poetry of the Middle ages.

LVII.

SIR BURIS AND CHRISTINE.

The Waldemar of this ballad is supposed to be the first king of that name, the one called Waldemar the Great, and Sophia to have been a Polish princess. But the tale is widely extended over the north of Europe, and in different countries is ascribed to different persons. The German ballads of 'Der grobe Bruder' Knab. Wund. II. 273—277 appear to be imperfect recollections of the Danish. Grundtvig enters into a very long dissertation upon the origin and spread of this cruel story, but there is little in it that would interest any but a Danish reader.

Sir Buris and Christine.

Grundtv. III. 117. Dan. Vis. II. 31. Grimm p. 322.

1 King Waldmar and Sophie his queen
Spake in their hall of fair Christine.

2 "My lord, be not my wish denied,
"Let fair Christine be Buris' bride.

3 "Thy sister she, my brother he,
"These two a noble match might be."

4 "Never, while me is granted life,
"Shall horse-thief take Christine to wife.

5 "She stands adorn'd with every grace,
"But stamp'd 'the groom' on his low face."

6 Pale grew as corpse the queen Sophie;
"And why this disrespect to me?"

7 "With angry hand she struck the board;
"I'll get revenge that churlish word."

8 King Waldmar march'd to a foreign land,
And left his realm in Buris' hand.

9 With him went many a gallant knight
Sworn in his country's cause to fight.

10 To one amid this noble band
He gave Christine his sister's hand.

11 A mighty prince and gently bred
Was he who should his sister wed.

12 Sophie and Buris sat at board,
And much she thought of Waldmar's word.

13 "Now, Buris, hark, dear brother mine,
"Try to decoy this maid so fine."

14 Sir Buris stared, as spake the queen,
"But what can this, my sister, mean?

15 "A deed so foul I'll never do,
"As her for aught but bride to woo."

16 "To woo or wed her thou wert free,
"Had not my lord so jeer'd at thee."

17 With that she struck the board in ire;
"I rede thee do as I desire."

18 Sir Buris cloak'd and left the queen,
And went to see the fair Christine.

19 Early and late he sued in vain,
The maiden's love he could not gain.

20 "Sir Buris, would you me mislead?
"Would Waldmar pardon such a deed?"

21 He turn'd with pallid cheeks away,
For much he loved that gentle may.

22 Sir Buris took his scarlet cloak,
And went to queen Sophie and spoke.

23 "To win a maid so good and chaste
"The bravest knight his breath would waste."

24 "A lover's part thou playest well,
"And knowest not a Runic spell!"

25 "I'll serve my lord till he return,
"Thy spells I'll never stoop to learn.

26 "Me, whom he left his realm to sway,
"Me his own sister lead astray!"

27 "Take in thy hands the Runes I write,
"Use them thyself this very night."

28 Those fatal Runes he duly spread,
Where the fair maid Christine must tread.

29 And all o'erwhelm'd with shame and woe
That night to Buris she must go.

30 She came and tapp'd with gentle knock;
"Sir Buris, rise, the door unlock!"

31 He rose in scarlet robe array'd,
And led within the lovely maid.

32 That night in Buris' arms she pass'd,
Of health and happiness the last.

33 As month by month stole on, was seen
A change of shape in fair Christine.

34 She bade her maid in saddest tone
Come with her to the room of stone.

35 "Bring the five women in to me,
"And bring with them the queen Sophie.

36 "Run thou, my page, to yonder hall,
"Sir Buris seek, and hither call."

37 There on the threshold met the twain,
And told their mutual tale of pain.

38 Link'd arm in arm and faint with woe,
They paced the chamber to and fro.

39 Now closed the king his year's campaign,
And came with glory home again.

40 As at the door she saw him stand,
Gave him the queen her open hand.

41 The king look'd round, "But tell me where,
"And why not here my sister fair?"

42 Beneath her mantle smiled the queen;
"Her for three months I've never seen."

43 "Were I the queen, I'd pains bestow
"To make my maids good manners know."

44 "Me she no longer will obey;
"She little cares for what I say."

45 "What of my sister dost thou tell,
"Who all her life behaved so well?"

46 "That in the stone room she was laid,
"And bare a child, an infant maid."

47 "Hush!" said the king, and angry grew,
"Thy tale, Sophie, is all untrue."

48 "'Tis naught but sober truth I've said,
"Myself I saw her laid in bed."

49 Five gallant knights then call'd the king;
"Ride, and my sister hither bring."

50 The knights on Waldmar's errand sped,
But wish'd they rather had been dead.

51 They came and tapp'd with gentle knock;
"'Tis we, Christine; the door unlock."

52 Her maid got up and drew the pin;
"We pray you, may we enter in?"

53 "Enter you may this room of stone,
"But borne an infant here has none."

54 Full sad of heart Sir Peter grew;
"Would that thy words were only true!

55 "Rise, fair Christine, and dress," he cried,
"This night to your brother you must ride.

56 "Dress with all haste, make no delay,
"For home your brother came today."

57 "Then swathe my child in linen fold;
"Me she will never more behold.

58 "Rear her, my maids, in Christian lore;
"Sad is the fate for her in store.

59 "Call her the little 'Ingerlille,'
"My luck is like to play me ill.

60 "And thou, dear bower-woman mine,
"Bring to me here my gilded shrine."

61 The coins that stored in it were found,
She dealt to her faithful servants round.

62 To her she gave the largest share
Who should the little infant rear.

63 A goodly heap for her she piled
Kindly to treat her little child.

64 "Too well does every woman know,
"If I this ride can undergo;

65 "Will know, how ill in such a plight
"I'm fit to take a ride by night."

66 They rais'd her up so woebegone;
Like threads of gold her tresses shone.

67 The long rough ride so ill she bare,
She fainted on the chamber stair.

68 Up at the window laugh'd Sophie;
"Come hither now, your sister see."

69 She dandled little Knud and smiled;
"Rejoice, in Jesus' name, my child."

70 They lent her help to mount the stair;
"Lady, repose in Jesus' care."

71 She pass'd the door, she cross'd her breast;
"Christ, on thy grace alone I rest."

72 When at the door he saw her stand,
King Waldmar held her forth his hand.

73 She gave him her's "And glad" said she,
"Am I that you at home I see."

74 Such grace to fair Christine he show'd,
That queen Sophie with anger glow'd.

75 King Waldmar fill'd a glass with wine,
"Now drink to me, dear sister mine.

76 "And hear, Christine, nor say me nay,
"Sing me of love some tender lay."

77 "Lovelays, my brother, know I none,
"I'll try to sing some other one."

78 "I'll have thee dance and sing thy lay,
"And make my guests a festive day."

79 The fair Christine began her song,
Behind her tripp'd a gallant throng.

80 While she so gaily danced and sang,
The king amid the dancers sprang.

81 He danced her in, he danced her round,
With all his trials nothing found.

82 He proved her much, he proved her long,
But nothing found in dance or song.

83 "Sophie my queen, rest on thee shame
"With lies to soil my sister's fame!"

84 "Now by God's holy word I swear,
"That she indeed a daughter bare."

85 With that she seiz'd her, bared her breast,
And out a milky streamlet press'd.

86 The king with grief turn'd pale as clay,
And swoon'd Christine, and senseless lay.

87 "Thy wedding feast I thought was nigh,
"But thou this very night shalt die.

88 "Thou should'st have been a Prince's wife,
"This very night shalt end thy life.

89 "A death, as hard as death can be,
"This very night shall light on thee."

90 Down on her knees she humbly pray'd;
"O brother, be thine anger stay'd."

91 "To such can I no mercy show;
"On earth thou shalt no longer go.

92 "For crime so insolent and great
"Naught less than death shall be thy fate.

93 "Unweeting all I promised thee
"To the King's son across the sea."

94 His little pageboy call'd the king;
"Hither five heavy scourges bring."

95 "Thou needest not four whips or five;
"One will not leave me more alive."

96 She knelt and pray'd on naked knee,
"Lord God, in mercy look on me."

97 As in his hand the whip he took,
With deepest sorrow Waldmar shook.

98 "O rise and help me, Queen Sophie;
"You and your brother ruin'd me."

99 "Dishonour'd were my name and race,
"If I should plead for one so base.

100 "Nay let her death be so severe,
"It fill with terror every ear."

101 He scourg'd her, till upon the floor
Were trickling round her streams of gore.

102 She turn'd her to the queen and wept,
And fain beneath her robe had crept.

103 "O let me hide beneath your pall,
"For His sake, His, who died for all!"

104 In tears and anguish pray'd Christine,
But spurn'd her back the cruel queen.

105 "So long, my brother, let me live,
"That I my last bequests can give.

106 "Take you my forts and all my lands,
"For life and death are in your hands.

107 "My child I give my gold so red;
"She 'll yet avenge me, when I'm dead.

108 "The queen I give my silver'd knife,
"For she betray'd my tender life.

109 "Thee, Buris, too may God reward,
"That here I've had a fate so hard.

110 "So then my testament I've made;
"My brother, be thine anger stay'd.

111 "To Christ I yield my soul and die;
"None other friend on earth have I."

112 As "Fare ye well" she bade them all,
Wept every guest that sat in hall.

113 In tears both dame and maid were seen,
All save Sophie, the wicked queen.

114 So gently sank that rose to death,
In God's hand yielded up her breath.

115 'Twas then King Waldmar sorely griev'd,
And deep remorse his bosom heav'd.

116 "Sophie, a vicious wife thou art,
"That pity could not touch thy heart.

117 "On thee, Sophie, rest lasting shame!
"For what is done 'tis thou to blame.

118 "And now is dead this gentle rose,
"And where shall her poor corpse repose?"

119 "Toss her upon the Riber street,
"Where daily tramp my horses' feet."

120 "That triumph thou shalt never have,
"To prance thy horses o'er her grave.

121 "At Westerwick in cloister gloom
"I'll leave her corpse and raise a tomb."

122 He buried her in solemn state,
And all his days he mourn'd her fate.

123 "I'll now to a gloomy cell retire,
"And live debarr'd of light and fire.

124 "On me shall shine no beam of sun,
"Till penance for my sins I've done."

125 His page he then was heard to call;
"Sir Buris bring to the audience hall.

126 "Hark, Buris, what I say to thee;
"How hast thou kept thy faith with me?

127 "A vineyard gave I thee to keep,
"And bitter now the fruit I reap.

128 "Its fairest vine hast thou laid waste,
"And lifelong sorrow thou shalt taste."

129 Humbly Sir Buris bent him low;
"My lord, thy mercy on me show."

130 "Nay, but on thee shall be repaid
"The death that died th' unhappy maid."

131 "The direst vengeance, thou canst take,
"I'll gladly bear for her dear sake."

132 "His horse-thief eyes tear from his head,
"For he that lovely wife misled."

133 Torn from his head were both his eyes
Despite the queen his sister's cries.

134 They lopp'd him off the stirrup foot,
They lopp'd the dexter hand to boot;

135 Then brought him on the castle green
To taunt and mock Sophie the queen.

136 With feign'd respect in courtly guise
They serv'd her up her brother's eyes.

137 "This mighty lord, thy brother, see,
"Him who so princely great would be."

138 To forge a chain then bade the king,
And him to Westerwick to bring.

139 Eleven long years he there was kept,
But day by day to her tombstone crept;

140 And all his lands to Waldmar gave
Only with her to share her grave.

141 He died, was laid beside Christine;
But Waldmar ne'er forgave the queen.

NOTES.

c. 80. We have the same cruel trial in the German parallels 'Der grobe Bruder' Kn. Wund. II. 275 and 'Graf von Holstein' ib. IV. 79. and the same punishment inflicted. The German tale differs from the Danish by representing the King of England as coming to claim the lady for his bride, and avenging her death upon her brother.

c. 108. A very common malicious bequest.

c. 116. This stroke of nature occurs too in a Spanish ballad. Don Pedro at the instigation of Maria de Padilla puts to death the Master of Santiago, but when his aunt reproaches

him with his injustice and cruelty, visits his remorse upon Maria, and throws her into a dungeon, sayirg

"que yo te daré tal castigo,	"I'll make her penance so severe,
que a todos sea sonado."	That hear of it shall every ear."

Wolf & Hofm. I. 208.

c. 133. This seems to have been the customary punishment of adulterers in other parts of Europe also. Wolf & Hofm. II. 7.

Preso llevan á Páris	Paris they seiz'd and treated him
con mucha riguridad;	With measure most severe;
tres pascuas que hay en el año	They dragg'd him out to torture him
le sacan á justiciar,	Three holidays a year.
sácanle ambos los ojos,	His eyes they tore from out his head
los ojos de la su faz,	With mockery and scoff;
cortanle el pié del estribo,	His stirrup foot and falcon hand
la mano del gavilan,	As ruthlessly cut off.
treinta quintales de hierro	Full thirty hundred weight of iron
á sus pies mandan echar,	They loaded on his feet,
y el agua hasta la cinta	And sat him in a waterpool
por que pierda el cabalgar.	To spoil his riding seat.

c. 123. This penance is agreeable to the habits of the age. So in 'Lord Burnett and Little Musgrave.'

"Nae mair fine clothes my body deck,
Nor kame gangs i' my hair,
Nor burning coal nor candle licht
Shine i' my bouir mair."

The following ballad of Ingerlille continues the story.

LVIII.

INGERLILLE.

This is the sequel to the preceding ballad.

Ingerlille.

Grundtv. III. 139. Dan. Vis. II. 59. Grimm p. 333.

1 With Queen Sophie King Waldmar sat,
Of times gone by ran on their chat;
While lightly tripped the dancers.

2 "My lord, since fair Christine's decease
"Say, where lives Ingerlille, thy niece?"

3 "I've given her yonder moated tower,
"And mean to give her greater power:

4 "And all the days I live will prove,
"How dearly I the maiden love.

5 "A father she shall find in me,
"And she in turn my daughter be."

6 "'Twere well," that wicked queen replied,
"Could Ingerlille at court reside.

7 "In you a father she might find,
"In me a mother quite as kind."

8 Her the king answer'd plain and flat;
"Not from thy heart hast thou said that.

9 "Such as thy treatment yet has been,
"In thee no mother she has seen.

10 "And well is Ingerlille aware,
"That thou no love for her dost bear.

11 "How canst thou love the very maid,
"Whose mother's life thou hast betray'd?"

12 "Why not the pretty maiden love,
"If faithful she and trusty prove?

13 "Consent, my lord, that Ingerlille
"Enter my service, if she will."

14 "Aye, if she will, my leave I give,
"That Ingerlille with thee may live.

15 "Get ready, knaves, the gilded wain,
"And fetch my niece to court again."

16 Up to the maid the pageboy went;
"This wain for you your uncle sent."

17 "And gladly" said that maid so sweet,
"I drive with thee the king to meet."

18 She toss'd her shears and broidery down,
And dress'd herself in silken gown.

19 And all in scarlet robe array'd
They seated her, the lovely maid.

20 As Ingerlille drove up the street,
Went out the king his niece to meet.

21 And in his arms the royal Dane
Lifted her down from out the wain.

22 "Welcome, my niece, thou budding bloom!
"Right welcome thou to an uncle's home!"

23 The maid he robed in scarlet red,
And then to the upper chamber led.

24 As at the threshold she was seen,
To meet her rose Sophie, the Queen.

25 "Would that I knew," thought Ingerlille,
"What means this grace, and what her will!"

26 The King the maiden drew aside,
"Here at my court wilt thou reside?

27 "And is it, tell me, Ingerlille,
"To serve us here thine own free will?"

28 "Hear," said the Queen, "what now I say,
"Thou stayest here till Easter day:

29 "In nothing else hast thou to serve,
"But what I say to thee, observe.

30 "Attend me, bring the clothes I wear,
"And day by day my bath prepare.

31 "With hand and foot good service do,
"And follow me, wheree'er I go."

32 "My king, and uncle, say, may I
"With open heart make my reply?"

33 "To speak thine inmost mind be free,
"And talk to her, as she to thee."

34 "Ill should I care for name or fame,
"If I your waiting maid became:

35 "Little respect should I deserve,
"Did I a Bishop's leman serve.

36 "For what I say, mine eyes have seen,
"The Bishop dallying with the Queen."

37 "Stay, Ingerlille, my dearest niece,
"From such unworthy slander cease."

38 "Help me the Virgin Queen on high,
"As truth I speak and do not lie!"

39 "If the court service thou dost spurn,
"Where wilt thou else thy living earn?"

40 "In some calm cloister I will live,
"To God alone my service give."

41 "And there within thy cloister wall
"To all thy mother's vices fall."

42 "On her has long since closed the tomb,
"And thy deed was her cruel doom.

43 "While my poor mother sleeps below,
"Thy shameless face thou darest show."

44 King Waldmar's cheek grew red as blood,
And wan as clay the guilty stood.

45 "If true is all that thou hast said,
"Sophie no longer shares my bed."

46 "Do not, dear maid, such language hold,
"For true is not what thou hast told."

47 "True are the crimes I've charged on thee,
"Murder and foul unchastity."

48 "Hark, my sweet niece, do thou reply,
"What death my guilty queen shall die."

49 "That best may say herself the queen,
"For well she knows what scourges mean.

50 "The same death die this worthless wife,
"By which she took my mother's life."

51 His little pageboy bade the king
At once five leather scourges bring.

52 "Fetch the five hither; haste, boy, haste;
"And all the five Sophie shall taste."

53 They lash'd her, till upon the floor
Were trickling round her streams of gore.

54 She crept beneath the maiden's cloak,
But back she spurn'd the wretch, and spoke:

55 "Dishonour'd were my name for life,
"Could I protect thee, worthless wife."

56 The lash so long and hard they plied,
Till on the floor she sank and died.

57 "Dead is the Queen, her crimes repaid;
"Now where shall be her carcase laid?"

58 "Where she my mother's grave had plann'd,
"Under the street beside the strand."

59 "So be it. — Bear her off with haste,
"Under the pavement be she placed."

60 There in the street now lies Sophie,
And Ingerlille rules house and fee.

61 There lies Sophie beneath the mould,
And Ingerlille enjoys her gold.

62 Herself at last, with glory crown'd,
As Queen ruled long on English ground.

NOTES.

c. 46. Det er Guds Sanden, Du haver det giort,
Og bedrevet baade Hor og Mord.

This expression usually means that the accused has not only borne an illegitimate child, but murdered it. When the punishment was burning to death, the temptation to infanticide was strong.

c. 62. There never was any such Queen of England, but this island was a sort of promised land, a terrestrial paradise to Danish ballad-writers in the middle ages.

LIX.

KING WALDMAR'S SUIT TO QUEEN DAGMAR.

Waldmar the Second married Margaret the daughter of the Bohemian King, Premislai. She was called Dagmar for her beauty. The word means in Danish 'Maid of day,' but may be the Slavic Dragomir.

The mode of espousal alluded to in the 23rd stanza was customary in Germany, when the ceremony was performed by proxy. It was deemed necessary in order to prevent any cavil or chance of future repudiation, that a sort of emblematical consummation should take place. The representative therefore of the royal bridegroom, was fairly bedded with the lady, whom he had married as his master's proxy. This ceremony of *Bettsprung*, as it was called, took place when Louis, county palatine of Weldenz, as proxy for the Duke of Austria, was wedded to the fair princess of Burgundy. The bride was laid in a stately bed, upon which the count, in presence of the ladies of the court, reclined himself, putting his right leg lightly booted under the cover. A naked sword, the emblem of continence, was placed betwixt the parties; and this particular circumstance announced to all the world the typical nature of the ceremony.

The same custom seems to have prevailed in other

countries at that period. It is alluded to in the Spanish romance of Dirlos;

Mas por el se desposara
Ese paladin Roldan.

Wolf & Hofmann II. 144.

It is some excuse for Shakspeare's geographical blunder in the Winter's Tale Ac. III. Sc. 3

"Our ship has touched upon the deserts of Bohemia"

that in this ballad, composed and sung in a country so much nearer Bohemia, a ship should be represented as sailing to its shores.

King Waldmar's suit to Queen Dagmar.

Grundtv. III. 192. Dan. Vis. II. 70. Grimm p. 337. Oehl. p. 158.

1 Sir Strangé with Waldmar, Denmark's King,
Sat over the festive board:
Between them there pass'd in friendly chat
Full many a mirthful word.

2 "Get ready, Sir Strangé, thy ship and crew
"To launch on the rising tide;
"For off to Bohemia thou shalt sail
"To fetch me my youthful bride."

3 "Good;" answered Sir Strangé Ebbe's son,
"And warily spake he so,
"But if to Bohemia I shall sail,
"Who is there with me to go?"

4 "Sir Limbeck of Aggerhouse take with thee
"The first of thy gallant crew,
"And take the wealthy Sir Peter Glob,
"Knights both of them good and true.

5 "The bishop of Seeland also take
"So pious and deeply read;
"And take Sir Albert of Eskilsey
"So clever and courtly bred."

6 Sir Strangé to go on board his ship
Went down to the river bank;
And walk'd beside him the king himself
And many a man of rank.

7 They loos'd their hawser, and toss'd about
For se'nnights more then three,
But saw the Bohemian coast at last,
And glad were his men and he.

8 They furl'd their sail and their anchor dropp'd,
And hasted to leap on land;
Sir Strangé of all the gallant crew
Was first on the foreign strand.

9 Their herald they then before them sent
The news to the court to bring,
That they who had landed, the envoys were
Of Waldmar, the Danish king.

10 The King made answer that come they might
To make him their message known;
And where they pass'd to the audience hall,
Was silk on the pavement strown.

11 "My greeting, great and glorious prince,
"The king of the Boiers' land!
"The king of Denmark has sent to you
"To sue for your daughter's hand."

12 The servants water and napkins brought,
And seated them all at board,
And rose from his chair the noble lord,
To answer in kindly word.

13 He rose to meet them, the good old King,
He rose from his seat with grace,
And kindness was in his words and tone,
And beam'd in his worthy face.

14 Sir Strangé told him in courtly phrase
The wish of the Danish king;
"And may we back to our Danish home
"A gracious answer bring?"

15 "A gracious answer I'll surely give,
"Ye gallant good men and true;
"Sit down to the table, my knights, sit down,
"I'll give you the answer due."

16 The King he went to the ladies' bower,
Would rede of the queen demand;
"Now here there are come the Danish lords
"To sue for our daughter's hand."

17 "If Waldmar, the Danish king, indeed
"Our daughter will have for bride,
"We'll give her to him the mighty man,
"And many a gift beside."

18 They dress'd her with jewels of brightest gold,
And into the hall she came;
Sir Strangé and she, this gentle maid,
Should seat them and play a game.

19 And into the hall a board they brought
With purest of gold bestrown,
That he Sir Strangé might play with her,
And talk with her all alone.

20 And all on a checquer board of gold
Three times their game they tried;
Sir Strangé he won the lovely maid,
And claim'd her for Waldmar's bride.

21 They brought her array'd in robe of silk
Again to the festive board;
"Behold the gentle and lovely maid
"We give to your Danish lord."

22 They brought her before the stranger knight
So courtly and brave and good.
And, rising, Sir Strangé with due respect
Before the maiden stood.

23 And now as the hour of night drew on,
And twilight and darkness spread,
Sir Strangé must rise and leave the board,
And follow the bride to bed.

24 "Now tell me, Sir Strangé, and truly say,
"While here we are only two,
"Is he — is Waldmar, the Danish king,
"As handsome a man as you?"

25 Sir Strangé he turn'd him towards the sun,
And solemnly made reply;
"Indeed, sweet Dagmar, the Danish king
"Is handsomer far than I."

26 They spread on the ground their silken robes,
And led her aboard the ship;
She wish'd her parents a long farewell,
And bade them the hawser slip.

27 And thus had the good Bohemian king
His daughter her duty taught;
"When thou to thy Danish realm art come,
"Be honour thy constant thought.

28 "In piety virtue and fear of God
"Let all thy life be spent,
"And ever thy subjects be in thy thoughts,
"Their hopes on thy care be bent."

29 They steer'd their vessel away from land,
They merrily plied their oars,
And sighted in less than two months' time
Their native Danish shores.

30 They anchor'd, and Dagmar, the lovely maid,
So happily came to land,
As Waldmar himself, the Danish king,
Was riding along the strand.

31 "But tell me, Sir Strangé Ebbeson,
"Ere yet to the quay we reach,
"What one-eyed and squinting youth is that
"Is riding along the beach?"

32 "O softly, Dagmar, gracious maid,
"No ill of the rider say,
"For he is king of our Danish isles,
"And him do they all obey."

33 "Now light, Sir Strangé, shame on thee,
"So speciously thou canst lie;
"Methinks yon rider, your Danish king,
"Has only a single eye."

34 "O trust me, my fair and lovely maid,
"You ought to be glad and gay;
"Your lifelong never shall you regret
"The voyage we end today.

35 "For me, as long as I live and breathe,
"My faithfulness I will prove,
"And all the nobles of Denmark too
"Will serve you with equal love."

36 They drank the wedding in joy and peace,
And gaily they pass'd the day,
King Waldmar and Dagmar, the lovely queen,
As happy and blithe as they.

37 Aye, merry and glad were great and small,
The wealthy and eke the poor,
But chiefly with all their heart rejoiced
The burgher and honest boor.

38 All, all that in Denmark dwelt were glad,
Whereever the news was told,
And gave to Sir Strangé precious gifts,
And treasure of ruddy gold.

NOTES.

St. 18. This playing of chess with a young lady occurs so frequently, that we may infer from it that a knowledge of the game was considered a great accomplishment in a maiden, and is mentioned as implying that she was well bred. It is singular that it is at the time of betrothal that it is most usually played, perhaps as a test of her temper, but possibly to give that kind of claim to her that winning a stake conveys.

St. 29. The loss of his eye is an anticipation, for he did not really lose it, till long after his marriage.

LX.

QUEEN DAGMAR IN DENMARK.

The following is translated from an ancient copy published by Grundtvig. The one usually adopted is from Vedel's edition with numerous unnecessary alterations and additions from his hand. The event took place in the year 1205, and the ballad is probably of the same century.

Queen Dagmar in Denmark.

Grundtv. III. 202. Dan. Vis. II. 78. Grimm p. 342. Ochl. p. 158.

1 The queen so good of Beyerland
She gave her daughter rede;
"And now to Denmark thou shalt come,
"And honour be thy meed.

2 "To Denmark thou shalt come anon,
"And win thee rank and fame;
"Tax not the honest humble boor,
"And he shall bless thy name.

3 "The gift thou first shalt ask thy lord,
"Ask him with smiling cheer,
"He let the bishop out of jail,
"Waldmar, thine uncle dear."

4 Anon were costly robes of silk
Over the highway spread,
And down to the Ocean's shelly beach
The maiden Dagmar led.

5 They hoisted high the silken sail,
They gaily plied the oar,
And scarcely two short months at sea
They reach'd the Danish shore.

6 They came, and forth their anchor cast
Out on the glittering sand,
And lifted maiden Dagmar up,
And set her first on land.

7 They lifted maiden Dagmar up,
And set her first on land,
The king of Denmark's self was there,
And gave the maid his hand.

8 Anon were costly robes of silk
Over the highway spread,
And to the castle all in pomp
The maiden Dagmar led.

9 The morrow, ere a sunbeam yet
Had clear'd the mirky lift,
The maiden Dagmar woke from sleep,
And craved her morning gift.

10 "With joy I make my first request,
"O let my prayers avail!
"That bishop Waldmar you forgive,
"And set him free from jail.

11 "The second boon I ask of you,
"And ask with equal glee,
"Forgive the boors their plough-pence all
"And set your captives free."

12 "Hush! hush! my queen, and say not so,
"That never will I do,
"Or, ere a single year were out,
"A widow'd queen were you."

13 She took the crown from off her head,
And gave it back the king;
"Why should I then in Denmark stay,
"And gain here not a thing?"

14 "Haste ye, and fetch Sir Strangé in,
"And fetch me Knud my swain,
"And let them ride to Attingborg,
"And loose the captives' chain."

15 The bishop, when from jail he came,
Could hardly walk upright;
"I've sat here eighteen tedious years,
"And counted day and night."

16 Queen Dagmar took a golden comb,
And comb'd his yellow hair;
For every single lock she dress'd,
She dropp'd a scalding tear.

17 "O weep not, gentle queen, for me,
"Nor sorrow for me more,
"For I shall fully venge my wrongs,
"Ere yet a year is o'er."

18 "Hush! bishop Waldmar, say not so,
"From all such words refrain;
"If back you come to Attingborg,
"I loose you not again."

LXI.

THE QUEEN AND THE MERMAID.

The ballad published by Vedel and reprinted in other collections appears to have been in a great part his own composition, and is on his authority only referred to Dagmar, the Queen of Waldemar the second.

The Havfru or Mermaid of Danish ballads was not always the deformed monster with a fish's tail, that she is usually pictured. Here for instance she is represented in the refrain as dancing on the floor, having therefore assumed a human shape.

'Den Havfru dandser paa Tilie.'

and see below Note to St. 14.

The idea of their power to foretell future events and to sink ships, seems to have arisen from the Greek fables of Nereus and his daughters, the Nereids, mixed up perhaps with the fable of the Sirens.

"Pastor cum traheret per freta navibus
Idæis Helenam, perfidus hospitam,
Ingrato celeres obruit otio
Ventos, ut caneret fera
Nereus fata." Hor. Lib. I. Ode 15.

In this passage both the attributes of the Mermaids, their stilling the storm, and their power of prophecy are given to the sea-god Nereus. Their power of ar-

resting vessels on their voyage and sinking them is a not unfrequent incident in these ballads. The Icelandic Sagas give accounts of others who foretold events which came to pass.

In Storm's beautiful ballad, Zinklar's Vise, in which is described the destruction of a body of Scotch soldiers under Sinclair in the ravines of Norway, this superstition is introduced in the person of a Mermaid, who appears to him by moonlight, as he crosses the sea, and who foretells his destruction. The Ballad is in the style of the ancient ones, simple and grand. It is given in Ch. Winther's 110 Danske Romanzer. See further observations on Mermen and Mermaids in notes to Agnes and the Merman, No. 153.

The Swedish ballad 'Konung Eric och Spåquinnan' has much in common with the Danish.

The Queen and the Mermaid.

Grundtv. II. 90. Dan. Vis. II. 83. Grimm p. 344. Oehl. p. 164.

1 The King he has got him a Mermaid caught,
She trips on the floor so gay,
And had her into the dungeon brought,
His will she would not obey.

2 The Queen two servants was heard to call,
"The Mermaid is tripping so gay,
"Go, bring her to me to the castle hall,
"I'll make her my will obey."

3 In came the Mermaid before the board,
She trips on the floor so gay,
"What will you, my Queen? why send me word?
"I cannot your will obey."

4 The Queen with her hand the cushion press'd,
The Mermaid is tripping so gay,
"Come hither, and seat thee with me to rest,
"I'll have thee my will obey."

5 "What! is it your wish to take my life?"
The Mermaid is tripping so gay,
"For under the cushion is hidden a knife,
"How should I your will obey?"

6 "If that thou knowest, thou knowest more,"
The Mermaid is tripping so gay,
"So tell me the fate for me in store,
"And prithee my will obey."

7 "Your fate, my Queen, if I knew and said,"
The Mermaid is tripping so gay,
"On blazing pile you would have me laid,
"Your will I fear to obey.

8 "You bear three children, three lovely boys,"
The Mermaid is tripping so gay,
"And you, their mother, your child destroys,
"And so your will I obey."

9 "If such is to be my own sad fate,"
The Mermaid is tripping so gay,
"Then tell me, what luck doth them await?
"And prithee my will obey."

10 "The sceptre of Denmark the one shall hold,"
The Mermaid is tripping so gay,
"The other shall wear a crown of gold,
"And so thy will I obey.

11 "The third shall be widely famed as wise,"
The Mermaid is tripping so gay,
"For him it is fated his mother dies,
"And so thy will I obey."

12 The Queen she veil'd her in purple cloak,
The Mermaid is tripping so gay,
And went to the King in his room, and spoke;
Her will she had made her obey.

13 "My lord, my dearest, oh hear my prayer,
"The Mermaid is tripping so gay,
"Now give her to me, so fine and fair,
"I've made her my will obey."

14 "The Mermaid I give not up to thee,"
She trips on the floor so gay,
"Seven ships of mine she has drown'd at sea,
"And would not my will obey."

15 The Queen grew pale, she griev'd so sore,
The Mermaid is tripping so gay,
And fainting she fell on the chamber floor,
Her will she had made her obey.

16 "Oh think no more on the words I spake,"
The Mermaid is tripping so gay,
"But her to the sea with your ladies take,
"You've made her your will obey."

17 She dress'd the Mermaid in red and gold,
She trips on the floor so gay,
Although she had even her death foretold,
She made her her will obey.

18 And thus the Queen to her ladies spake,
The Mermaid is tripping so gay,
"The Mermaid down to the sea-shore take,
"I've made her my will obey."

19 They left her to sport on the billows blue,
The Mermaid is tripping so gay,
The Queen she wept, and her ladies too,
She made her her will obey.

20 "Ah! cease your sorrow, and weep no more,"
She trips on the waves so gay,
'For heaven has opened to you its door,
"And now your will I obey.

21 "Above is your dwelling among the blest,"
The Mermaid is tripping so gay,
"And comfort awaits you there, and rest,
"And so your will I obey."

NOTE

St. 14. This superstition we find in Scotch ballads too, as in Sir Patric Spens. See Finlay p. 45.

Then up an' cam' a mermaid
Wi' a siller cup in her hand
"Sail on, sail on, my gude Scotch lords,
For ye sune will see dry land."

"Awa', awa', ye wild woman,
An' let your fleechin be,
For sin' your face we've seen the day,
Dry lan' we'll never see."

In the Saga of King Wilkinus we are told that he one day found in a wood a very beautiful woman. "But this woman was nothing else than a Mermaid, which in the sea is shaped like a monster, but on land appears as a woman." After his interview with her he returned to his ship, and as soon as the weather permitted, set sail. But they were hardly out at sea before a Mermaid climbed up on the poop of the vessel, and held the rudder so firmly, that the ship stood still. The King recognized her as the lady whom he had met in the wood. Hagen Vol. I. p. 53.

LXII.

QUEEN DAGMAR'S DEATH.

Dagmar, the first wife of King Waldmar the second, died at Ribe in the year 1212, and is buried at Ringsted by the side of her husband. His second wife Berngerd or Berengaria, a Portuguese princess, lies on the other side of him. The tomb was opened a few years ago by the present king of Denmark, and the bodies found in it. The skull of Berengaria was of strikingly beautiful proportions. The ballad is a great favourite with the Danish people, and its beautiful melody has contributed to make it generally known.

Queen Dagmar's death.

Grundt. III. 213. Dan. Vis. II. 87. Oehl. p. 167. Grimm p. 347.

1 Queen Dagmar is lying at Ribé sick,
In Ringsted is made her grave,
And midwives, as many as Denmark has,
She summons her life to save.

2 "O fetch me one of them, fetch me two,
"Fetch all that are known as wise,
"But fetch little Kirstin first of all,
"For her do I chiefly prize."

3 As into the chamber Kirstin came
With modest and cheerful air,
Queen Dagmar, to welcome her, rose from bed,
So pleas'd that the maid was there.

4 "If thou to give me relief from pain
"Canst any thing write or read,
"Then robe shalt thou in a scarlet pall,
"And ride on my own gray steed."

5 "If I could any thing read or write,
"That would I so gladly do,
"But tight you are bound as in iron band,
"'Tis fearful, my queen, but true."

6 She took in her hand Saint Mary's book
To read of some goodly spell,
But blinding tears soon filled her eyes,
And streams on her bosom fell.

7 They carried her out, they carried her in,
But little did matters mend;
"Then since it is going from bad to worse,
"Up, after my husband send."

8 Her own little page had heard her words,
And hasted away with speed;
The saddle he took from off the beam,
And laid on a milk-white steed.

9 The king is standing on chamber stair,
And looking around so wide;
"Methinks it is some small page I see
"So sorrowful hither ride.

10 "Aye hither he wends, that same small page,
"To bring us a tale of woe;
"Oh heavenly Father, 'tis in thy hand,
"How matters with Dagmar go."

11 In stepp'd to the hall the tiny page,
And stood him before the board;
"Queen Dagmar has sent me to fetch you home,
"Would fain with you speak a word."

12 The King his checquer board shut in haste,
The dice they rattled and rung;
"Forbid it our Father who dwells in heaven,
"That Dagmar should die so young!"

13 They bitted with gold their steeds so white,
And richly they had them dress'd,
And rode at a stretch to Roskildby,
Before they would stop to rest.

14 The king has ridden from Gullandsborg
With fully a hundred swains,
But ere he is come to Ringsted bridge,
Queen Dagmar's alone remains.

15 He enter'd the town and voices heard
Of wailing and loud alarm;
Queen Dagmar, as e'en he rode up street,
Had died upon Kirstin's arm.

16 He open'd her chamber door, and saw
The bearers and eke the bier,
But came little Kirstin and gave her hand,
And fain would his sorrow cheer.

17 "Oh still your sorrow, my lord and king,
"For her who has even died;
"We 've saved an infant, a lovely boy,
"We cut from your Dagmar's side."

18 "I beg of you, ladies and maidens all,
"To kneel with me round her bier,
"And offer a prayer for Dagmar's soul
"To let me her wishes hear."

19 Queen Dagmar she wakes and rises up,
All bloody her eyes and red;
"Alas and alas, my noble lord!
"Why trouble the peaceful dead?

20 "My prayer and the first request I make
"I trust, my lord, to gain;
"All outlawed men to their homes restore,
"And loosen the captive's chain.

21 "My next, the second request I make,
"I urge for your own dear sake;
"That Berngerd, my lord, that base bad dame
"You never to wife will take.

22 "And this, my third and my chiefest prayer,
"I trust you will grant me too;
"That Knud, my youngest and dearest son,
"Be ruler here after you.

23 "O leave him to be in Denmark king,
"My youngest and dearest boy,
"Tho' Berngerd will bear you another son
"Will him if he can destroy.

24 "Had I on a Sunday not laced my sleeves,
"Or border upon them sewn,
"No pangs had I felt by day or night,
"Or torture of hell-fire known.

25 "No more I may answer, my noble lord,
"No more I may stop to say;
"God's angels are sitting on thrones in heaven,
"And beckon me hence away."

26 Her eyes grew dim with death again,
And black as the earth her cheek;
"The bells of heaven are chimed for me,
"No more may I stay to speak."

LXIII.

NIELS EBBESON.

This title has been made the subject of a tragedy by Sander, and has been worked up by several different authors. The tragedy brought the following ballad into notice and gave it great popularity. Niels Ebbeson was of the noble family of Galt, and lived at Folby in the diocese of Aarhuus, where there are still the ruins of the fortified house he occupied. The event occurred about 1340.

The ballad seems to have been tampered with, but gives us a good picture of the feelings of society in an age when a midnight murder was generally applauded, and blessings called down upon the perpetrator of it.

Count Gherrit, Gerd, or Gerhard was Count of Holstein, and surnamed the Arbiter of the North. Waldemar III called Atterdag, after his father Christopher had been deposed and banished, was put under the guardianship of this man during his minority, but was educated at the court of Bavaria, where he stayed till Gerd was murdered in 1340 in consequence of his cruelty and oppression, and he was then recalled to Denmark.

Niels Ebbeson.

Dan. Vis. II. p. 233.

1 Count Gherrit summon'd all his men,
From Sleswick march'd away;
There never was seen a finer band
Before or since that day.

2 With banners flying twenty-eight
The border land he cross'd,
And pitch'd his camp on Danish soil;
Who dared withstand his host?

3 Count Gherrit would to Randers ride,
That course he came to choose,
Though long had been his fate foretold,
He there his life should loose.

4 He cared not, he, for spaewife's tale,
His fate would even test,
Would visit burgher, knight and boor,
An all-unwelcome guest.

5 He came with eighteen thousand bows,
Yeomen and knights beside,
Had forty thousand men in all;
Who could their force abide?

6 He sent to bid Niels Ebbeson
To come without delay;
A sure safe-conduct offer'd him,
And escort on the way.

7 Count Gherrit met Niels Ebbeson
North-side of Randers strand;
"Right welcome here, Niels Ebbeson,
"How fares your native land?"

8 The Count embraced Niels Ebbeson,
And courteously they spoke;
But mirth was none in their discourse,
And even less of joke.

9 "Welcome, my dear Niels Ebbeson,
"Welcome, right welcome here!
"How is North Jutland now disposed,
"What tidings meet your ear?

10 "And tell me how your kinsmen fare,
"And how your gentle wife;
"And whether you will fight with me,
"Or ask a truce to strife."

11 "North Jutland, that is well disposed,
"All well and cheerful there;
"Come you, my lord, for war or peace?
"Your motive, pray, declare.

12 "Up in North Jutland I have friends,
"And wealthy kinsmen too,
"And ready all to meet your Grace,
"If they your wishes knew."

13 "No fool, Niels Ebbeson, art thou,
"Nor man of boorish mind,
"But sure, if thou the road hast lost,
"Another path to find.

14 "So hark thee now, Niels Ebbeson,
"Wilt thou mine errand ride?
"How many troopers serve with thee,
"On whom may be relied?"

15 "Among the Jutes both faithful friends
"And kinsmen I can show,
"Who gladly all will follow me
"To meet their country's foe.

16 "And now with me are thirty men
"Like these who're standing here,
"And be they more, or be they less,
"Alike to me are dear."

17 "Thirty such troopers dost thou lead?
"It shows thy ready zeal;
"Tomorrow bring to Bugge's yard
"A hundred clad in steel."

18 Back stepp'd a pace Niels Ebbeson,
And warmly made reply;
"There's neither belted knight nor swain
"Has dared give me the lie.

19 "Nor is there man or wife alive,
"Shall ever give it me,
"That I will move a foot for him,
"Till I've replied as free."

20 "Nay hark, my dear Niels Ebbeson,
"No words thereon to spill, —
"Off to thy friend Sir Bugge, and learn
"If he is loyal still."

21 "If I shall now your errand ride,
"And to Sir Bugge's go,
"Then what on your part I shall say,
"I first would gladly know."

22 "Sir Bugge has long defied my power,
"And young Paul Glob as well,
"And Andrew Frost, who first of all
"Came in your troop to swell.

23 "And thou thyself, Niels Ebbeson,
"Hast riding at thy side
"Men, who till lately shared my bread,
"And me have now defied.

24 "First I will name young Eske Frost,
"And then his brothers too,
"Who all, without my yea or will,
"From serving me withdrew.

25 "Many to whom I've kindness shown,
"No more on me depend;
"Ride thou and learn Sir Bugge's plans,
"And see to what they tend."

26 "I know not what Sir Bugge plans
"To do or let alone;
"But Andrew Frost, while serving you,
"His loyalty has shown.

27 "A gallant man, Sir Andrew Frost,
"His honour stands so high,
"When he his furlough wished to have,
"His furlough why deny?

28 "There's still in force from days of old
"A rule in Danish land,
"That troopers, who will serve no more,
"Their furlough may demand.

29 "None here is consecrate for life
"But monks in cloister pent;
"The trooper rides, the trooper bides,
"E'en where he is most content."

30 Count Gherrit shortly answer'd him,
Nor more would stay to know;
"No man his master may desert,
"Just when he likes to go.

31 "And do not thou, Niels Ebbeson,
"Stop talking here too long;
"But quit at once this Danish realm,
"Or I shall have thee hung.

32 "With passport thou art hither come,
"With passport thou may'st go;
"I'd make thee, but for breach of faith,
"A thing or two to know."

33 "You plighted me your princely word,
"Let, what there might, ensue;
"If now you harbour ill designs,
"Your treachery you may rue.

34 "Robbers you may on gallows hang,
"To hawks and crows a prey;
"So lightly fly from home not I
"From wife and child away.

35 "If quit I must my native land,
"My children, friends and wife,
"You'll call the day you saw me here
"The worst of all your life."

36 "I'll hear no more, Niels Ebbeson,
"Off to thy home! begone!
"Or I shall crush thy mail on thee,
"And that I'll do anon."

37 "No man has yet seen me alarm'd,
"No eye has seen me quake;
"Count Gherrit, look to your affairs,
"A good defence to make."

38 "Talk on and vent thy rage and spite,
"As ever seems thee best;
"Thou 'rt till tomorrow safe for me,
"Till sinks the sun to rest.

39 "Till evening hour tomorrow night
"Thou goest safe and free,
"And then, as true as I'm a Count,
"I'll come and visit thee."

40 Off rode to his home Niels Ebbeson,
"And rais'd his hand on high;
"Count Gherrit, I shall soon be back,
"On that you may rely."

41 Niels Ebbeson the highway took,
And hotly spurr'd his horse;
The count he dared not follow him
With all his mighty force.

42 On, till he reach'd his homestead gate,
He rode at utmost speed;
He told his lovely wife the news,
And pray'd her give him rede.

43 "Good day, my own, my dearest wife,
"What rede you give me, say:
"The Count will banish me the land,
"And warn'd me yesterday.

44 "He laid before me there his terms
"To choose me one of three,
"To swear him troth, to quit the land,
"Or hang on gallows tree."

45 "Methinks the harshest course, my lord,
"Were best to serve our turn,
"To slay the Count, or o'er his head
"The house and all to burn."

46 "Go eat and drink, my gallant swains,
"And gaily pass the cup;
"We meet in town our work to do,
"Ere yet the sun is up.

47 "This night, while all in darkness lies,
"The news will come to hand,
"And every good and faithful swain
"Will by his master stand."

48 Those troopers sware a solemn oath
And on it staked their life,
To ride with him, where he should ride,
And back him well in strife.

49 They rode by night to Lady-wood,
Their horses there they tied,
And off to find the bald-head Count
To Randers town they hied.

50 But when to Randers-bridge they came,
'Twas thus their leader spake;
"The swain who will not go with us,
"At once his furlough take."

51 Then forward stepp'd the youthful Trost,
The one he thought so true;
"My lord, that furlough give to me,
"And horse and saddle too."

52 The boon he ask'd was granted him,
His horse and saddle too;
Before the set of sun that day
He proved to his master true.

53 Niels Ebbeson he found the horse,
Where slept the Count within,
And with his spear-point beat the door,
And rais'd a mighty din.

54 "O rise, my lord, Count Gherrit, rise,
"Up from your sleep awake,
"The Duke, your brother, sent us here;
"His letter come and take."

55 "Hast thou been by my brother sent?
"Thou shalt not tarry long:
"Meet me tomorrow in Cloister church
"'Tween mass and matin song."

56 "O let your page the letter take,
"The latch a moment raise,
"For Ribé town is hard beset,
"And Colding all ablaze.

57 "I've e'en left Ribé hard besieged,
"Colding and Vedel burnt;
"And hark! Niels Ebbeson is hung,
"I've that for certain learnt."

58 "If what thou sayest is the truth,
"Good news hast thou to tell,
"And high shalt stand in my esteem,
"While I'm alive and well."

59 "O let him in, Count, let him in,
"No longer now delay,
"The victory 's won, the land subdued,
"Hear what he's come to say."

60 Count Gherrit out of his window look'd,
And saw the threatening foe;
"Wretch that I am to 've hither come!
"'Tis Ebbeson below."

61 They beat the door with spear and shield,
They brake the bolts in three;
"If thou art there, thou bald-head Count,
"We'll drink a health to thee."

62 "Wait there below, Niels Ebbeson,
"I'll make thee full amends;
"We'll send to fetch Duke Henry here,
"And other mutual friends."

63 "Not so thou spakest yesterday
"Out there on Randers strand;
"Thou wouldest either hang me up,
"Or I should quit the land."

64 Then thus the Count's small pageboy cried,
Of Niels's kindred born,
"If you are duped with crafty words,
"You'll bring yourself to scorn."

65 Then up and spake the swarthy swain,
Because he was not white,*
"'Tis time we cease this idle talk,
"And let the sword-blade bite."

66 "I've neither fort nor massy tower
"So rich a prize to guard,
"So spare ye not of thrust or blow,
"But deal them quick and hard."

67 They seiz'd and held his yellow locks
Nor let his prayers avail,
But from his shoulders chopp'd his head
Over the bedstead rail.

68 They made it known by beat of drum,
Soon as the Count was slain,
And gladly then would Ebbeson
Move out of town again.

* So in the original 'Fordi han var ikke hvid.'
a line put in for the rime's sake, or to replace a forgotten one.

69 He call'd his men and hasted off,
He dared no longer stay,
But cross'd his march Sir Ove Hals,
And thought to hem his way.

70 "Now hark thee, good Sir Ove Hals,
"This hindrance prythee cease;
"For brother-in-law to me art thou,
"So let us pass in peace."

71 "How nearly we are both allied,
"All that full well I know,
"But thou hast foully slain my lord,
"Nor will I let thee go."

72 Sir Ove soon was forced for aid
His Holster men to call,
But slain, before the day was closed,
Were he and his troopers all.

73 In wrath they drew their glittering blades,
For Niels would not retreat;
And fought till lay Sir Ove's head
Low at his kinsman's feet.

74 O'er Randers bridge went Ebbeson,
Behind him storm'd the foe,
But little Trost his swain was there,
And heav'd the bridge below.

75 True to his uncle proved that day
Young Trost his sister's son,
For, when the Holster men came up,
Bridge o'er the stream was none.

76 Niels with a poor old woman lodged,
She had two loaves of bread,
And one she gave Niels Ebbeson,
Who struck the bald-pate dead.

77 God bless thy soul, Niels Ebbeson,
Thou wast a worthy Dane,
And in thy native land's behalf
Its foreign foes hast slain.

78 And Jesus bless each Danish man
As well with mouth as hand,
If he with all his heart and soul
Defends his native land.

NOTES.

St. 5. This preposterous exaggeration is due to Syv. Suhm shows in his Danmarks Historie that according to more reliable authority the number of men was 10,000.

St. 13. He seems to mean that Niels Ebbeson has gone astray in opposing him, and will have the wisdom to follow another course.

St. 18. In what the Count had contradicted him is not very clear. His answer had perhaps implied that Niels Ebbeson had understated his force.

St. 40. **He rais'd his hand on high.** This action is ascribed to Mar Stig and others when renouncing the authority of their king. So in Layamon Vol. II. p. 415. l. 19980.

Arđur heold up his riht hond,	Arthur held up his right hand,
ænne ađ he þer swor.	An oath he there swore.

St. 45. Before this stanza there are the usual platitudes about her being a poor weak woman, and after it two other stanzas in which she recommends him to have his horses all

shod anew, and the shoes put on hind-part before. As the expedition was made by night, and the idea is a stale one, I have omitted these stanzas as probably not genuine.

St. 72. By Holster men must be meant Holsteiners.

St. 76. "This stanza," the Danish editors remark, "is unspeakably beautiful in its perfect simplicity. It could with reason be called sublime. Patriotism could not be better expressed, or more vividly pictured, than in this poor woman giving the half of her scanty store to him who had liberated his country from the tyrant."

LXIV.

THE ROBBERS AT NORDENSHAW.

The event here described took place in the island Fyen according to the Danish Atlas, but there is some doubt about the locality and equally so about the name of the Drost, or High Constable. Lave Rimordson, mentioned in the 20th stanza, was brother to the John Rimordson, who is the subject of No. 77. Like 'Ebbe Galt' No. 55, it is probably too true a picture of the lawless conduct of men of the highest rank, and of a state of things not confined at that period to the islands of Denmark.

The Robbers at Nordenshaw.

Dan. Vis. II. 227.

1 The Robbers lurking at Nordenshaw
From out the green-wood creep,
And march by night to the farmer's house,
Their Yule with him to keep.

2 They've march'd away to the farmer's house
With each in hand a spear;
"Come, cousin, see, we are kith and kin,
"Tap us thy Christmas beer.

3 "And, farmer, lodge us all tonight,
"And well with liquor ply,
"And with us leave thy pretty wife,
"Or, farmer, thou shalt die."

4 "I'll freely pour my mead and ale,
"And well I'll serve you too;
"But, Sirs, by all that's good above,
"No outrage on us do.

5 "Now if upon my house ye seize,
"And lord it at your will,
"And if ye put my wife to shame,
"That were outrageous ill."

6 Some on the table threw their swords,
Some cloaks of fur so fine,
Some bade the honest farmer's wife
Bring in the beer and wine.

7 A cloth of woven silk she took,
And over the table spread;
And there her ale and wine they drank,
And ate her meat and bread.

8 A cautious wife was Oaselille,
And used her words with care;
She rose and told the robber guests
She would their beds prepare.

9 No thought had she, good Oaselille,
With them to share her bed;
But left them feasting, and for help
Through the dark forest sped.

10 With hurried step through bush and field
Ran on the lusty dame,
And after four long weary miles
To Drost Sir Peter's came.

11 She reach'd Sir Peter's courtyard gate,
Drew on her mantle blue,
And boldly up to the upper room,
Sir Peter's chamber, flew.

12 "Wake up, Drost Peter Hoseale, wake,
"No moment longer sleep;
"The thieves, that lurk'd at Nordenshaw,
"With us their Christmas keep.

13 "What! still, Sir Peter, slumbering on
"Nor yet but half awake?
"Those robbers twelve are at the Grange,
"All twelve are now to take."

14 Then rose the Drost and call'd his men,
And bade them all to arm;
"Wake up, my men, there's come tonight
"Good news from yonder farm.

15 "Wake up, no moment more delay,
"And d'on your trusty mail;
"For Nilus Ufridson is there,
"And not the man to quail."

16 "Where," ask'd those sturdy robbers twelve,
They 'd drunk of ale so deep,
"Where's now the farmer's pretty wife?
"We 'll have her here to sleep."

17 "Chide not, good Sirs, a short delay"
The grey-coat farmer said;
"She is even now to the chamber gone
"To make her guests their bed."

18 The farmer out of his window look'd,
And saw the Drost's array;
"There stop here thirty men at arms,
"Are dress'd like cushats gray."

19 Then answer'd Nilus Ufridson,
"Of such I'm not afraid,
"If but my comrades stand as firm,
"And faithful prove my blade."

20 "No," answer'd Lavé Rimordson,
"And scann'd the troop afield,
"For such men care we not a bean,
"To them we'll never yield."

21 They beat the door with sword and spear
And rais'd a fearful shout;
"Up up, Sir Nilus Ufridson!
"Thy gang and thou come out."

22 "Seven tons of gold I'll give thee, Drost,
"And silver other five,
"To let us hence in peace depart
"My men and me alive."

23 "Thy silver, Nilus, heed I not,
"As little heed thy gold;
"Through thee weeps many an orphan child
"For friends beneath the mould."

24 Hard fought Sir Nilus Ufridson,
And well he kept his ground,
And heavy were from bar and beam
The blows he dealt around.

25 Nor less did Lavé Rimordson,
But fought with might and main,
Till at the hilt by dint of blows
He broke his sword in twain.

26 He dash'd the hilt against a stone,
The blade stuck in the mould;
"And now, my only chance of life,
"I'll try good words and gold.

27 "Drost Peter Hoseale, spare my life,
"And do me no disgrace;
"I'm near of kin to the Danish Queen,
"And of an Emperor's race."

28 "If near of kin to the Queen thou art,
"And all so nobly born,
"Why to the Farmer's didst thou go,
"And treat his rights with scorn?"

29 So seized Sir Peter all the twelve,
And townward march'd them off;
And set them side by side on poles,
The people's jest and scoff.

30 And there they lie on rack and wheel
To bear the heat and cold;
But to the King the Drost has brought
Twelve heavy chests of gold.

LXV.

FOLKER LOWMANSON.

The Queen Helwig of this ballad was the wife of Waldmar the fourth, who accused her of too great intimacy with Falquor Lovmandson, and put the latter to death. Anne Krabbe visited her burialplace at Söborg, and says that she lived 'mangen ond Dag med Kongen' 'many an unhappy day with the king' after that event. The next ballad No. 66 shows that she was as merciless in her revenge as he.

It is an extremely beautiful ballad and exists in Swedish also.

Folker Lowmanson.

Dan. Vis. II. 253. Oehl. p. 215. Arw. II. 62.

1 Young Folker serves in Waldmar's court,
With honour grace and fame;
And dear to both the knight and squire,
And maid and courtly dame.

2 How well these ladies loved him all,
They show'd in words and mien,
But mostly she whom best he served,
Helwig the Danish Queen.

3 King Waldmar over his table sat,
"Now would," said he "I knew,
"Why to the ladies Lowmanson
"So faithful is and true."

4 Then up and answer'd him the page,
And show'd but little skill,
For 'twas the counsel he gave the king,
That wrought such grievous ill.

5 "Let Folker Lowmanson be seiz'd,
"And laid in iron bond,
"And soon you 'll see, which lady fair
"Of Folker is so fond."

6 He came to court, as he was wont,
So gay and void of fear,
He little thought, what gloomy news
Was there to meet his ear.

7 Matrons and maids he greeted, all,
And one by one address'd,
But Helwig most the good kind queen,
For her he loved the best.

8 In came to the bower the little page,
And stood before the board,
And cunning was that wight of speech
To choose the fittest word.

9 "My greeting, Folker Lowmanson,
"In dainty robes array'd,
"To Nyborg you must ride today,
"For so my master bade."

10 "To Nyborg must I ride today?
"And is thy message true?
"Farewell then, Helwig, dearest Queen,
"For ever I part from you."

11 Up rose young Folker Lowmanson,
'Farewell' he bade them all,
And went to stand before the king,
Up in the lofty hall.

12 Queen Helwig sat, and wrung her hands,
With many a bitter tear;
"God! let me never live the day
"Of Folker's death to hear."

13 And in went Folker Lowmanson
Before the King to stand;
And thus it was King Waldmar* spake,
And this his stern demand.

14 "Now hark thee, Folker Lowmanson,
"A handsome knight thou art;
"Hast thou been sitting in lady's bower
"To win some maiden's heart?"

15 "So help me thou, great God of heaven,
"In pressing hour of need!
"For no one's hurt have I been there,
"Or any evil deed."

* King Waldmar IV.

16 But seiz'd was Folker Lowmanson,
And off to Nyborg sent,
And there with chains on hand and foot
In dungeon closely pent.

17 They lock'd a collar round his neck,
And fetters on his feet;
"But what have I then done amiss,
"That me so ill ye treat?"

18 Up answer'd him the little page,
And he was standing near;
"What crime was thine, Queen Helwig ask,
"The dame to thee so dear."

19 "So help me, God, who on the cross
"Hast suffer'd death and scorn!
"Helwig the Queen 's no whit the worse,
"That I've been ever born."

20 With look so calm — for his guiltless life
In naught had been to blame —
He sent the kind good Queen 'farewell,'
'Farewell' to maid and dame.

21 "Bid them 'farewell', and let the Queen
"Hear this my latest breath,
"I gladly, now that die I must,
"For her sake suffer death."

22 They set a barrel full of spikes,
For so King Waldmar bade;
And poor young Folker Lowmanson
Was in it to be laid.

23 Folker, when doom was on him pass'd,
Into the barrel sprang;
As many as saw his cruel doom,
They keenly felt the pang.

24 The queen stood on the chamber steps,
And all too well could hear,
How toll'd the bells in Nyborg church,
As pass'd poor Folker's bier.

25 She heard his deathbell, Denmark's Queen,
And call'd her groomboys twain;
"Quick, lads! my palfrey! bring him round
"With saddle on and rein.

26 "Bring me my saddled palfrey round
"And wait for me below;
"For I will ride to Nyborg town,
"Poor Folker's fate to know."

27 With anxious heart did Denmark's Queen
To Nyborg urge her horse,
And at the gate his bier she met,
And on it Folker's corse.

28 Such honour shown to son of knight
I never yet could hear;
The Queen of Denmark walk'd on foot
Herself before his bier.

29 Queen Helwig sat awhile, and wept
Beside young Folker's grave;
And then a thousand marks of gold
For masses for him gave.

30 In tears Queen Helwig mounted horse
And silent homeward rode,
For in her heart a lifelong grief
Had taken its abode.

31 And up to the castle wall she came,
And reach'd the outer gate,
Where waiting her in scarlet robe
The Danish monarch sate.

32 "Welcome my Queen! but, tell me, why
"These tears, this mournful mien?
"Have you to Nyborg gone today,
"And there your Folker seen?

33 "Now tell me on your Christian faith,
"And on your conscience swear,
"Was Folker not of all on earth
"The man to you most dear?"

34 "No more than with your other swains
"Had I with him to do;
"For your sake those I love the most
"Who truest are to you.

35 "Yourself I love with all my heart,
"As God will witness bear;
"And knights and squires, who serve you well,
"To me are always dear.

36 "But tell me now, my noble lord,
"All in your robe of state;
"Was it alone on my account
"That Folker met his fate?"

37 Silent she bosom'd up her grief,
She smiled no more, nor wept,
But died beside him the first night,
That with the king she slept.

NOTES.

St. 19. **God, who on the cross**
Hast suffered death."

Öhlenschlæger very properly alters 'God' to 'Christ', but as showing the notions of the day when the ballad was composed, I leave it 'God' as in the original. The term 'Madre di Dio', so common in the South of Europe, is equally objectionable, but ought, I presume, to be retained in a translation.

St. 21. The barrel of spikes was the instrument with which Little Katey too was tortured to death. No. 32. See Notes to it.

LXVI.

TOVE-LILLE.

The following tale has been shown by Grundtvig to refer to Waldmar the Great, the first of the name, and his queen Sophie. Previous editors had referred it to Waldmar Atterdag. The story is one of those most universally popular in the North. It varies very much in different copies of the ballad. Tové would seem to have been a mistress of King Waldmar's before his marriage, and to have born him two sons. Grundtvig's lengthy dissertation upon it has little interest for an English reader. It is curious that, as much as the story differs in essential points, every form of it represents the queen's jealousy as being roused by Tové's wearing a silk dress, just as in our ballad of Fair Rosamond is that of Queen Eleonor.

> Cast off from thee those robes, she said,
> That riche and costly bee.
>
> Percy II. 161.

Tove-lille.

Grundtv. III. 51. Dan. Vis. II. 248. Sven. Folkv. II. 157.

1 The dancers are tripping on castle green,
With hair all flowing there trips the Queen.
And Waldmar to both has plighted troth.

2 A group of young maids Queen Helwig leads,
And next in the dance to her Tové treads.

3 Queen Helwig she turns and looks behind,
And griev'd is she Tové there to find.

4 "But listen, my Tové, maid so neat,
"'Tis silk thou art tossing before thy feet!"

5 "And silk I have every right to wear,
"Who hope to be queen within the year."

6 "While I am alive the crown is mine,
"And thou but a mistress, a concubine."

7 King Waldmar behind a sheltering screen
Is chatting with Tové about the queen.

8 "Now would to heaven that she were dead!
"And then with the crown I'd grace thy head.

9 "Were once Queen Helwig upon her bier,
"The glittering bliant thou shouldst wear."

10 "O hush! my king, hush! and speak not so;
"There may be listeners: who can know?"

11 "And let them listen who listen will;
"If matters were so they were not ill.

12 "For fairer wouldst thou be turn'd to clay,
"Than she in her gold and best array."

13 They thought they were chatting there all alone,
But Helwig had heard their every tone.

14 So gave he to Tové a juwell'd band,
A richer one graced not Helwig's hand.

15 He gave her a casket of rare device,
With that did he pay her honour's price.

16 Queen Helwig she bade her pages twain;
"Go summon me Tové back again."

17 In came fair Tové before the board;
"What will you, my queen? you sent me word."

18 "Fair Tovelille, say, what could it be
"Was passing between the king and thee?"

19 "There nothing was said by us, not a word,
"You might not as freely yourself have heard.

20 "A knight very lately ask'd my hand,
"I did but the king's advice demand."

21 "Such lying and craft will not avail;
"Too well do I know how false thy tale.

22 "If thou art to be this country's queen,
"Thy hair should first in the snood have been."

23 King Waldmar to war must march away,
Queen Helwig to guard the kingdom stay.

24 "Queen Helwig, as I from home must go,
"Guard thou my kingdom from every foe.

25 "But chiefly I charge thee, hap what will,
"To care for the lovely Tovelille."

26 "I'll watch her and guard her, have no fear,
"As safely as wert thou ruling here."

27 The queen got heated a bathing room,
And cruel and hard was Tove's doom.

28 She made her enter, she barr'd the door,
And urged the furnaces more and more.

29 Fair Tovelille felt the stifling heat;
Her shrieks in the bathroom reach'd the street.

30 Queen Helwig was standing in castle-yard,
And heard her dying a death so hard.

31 Ere came King Waldmar again ashore,
Was Tovelille, gentle maid, no more.

32 But never again, when she was dead,
Put Waldmar the crown on Helwig's head:

33 Nor even again was Waldmar seen
To smile on his guilty cruel queen.

NOTES.

c. 5. This does not imply any wish for Queen Helwig's death. The mistress of a king seems to have borne the title of Queen equally with his wife. See Mar Stig No. 72 St. 33—34.

c. 9. **Bliant.** What this was, is uncertain. It seems to be the same as the French *bliaud*, which Le Grand in his Fabliaux interprets '*habit de dessus.*' Blyant is used in Sir Tristrem applied to a man's dress.

c. 22. This alludes to the custom of women binding their hair in a snood when they married. The queen would say that, if Tové wished to be queen, she should have first been Waldmar's wife.

LXVII.

SIR EBBE'S DAUGHTERS.

The event here detailed took place at Hoiby in Ods-district in Seeland, where the remains of the chapel on St. Helen's hill are still to be seen. There is a picture in Hoiby church that represents Ebbe kneeling before the Pope, and two of his three daughters lying dead with the absolution in their hands.

The versification of this ballad is more careful than in most of the collection. Every line of each stanza rimes with the alternate one. It is probably therefore of rather recent date in its present form, but the nature of the vengeance which Lady Mettelille stimulates her sons to take on two defenceless girls, and the insults with which she receives them at the church door, are circumstances to be referred to a remote period, and an almost savage state of manners.

There is a second ballad on the same subject given in the Danske Viser, of very inferior merit, but perhaps more ancient and genuine, and from this we learn the reason, why Sir Ebbe did not himself take the vengeance in his hands, but left it to his daughters; — he had just returned from a pilgrimage.

Ilde haver jeg stædt min Romerreise,
Saa og min Örsels Færd;
Skal jeg nu for Eders Skyld
Drage Brynie og hvasse Sverd.

Bootless my pilgrimage to Rome
And to the Holy Land,
If I must wear for your two sakes
My mail again and brand!

Inferences from style are very delusive, but I much suspect that the better one of the two has been entirely rewritten by P. Syv, who, with great improvements in the style, has missed this point, and wrongly represented Ebbe as returned from Iceland.

Sir Ebbe's daughters.

Dan. Vis. II. 273. Grimm 190.

1 Sir Ebbé he built a lofty bower
That still his name has kept;
Where starlings sang and nightingales,
And where his daughters slept.

2 Sir Ebbé to do his lord's behest
To Iceland needs must sail,
And gave those maidens the bower in charge,
And thence a dismal tale.

3 For with their mother a foul design
Sirs Scammel and Bondé plann'd,
How Ebbe's daughters they might win,
And how with scandal brand.

4 The younger brother was sore afraid
To do the maidens wrong;
"Sir Ebbé a bitter revenge will take,
"And tarries not so long."

5 His mother jested at all his fears,
Her cheek with anger pale;
"There's not thy father's mood in thee,
"At danger so to quail.

6 "With none but little serving boys
"The lonely bower is mann'd,
"And were they all in iron clad,
"'Gainst you they could not stand."

7 The morrow, soon as dawn'd the day,
They made their weapons bright,
And after sunset mounted horse,
And reach'd the bower at night.

8 And there those two discourteous knights
Broke through the chamber floor,
And all against the maidens' will
Came up within their bower.

9 They, starting from their tranquil sleep,
Look'd round in wild dismay,
For at their snowy sides reclined
Scammel and Bondé lay.

10 In vain those maidens tried by turns
To melt their heart with tears;
By turns would threat their father's wrath,
And seek to move their fears.

11 The knights, ere shone abroad the sun,
Arose and went their way;
They thank'd the ladies for what they took,
But dared no longer stay.

12 Sorely the younger sister griev'd
Such insults on them shown;
"We'll leap into the lake at once,
"And sink us with a stone."

13 "Not so," the elder daughter spake
"Nay, my dear sister, nay!
"We'll wait till comes our father home,
"He'll venge it, if he may."

14 And now from Iceland home again
Sir Ebbé rows ashore,
And both his daughters come in tears
To meet him at his door.

15 "Welcome, dear gentle father home!
"But hear a dismal tale;
"Sirs Scammel and Bondé have used us so,
"Our hair we now must veil."

16 As heard Sir Ebbé the mournful news,
There heav'd his breast a sigh;
"Bootless my journey, if blood of man
"Again my sword shall dye!"

17 "Our game they are, nor need hast thou
"Of whetted sword or mail;
"To wreak full vengeance for our wrongs
"Our own two hands avail."

18 As folk were going all to mass
On Yule tide's holy night,
Sir Ebbe's daughters started off
With daggers polish'd bright.

19 "What ails Sir Ebbe's daughters twain,
"That they attire them so?
"And why without these naked blades
"To church can they not go?"

20 Scornfull the Lady Mettelille
Smiled, as she saw them pass;
"Rise, ladies, rise, my sons' two wives
"Would in to hear a mass."

21 Sirs Bondé and Scammel forward went
At th' altar step to kneel;
Signild and Trundé came behind
Close following them at heel.

22 On northside in the weapon house
Trunde her dagger drew,
And south in front of the altar light
The base Sir Bondé slew.

23 On northside near the altar step
Fair Signild drew her knife,
And at the church-door down below
Sir Scammel lost his life.

24 "Now see two widows here we stand,
"At least they shared our bed;
"Take up your sons, a dainty meal
"To eat with salt and bread."

25 Stain'd with that blood stood Hoiby church
For seven long years in ban,
Nor sermon all that time was preach'd,
Nor buried there a man.

26 They built a chapel on Helen's hill,
And there folk went to pray,
Until their sorrow moved the Pope
To take his ban away.

NOTES.

St. 15. 4. **Our hair we now must veil**
'Have skiult vor faure Haar!'
They could no longer claim the maiden privilege of wearing it long. See 'Ellen Ove's daughter' No. 68 and 'Tove Lille' No. 66.

St. 17. **game** — in the sense of animals of the chase.

St. 22. **Weapon house** 'Vaaben-huus. This word I am much inclined to believe represents the Armario Ital. Armoire Fr. the niche or cupboard beside the Altar to contain the holy vessels belonging to it. Molbech however only gives one meaning to the word, namely 'an outhouse', 'Vorhaus', outside of village churches where 'people in former days left their weapons during divine service.' When at Hitterdal in Norway, the Landman, Mr Aas, showed me an axe with the handle projecting beyond the blade, and curved at that part for holding it in the hand, and carrying it upside down like a walking stick. There was a story attached to it that illustrates the usage to which Molbech refers. This axe belonged to an old man, a lineal descendant of the ancient Konger or petty kings of the district, who insisted upon his privilege of carrying his weapon into church with him. This was refused by the priest, who required him to deposit it in the proper place. The old man took this to heart so much, that he fell sick and died. His son, desirous to pick a quarrel with the priest, in order to fulfil his duty of revenging his father's death, called upon him with this axe in his hand, and demanded *'the most precious thing he possessed'* — by way probably of payment or fine for what he considered a murder, the 'Bod' or Blood-fine of these ballads. Upon this the priest brought him a bible, and opened it at a passage inculcating forbearance and forgiveness, and gave him that.

LXVIII.

ELLEN OVE'S DAUGHTER.

The heroine of this ballad was the daughter of Ove Lange of Klausholm, and actually played off upon an importunate suitor the trick here related. The indignities, to which young ladies were liable in those days, and which are so frequently the subject of these poems, were no doubt in a great measure owing to the caste system which forbad the intermarriage of those who were not 'lige', equal in birth and rank.

Ellen Ove's daughter.

Dan. Vis. II. 284. Grimm p. 44.

1 'Twas Ellen, Ove's daughter fair,
Was theme of every tale,
Nor that for all her heaps of gold,
Or fields of hill and dale.

2 'Twas not for all her heaps of gold,
Or grassy meads so fair,
But that at court so much was prais'd
The beauty of Ellen's hair.

3 Sir Magnus call'd his men, and bade,
His horse be duly drest;
"I'll ride across to Verslevsgard,
"And be fair Ellen's guest."

4 To learn with truth how matters stood
He ask'd at Salling sound;
"Say, is Sir Ove now at home,
"Or on some foreign ground?"

5 Then answer'd him the ferryman,
And so began his say;
"Sir Ove is now no more at home,
"He left it yesterday."

6 Sir Magnus rode to the churchyard stile;
And there his horse he bound,
And hasted off on foot to church,
As best the way he found.

7 There stood the fair young maidens all,
Each at her mother's side;
But Ove's daughter stood alone,
And dropp'd a tear and sigh'd.

8 Sir Magnus stepp'd across a bench,
Stepp'd over two and three;
"O Ellen, Ove's daughter, rise,
"And plight your troth to me."

9 "Nay!" answer'd him the maiden fair,
While tears bedew'd her face;
"I'm only Ellen's waiting maid,
"Of very humble race.

10 "These hose my mistress lent to me,
"And eke this pair of shoes;
"She lent me too my crown of gold;
"Her trust I'll not abuse."

11 She stripp'd a ring from off her hand,
And the aged parson fee'd;
"Now do, by all that's good above,
"Your longest lesson read."

12 While at the altar step she stood,
Her crown of gold she wore,
But in a coarse grey woollen hood
She pass'd the outer door.

13 Soon as she reach'd the churchyard gate,
She loos'd her lover's steed,
And rode him off to Sallingsound,
And, sooth, at fullest speed.

14 Amaz'd Sir Magnus staréd about,
As he from church withdrew;
For off was Ove's daughter fair,
And what was he to do?

15 "While I delay'd so long at Mass
"To hear that droning priest,
"Has Ove's daughter, Ellen, flown,
"And stolen my trusty beast."

16 When Ellen came to Sallingsound,
"Up ferryman!" she cried,
"This money take, and good round gift,
"And off to the other side."

17 When half the Sound they had rowed across,
She loos'd her flowing hair;
"Sir Magnus, hark! this twelvemonth yet
"Thy bed I shall not share."

18 But when on the other bank she stood,
Her hat she gaily waved;
"Farewell, Sir Magnus, fare thee well,
"I've now my honour saved."

NOTES.

St. 7. This means that she had lost her mother, and agreeably to ballad etiquette was always weeping for her.

St. 12. **Her crown of gold.** The mark of rank as well as maidenhood.

O I forbid ye, maidens a',
That wear gowd on your hair,
To come or gae by Carterhaugh
For young Tamlane is there.
Scott. Bard. Min. II. 187.

St. 17. **She loos'd her flowing hair.** This is explained by Fallersleben in his Niederlændische Volkslieder. A maiden lady might wear her hair long and curled, a married woman must bind it up in a cap.

'Des morgens si ir houbet bant,
Ir houbet si vil schône bant
Durch den gewonlîchen sitte.

In the morning she bound on her snood,
Her snood she bound very beautiful,
According to the usual custom.

Those who had been dishonoured must bind up their hair like married women. In a Flemish ballad in Willems, No. 61, one girl says to another

Ghi sult gaen ter linden,
dat ghele haar opbinden,
dat maechdekens welle staet. and she answers

dat en doen ic niet, dat laet ic staen,
dat en doen ic seker niet:
ic salt ooc laten hanghen
den ridder tsijnder schanden,
dat hi mi maechdeken liet.

loc. cit. p. XLII.

"You must go to the linden,
Your yellow hair bind up,
That is becoming to maidens."

"That do I not, that shall I let alone,
That shall I surely not do,
I shall let it hang
To shame the knight
For leaving me a maiden."

For further remarks on the subject see notes to Axelwold No. 152. and the preceding piece No. 67 st. 15. Ellen in displaying her loose hair enjoys the same kind of triumph over her lover as the Flemish lady.

LXIX.

SIR ASBIORN SNARE.

This trifle might seem hardly deserving a place in the collection, but that it throws light on passages in some of the other ballads.

We see that in those ancient days a girl was expected to make her husband's clothes, and that this was regarded as an indispensable accomplishment even in a king's daughter. Compare Childe Ranild No. 28.

This piece is found in Swedish also, but has probably been translated into it from the Danish.

Asbiorn Snare lived under the kings Waldemar in Denmark, and was twin brother to the celebrated archbishop Absalom of Lund. Suhm in his Danmark's Historie VII. p. 713 suggests that the young lady is the same as the one whom Buris ruined, a daughter of Waldemar the first by his mistress Tové.

Sir Asbiorn Snaré.

Grundtv. III. 186. Dan. Vis. II. 66. Grimm p. 139. Arw. II. 202.

1 The King and Sir Asbiorn Snaré sat,
All under the greenwood tree
Were drinking their wine with friendly chat;
And summer smiled over the lea.

2 With mead and with wine they fill their glass,
All under etc.
And hours in chatting of Christel pass.
And summer etc.

3 "Now, King of the Danes, my asking hear;
"Give me little Christel, your daughter dear."

4 "The maid is but ten years old or less,
"And cannot yet make your gala dress."

5 "Fair Christel is young, may learn to sew,
"Do you but her hand on me bestow."

6 Sir Asbiorn Snaré to Ribé hies,
And silk for a habit and sindal buys.

7 On silk and sindal his gold he spends,
And all to the youthful maiden sends.

8 So soon as Christel had seen her task,
She ran to her nurse her rede to ask.

9 "O hear me, my nurse, your counsel say;
"This cloth has been sent me home today."

10 "To render it back methinks were best,
"For, Christel, be sure 'twas sent in jest."

11 Fair Christel alone to her chamber paced,
And cut the cloth to her own good taste.

12 She seated herself on a working chair,
And broider'd it all with skill and care.

13 Fair Christel she work'd the jacket's side
With fishes, that in the streamlet glide.

14 She work'd on the shoulder fifteen knights,
With swords in their hands all hack'd in fights.

15 She work'd the sleeve with a flowery ring,
And maidens therein, who dance and sing.

16 She sew'd on his breast a scene of bliss,
A knight to his lady gives a kiss.

17 "And now that at last my task is done,
"Who is there that home with this will run?"

18 Then up little Christel's page and spake;
"'Tis I your work to the knight will take."

19 Sir Asbiorn gazed at the work he brought,
"God bless the fingers that this have wrought."

20 "But how," said the page, "Sir Asbiorn, say,
"Will you the maiden, who work'd it, pay?"

21 "What other reward should be her right,
"Than me for her husband, so brave a knight."

22 The page he home to his mistress flew;
"The knight now makes his demand for you."

23 "Go bid him across the brook to sail,
"He catches not me with an idle tale.

24 "Go bid him the stream himself to cross,
All under the greenwood tree
"He 'll make me not mourn my honour's loss."
The summer smiles over the lea.

NOTES.

coupl. 6. Sindal or Sendall was a thin kind of silk like cypress. The dress of the Doctor of Physic, one of the pilgrims to Canterbury, was no doubt a handsome one, and of him we are told l. 441.

> 'In sanguine and in perse he clad was alle
> Lined with taffeta and with sendalle.'

The word occurs in other languages also, and seems to be derived from the Latin Cendalum.

Thynne in his Animadv. on Chaucer says "It was a thinne stuffe like sarcenett, and of a rawe kind of sylke." The Spanish 'cendal', of frequent occurrence in the ancient romances, is also explained as 'a light thinn stuff made of silk.'

LXX.

KING SWERKER THE YOUNGER.

This simple, picturesque, and noble ballad is no doubt nearly contemporary with the event which it records, and, like our Chevy Chase, is popular with both the nations who fought the battle, the celebrated battle of the Lena, in the year 1208, the bloodiest in the memory of man up to that time, and the last in which the God Odin himself took part. This Swerker the younger had been brought as an infant to the court of Denmark, when his father Carl Swerkerson the king of Sweden was murdered, was peacefully elected to the throne of the latter kingdom in 1196, and retained it till 1205, when the people rose upon him for having murdered the children of his predecessor, and he then had recourse to Denmark for aid in recovering it.

King Swerker.

Grundtv. III. 223. Dan. Vis. II. 107.

1 Young Swerker rose before his lord,
In solemn council rose,
And told his lord a piteous tale,
The sum of all his woes.

2 "My brother has driven me from home
"Out from the land of Swede,
"But lend me you, my lord, the men,
"I'll well repay his deed."

3 "Aye, Swerker, men I'll lend to thee,
"Both Seelander and Jute;
"Better than they are none on earth
"To slash a blade or shoot."

4 A great and solemn mass was sung
One holy Sabbath day,
And Swerker march'd to Oresund,
And sail'd his troops away.

5 Young Swerker stands on his ship's prow,
And gazes o'er the Sound;
"God, let me either win today,
"Or in these waves be drown'd!"

6 Together rush'd those highborn lords,
And hard they battled too;
A piteous game, a guilty strife
Where son the father slew!

7 And forward rode the Danish men
With words of haughty scorn,
And fell'd the Wester Gylling men,
As peasants mow their corn.

8 The Danes they won the day indeed
With grievous toil and pain;
The field was all a bath of blood,
And heap'd with maim'd and slain.

9 A host of eighteen thousand men
Had left the Danish shore,
But saving three and three times five
Came back again no more.

10 The owl and eagle hoot and yell
On every hill and dale,
And widows weeping leave their hearth,
And orphan children wail.

11 The lady sits in bower aloft
Waiting her husband home,
And blood-stain'd comes the horse he rode,
But brings his saddle toom.

NOTES.

St. 1. **before his lord.** This would imply that he had taken service with the Danish king.

St. 2. **My brother.** It was not really his brother who expelled him, but the brother of the princes whom he had murdered.

St. 11. **toom.** *empty*, an old English word, and still used in Scotland. It occurs in a very similar passage in the ancient ballad of Bonnie George Campbell.

Toom hame cam the saddle,
But never cam he! Motherwell p. 44.

The two last stanzas of the above are very beautifully expressive of the utter desolation of the country. The owl and the eagle haunt the deserted fields. The ladies learn the news from the empty saddles.

LXXI.

THULE VOGNSON AND GRAY SWAIN.

The following ballad is a vivid and excellent picture of the coarse manners of the period to which it belongs, and as such is introduced by Mrs. Talvj into her Characteristik der Volkslieder Germanischer Nationen p. 242. Grundtvig goes at great length into the question of the locality at which the event took place, a question of very little interest to the foreigner. It is supposed to be founded on truth, as extraordinary as must appear at the present day such an outrage on a lady in presence of the queen and all her court on a solemn occasion.

Thule Vognson and Gray Swain.

Grundtv. III. 322. Dan. Vis. II. 208. Grimm p. 294.

1 In church at Lundé a council sat,
And many the knights and squires thereat;

2 The maid and the dame, the knight and squire,
And Danish queen in her red attire.

3 Dame Metté got made a golden chair,
That into the church her servants bare.

4 In secret her chair of gold was wrought,
With pride to the church at Lundé brought.

5 As into the church dame Metté went,
His eyes on the lady Sir Gray Swain bent.

6 As down on her chair dame Metté sat,
Sir Gray Swain began to mock thereat.

7 As she at the Altar bent her knee,
To sit on her gilded chair went he.

8 Dame Metté she turn'd from th' Altar round,
And tears from her eyes dropp'd on the ground.

9 "Sir Gray Swain, Sir Gray Swain, up, quit my chair,
"For never together shall we sit there."

10 Sir Gray Swain he seiz'd her topknot fast,
And down on the floor Dame Metté cast.

11 As home to her dwelling rode the dame
Her sons all seven to meet her came.

12 The youngest a costly mantle spread,
That on it his mother's foot might tread.

13 "O welcome, Dame Metté, my mother dear,
"But why on thy cheek the briny tear?"

14 "And would ye then know why tears are there?
"Sir Gray Swain has driven me off my chair.

15 "They put on me, since your father died,
"Such violence and wrong and scorn beside."

16 Her cloak she toss'd on the board again;
"Sir Thulé, remember thy father slain."

17 "Dear mother, no longer shed a tear,
"You soon shall the best of tidings hear.

18 "Now lend me, mother, your scarlet gown,
"And set on me, sister, your golden crown:

19 "And lend me your ermined mantle red,
"And so will I go and venge the dead."

20 A pageboy was at Sir Thule's side,
A friend of Sir Gray Swain good and tried.

21 He proved him his faithful friend that day,
He sent a message to warn Sir Gray.

22 "Go home, Sir Gray Swain, and leave the crowd;
"The sons of Sir Vogn your death have vow'd."

23 "Why should I so hastily home again?
"There's coming so gay a bridal train."

24 "Haste! haste! the delay you will surely rue;
"Those maidens are plotting no good to you."

25 Sir Thulé the foremost led the band;
Sir Gray Swain he held him out his hand.

26 "Nay take to thee back thy hand again;
"Thou knowest it has my father slain."

27 "Whatever the wrong I did to thee,
"I paid it with gold in ready fee.

28 "In silver and gold I paid thee down
"Three thousand marks to the utmost crown."

29 "For him thou hast paid me what was fair,
"But push'd my mother from off her chair."

30 "So God and his angels by me stand!
"I touch'd her not either with foot or hand."

31 Sir Thulé a sword from his mantle drew,
Away to the church Sir Gray Swain flew.

32 Sir Thulé pursued him with deadly hits,
And cut Sir Gray to a thousand bits.

33 The blood at Saint Mary's shrine was shed,
And both at Saint Stephen's now lie dead.

NOTE.

St. 12. The frequent mention in these ballads of cloaks thrown on the ground for ladies of rank to tread on suggests that Sir Walter Raleigh's gallantry to Queen Elizabeth was in conformity to a continental usage, and not a spontaneous conception of his own.

LXXII.

MAR STIG.

Grundtvig in his introduction to the following ballad observes of it that no other in the language can in his opinion compete with it. Vedel has separated it into four parts, and these he has amplified with his usual platitudes. The form of it which is here translated, is from a manuscript of the 15th century, but the original ballad may date from about A. D. 1300. Grundtvig believes it to have once been much longer, and divided into sections.

The ancient Flemish poem 'Count Floris and Gerard van Velzen' is singularly like it in its general outline, and is given in Appendix E to show how ballads will pass from one country to another. The Danish tale is founded on fact, and has furnished materials for Ingemann's beautiful romance of 'Erick Menved's Childhood', in which the author constantly refers to the popular ballads, and seems indeed to have constructed his romance upon them. The murder of King Erick Glipping, the Winker, took place on the 22d Nov. 1286, and led to a nineteen year's war between Denmark and Norway, and mutual devastation murder and robbery. How far the king deserved his death, and what may be said in his defence, is given at length in Suhm's Danmark's Historie Vol. X. There is great

reason to suspect that in the case of the Danish King, as well as the Dutch Count Floris, and the Spanish King Rodrigo, the revolution was really due to political causes, and the stories of violation invented later to embellish the event with a halo of romance, or to justify the treason of the conspirators. This in the case of Count Floris was certainly so.

The name of the hero of the following pieces was Stig Anderson, and the title he bore, Marsk (Marshal). The 'Marsk' is pronounced *Mar* to avoid the disagreeable concurrence of *sk* in two consecutive words, and for the same reason it is so abbreviated in these translations. The 'Stig' would in Danish be pronounced *Sty* and is sometimes so written, 'Marsty' or 'Marsti.'

Upon this fine cycle of ballads W. Grimm has the following remarks.

'There are many of these Ballads which have deri-
'ved their material from the history of the 12th and 13th
'centuries, and in these we see in a remarkable degree
'how the people have preserved and appropriated it,
'for all these ballads have been much sung and read.
'By comparison with the parallel passages given in the
'Appendix it will be seen how close they have kept
'to the facts. But they contain something more, — a
'poetical view and decoration. In the cycle of Marshal
'Stig the power of fate is displayed as much as in any
'Greek myth, for he is bound to avenge his wife's honour,
'and again the violated sanctity of the royal dignity
'avenges itself on his friends and children, so that the
daughters of the powerful man must go begging through
'the world, and appeal to the mercy of others, till a for-
'eign king picks them up on the road and shelters them;

'but the one dies of grief, and the other is decoyed 'by a sprite and drowned. In this cycle of ballads 'we see the wonderful, and the fantastic, — the dance 'for instance by which the castle is won, — united with 'historical truth, and that not merely as an addition to 'it, but clearly sprung from the same shoot and grown 'up with it. This poetical conception is no falsehood, 'but grounded in nature, for there belongs to the truth 'not merely the bare fact, but the impression this makes 'on the feelings of the living; and this poetical view, 'this lively blooming, is part and parcel of it; just as 'common people figure to themselves their king sitting 'with a brilliant crown on his head and robed in purple.

'It is to be observed that Shakespear, who well 'understood how to treat History, presents the same 'union of the wonderful with the clear historical truth 'as is done in the apparition in the wood, which warns 'King Erick and then vanishes, a phantasm, which 'is quite in Shakespear's taste. This great dramatist, 'in whom nature and art were wedded, followed the 'voice of the people, and took history as it had grown 'up, and not as it had been dried and preserved by 'official hands. Historians deem it beneath them to 'descend to private life, and only describe great poli- 'tical events, but the Gods themselves came down to 'men's dwellings, and studied their lives. The one-eyed 'Odin often entered, disguised, into the halls of kings, 'and was not always making war against them.' Alt- dänische Heldenlieder p. XXVIII.

The phantasm in the wood, to which W. Grimm alludes in this passage, is certainly one of the finest impersonations of a guilty conscience to be found in

the whole range of ballad poetry. Ingemann, who is essentially a prose writer, and has no great feeling for the poetical, represents this scene as an actual occurrence, and the fair maiden, as one Lille Aase, the daughter of a fisherman of the neighbourhood. It is clear that the ballad-singer wished to portray the king's evil conscience working in his sleep, and conjuring up images of those sensual enjoyments for which he had lived, and for which he should soon have to pay the penalty of death. There is a similar vision introduced in one of the Spanish romances of Don Rodrigo, that beginning —

Los vientos eran contrarios
la luna estaba crecida

Duran IV. p. 194. Wolf & Hofm. I. p. 17. Depp. I. p. 16.

It represents the king as sleeping through the noise of a tempest lulled by the song and music of fifty maids, and at his side La Cava. But the voice of conscience speaks louder than wind and storm. A female figure appears to him and tells him

"Si mi pides quien lo ha hecho,
Yo muy bien te lo diria,
Ese conde don Julian
Por amores de su hija,
Porque se la deshonraste,
Y mas de ella no tenia."

"And wilt thou know who this has done?
I'll tell thee what his name,
Count Julian, for his daughter's sake
Whom thou hast brought to shame;
Her's whom thy lustful arms enfold,
And he no more may claim."

That very night came the news that the Moors had entered Spain under the leading of Count Julian.

Mar Stig.

Grundtv. III. 349. Dan. Vis. II. 115. Grimm p. 382.

1 Mar Stig wakes up at midnight hour,
And tells his wife so dear;
"I've dreamt to night a wondrous dream,
"God knows what danger 's near.

2 "I seem'd to see my gallant ship,
"Shrunk to a little boat,
"And wild it drifted, all its oars
"Gone overboard afloat.

3 "I dreamt we rode across a bridge
"Over the boiling flood,
"And me my horse threw off his back,
"And ran to a forest stud."

4 "O list, my lord, calm all your fears,
"And cast your cares away;
"It means, the boors and tenantry
"Their taxes come to pay."

5 In came Mar Stig's small chamber swain,
And stood before the board;
"There's hither come King Erick's page,
"And waits to see my lord."

6 Uprose the youthful knight, Mar Stig,
And dress'd before his bed,
And down to the courtyard went to hear
What Erick's envoy said.

7 "O list to me, young knight, Mar Stig,
"List to the words I bring;
"Mount now, and come at once to Court
"To see the Danish king."

8 "But hark thee, tiny chamber swain,
"What I will say to thee;
"If thou dost know the king's design,
"Conceal it not from me."

9 "The king's design I cannot tell,
"But that you'll quickly hear;
"Only that you shall take the field,
"And the king's banner bear."

10 The young Mar Stig these tidings heard,
In mantle wrapp'd his head,
And, mounting up to the bower aloft,
Approach'd his lady's bed.

11 In stepp'd Mar Stig, and closed the door,
And sorrowful he grew;
"So then, fair lady Ingeborg,
"My dream is proving true.

12 "What of my gallant horse I dreamt,
"That off to the stud he fled,
"Means that on battlefield I'm slain,
"And left there lying dead."

13 "Be calm, my dear, my noble lord,
"Be calm, and say not so;
"There dwells our Saviour Christ above,
"Wards off the deadly blow."

14 The young Mar Stig he mounted horse,
And rode to the royal gate,
And, waiting found the Danish king
Wrapt in a dress of state.

15 "List now the words, young knight Mar Stig,
"That I would say to thee;
"This season thou shalt take the field,
"The banner bear for me."

16 "If I this season take the field,
"And march and risk my life,
"Will you, king Erick, guard from harm
"My fair and gentle wife?"

17 King Erick smiled beneath his cloak,
And spake in crafty tone;
"Safe she shall be, as though she were
"A sister of mine own.

18 "So well will I thy lady watch,
"And keep her free from harm,
"As though thou wert thyself at home,
"And she were on thine arm."

19 The young Mar Stig with all his men
Rode off for war and fame,
And left his lovely Ingeborg
A prey to grief and shame.

20 The young King Erick call'd his swains,
And bade his horse be drest;
"We 'll up the country ride anon,
"And be the lady's guest."

21 He rode within the courtyard gate,
His head wrapp'd in his hood,
And mounting up to the bower aloft
Before the lady stood.

22 "Greet you, fair lady, Ingeborg!
"This kindness to me show;
"Make me a shirt, and eke the same
"With gold embroidery sew."

23 "If I should cut a shirt for you,
"Or broider one with gold,
"Mar Stig would wrathful be with me,
"And all his love grow cold."

24 "O list, sweet lady, Ingeborg,
"Be you but kind and true,
"I'll ever, while I live and breathe,
"Both love and honour you."

25 "Mar Stig has given me a ring of gold,
"Hung on my neck a chain,
"And true to only him, my king,
"I lifelong will remain.

26 "You fairly vow'd, when young Mar Stig
"Rode off to take the field,
"Me as your sister you would watch,
"From every danger shield."

27 They lit the festive tapers all,
And bitter tears she shed,
As with the king they took her off
With him to share her bed.

28 The lovely Ingeborg she pined
With grief and care and shame,
That day and night to claim her love
This lewd King Erick came.

29 Mar Stig, his battles bravely fought,
March'd home again from war,
Such baleful tidings met his ear
In foreign lands afar.

30 Mar Stig he near'd his dwelling place,
Came riding up the street,
But went not out fair Ingeborg
Her gallant lord to meet.

31 Mar Stig he leap'd from off his horse,
And stepp'd within his door,
But rose the fair dame Ingeborg
To welcome him no more.

32 Mar Stig awhile in silence stood,
"And why then," reason'd he,
"Will rise the lady Ingeborg
"No more to welcome me?"

33 "What time you march'd away from home,
"I bare an honour'd name,
"But now alas I'm Denmark's queen,
"And lead a life of shame.

34 "What time you march'd away from home,
"A knight could call me wife,
"But now alas I'm Denmark's queen,
"And care no more for life.

35 "I'll never sleep another sleep
"Within your arms again,
"Until the king who outraged me,
"King Erick you have slain.

36 "I'll never sleep another sleep
"Press'd to your fair white side,
"Till Erick, he who wrought my fall,
"That villain King has died."

37 Mar Stig he clad himself and men
In mail of steely ring,
And off to a general council rode,
And there defied the King.

38 Forth came the knight, the brave Mar Stig,
Before King Erick stood,
And greeted all his Aldermen
And thanes of noble blood.

39 And thus Mar Stig in open court
Spake out devoid of fear;
"My wife by force has been abused,
"For that I'm standing here.

40 "While in my country's cause I fought,
"And daily risk'd my life,
"You, you, King Erick, stay'd at home,
"And forced my gentle wife."

41 King Erick smiled beneath his cloak
His crafty part to play;
"Her will was quite as good as mine,
"She never said me nay."

42 "There 's an old saw," Mar Stig replied,
And sorrowful he spake,
"That Injury goes on before
"And Insult in it's wake.

43 "You've done me great and grievous wrong,
"Have foully used my wife;
"This deed, King Erick, hear my words,
"Shall surely cost your life."

44 So left the court the knight Mar Stig,
And rais'd his hat on high;
"Aldermen, bear me witness all,
"That I the King defy."

45 "Hark thee a word, young knight Mar Stig,
"Cease from thy tone of pride;
"I'll give thee town and moated fort
"And grassy land beside."

46 "I care not, I, for tower or fort,
"Not such the amend I claim;
"Would that the deed were yet undone
"That brought my wife to shame!"

47 "Mar Stig, my man, ride not so fast,
"I cannot hold thee pace;
"If thou wilt be my friend no more,
"So let our friendship cease."

48 "It is not I who ride so hard
"To make you feel my might;
"There 's an old saw, you've heard the same,
"That might, my lord, makes right.

49 "It is not I who ride so hard,
"Or play the tyrant's part,
"But many a hound can hold at bay
"The fleeting hind and hart.

50 "Mark well, I've here disclaim'd the faith
"That once to you I owed,
"And that at times a little tump
"Upsets a mighty load."

51 Dame Ingeborg for Ranild sent,
A youth, her sister's son,
Him made the king his table swain,
And so was he undone.

52 These two, dame Ingeborg and he,
Their plans began to lay,
How the king Erick they might snare,
And how might seize and slay.

53 This page, as sat the king at meat,
Before his table stood,
And told the king of hart and hind,
That play'd in the green wood.

54 "I know where play the hart and hind,
"And thicket where they hide;
"If seems you good, my noble lord,
"We'll thither take a ride."

55 King Erick rose and call'd his swains
To saddle his good gray steed;
"We 'll to the council ride across,
"And see how matters speed.

56 "Ride ye, my men, and find a place
"Where we may lodge tonight,
"While I with Ranild ride to see
"If what he says is right."

57 So off to Wyborg rode his men
To find him lodging there,
For least of all things did he dream
Of Ranild's crafty snare.

58 Ranild he took a lonely road
That Erick little knew,
And truly all the plans he laid
With craft he carried through.

59 They hunted stag, they hunted hind
They chased the fleeting roe,
They stay'd so long, that at the last
They saw the daylight go.

60 In gloomy mood King Erick spake,
As sank its parting ray,
"Thou, heavenly father, be our guide,
"For here I'm all astray."

61 The King into the thicket peer'd,
As closed the darkling night,
And soon was ware of a small house,
Where burnt a fire and light.

62 He stepp'd within the woodland hut,
And sad at heart was he,
But found a lovely maiden there
As eye could wish to see.

63 Her he clasp'd fondly round her waist,
And straight began to woo:
"Hear me, fair maid, nor say me nay,
"To night I sleep with you."

64 "Answer me first" the maid replied
In laughing merry tone,
"Answer me first, King Erick, you,
"What deed you last have done?"

65 "Sweet lovely maid, if that you know,
"More tidings you can give;
"So tell me, lovely maid, but this,
"How long I've yet to live?"

66 With hearty glee laugh'd the fair maid,
And this her dubious word;
"That question ask the little hook
"Whereon is hung your sword."

67 King Erick fain had held the maid,
But this he tried in vain,
She slipp'd away between his hands,
He saw her not again.

68 So long as with the King she stood,
Blazed there a cheerful fire,
But soon as she had fled away,
Was naught but tangled briar.

69 "My lord," said Ranild, so began
That crafty traitor's say;
"My lord, while still there shines the moon,
"'Twere best to haste away.

70 "There lies hard by a little town
"Outside this tangled wood,
"And thither we may ride, my lord,
"If seems your lordship good.

71 "So far at least we well may ride,
"While still the moon is clear;
"And hereabouts, trust me, my lord,
"From foes we 've naught to fear."

72 They rode and came to Finderup,
And sought to lodge the night,
But at that late untimely hour
Was out both fire and light.

73 In Finderup barn they stall'd their steeds,
And there they made their bed:
How little had ever thought the King
To lodge in such a shed!

74 "Ranild," the young King Erick spake,
An anxious man was he,
"Ranild, my page, lock thou the door,
"I trust my life to thee.

75 "Make fast this barn's poor crazy door,
"In thee must I confide;
"Think on that bold young knight, Mar Stig,
"And how he me defied."

76 "Mar Stig my kinsman will at times
"Blurt out an angry word,
"But none the greater harm from that
"Threatens my noble lord.

77 "The lapwing guards the smallest spot
"She rests upon afield,
"The one she builds her dwelling on
"From danger cannot shield."

78 No other sword or spear was that
He placed beside the door,
Than, truth to say, two barley straws
That lay upon the floor.

79 No sooner in the barn were they,
And the frail door had barr'd,
Than those came, Ingeborg had sent,
Into the farmer's yard.

80 With sword and spear they beat the door
And rais'd a fearful shout;
"Up, up, King Erick! up, my lord!
"And leave your lair and out!"

81 "Hark ye," young Ranild call'd aloud,
And made them quick reply;
"There's no King Erick lodges here,
"On this ye may rely."

82 He threw upon him heaps of straw,
He threw upon him hay;
To say the truth, he did it all
To show them where he lay.

83 He then with well-feign'd zeal began
The beams to hack and hew,
A traitor scoundrel proved himself,
His lord the King he slew.

84 "Now who to Wyborg town will ride
"Behind the murder'd king?
"And who to the queen at Scanderborg
"The dismal news will bring?"

85 Not one will ride to Wyborg town
Behind the murder'd king;
The news to the queen at Scanderborg
They sent a boy to bring.

86 In came the little messenger,
And stood before the board;
A cunning child of speech was he
To find the fittest word.

87 "Hail, Queen of Denmark, hail, my queen
"Array'd in scarlet red!
"Erick is slain, our youthful king,
"And lies in Finderup dead."

88 "This for thy tidings thou shalt have,
"As sad as is thy tale,
"Long as I live thy place at board,
"Thy meat and cup of ale."

89 "From his right side they drove a sword
"Through to his other arm;
"O guard the child whom Denmark loves,
"And shield him well from harm.

90 "From left arm too they drove the sword
"Through to the other side;
"O guard from harm that little child,
"Our Denmark's hope and pride."

91 At Finderup kill'd Mar Stig his king,
And little rued his deed,
But rode across to Skanderborg,
And urged his horse to speed.

92 From window peer'd the Danish queen
In chamber, where she sate;
"And hither comes the selfmade King,
"Is riding through the gate."

93 "No self-made king at all am I,
"Whatever thou may'st say:
"The sheriff Lowman, was it not,
"Last in thy bosom lay?

94 "What carest thou for Erick's death,
"What needest thou to wail,
"With sheriff Lowman near thy side
"And all alive and hale?"

95 Up then and spake Duke Christopher
Array'd in scarlet red;
"Sad news it is that dead he lies,
"My dearest father dead."

96 And further said Duke Christopher,
And spake the words with grace;
"I'll thee, sure as I bear the crown,
"From home and country chase."

97 "And if from home I must away
"Out on the chilly flood,
"I'll many a wife a widow make
"Of best and noblest blood.

98 "If I from Denmark must away
"From wife and infants small,
"I'll out of Denmark fetch my food
"In winter spring and fall."

99 He spake and off from Skanderborg,
At fullest speed he rode,
And took his course to Molderup,
His Ingeborg's abode.

100 Back to his own dear home and wife
Mar Stig rode up the street,
And she, the fair dame, Ingeborg,
Went out her lord to meet.

101 His news he told, the young Mar Stig,
And clasp'd her round the waist;
"I've slain the King, left dead the wretch
"Who thee has so disgraced.

102 "Wilt thou go penniless with me
"An exile's lot to share,
"Or live some rich man's concubine,
"And the foul title bear?"

103 "Far rather will I forth with thee
"To share an exile's lot,
"Than, as a rich man's concubine,
"My fame so foully blot."

104 Mar Stig withdrew his men to Helm,
And there he made abode,
And pale grew many a manly cheek
That pass'd along the road.

105 This house and all its battlements
So quickly did he raise,
He took to finish all this work
Only two nights and days.

106 So strong he built his house at Helm,
Its walls he made so fast,
He little cared for shot or stone,
Or what thereat were cast.

107 The peasant drives his team afield,
And tearful sows his corn;
"Help us, thou gracious God in heaven,
"The Helm has got a horn."

108 And there Mar Stig builds up his Helm
With battlement and wall,
And vain the might of king and men
To make that fortress fall.

NOTES.

St. 22. This seems to have been understood as an overture from a lover. See in 'Sir Asbiorn Snare' No. 69.

St. 25. A chain hung round the neck is in some parts of Switzerland, Lucerne for instance, equivalent to a wedding ring, and such seems to be its meaning here.

St. 30. This refusal of a wife to meet her returning husband occurs in other ballads as an acknowledgement of her infidelity. No. 95.

St. 77. The meaning of this is very obscure in the mouth of Ranild; but the words are assigned to him in the original. It looks more like the remark of the ballad singer, who would say that the danger to the lapwing is in her home, her night quarters: the very contrary of what Ranild would tell the king whom he was encouraging to fear nothing.

LXXIII.

MAR STIG'S DAUGHTERS. N°. 5.

The tenderness and unaffected beauty of the following piece must commend it to every reader. The last four lines have the appearance of being an addition to the original melancholy tale. Öhlenschläger however in his revisal of the ballad retains these, and rejects the poor girl's address to the queen, which is so much in the taste of an earlier period. There is a Swedish ballad, Arwiddson II. p. 195, which has great resemblance to this. The sisters in the Swedish one have been stolen from their parents in childhood, and come and offer their services to their mother, the queen, who is delighted with their beautiful work, and offers her son to one of them, upon which they declare who they are.

Mar Stig's daughters. No. 5.

Dan. Vis. II. 146. Oehl. p. 194. Grimm p. 400.

1 Mar Stig left orphan daughters two,
Sad fate had they to undergo.
The elder took the younger's hand,
And wide they round the world must roam.

2 The elder took the younger's hand,
And so they went to Sweden's land.
King Byrge home from Sessions came,
So wide they round the world must roam.

3 King Byrge home from Sessions came,
And there they stood his alms to claim.

4 "What girls are these before my gate?
"What do ye waiting here so late?"

5 "Mar Stig's two orphan daughters we,
"We sue to you for charity."

6 "Out of my yard then both the two!
"Your father Stig my uncle slew."

7 "We're not for Erick's death to blame,
"'Twas but to earn our bread we came."

8 The elder took the younger's hand,
And so they went to Norway's land.

9 King Erick home from Sessions came,
And there they stood his alms to claim.

10 "What two poor women then are you?
"What are you hither come to do?"

11 "Mar Stig's two orphan daughters we,
"And sue to you for charity."

12 "Now tell me, can ye bake and brew,
"Or other useful service do?"

13 "Nay, we can neither bake nor brew,
"Such menial work we cannot do;

14 "But from our mother, who is dead,
"We've learnt to spin the golden thread.

15 "Brocade too we can weave, as fine
"As could the Queen's own maids design;

16 "But spinning gold and weaving wool,
"Have hearts with sorrow always full;

17 "And since we both our parents mourn,
"Wear cloaks so threadbare, old, and torn.

18 "Were still Mar Stig alive at home,
"To such distress we had not come.

19 "Were not our poor dear mother dead,
"We needed not to beg our bread."

20 King Erick spake in kindest tone,
"I've long and well your father known;

21 "A ready man of tongue and hand,
"As one might find in Danish land."

22 He clad them both in scarlet pall,
And led them up to the ladies' hall.

23 Their grief he bade them now restrain,
In him their father find again.

24 With broider'd work the younger strove
To fill the web her sister wove.

25 Her skilful hand the task begun
With th' Holy Virgin and her Son;

26 But on the second piece was seen
With ladies round her Norway's queen;

27 And next the antler'd stag and doe,
And then herself so pale with woe.

28 With equal grace and skill she wove
The angels in the skies above.

29 She took the work from off the frame,
And knelt before the royal dame.

30 "Would that you stood in mother's stead!"
And bitter were the tears she shed;

31 "Did we a mother find in you,
"Pay we might earn and honour too.

32 "One single piece still leaves us poor,
"And long must we our lot endure."

33 The elder one on sickbed lay,
The younger nurs'd her night and day.

34 The elder died and found relief,
The younger lived in pain and grief;

35 Till on the maid so fair and good
The king his youngest son bestow'd;

36 With him she found a rank and home,
Nor needed more the world to roam.

LXXIV.

MAR STIG N°. 6.

The following lively, well told, and excellent little ballad describes the recovery of a castle from the conspirators by a party in favour of the young king. The dancing was probably by torchlight. The hero in the original is called Ranild Lange but to prevent any confusion with the traitor Ranild Jonson the vowels are changed in the translation. Ingemann however in his romance of Erick Menved, with some inconsistency makes him to have been the same as the traitor, and to have been actuated by love for a lady to take part against his former accomplices. But the hero of this ballad seems to have been a mere boy. The other names according to the Danish editors are all arbitrary.

The romantic devise used is probably founded on fact. It occurs in another ballad, called 'Riber Ulf', in which Ulf is the victim of the stratagem instead of being, as in the following one, the leader of the attacking party; but such confusion of names is not uncommon.

Mar Stig. No. 6.

Dan. Vis. II. 151. Grimm p. 405.

1 'Tis gaily danced in Riber Street,
The castle now is won
There dance the knights with nimble feet,
It 's held for Erick's son.

2 On Riber bridge they are dancing too,
The castle now is won
There dance the knights with hollow'd shoe
It 's held for Erick's son.

3 'Tis Riber Ulf begins the fling,
With all his heart he serves the king.

4 And dancing there is Tage Mouse,
A captain he in Riber House.

5 There's dancing there Sir Saltensee,
And all his wealthy kinsmen three.

6 And there the noble Limbecks fling,
Who scarcely rank below the king.

7 Behind them dances Byrge Green,
And many a knight of noble mien.

8 And there there's dancing Johnie Kan,
And wife behind, the Lady Ann.

9 Next dances Rank, a gallant knight,
And wife, fair Berngerd, all in white.

10 Volraven next, and eke his dame,
The gentle Lady — what's her name?

11 And there there's dancing Iver Helt,
Came with the king across the Belt.

12 Awhile stood Ronald Lang in doubt,
To go or not and join the rout.

13 "But for this soft and flaxen hair,
"By all that's good, I'd soon be there.

14 "Aye! but for this yet rosy cheek,
"I'd soon take part in yonder freak."

15 He join'd, and, as he danced away,
Struck up the while a merry lay.

16 He led the song, he lightly sprang,
And all the knights in chorus sang.

17 Uprose the maiden Buckleshoe,
And vow'd to be to Ronald true.

18 With silk was braided up her hair,
And all so lightly danced the fair.

19 She led the knights within the wall
With swords beneath their mantles all.

20 By crafty plan and lucky chance
The castle now is won,
With song and laugh and merry dance
And held for Erick's son.

NOTE.

c. 2. What is meant by hollowed shoe 'udhugne Sko', I do not know. The epithet would apply best to wooden shoes, and may perhaps imply that the knights were disguised as peasants.

LXXV.

MAR STIG N°. 7.

This ballad gives a very natural and vivid picture of the wretched state of an outlaw'd traitor and murderer, wandering with his bride through the country, and trembling with fear that the very woods may hear and tell of his crime.

According to the history Ranild after Marshal Stig's death took refuge in a cloister of the Gray Brothers, where he was protected by some powerful ecclesiastics, who were his relatives, but King Erick Menved, the son of the murdered Erick Glipping, obtained leave from the Pope to break into the cloister and seize him. As observed in the introduction to the preceding ballad, this, the traitor Ranild, cannot be the same as the boy who led the dancing party into the castle. Many years had elapsed since the murder of Erick Glipping, and Ranild was at that time already a man grown up.

Mar Stig. No. 7.

Dan. Vis. II. 154. Grimm p. 406.

1 Ranild bade saddle his charger gray,
'Twas told me oft before,
"I'll be the Algrave's guest today,
"Tho' friends I have no more.

2 Ranild rode up to his castle gate,
'Twas told him oft before
Where ermine-clad the Algrave sate,
Tho' friends he had no more.

3 "Hail noble Algrave, here I come,
'Twas told thee oft before,
"To fetch my trothplight Kirstin home,
"Tho' friends I have no more."

4 Then up and spake her mother dear,
"'Twas told thee oft before,
"For thee is bride no longer here,
"For friends thou hast no more."

5 "I'll either with the maid return,
"'Twas told you oft before
"Or else your house and chattels burn,
"Tho' friends I have no more."

6 "Nay set not thou the house on flame,
"'Twas told thee oft before,
"E'en take the bride thou 'rt come to claim,
"Tho' friends thou hast no more."

7 In mantle wrapt the gentle maid,
'Twas told her oft before,
On Ranild's good gray horse was laid,
Tho' friends he had no more.

8 No other bridal bed had they,
'Twas told her oft before,
Than bush, and field, and new made hay,
For friends he had no more.

9 "The wood has ears, the mead can see,
"'Twas told thee oft before,
"A wretched outlaw'd pair are we,
"For friends I have no more."

10 "And had you not King Erick slain,
"'Twas told you oft before,
"We still might in the land remain,
"But friends we have no more."

11 "Stay, Kirstin, stay, such words forbear,
"'Twas told thee oft before,
"Where strangers are, take greater care,
"For friends we have no more."

12 With that he slapp'd her cheek so red,
"'Twas told thee oft before,
"It was not I, smote Erick dead,
"Tho' friends I have no more."

NOTE.

St. 9. This proverb so widely spread over Europe is one of considerable antiquity also, for it occurs in one of the oldest Robin Hood ballads

'Wode has erys, felde has sight.'

LXXVI.

MAR STIG.

Dan. Vis. II. 156. No. 8.

1 Report is rife in all the land
Ranild at last is caught;
He surely had never gone from Hielm,
His doom had he bethought;
A death of torture he must die,
As he has long been taught.

2 Ranild he stepp'd within the door,
'Good evening' bade the king,
And all the guard of gentlemen,
Who round him stood in ring;
"Christ! may no son of loyal Dane
"Such trouble on him bring!

3 "But, O King Erick, noble liege,
"Remember you no more;
"The best was I of all the swains
"Your father's livery wore;
"And you through wood and flowery mead
"In arms so often bore?"

4 "Full well I know thou servedst here
"For clothes and food and pay;
"And, like a vile and treacherous knave,
"My father didst betray;
"For which the stake thy carcase bears,
"If I but reign a day."

5 "My hands and feet hack from my limbs,
"Tear from my head these eyes;
"With racking tortures martyr me,
"The worst you can devise;
"So much the wrong I've done your house
"For vengeance on me cries."

6 "Thine eyes put out, that will we not,
"Nor lop thy hands or feet;
"But with a traitor's hardest death
"The worst of traitors treat;
"And on our father's murderer take
"Such vengeance as is meet."

7 As forth from Roskilde he was led,
He wrung his hands anew,
And tears to see him go to die
Wept ladies not a few;
He turn'd him round, and bade them all
A thousand times Adieu.

8 They led him forth to where the rack
Stood ghastly on the plain;
"O Christ, from such a martyring death
"Protect each honest Dane!
"Had I but stay'd at Hielm this year,
"And there in safety lain!

9 "Now were there here one faithful friend,
"Who home for me would go,
"And would my sorrowing wife Christine,
"Her path of duty show!
"O Christ, look on my children dear!
"O comfort thou their woe!

10 "And you, I pray, good Christian folk,
"Who here are standing round,
"A Pater noster read for me,
"That grace for me be found;
"And that this night I reach the land,
"Where heavenly joys abound."

Thus ends with the death of this traitor the fine cycle of ballads descriptive of Marshal Stig's revenge, and its consequences.

LXXVII.

SIR JOHN RIMORD'S SON'S SHRIFT.

This man seems to have been one of three sea-rovers of the same name, Rimordson, and probably brothers. One of them, Lave, in the "Robbers at Nordenshaw" No. 64 claims to be near of kin to the queen, and of Imperial descent.

It is a fine picturesque ballad, and gives a curious view of a superstitious age, in which a man guilty of the greatest atrocities thinks to save his soul by making a frank confession of his crimes before death.

The casting of lots and throwing a man overboard to appease a tempest might perhaps be derived from the story of Jonah, but it is related of Thorkil that on his voyage to the North his comrades had robbed the Trolds of some island of their cattle, and were unable to proceed on their voyage till they had thrown a man overboard from each ship. Saxo Grammaticus Hist. Dan. l. VIII p. 160. This voyage seems to have been made before the introduction of Christianity. The same thing we have in Half's Saga. It occurs in the Old English ballad of William Guiseman. Kinl. p. 158.

O up bespake the skipper boy,
I wat he spake too high:
"There's sinful men among us
The seas will not obey."

O we cast cavels us among,
The cavel fell on me;
O we cast cavels us among,
The cavel fell on me.

The Swedish ballads of 'Sir Peter's Voyage' Arw. II. 5 and Svens. Folkv. II. 31 are in the main nearly the same as the following, and are said to be among the most popular ones, having been separately printed in many different places. We have the same in a Norwegian version in Landstad p. 617.

As the John Rimordson of this ballad is in the king's service, and a loyal man, the name has probably been adopted in place of some other.

Sir John Rimord's son's Shrift.

Dan. Vis. II. p. 220. Arw. II. 5. Sv. Folkv. II. 31. 35.

1 The grass is green beneath the ship,
She is rotting on the shore:
A captain, brave as was Sir John,
Shall never steer her more.

2 In Ribè sits the Danish King,
And writes a stern decree,
To summon out his liegemen all,
And bid them put to sea.

3 "Now" said Sir John, as o'er his neck
His linked mail he threw,
"Who sails not out with us today,
"Nor loyal is, nor true.

4 "Aye" said Sir John, said Rimord's son,
And girded on his sword,
"Who sails not out with us today,
"A traitor is to his lord."

5 "Tonight we'll drink a full carouse,
"Can we but get the ale;
"Tomorrow, if the breeze is fair,
"We'll put to sea and sail."

6 "Such words" said Rimord's son, Sir John,
"Let none to our lord convey;
"His will and written brief we've heard,
"And needs must all obey."

7 The skipper Hogen, pious man,
The scowling heavens he scann'd;
"Who ventures out to sea today,
"Alive no more shall land."

8 But up spake Rimord's son, Sir John,
And loud he made it ring;
"And who goes not on board today,
"Is traitor to his King."

9 Again from his window gazed abroad
That skipper old and sage;
"No man can put to sea today,
"While storm like this shall rage."

10 But undismay'd did Rimord's son
His sturdy comrades hail;
"In God's name off with me, my Danes,
"And spread aloft the sail."

11 Scarce out from land, they saw the waves
With fury rage and roar;
Th' old skipper Hogen through the mist
Could see the lea no more.

12 In fearful sport on the wild sea
They saw the billows rise,
And mute and sad the old skipper sat,
The teardrops in his eyes.

13 'Fore wind and wave drove on the ship
Amid the tempest din,
And still and gloomy sat Sir John,
His hand beneath his chin.

14 While every squall across the deck
The salty billows drove,
Still, as though ladies cut his hair,
Was he not seen to move.

15 "But where are now the troopers bold,
"Yest'reen such speeches made?
"Let them now take the helm in hand,
"The anchor 's fairly weigh'd.

16 "Aye! where are all the braggarts now,
"Who lately made such boast?
"Let them go stand beside the helm,
"The sail is fairly loos'd."

17 'Twas so that ancient skipper spake,
His face with terror pale;
"There's here some murderous wretch on board,
"Hinders the ship to sail.

18 "Up, men, we 'll cast the lot about,
"On whom it falls we 'll see;
"And if there sails a villain here,
"Go overboard shall he."

19 And it was Rimord's son, Sir John,
With manly voice he cried;
"Go, fetch me, boy, the checquer board,
"The dice shall that decide."

20 They cast them out, the dice so small,
They tried them throw by throw,
And so it fell, 'twas e'en Sir John,
That overboard should go.

21 "We 've sail'd away so far from land,
"No holy priest is near;
"But ne'er-the-less my shrift I'll make,
"Our Lord in mercy hear."

22 And so did Rimord's son, Sir John,
Fall on his naked knee,
And make his shrift before the mast
Out on the roaring sea.

23 "Beguil'd full many a widow fair
"And many a maid have I,
"But never dream'd, that out at sea
"'Twas fated I should die.

24 "Widows and maids beguil'd have I,
"And many a virtuous wife,
"But never dream'd in happier days
"I here should lose my life.

25 "I landed once at Helsingborg
"For murder, waste, and spoil,
"And many an honest peasant boy
"Buried in heathen soil.

26 "Cloisters I've burnt, and churches too,
"Or robb'd of all their worth;
"And many a pious nun deflour'd
"Of high and noble birth.

27 "Thanks be to thee, thou great good Christ,
"For grace thou now hast given!
"For lost had surely been my soul,
"Had I been drown'd unshriven.

28 "If one of you should come to land,
"And chance to meet my bride,
"Tell her she is free to pledge her hand,
"For in the sea I've died.

29 "But if, when you shall be on land,
"My mother ask for me,
"Tell her I serve the king at court,
"And live in health and glee."

30 Three money-pouches took Sir John,
And firmly about him bound:
"A boon for him who lays my corse
"Beneath some holy ground."

31 Loud rose their cry, as crosswise spread
He sank to rise no more,
And took a wild untravell'd path
Down to the Ocean's floor.

32 Of all the seven and seventy men,
That forth from court had gone,
There came no more than five to land,
Sir John's small page was one.

33 "Now let us out to the churchyard go
"For Rimord's son to pray;
"For never again will Danish King
"His equal have in pay."

34 There's lying dry at Borringholm
The riven and useless boat,
And tossing on the ruthless stream
Their wretched corpses float.

NOTES.

St. 22. **before the mast** probably because the yards would form a cross with it. Knights for the same reason made vows and confessions to the hilt of their swords.

St. 25. The Danish text merely says that he buried the peasant boys, but the Swedish tells us that he buried them alive. With what view he did so, is not apparent. Burying alive was a punishment to which criminals were often sentenced, and as brutal laws brutalize a people, Sir John may have practised on others what he knew they would gladly practise on him.

St. 33. The time has been when it was rather difficult to discriminate the loyal British officer from Buccaneers as ruthless and unscrupulous as Sir John Rimordson.

St. 34. The last line of the stanza is very obscure,

Der flyde omkring de uselige Lig,
Hun giver dem ikke i Gjem.

What the word **hun,** *she*, means, I do not see. It is literally. 'She gives them not into custody.'

Appendix D

referring to No. 56.

The following ballad is no doubt of common origin with the Danish one No. 56. It is in the dialect of Ditmarsh a district of Holstein, and I give it in the original to show how little ground there is for an opinion frequently uttered, that the language of that country retains so much of Anglo-Saxon, that our English sailors can understand the people, when they meet them at Hamburg. It will be seen that it is merely German with slight dialectic differences, and such as no Englishman or Scotchman could possibly understand coming fresh from his own country. The truth is that what the Hamburg people speak to our sailors, *they* mean for English.

Springeltanz.

Uhland p. 81.

1 Dat geit hier jegen den samer,
jegen de leve samertit;
de kinderken gan spelen
an dem dale; dat sprack ein wif.

2 'Och, mömeken, min leve moder,
moste ick aldar tom aventdanze gan,
dar ick höre de pipen gan
und de leven trummen schlan!'

3 'Och nen, min dochter, nichten dat!
du schalt, du schalt schlapen gan.'

4 'Och, mömeken min! det deit mi de not,
dat deit mi de not,
kame ick tom avent-danze nicht,
so mot ick sterven dot.'

5 'Och nen, du min dochter!
alleine schaltu nicht gan,
so wecke du op dinen broder,
und lat en mit di gan!'

6 'Min broder is junk, is men ein kint,
ick wecke en altes nicht,
vel lever weck ick einen andern man,
den ick spreken schal.'

7 'O dochter min, Got geve di grot heil,
Got geve di grot heil!
Nu ick di stüren nichten kan,
so ga du all darhen!'

8 Do se tom aventdanze kam,
to dem kinderspele kam,
se let er ogen herummer gan,
er se den rüter fant.

9 De rüter de was guet, he toch af sinen huet,
he toch af sinen hoet,
he kussede se vor den munt,
an dem danze dar se stunt.

The word **mömeken** in the 2d stanza is the diminutive of möm or mümme, German Muhme, an aunt on the mother's side, and is used as a term of endearment in addressing elderly women.

1 "The summer tide is coming in,
"The merry month of May,
"And lad and lass," a gossip said,
"Are off to the dale to play."

2 "O mother, to the dance I must,
"Dear mother, I must go,
"For hark! how beat the darling drums,
"And how the pipers blow!"

3 "Nay that, my daughter, shalt not thou;
"O no, my daughter, no;
"'Tis late, my child, and off to bed
"'Tis time for thee to go."

4 "O mother dear, but dance I must,
"My part there I must take;
"For if to the dance I may not too,
"Mother, my heart will break."

5 "Alone thou can'st not go, my child,
"Nay, nay, that cannot be;
"So wake thy brother up from sleep,
"And let him go with thee."

6 "My brother 's young, is but a child,
"Him never shall I wake;
"I'll rather rouse another man,
"With whom I want to speak."

7 "God help thee then, dear daughter mine,
"And keep thee safe from ill!
"As I no more can manage thee,
"Go where thou hast a will."

8 When to the evening dance she came,
Awhile she gazed around,
And 'mong the children there at play
Her own dear knight she found.

9 The knight was good, took off his hat,
The knight he was so good;
He stoop'd and kiss'd her dainty lips,
As dancing there she stood.

Appendix E.

See No. LXIX.

COUNT FLORIS AND GERARD VAN VELZEN.

The following ballad is published by Le Jeune in his Proeven van de Nederlandsche Volkzangen. p. 87 as the oldest of genuine Netherland origin that he has found. The event to which it refers took place in the year 1296. Its striking similarity to the Danish ballads of Marshal Stig is such that we can hardly doubt that the one was the model to the other, and that as in the case of 'Buris and Christine', as compared with the 'Grausame Bruder', new names have been fitted to old events. The two murders curiously enough happened within 10 years of each other, Erick Glipping having been killed by Marshal Stig in 1286.

The cotemporary historians Melis Stoke and Van Velthem ascribe the murder of Count Floris to the distrust that the nobility had of his motives in making a close alliance with France, and not to his having abused the wife of Gerard van Velzen, which seems to have been an invention of a later period to justify their deed in the eyes of the people.

Count Floris and Gerard van Velzen.

Le Jeune p. 87. Fallersleben p. 19.

Now list to a new and doleful lay,
That I am about to sing,
How Gerard van Velzen Count Floris slew,
I tell of a wondrous thing.

1 Count Floris to Gerard van Velzen spake;
"Gerard, 'tis proper that you should wed;
"See there is a widow of good estate,
"And pretty beside and gently bred."

2 "Such scandal shall never be told of me;"
'Twas so to his lord that Velzen spake,
"You never shall bring me to such distress,
"That I to your cast off shoes should take."

3 "Now, Gerard van Velzen, my nephew dear,
"Did you in your words good breeding show,
"You would by your knightly neck have sworn
"To wear them, whether you liked or no."

4 Nor long e'er Gerard van Velzen went,
And courted a wife and brought her home;
Count Floris sent him a written brief
To bid him over to him to come.

5 When Gerard van Velzen left his home
Unweeting of either plot or guile,
Count Floris of Holland he rode across,
And slept with his lovely wife the while.

6 In anguish 'Murder and rape!' she cried,
"What is it you do, my noble lord?
"Had me any other man assail'd,
"You ought to have drawn on him your sword."

7 Her screaming and tears avail'd her naught,
Her honour the lady lost that day;
Count Floris, so soon as his will was done,
To Utrecht rode up street away.

8 From Woerden was Gerard van Velzen's wife,
Was fair, and was gentle of heart as well;
And happy he hoped with her to live,
But she to the Count as booty fell.

9 When Gerard van Velzen home return'd,
Her husband she went not out to greet;
"Now what has befallen my worthy wife,
"That me she no longer comes to meet?"

10 When up to her chamber Gerard went,
In mourning he found his lady clad;
"Now who then, my dearest, has done you wrong?
"Or why do I find you mute and sad?"

11 "O Gerard van Velzen, my husband dear,
"'Tis gone and never can be retrieved;
"Henceforth no longer I sleep with you,
"Count Floris of honour has me bereaved."

12 "For all that the villain Count has done,
"No fault, my dearest, I find with you;
"I late was his servant, am master now,
"And this with his life the Count shall rue."

13 With falcon on hand he left his home,
As though he would merely on pleasure ride;
But left the chase, and with deadly aim
He sprang on the guilty Count aside.

14 "Now, Gerard van Velzen, my nephew dear,
"If you of pity my life will spare,
"Your bastard daughter, all at my side,
"As Countess of Holland a crown shall wear."

15 "To traitor so vile, as you are one,
"I never will give my daughter's hand;
"My wife of her honour you dared bereave,
"And longer shall not oppress the land.

16 "I pardon'd you even that by your deed
"I once a beloved brother lost,
"But, now you have basely my wife deflour'd,
"And that most surely your life shall cost."

17 He gagg'd his mouth with a pair of gloves,
To stifle his voice and check his cry,
And carried him off from Kronenborg
To th' house at Muiden that stands so high.

18 That night when all was hush'd and still,
The hour of midnight barely past,
The Count of Holland was bound in chains,
And down on the marble pavement cast.

19 When morning was come, and at dawn of day
The gentlemen went their fast to break,
Bethought him the Count within himself,
"Good God! no notice of me they take!"

20 They brought him a slice of salted bear,
And pork just fresh from the carcase flay'd;
The Count of Holland bethought him then,
"Good God! I am surely now betray'd.

21 "O had I but here a faithful page,
"Would rid me of all this filthy gore,
"I gladly would give him my own brown shield,
"Would give him the helmet of steel I wore."

22 But Gerard van Velzen was close at hand,
And washed the Count of the reeking blood;
"Speak, Count of Holland, speak, noble Count,
"And tell us how now you feel of mood?"

23 "What ask you? — how I now feel of mood?
"Then since for mercy 'tis all too late,
"I would that I had a wife and child
"To inherit and keep my great estate.

24 "A son it is true I have, call'd John,
"No comfort is he, but only pain;
"He dwells afar in a foreign land,
"And ill he governs his own domain.

25 "And there is beside my bastard son,
"His age to count by a few short weeks;
"But though he waits for a hundred years,
"His father's murder he surely wreaks."

26 A season or two had pass'd away,
And Gerard van Velzen himself was caught;
He felt as he bound in fetters lay
"Great God! to the gallows I'm surely brought."

27 But hanging they deem'd not pain enough,
Would wring him with sevenfold torture more:
In spikeset barrel they closed him up,
And like a noble his pain he bore.

28 Three days they were rolling him to and fro,
From morning they roll'd him till noon of day;
"Speak, Gerard van Velzen, my worthy man,
"And how you are feeling and faring say."

29 "How fare I and how I feel of mood?
"I'll tell you then truly how I do:
"I feel I am still the selfsame man,
"As when I the Count of Holland slew."

NOTES.

St. 22. **washed the Count.** The meaning is very obscure. The words are

Hi wies Graf Floris van den bloede.

If wies were the preterite of wijzen, it might mean that he showed him some of the blood, but why he was so prompt to wash him, does not appear. Fallersleben so translates it as the preterit of waschen.

PART IV.

BALLADS OF ROMANCE.

LXXVIII.

AXEL AND WALBORG.

This most exquisitly beautiful ballad has for many centuries been a greater favourite than any other over the whole of Scandinavia. Where lay the scene, or when the events took place that are here described, it is impossible to discover, any farther than that it was somewhere in Norway, and at least as far back as the 15th century. Grimm thinks it must date from the 13th. It would be uninteresting to the English reader to enumerate all the places that have laid claim to possessing Walborg's grave, and their several pretentions. They are given succinctly in the notes to the Danske Viser V. III p. 425—430 and in Grimm's Altdän. Heldenl. p. 537—540.

It is to be regretted that this ballad is not included in the volumes which Grundtvig has yet published, and that the only copy we have of it is that of Vedel, which there is no doubt that he much altered and added to, as he did with all that passed through his hands. Grundtvig's extensive acquaintance with medieval literature, and his good judgement and critical acumen would have enabled him to throw light upon several passages which are obscure. But it is so uncertain when his work will be continued that it seemed

better to include this, as it is, in the present collection, than omit such a beautiful and celebrated composition altogether.

Independently of its poetic value it is highly interesting as a picture of the manners, feelings, and prejudices of the age in which it was composed. But for tenderness and unaffected fine feeling and dramatic picturing there is scarcely a ballad in the Danish or any other language that will bear a comparison with it.

Axel and Walborg.

Dan. Vis. III. 257. Svens. Folkv. I. 148. Grimm p. 357.

1 There play'd at dice on golden board
Two dames of high degree,
And watch'd their shifting course of luck
With mutual hearty glee.

2 There round and round and upside down
The dice so nimbly ran;
And round and round goes fortune's wheel
With course as hard to scan.

3 The Lady July and Denmark's Queen
At table sat and play'd,
While on the floor with crabs and pears
There play'd an infant maid.

4 With fruit and flowers the pretty child
Was carrying on her game,
As thither on his road to Rome
Sir Axel Tordsen came.

5 He greeted dames and maidens all,
That graceful virtuous knight,
In secret was the gentle child
His hope and his delight.

6 He tapp'd the baby's fair white cheek,
And took her on his knee;
"Would heaven thou wert a woman grown,
"My sweetheart thou shouldst be."

7 "Ah! no!" in gold embroider'd dress
His sister thus replied;
"Tho' she this very night were such,
"She could not be thy bride."

8 Up spake that maiden's mother too,
And true her words and frank;
"Too nearly are you both of kin,
"Tho' equal be your rank."

9 His ring of gold the knight took off
And gave her for a toy:
That ring, long ere she came of age,
Had robb'd her heart of joy.

10 "My little bride mark thou my words,
"Betroth'd are we today;
"And now I go to serve a king
"In countries far away."

11 Sir Axel, good and gallant knight,
Must on his journey ride,
And off to a neighbouring nunnery
Was sent his little bride.

12 She learnt to read, and ply her hand
On broidery work and lace,
And daily grew in good repute,
And modesty and grace.

13 Her manners, noble as her birth,
Won praises more and more;
Her sound good sense, and sparkling wit,
And all her varied lore.

14 In cloister eleven years she pass'd,
Until her mother died,
And then the queen took her to court
And kept her near her side.

15 Sir Axel serv'd in th' Emperor's house
With golden spurs at heel;
And at his side with knightly grace
He bare the trusty steel.

16 There, as he in his chamber slept
Reclined on silken bed,
Scar'd with a frightful dream he woke,
And toss'd his weary head.

17 Walborg his bride he seem'd to see
Robed in her velvet dress,
And at her side Prince Hagen stand
Some eager suit to press.

18 Soon as the lark at morning dawn
Trill'd forth his lively song,
In haste up starting from his bed
His clothes he round him slung.

19 He saddled him his trusty gray,
And off to the forest sped;
Would hear the bird's sweet song, and drive
Sad thoughts from out his head.

20 But e'en while musing on his dream
He saunter'd through the wood,
Right in his path with scrip and staff
A wayworn pilgrim stood.

21 "Good day, God greet thee, holy man!
"And whither bent to go?
"That thou art from my native land,
"Thy dress doth plainly show."

22 "In truth I'm sprung from Gildish race,
"In Norway have my home,
"And e'en fulfil a vow I've made
"Of pilgrimage to Rome."

23 "If thou of Gildish race art sprung,
"Thou 'rt kin then of mine own:
"Say, has my bride forgotten me?
"My Walborg hast thou known?"

24 "Aye, Sir, I know thy Walborg well,
"A lovely maid is she,
"And many a son of gallant knight
"Would fain her suitor be.

25 "Full oft that graceful maid I've seen
"In robe of sable drest,
"'Mong all the maids, who serve at court,
"The fairest and the best.

26 "She 's grown like a bright lily flower
"Borne on its stem so green;
"'Mong all the maids in all the land
"No fairer may be seen.

27 "Since in her tomb beside her lord
"The Lady July sleeps,
"Most loved and honour'd near her side
"The Queen fair Walborg keeps.

28 "Gold rings her fair white hands adorn,
"With pearls her hair is tied;
"And wheresoe'er the maid is seen,
"She is call'd Sir Axel's bride.

29 "Yet ne'ertheless her nearest kin,
"Against the general voice,
"Will give Prince Hagen thy betroth'd,
"And much thereat rejoice."

30 Sir Axel heard the pilgrim's tale,
And round him wrapp'd his cloak,
And went and stood before the throne,
And th' Emperor thus bespoke.

31 "Hail, Henry, sovereign great and good!
"Here at your feet I stand
"To beg a furlough hence to ride
"To see my native land.

32 "My patrimony is at stake,
"My parents being dead,
"And still more for my bride I fear,
"Lest her another wed."

33 "Furlough, Sir Axel, grant I thee
"To see thy home again,
"And will, until thou comest back,
"Thy place for thee retain."

34 As with a glittering troop in arms
From court Sir Axel rode;
A happy journey wish'd him all
That in the court-yard stood.

35 So hard he spurr'd, with thirty men
Had he begun his ride,
But when he reached his mother's house,
Was no one at his side.

36 And now Sir Axel Tordsen came
Up to the court-yard gate,
And there he saw in rich attire
His sister Helfred wait.

37 "Here waiting, Helfred, sister mine!
"Nor thinking me to see!
"How fares that Rose of flowers, my bride?
"My Walborg, how is she?"

38 "Thy pretty Walborg is in health,
"No fairer can be seen,
"Of all the maids, who serve at court,
"Most favour'd by the queen."

39 "Thy counsel, prithee, give me now,
"Helfred, my sister dear,
"How with my bride I may converse
"Unheard by other ear."

40 "Then wrap thee well in robe of silk,
"Dress thee in costly fur,
"And say that I've a message sent,
"To tell to none but her."

41 Sir Axel cross'd the chamber bridge
Up to the ladies' hall,
As e'en from vesper they return'd,
The Queen's fair maidens all.

42 He grasp'd his lovely Walborg's hand,
And softly thus he spake;
"I'm Lady Helfred's messenger,
"This letter, prithee, take."

43 She broke the seal, and spread it out,
And saw what in it lay;
Therein were tender words of love,
That only one could say.

44 She found enchased in five gold rings
Roses and lilies bright;
"Sir Axel Tordsen gives you these,
"Your long betrothed knight.

45 "You've vow'd to me to be my bride,
"And will to me be true;
"And I, while in the world I breathe,
"Will be as true to you."

46 There, while they cross'd the balcony,
They plighted them their troth;
And each the other firmly bound
By solemn mutual oath.

47 By holy Dorothy they sware,
And Virgin Queen on high,
They would with honour spend their lives,
And would with honour die.

48 Sir Axel rode in th' Emperor's court,
And blithe and gay was he;
And in her chamber sat his bride,
And fairly laugh'd for glee.

49 While so they pass'd nine months away
Apart in distant land,
Eleven counts' sons had bent the knee,
And sued for Walborg's hand.

50 Eleven so brave and gallant knights,
The gentle maiden wooed,
And twelfth, the King's son Hagen came,
And late and early sued.

51 "O hear me, Walborg, gentle maid,
"If me you'll love and wed,
"I'll make you Queen, and Norway's crown
"I'll set upon your head."

52 "And you, Prince Hagen, list to me,
"Your crown I'll not receive;
"I've sworn Sir Axel secret troth,
"Nor basely will deceive."

53 In grief and wrath went Hagen forth,
And round him wrapp'd his cloak;
Before the Queen, his mother, stood,
And these the words he spoke.

54 "Hear me, dear Lady mother mine,
"Your help I would obtain;
"My suit fair Walborg has repulsed
"With jest and proud disdain.

55 "Aye! though I offer wealth and rank,
"My royal crown and land,
"Sir Axel has her plighted troth,
"And him she gives her hand."

56 "And bound in honour is the maid
"To keep the oath she sware;
"But others in my court thou'lt find
"As noble and as fair."

57 "There may be others highly born
"And rich and fair of face,
"But rival Walborg cannot one
"In goodness or in grace."

58 "If thou shouldst seize the maid by force,
"All tongues would cry thee shame;
"Nor were it long, ere arm'd for fight
"Sir Axel hither came."

59 Forth from her bower Prince Hagen went,
And wrath was he of mood;
As met him robed in swarthy gown
The Blackfriar brother Knud.

60 "What means, my son, this woeful look?
"Say, what may be thy care?
"If aught has happ'd to mar thy peace,
"Thy griefs to me declare."

61 "Good father, sad is my mischance,
"And great my secret pain;
"Sir Axel's bride I dearly love,
"But cannot hope to gain."

62 "Nay! though fair Walborg be his bride,
"His wife she cannot be;
"For in the Blackfriar cloister here
"We keep their pedigree.

63 "Two sisters' children are they both,
"The lover and eke the bride;
"And both one nurse held at the font
"At Highborg, where she died.

64 "Dipp'd at one font, by cloister law
"Two brethren they must be;
"And, as our books will duly show,
"Akin in third degree.

65 "To chapter summon all thy clerks,
"This point let them decide;
"And sentenced shall Sir Axel be
"To quit his lily bride."

66 Prince Hagen heard and bade his swains
"Go Walborg's uncles call;
"Beg them in secret all the three
"Come to my council hall."

67 These Counts, so gallant all and brave,
They stood before the board;
"What may our gracious lord desire?
"We wait his royal word."

68 "The boon I ask, is that your niece
"With me in honour live,
"And be my queen and share my realm;
"Will ye the maiden give?"

69 Then answer'd him her uncles three,
And blithe were they of mood;
"In lucky hour was born the maid,
"For whom our Prince has sued."

70 They rose and sought the royal bower,
Wrapt each in ample cloak;
And greeted first the stately Queen,
And Walborg next, and spoke.

71 "God speed thee, Walborg, dearest niece,
"And happy mayst thou live!
"For thee our lord, Prince Hagen, sues,
"And thee to him we give."

72 "And have my uncles so agreed?
"The truth then I will say;
"Sir Axel, he is my trothplight man,
"Nor him will I betray."

73 "Nay!" answer'd her those uncles three,
So wealthy all and bold;
"Nay, niece, thee cannot we allow
"With him thy vows to hold."

74 Prince Hagen then his summons wrote
To all the clergy round,
And bade th' Archbishop come himself
With seventy clerks renown'd.

75 "Now shame" the Archdeacon Erland said,
As he the letter view'd;
"Foul shame on all who this devised,
"And most on Brother Knud!"

76 The Archbishop stood before the board,
And thus the Prince address'd;
"I'm at my Prince's bidding come;
"Would know what his request."

77 "I've to a maiden plighted troth,
"Whom ye shall wed to me;
"For tho' Sir Axel has her heart,
"His wife she shall not be."

78 A summons then those clergy wrote,
And publish'd far and near,
That 'fore the Archbishop at th' Assize
These lovers both appear.

79 The matin song was duly sung
At early morning tide;
And with his trulove off to church
Sir Axel now must ride.

80 But, as he climb'd his tall war-horse,
Sighs heav'd his manly breast;
And Walborg in her carriage sat
With pain as ill repress'd.

81 While through the greenwood glade they rode,
"But seldom," Walborg cried,
"Doth happy bosom sigh with grief,
"Tho' sorrow smiles may hide."

82 Before the gate they lighted down,
St. Mary's churchyard gate,
And with their kin and gallant knights
Walk'd into church in state.

83 But, while they waited in the aisle,
The clergy there to meet,
Their pallid faces told of woe,
And hearts with grief replete.

84 And now with silver-mounted staff
The grave Archbishop came,
And all the Blackfriar Brotherhood
To prove their blood the same.

85 With ponderous register in hand
Stepp'd forward Brother Knud,
And show'd that Axel and his bride
Were near akin by blood.

86 Alike of ancient Gildish race
Were both so highly bred,
And kinsmen in the fourth degree,
And therefore could not wed.

87 One dame had held them at the font,
The knight and eke the maid;
Sir Asbiorn sponsor was to both,
Such match the church forbade.

88 Akin alike by birth and blood,
And that in fourth degree,
Akin too at baptismal font,
Wedded they could not be.

89 Up to the Altar led they then
The lady and the swain,
And placed a kerchief in their hands,
And cut the same in twain.

90 The kerchief into halves was cut,
To each an equal share;
The stoutest man must yield to fate,
And what is doom'd him, bear.

91 "Ye 've cut in twain this handkerchief,
"Ye 've given us each a piece,
"But so will not our love be rent,
"Or lifelong ever cease."

92 The ring they off her finger stripp'd,
The bracelet off her hand,
And gave the knight his gifts again,
And brake the nuptial band.

93 Upon Saint Olave's altar stone
Sir Axel cast the gold,
And sware that lifelong for the maid
His friendship he should hold.

94 The heaving silk on Hagen's breast
His ill-pent wrath betray'd;
"If Walborg thou canst not forget,
"Then she is no more a maid."

95 But up the wisest clerk of all
Archdeacon Erland rose;
"Who has not learnt the power of love,
"Of man but little knows.

96 "Water may slake the glowing brand,
"May quench the hottest flame,
"But fiercer far the rage of love,
"No mortal that can tame.

97 "Aye, great as is the midday's heat,
"Where broils a southern sun,
"Is greater still the force of love,
"And vanquish that may none."

98 Array'd in silken robe so red
Prince Hagen made reply;
"This matter I'm resolv'd to clear,
"Though on the morn I die."

99 With anger boiling in his breast
The broad stone then he trod;
"Here shalt thou swear without reserve
"Before Almighty God:

100 "Tomorrow morning thou shalt swear
"On His most holy Word,
"If Walborg is for thee a maid,
"And swear it on thy sword."

101 "Such evidence if I shall give,
"My oath I'll freely make;
"And ready stand in combat too
"My life thereon to stake."

102 Sir* Hogen's wife, fair Eskelin,
From sleep awoke in fright;
"Saint Brigit, tell me what shall mean
"The dream I've dream'd tonight?

* In the original Sir Hagen, but to prevent confusion with the Prince of that name the translator has altered the first vowel.

103 "The lovely July seem'd to come
"From slumbering in her grave,
"And pray me all so piteously
"Her daughter dear to save.

104 "My Lord, seven gallant sons have I,
"And thirty men each one;
"And they shall arm, and stake their lives,
"That her no harm be done.

105 "My Lord, let saddle chargers ten,
"And like a noble ride,
"And lend her countenance, and see
"That her no ill betide.

106 "Seven sons have we, seven youthful dukes,
"All brave and doughty wights,
"And fain would see them quit themselves
"Like gentlemen and knights.

107 "The Lady July and myself
"Were of two sisters born,
"And lost for aye were our good name,
"If Walborg came to scorn."

108 The morning dawn'd, and o'er the heath
The sun had flung his glare,
As towards the castle rode the knights
The solemn oath to swear.

109 There clad in arms Sir Axel stood;
And stretch'd them forth his hand;
"Welcome, ye counts of Gildish house,
"Come here with me to stand."

110 Eleven the knights who forward strode,
In sables drest were they;
"We with Sir Axel make our oath,
"God rule it as He may."

111 As fast as raindrops fall, the tears
Ran down the maiden's face;
"Where now am I kind friends to find?
"How wretched is my case!"

112 Cold answer made her uncles three;
And these the words they spake;
"Thyself, since rede thou hast ask'd of none,
"Alone the oath must take."

113 The good Archdeacon Erland rose,
And what he said was true;
"Find kinsmen wilt thou many a one,
"Though friends, I fear, but few.

114 "Aye! kinsmen hast thou still, enough,
"But friends wilt hardly find;
"God help thee from thy danger,* maid,
"And calm thy troubled mind."

115 "My parents both are dead and gone,
"Bitter and great my woe;
"But that I free from guilt have liv'd,
"Will God in mercy show.

* The danger of being burnt alive, if found guilty.

116 "My mother is under a marble stone,
"My father Immer too;
"Were they alive and here with me,
"Were then my kinsmen true!"

117 But while in deepest woe she sat,
And sobb'd aloud and wept,
Sir Hogen up to the castle rode,
And towards the maiden stepp'd.

118 Forward he came with hasty stride,
And these the words he spake:
"Fair Walborg, I will stand by thee
"This oath with thee to take.

119 "My wife is Lady Eskeline,
"To whom thou 'rt very dear;
"She and thy mother were of kin,
"And therefore I am here.

120 "Now forward, all ye seven my sons,
"Your oaths together make;
"Sir Carl's seven sons from Sonderland
"Their part with us shall take."

121 Eleven young Duke's sons forward stepp'd
In sable robes so fair;
In richest raiment they were clad,
And curl'd their yellow hair.

122 Eleven young counts, they form'd a group,
All gallant men and bold:
And hair they wore in graceful curls,
And swords that gleam'd with gold.

123 "Here next the maiden we will stand
"With her the oath to swear;
"Ye noble pair, come forward both,
"That every one may hear."

124 His sword-hilt then Sir Axel grasp'd,
On massbook laid his hand,
While round him all his kinsmen stood,
A brave and wealthy band.

125 And there with sword-hilt in his hand,
Its blade laid on a stone,
He sware a clear unquibbled oath,
And made her virtue known.

126 "My Walborg, though my early love,
"And all my worldly bliss,
"I never yet too near approach'd,
"Or once enjoy'd a kiss."

127 Then by Our Lady sware the maid
With hand on holy book;
"My eyes were never yet so bold
"As once on him to look."

128 With canopy rais'd o'er her head,
And royal pomp and pride;
They bare her weeping to her bower,
And call'd her "Prince's bride."

129 In to the hall Prince Hagen came,
And these the words he spake;
"This evening neither knight nor squire
"His journey home shall take.

130 "Witness, that Walborg I betroth,
"My heart and realm to share;
"Witness, that she is now my Queen,
"And crown of gold shall wear."

131 The cloth was spread, and table fill'd,
And quaff'd the mead and ale;
But with his bride Sir Axel stay'd,
And sad their mutual tale.

132 "Now prithee, dearest Walborg, say,
"While here we sit alone,
"To still our painful longings, both,
"What now may best be done?"

133 "If wed the Prince I really must,
"'Tis much against my will,
"For though I live a thousand years,
"To you I am faithful still.

134 "Up in my chamber I shall sit,
"And gold-embroidery weave;
"Live all my days in solitude,
"And like the turtle grieve.

135 "She slumbers not on leafy bough*
"Retired from noonday heat;
"Nor ever sips the limpid stream,
"Till muddied with her feet.

* See note.

136 "But you will in the greenwood ride,
"And chase the hare and roe;
"And banish every thought of me,
"And all your grief and woe."

137 "Nay, though to chase the forest deer
"So gaily I may ride,
"What shall I do at midnight hour,
"When sleep 's to me denied?

138 "I'll straight for silver coin and gold
"My patrimony sell,
"And, till I grieve myself to death,
"In some far country dwell."

139 "Ah no, my lord, leave not your home,
"Nor sell your pleasant land,
"But send to good Sir Asbiorn word,
"And ask his daughter's hand.

140 "Sue for his daughter Adelaide,
"That gentle maiden wed;
"And further cares I'll take on me,
"And stand in mother's stead."

141 "I'll take no other maid to wife,
"No other will I woo;
"The Emperor's daughter could I have,
"To thee I'd still be true."

142 And here the good Archdeacon came,
And gently tapp'd the pair;
"Bid ye each other now Good night,
"And try your fate to bear."

143 Then rose the Archbishop, bold of speech,
And loud he shouted out;
"On Blackfriar Knud a lasting shame,
"Who brought this thing about!"

144 Sir Axel bade the maid Good night,
His voice betray'd his pain;
For laden was his heart with grief
As captive wretch with chain.

145 Fair Walborg now with all her maids
Must to her bower retire,
But felt her heart burning with grief,
"As glows a smouldering fire.

146 So soon as dawn'd the ruddy morn,
And sun was seen to shine,
Began the queen to call her maids,
And each her task assign.

147 She bade them round about her sit,
To work the gold so red;
But Walborg stood apart from all, —
Her heart with sorrow bled.

148 "List, Walborg, tell me, dearest maid,
"Why sittest thou aside?
"And why it gladdens not thy heart
"To be the Prince's bride?"

149 "Much rather I'd Sir Axel have,
"And share his less renown,
"Than in a royal palace dwell,
"And wear all Norway's crown.

150 "Yet, little as it profits me,
"My kinsmen may be glad;
"Tho' daily tears my face bedew,
"And heart be ne'er so sad."

151 They pass'd their time in sullen grief,
Two weary months went o'er,
That neither smiled, or pastime found,
She or Sir Axel more.

152 Now reach'd the land a fearful war,
A foe untaught to yield,
Hagen, the Prince, to stem their force
Himself must take the field.

153 He summon'd all his men to arms,
The clergy and eke the lay;
Such as had strength to wield a sword,
To war must all away.

154 As captain-general o'er his host
He bade Sir Axel go,
And, like a highborn gallant knight,
To arm he was not slow.

155 By its two colours white and blue
Was known o'er all the field,
And by the bleeding hearts thereon
Sir Axel Tordsen's shield.

156 They reach'd the plain, and saw the foe
In burnish'd armour glance;
Their manhood soon was put to proof;
'Twas not a ladies' dance.

157 Sir Axel fought with hero mood,
To guard his native land;
And, sooth, made many a saddle void
His sharp and weighty brand.

158 He dealt them round his deadly blows,
And o'er their corpses rode;
His anger spared not of them all
The best and noblest blood.

159 He struck the lords of Oppeland
From off their steeds so tall,
And slew King Amund's sons to boot;
Brave dukes and margraves all.

160 As thick the jostling arrows flew,
As peasants toss their hay;
And, pierced with wounds, among the slain
Himself Prince Hagen lay.

161 Sir Axel, when he saw the Prince
Had fallen from off his steed,
Through banded foemen clove his way
To aid him in his need.

162 "Sir Axel Tordsen, hear my prayer,
"Do thou avenge my fall,
"And then take Norway's crown and land,
"The bride therewith and all."

163 "Aye! well will I avenge thy death,
"As every tongue shall tell;
"No force of blow shall make me swerve,
"No numbers me repel."

164 Sir Axel sought the thickest fight,
So fierce was he of mood,
Whoever dared to meet his gaze,
Sank weltering in his blood.

165 He fell'd around him mailclad men,
As peasants reap their corn,
And bore him as became a knight
Of noblest lineage born.

166 They beat the helmet off his head,
They clove in twain his shield,
But till his sword brake in his hand,
Was he not made to yield.

167 Eight were the deep and ghastly wounds,
That gored his manly breast,
As in his tent with aching hearts
They laid him down to rest.

168 His life's blood spouted out in streams,
The price for victory paid:
The latest word Sir Axel spake
Was of the lovely maid.

169 "To Walborg bear my last farewell,
"May God to her be kind;
"In heaven we soon shall meet again
"Unhinder'd joy to find."

170 In came Sir Axel's little page,*
And stood before the board:
A quick and skilful child was he
To choose the fittest word.

* To the Queen's bower.

171 "O take ye robes of linen white,
"And leave your silk so red,
"For know that Hagen, royal prince,
"And Axel, both are dead.

172 "Prince Hagen on his bier is stretch'd,
"They 're tolling now his knell;
"Sir Axel well aveng'd his death,
"But bravely fighting fell.

173 "Through Norway's land the voice of fame
"Our victory shall record,
"But many a boor has lost his life,
"And many a noble lord."

174 How bitterly Queen Malfred wept,
Will every mother know;
Fair Walborg too in secret moan'd,
And wrung her hands for woe.

175 She call'd her Page, and bade him run,
And nimble he should be;
"Go, thou, my gilded casket fetch,
"And bring it in to me.

176 "And ye put to my good grey steeds;
"My life to God I'll give,
"Nor e'er forget Sir Axel's death,
"So long as still I live."

177 Before Saint Mary's churchyard gate
She lighted from her wain,
And once for all went into church
Weeping with grief and pain.

178 She there took off her crown of gold,
And laid it on a stone;
"Henceforth no other man I'll wed,
"But live for Heaven alone.

179 "Already twice I've been betroth'd,
"But never was a wife;
"Will now apart from worldly cares
"In cloister pass my life."

180 They brought her in the treasur'd gold
Stored in her gilded chest,
And this she gave to those she had found
The kindest and the best.

181 A neckband, all of finest gold
With precious jewels hung,
She gave the lady Eskelin,
For having lov'd her long.

182 Two bracelets in the casket lay,
And weighty clasps to both,
And these she to Sir Hogen gave,
Who sware with her the oath.

183 And gold and silver all so bright,
A hundred rings or more,
She dealt among the gallant dukes,
Who witness for her swore.

184 To priests in cloister cell and church
A goodly sum she paid,
That for her own and Axel's soul
Might daily Mass be pray'd.

185 She gave to widow and orphan child,
And pilgrim on the road;
And on the image of Saint Ann
Her crown of gold bestow'd.

186 "Come forward, Bishop, reverend man,
"The mould upon me cast;
"And let me swear the cloister vows;
"This boon I ask the last.

187 "Dear good Archbishop Ogey, come
"Devote me now to God;
"I never leave this cloister more,
"But for the churchyard sod."

188 On face of many a gallant knight
The teardrops trickled fast,
While on the gentle Walborg's arm
The clods of earth they cast.

189 So into cloister Walborg went,
And much restraint she bore,
And mass or matins never miss'd,
Nor broke a rule she swore.

190 To cloister many a lady comes
For beauty far renown'd,
But none so fair as Walborg was,
Whose equal ne'er was found.

191 'Twere better far to be unborn
Than live in constant woe,
In trouble eat one's daily bread,
Nor taste of pleasure know.

192 May God forsake the wicked wretch,
Who two like these would part,
Where glows a warm and mutual love
In young and virtuous heart.

NOTES.

St. 1. **Golden table** 'Guldtavel' seems sometimes to mean a chess table, and sometimes as in this case a board used for some game played with dice, Backgammon or trictrac perhaps. See 'Little Horseboy' No. 121.

St. 3. A child playing with apples, an 'Aeblebarn' or 'apple child' is an expression that frequently occurs and implies infancy. See Malfred & Mogens st. 11 and 12.

St. 8. **equal rank.** There was nothing so important among the ancient Scandinavians as an equality of rank in the young people who would be married. Every other consideration must give place to this. Where culture is very low, artificial barriers are usually maintained with rigour, for they are the only ones that distinguish the ranks of society.

St. 10. **serve a foreign king.** From a subsequent stanza we learn that this was a German Emperor named Henry, but if the ballad is of the age usually assigned to it, Sir Axel is more likely to have been a Waringer at Constantinopel. In Sir Thor and Silvermor and several other ballads we have similar instances of a knight engaging himself to a maiden before going away on a service of several years.

St. 15. **Golden spurs.** To wear these was the privilege of a knight, and, as this was the first symbol of his admission into that order, so it was the first mark of disgrace to which he was subjected, if he proved unworthy of his rank, to have them chopped off. Squires wore only silver ones. See Le Grand Vol. I. p. 116. The original spurs were mere goads fastened to the heels of the shoes, as appears from a seal of Alain Fergent, Duke of Brittany. Rowels were a later invention, and came at last to be worn of the size of a man's

hand. At the creation of a knight the king or prince who conferred the order, generally buckled on the spurs with his own hand. They were distinctive of a Christian knight as opposed to a Moor. Mahometans have never worn spurs.

St. 16. This dreaming of some domestic misfortune, of which we have so many instances in these ballads, we meet with quite as frequently in the romances of the South. In the Spanish 'El conde d' Irlos' Wolf & Hofm. II. 139. there is an exactly parallel passage to this.

Dormióse con pensamiento,
Y empezara de holgar,
Cuando hace un triste sueño
Para el de gran pesar:
Que viera estar la condesa
En brazos de un infante.

These his thoughts, he laid him down,
But scarcely had he sunk to rest,
Fearful dreams appall'd his sight,
His soul with heaviest grief oppress'd.
'Twas the countess' self he saw there
Clasp'd in some young Prince's arms.

St. 44. The ring, it is to be observed, was in ancient times not the token of marriage but of betrothal, as is evident from the 9th stanza of this ballad and many passages in other ones. So in Twelfth Night Ac. IV. sc. 3 Olivia requests her lover

'Plight me the full assurance of your faith;'

which was done in presence of a priest, and

'Strengthen'd by th' interchangement of their rings.'

ib. **Roses and lilies.** These seem to have been an admitted emblem of an engagement. See 'The Maiden Gisselmore' No. 168 st. 15.

St. 47. Saint Dorothy. This saint was remarkable for the invincible fortitude with which she bore the torture, and seems to be very consistently invoked in a case where constancy was required. See Mrs Jameson's Poetry of Sacred and Legendary Art p. 336.

St. 59. **Blackfriar** a Dominican friar.

St. 64. This idea of consanguinity through the offices of the church was agreeable to medieval opinion in other countries also; for instance the opening lines of the Ormulum.

Nu, broþerr Wallterr, broþer min
  Affter þe flæshess kinde;
And broþerr min i Christendom
  þurrh fulluht and þurh trowwþe;
And broþerr min i Godes hus,
  Yet o þe þride wise.

St. 78. **Assize,** til Tinge. This word has no exact equivalent in English. It means any assembly met to try cases. The present one is held in the church. In prose we might translate it Ecclesiastical court.

St. 89. The ceremonies here detailed are highly interesting as a contemporary picture of the manners of the age, and, as far as I am aware, are not described in any other ballad. The returning of presents, which was then compulsory, is perhaps all that now remains of the usages then practiced.

St. 96. This stanza has its parallel in a German ballad Erlach III. 197.

Das Feuer kann man löschen,
  Das Feuer brenne so sehr,
Die Liebe nicht vergessen
  Ja nun und nimmermehr.

These firebrands one may quench,
  As fierce as they may glow,
But Love can none forget,
  Or evermore forego.

St. 102. **Saint Brigit** made dreams her especial province.

St. 110. This usage, which was general on the Continent in the Mediæval Period, seems to have been the origin of our Jury, for the same mode of compurgation by twelve friends was allowed by the Anglo Saxon laws. These twelve men were neither witnesses nor judges. Their testimony amounted to this — that in their consciences they believed the accused

party to be innocent of the crime. The trial by ordeal and by duel was introduced at a later period. The Jury in its modern sense was not in use, till about the time of Henry III. See Giles' Alfred the Great V. I. p. 523.

St. 118. The friends here seem to have been expected to back the oath of the party they attended, by taking an oath themselves, and trusting to God to save them from perjury.

St. 129. The meaning seems to be that he insists upon their carousing and making merry till the morning to celebrate his betrothal.

St. 135. This stanza occurs word for word in one of the oldest of the Spanish romances, that of 'Fonte frida', and proves an intimate connexion hetween the ballad literature of the North and South of Europe. Where the Fonte frida, the cool fountain, was, must be conjecture. There is a beautiful spot hallowed by fine ruins, and called 'Fontifroide' near Montpellier in Provence, but there is another Fontefrida in Castile, which is more likely to be the spot, if any special locality is intended.

Whether the stanza has been introduced into the Danish ballad in modern times, or always belonged to it, we have no means of knowing till the next volume of Grundtvig's collection shall appear.

ROMANCE DE FONTE FRIDA.

Wolf & Hofmann II. 19. Depp. II. 414.

Fonte frida, fonte frida,
fonte frida, y con amor,
do todas las avecicas
van tomar consolacion,
sino es la tortolica
que está viuda y con dolor.

Por allí fuera á pasar
el traidor de ruiseñor:
los palabras que le dice
llenas son de traicion:

— Si tú quisieses, señora,
yo seria tu servidor. —
— Véte de ahí, enemigo,
malo, falso, engañador,

que ni poso en ramo verde,
ni en prado que tenga flor,
que si el agua hallo clara,
turbia la bebia yo;

que no quiero haber marido,
porque hijos no haya, no:
no quiero placer con ellos,
ni ménos consolacion.

Déjame, triste enemigo,
malo, falso, mal traidor,
que no quiero ser tu amiga
ni casar contigo, no!

Fountain, cool fountain, well of love,
Where birds repair and find relief,
All save the lonely turtle-dove,
That pines, a widow, whelm'd in grief.

To walk thy sparkling stream beside
There came the traitor nightingale,
And there the turtledove espied,
And thus began his wily tale;

"Lady, let but thy wish be heard,
I'd fain thine humble suitor be —"
"Begone, thou false, deceitful bird,
I know thee well no friend to me.

On leafy bough I never build,
Nor sport on meadow's flowery brink,
And if I find a limpid rill,
I muddy that before I drink.

I'll me to a husband never bind,
Nor sweet solace of children know;

With them no pleasure wish to find,
Nor aught beside to soothe my woe.

Go, treacherous bird, go, get thee home,
I know thee well no friend to me;
Thy truelove I will not become,
Or lifelong ever wed with thee."

The nightingale in this romance, it will be observed, is not, as in poems imitated from the Greek and Latin, an injured female, but as in oriental songs, of the male sex. From this we may suspect the piece to be of Arabic origin. What treachery was ascribed to him I do not know. Milton calls it "the amorous bird of night" and makes it "sing spousal" to Adam and Eve. Perhaps it was some association of this kind that was supposed to be disagreeable to the chaste turtledove, whose melancholy moodings were disturbed by "the wakeful nightingale, who all night long her amorous descant sung." The question is of no further consequence than as showing the southern origin of the passage in our text, and probably of a great deal more in northern poetry than Scandinavians will allow. The strictly monogamic and chaste character that is ascribed to the dove in the Spanish poem, is another point in which it singularly differs from those of ancient classical writers, with whom the dove was the attendant of Venus. Curiously enough the very same passage occurs in a German ballad beginning

Es steht ein Lind in jenem Thal

The words are

Und kan er mir nicht werden
Der liebst auf dieser Erden,
So will ich mir brechen meinen mut,
Gleich wie das turteltäublein tut.

Es setzt sich auf ein dürren ast,
Das irret weder laub noch gras,
Und meidet das brünnlein küle,
Und trinkt das wasser trübe.

See Uhland's Volkslieder and Knab. Wund. IV. 5.

And if then mine I cannot call
The man I love the best of all,
I'll break my heart, all joy resign,
And like the moping turtle pine.

She seats her on a wither'd bough,
Where neither leaf nor grass doth grow,
Avoids the fountain clear and cool,
And sips the stagnant muddy pool.

St. 136. This thought occurs in No. 135 'Sir Swerkel' coupl. 16—19.

St. 139. It was not uncommon, at least in ballads, for a maiden who was forbidden by her kinsmen to marry the youth of her choice to recommend him a young lady of her acquaintance. See Torkild Trundeson No. 100 st. 98.

St. 153. The clergy we see still compelled to serve in the field at this period.

St. 171. This notice of white being used as the colour of mourning is curious, and perhaps a solitary one.

St. 186. Throwing mould over the lady who took the veil was symbolical of her being dead and buried to the world.

LXXIX.

POWER OF THE HARP.

This legend which, in some form or other, is widely spread over all the north of Europe, appears to have been a great favorite in the Scandinavian countries. There are four Danish versions of it given in Grundtvig's book; and there are six Swedish, two Norwegian and four Icelandic ones, which occur in other collections. These, all of them, vary more or less from one another, showing perhaps a great antiquity as well as a wide diffusion of the ballad. The name of the bridge seems to have been left to the caprice of the minstrel. The Danish copy, from which this translation is made, has evidently been corrupted. It represents the stag as appearing with a golden chessboard in its mouth, a silly idea, not repeated in any of the other copies; and the sprite as coming up the second time with five maidens in his hand, instead of two, one on each arm, as in the others. These passages I have ventured to alter. In the 3d of the Swedish ballads published in the Sv. Folkv. III. 140, and which seems to be the most consistent and best form of it, the lady says that it had been prophesied in her infancy that she would be drowned on her wedding day. The sprite in this is called Neck, and not Merman, which was properly a marine being.

In the German forms of the ballad there is no mention of the recovery of the bride. The story of Orpheus and Eurydice may possibly have suggested this and similar fictions, unless they are all, the Greek as well as the Northern, to be traced to a still more ancient source in the East.

The idea of a Water Kelpie drowning the traveller is current in the Highlands of Scotland, and finely described by Collins in his Ode on Highland superstitions.

The Power of the Harp.

Dan. Vis. I. 326. Grundtv. II. 68. Arw. II. 312. Sven. Folkv. III. 140. Landstad p. 469.

1 Sir Peter took from home his bride,
But while she rode, she deeply sigh'd.
Say, why my love these tones of grief?

2 "Does you your horse or saddle fret?
"Or marrying me do you regret?"

3 "Me does not horse nor saddle fret,
"Nor marrying you do I regret."

4 "Or that because my wealth is small,
"You may not me your equal call?"

5 "I sigh not that with wealth so small
"I cannot you my equal call."

6 "For father lost grieve you so sore?
"Or that you're now a maid no more?"

7 "For father grieve I not so sore,
"Nor that I am now a maid no more.

8 "I grieve and sigh, because I know,
"What death I am doom'd to undergo.

9 "It is the long frail bridge I fear,
"Where lost were both my sisters dear;

10 "The roaring stream, the treacherous bank,
"Where my poor sisters slipp'd and sank."

11 "Sigh then no more, my dearest bride,
"My twelve brave swains shall with you ride.

12 "With you shall ride my faithful swains,
"And I myself will hold your reins."

13 But when they came to Rosenshaw,
A golden-antler'd stag they saw.

14 They mark'd him all, and off they hied,
And all forgot the gentle bride.

15 With gold her horse's feet were shod,
On fifteen nails of gold he trod;

16 But on the bridge his foot he lost,
And her in the roaring torrent toss'd.

17 Sir Peter came and turn'd him round,
But no where could the bride be found.

18 His swains Sir Peter call'd, and told,
"Haste! fetch me, swains, my harp of gold."

19 So sweet Sir Peter's music rang,
The birds aloft in answer sang.

20 And up the Merman heav'd his head,
And in his hand the maiden led.

21 "Dear knight Sir Peter, cease your spell,
"And take the bride you love so well."

22 "'Tis good thou dost my bride restore;
"But render up two sisters more."

23 Sir Peter touch'd the string again,
The birds flew down to hear his strain.

24 The Merman rose and came to land,
And held a maid in either hand.

25 "O cease, Sir Peter, cease thy strain,
"For I no sisters more retain."

26 And now the bride no longer weeps,
But nightly with Sir Peter sleeps.

NOTE.

St. 2. This string of queries and answers which occur in so many other ballads, Swedish as well as Danish, in the same words, has its corresponding expression in Scottish ones, and more than the similarity of the tales themselves shows the ancient connexion of these northern countries. Without adopting the extravagant theory of Geijer and others, that we inherit our ballads from the same remote ancestors, we cannot doubt the original identity of many of them.

"O is your saddle set awry?
Or rides your steed for you owre high?

Or are you mourning in your tide,
That you suld be Cospatrick's bride?

"I am not mourning at this tide,
That I suld be Cospatrick's bride;
But I am sorrowing in my mood,
That I suld leave my mother good."

Scott's Bord. Min. III. p. 53.

LXXX.

GERMAN GLADENSWAIN.

The incident upon which is built this very imaginative and poetical tale, the promise of a mother in a moment of difficulty to sacrifice her unborn babe to an evil spirit, is of not unfrequent occurrence in the popular legends of Denmark and Germany. We meet with it for instance in 'The Raven' No. 88. where however the bird of prey proves to be a knight transformed, and not an evil being as in the present tale. It is probably derived from an ancient religion, the traces of which are still met with in tales and ballads, although the superstition and its sanguinary rites have disappeared for many centuries. The offering of a child to an evil spirit, a Moloch, or a Saturn was customary over a great part of Asia, northern Africa, and Europe. A fine tragedy of Öhlenschlæger, 'Hakon Jarl', represents such a sacrifice as perpetrated in the time of Saint Olave of Norway. It has been supposed that Abraham's offering of Isaac was in accordance with the habits of the people among whom he dwelt, and perhaps indicates that he was himself in early life a worshipper of Moloch.

There are in Grundtvig's work several copies of this ballad which differ very slightly from each other,

and this would indicate that it either is not of very great antiquity or never has been very widely diffused

The winged monster pecking out the lady's right eye, which occurs in 'The Raven' also, has a slight analogy with the winged horse destroying the right eye of the third calender; and his threat to sink the ship, to the rocs which destroyed Sindbad's ship, in the Arabian Nights. Small scattered traits, such as these, occurring in many different ballads, show a certain connexion between northern and oriental fiction, and perhaps a common origin of many of the tales.

German Gladenswain.

Dan. Vis. I. p. 186. Grimm p. 79. Oehl. p. 72. Grundtv. II. p. 9. R. Warr. p. 54.

1 The Danish king and his youthful queen,
They sat at their festive board,
And many a tale they told by turns
Anent the salty Fiord.

2 The Danish king and his youthful queen
Were sailing through the foam;
And better that day for both their sakes
The queen had stay'd at home.

3 The ship roll'd on the heaving deep,
The wind no longer blew,
And over them, greedy to sink them all,
The fierce wild raven flew.

4 "If any* there are beneath the waves,
"That hinder the ship to sail,
"I'll give you silver and ruddy gold,
"To send us a favouring gale.

5 "And thou, wild carnage raven, hark!
"Forbear our vessel to drown,
"And pounds by weight of silver and gold
"Fifteen I'll pay thee down."

6 "Of gold or silver no need have I,
"A different gift I claim;
"Whatever thou bearest beneath thy belt,
"To me thou givest the same."

7 "Naught else beneath my belt do I bear
"Than this my bundle of keys,
"If God shall bring me alive to land,
"I'll others have made for these."

8 She took the bundle of keys so small,
Those over the board she threw;
The fierce wild raven her words had heard,
And joyous away he flew.

9 The queen stepp'd out on the glittering sand,
And bitter the grief she felt;
She noted, that German Gladenswain
Had quickened beneath her belt.

* Mermen or Mermaids.

10 And when in the onward flight of time
Five months were past and gone,
She went aloft to her bower, the queen,
And bare a lovely son.

11 'Twas eventide, as the babe was born,
They took him to church by night,
They christen'd him German Gladenswain,
And hid him the best they might.

12 They nurs'd that infant the winter through,
They nurs'd him for winters nine,
Till he the gallantest youth was grown,
That ever met mortal eyne.

13 So well he throve, and so well he grew,
So well too his horse could ride;
Yet oft as his mother beheld the boy,
From bitterest grief she cried.

14 "O tell me then, dearest mother mine,
"Nor answer to me deny,
"Why weep you, and why so dolefully moan,
"So often as I go by?"

15 "O listen then, German Gladenswain,
"I've reason enough to grieve,
"For thee as a babe to the Trold I gave,
"And he will his gift receive."

16 "Nay, listen to me, my mother dear,
"And lay your sorrow aside;
"Whatever the fate that God decrees,
"The same I must e'en abide."

17 One Thursday it was, an autumn day,
At th' early morning hour,
A loud shrill voice the ladies heard,
As open stood their bower.

18 And in that lothesomest raven came,
And sat by the queen, did he;
"Now call to your mind, my gracious Queen,
"The gift that you made to me."

19 She swore by God, and she swore by men,
By heaven and earth and all,
That she nor daughter nor son had borne,
Nor any her own could call.

20 Away that lothesomest raven flew,
And yell'd a scream of joy;
"Whereever I find young Gladenswain,
"I claim for my own the boy."

21 When German was fifteen winters old,
He fain his betroth'd would see;
A daughter she was of England's king,
And none was so fair as she.

22 And more and more he daily long'd
To go to his lovely bride;
"But how shall I come to the seagirt isle
Across the salty tide?"

23 So rose young German Gladenswain,
And round him his mantle threw,
And up to the ladies' lofty bower,
To speak to his mother flew.

21 In came young German Gladenswain,
In scarlet array'd was he;
"O lend me, mother, your feather-dress
"To cross the salty sea."

25 "My feather-dress on a hook is hung,
"Its plumes drop on the floor;
"If thou to a foreign land dost go,
"I see thee again no more.

26 "The wings for thee are much too long,
"They spread so wide in the air;
"If I till midsummer live, my son,
"I'll make me another pair."

27 He d'on'd the dress, and across the sea
He flew for many a mile,
And met the raven so wild and fierce,
That dwelt on a lonely isle.

28 So boldly he flew, and skimm'd the wave,
Or rose to the clouds on high,
Till, distant afar from either shore,
He heard a frightful cry.

29 "Well met, young German Gladenswain,
"So long where hast thou been?
"A little and tender babe thou wast,
"As gave thee to me the Queen."

30 "O leave me, raven, and let me fly
"My lovely young bride to see,
"And soon as I hither return again,
"I'll render myself to thee."

31 "I'll set on thy body a special mark
"To bear with thee hence ashore;
"Where'ver thou sittest with knights and squires,
"Forgettest thou me no more."

32 His right eye out of his head he peck'd,
Drank half of his heart's best blood;
Yet flew the youth to his trulove's bower
Across the briny flood.

33 And there so blood-besprent and pale
He stay'd his airy flight;
The maidens, who sat within the bower,
Shrank trembling aback with fright.

34 Their laugh and frolic the maidens ceas'd,
Their games no longer play'd;
But rose and clasp'd her fair white hands
His ladylove Adelaide.

35 "Right welcome, dear German Gladenswain,
"But where have you been in fight?
"And why are your clothes so stain'd with blood?
"And why is your cheek so white?"

36 "Farewell, for ever, dear Adelaide,
"Away from you I must fly;
"My life the ravenous monster claims,
"Who tore from my head an eye."

37 She took in her hand a silver comb,
Herself she dressed his hair,
And dropp'd on every lock she comb'd,
A bitter and scalding tear.

38 On every tangled lock she dress'd
The bitterest tear would flow,
And much his mother she cursed the while,
The cause of all his woe.

39 She clasp'd him fondly within her arms
In loving and long caress;
"Oh! cursed be she, the wicked queen,
"Who brought on us such distress."

40 "Nay cease, I prithee, dear Adelaide,
"My mother so to ban,
"She could not avert, what fate decreed;
"Avert it what mortal can?"

41 He drew on his limbs a feather dress,
And rose to the sky so blue;
His bride drew on her another dress,
And, whirring, behind him flew.

42 "O turn to your home, dear Adelaide,
"Turn back from your flight so high,
"For open is standing your chamber door,
"Your keys on the pavement lie."

43 "Though open be standing my chamber door,
"And keys on the pavement lie,
"I'll follow you, wheresoever you go,
"Be near to you, when you die."

44 Whatever the birds, in the air she met,
She clipp'd them at once in twain;
The raven alone she could not reach,
To leave him among the slain.

45 Then turn'd her, the lady Adelaide,
And lighted upon the strand;
But left there of German Gladenswain
Was nothing beside his hand.

46 In wrath she flew to the clouds so high,
That ravenous bird to seek;
And eastward she flew, and to west she flew,
Her vengeance sworn to wreak.

47 Whatever the birds, in the air she met,
She clipp'd them in pieces three,
She met the raven, and into ten
She clipp'd him with dismal glee.

48 She hover'd about that dreary heath,
Till, wasted with grief, she died;
For love of her German Gladenswain
So mournfully sank his bride.

NOTES.

St. 3. The same influence of a sprite is described in the Scotch ballad of 'The Dæmon Lover' Motherwell p. 97.

'The masts that were like the beaten gold,
Bent not on the heaving seas;
But the sails, that were of the taffetie,
Fill'd not in the eastland breeze.'

St. 4. This influence of mermen we find too in Layamon's Brut. l. 1343

þa mereminnen heom to swommen	Mermen swam to them
on alchare sidan	on every side
swiđa heo heom lætten	greatly they impeded them
mid luđere heora craften.	with their wicked crafts.

See The Queen and the Mermaid No. 61 st. 14.

LXXXI.

SIR OLAVE.

This ballad, in its modernised form, Letter B, is one of those which have been most popular in their own country and best known out of it. In Germany it has been adopted as a national poem, and printed in the Knaben Wunderhorn and other collections without acknowledgement of the Danish original.

Jamieson's translation of this ballad is very good and rather more free from obsolete Scotch words than is usual with him. The paraphrase of it by Lewis in his Tales of Wonder was made from the German of Herder.

The same tale in various forms is found in all the Scandinavian dialects, Swedish, Norse, Faroese and Icelandic, as well as Danish. In German there is nothing exactly agreeing with it. In 'Peter von Stauffenberg' the jealousy of a sprite causes the hero's death, but the incidents are very different. In the Windish language there is also something analogous to these tales.

Under the name of Elves are comprised several very different beings. In general they seem, as in this ballad, and Sir Tonne No. 102 and many more, to be of human shape and size, and only in some copies of the 'Elf and the Farmer's wife' No. 124 are they

represented as diminutive beings. There is a long disquisition upon them preceding 'Young Tamlane' in Scott's Border minstrelsy V. II p. 109, but the Editors of the Svenska Folkvisor Vol. III p. 159 observe that Scott has confused his Elves not only with Dwarfs, but with all other beings of the Scandinavian mythology which come under the name of Rå. But it is very certain that the composers of popular ballads in Denmark confused these beings too, for in these two copies, our A. and B., they are called 'dwerge' in one and 'eller' in the other.

In our English literature Clerk Colvin (Gilch. I. 270. Lewis' Tales of Wonder II. 445) bears much general resemblance to it. The clerk sees a maid washing and kisses her, and is seized with pain in the head.

> Soon as his mouth her lip had press'd,
> His heart was fill'd with doubt and dread;
> "O han and alas!" Clerk Colvin cried,
> "O han and alas! what pains my head?"

She tells him to cut a gare from her sark, and bind it round his head, which he does, but grows worse and worse. The maid leaps into the water and swims away like a fish. He mounts and rides to his mother's, and dies as soon as he arrives.

But the most remarkable of parallels to it is the ancient Breton romance of 'Sir Nann and the Fairy' in the Barzaz-Breiz ou Chants populaires de la Bretagne p. 41. and versified in Keightley's Fairy Mythology. p. 433 (Bohn's Ed.).

In this Breton romance the knight really goes out hunting, as in the Danish the mother pretends he does to excuse his absence. He has been in search of a

woodcock and a roebuck to gratify his wife, and being thirsty drinks from a fountain that belongs to a fairy. In the Danish he disturbs her dance. The fairy demands of him to plight his troth to her, and threatens him with speedy death, if he refuses, which he does nevertheless. As soon as he comes home he prays his mother to make his bed, and it is rather curious that this request, which we find in such a number of Scandinavian and Scotch ballads, is met with in the Breton also. Such small traits are like those trifling touches in a picture, which, unimportant as they are singly, betray the style of a certain school more unequivocally than the main subject of the painting. The bride, as in the Danish, asks why the bells are ringing, and where the bridegroom is, and discovers the truth by finding in the churchyard his new made grave, on which she dies and is buried in it. And here we have two other traits of resemblance to Scandinavian ballads in the springing up of two trees over their bodies, and their souls in the shape of two doves soaring up to heaven: which the Northern nations certainly copied from the Southern.

There can be no question of the common origin of the two ballads, but how a Danish one could find its way to Brittany, or a Breton one to Denmark and the rest of Scandinavia, is the difficulty. Keightley supposes that the Normans brought it with them, when they settled in France in the 9th century. To me it seems much more probable that, when Breton romances became fashionable in the 13th century, this one among many others was translated into French and found its way to Denmark. But it is quite as likely that when

Oriental tales became popular all over Europe in the 13th century, it may have been brought from the East among them, and having long been forgotten elsewhere is found preserved in those two remote and stationary countries.

The manuscript from which Letter A, the first of these translations, is taken, is written with obsolete spellings which are extremely difficult to unriddle. To give the reader some idea of the writer's extraordinary style: berget is spelt bierigitt, hvor huortt, tale thalle, hos huosz, vindebro wyenebro, leve löffue, moder muoffue, stue stuoffue &c. upon no other principle apparently than to stick in as many vowels and consonants as possible, and leave out the *d's*. It is deeply to be regretted that the Danish editor, who has brought so much learning and good sense to his task, and has noted with such minute accuracy every different reading of every manuscript, has neglected to add footnotes to explain obsolete, provincial and misspelt words, as Landstad has done for his Norske Folkviser.

Sir Olave. A.

Grundtv. II. 112. A. Landst. p. 355.

1 Sir Olave a journey at nightfall rode,
It seem'd as if round him daylight glow'd.
But what avails bewailing?

2 The hill he had trodden, where all by night
The dwarfs were tripping their dance so light.

3 And out of the group a maiden flew,
Her fair white arm on his shoulder threw.

4 "Oh sweet Sir Olave, a moment bide,
"And tell me whither so fast you ride."

5 "So fast I am speeding across the lea
"My dearest, my own betroth'd to see.

6 But smiling she held him forth her hand;
"You first with me in the dance must stand.

7 "And if with me you list to live,
"Oh! rich are the gifts I have to give.

8 "I'll give you a horse to ride, a dun,
"To Rome and back in an hour will run.

9 "I'll give you that steed so fleet and bold,
"And with him his saddle of finest gold.

10 "I'll give you such harness of steely mail,
"There's not a man living should make you quail.

11 "I'll give you so finely wrought a brand,
"As never was waved in hero's hand.

12 "The benches and chairs, whereon you sit,
"You'll see them of golden chain-work knit.

13 "And wrought of the gold each drawbridge stands,
"As pure as the rings that grace your hands."

14 "O keep to yourself your gold so red,
"For I must home to the maid I wed."

15 She struck the knight on his cheek a stroke
That splash'd the blood on his scarlet cloak.

16 She struck him a blow on his back as well,
And fainting down to the earth he fell.

17 "Up now, Sir Olave, and speed away,
"Thou livest but only a single day."

18 Sir Olave he guided round the rein,
And sick and sorry rode home again.

19 He rode till he reach'd the courtyard gate,
Where waiting him still his mother sate.

20 "Sir Olave, tell me, my son so dear,
"Why comest thou home so sad of cheer?"

21 "Hold thou, dear mother, this faithful beast,
"Haste thou, dear brother, to fetch a priest."

22 "From words so gloomy, my son, refrain
"The sick will often get well again.

23 "But tell me, so be thy wish obey'd,
"To whom thou leavest thy trothplight maid?"

24 "All ye, my seven brave brothers, ride,
"With due respect meet ye my bride.

25 "And you, my mother so dear, I pray,
"Kindly to greet that lovely may."

26 They* heard as nearer the town they drew,
The bells all ringing, as were they new.

27 Then spake in faltering voice the bride,
Her sorrow she could no longer hide:

* The bridal train.

28 "But why has this ringing now begun?
"For sick here or dying know I none."

29 "Because it was ever our country's mode
"To ring the bride to her new abode.

30 "'Tis mode all over this island's side
"To ring to her home a chosen bride."

31 As into Sir Olave's house she stepp'd,
There silent the ladies sat and wept.

32 With anxious doubt and fear she spake,
Her heart with sorrow was like to break:

33 "And why then do all these ladies grieve,
"And not with rejoicing a bride receive?"

34 There was not a lady, of all were there,
To answer the bride a word would dare.

35 She enter'd the lofty banquet room,
But sorrow had paled her roses' bloom.

36 They led her to sit in the bridal chair,
And knights to her hand the goblet bare.

37 She ask'd them, the while she sat at board,
In tone of sadness she spake the word:

38 "I see so many both come and go,
"But still my bridegroom Sir Olave no."

39 Sir Olave's mother, she then replied,
But ill her grief could a mother hide:

40 "Sir Olave went out with his hawk and hound
"To beat the heath and the forest round."

41 "And are then his hawk and his hound more dear
"Than I, the young bride who waits him here?

42 "With greyhounds in leash will he rather ride,
"Than sit in a room beside his bride?"

43 At th' evening hour, as fell the dew,
The bride from the banquet hall withdrew.

44 They kindled the bridal torch so bright,
The maid to her bridal room to light.

45 But, as she was standing beside the bed,
Behind her the little page-boy said;

46 "O list to the truth, Sir Olave's bride,
"This very morning my lord has died.

47 "Stretch'd out on his bier he lies above;
"His brother demands your hand and love."

48 "That day, be assured, shalt thou not live,
"That I my troth to two brothers give."

49 She begg'd the ladies so earnestly,
She might but her bridegroom's body see;

50 They threw her open the chamber door,
And there was the stage upon the floor.

51 Fair Ingelille press'd before the crowd,
And back from his face drew off the shroud.

52 But one farewell to the dead she spake,
So much did her heart within her quake:

53 A single kiss on his mouth she press'd,
And burst was her heart within her breast.

54 Sad sight as ever has met the eye,
To see the maiden for sorrow die.
But what avails bewailing?

NOTES.

c. 26. alle gik kloker, som dy war ny.

c. 46. Y lader eder myndis, her Oluffs m~~ee~~

The word **myndis** might mean 'be kissed' as well as 'be reminded', and is used in that sense in the 53d verse. In the latter sense it is spelt 'mind' with an i, but the spelling of this manuscript is very bad.

c. 47. This transference of a bride to a brother was very common in ballad days. We have several instances of it in this collection.

Sir Olave. B.

Dan. Vis. I. 236. Grundtv. II. p. 114. Grimm p. 91. Oehl. p. 101. Herder's Volksl. 2d p. No. 27. Knaben's Wund. III. 222. Svensk. Folkv. III. 158. Norske Folkv. p. 335 and 843. Arw. II. 305. 307.

1 Sir Olave he speeds his lonely way
To bid his friends to his wedding day.
The Elves in chorus with mirth and glee
Are dancing beneath the greenwood tree.

2 And four he saw dance, and five saw dance,
The Elf-king's daughter herself advance.
The Elves etc.

3 She tripp'd from out of the Elfin band,
And smiling she held him forth her hand.

4 "O welcome, Sir Olave, but why such speed?
"Come hither with me the dance to lead."

5 "Nay dance, that neither I will nor may,
"Tomorrow is e'en my wedding day."

6 "But listen, Sir Olave, come dance with me,
"I've boots of buckskin to give to thee.

7 "Two boots of buckskin that fit so neat,
"And golden spurs for thy knightly feet."

8 "Nay dance, that neither I will nor may,
"Tomorrow is e'en my wedding day."

9 "Yet listen, Sir Olave, come dance with me,
"A shirt of the silk I'll give to thee;

10 "A shirt of the silk so white and fine,
"My mother has bleach'd in the moonbeam's shine."

11 "Nay dance, that neither I will nor may,
"Tomorrow is e'en my wedding day."

12 "Yet list, Sir Olave, come dance with me,
"A helmet of gold I'll give to thee."

13 "Thy helmet of gold I'll freely take,
"But join will I not in thine Elfin wake."

14 "And dost thou refuse to dance with me?
"Then sickness of death shall follow thee."

15 Between his shoulders a blow she dealt;
Such blow till then he had never felt.

16 She set him again on his horse astride,
"Go home and comfort thy pensive bride."

17 He rode till he came to the castle gate,
The place where his anxious mother sate.

18 "O hear me, what is it, Sir Olave, speak,
"Has blanch'd so pallid thy manly cheek?"

19 "No wonder, dear mother, my cheek is white,
"I've been at the Elfin dance tonight."

20 "But O Sir Olave, my son, my pride,
"Say what shall I answer thy gentle bride?"

21 "O tell her I ride the green wood round
"To prove the speed of my horse and hound."

22 There came at the early dawn of day
The bride and her suite in full array.

23 They quaff'd the mead, and they quaff'd the wine;
"But where is Sir Olave, dear bridegroom mine?"

24 "Sir Olave, he rides the green-wood round
"To prove the speed of his horse and hound."

25 She rais'd the mantle of scarlet red; —
There lay Sir Olave, and he was dead.

26 The morrow, as dawn'd the early morn,
Three corpses from out the gate were borne.

27 The one was his mother, and one his bride;
For sorrow they both had sunk and died.
The Elves in Chorus with mirth and glee
Are dancing beneath the Linden tree.

NOTE.

c. 12. The helmet, 'hoved', which the Elfqueen offers him, is probably that which is still worn by the peasant women of Denmark and many parts of Germany. Grimm translates it 'Schleier' *veil.* It is usually made of gold lace, and is a very costly ornament for women in that rank of life.

LXXXII.

MALFRED AND MOGENS.

This, like several other of the most beautiful ballads in the collection, seems to be of Norwegian origin. Grundtvig can find no clue to the tale that forms the subject of it. Some part of it may possibly be a distant echo of a lay of Marie de France called 'Eliduc', to which it has several points of resemblance, but so mixed up with different incidents as to form a new tale altogether. In this Breton lay of 'Eliduc' a married knight takes service with a foreign king and becomes enamoured of his daughter, but has not the resolution to tell her that he has a wife living. When the princess eventually hears of it, she falls into a trance and remains several days at a hermitage apparently dead. Here the knight's wife discovers her, and restores her to life, and then herself retires to a convent. The knight after living some years with the princess, becomes a monk, and the princess takes the veil in the same convent in which the first wife is the Abbess. To this lay the Danish ballad has some affinity in the latter part of the tale, where the trance at the hermitage is replaced by a residence of some years in an Elfin cave, and the wife's retirement to a cloister by the Danish wife's offer to go home to her mother. The earlier part of the tale I cannot trace to any other.

Malfred and Mogens.

Dan. Vis. IV. 294. Grundtv. II. 122.

1 The Yarl march'd forth to battle field,
And there he lost his life,
And many a brave and honest man
Fell in that deadly strife.

2 The King of Norse his summons sent
To arm and take the field,
And would that Ivar, gallant Yarl,
Should bear the royal shield.

3 Sir Ivar rose and bade his squire
To saddle and bring his horse;
"To Bergen I will ride today,
"And see the king of Norse."

4 With purple cloak around him slung
He pass'd the castle gate,
And mounted to the council hall,
Where sat the king in state.

5 In to the hall Sir Ivar came,
A yarl so brave and good,
And rose with grace the King of Norse,
As he before him stood.

6 Uprose that noble King of Norse,
The royal cushion press'd;
"Come hither, Ivar Ulfson, Yarl,
"And here beside me rest.

7 "The King of Swede has challenged me
"For honour and for life,
"My kingdom at my hand demands,
"My daughter too to wife.

8 "But hark, Sir Ivar Ulfson, Yarl,
"My trust I place in you;
"I'll furnish you with coat of mail,
"And steed and saddle too.

9 "To you my banner I shall trust
"To bear it like a knight;
"Let not the crown of Norway fall
"A prize to Swedish might."

10 "So help me Friga, help me Thor,
"And never me forsake,
"Thy banner I shall well defend,
"My life thereon I stake."

11 So spake Sir Ivar Ulfson, Yarl,
And round him wrapp'd his cloak,
And up to the ladies' chamber went,
And thus the Queen bespoke.

12 "Hail, Queen of Norse, so nobly born
"Of England's royal race;
"I trust to you my daughters small,
"And pray you show them grace.

13 "The one can link a chain of gold,
"The second, she can sew,
"The third is still a baby child,
"Alone can hardly go.

14 "A little baby child the third
"With apples still at play,
"And pale their cheeks — Their mother 's dead,
"Dead and beneath the clay."

15 "Go then, Sir Ivar, go in peace,
"Thy mind from care be free;
"As though they were the King's and mine,
"I'll cherish all the three."

16 With all his bright gold trappings on
Came out Sir Ivar's horse,
And bare to court his daughters three
Before the Queen of Norse.

17 Sir Ivar forth to Sweden march'd,
His troops to victory led;
He saved his crown for Norway's king,
But fell in battle dead.

18 Thereon the Scalds a poem sang
His glorious deeds to tell,
And, long as Norway stands, will sing,
How brave Sir Ivar fell.

19 The Queen of Norse in chamber lay,
And grievous sick was she,
And to and fro, to nurse her, went
The Yarl's fair daughters three.

20 The Queen of Norse her servants call'd,
And on her errand sped;
"Go, fetch the fortune-telling wife,
"To stand before my bed."

21 In came the fortune-telling wife,
And stood before the board;
"What will you, Queen of Norse, with me?
"Why have you sent me word?"

22 "Now hear, good fortune-telling wife,
"What I would ask of thee;
"If thou dost know these maidens' fate,
"Conceal it not from me."

23 "I freely tell at your behest
"What none but you may hear,
"There 's for the third, the fairest maid,
"The hardest lot to bear.

24 "Fair Ulvilde off to Scotland sent
"Will be a noble's wife,
"But, ere have pass'd a year and day,
"Is doom'd to lose her life.

25 "Fair Ragnfred here, in Norway's land,
"Both rank and fame shall reach,
"And own abundant land and gold,
"And wise shall be of speech.

26 "For Malfred, fairest of the three,
"For her are all my fears;
"Her Mogens, royal prince, betrothed
"In childhood's early years."

27 Long did her troubled anxious thoughts,
Through the Queen's bosom whirl:
"My son a royal maid shall wed,
"And not this needy girl."

28 Up spake the haughty Queen of Norse,
"My knights to council call,
"And ye, bid Mogens, royal prince,
"Attend me in the hall."

29 Into the hall Prince Mogens came,
And stood before the board;
"What will you, mother dear, with me?
"Why have you sent me word?"

30 "Now tell me, Mogens, royal prince,
"Tell me on word of knight,
"Is any maid in Norway's land
"Thy love and heart's delight?"

31 "I love no maid in all this world,
"Or any living dame,
"Except Sir Ivar's youngest child,
"Whom, prithee, let me claim."

32 "But what with Malfred shouldst thou do?
"She works not golden thread;
"Nay! Mogens, hark thee, royal prince,
"A richer thou shalt wed.

33 "O what with Malfred shouldst thou do,
"A young and friendless maid?
"Nay, my son, cause me not this grief,
"Be from thy purpose stay'd."

34 "If I fair Malfred may not have,
"Nor make the maid my wife,
"I vow that I'll no other wed,
"Or maid or dame, for life."

35 The Queen of Norse bade build a boat,
Of rotten plank so frail,
And gave that young and faithful pair
Full bitter cause to wail.

36 She placed the maid on board the boat,
And drove it off from land;
"God grant that thou may'st drown at sea,
"And never reach a strand!"

37 When daylight waned, and o'er the deck
The waves dash'd to and fro,
Trembling the Yarl's fair daughter sat,
Nor ceas'd her tears to flow.

38 The vessel drifted off to Spain,
And drove upon the sand,
And soon on horseback came a prince,
A chief in Spanish land.

39 The weeping maid he gently rais'd,
And on his horse bestow'd,
And back to his mother's house with her
By th' easiest path-way rode.

40 And there a month fair Malfred stay'd,
And there she stay'd for three;
And grew to be the loveliest maid,
That man with eyes might see.

41 Queen Judith sicker grew, and sank,
And in her bower lay dead,
As Mogens saddled his good grey steed,
And forth one evening sped.

42 But while he through the green-wood pass'd,
And not a house was nigh,
Twelve robbers met, and stopp'd his horse,
Nor power had he to fly.

43 They bound the Prince both hand and foot,
And dragg'd him down to shore,
And sail'd with him to a foreign land
And great the woes he bore.

44 Fair Malfred on the balcony,
Was gazing down below,
And there the prince, her trulove, saw
Sit in a boat and row.

45 Fair Malfred sought the royal bower
Wrapp'd in her purple cloak,
And stood before the queen of Spain,
And thus the Queen bespoke.

46 "Hail! gracious lady, Queen of Spain,
"O kindly give me rede,
"How from a cruel robber band
"My brother may be freed."

47 "I'll give thee rede, dear daughter mine,
"The safest rede I may;
"A purse of gold and silver coin,
"Thy brother's price to pay."

48 She ransom'd him, the royal prince,
Unbound his fair white hand;
A horse and saddle too she gave,
And welcom'd him to land.

49 The Spanish lord his servants bade
The meats and wine prepare,
And many a knight to his castle bade
His marriage feast to share.

50 "A maid from a distant foreign land
"Is she, I mean to wed;
"For, though with gold I bought the maid,
"She 's good and gently bred."

51 The bride they placed on bridal bench,
They pour'd the mead and wine;
But still, while all around was gay,
Her cheeks were wet with brine.

52 When on the steps at th' evening hour
The dew began to fall,
The gentle bride to bed retired,
And left the banquet hall.

53 All on her costly bridal bed
They laid the lovely may,
Nor long did he, the Spanish lord,
To follow her delay.

54 The Prince had donn'd his coat of mail,
And crept beneath the bed,
And waited long in silence there
To hear the bridegroom's tread.

55 And then unsheath'd the royal prince
His silver-mounted knife,
And ruthless stabb'd the Spanish lord,
And took his guiltless life.

56 He slew that lord, and left his corpse
All bleeding on the floor;
"Rise, Malfred, rise, and haste with me
"To flee the Spanish shore."

57 Out to the stable-yard they went,
They took the Spaniard's steed,
And down to the shore, the bride and he,
They rode at utmost speed.

58 They found a boat and stepp'd on board,
And steer'd before the gale,
And late one night beneath a grove
They moor'd and furl'd their sail.

59 He took ashore his lady love
So gently on his arm,
And placed her on the grassy sward
So far, he thought, from harm.

60 But where they laid them down to sleep
Under a linden tree,
A mountain Elf the lovers saw,
And full of rage was he.

61 The vengeful Elf crept from his cell,
And, all to wreak his spite,
The lady from her lover's arm
He stole away by night.

62 Three days Prince Mogens search'd the land,
But found his bride no more,
And wound aloft his silken sail,
And steer'd for Norway's shore.

63 The Prince bade ask both far and near,
If aught of her were seen;
He spared not of his ruddy gold,
And less the silver sheen.

64 With all his search he nothing heard,
He nothing of her found,
For in the cavern Malfred lay
With Elf-wives under ground.

65 Prince Mogens on his trusty steed
To th' Upland rode away,
And maiden Thorelille betroth'd,
A fair and lovely may.

66 As week by week five months or more
Were pass'd away and gone,
His bride, that in the cavern dwelt,
Brought forth an infant son.

67 There year by year nine winters through
Must she with Elves reside,
And there her son so strong was grown,
On horseback he could ride.

68 She waited till on Christmas eve,
The Elves their dance begun,
And then from out that dismal cave
She carried off her son.

69 She led him over the mountain wold;
She reached the yellow sand,
And found a vessel at anchor there,
And push'd it off from land.

70 Her fair white hand the rudder steer'd,
And stoutly tugg'd the oar,
Till with her son she reach'd a bay,
And there debark'd on shore.

71 To Mogens' house fair Malfred went,
Up to his courtyard gate,
And there stood Mogens, royal prince,
In sable robe of state.

72 "O hear me, Mogens, royal prince,
"What now I say to thee;
"Think of the past and call to mind
"The troth thou gavest me."

73 "Plighted to Thoré is the troth,
"That once to thee I gave;
"Nor knew I, but that thou wast dead,
"And sleeping in thy grave."

74 "And must I," Malfred so replied
In tone of grief so mild,
"Must I then bear a leman's name?
"Unfather'd go my child?"

75 "Silver and gold I'll give thee both,
"And moated forts so fair;
"To manhood rear this gallant boy,
"And live devoid of care."

76 "I cannot live from trouble free,
"Nor lay my grief aside,
"While Thorelille 's thy wedded wife,
"And me thy bed denied."

77 "Fair Malfred, still thy grief and care,
"In peace let Thoré dwell,
"And I will sometimes ride across,
"And comfort thee as well."

78 "Thy leman I will never be,
"Nor bear a leman's name;
"Thou 'st vow'd in Spain to marry me,
"That promise now I claim."

79 Uprose then Mogens, royal prince,
And round him wrapp'd his cloak,
And, mounting to the ladies' bower,
He thus to Thoré spoke.

80 "O hear me, Thoré, dearest wife,
"And thou my course decide;
"Here 's Lady Malfred come to land,
"My first affianced bride."

81 "Then saddle for me my good grey steed,
"I'll here no longer stay;
"If Lady Malfred 's come to land,
"Let her not go away."

82 Up to the ladies' bower aloft
The lovely Malfred came,
And rose the gentle Thorelille,
And met the stranger dame.

83 "Welcome, fair Malfred, welcome home
"To these your lordly towers!
"I to my mother's house will go,
"Your husband shall be your's."

84 "O stay, dear Lady Thorelille,
"To this my plan agree;
"Prince Mogens shall with my good will
"Retain both you and me."

85 In Norway's land this came to pass,
And still their fame survives;
For eighteen winters dwelt the Prince
With both his noble wives.

86 In mutual love and peace they lived
Each to the other true,
Nor e'er exchanged one angry word
Those eighteen winters through.

NOTES.

St. 14. This expression, it eblebarn,

Hun mone med able legge

to denote infancy, is of frequent occurrence. See Axel and Walborg No. 78. st. 3.

St. 38. This incident so much resembles what is related of Fair Elsey No. 114, that both the tales have probably taken it from some older one.

LXXXIII.

THE DALBY BEAR.

There is reason to think that a great part of this ballad has been added by Vedel to a meagre fragment, which it is certain from some corrections in his handwriting that he had consulted. This fragment is printed by Grundtvig, and, as far as it goes, seems to indicate that the knight got the better of the bear, and compelled him, as the vanquished party, to confess who he was. In the present one every thing after the 15th couplet is probably Vedel's composition, for no trace of it can be found in any manuscript, and the making a cross and calling on Mary's son is not in the style of an ancient ballad. Grundtvig finds no parallel story to this, and supposes it to be a local legend. It is possible that in some cases a person is signified under the name of the beast which he wore for his device, and that what was first related allegorically, came in the course of time to be taken in a literal sense. The 'Dragon of Wantley' is supposed in this way to represent a real transaction. Possibly 'Rodengard and the Eagle' No. 13 as well as the 'Dalby Bear' are allegories of the same class. Barbarous nations hit on the same devices, and the coats of arms which our highest families are proud to quarter, were often in the first place the re-

presentations of some beast or bird of prey which the wearer was thought to resemble, and exactly analogous with the titles which the savage Indians of North America assume.

The Dalby Bear.

Grundtv. II. 209. Dan. Vis. I. 182. Grimm p. 300. R. Warr. p. 77.

1 There roam'd a bear on Dalby wold,
And strong and fat was he and bold.
But peace let us in Denmark hold.

2 Both Ox and Horse that bear had slain;
And wrought the farmers grief and pain.

3 They plann'd and plotted night and day,
How best the bear to seize and slay;

4 So to the wood their swine they drove,
And let them near his covert rove.

5 "Now," said the bear, as there he lay,
"What guests are these come here to day?"

6 Fierce he rush'd down from out his lair,
And found a Christian standing there.

7 One hour he with the farmer fought,
And down to the ground his victim brought;

8 He crunch'd his heart with greedy bite,
As e'en rode up a gallant knight.

9 "Come on" said Bear, and foam'd with rage,
"With thee I'll gladly now engage.

10 "Threat as thou wilt, and do thy best,
"I'll put thy bragging to the test.

11 "Thou 'rt arm'd, 'tis true, with martial gear,
"But teeth and claws are worth thy spear."

12 One day they fought, aye did they twain,
And all the third they fought again.

13 The fourth day, e'en as night began,
The bear at last had fell'd the man.

14 "Ne'er shalt thou boast, my gallant knight,
"That thou hast beaten me in fight.

15 "My sire, a king of high renown,
"And queenly mother wore a crown;

16 "But through a base stepmother's spell
"A woeful change my form befell.

17 "Forced to these forest wilds to go
"I wrought the farmers grievous woe;

18 "No season did my robberies cease,
"I left them not a moment's peace.

19 "That base stepmother was to blame,
"Whose magic spell bewitch'd my fame.

20 "'Twas her foul art and treacherous hand,
"That bound my neck with iron band;

21 "This band if thou hast strength to break,
"Thy life, now forfeit, I'll not take."

22 "I'll gladly help thee in thy need,
"And shall through Mary's son succeed.

23 "For break the spell, and burst the band,
"That can alone His mighty hand."

24 A cross the knight made o'er the beast,
And burst the band and him releas'd.

25 The bear arose a graceful knight,
And gain'd his father's crown and right.

26 And nobly was his friend repaid
With the king's sister, lovely maid.

27 How well together lived the three,
The base stepmother griev'd to see;

28 Till, mad with spite and baffled pride,
She leap'd a beetling cliff and died.

LXXXIV.

YOUNG SWENNENDAL.

This ballad is one to which Grundtvig attaches peculiar interest, as being derived from two very ancient Edda poems called Grogaldr and Fiölsvinnsmál, which it connects into a consistent whole. These latter are of an allegorical and mysterious character, and have never been very satisfactorily explained. In Grogaldr a son wakes his mother from the grave, and induces her to sing to him certain runes, which should help him out of all difficulties in obtaining the wife whom his stepmother had compelled him to seek in an unknown land. In Fiölsvinnsmál a young man approaches a giant's castle. The watchman asks him who he is, and he returns a false answer. He questions the watchman as to who lives in the castle, and how to get through the gates, and to pass the hounds. He is told that the lady, to whom it belongs, is called Menglada, and of the difficulties that lie in the way of access to her, and that none but Swipdagr, to whom she is long betrothed, shall ever embrace her. He tells the watchman that he is that Swipdagr, and orders him to enquire if the lady will not welcome him. The watchman tells her

"Hark, Menglada! a man is come,
Go and gaze on the guest.
The dogs are pleased, the house unlocked itself,
So think I that it is Swipdagr."

The lady admits him and questions him as to who he is, and, being satisfied that he really is her betrothed, gives him a warm welcome, and tells him

"Long I sat on the dear hill
Looking for thee day and night;
Now occurs what I hoped, since thou art returned,
Sweet friend, to my hall."

and Swipdagr no less tenderly tells her

Passionate longing had I for thy love
And thou for my affection.
Now is it certain that we shall both
For ever live together.

From Simrock's German version pp. 121—123, and 86—95.

These two ancient poems were never suspected to have any connexion with each other, till a Norwegian critic, Mr. S. Bugge, suggested that such connexion was indicated by the present ballad, and that they originally formed parts of a single poem, which for 500 years has been divided into two, but which popular tradition has preserved entire. S. Grundtvig adopts his opinion, and it is not for a foreigner to dispute it; but it is certainly more agreeable to experience that popular tradition would confound two different stories together, than that transcribers should split a poem into two, and keep it divided, while the public voice united these parts together. Were the stories in the two Edda poems unique, we might be compelled to trace the ballad to them, but the incidents all occur in other tales, the visiting a parent's tomb in Orm

and the Berm Giant No. 12. and in the Hervarar Saga. Odin's visit to Wala in the Wegtamskwida is also of the same character. The meeting with the Herdsman also has its parallel in Childe Norman No. 19. and in regard to the hero being in love with an unknown lady we have a curious coincidence in the Arabian tale of Badoura, the Chinese princess, into whose chamber Camaralzaman is conveyed by genii and carried away again, after they had become desperately enamoured of each other. The princess is put into confinement as insane, because she persists in the story, and it is not till Camaralzaman returns to her that she recovers. During her supposed madness every suitor for her hand who has failed to cure her, has been put to death.

Nearly the same train of incidents occurs still more strikingly in a Welsh tale in Lady Guest's Mabinogion Vol. II. p. 252. In this romance a young man named Kilhwch is sentenced by his stepmother to sigh for an absent unknown lady, Olwen, the daughter of Penkawr. "The youth blushed and the love of the maiden diffused itself through all his frame, although he had never seen her." His father enquired of him. "What aileth thee?" "My stepmother declared to me that I shall never have a wife, until I obtain Olwen, the daughter of Penkawr." He accordingly set out on a steed with a bridle of linked gold on its head, and a saddle of costly gold, and he bare a sword upon his thigh, a gold-hilted sword, *the blade of which was of gold.* The grass bent not beneath him, *so light was his courser's tread.* After traversing a vast open plain of three days' journey he came before a castle, and beheld a flock

of sheep, which was boundless and without an end, and on the top of a mound a herdsman keeping the sheep. By his side was a shaggy mastiff &c. — p. 272. "Fear not" said Menw, "for I will cast a spell upon the dog, so that he shall injure no one." They went up to the herdsman and asked him whose were the sheep and the castle. After some riddling evasive answers, "This" said he "is the castle of Penkawr, and ye also, who are you?" "We are an embassy from Arthur, come to seek Olwen, the daughter of Penkawr." "Oh men" said the herdsman, "the mercy of Heaven be upon you! None who ever came hither on this quest has returned alive." The maiden Olwen was brought to the herdsman's house, and introduced to Kilhwch, who knew her as soon as he saw her, and said "Ah maiden, thou art she whom I have loved. Many a day have I loved thee." They followed her to her father's house, and slew the nine watchmen and the nine dogs without one of them barking. Her father tells Kilhwch that he must perform a number of difficulties, before he obtains her, and pass many nights without sleep.

It is unnecessary to trace the story farther. No reader can doubt that the Scandinavian tales and the Welch one are derived from a common origin, and perhaps also the Arabian one.

Young Swennendal.

Grundtv. II. p. 248 E. Dan. Vis. I. 263. Grimm p. 168.
Arw. II. 284. R. Warr. p. 199.

1 And it was he, young Swennendal,
Would play with golden ball,
And drove it into the maiden's bower,
And paled her cheeks withal.

2 "Hark thee! throw not, young Swennendal,
"Thy golden ball at me;
"There dwells a maid in Hovensland,
"Is longing after thee.

3 "No rest shall ease thy weary limbs,
"No slumber close thine eyes,
"Till thou hast freed that lovely maid
"From trance, wherein she lies."

4 Young Swennendal could rest no more,
But round him wrapp'd his cloak,
And mounting up to the upper room
His troopers thus bespoke.

5 "Sit here, my men, and quaff at board
"The wine and luscious mead;
"But I to Goliat cave must go,
"To ask my mother rede."

6 Alone he went, young Swennendal,
And wrapp'd him in his gear,
And took his way to Goliat cave
His mother's rede to hear.

7 And there did he, young Swennendal,
Beat on his mother's mound,
Till walls and stones and beams and grave
Were crumbling all around.

8 "Who is it here disturbs my sleep?
"Who deals these heavy blows?
"And may I not in peaceful sleep
"E'en in my grave repose?

9 "Who is it here? who beats so hard
"And seeks to give me pain?
"What not beneath the marble tomb
"In peace may I remain?"

10 "Young Swennendal, thy youngest son,
"'Tis I, my mother dear;
"And I have come to Goliat cave
"Counsel of thee to hear.

11 "The maid in a spell has bound me fast,
"And this her cruel vow;
"That rest no more shall ease my limbs,
"Nor slumber cool my brow."

12 "And spell-bound has the maiden thee?
"Made she this vow indeed?
"Three gifts then I'll on thee bestow,
"Shall serve thee in thy need.

13 "I'll give thee first a stout grey horse,
"And faithful he'll be found;
"He tramps as well on ocean wave
"As on the solid ground.

14 "I'll give thee too a sword of gold,
"Gird it upon thy side,
"And, where thou journeyest in the world,
"In safety thou shalt ride.

15 "I'll give thee too a golden key,
"Its name is Adelring,
"Use but that key, and every lock
"Shall open to thee spring.

16 "I'll give thee too a table-cloth
"Spun of the moorgrass wool;
"Desire whatever meat thou wilt,
"With that it shall be full."

17 Young Swennendal he journey'd forth,
And found a little lane;
A herdsman there his cattle drove
To pasture on the plain.

18 "O tell me, Herdsman, honest man,
"What now I ask of thee;
"To whom belongs the mighty herd,
"Thou drivest o'er the lea?"

19 "These cattle," said that aged man,
"That on the pasture run,
"Are all the maid's at Hovensland,
"Whom knight has never won."

20 "And tell me, Herdsman, honest man,
"What now I ask of thee;
"If thou dost know that lady's fetch,
"Conceal it not from me."

21 "The lady's fetch right well I know,
"But never will reveal,
"For if her secret I betray,
"Her anger I shall feel."

22 "If thou the lady's fetch dost know,
"Conceal it not from me;
"If I become this country's king,
"I'll make a count of thee."

23 "Eight lions watch her night and day,
"Nine grisly bears beside;
"And only on an Elfin horse
"May any near them ride."

24 "If Elfin horse can help me here,
"For that I do not lack;
"I've brought with me an Elfin horse,
"I'm sitting on his back."

25 "The portals are of marble stone,
"The locks of steely plate,
"And only with an Elfin key
"Can any through the gate."

26 "If Elfin key is all I want,
"Then through the gate can I,
"For this is e'en an Elfin key,
"Is hanging on my thigh."

27 As through the gate young Swennendal
And up the courtyard went,
Lowly the bears and lions crouch'd,
And linden humbly bent.

28 From window loop the lady peer'd
To see the novel sight;
"But whence then is he hither come?
"And who, this handsome knight?"

29 Her little page the lady call'd,
The truth she long'd to know;
"Ask, whence is come the handsome knight,
"And why he halts below."

30 But answer'd thus young Swennendal;
"The Lady of Hovensland
"Must hither come to hear the truth,
"Herself before me stand."

31 So came the lady of Hovensland,
Herself before him stood;
"And whence has come this handsome knight?
"Why cross'd the briny flood?"

32 "It is from Denmark's isle I 'm come
"To this your foreign clime,
"To see the lady of Hovensland,
"And how she spends her time."

33 "And art thou come from Denmarks isle?
"Then prithee let me hear,
"How fares the brave young Swennendal,
"The youth to me so dear?"

34 "And is it then young Swennendal,
"Who is to you so dear?
"None else than he, young Swennendal,
"Is with you halting here."

35 And there was costly velvet cloth
And silk and sindal spread,
When Swennendal the gentle maid
To bridal banquet led.

36 Five days they held the marriage feast,
And wine they gladly pour'd,
And there was he the aged man
The uppermost at board.

NOTES.

St. 1. The Jomfru, *maiden* as it is here translated for want of an equivalent word, is understood to be the father's Frille or mistress. The expression 'paled her cheeks', giorde hendes kinder saa blege, is used generally to denote grief or pregnancy, and the latter perhaps may be implied here. Jomfru meant merely that a female is unmarried.

St. 16. This stanza is superfluous and has perhaps been accidentally interpolated. The moorgrass wool, 'Ageruld', is supposed to be the down of an Eriophorum, but this seems to be of too fragile a character to have ever been spun and woven. It is true that in the Kew Museum there is a small specimen of cloth made of it with a mixture of wool, by way of experiment, but it is not likely that even this would stand any wear and tear, and far more probable that by Ageruld is meant Indian cotton.

St. 20. **fetch,** in the original 'List', a wile, an artifice, a talisman if we might use an Oriental term. *Fetch* is used by Shakspeare and by Butler and other authors in a sense similar to the Danish word.

St. 27. The linden is the Mimameidr of the Edda tale, a tree which neither sword nor fire could hurt.

LXXXV.

KNIGHT STIG'S WEDDING.

This is called in the Danish edition "Knight Stig and Findal," but as Findal is only mentioned in the first line as Stig's brother, I have omitted him altogether. The ballad is very curious as a picture of ancient manners, and of what some centuries ago was considered the greatest luxury with which a wealthy man could furnish his house: the group of marble bears at the gate, a deer park, a menagerie, a grand banqueting hall with amber floor, and gilt inscriptions on the cieling, marble walls, ivory posts, abundance of gold plate on table, and the cloth made of Ageruld or field wool. Amber must formerly have been very abundant in the Baltic countries, to judge from the vast quantity of it that used to be exported, but perhaps it was not literally amber ,of which the pavement was made.

Anne Krabbe, whose manuscript has furnished the text, calls it, "a beautiful old ballad about Sir Stig Krogenuos of Heyreholm in Skone;" but Grundtvig has shown the probability that the hero is a Stig Hvide, who founded the cloister of Essenbek about the year 1150 near Büstrup in Viborg district. The locality is to us a matter of no consequence. The ballad, there is no doubt, is of great antiquity.

The mistake with the Rune (St. 6) will remind the reader of the fatal accident by which Sir Tristrem and Ysonde drank of the love potion. Scott's ed. p. 102.

Knight Stig's Wedding.

Dan. Vis. I. 295. Grundtv. II. 305. R. Warr. p. 150.

1 Knight Stig was sprung of noble birth,
A finer man was not on earth.

2 Knight Stig at court an office bare,
And maids and ladies brush'd his hair.

3 He stood to serve the royal board,
But Kirstin deign'd him not a word.

4 "I'll try tonight a Runic spell,
"'Tis now seven years I've learnt it well."

5 With right hand mead and wine he drew,
With left hand potent Love-Runes threw.

6 But what he had to Kirstin thrown
Roll'd on beneath Rigissa's gown.*

7 Knight Stig as pale as ashes stood,
Rigissa blush'd as red as blood.

8 Knight Stig in mantle wrapp'd his head,
And up to his nurse's chamber sped.

9 "O nurse, dear nurse, your counsel give,
"How to escape the court, and live.

* The King's sister.

10 "I would on Kirstin cast a spell,
"But it beneath Rigissa fell.

11 "I'll saddle me my trusty gray,
"And up, and gallop far away."

12 "And ride thou mayst round Funen's land,
"At night the maid will near thee stand.

13 "Around the world thou mayst have sped,
"At night thou 'lt find her near thy bed.

14 "Thy wonted cheer I rede thee keep,
"Go home to bed, and go to sleep.

15 "The maid will come, and tirl the pin,
"But rise not up, nor let her in.

16 "Perhaps her tiny hands avail
"From chamber door to pick the nail.

17 "Up to thy bedstead she will creep,
"But hush, and feign thee fast asleep.

18 "She then will tap thy chin so fair,
"And gently smooth thy golden hair;

19 "And then she 'll kiss thy lips so red,
"But lie as still, as wert thou dead."

20 He heard and thought her counsel best,
And went and laid him down to rest.

21 As soon as fell the evening dew,
Rigissa took her mantle blue;

22 She tapp'd his door with gentle knock;
"Rise up, sweet knight, your door unlock."

23 ["Appointment I have none to keep,
"Unlock to no one, while I sleep.*"]

24 With fingers small the nails she drew,
Aye fifteen nails, beside a screw!

25 She sat her down, that maid so fair,
And fondled with his yellow hair;

26 She kiss'd his cheek and lips so red,
But still he lay as he were dead.

27 She claps'd him to her snowy breast,
But still the knight his voice repress'd.

28 He woke at last and round him gazed;
"Now who has all this turmoil rais'd?

29 "I'll in your brother's court disclose,
"That you it is break my repose."

30 "Go then, and make what plaint you will,
"I'll follow you and love you still."

31 To court as soon as broke the day, —
To make his plaint he took his way.

32 "My liege, I 've here a charge to make,
"Your sister comes my rest to break."

33 The King to his page was heard to call;
"My sister bid to the audience hall."

34 Rigissa stood before the board;
"Why has my brother sent me word?"

* This hacknied couplet has clearly been interpolated. The knight should feign sleep.

35 "This knight stands here a charge to make,
"That thou hast come his rest to break."

36 "The truth it is. — To him I went,
"And coldly welcom'd back was sent.

37 "I'll bear in hand the glowing steel,
"And prove him pure by God's ordeal."

38 The King the matter turn'd in mind;
"A better match she could not find."

39 And soon the court was glad and gay;
The King his sister gave away.

40 Great too the joy throughout the land,
That Stig it was had gain'd her hand.

41 Stig bade them brew and mix the wine,
And ask'd the king himself to dine.

42 The king he ask'd with knight and swain,
And eke the queen and all her train.

43 Said the good queen, as there she rode,
"So be on virtue rank bestow'd.

44 "Last year must Stig as trooper ride,
"And now the Princess is his bride.

45 "Last year he serv'd in stallboy's stead,
"Now shares the king's own sister's bed.

46 "But" said the Queen, and check'd the rein,
"Can this indeed be Stig's demesne?"

47 "Stig's house it is," a page-boy cried,
"And famed for beauty far and wide.

48 "Inside with ruddy gold 'tis dight,
"And outside all with silver bright."

49 As up to the house they ride in state,
Stand five white bears* before the gate.

50 As through the court they take their way,
Both stag and doe about them play;

51 And round a pond is grouped a herd,
With many a curious beast and bird:

52 Where lind and poplar throw their shade,
The graceful hart and hind are laid;

53 And skipping through the pleasant grove,
Whatever beasts in forest rove.

54 The dames, she meets in banquet hall,
Are courtly highbred ladies all:

55 Inlaid with amber glows the floor,
The cieling gilt with letter'd lore:

56 With golden plate the board is full,
The cloth of finest moor-grass wool:

57 The walls are built of marbles rare,
And ivory posts the cieling bear.

58 As o'er the floor the dancers sped,
The graceful knight the revellers led.

59 Graceful he tripp'd before the band,
Two silver cups in either hand.

* In marble probably.

60 He then to his bride a goblet drain'd,
"That aye was best, that God ordain'd."

61 While to his dearest bride he drank,
Bloom'd wood and field and flowery bank;

62 With leaves and blossoms every tree;
The paragon of maids was she.

63 So soon as fell the evening dew,
He and his bride to bed withdrew;

64 And great is now Sir Stig's delight,
With royal bride to pass the night;

65 And she no further trouble knows,
But may with knight Sir Stig repose.

NOTES.

c. 3. var hannem haardt i Hu. Miss Warrens renders it
lag ihm im Herzen schwer.

c. 8. This is not a solitary instance of a grown man having recourse to his nurse for advice. See Axelwold No. 152.

c. 37. Isolt offers to clear herself and her lover by the same ordeal. Sir Tristrem, Fytte II. st. 101, and Scott's very interesting account of the Ordeal in the note to it, p. 330. The word seems to come from the German 'Urtheil', judgement, sentence.

c. 53. **Moorgrass wool**, probably Indian cotton. See note to the last ballad st. 16.

c. 59. So in the original, two cups in each hand.
Han haver to Sölvkar paa hver sin Haand.

c. 61. This is not very intelligible. It may imply a waving of boughs, and bouquets; or possibly may be a manner of expressing that it was broad daylight when he began toasting her.

Knight Stig's Death.

This has just been published for the first time in the 3rd Vol. of Grundtvig's work p. 10. It seems to refer to the knight Stig of the preceding piece, and to be the concluding part of it.

1 Uprose the Danish King and spake;
"Knight Stig, my banner thou shalt take."

2 "Too young am I, too weak my hand
"To bear your flag to foreign land."

3 "Young as thou art, yet do thy best,
"And front the foe with dauntless breast."

4 "If then your banner I must take,
"A new and bright one let me make.

5 "Behind it's yellow blue and red
"Falls battling many a warrior dead."

6 They march'd away to a foreign land;
The banner never left his hand.

7 Like hay the pelting arrows sped,
And lighted on his sleeve so red.

8 They glared bright as a burning brand,
They lighted on his very hand.

9 Then spake the king; "Stig, quit the strife;
"Throw down the banner; save thy life."

10 "Never shall hear my bride in town,
"That the king's banner I threw down.

11 "Never shall hear my bride on land,
"That the king's banner left my hand."

12 "Ha!" cries the king in grief and pain,
"Stig lies beneath the banner slain."

13 The king with glory won the fight,
But lost his life the gallant knight.

14 The king rais'd high his royal hand;
"Our Danish men have gain'd the land:

15 "How gladly rode I home again,
"Were but Knight Stig amid the train!"

16 The King came back, rode up the street,
And him his sister went to meet.

17 "Welcome, my brother, home from war!
"O say how fared ye all afar?"

18 "All to my wishes; all went well;
"But that afield thy bridegroom fell."

19 The maid her hands so wildly wrung,
Her rings across the benches sprung.

20 "My sister, hark! thy grief control,
"And thine shall be the rich Sir Cole."

21 "Nay," said the lady, "nay," said she,
"Never shall he have claim on me.

22 "The rich Sir Cole he may be hight,
"He 's not like Stig my gallant knight.

23 "He in my arms shall never sleep,
"For Stig, Knight Stig, I'll daily weep.

24 "He at my side shall never lie,
"For Stig, Knight Stig, I'll daily sigh."

LXXXVI.

SIR PETER AND METTELILLE,

or The power of Runes.

This ballad turns upon the irresistible power of Runes to compel a lady to follow her lover, though an ocean lie between them. A Rune meant originally a whisper, and was metaphorically and very beautifully applied to the letters of the Alphabet, which seem'd to whisper secret information. This effect of writing appeared so miraculous to the ignorant witnesses of it, that a Rune came to signify much the same as a Magic spell. The missionary Williams relates that the natives of one of the islands in the Pacific ocean treasured as an amulet a chip of wood upon which he had written a message to his wife.

There is a passage in the Scotch ballad of Fause Sir John and Mary Colvin. Buchan II. p. 45, which seems to allude to a rune.

Frae below his arm he's pull'd a charm,
And stuck it in her sleeve,
And he has made her gang wi' him
Without her parents' leave.

But it is impossible to read Buchan's collection without suspecting that he has introduced much from the Scandinavian ballads. The above stanza does not occur in Motherwell's copy of the piece p. 67. There

is also a passage in the Midsummernight's dream which seems to allude to Runes.

"Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes
"And interchang'd love-tokens with my child;
"Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung."
Act. I. sc. I.

The Glamour of the Scotch seems to have had the effect of the draught which Dr. Faustus drank, that of causing persons to see objects differently from what they are, as in the Gypsie Laddie Gilch. I. 195.

As soon as they saw her well-fared face
They cast the glamer o'er her.

But whether this was a look of the eye, or what it was, is not so clear. The lady, although of a noble family, ran away with the Gypsie Laddie.

Sir Peter and Mettelille

or The power of Runes.

Grundtv. II. p. 325. Dan. Vis. I. 302.

1 O Lord, our sorrows deign to hear,
And calm the troubled breast;
Sad lot is his who bears a heart
With secret grief oppress'd.

2 Sir Peter wooed fair Mettelille,
A long and weary while;
Five years in vain he press'd his suit,
He never won a smile.

3 "Now listen, gentle Mettelille,
"No longer spurn my love,
"And all the days, I yet may live,
"My kindness you shall prove."

4 "My brother serves the King in court,
"A gallant knight is he;
"Go, ask that brother his consent,
"'Tis he should judge for me."

5 "To ask your brother his consent
"My time will not allow;
"But meet me, dearest Mettelille,
"Beneath the greenwood bough."

6 "If you not one short hour can spare
"For my sake him to see,
"Me will you never live to meet,
"Beneath a greenwood tree."

7 "If you to this will not comply,
"So strong a Rune I'll write,
"That both your honour and your love
"I'll win in your despite."

8 "And if you throw that Rune on me,
"And vilely work my fall,
"To God my lifelong night and day
"For vengeance I will call.

9 So strong a Rune Sir Peter wrote,
And under her mantle threw,
It made her very fingers bleed,
And tears of anguish drew.

10 Beneath th' unwary maiden's cloak
He threw that fatal Rune,
And stepp'd at once aboard his ship,
And sail'd that very noon.

11 The seasons slowly pass'd away,
Till gone were winters three;
And sad was she, so much she long'd,
The knight again to see.

12 She rose, the gentle Mettelille,
Drew on her scarlet cloak,
And mounted to the ladies' bower,
And greeted them and spoke.

13 "Hail all ye dames of high degree!
"And hail, ye maidens fair!
"Is here one who will go with me,
"My weal or woe to share?"

14 Then little Christel up and spake;
"It 's I, dear Mettelille,
"It 's I will be your faithful friend
"In good luck or in ill."

15 Silent and sorrowful of mood
She left her father's town,
Bare-foot, bare-headed, unarray'd,
In but a silken gown.

16 Fearless alike of toil and storm
She reach'd the sandy shore;
And while herself she steer'd the boat,
Fair Christel pull'd the oar.

17 She sail'd across the briny sea
With sorrow, pain and toil,
And came where in a foreign land
Sir Peter owned the soil.

18 The watchman on his turret stood,
And looked around so wide,
And saw the gentle Mettelille,
And boat beneath her glide.

19 The watchman donn'd his mantle blue,
And duly sped his way,
To where asleep in lofty bower
The knight Sir Peter lay.

20 "Two maids of rank from o'er the sea
"Are come this morn to town,
"Barefoot, bareheaded, unarray'd,
"In but their silken gown."

21 "And are there really landed here
"Two maids from o'er the sea?
"Then one will be fair Mettelille,
"Quick! bring her in to me."

22 Sir Peter rose from downy bed,
And round him wrapp'd his cloak,
And up to his mother's chamber went,
And thus the dame bespoke.

23 "Hail! dearest mother, prithee rise,
"In robe so rich array'd,
"And meet and welcome Mettelille,
"My long-sought lovely maid."

24 Those ladies in his court he met,
And stretch'd them forth his hand;
"Right welcome, gentle Mettelille,
"To this our foreign land."

25 "Hark ye, Sir Peter, what ye' ve done,
"Is grievous wrong and shame;
'To lure me from my father's house,
"And sully thus my fame."

26 "Nay listen, gentle Mettelille,
"No harm shall you betide,
"For scarlet you shall daily wear,
"And slumber at my side."

27 "And though I wore your ruddy gold,
"And dress'd in silk so red,
"If I should your mere leman be,
"With grief I soon were dead."

28 "Nay listen, gentle Mettelille,
"No griefs have you to fear;
"In wedlock you shall live with me,
"And richest scarlet wear."

29 He warmly press'd her fair white hand,
Her tears he kindly dried,
And up to his mother's bower aloft
"He led his trembling bride.

30 Sir Peter's mother tapp'd her cheek,
And gently drew her near;
"Welcome, my dearest Mettelille,
"Welcome, my daughter here!

31 "And let thy bosom, Mettelille,
"From sorrow now be free,
"For I will, all the days I live,
"A mother be to thee."

32 Sir Peter, he too, kindly spake,
Press'd on her lips a kiss,
And sware that all the wealth he own'd,
Should aid their mutual bliss.

33 She on his bosom laid her head,
And deeply did she sigh;
"I'm come from home to a foreign land,
"On you alone rely."

34 Sir Peter, like a gallant knight,
His troth did not betray,
But when the month was duly past,
He held his wedding day.

LXXXVII.

THE TWELVE WIZARDS.

Of these twelve brothers of Queen Ingeborg there is no other account. It is supposed by Grundtvig to be a fragment of some very ancient poem.

The Twelve Wizards.

Dan. Vis. I. 308. Grundtv. II. p. 237. Grimm p. 147. R. Warr. p. 125.

1 At Dovrefield over on Norway's reef
Were heroes who never knew pain or grief.

2 There dwelt there many a warrior keen,
The twelve bold brothers of Ingeborg queen.

3 The first with his hand the storm could hush,
The second could stop the torrent's rush.

4 The third could dive in the sea as a fish,
The fourth never wanted meat on dish.

5 The fifth he would strike the golden lyre,
And old and young to the dancing fire.

6 The sixth on his horn would blow a blast,
Who heard it would shudder and stand aghast.

7 The seventh go under the earth could he,
The eighth he could dance on the rolling sea.

8 The ninth tamed all that in greenwood crept,
The tenth not a nap had ever slept.

9 The eleventh the grisly lindworm bound,
And will what he would, the means he found.

10 The twelfth he could all things understand,
Tho' done in a nook of the farthest land.

11 Their equals were never seen there in the North,
Nor any where else on the face of the earth.

NOTE.

c. 4. In Grundtvig's copy he is said to have *never* eaten meat on a dish, in Syv's to have never been *without* meat on his dish.

LXXXVIII.

THE RAVEN.

This ballad, as Vedel has revised it from several different ancient manuscripts, is a very finished and beautiful one. It bears at first sight great similarity to 'German Gladenswain' No. 80, but differs from it essentially, inasmuch as the raven in that ballad is an evil spirit, who has taken on the form with a malicious intention, while in this it is a worthy knight who has been transformed to that shape by the malice of another, and who in wounding the infant merely seeks his own recovery from an incantation.

There is great doubt what the name of the raven should be. In different manuscripts he is called Wallraffn, Valleraffn, Verneraffn, Volffuer-ravn, Sallmandt wilde raffn, and by Vedel Verner-raffn. Grundtvig conjectures that the Gothic word 'vair' a man, isl. ver, Lat. vir, is the original of the first syllable, and corresponds to 'Were' or 'Wer' in the word Wer-wolf, and that the other forms of the name have been derived from it, and so mean properly *man raven*. Be that as it will, he gives it nevertheless the name of 'Valravnen', which means 'carnage raven' from 'Val' a field of slaughter. Grimm in his German translation calls it 'Nacht-rabe', *Night-raven;* but this, Grundtvig says, is always the spectre of a dead man.

The learned editor of the Danish collection can find no parallel to this ballad in his native or in any foreign literature, but observes that it belongs to the same class as several others, the 'Nightingale', No. 116, the 'Maiden as Werwolf' No. 115 and the 'Maid as hind and hawk' No. 117.

The first stanza, insipid as it is, and which we might have expected to be the addition of a modern proser, is found in all the old manuscripts.

The Christian doctrine of a new life through the blood of the infant Jesus has possibly been the source of the superstition upon which this ballad is based.

The Raven.

Dan. Vis. I. 195. Grimm p. 150. Grundtv. II. 180. R. Warr. p. 70.

1 The Raven he flew at eventide,
  By day he did not dare;
Ill luck must they be fain to meet,
  Who better cannot fare.

2 Over the walls the Raven flew,
  And round the dwelling swept,
And saw, where in her lonely bower
  Sat Ermeline and wept.

3 He flew to South, he flew to North,
  He flew to the clouds so high,
And still he saw fair Ermeline
  With grief her needle ply.

4 "Now tell me, Lady Ermeline,
"Why sheddest thou the tear?
"Is mother, father, brother dead,
"Or any friend as dear?"

5 Fair Ermeline to her window stepp'd,
Look'd up and look'd below;
"Now who is here will comfort me,
"And hear my tale of woe?

6 "O thou, Wild raven, stay thy flight,
"And hither come to me,
"My tale of sorrow thou shalt hear,
"I'll tell it all to thee.

7 "To one, my equal, and a Prince,
"My father gave my hand,
"But him my harsh stepmother drove
"Afar to an eastern land.

8 "And much as each the other loved,
"And would together live,
"She me to a foul mis-shapen imp,
"Her sister's son, would give.

9 "A brother too that once I had,
"Sir Verner, knight so brave,
"Him too my stepmother transform'd,
And from his country drave."

10 "Now tell me, Lady Ermeline,
"What wilt thou me repay,
"If to thy trulove on my wing
"I bear thee hence away?"

11 "I'll give thee silver, give thee gold,
"And jewels bright and rare,
"If thou wilt carry me to my Prince,
"And still my grief and care."

12 "Thy silver need I not, nor gold,
"Nor jewels' costly shine,
"But let for my reward thy son,
"Thine eldest son, be mine."

13 She stretch'd him forth her lily hand,
She grasp'd his foot with joy,
And on her Christian faith she sware
To give her eldest boy.

14 He took the Lady Ermeline,
And set her on his back,
And flew above the stormy sea
A high and giddy track.

15 He rested on a castle tower,
And closed his swarthy wing;
"Now here, dear Lady, dwells the Prince,
"To whom I thee should bring."

16 And there the brave Sir Nilus stood
With silver cup in hand;
"Welcome, dear Lady Ermeline,
"To this our foreign land.

17 "How, Raven, shall I thee repay
"For bringing me my bride?
"I've, since I left my Danish home,
"Heard no good news beside."

18 The good Sir Nilus, gallant knight,
He made no long delay,
But held his troth, and that day month
Was kept his wedding day.

19 With joy and peace they quaff'd the wine,
Forgot their grief and care,
And, soon as forty weeks were past,
A son that lady bare.

20 That very night the raven came,
And sat upon the roof,
And claim'd, what Lady Ermeline
Had vow'd in his behoof.

21 She wrung her hands, and wept and griev'd,
She had not borne a maid;
"And, tho' it cost thy tender life,
"The bird must be repaid."

22 Around the house the raven flew,
A foul and fearful bird,
And maids and matrons wrung their hands,
And doleful cries were heard.

23 Sir Nilus proffer'd gold and towers,
So massive every one;
Would give the Raven half his land,
Could he but keep his son.

24 "Unless I get that little babe,
"Mine anger thou shalt taste;
"I'll slay thyself, devour thy flesh,
"And all thy realm lay waste."

25 Her child then took fair Ermeline,
Wrapt him in linen fine;
"Farewell my son! Of this thy death
"The guilt alas is mine."

26 They carried out the infant babe,
That on her bosom slept;
And loud were then the cries of woe,
And many those that wept.

27 Fast in his claw he seiz'd the child,
And croak'd a dismal joy;
Sir Nilus stood, and deeply groan'd
To see him clutch the boy.

28 The right eye out of his head he peck'd
And half his heart's blood drank,
And straight became the ravenous bird
A knight of princely rank.

29 And in that knight, as brave a one
As ever brake a spear,
Beheld the Lady Ermeline
Her long-lost brother dear.

30 The people all, who throng'd the yard,
Knelt bare-kneed on the ground,
And pray'd to God his grace to show,
And heal the infant's wound.

31 Full happy now is Ermeline,
Nor longer moans and weeps;
Has son and brother both restored,
And with Sir Nilus sleeps.

NOTES.

St. 20. Milton's night hag may be derived from this Scandinavian superstition.

> — The night-hag when call'd
> In secret, riding through the air she comes,
> Lur'd with the smell of infant blood. —
>
> Par. Lost. B. II. l. 662.

St. 30. In the oldest manuscript it is the lady herself who is torn to pieces and is then restored to life by being dipped into the hilevas kille, the fountain of holy water.

LXXXIX.

THE WICKED MOTHERINLAW.

This tale is one of those that may have been in directly derived from the story in Ovid's Metamorphoses of the delay of the birth of Hercules by the contrivance of Juno. It has its exact parallel in the Scotch ballad 'Willie's Lady' in Lewis's Tales of Wonder II. p. 449, Scott Bord. Min. II. 396 and Jam. Pop. Ball. II. 367. In these, as in the Danish, the husband's mother conceives a hatred towards her daughter-in-law, and hinders her delivery by the arts of witchcraft.

Then out and spak the Billy Blin,
He spak aye in gude time;
"Ye gae ye to the market place,
And there do buy a loaf of wace; [wax]
Ye shape it bairn and bairnly like,
And in it ye put twa glassen eyne;
And do you to your mither then,
And bid her to your boy's Christnin.

Willy does this and takes the doll to his mother, who, astonished at the birth of the child, betrays what she has done, and enables him to break her spell

Syne Willie 's loosed the nine witch knots,
That were among that lady's locks;
And Willy 's ta'en out the kaims o' care,
That were into that lady's hair;
And he 's ta'en down the bush o' woodbine,
Hung atween her bower and the witch carline.

And he has kill'd the master kid,
That ran beneath the lady's bed;
And he has loosed her left foot shee,
And latten that lady lighter be;
And now he 's gotten a bonny son,
And meikle grace be him upon.

Scott tells a story of a count of Westeravia, whose wife through the witchery of a deserted concubine could have no family. The count meeting the latter, and suspecting her of the mischief, told her that God had blessed him with three sons. "May heaven confound the old hag" said she, "by whose counsel I threw an enchanted pitcher into the draw-well of your palace." The count removed the spell and had a numerous family. He also quotes a tale from Apuleius of a woman who had eight years of pregnancy and bare a child like an elephant.

The original tale from which these seem to have been derived is that of Alcmene in Homer's Iliad B. XIX. v. 96 and Pope's translation v. 103.

For when Alcmena's nine long months were run,
And Jove expected his immortal son;
To Gods and Goddesses th' unruly joy
He show'd, and vaunted of his matchless joy.
"From us (he said) this day an infant springs,
Fated to rule, and born a king of kings."

Juno demands an oath of him to the truth of what he said, and having received it,

Her charms Alcmena's coming labours stay,
And stop the babe, just issuing to the day.

Ἀλκμήνης δ' ἀπέπαυσε τόκον, σχέθε δ' Εἰλειθυίας.

Ovid and later writers improved upon this simple story, and represented Juno as transforming herself to

an old woman and sitting on Alcmena's threshold with her hands crossed over her knees and chaunting a charm to prevent delivery. Galanthis a female servant, suspecting her object, runs out and tells her to rejoice for that the boy is born, and upon this she starts up and her spell is broken.

Et "Quæcumque es" ait, "dominæ gratare, levata est
"Argolis Alcmene; potiturque puerpera voto."
Exsiluit, junctasque manus patefacta remisit
Diva potens uteri.

In Arwidssons Svenska Fornsånger V. II. p. 252 is a Swedish ballad corresponding to this where the lady is delivered in the 40th week of the ninth year of

A son who standeth up, and combeth out his hair,
And daughter who the rich red silk could sew and broider fair.

This peculiar trait, the birth of grown children reminds us of Odin's son Vale, who, the day he was born, went to battle to avenge his brother Balder — and of Minerva who sprang armed cap-a-pie from the head of Jupiter. Völsung too had been borne by his mother six years, and when he was cut from her side, kissed her before her death. See Müller. B. II. 36.

The wicked Mother-in-law.

Grundtv. II. 415. Grimm p. 250. Dan. Vis. I. 271. Arw. II. 252.

1 Sir Ové has daughter but only one,
All under the mountain side
And she to Elling as bride is gone,
So warily there they ride.

2 Sir Stygé Kob was her husband hight,
A gentleman he, and a gallant knight.

3 Twelve months, twelve wearisome months so slow
With twins did the lady Thoré go.

4 They brought her here, and they took her there,
But worse was her state with all their care.

5 Sir Stygé, wrapt in his purple cloak,
Went up to his mother's bower and spoke.

6 "Dear mother, your counsel! for great my grief;
"Say, when shall my Thoré find relief?"

7 "None finds she, till she in childbirth pain
"A twelvemonth and forty weeks has lain."

8 "Ah, no! that cannot indeed be so,
For forty only did Mary go."

9 *Thor:* "Since here my anguish is still the same,
"Pray carry me back to whence I came."

10 "The steeds have been to their pasture led,
"The groomboys are all asleep in bed."

11 "If neither coachman is here nor swain,
"I'll venture on foot across the plain."

12 These words had Thorelille scarcely said,
Before to the gate the steeds were led.

13 Sir Stygé he lifted her up with pain,
And laid her down on the gilded wain.

14 He gently laid her on cushions blue,
And drove her safely the courtyard through.

15 But when to the wood of rose they came,
Brake down with the weight the carriage frame.

16 "I must a most wondrous woman be,
"That thus my carriage should break with me."

17 "Fear not, my Thorelille," he replied,
"I'll walk and you shall on horseback ride."

18 'Twas so they came to the outer gate,
Where Metté, Sir Stygé's sister, sate.

19 "O sister, prithee, good counsel give,
"Say how my Thoré we may relieve."

20 Fair Mettelille follow'd the wild heath tracks,
And two little babies made of wax;

21 Then wrapp'd her head in a scarlet cloak,
And thus to her mother went, and spoke.

22 "O mother, forego your grief and fear,
"And take on your arm your grandsons here."

23 "What? did I not then with key and ring
"Reverse and spell-bind every thing?

24 "I surely the room with spells possess'd,
"Save under Thorelille's bridal chest."

25 Full quickly they made the chest give place,
And laid her down on the vacant space.

26 She scarcely a moment was seated there,
Before she two healthy children bare.

27 "O grant me, heaven, for mercy's sake,
"But time my dying bequests to make.

28 "My gown of the silk with pain and woe,
"Let that to Sir Styge's mother go.

29 "My silver'd shoes to his sister bear,
"With gladness and comfort long to wear.

30 "To dear Sir Stygé a rose I give,
"Grant God that it soon with him may live!"

NOTES.

c. 9. This order she gives under the impression of the place being bewitched, and it is the mother-in-law who answers her.

c. 18. **outer gate** Borgeled. She had turned back home, and came again to the courtyard gate, as is evident from her bridal chest being in the room and the mother in the house, but Vedel Simonsen brings this passage forward to prove that the Rosenland was a little park within the Borgeled.

c. 27. This anxiety to make a few dying bequests occurs very frequently in the Scotch as well as the Danish ballads, for instance 'Lord Donald' Kinl. p. 112. From the ill wishes that accompany some of the gifts we may suppose that people attached some supernatural power to the dying words of the testator. Compare 'Buris and Christine, No. 57, Ribolt and Guldborg, No. 94 A. and others.

c. 30. I am not sure whether the text means that she presents to him a young lady on her death-bed, or a real rose-bud, as emblematical of one. The words are

Herr Stig giver jeg en Rosensblomme,
Gud give ham snart hende at bekomme!

This usage of Rosensblomme is quite Spanish.

"Rosa fresca, rosa fresca,
tan garrida y con amor,

cuando vos tuve en mis brazos,
no vos supe servir, no;
y agora que os serviria,
no vos puedo haber, no."

a beautiful little ballad very much in the style of Horace's Donec gratus eram tibi, but which it would be out of place to quote at large here.

"Rose, thou fresh and dewy rose,
Thou blushing, sweet, love-breathing flower,
Once I folded thee in arms,
To serve thee had not then the power;
And now that fain I 'd be thy slave,
Thou turn'st away thy face from me," &c.

XC.

THE COWARD BRIDEGROOM.

This ballad presents us with several curious customs that accompanied a marriage in ancient times. A proxy goes to wed the bride with green silk and velvet trappings on his horse, and attends her to church. The wedding feast is kept up with the hard drinking usual on such occasions, the bride laid in her bed, and the chorus of priests singing before it. "This custom" says Syv, writing about 150 years ago, "of having priests to sing before the bridal bed is still kept up in Sweden, and was so in my childhood in Denmark too." It was so in England also, as we learn from the Salisbury Manual, in which the ceremony upon bedding the young people is thus described.

'Nocte vero cum sponsus et sponsa ad lectum pervenerint, accedat sacerdos et benedicat thalamum, dicens' — The formula then follows.

'His peractis aspergat eos aqua benedicta, et sic discedat, et dimittat eos in pace.'

In Douce's Illustrations of Shakspeare, from which this is quoted, Vol. I p. 199. there is a picture of the Bishop Raymondin with the hyssop in one hand and water-vessel in the other, sprinkling the bridal pair, as they lie side by side in bed. The couple often sat in the bed, as from the 11th stanza of the

following ballad the Danish bride seems to have done. It is to this blessing that Shakspeare alludes in The Midsummer Night's Dream A. V. Sc. 2.

> To the best bride-bed will we
> Which by us shall blessed be.

And Chaucer in the Merchant's tale V. 9692

> The Bride is brought abed as still as stone,
> And when the bed was with the priest ybless'd,
> Out of the chamber has every wight him dress'd.

The Coward Bridegroom.

Dan. Vis. IV. 254. Grimm p. 137.

1 It was upon a Saturday
The rain began to fall;
Sir Tygé, 'twas his wedding day,
In silence paced his hall.

2 Sir Tygé out of his window gazed
With frequent anxious look;
"My bride too dearly I should buy
"In crossing yonder brook.

3 "Now hark thee, Nilus Benditson,
"Thou hast so tall a steed;
"I pray thee ride and fetch her home,
'And help a friend in need."

4 "Gladly," said Nilus Benditson,
And archly spake aside;
"I'll play my friend a pretty prank,
"If I shall fetch the bride."

5 Off rode Sir Nilus Benditson,
And went the bride to meet;
There hung both silk and velvet green
Before his horse's feet.

6 All clad in silk and golden lace
Did friends and kinsmen ride,
And slowly took their way to church
Beside the gentle bride.

7 Awhile before the door she stood,
Like blushing rose her hue,
And bade them towards the water look,
If Tygé were in view.

8 "Nay" answer'd Nilus Benditson,
And prompt the words he spake;
"He dared not cross yon angry stream,
"E'en for his trulove's sake."

9 They placed her on the bridal seat
In all her costly gear,
And often out of the window look'd,
If came Sir Tygé near.

10 From silver cup both wine and mead
They pour'd for every guest,
And waited on till eventide
And th' hour to go to rest.

11 On bridal bed they left the bride
Sir Tygé there to wait,
And all in anxious hope and doubt
Three weary hours she sate.

12 The priests they stood around the bed,
And sang with all their might,
"No bridegroom comes to claim his bride,
"Who sleeps with her tonight?"

13 Then forward brave Sir Nilus stepp'd,
And cast his silver'd shoe;
"'Tis I will sleep with her tonight,
"And faithful be and true."

14 They quaff'd in turn the wedding cup,
And hearty draughts they took,
The while Sir Tygé Hermanson,
Still fear'd to cross the brook.

15 'Twas not until the Wednesday morn
The stream began to fall,
And then came Tygé Hermanson,
And brought his bridesmen all.

16 Sir Tygé came to the wedding house,
And saw the pomp and state;
But answer'd him the youthful bride,
"Ride back, 'tis now too late."

17 "But listen, gentle Sidselille,
"A word I have with thee;
"Thou 'st wedded with another man,
"And foully cheated me."

18 "And hear, Sir Tygé Hermanson,
"A thing I 'd have you know,
"I will not such for husband take,
"As fears the rain and snow.

19 "Now had'st thou been a gallant man,
"And had my love at heart,
"Thou wouldest with thy naked sword
"Have dash'd the waves apart."

20 "In cloister then I'll go and live
"A friar of orders gray,
"And trust me, gentle Sidselille,
"I come no more this way."

21 "Yet if the stream should be so low,
"And I should see thee back,
"If I have cheeses more than two,
"I'll put one in thy sack."

NOTE

St. 21. Whether this stanza is meant in kindness to her discarded lover, or in scorn, the reader will form his own opinion. The sack means the bag with which friars go about begging from door to door.

XCI.

THE READY REPLY.

This entertaining little piece exists in many different forms in the Scandinavian dialects, and there are parallels to it in several foreign languages. In our own there is one that will readily occur to the reader of Herd's Scottish songs. See V. II. 172 and Aytoun I. p. 125.

Our gudeman came hame at e'en,
And hame came he:
And there he saw a saddle horse,
Where nane should be.

"O how came this saddle horse here?
"How can this be?
"How came this horse here
"Without the leave of me?"

"A horse!" quo she:
"Aye, a horse" quo he.
"Ye auld blind dotard carl,
"Blind mat ye be,
"'Tis naething but a bonny milk cow,
"My ninny sent to me."

"A bonny milk cow!" quo he
"Aye a milk cow," quo she.
"Far hae I ridden, and mickle hae I seen,
"But a saddle on a cow's back
"Saw I never nane."

Our gudeman came hame at e'en
And hame came he,
He spy'd a pair o' jack boots,
Whar nae boots should be.

"What's this now, gude wife,
"What's this I see?" &c. &c.

There are two Swedish ballads that correspond to the Danish, one of which is translated by the Howitts in their Lit. of the North I. 261. There is another in Arwidson V. I. 358.

Of similar purport there is in Spanish too a beautiful romance called 'La blanca Niña', which represents a husband as questioning his wife and extorting from her a confession of her guilt.

Wolff and Hoffm. V. II 52.

Ellos en aquesto estando su marido que llegó:
"Qué haceis, la Blanca-niña, hija de padre traidor?"
"Señor, peino mis cabellos, peinolos con gran dolor,
Que me dejeis á mí sola, y á los montes os vais vos."
"Esa palabra, la Niña, no era sino traicion:
Cujo es aquel caballo que allá bajo rehinchó?"
"Señor, era de mi padre, y envióoslo para vos."
"Cujas son aquellas armas que están en el corredor?"
"Señor, eran de mi hermano, y hoy os las envió."
"Cuja es aquella lanza, desde aquí la veo yo?"
"Tomalda, conde, tomalda; matadme con ella vos,
Que aquesta muerte, buen conde, bien os la merezco yo."

But while they stood in sweet discourse,
There came her husband near —
"Tell me, White-maid, thou traitor's child,
"What thou art doing here."

"My lord I'm combing out my hair,
"And all in tears and woe,
"Because you leave me here alone,
"And off to the mountain go."

"Thy words, white maid, I trust no more,
"So full of guile are they:
"But tell me, whose the horse below,
"I heard this moment neigh?"

"My lord, it is my father's horse,
"To you this morning sent."
"And in the corridor whose arms
"Against the wall are leant?"

"My lord, they are my brother's arms,
"A gift to you they are."
"But tell me then whose lance I see
"So gleaming from afar?"

"O take the lance, Count, take the lance,
"My body drive it through:
"For that, good Count, is e'en the fate,
"I well deserve from you."

The Ready Reply.

Dan. Vis. IV. 228. Grimm p. 124. Arw. I. 358.

1 "But sister dear," a brother said,
"Do you then never mean to wed?

2 S. "Oh wait! At this my tender age
"I would not yet my hand engage."

3 B. "Yet might I trust the public voice,
"You have already made the choice."

4 S. "So people talk, and talk they may,
"Believe not all that gossips say."

5 B. "And who was then the handsome knight
"Rode from your door with morning's light?"

6 S. "No knight — no high-born cavalier:
"My stable-boy and his horse were here."

7 B. "Then near your bed two pair of shoes!
"Now whose were they? pray, tell me whose."

8 S. "No man's shoe, brother, think not so,
"'Twas but my slippers lay below."

9 B. "And then that little cherub head,
"Was lately sleeping upon your bed?"

10 S. "No cherub that, or baby small;
"What lay there sleeping was my doll."

11 B. "How heard I then in passing by
"Within your door an infant cry?"

12 S. "So cry not infants; 'twas my maid
"Because of a wardrobe key mislaid."

13 B. "And pray, what might the cradle mean
"So slily hid behind the screen?

14 S. "No cradle; be not rash to blame,
"You've seen perhaps my broidery frame.

15 "And if you, brother, more will know,
"With answers I shall not be slow."

16 When women fail to make reply,
Then look to see the ocean dry.

XCII.

EBBÉ SKAMMELSON.

Whether the fearful tragedy detailed in this ballad is historically true, seems uncertain. The authors of the 'Danske Atlas' refer it to an Ebbé Skammelson of Norentoft on Thy. It is probably only too faithful a picture of the manners of the age. There are two Swedish ballads on the same subject, and in the notes to one of them in Arwidsson V. I. p. 423 we are told that 'He returned from a campaign at the moment that 'his betrothed was being married to his own brother. 'In an access of passion he murdered the bride, and 'two other persons of the company, supposed to be the 'father and mother-in-law, but repented of his crime 'and went to Rome to get remission of it. There he 'was enjoined for a whole year to lie every night upon 'a different island of the Bolmen lake, where there 'are just as many of them, as there are days in the 'year. This penance he underwent in heavy iron fetters. 'When he had been wandering the prescribed time in 'this great stormy lake, he came at last to the land 'lying over against it, and went to Angelstad and laid 'himself down on a hayloft. Here he heard a girl 'singing a ballad about himself, and called out "'Tis 'partly right and partly wrong." He then went to the

'churchyard, where they still show the marks of his 'great feet, and his fetters fell off his limbs and he 'yielded up his pious and repentant spirit. He had 'begged not to be buried within the churchyard, saying '"If I am worthy, I shall get in nevertheless." He 'was buried outside, but the wall was broken down 'every night, till they extended it so as to enclose his 'grave. His tombstone is now nearly sunk into the 'earth. His chains were long preserved in the church, 'but being regarded by the common people with super-'stitious feelings, were made into a spire for the church-'tower.'

Ebbé Skammelson.

Dan. Vis. III. 74. Oehl. p. 250. Arw. I. 216 & 412.

1 Northward in Thy Sir Skammel dwelt,
For wealth and goodness known;
Five sons had he, so courtly bred,
And two to manhood grown.

2 The one hight Ebbé Skammelson,
And Peter one, — the young;
A doleful story it is to hear,
The fate that o'er them hung.

3 Ebbé laid saddle upon his horse,
And rode to an isle away,
And there betroth'd fair Adelaide,
A sweet and lovely may.

4 He won the gentle Adelaide,
A lily flower was she,
And brought her home to his mother's house,
And went himself to sea.

5 But first in the ladies' lofty bower
He wish'd his bride adieu;
"While in the royal court I serve,
"Remain to your promise true.

6 "Wait for me, gentle Adelaide,
"Your honour keep in mind;
"Meanwhile I go to a distant land,
"A livelihood to find."

7 But while young Ebbé serves at court,
And rank and fame pursues,
His brother Peter stays at home,
And her, his trulove, woos.

8 Ebbe he serves the king at court
To earn him gold and fee;
His brother Peter builds a ship
And rigs it out for sea.

9 His brother Peter builds a ship,
And ploughs the salty tide,
And steers across to North Jutland
To court his brother's bride.

10 And there young Peter Skammelson,
In scarlet cloak array'd,
Mounts to the ladies' bower aloft,
Where sits that lovely maid.

11 "My greeting, gentle Adelaide!
"Your troth if me you'll plight,
"With love and honour all my days,
"Your favours I'll requite."

12 "How should I plight my love to you?
"Or share your house and land?
"Your brother Ebbé, he it is,
"To whom I've pledged my hand.

13 "My vow to wait for eight whole years
"With all my kin I made;
"I will not marry another man,
"And that the King too bade."

14 "But," answer'd Peter Skammelson
In scarlet mantle dress'd;
"Ebbé is in the royal court,
"And makes your love his jest."

15 Then up his cruel mother spake,
And evil rede she gave;
"Accept then Peter Skammelson,
"For Ebbé he is a knave.

16 "Ebbé is in the royal court,
"And glory wins and fame;
"And there 's in the Queen's bower the maid,
"Is Ebbé's latest flame.

17 "So take thou Peter, my younger son,
"With all his towers so red;
"For Ebbé Skammelson, be sure,
"Another maid will wed."

18 "Nay hark thee, Peter Skammelson,
"Choose thee some other wife;
"I give no other man my troth,
"So long as he has life."

19 "Hear then the truth" in earnest tone
The mother so replied;
"Hear but the truth, fair Adelaide,
"Ebbé last autumn died."

20 Then rose the maiden Adelaide,
As lily stalk so slim,
And Peter Skammelson betroth'd,
And gave her hand to him.

21 They hasten'd for the marriage feast
The luscious mead to brew,
While Ebbé serv'd the king at court,
And nothing of it knew.

22 Ebbé, when two months now were past,
At dead of night awoke,
And of the vivid dreams he had dream'd,
He thus to his comrade spoke.

23 "It seem'd that through my room of stone
"A glowing fire did glide,
"And there my brother Peter burn,
"And burn my lovely bride."

24 "Then surely, Ebbé Skammelson,
"Some trouble is near at hand,
"For when one dreams of blazing fire,
"It bodes a naked brand.

25 "But that it was thy room of stone
"All in a blaze of fire;
"That bodes that Peter Skammelson
"Betrothes thy heart's desire."

26 Up started Ebbé Skammelson,
And braced his sword to side,
And sought the king, and furlough gain'd,
Home to his friends to ride.

27 In eager haste he mounted horse,
And he so swiftly flew,
A seven day's journey home from court,
The same he rode in two.

28 So well did Ebbé time his speed,
As not to come too late,
The day they held their wedding feast
He reach'd his father's gate.

29 "Hark thee, and tell me, little page,
"What now I ask of thee;
"What means this joyous festival,
"And whence the company?"

30 "Here are the ladies met, who dwell
"Along the North-sea shore,
"And their's are all these gilded wains,
"That halt at Skammel's door.

31 "They 've dress'd and deck'd thy brother's bride,
"And therefore are they gay;
"Thy brother and gentle Adelaide
"Keep here their wedding day."

32 Outside stood Ebbé's sisters two
With gold cups each in hand:
"O welcome, Ebbé, brother dear,
"Back to your native land!"

33 Welcome so kind his sisters gave,
And rich rewards they won,
While e'en his parents stood aloof,
And welcome show'd him none.

34 Buckle or brooch he gave them each
Of gold all richly wrought;
Gifts he had bravely earn'd at court,
And home to his trulove brought.

35 The one begg'd him at home to stay;
The other forth to go;
"If but one night thou stayest here,
"'Twill bring us bitter woe."

36 His parents pray'd him enter in
And take his seat at board;
But mute was Ebbé Skammelson,
And answer'd not a word.

37 He turn'd his horse to leave the yard,
And fain would ride away;
His mother caught and held the rein,
And begg'd him there to stay.

38 She brought him forth a cushion'd stool,
Would have him sit to dine,
"Nay" answer'd Ebbé Skammelson,
"Leave me to pour the wine."

39 With pearls and gold so gaily deck'd
There sat the lovely bride;
As oft as Ebbé upon her gazed,
With grief at heart he sigh'd.

40 When daylight waned, and o'er the field
Was shed the glistering dew,
Rising with grace the fair young bride
From banquet hall withdrew.

41 With joyous hearts to the bridal house
They led the gentle fair,
And Ebbé begg'd to head the train
The bridal torch to bear.

42 "And how!" said Ebbé, when they came
Before the chamber door,
"The troth you plighted me the first,
"Remember you no more?"

43 "I've since to your brother plighted troth,
"Given all I had to give,
"But will a mother be to you,
"As long as I may live."

44 "Not for a mother wooed I you,
"I wooed you for my wife;
"And therefore Peter Skammelson
"Has now to end his life.

45 "Consent, fair maiden Adelaide,
"With me to go away;
"And be my fate, e'en what it will,
"My brother I will slay."

46 "And though your brother you should kill,
"You would not gain my love,
"For I should grieve myself to death,
"As on her bough the dove."

47 To hear her Ebbé Skammelson
With anger fiercely frown'd,
And muttering vengeance on them both
Stamp'd wildly on the ground.

48 With that into the bridal house
They led the gentle bride,
But Ebbé bare beneath his cloak
A drawn sword at his side.

49 He enter'd in and slew the maid,
Where near her bed she stood,
And left her lofty crown of gold
All swimming in her blood.

50 He took the gory dripping sword
Slily beneath his cloak,
And turning back to the banquet hall
He thus to his brother spoke:

51 "Hark thee, young Peter Skammelson,
""Tis time to leave the wine;
"Thy bride sits in her bridal bed,
"And seems for thee to pine."

52 Up rose young Peter Skammelson,
But sad at heart was he;
For well his brother Ebbé's rage
Was in his face to see.

53 "Now listen, Ebbé Skammelson,
"And lay thy wrath aside,
"Sleep thou with gentle Adelaide,
"To thee I yield the bride."

54 "Go, Peter, thou, nor longer leave
"The maid to pine alone;
"The bridal house and bridal bed
"With roses are bestown."

55 But as young Peter Skammelson
From banquet hall withdrew,
His brother cleft his head in twain,
And him so foully slew.

56 Great was the grief in bridal house,
And great the hall's dismay,
For dead were bride and bridegroom both,
E'en on their wedding day.

57 His father got a grievous wound,
His mother miss'd a hand;
And Ebbé Skammelson must forth
A vagrant from the land.

58 His brother, murderously slain,
And gentle bride lay dead,
And far and wide must Ebbé roam,
And beg his daily bread.

59 From such a wedding, Gracious God,
Hinder both young and old!
Sour is the wine, and harsh the mead,
Where such sad news is told.

NOTES.

St. 6. **A livelihood to find.**
This explains the long betrothals often made in those times. The young man before going to Constantinople, or the Court of the German Emperor, to offer his services, secured a bride, whom he claimed, when he had earn'd sufficient to live upon. See Sir Thor and Silvermor No. 122, Axel and Walborg No. 78 and others. The bride was often a mere child at the time of the betrothal. In Sir Asbiorn Snare No. 59 she is only ten years old.

St. 23. The stone-room seems to have been the bridal chamber, as well as the lying-in room. This suggests the interpretation of the dream in st. 22.

St. 32. The coming out to a stranger with a goblet of wine seems to have been a part of ancient etiquette. It is still the practice in some districts of Norway. We have frequent allusions to it in the French Fabliaux and other romances of the middle ages, and still earlier in the very interesting account of the embassy of Priscus to Attila, where we find the wife of one of his high officers come out to him with wine on a golden salver.

XCIII.

THE RAVEN RUNE-BEARER.

This very pleasing little piece has the appearance of being a fragment. It is not unlikely that the idea of a lady sending a raven to search the seas for her lover and bring him home, may have been suggested by some ship, which had lost its course, being guided to port by the flight of a bird, which the ancient mariners with heads and hearts full of poetry may well have supposed their captain's lady-love to have sent for him. It was by the flight of a raven that Floki was guided to Iceland, soon after Naddod had discovered it; and it was perhaps in accordance with the habits of sailors of old, that Noah was represented as sending a raven from his ark to direct him to dry land, an incident in the tale that betrays the Oceanic character of Noah's voyage. There is in a Breton ballad in the Collection called Barsaz Breiz Vol. I. p. 237, a passage, in which a dove is employed for a similar service:

"O rise, my dove, my pretty dove,
And poise thee on the wing,
And seek my son, and hasten back
Some news of him to bring.

Off to the banded army fly
Far far across the sea,
And learn, if yet my son 's alive,
And hasten back to me."

"My mother's little snow-white dove,
That chaunted in the wood,
See here she settles on the mast
From skimming o'er the flood."

"Good luck to you! dear Silvestik!
Good luck to you and hear;
I 'm from your lady mother come,
A letter for you bear."

In the beautiful Scotch ballad of the Gay Goshawk it is a falcon that carries the knight's letter to his lady. Scott II. 373.

The same thought could hardly fail to occur in other languages also, and in German we find it in one of the 'Alte Deutsche Volkslieder' in Uhland's collection p. 47

'Fraw Nachtigall, du kleines waldvögelein,
ich wolt du solltst mein botte sein,
ich wolt, du sollst mein botte sein,
und faren zu der herzallerliebsten mein.'

'Dame Nightingale, small woodland bird,
Couldst thou mine envoy be!
A message to my trulove bear,
And off to her dwelling flee!'

But no where is it introduced with more elegance than in a Bohemian poem among those published by Thun in his Gedichte aus Böhmens Vorzeit p. 77 from the famous Königinhofer Handschrift, and which is so simple and pretty, that I am tempted to give it entire.

THE MAID AND THE LARK.

1 As weeds a maid her master's hemp,
And sighs her bosom heave,
The little lark comes twittering up
To know why she should grieve.

2 "And how should I be blithe and gay,
My pretty little lark?
They 've carried off and chain'd my love
In dungeon all so dark!

3 "Now could I pen and paper find,
Then write to him would I,
And thou, dear friendly little bird,
Shouldst with my letter fly.

4 "But paper I have none nor pen
To write my love a line;
So greet him with thy song instead,
And tell him how I pine."

The collection from which the above is taken was found in the lumber room of a church tower, and is supposed to be of the 13th century; but is it possible that Bohemia was so far in advance of our Western countries, that 600 years ago a girl working in the fields weeding hemp could be supposed capable of writing a letter? — or is this famous manuscript a forgery of the present century?

The Raven rune-bearer.

Grundtv. II. p. 189.

1 'Tis little May walks on the strand,
And wrings with grief her lily hand.

2 It's summer tide, and all so fair;
Oh! had she but her trulove there!

3 A swarthy raven came in sight,
Winging to north his rapid flight.

4 "Hark thee, wild raven, what I say,
"Canst thou for me a rune convey?"

5 "Thy rune with equal speed I'll take,
"As can thine hand the letters make."

6 Straight at her feet the bird she saw,
And wrote the runes within his claw.

7 He flew that day, he flew for three,
Ere he her trulove's sail could see.

8 He lighted down upon the prow,
The runes in the knight's hand to throw.

9 The knight his archer call'd, and said,
"Shoot me that fierce wild raven dead."

10 "Knight, gallant knight, shoot not at me,
"And breeze so fair I'll give to thee."

11 The ship sped on, the raven flew,
They reach'd the island both the two.

12 The ship below, the bird above,
They came to the knight's ladylove.

NOTES.

c. 6. **She wrote the runes**
'Jomfruen skreff runer i hans kloe.'
Perhaps it means merely that she placed in his claw the runes that she had written, a billet-doux to her knight, or it may imply that she signed upon his foot certain magic symbols. The 8th couplet supports the first opinion.

c. 10. This alludes to the supposed power of winged demons to give or withhold fair weather. See No. 80. st. 3 and 4.

XCIV.

THE FATAL APPEAL.

Under this title may be comprised several ballads on the subject of Hildebrand and Hillelille, or, as they are sometimes called, Ribolt and Guldborg, Rederbrand and Guldborg, &c., but which all turn upon the same point, the lady's calling her lover by his name to save the life of a favourite brother, and his immediately receiving his deathblow in consequence of it.

Among the numerous ballads upon this subject I have selected six, which together will furnish all the details of this tragical story.

A. Ribolt and Guldborg
B. Rederbrand and Guldborg
C. Hildebrand and Hille
D. Hillelille and Hildebrand
E. Hellelild in her chamber
F. Hyldebrand and Hyldestlil.

A.

RIBOLT AND GULDBORG.

The melancholy but beautiful tale of these lovers is common to many languages, and in each country has assumed different forms, as well as different names for the hero and heroine. Grundtvig traces it in an Icelandic romance and several Norwegian and Swedish ones. In our own literature we have it in the Douglas Tragedy. Scott's Bord. Min. II p. 214. Motherwell p. 180. The story is so wonderfully similar to the Danish, notwithstanding the localisation of it in Scotland, and the difference of names, that there can be no doubt of its having been derived from a common origin with the Scandinavian ballads.

The same tale is the subject of another called Erlington. Scott. V. II. p. 204 in which the hero is victorious and carries off his bride; as in a Norwegian ballad in Landstad I. p. 322.

Again it occurs in the child of Elle. Percy, Vol. I. p. 112, but this is a poem the authenticity of which is doubtful.

Grundtvig observes that these ballads may be in some measure a mediæval echo of the Icelandic romance of Helge Hundingsbane, in which the hero fights for Sigrun and kills her father, but is himself slain by her youngest brother whose life he had spared. There

is also an ancient German Romance of the 10th century, called Walter and Hildegund, which bears some resemblance to it. In both these however the characteristic trait, the naming to death, is omitted. This superstition is explained in the Fafnismál. 'Sigurd concealed his name, because it was the belief in old times, that a dying man's words had great power, if he cursed his enemy by name.'

In Grundtvig's work there are no less than 24 copies of this ballad taken from different sources, and all varied, more or less, the one from the other; so popular has it been up even to the present day.

All these ballads and those titled 'Hildebrand and Hillelille' appear to be fragments of some very ancient and much longer romance. The names of the actors vary, but the story seems to have been this.

A King, probably a small Konge or chieftain, has a daughter named Hillelille (the Guldborg of some ballads) whom he brings up in great state with 12 knights to wait upon her, and to these he entrusts her while he goes upon an expedition. During his absence one of them, Hildebrand, a son of the King of England, (the Ribolt of some ballads, the Rederbrand of others) wins her affection, and upon her father's return proposes to elope with her. He pictures his own country as a paradise, and induces her to pack up her gold, and seat herself upon his horse with him. On the road they meet her uncle, who recognises her, and tells her father and brothers of her elopement. They pursue the fugitives, and overtake them in the forest where they had meant to pass the night. Hildebrand charges her not to name his name during the fight,

and engages and kills them all except her youngest brother. Hillelille, anxious to save his life, forgets her lover's injunction, and calls out to him by name, but has hardly uttered it, ere he receives his death-blow. He is just able after this to make his way with her to his mother's house, and there he dies.

The youngest brother, the only survivor, whom we may suppose to have stopped to attend to his dying father and brothers, fetches her away, binds her arm to his saddlegirth, and drags her home, where he confines her in a tower, till he yields to his mother's wish, and barters her for a new church bell. This is hung in Maryby church, and the first stroke of it breaks the mother's heart.

Hillelille in the meantime is taken into the service of a foreign Queen, named Ellen, and set with the other servant girls to do needlework. The Queen observes her to be very melancholy and distracted, and to sew very carelessly, and asks her the reason of it, upon which she relates her story. The Queen tells her that the knight, her lover, is her own son Duke Hildebrand, and overcome with her feelings Hillelille dies in her arms.

In a note to his translation of this ballad in the Northern Antiquities p. 317 Jamieson makes the following remarks.

'For a gentle lady to ride over hill and dale, through 'wood and wild by night or by day with the gentle 'knight was held to be no disparagement to her chas-'tity and delicacy; and such elopements as that of 'Guldborg with Ribolt were very common, and per-'fectly consistent with the adventurous spirit of the

'times. The frequency of such occurrences, as well 'as the dignity and interest with which they appear 'in our ancient ballads, is to be referred to the pride, 'jealousy, and stern unbending severity of parents a-'mong the nobles; their quarrels and feuds with their 'neighbours; the unlimited power which they had over 'their children; the little social and endearing familiar 'intercourse, which the stately formalities then kept up, 'admitted of their having with them; and the peculiar 'manners and habits of the age, which gave the young 'the brave and the fair opportunities of observing each 'other under circumstances, which were calculated to 'make the most lively impressions, and to give rise 'to the most romantic and enthusiastic attachments.'

Ribolt and Guldborg.

Dan. Vis. III. 326. Grundtv. II. 361. Grimm p. 74.

1 Ribolt, an heir of noble name,
For Guldborg glow'd with secret flame.

2 His court to the infant child he paid,
And more he loved the full grown maid.

3 "Thy troth to me, dear Guldborg, give,
"And come to a fairer land to live.

4 "Away to a blessed land we'll go,
"Where you shall never taste of woe;

5 "We'll off to a distant island fly,
"Where you shall live, and never die."

6 "You take me not to a land so fair,
"But I shall sorrow find and care;

7 "Nor to an isle with me could fly,
"But where to God it 's due to die."

8 "Sweet leeks for grass each season brings,
"And all the year the cuckoo sings.

9 "For water run the brooks with wine,
"O trust me, Guldborg, and be mine."

10 "But how with you get through the gate,
"So closely watch me small and great?

11 "My parents watch me night and day,
"Brothers and sisters every way;

12 "And then my bridegroom always near,
"The very one I chiefly fear."

13 "Tho' watch your kinsmen young and old,
"Your plighted word you still must hold.

14 "Put on my polish'd coat of mail,
"My helmet d'on in place of veil:

15 "Gird to your side my trusty blade,
"And none will know you then for maid.

16 "With golden spurs strapp'd on your feet
"Shy not or kith or kin to meet."

17 In mantle blue he robed his bride,
And set her on his horse to ride.

18 They journey'd forth, till on the wold
They met a certain Baron bold.

19 "But say, Ribolt, dear comrade mine,
"Where hast thou found a page so fine?"

20 "My youngest brother he; — he is come
"On his first ride with me from home."

21 "Thou canst not hide the truth from me;
"Nay, Guldborg, nay, 'tis thou I see.

22 "For tho' thy dress a man bespeak,
"I know too well thy rosy cheek;

23 "I know thy fair soft hair withal;
"I serv'd once in thy father's hall.

24 "And tho' I know not shoe nor cloth,
"I know to whom thou 'st plighted troth."

25 A brooch of gold from off her waist
Upon the Baron's hand she placed:

26 "Now wheresoe'er you come today,
"Of me, dear Baron, nothing say."

27 To Kullo house the Baron rode,
Where knights were met and goblets flow'd.

28 In Truid's house he found them all,
And Truid in his banquet hall.

29 "Sir Truid, what, man, here carouse?
"Ribolt is bearing off thy spouse."

30 Sir Truid bade to sound alarm,
"Up, gallant troopers, up and arm!"

31 An hour they rode at rapid pace,
When Guldborg look'd, if friends gave chase.

32 "My father's horses there I see,
"And my betroth'd in chase of me."

33 "Guldborg to such a service deign,
"Light down and hold our horses' rein.

34 "Now if in fight you see me fall,
"My name I pray you not to call.

35 "And if you see the blood run red,
"Be silent, lest you name me dead."

36 Ribolt in mail was soon array'd,
For Guldborg lent her willing aid.

37 On the first group he dealt a blow,
Laid Truid and her father low.

38 He met the next, and did not spare
Her brothers with the golden hair.

39 "Stop, stop, Ribolt, o stay thy hand,
"And sheathe I pray thy murderous brand.

40 "At least my youngest brother spare,
"The news let him to his mother bear;

41 "The mournful news that all are dead;
"Alas that she a daughter bred!"

42 The moment Guldborg named his name,
A fatal blow, the deathblow came.

43 Ribolt his weapon slung to his side,
"Come, Guldborg, come, now further ride."

44 Through Roseholt both in silence went,
Nor gave to joy or sorrow vent.

45 "Ribolt, but tell me, I implore,
"Why art thou cheerful now no more?"

46 "Because I am faint from loss of blood,
"And then I am tired, and sad of mood;

47 "I know full well, from failing breath,
"My heart is in the grasp of death."

48 "Wait but till I my stay-lace find,
"It well may serve thy wound to bind."

49 "There 's naught to do, God give thee grace,
"Of little help is now thy lace."

50 At last they reach'd the castle gate,
Where in the court his mother sate.

51 "Welcome, Ribolt, from weary ride,
"And is that lady then thy bride?

52 "I ne'er saw one with face so white,
"Or less with gold and jewels dight."

53 "No wonder she should look so pale,
"She has been where stouter hearts would quail.

54 "O God, that I one hour might live
"For time my last bequests to give!

55 "My father, take this faithful beast;
"O dearest mother, fetch a priest.

56 "Brother, for love thou bearest me,
"My dearest bride I give to thee."

57 "The maid I were full fain to win,
"If free I could remain from sin."

58 "Fear not; I once, I do confess,
"Enjoy'd, but only once, a kiss."

59 "Nay troth to both two brothers give,
"That will I never, while I live."

60 Ribolt ere crow of cock was dead,
Guldborg, ere morning sun was red.

61 Three corpses from that house they bare,
In one day three, and all so fair;

62 Ribolt himself, his gentle bride,
And mother, who from sorrow died.

NOTES.

c. 1. In some copies Ribolt is called Grevesön a count's son, in others Kongesön a king's son.

c. 3—5. This description agrees with that given in the Hervararsaga of Udains Akur, the land of immortals.

c. 8. This will say that there is perpetual spring there. Jamieson in North. Antiq. p. 330 observes that the leek was formerly held in high estimation by the Scandinavians as contributing to manly vigour, and quotes from the Heims Kringla of Snorro

Var a sunnudag svanni,
Seggur hnie margur und eggiar,
Morgin than sem manne
Mær lauk ethur öl bære.

"On Sunday morning early many fell by the edge of the sword, before the maidens had brought any one leeks or ale for his breakfast." A man who was the ornament of his name was not called the *flower* of his family but 'ættar lauk' the *leek* of his family.

The cuckoo's note must be peculiarly delightful in countries where there is so long, severe, and uninterrupted a winter as in the north of Europe.

Dissatisfaction with our present condition naturally suggests ideas of perfect happiness elsewhere, and these will usually be embodied in sensible images. A beautiful hymn of our own church begins in a strain very similar to Ribolt's picture of paradise:

There is a land of pure delight
  Where saints immortal reign,
Eternal day excludes the light,
  And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
  And never-fading flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
  That heavenly land from our's.

Our ballad has probably suggested to Tegner that beautiful passage in which Frithioff endeavours to persuade Ingeborg to fly from her father's house to the land of Greece; that in his 8th canto beginning

Du elskade, det fins en annan sol
Än den, som bleknar öfver dessa snöberg —
Det fins en himmel skönare än här —

O my beloved, warmer sunshine glows
Than our pale light above the snowy hills;
And we can find a fairer heaven than here.

Blackley's transl.

c. 29. Compare the Childe of Elle. Perc. I. 112.

"And come thou forth Sir John the knighte,
  The ladye is carried to thrall."

Faire Emmeline scant had ridden a mile
  A mile forth of the towne,
When she was aware of her father's men
  Come galloping over the downe.

And foremost came the carlish knighte,
Sir John of the north countràye.

* * *

But light nowe downe, my ladye faire,
Light downe and hold my steed,
While I —

So in the Douglas tragedy

Light down, light down, Lady Margret, he said,
And hold my steed in your hand,
Until that against your seven brethren bold,
And your father I make a stand.

c. 50.

O they rode on and on they rode,
And a' by the light of the moon,
Until they came to his mother's ha' door
And there they lighted down.

O mak my bed, lady mother, he says,

Douglas Tragedy. Scott's Bord. Min. II. p. 220.

Lord William was dead lang ere midnight
Lady Margaret lang ere day —

ibid.

B. Rederbrand and Guldborg.

Grundtv. II. p. 379.

1 Sir Rederbrand heard, as he lay on shore,
Fair Guldborg sing in her maiden bower.

2 "Now, Guldborg, listen to what I say,
"Wilt thou on a journey with me away?"

3 "O gladly with thee would I leave the land,
"Were 't not for the spies that round me stand.

4 "Here watch me my parents by night and day,
"And sisters and brothers, so hard are they.

5 "My uncle, a traitor, is always near,
"And he is the one, whom most I fear."

6 "Do thou thy gold in a casket stow,
"While I to saddle my charger go."

7 Sir Rederbrand went to her father's stall,
And look'd at the horses, one and all.

8 He view'd the chesnut, he view'd the gray,
The saddle upon the best to lay.

9 The maid he caught by her slender waist,
And wrapt in his mantle on horseback placed.

10 They rode, with mantle around her thrown,
Away from the yard, unseen, unknown.

11 But when from the town they reach'd the plain,
There met them Sir Peter, the traitor swain.

12 "Sir Rederbrand! ah! well met! good day!
"And where have you stolen that gentle may?"

13 "Not stolen is she, but my own dear niece,
"One whom I from cloister thrall release."

14 "Sir Rederbrand, tell not a tale untrue,
"Ere thee I had seen, I Guldborg knew.

15 "For tho' in a mantle so blue she rides,
"Her golden tresses no mantle hides.

16 "Her scarlet kirtle she may not show,
"But well her rosy fresh cheek I know.

17 "O Guldborg, Guldborg, deceive not me,
"For surely, too surely 'tis thou I see.

18 "I know thee well by the silver'd shoes,
"And more by the knight I see thee choose."

19 Sir Peter he d'onn'd his scarlet cloak,
And went to Erick the king, and spoke.

20 "Hail, Erick, my liege, so great and grand,
"Your daughter is off with Sir Rederbrand."

21 The King to his troopers was heard to call;
"Up! bind on your heads your helmets all.

22 "Your helmets d'on, and your coats of mail,
"Sir Rederbrand he is not wont to quail."

23 Fair Guldborg turn'd, and behind her spied
Her father and eighteen men beside.

24 "O Rederbrand see, my trulove dear,
"My father and eighteen men draw near."

25 He seated her down on linden leaf;
"Betray not, I pray thee, or joy or grief."

26 He seated her under the linden tree;
"Be silent, whatever thou chance to see."

27 He left his clothes on a mossy stone,
And met his foes in his shirt alone.

28 He slew her father and eighteen more,
And still was unscath'd of wound or sore.

29 "O Rederbrand, Rederbrand, now forbear,
"For my sake my younger brother spare."

30 He shook at the maiden the gory blade;
"Thy due 't were, should it on thee be laid."

31 He seated his bride on his horse again,
And painfully guided himself the rein.

32 As through the forest their way they broke,
No sound they utter'd, no word they spoke.

33 "O Rederbrand, tell me, my knight so dear,
"What now is become of thy wonted cheer?"

34 "God help thee for aid, that thou canst give,
"I doubt if I most am dead, or live."

35 They rode for many a weary mile,
And fain would the knight repose awhile.

36 He down on the grass his mantle spread,
And struggled a moment, and there lay dead.

37 Fair Guldborg wept, and her fingers wrung;
"God help a poor friendless girl so young!"

38 She seated herself on his horse, and rode,
And came alone to the Queen's abode.

39 "O hail, Queen Ellen, and God you speed!
"And say have you not of a handmaid need?

40 "In gold I can work, dress ladies' hair,
"And sheeting of moorgrass wool prepare."

41 "If thou art so able to braid and sew,
"Then into my maidens' chamber go."

42 They all on brocade their needles plied,
Except fair Guldborg, who sat and cried.

43 They all were working with gold on knee,
Except fair Guldborg, so sad was she.

44 Queen Ellen came in, and slapp'd her face,
"And why not working thy golden lace?"

45 "O Queen, from chiding and blows forbear,
"My task I'll finish with greater care."

46 But ere on the morrow had dawn'd the day,
A corpse in her bed fair Guldborg lay.

C. Hildebrand and Hille.

Grundtv. II. p. 393.

1 Fair Hylle, lost in dreaming thought,
Her seam is broidering all distraught.

2 She broiders that with silken thread,
She ought to work in gold so red;

3 And where with silk she ought to sew,
Is seen the ruddy gold to glow.

4 The good queen hears, how lost in dream
Sits Hillelille, and spoils her seam.

5 And she has veil'd her royal head,
And up to her maidens' bower is sped.

6 As o'er the threshold steps the queen,
Hylle stands up with reverent mien.

7 "Now hark thee, Hillelille, my child,
"Why sewest thou thy seam so wild?

8 "Thou sittest lost in thought, like one,
"Whose joy and peace of mind are gone."

9 Fair Hillelille the cushion press'd,
"Seat you, my gracious Queen, and rest.

10 "Seat you, my Queen, nor say me no,
"And hear me tell my tale of woe;

11 "For tired were you to stand so long,
"As I were telling all my wrong.

12 "A kingly crown my father wore,
"And rank of queen my mother bore.

13 "My father rear'd me up in state,
"And chose twelve knights on me to wait.

14 "One knight there was amid the train;
"Alas! my heart I let him gain.

15 "My lover hight Duke Hildebrand,
"A royal prince of English land.

16 "On horses two our gold we stow'd,
"And on a third ourselves we rode.

17 "We reach'd a house as waned the light,
"Where we had wish'd to pass the night.

18 "We heard a knock at midnight hour,
"My brothers seven were at the door.

19 "He tapp'd my cheek, 'O cease thy fears,
"And dry, my love, these useless tears.

20 "Now if thou shouldest see me bleed,
"Then, lest thou name me dead, take heed.

21 "Forbear, if thou should'st see me fall,
"My name in any case to call.'

22 "Forward he rush'd to hew and slay,
"Till fifteen knights before him lay.

23 "O Hildebrand, sheathe now thy blade,
"For my sake be thine anger stay'd;

24 "My youngest brother's life forego,
"At least to him some mercy show.

25 "But hardly had I call'd the name,
"To Hildebrand his deathblow came.

26 "My brother seiz'd my trembling hand,
"And tied it up to his saddle band.

27 "My locks he loosed from off my brow,
"To bind me to his saddle-bow.

28 "And on he rode through thickest wood,
"Till all my body stream'd with blood;

29 "Onward, nor once for pity stay'd,
"Though thorn and briar my bosom flay'd;

30 "Nor cross'd the road so small a root,
"But wrench'd or tore my tender foot.

31 "At last we reach'd the castle gate,
"And there my sorrowing mother sate.

32 "My father built a tower so high,
"Where closely prison'd I should lie.

33 "With iron spikes he fenced it round,
"Inside with brambles fill'd the ground.

34 "Turn, where I would, by some sharp thorn,
"My hand or foot was rudely torn.

35 "My mother fain would see me sold,
"My father dead beneath the mould.

36 "They barter'd me against the bell
"In Maryby is heard to knell.

37 "It gave, that bell, one single stroke,
"With one my mother's heart it broke."

38 In tenderest tone then spake the Queen,
And on her cheek the tears were seen.

39 "And now that thy sad tale is done,
"The Duke, thy lover, was my son."

40 Hylle her tale could scarcely tell,
Ere swooning to the earth she fell;

41 And great the good kind Queen's dismay,
For on her bosom dead she lay.

NOTES.

c. 1. The refrain is so corrupted in the manuscript, that it's exact meaning cannot be made out. The words are

Huy maa meg ey lyee den lierr
all werden om sieerr.

c. 2. This very natural picture of Hillelille sitting lost in thought and doing her needlework wrong, has its parallel in a Spanish ballad.

"Quando estás labrando,
No se en que te piensas,
Al dechado miras,
Y los puntos yerras."

"A Pedro, el de Juan,
Que se fue á la guerra,
Aficion le tuve,
Y escuche sus quexas.

Mas visto que es vario
Mediante el ausencia,
De su fe fingida
Ya no se me acuerda."

"You sit at your work,
But your thoughts are not there,
Keep missing your stitches,
So vacant you stare."

"On Pedro I'm thinking,
Old Juan's fair youth;
He 's gone to the wars,
And where now is his truth?

"I loved him sincerely,
Loved all that he said,
But fear that he 's false,
And all thoughts of me fled."

D. Hillelille and Hildebrand.

Grundtv. II. 394. Dan. Vis. III. 353. Arw. II. 170. Sv. Folkv. II. 7.

1 Fair Hillelille in her bower sits,
Her fine-wrought seam no moment quits.
Refr. "*To God alone is known my care,*
"*I tell it not to mortal ear.*"

2 But broiders that with silken thread,
She ought to work in gold so red;

3 And where with silk she ought to sew,
Is seen the ruddy gold to glow.

4 A message soon to the Queen is brought,
"Fair Hillelille sews all distraught."

5 The Queen has veil'd her royal head,
And up to Hillelille has sped.

6 "Why daily toiling on, my child,
"And yet thy needle ply so wild?"

7 "Because my happiness is fled,
"I weep and wildly draw the thread.

8 "My father was a king so great,
"Twelve knights must at his table wait.

9 "My tender age from harm to guard
"These knights he bade hold watch and ward.

10 "Eleven were brave and ne'er deceiv'd,
"The twelfth of honour me bereav'd.

11 "A king's son he from English land,
"Who won my heart, named Hildebrand.

12 "But scarce within each other's arm,
"We heard below a dire alarm;

13 "My father o'er his castle call,
"Up! up! my men, and arm ye all;

14 "Your mail put on, your courage show;
"Sir Hildebrand 's a stubborn foe.'

15 "They beat the door with sword and spear;
"Get up, Sir Hildebrand, come here.'

16 "He gently tapp'd my pallid cheek,
"My name I pray thee not to speak;

17 "Nor, if some drops of blood should fall,
"To death thy bleeding lover call.'

18 "From out my door he boldly flung,
"And hard and fast his sword he swung.

19 "Upon their foremost rank he flew,
"Seven of my fair-hair'd brothers slew;

20 "And would have slaughter'd with the rest
"The youngest, whom I loved the best.

21 "Then cried I, 'Stay, Sir Hildebrand,
"For my sake stay thy murderous hand;

22 "At least my youngest brother spare,
"The news let him to his mother bear.'

23 "Alas! the name was scarcely said,
"Ere eight deep wounds had laid him dead.

24 "My brother then with knotted band
"Bound to his girth my aching hand.

25 "And there was not so small a root,
"But wrench'd or tore my tender foot;

26 No straggling briar that cross'd the road,
"But me its share of torture owed;

27 "No stream so swift, or deep a dam,
"But in it dash'd his horse, and swam.

28 "At last we reach'd the castle gate,
"And there in tears my mother sate.

29 "A prison tower he bade them build,
"With thorns and brambles had it fill'd;

30 "And dress'd in silk from out my bower
"He threw me into the dismal tower.

31 "Wheree'er I turn'd, by same sharp thorn
"My foot or arm was rudely torn.

32 "My mother fain would sell me, she,
"My brother hang me on gallows tree.

33 "They sold me, brought with me a bell,
"In Maryby is heard its knell.

34 "It gave a first, a fatal stroke,
"Enough, my mother's heart it broke."

35 Before her story all was said,
The maid in the Queen's arms lay dead.

E. Hillelille in her chamber.

Grundtv. II. 400. Grimm p. 119.

1 Fair Hillelille up in her bower
Her seam is stitching hour by hour;

2 On seam so white her needle plies,
And sewing weeps the while and sighs;

3 "To none save God is known my care,
"I tell it not to mortal ear."

4 A little page her grief has seen,
And Ellen told of it, the queen.

5 "Fair Hillelille sits in her bower,
"But weeps and sighs from hour to hour."

6 The queen has veil'd her royal head,
And up to the maidens' bower is sped.

7 "My child, why toil thus day and night,
"Yet nothing work but seam so white?"

8 "Because my peace of mind is fled,
"On seam so white I ply the thread.

9 "As I was twelve years old or so,
"My father march'd against the foe.

10 "But ere from home he went away,
"Twelve knights he chose with me to stay.

11 "Eleven were brave and ne'er deceiv'd,
"The twelfth of honour me bereav'd.

12 "My father storm'd with rage so sore,
"Would never hear or see me more;

13 "Would sell me into slavery he,
"My mother drown me in the sea.

14 "They sold me and bought a new church bell,
"In Maryby is heard it's knell:

15 "It gave, that bell, one single stroke,
"With that my mother's heart it broke:

16 "It gave one more, that fatal bell,
"And dead my noble father fell."

17 "Now tell me how the traitor knight,
"The same who won thy heart, was hight."

18 "A king's son he who wrought my shame,
"And Hildebrand the traitor's name."

19 "What! Hildebrand! has he so done?
"My son it surely was, my son.

20 "No mother has that knight but me,
"And, trust me, he shall marry thee."

21 Fair Hillelille at words so sweet
For joy sinks fainting at her feet.

22 The poor pale girl Queen Ellen rears,
And comforts her and kindly cheers.

F. Hyldebrand and Hyldestlil.

Grundtv. II. 680 H.

Taken down as sung by a peasant woman in 1855.

1 Fair Hyldestlil sits in her bower,
And stitches caps from hour to hour.

2 But what should glow with gold so red,
All white she sews with silken thread.

3 "O listen, Hyldestlil, my dear,
"And let me all thy sorrow hear."

4 "My father was a King so great,
"That fifteen knights must on him wait.

5 "The fifteen serv'd his board for fee,
"The youngest one dishonour'd me.

6 "My tale one day, when none were near,
"I trusted to my sister's ear.

7 "But she a secret could not hold,
"And mine to both our parents told.

8 "My father, a stern harsh man was he,
"Would hang me high on gallows tree.

9 "My mother, stung with grief as sore,
"Would sell me, she, to a foreign shore.

10 "And so they sold me for the bell
"Is in St. Mary's heard to knell.

11 "As struck that bell its one first stroke,
"My wretched mother's heart it broke.

12 "They sold me into a distant land,
"And so I came to your Grace's hand."

13 "But tell me, Hyldestlil, my child,
"How he, that knight so fine, was styled?"

14 "Sir Hyldebrand that gallant's name,
"Who won my heart and wrought my shame."

15 "What! Hyldebrand? has he so done?
"And that is e'en my youngest son.

16 "If Hyldebrand has caused thy pain,
"Then he shall make thee glad again."

17 "O Queen, o Queen, this rending ache!
"It cannot be — My heart will break."

18 She lay on the Queen's lap and wept,
Until with tears her kirtle dripp'd.

19 Sobbing on the Queen's breast she lay,
Until her bursting heart gave way.

20 In rode Sir Hyldebrand, and saw,
As e'en they laid her out on straw.

21 "Hark, Hyldebrand, my dearest son,
"There lies thy dearest, dead and gone."

22 "And dead is she to me so dear?
"Then longer tarry I not here."

23 Against a rock he stay'd his sword,
And through his heart the weapon bored.

NOTE.

The reader who compares this last with the preceding copies, all from very ancient manuscripts, will see how faithfully the peasantry have preserved the leading features of the story. Whether it has actually been handed down to them by tradition, or learnt from the Danske Viser published in 1813, may be a question. I am inclined to think that the Danish literati ascribe a great deal more to tradition than they are justified in doing.

XCV.

SIR PETER AND DAME MARGARET, or The guilty Wife.

This ballad is found in two Swedish versions also, and the editors of the Svenska Folkvisor remark that the melody as well as the subject show it to be of great antiquity. It was once very popular over all Scandinavia, and exhibits many natural traits and homely beauties. The poor woman looking back on the towers of her husband's castle, as she leaves it for ever, the warm welcome at her father's, her pretending to the old man that it was all Sir Peter's fault, and at last admitting more distinctly the commission of what was in those days the most unpardonable of crimes, is very naively and feelingly told.

Sir Peter and Dame Margaret,

or The guilty Wife.

Dan. Vis. III. 127. Arw. I. 374. Grimm p. 283. Sven. Folkv. II. 154.

1 Sir Peter it was, a wealthy knight,
On pilgrimage went to Rome,
And Margaret left, his graceful wife,
To tarry the while at home.

2 But when he return'd from Rome again,
That gallant and wealthy knight,
His wife Dame Margaret went not out
To bid him, her lord, alight.

3 He mounted the stair to the ladies' bower,
'Mid matrons and maidens stood;
Dame Margaret only rose not up,
So gloomy she was of mood.

4 They fain, those matrons and maids, would know,
How fared Sir Peter at Rome,
And he, Sir Peter, about his wife,
How she too had fared at home.

5 "'Tis well that I fared in foreign lands
"Through wintery frost and rain,
"But tell me why Margaret came not out
"To welcome me home again."

6 Sir Peter, as over his board he sat,
Thus darkly began to rime;
"Now here in my house there serves a swain
"Was born at a luckless time.

7 "I planted and nurs'd in my garden ground
"The lily and blushing rose;
"But spite of my care amidst my flowers
"A weed in my border grows.

8 "I planted and nurs'd in my garden ground
"Each pleasant and lovely bloom,
"But sprung has there up a noxious weed,
"While I was delay'd at Rome.

9 "A stag has housed in my fenced yard,
"He treads on my flowers so bright;
"He thinks to destroy the only plant,
"That once was my heart's delight."

10 Sir Peter he sits at his table's head,
Sits riming a bitter strain;
Dame Margaret paces the chamber floor,
So rack'd is her heart with pain.

11 The Dame retires to her bower aloft,
And deeply she feels her crime;
In sobbing and sighs she vents her grief,
So keen is Sir Peter's rime.

12 She quits her work, and in gilded chest
Lays scissors and broider'd lace,
And goes to the room, where sits her lord,
And stands before the deis.

13 "O grant me a favour, my noble lord,
"Nor be my request denied;
"I fain would go to my father's house,
"Tonight thither I would ride.

14 "For news is told me that he is sick,
"And lies at the point of death,
"Nor would I for all the gold I own
"Not list to his latest breath."

15 "If 'tis to thy father that thou wilt go,
"That boon I will not deny;
"And if thou stayest a whole year round,
"As happy alone live I.

16 "Aye, if thou stayest a whole year round,
"And if thou shalt stay there two,
"And if thy lifelong, I grant thee leave
"As pleases thyself to do."

17 "My father he gave me, my wedding day,
"Five carriages bright with gold,
"I prythee, Sir Peter, my gracious lord,
"That one of them I may hold."

18 "The day thou camest from home to me,
"He carriages gave thee five,
"But forth, Dame Margaret, forth on foot,
"Not one of them thou shalt drive."

19 Dame Margaret left her lord, and went
In safety to place her store;
In casket and chest she lock'd her gold,
But friend she had now no more.

20 Dame Margaret down to the drawbridge went,
And gazed on the towers so red,
"Lord God, look down on a poor lone wife,
"With grief I shall soon be dead."

21 Her bundle of keys Sir Peter took,
And laid in his daughter's hand;
"Thy mother thou never shalt see again,
"Or listen to her command."

22 His daughter with maidenly grace replied,
For well she her duty knew;
"Indeed, my father, the truth I tell,
"Full loth were I that to do."

23 Dame Margaret came to her father's house
As red as a rose in bloom,
And all that were there, came gaily forth
To bid her a welcome home.

24 Her father went to the courtyard gate
So hearty and gay of cheer;
"My daughter Margaret, welcome home!
"How gladly I see thee here!

25 "Right welcome to me, my graceful child!
"My daughter, and none but she!
"And how does thy lord and husband fare,
"The gallant Sir Peter, he?"

26 "'Tis well that the Knight Sir Peter fares,
"He 's newly return'd from Rome;
"A sad and a luckless day was that,
"He took me to share his home."

27 "I gave thee for husband as brave a man,
"As ever on earth was seen,
"And thine is the fault, and thine alone,
"If any thing 's come between."

28 "You gave me for husband as brave a man
"As walks in the light of day,
"But what has happen'd to mar our peace
"Too well do my cheeks betray.

29 "You gave me for dowry both fertile land
"And castles with moated wall,
"But now whatever has marr'd our peace,
"'Tis he is the cause of all.

30 "Sir Peter has tarried so long at Rome,
"And there he has learnt to rime,
"And when he enter'd his house again,
"For both was a dismal time."

31 "Now list to my voice, my daughter dear,
"And this is the rede I give;
"We 'll build thee a cloister, where all thy days
"In happiness thou shalt live."

32 "And though a cloister you build for me,
"Henceforth to the end of time
"I never shall find my peace therein,
"Till pardons me God my crime."

33 "Then off with thee, Margaret, daughter mine
"And out of my sight away!
"Nor ever again to rest thy head
"Come hither at close of day."

34 "Yet" answer'd her mother with tearful eyes,
For pity had touch'd her heart,
"Here let her remain this single night,
"Tomorrow again depart."

35 'Twas late, and the cheerful day had closed,
And fallen the misty dew,
As up from her seat Dame Margaret rose
And off to her bed withdrew.

36 As soon as had risen the morning sun,
And daylight abroad had shed,
Dame Ingerlille mounted the chamber stair,
And went to her daughter's bed.

37 She came to the room, Dame Ingerlille,
Where Margaret's body lay.
For stretch'd on her bed she found her there
As cold and as pale as clay.

38 With sorrow her heart had burst in twain,
And so had the guilty died;
Sir Peter courted a wealthy maid,
And won her to be his bride.

NOTE.

St. 7. This touching allegory of the flower garden is probably copied from the fifth chapter of Isaiah.

XCVI.

JOHN RAND'S COURTSHIP.

This ballad has been omitted by the editors of the Danske Viser, because the heroine is "so cruel and cannibalish," a rather sentimental and silly reason, as Arwidsson very justly remarks. Popular ballads were not composed for the boudoir, nor are they printed at the present day to replace the fashionable novel, but to illustrate ancient bygone manners and modes of thought, and this is one of the oldest and most widely spread in the north. But the leading idea is not confined to Scandinavia. Stories of young ladies 'so cruel and cannibalish' as to slaughter all the suitors who did not please them, are found in German and Oriental literature. One of these occurs in Wolfdietrich str. 1169. Whatever knight came to the castle of the pagan Belligan as suitor to his daughter, Marpaly,

Rest and ease he purchased dear: the morn he left to wed,
Pight upon the battlements with treachery his head.
Belligan, the pagan fierce, had a daughter fair and young:
She could not be more beauteous, but wrought with woe and wrong:
By her evil arts of grammary each wandering Christian Knight
Left his head in pledge, high on the turrets pight.

H. Weber's translation in North. Ant. p. 101.

Another story of this kind we find in Saxo Grammaticus, who says of the Scottish Queen Hermuthruda,

Tha var i Skotland en Drotning saa dol,
Hun giorde sinæ Bedlæ saa meget Utol,
Vare the ikke, som hun gad aa,
Tha lod hun hugge them hovedet fra.

There once was in Scotland a queen so mad,
'Twas dismal the fate that her suitors had:
For were they not such as to please the queen,
Their heads were lopp'd from their shoulders clean.

There is also a story in the Arabian Nights of a princess Badoura, before whom one hundred and fifty successively presented themselves and shared the same fate, and their heads were ranged over each gate of the city.

In the tale of the 'Knight and the Sword' translated by Way V. I. p. 121. there is a similar adventure related of Sir Gawaine. In this story an enchanted sword, which hangs in the lady's chamber, leaps from its sheathe to stab the stranger. As different as the incidents are, the French fabliau and the Danish ballad may not impossibly come from the same source, and that perhaps an Eastern one.

John Rand's courtship.

Grimm p. 109. Arw. II. 190. Sven. Folkv. I. 16.

1 Ride once across to Dovre Fell,
There heroes drain the goblet well.

2 'Twas there had drunk his fill John Rand,
Nor less the wealthy Rosenvand.

3 They sat at chess, and, while they play'd,
They pass'd their jokes on many a maid.

4 "But hark! there 's one, my Rosenvand,
"The chastest maid in all the land.

5 "She 's heavenly fair, a peerless wife,
"But wooing her may cost thy life.

6 "Now, Rosenvand, dear comrade mine,
"Let 's ride and see this maid so fine."

7 They up and saddled each his steed,
And off to the maid's abode with speed.

8 They reach'd the mill-stream, cross'd its flood,
'Twas eddying waves of crimson blood.

9 "But hark, John Rand, my comrade dear,
"What means this wondrous business here?"

10 "'Tis blood of knights shed all to waste,
"Who came to woo this maid so chaste."

11 "Then hark, John Rand, let 's draw the rein,
"And ride in safety home again."

12 "I fear not, I, to risk my life,
"And hap what may, I'll see the wife."

13 They rode and reach'd the palisade,
Of bloody swords they found it made;

14 And stuck on every stake therein
They saw the head of a deadman grin.

15 "But hark, John Rand, my comrade dear,
"What means this wondrous business here?"

16 "'Tis heads of knights, so brave and true,
"Who came the gentle maid to woo."

17 "Then hark, John Rand, let 's draw the rein,
"And ride in safety home again."

18 "I fear not, I, to risk my life,
"And hap what may, I'll see the wife."

19 They rode and reach'd the castle gate,
Where at her ease the maiden sate.

20 "But how so madly bold are ye,
"As dare to come and visit me?"

21 "The cause, fair maid, that here we came,
"Is your great worth and beauty's fame.

22 "We would but on a lady gaze,
"Whom far and wide all vie to praise."

23 "Welcome, my stout, my brave John Rand!
"None else than you shall have my hand.

24 "There pleasures me one thing alone,
"Such daring mood as you have shown.

25 "The rest that here besieged my gate,
"Were cowards all, and met their fate."

26 And in that knight and lady went,
And many an hour in revel spent.

NOTES.

The opening lines seem a little irrelevant to the subject, but may imply that the two friends were not in their sober senses to enter upon such a perilous adventure. For want of Syv's work to refer to I am obliged to follow the German of Grimm, who gives the second line

Da drinkt auf gut Glück jeder Held.

There drinks at random each hero.

XCVII.

LITTLE CHRISTEL AND HER CAPTIVE BRIDEGROOM.

Dan. Vis. IV. p. 119.

1 Upstood fair Christel, left her bower
Her head wrapt in her cloak,
And went to her troopers' banquet hall,
And greeted them and spoke.

2 "Hail, gallant troopers! here ye sit
"And gaily drain the can,
"For Holsterland we march at dawn
"To fetch my trothplight man."

3 Before the king of Holsterland
Fell Christel on her knee;
"I'll for my bridegroom give my gold,
"And all my ready fee."

4 "Thou shalt not get for gold or coin
"Thy bridegroom from my hands,
"Until I have thy father's house,
"And forest, where it stands."

5 "Thou shalt not get my father's house,
"Nor yet the forest round;
"Nor ever get one stake thereof,
"While I am alive and sound.

6 "And if my bridegroom I get not
"For gold and ready fee,
"I'll set your Holster house on fire,
"Nor leave you time to flee."

7 "But, little Christel, hark, my maid,
"Thou 'rt strangely bold of tone!
"Where stand then all thy gallant men?
"Thou 'rt surely not alone?"

8 "So small and young as still I am,
"I lead my troops afield;
"Twelve thousand maidens march with me,
"And bear a spear and shield."

9 Up stood the King of Holsterland,
And out of window gazed;
Twelve thousand troopers, stout and tall,
In burnish'd armour blazed.

10 Then call'd his page the Holster King,
And thus was heard to say;
"Let little Christel's bridegroom free,
"And that without delay."

11 Bravo, fair Christel! thus in arms
Her faith did she maintain,
And brought to her kingdom bravely won
Her bridegroom back again.

XCVIII.

SIR OLAVE AND FAIR METTE,

or The Lover's deathbed.

The English reader will scarcely find much merit or interest in this little piece, but I have thought it right to insert it, as Arwidsson tells us that it was once an especial favourite over the whole of Scandinavia, and gives us five Swedish variations of it. In a country where ballads are not merely popular, but a part of the people's mind, and one might almost say the basis of domestic education, young ladies desirous of going to nurse a sick sweetheart may have found in it an unanswerable argument for the propriety of doing so.

It bears a striking similarity to 'Prince Robert,' Scott's Bord. Min. III. 59. where the lover is poisoned by his own mother to prevent his marrying the lady of his choice. The dying knight, as in the Danish ballad, sends his page to fetch her. The mother upon her arrival tells her that her lover is dead, which in the Scotch version is really the case, and adds

"Ye 'se get nane o' his gowd, ye' se get nane o' his gear,
Ye 'se get nae thing frae me:
Ye 'se no get an inch o' his gude broadland,
Tho' your heart suld burst in three."

Sir Olave and Fair Metté,

or The Lover's deathbed.

Dan. Vis. IV. 155. Arw. II. 37.

1 As home Sir Lave rode from town,
To welcome him ran his daughter down.

2 "O welcome, my father, home from Ting!
"Now enter and tell me the news you bring."

3 "In every mouth the news is rife,
"That thou art to be Sir Olave's wife."

4 "If pledged me the knight his hand indeed,
"God bless him, and well his purpose speed."

5 But soon Sir Olave on sickbed lay,
And sent his page for his trothplight may.

6 "Go bid her her virtue and love to show,
"And visit me now that I lie so low."

7 Fair Metté in mantle wrapp'd her head,
And up to her mother's chamber sped.

8 "O tell me, mother, if dare a maid
"Go visit a lover on sickbed laid?"

9 "No shame but honour deserves the maid,
"Who visits a lover on sickbed laid."

10 Fair Metté in tears led out her steed,
And mounted and rode to the knight's with speed.

11 And soon she came to his courtyard gate,
Where wrapp'd in her robes his mother sate.

12 "Dame Sidselille, hail! and kindly say,
"How fares my trulove, your son, today?"

13 "Ill fares your trulove and knight so dear, —
"Sir Olave is dead and on his bier."

14 She trusted her not, nor heard her more,
But rode and stopp'd at Sir Olave's door.

15 So soon as he saw her before him stand,
The Knight to welcome her gave his hand:

16 Then beckon'd a nimble pageboy near;
"Go fetch me the gilded casket here."

17 The casket upon his knee he placed,
And her with its precious treasure graced.

18 Gold rings and bracelets he gave her nine,
That glitter'd with jewels' costly shine.

19 He gave her his broadest brooches too;
To see it his mother angry grew.

20 "But gently, my son, and give not all,
"But think on thy brothers and sisters small."

21 "My brothers have homesteads and land beside,
"But ne'er at my table has sat my bride.

22 "My sisters have cornfields and grassy lea,
"My dearest came never to bed with me."

23 Then round to the wall he turn'd his head,
And sank, and at midnight hour was dead.

24 Sir Olave was laid in his silent grave,
And Metté her hand to his brother gave.

NOTES.

c. 2. The Ting, is the Parliament of the Scandinavian countries.

c. 4. It would seem that he had engaged himself to her without acquainting her with his purpose. The girl's consent was not often asked in these matters, but once plighted, she was expected to be devotedly attached to her lover.

c. 24. This arrangement is often proposed to the maiden, but usually rejected. Indeed this is perhaps the only instance in which our Danish ballads represent a girl as accepting the brother of her deceased trulove.

XCIX.

SIR LOWMAN AND SIR THOR

or The exchange of brides.

This is one of the many ballads that seem to have been suggested by the favourite romance of 'King Horn', called in Ritson's Antient English Metrical Romances Vol. II 'The geste of King Horn.' In the original tale Horn is brought as a foundling at the court of King Aylmer, and, as he grows up, falls in love with the princess Rymenild. Being detected by the king he is obliged to quit the land, and tells his lady l 732. —

> Nou y mot founde and fare away
> Into uncouthe londe,
> Wel more forté fonde,
> Y shal wonie there
> Fulle sevé yere,
> At the sevé yeres ende
> Yyf y ne come ne sende,
> Tac thou hosebonde. —

Horn goes to a foreign court and distinguishes himself greatly, but for six years sends home no message to the princess. In the meantime another king sues for her hand, and the wedding day is fixed. Her page discovers Horn and tells him of it, but is drowned on his return voyage.

l. 983. Rymenild lokede wide
By the see syde
Yef heo seye Horn come,
Other tidynge of eny gome;
Tho fond hue hire sonde
Adronque by the stronde,
That shulde Horn brynge,
Hire hondes gon hue wrynge.

Horn soon after lands and exchanges clothes with a poor palmer, and so disguised goes to the banquet hall and makes himself known to his lady, and carries her off.

Sir Lowman and Sir Thor,

or the Exchange of brides.

Dan. Vis. IV. 180. Grimm p. 213. Arw. I. 165.

1 Sir Lowman rode to a distant land,
Aye! though ye dance so fair and fast,
Wooed Ingerlille, and won her hand.
She must and shall be mine at last.

2 "But, Ingerlille, my dearest, say,
"How long you 'll wait, while I am away."

3 "Faithful to you for winters eight,
"If needs I must, I'll gladly wait."

4 When past were all these eight long years,
Sad was the maid with doubt and fears.

5 Her friends and brothers all agree
That she this year shall wedded be.

6 "To rich Sir Thor we 'll give her hand,
"More gold has he than Lowman land.

7 "More gold Sir Thor wears on his breast,
"Than Lowman keeps in treasure chest.

8 "More gold he wears on arm and hand,
"Than worth is all Sir Lowman's land."

9 Five days in banqueting they spent,
Nor yet to bed the lady went.

10 Nine days they drank from morn till eve,
Yet still her seat she would not leave.

11 But when there closed another day,
They took her then by force away.

12 "If to my bed I needs must go,
"First let me mount and look below."

13 Up on the balcony went all,
And ships they saw both great and small.

14 "Those fluttering sails of blue and brown,
"Those very sails my hands have sewn.

15 "Those varied colours tell their tale,
"That yonder floats Sir Lowman's sail.

16 "Ride, brother Peter, to the sea!
"Haste thee, and show thy love for me."

17 Sir Peter rode and reach'd the strand,
As came Sir Lowman's ship to land.

18 "Peter, my friend, my dearest still,
"How fares my trulove Ingerlille?"

19 "Well doth she fare, thy trothplight may,
"And drinks her marriage feast today."

20 "Seven years did I on sickbed lie,
"And pity 'twas I could not die.

21 "Curse on the sea and billows blue,
"They did not break my ship in two!"

22 "Sir Lowman, hush! curse not thy life;
"This evening she shall be thy wife.

23 "Haste now, but keep thee calm and still;
"For true thou 'lt find thine Ingerlille."

24 "Hark thee! let me thy palfrey take,
"And thee I'll lend my gilded snake."*

25 Sir Lowman quick the horse bestrode,
And fleet as any bird he rode.

26 The bridal torch, e'en as he came,
Blazed at her door its ruddy flame.

27 With joyous haste Sir Lowman sped,
And sat him on the bridal bed.

28 "Off with ye, bid Sir Thor 'good night',
"Say, I'll sleep with his bride so bright.

29 "Tell him, my sister he may keep,
"But leave his bride with me to sleep.

30 "Seven tuns of mead and eight of beer
"I'll give him towards his wedding cheer."

* The long row boat called 'Snekke.'

31 "Up now, Sir Thor!" the pageboy cried,
"Sir Lowman sleeps beside thy bride."

32 "And that he may, I'll not repine,
"For his she was, ere she was mine."

33 "With thy fair bride he means to sleep,
"But says, his sister thou may'st keep.

34 "Seven tuns of mead and eight of beer
"He gives thee towards thy wedding cheer."

35 "My hand to his sister here I plight;
"My bride may sleep with him tonight."

36 Their wedding feast with jokes and fun
They kept together both in one:

37 And changed their griefs to mirth and jest,
For each had her he loved the best.

NOTES.

c. 2. **How long you 'll wait.** As in many of the other ballads, the engagement was made before the young man set out on foreign service. In the Swedish she waits fifteen years.

c. 9. These long banquetings at a wedding were kept up in England too before the conquest, and King Alfred suffered all the rest of his life from a disease, dyspepsia probably, that he contracted at his own marriage.

c. 14. This recognition by the bride of sails that she has worked with her own hands, not 'ricos pendones labrados por sus amadas', mere pennons, but sails, is an image of frequent occurrence in the ballad poetry of the north, as little fitted as sail-making would seem to be to the delicate hands of ladies of rank: but perhaps we are apt to err by replacing

in our mind's eye the out-of-doors hardy heroines of old who saddled and bridled their own horses, with the ladies of our drawing-rooms.

c. 26. The bride was led to her chamber with a blazing torch carried by a friend of the bridegroom at the head of the procession. This chamber must have been a detached building.

c. 27. This sitting with the bride on the bridal bed, while the priests blessed them and sprinkled them with holy water, was a part of the marriage ceremony, and indeed seems to have been the only thing essential to a marriage. See 'The Coward Bridegroom'No. 90.

c. 29. So little regard had they in those days to the wishes and feelings of the lady! Sir Lowman gives his sister without asking *her* about it.

C.

TORKILD TRUNDESON.

This celebrated romance exists in Swedish also, translated, no doubt, from the Danish, and is common to all Scandinavia. The cruel custom of forcing a girl against her will to marry a man, for whom she has no regard, and to forsake the youth of her choice, affords an inexhaustible store of tragic situations. Russian poetry is said to turn very much upon similar subjects. The device of substituting a maid for the mistress on the bridal night occurs in the Scotch ballad 'Cospatrick' Scott III. 52. and in 'Ingfred and Gudrune' in this collection. See notes to the latter piece. It is probably in all of them copied from 'Sir Tristrem', in which Brengwain does her lady the same kind service. The Anglo Saxon king Edgar was tricked with a similar device.

Torkild Trundeson.

Dan. Vis. IV. 185. Sven. Folk. II. 86. Arw. I. 240.

1 Young Torkild as brave a swain is he,
As sword ever girt on side,
And every day, that dawns in th' east,
He mounts on his horse to ride.

2 He rides as early to greenwood glade,
As twitter the birds on tree,
And Adelaide, gentle maid, betrothes,
And daintily fair is she.

3 He rides to Sir Lave's to hunt the deer
That over his forest roam,
And eke to Adelaide plights his vow
To wed her and bring her home.

4 And there with her Torkild stay'd a night,
And there he stay'd for two,
And nobody ask'd, why there he came,
And what he did nobody knew.

5 None ask'd Sir Torkild why there he came,
And what he did nobody knew,
Except fair Adelaide's waiting maid,
And Torkild's servants two.

6 His bride to his heart he warmly press'd,
And talk'd to her long with glee:
Sad pity it is, when those must part,
Who fain together would be.

7 "But, Torkild," up spake the waiting maid,
In duty and honour taught;
"Take care that upon my lady's fame
"No stain of disgrace be brought."

8 "Nay," answer'd young Torkild Trundeson,
With solemnest tone and face;
"Nay, trust me, Eline, thou faithful maid,
"I bring her to no disgrace."

9 Young Torkild has bidden them cut her clothes,
As e'en she would have them made;
And every seam in his lady's dress
With tissue of gold belaid.

10 So rich with gold and so tastefully wrought
Her robes to the bride were shown;
"God's blessing" said she," on the tailors all,
"Whose fingers the dress have sewn!

11 "God bless them, the tailors, all and each,
"Who hand on the dress did lay!
"God bless above all my Trundeson,
"The cost of it he must pay!"

12 The king at his court a diet held,
Bade every knight attend,
Yet came not Torkild Trundeson,
Till just at the diet's end.

13 It was on a Sunday, after mass,
That solemnest holy tide,
Young Torkild Trundeson mounted horse,
Away to the king to ride.

14 Young Torkild he rode within the court,
The foremost his swains among;
The king from his lips would hear the truth;
"Where tarried hast thou so long?"

15 "I rode to the wood with hawk and hound,
"The game for a while I chased,
"And every sportsman, who hunts the deer,
"Is tempted the time to waste."

16 "Thou ridest so long in greenwood shaw
"A chasing Sir Lave's game,
"The deer, thou lovest so well to chase,
"The hunter himself will maim.

17 "Some better pastime I'll find for thee
"Than chasing Sir Lave's deer;
"Sir Esbern Snaré and thou shalt hence,
"And over to Iceland steer."

18 Then answer'd young Torkild Trundeson,
With courteous humble mien;
"I gladly would now at home remain,
"As oft as I there have been."

19 The king of the Danes his answer heard,
And struck with his hand the board,
And moody and silent he stood awhile
To think upon Torkild's word.

20 "I ween there are those will pity feel,
"And often will think on thee;
"Make ready, young Torkild Trundeson,
"To Iceland to sail for me."

21 Right deftly could Torkild Trundeson
His words to the purpose bend;
"'Tis you are my lord, and I your swain,
"I go whither you may send."

22 It was on a Sunday, the hour of prayer,
A holy and solemn fête,
He sent his swain to the village priest
To beg him for him to wait.

23 Uprose young Torkild Trundeson,
Bade saddle his trusty gray,
And rode across to the selfsame church,
Where Adelaide went to pray.

24 He enter'd the church, young Trundeson,
And up to the altar drew,
And greeted the ladies and gentle maids
With honour to ladies due.

25 He talk'd to the matrons and eke the maids,
As each in her turn came near,
He talk'd to Adelaide first and last,
For she was the one most dear.

26 "Now who for the king to Iceland sails?
"Say, mother, who that shall be."
"None other than Torkild Trundeson,
"The gallant so dear to thee."

27 "I care for Torkild no more nor less
"Than just any other swain:
("God grant that I live the happy day
To see him at home again!")

28 The holy mass to the end they sung,
The rest of the people went,
But still some moments in sweet discourse
Those lovers so gladly spent.

29 "Now, Adelaide, listen, my gentle bride,
"No reason hast thou to wail,
"I leave thee for but a few short months,
"And only to Iceland sail.

30 "So short a voyage is quickly sped,
"To Iceland the time is brief."
"Yet seemeth the shortest time too long,
"To those who are left in grief."

31 And only when Torkild mounted horse
Did Adelaide leave his side,
And turn'd her back to her home again,
And bitterly wept and sigh'd.

32 With sorrowing hearts that youthful pair
Had bidden each other adieu,
And soon unmoor'd was the gallant ship,
And kindly the breeze that blew.

33 No more than four of his faithful swains
Took Torkild across the main;
"Ye others will stay to guard my bride,
"Till hither I come again."

34 They hoisted on high the silken sail
To float from the gilded mast;
From Denmark to Iceland's distant shore
In only two months they pass'd.

35 The wind blew steady, the ship sped on,
The waves were sporting around,
But moody sat Torkild Trundeson,
Nor utter'd his lips a sound.

36 Then up Sir Esbern Snaré spake,
And slily he framed his speech;
"One would not have thought the sea so rough,
"As Trundeson's cheek to bleach."

37 "I'm ready to sail a sea with thee,
"And a thousand guilders stake;
"And ready with thee to break a spear
"For all good lasses' sake."

38 They came to the port, and anchor threw
Out into the glittering sand;
Sir Esbern Snaré and Trundeson
Were foremost to leap on land.

39 They stopp'd as they cross'd the castle yard,
Around them their cloaks to fling,
And up to the lofty chamber went,
And bow'd them before the king.

40 "Hail King of Iceland, in royal state
"Here sitting at banquet board!
"The king of the Danes a brief has sent,
"And in it his royal word."

41 The king of Iceland the letter brake,
And when he had read it all,
Took out from his pouch a little knife,
And cut it to morsels small.

42 And wrothful the king of Iceland spake,
The more he the matter weigh'd;
"Has ever been known a swain so poor
"To wed with so rich a maid?

43 "Now listen, young Torkild Trundeson,
"I'm well acquainted with thee;
"Seven barrels of silver it was so bright,
"Thy father assess'd on me.

44 "Seven barrels of silver it was so bright,
"Thy father assess'd on me,
"And eight as full of the purest gold
"I take not to pay for thee."

45 "But," answer'd young Torkild Trundeson,
As boldly as he might dare,
"The guilt of wrongs that a father wrought,
"'Tis hard that a son should bear."

46 "Nay, hark thee, young Torkild Trundeson,
"For how does the proverb run?
"The little pigs pay, and make amends,
"For what th' old sow has done."

47 "But," answer'd young Torkild Trundeson,
"There is also an ancient saw,
"That smallest puppies in time grow up
"With sharpset teeth in their jaw."

48 The troopers they all their furlough gain'd
Off homeward to wend their way,
Save only young Torkild Trundeson,
And he must in Iceland stay.

49 The troopers they all might go on board,
And each to his trulove hie,
But he young Torkild should stay behind,
And down in the dungeon die.

50 Young Torkild Trundeson him they seized,
And into a dungeon threw;
His thoughts were on ladies and maidens fair,
But most on his bride so true.

51 The king's men all stood looking on
In anger and grief around,
As Torkild, their comrade, so was seiz'd,
And left in a dungeon bound.

52 Then up spake Torkild's own small page,
Array'd in a kirtle red,
"I'll either with Torkild home return,
"Or stay with him here till dead."

53 "Now listen, Sir Esbern, and kindly do
"The favour I ask of thee;
"To Adelaide give a thousand adieus,
"And pray her to think on me.

54 "And tell her to dance as she used, and sing,
"And bid her be blithe and gay;
"I trust to wed her, and bring her home
"In less than a year and day."

55 Their silken sail on a gilded yard,
They out to the breezes spread,
And thence in less than two short months
They over to Denmark sped.

56 The gallant Sir Esbern, he it was
The foremost debark'd on land,
And Adelaide, she the gentle maid,
Who gave him her snowy hand.

57 "Oh welcome, Sir Esbern, welcome home!
"Now tell me, but tell me true;
"How fares young Torkild Trundeson,
"Who sail'd from the land with you?"

58 "Young Torkild is serving the Iceland king,
"Is serving for rank and fee;
"He sends you, his dearest, a thousand adieus,
"And true to his vows will be.

59 "He bids you will neither lament nor wail,
"But still be as blithe and gay,
"And trusts to fetch you to share his home
"In less than a year and day."

60 The gentle Adelaide made reply,
With weeping and downcast eyne;
"Our heavenly father guide our fate,
"That Torkild may yet be mine."

61 Up answer'd Trundeson's own small page
In kirtle so red array'd;
"He 's still upon Iceland's frosty shore
"In dungeon and darkness laid."

62 "And is then Torkild on Iceland's isle,
"And sitting in dungeon cell?
"For my sake it was, too well I know,
"That him this fate befell.

63 "In durance is Torkild Trundeson?
"In fetters of iron set?
"I'll venture my own for Torkild's life,
"Him never will I forget."

64 Sir Stephen Jonson, out near the Sound,
Bade saddle on horse to lay,
"I'll ride to Sir Lave's across the land
"A visit to him to pay.

65 "My greeting, Sir Lave, noble knight,
"In raiment of sable drest!
"Fair Adelaide give me to be my wife,
"The daughter you love the best."

66 Then answer'd Sir Lave, and thus replied,
His thoughts in his bosom pent,
"I first will ask in the ladies' bower,
"If she will herself consent."

67 "My greeting, Adelaide, daughter dear!
"In comfort I'd see thee live:
"Sir Stephen has ask'd thee, and e'en to him
"Thy hand I am fain to give."

68 The gentle Adelaide thus replied,
To God and to man she sware;
*"I never had thought upon wedded life,
"Or wish'd for its pains and care."

69 "The youth," said her mother, "in Iceland lies,
"On whom thy heart is set;
"But him, though home he return again,
"For husband thou shalt not get."

70 "I care for Torkild no more nor less,
"Than just any other swain:
"(May God in his mercy rule our fate,
"That home he return again!)"

71 Then answer'd fair Adelaide's waiting maid,
And thus she spake and said;
"Give ye to my lady no other swain,
"Than whom she herself would wed."

* See Note.

72 "What!" answer'd Sir Lave, and spake in haste,
So ready of word and deed,
"I 'give my daughter to whom I will,
"Nor ask of my handmaid rede."

73 The lady's consent they ask'd no more,
Nor ever had she said 'yea',
But that day month was a banquet held,
And drunk was her wedding day.

74 As evening closed, and all in state
The bride to her bed was brought,
Fair Adelaide then and her faithful maid
A crafty device bethought.

75 "Now listen, Eline, my faithful maid,
"Be bride for the night for me,
"And great the kindness from this day forth
"I lifelong will show to thee."

76 "Aye," answer'd the good little maid, Eline,
So faithful she was and true;
"Whatever, my mistress, may be your will,
"I gladly will do for you."

77 When even had come and th' hour of rest,
Their crafty device they play'd;
The lady she stole from the bridal house,
And left in the bed her maid.

78 Soon after Sir Stephen Jonson came,
And tapping her lily cheek;
"Say is it on me your heart is bent?
"Be truthful, my dear, and speak."

79 "Aye," answer'd the sly little maid, Eline,
Well feigning her lady's voice,
"Indeed it is you, whom best I love,
"And Torkild is not my choice."

80 So soon as the early morning dawn'd,
They shifted the parts they play'd;
The lady, she went to the bridal house,
And out of it crept the maid.

81 When now with its light the rising sun
Had brighten'd the morning hour,
Arose from his couch the Danish king,
And went to the bridal bower.

82 "Sir Stephen, with silver coin shalt thou
"And ruddiest gold be paid,
"To shroud it in silence, if doubt thou hast,
"Thy lady was not a maid.

83 "I'll give thee, Sir Stephen, the silver coin,
"I'll give thee a band of gold;
"If any the smallest doubt thou hast,
"Let nothing thereof be told."

84 "O keep it yourself, the silver coin,
"Keep also your gold so red,
"For she was indeed a loyal maid,
"You gave me yest'reen to wed."

85 "If true is all that thou tellest me,
"And she was a maid indeed,
"The captive, young Torkild Trundeson,
"Shall straight from his bonds be freed."

86 They drank her marriage in mead and wine,
And gaily they held carouse,
And when in the feast eight days had pass'd,
They led to her home the spouse.

87 In five month's time came Torkild home,
From Iceland's frosty side,
And learnt that Adelaide, once his own,
Was now Sir Stephen's bride.

88 It was on a Sunday's early morn,
So holy and good the day,
Young Trundeson forward sent his swains
To beg of the priest to stay.

89 As Torkild enter'd the church's aisle,
All golden his tresses shone;
How sorry his heart, his face betray'd,
So pallid and woe-begone.

90 Then asked young Torkild Trundeson,
With reverence due he spake,
"The crown that Adelaide used to wear,
"Who dared from her head to take?"

91 Then up and answer'd the little page,
To Torkild he thus replied;
"Sir Stephen Jonson he took her crown,
"He dwells on the south-sea side."

92 The holy mass to the end was sung,
The people had gone their way,
But Torkild to greet his friends and kin
Was fain in the church to stay.

93 He talk'd with ladies and maidens fair,
As each in her turn came near,
He talk'd to Adelaide first and last,
For she was the one most dear.

94 "And now, my Adelaide, truly say,
"What here I demand of thee,
"If thou of thy choice didst break the troth,
"That once was plighted to me?"

95 "Ah no!" fair Adelaide thus replied
With truth in her look and tone;
"For that must answer, and not myself,
"My kinsmen and friends alone."

96 "Now hark thee, Adelaide! hear my words,
"If such be thy wish and will,
"I'll thee and thy husband soon dispart,
"Sir Stephen I'll out and kill."

97 "Nay, list to me, Torkild Trundeson,
"Though married I was with pain,
"The God who has link'd our hands in one,
"He only can part again.

98 "And list to me, Torkild Trundeson,
"A favour I'll ask of you,
"Mount horse, and up to Sir Peter's ride,
"His daughter so fair to woo.

99 "Let not your choice on the youngest maid,
"Nor yet on the eldest fall,
"But sue for the gentle Sidselille,
"For she is the best of all.

100 "Sue you for the gentle Sidselille,
"For graceful and fair is she,
"And those who have seen her, have often said,
"How much she resembles me."

101 "For thy sake, Adelaide, so I'll do,
"I will to Sir Peter's go,
"But that I never shall love the maid,
"Too well do I feel and know."

102 So bade young Torkild Trundeson
To saddle his trusty gray;
"I'll up and off to Sir Peter's ride,
"A visit to him to pay."

103 "My greeting, Sir Peter, noble knight
"In mantle so richly drest!
"O give me the gentle Sidselille,
"The daughter you love the best."

104 'Twas thus that the good Sir Peter spake;
He spake as a cautious man;
"I'll first go up to the ladies' bower
"My Sidselille's will to scan.

105 "God greet thee, my daughter Sidselille,
"In every comfort live!
"Young Torkild has ask'd thee, and e'en to him
"Thy hand I am fain to give."

106 "Nay" answer'd the gentle Sidselille,
In honour and virtue bred,
"It is not right to betrothe a swain,
"Another would wish to wed."

107 They let her follow her own desire,
And gladly she answer'd, 'yea',
And soon as a month was fully past,
They drank their wedding day.

108 But first went Torkild Trundeson
To ask of his mother rede;
"Who, tell me, should be the chosen dame,
"The one who my bride should lead?"

109 The mother beneath her mantle smiled,
And thus to her son replied;
"Beg Adelaide once so dear to thee
"Herself to escort thy bride."

110 He mounted his horse, young Trundeson,
And up to Sir Stephen's rode,
And there at his door in martin pall
Sir Stephen Jonson stood.

111 "My greeting, Adelaide, lady fair,
"Array'd in so rich a weed,
"O say, wilt thou be the chosen dame,
"The one who my bride shall lead?"

112 Awhile fair Adelaide silent stood,
Nor what she should answer knew;
Sir Stephen Jonson it was, said 'yea',
"And that thou art free to do."

113 Two robes of the richest silk she cut,
Of sindal two more beside,
Not one of the guests had brought such gifts
To honour the gentle bride.

114 Not one of so many wedding guests
So handsome a gift would give:
She gave to the bride the very swain,
With whom she herself would live.

115 She mounted, the gentle Adelaide,
And rode to meet the bride,
And crimson sindal and costly silk
Was hung on her horse's side.

116 They rode across the grassy fields,
And through the green-wood glade;
And on her saddlebow all the while,
Young Trundeson's hand was laid.

117 When evening came, and the hour of rest,
To bed they led the bride,
But still with Adelaide Torkild stood
In tender discourse aside.

118 "But all the longer we tarry here,
"The worse will matters be,
"And thee will reproach thy fair young bride,
"My lord be as wroth with me."

119 "So God protect me and all my days
"From sorrow and anguish keep!
"I rather would still with thee discourse,
"Than go with my bride to sleep."

120 Fair Adelaide she the curtains closed,
But griev'd at her heart and sigh'd;
A silken coverlet o'er them threw;
"Would Heaven I were the bride!"

121 Fair Adelaide left them there to rest,
And bolted the chamber door;
And him and his bride she wish'd Good night
A thousand times o'er and o'er.

122 Sir Stephen Jonson was deadly sick,
And lay on his bed so low,
And spake, as his gentle Adelaide
Went anxiously to and fro.

123 "Unkindly with us the Lord has dealt,
"That children we've none at all."
"That profits, said she, thine own rich kin;
"On me will the damage fall."

124 Sir Stephen sicker and sicker grew,
And turn'd to the chamber side,
And ere there another hour had struck,
He sank on his bed and died.

125 In came to the hall a little page
Was clad in a kirtle red;
A Pater noster he pray'd for him,
And told them the knight was dead

126 Young Torkild Trundeson shut with joy
His checquer board all so bright,
And pray'd to Heaven might rest in peace
The soul of the buried knight.

127 Three months had pass'd, and Sidselille
The loveliest infant bare;
But sad is the tale, in childbed died
The mother herself so fair.

128 The gentle Adelaide benches spread,
And warmly to God she pray'd;
"O grant me in less than a year and day
"Nor widow to be, nor maid."

129 Then order'd young Torkild Trundeson
To saddle without delay;
"To gentle Adelaide's house I'll ride,
"A visit to her to pay."

130 He mounted his horse and reach'd her house,
And thus to the lady spake;
"Permit me, Adelaide, this one night
"My lodging with you to take."

131 "Right welcome, Sir Torkild Trundeson,
"Dismount from your horse, and rest
"Henceforward you here shall find your home,
"And need not to be my guest."

132 And so were at last those lovers met
With mutual great delight;
Their only sorrow to find so short
So pleasant a summer night.

133 The gentle Adelaide, while alone
She still in her chamber stay'd,
Had given to one of Torkild's swains
Eline her waiting maid.

134 Then order'd young Torkild Trundeson
To saddle without delay;
"I'll up the land to Sir Lave's ride,
"A visit to him to pay."

135 As came young Torkild Trundeson,
And enter'd within the gate,
There stood Sir Lave before the door
All clad in his dress of state.

136 "Now hail, Sir Lave, good noble knight,
"In raiment of sable drest!
"Fair Adelaide give me to be my wife,
"The daughter you love the best."

137 Sir Lave with caution his answer gave,
His thoughts in his bosom pent;
"I first will ask in the ladies' bower
"If she will herself consent."

138 "My greeting Adelaide, daughter dear,
"In every comfort live,
"Young Torkild has ask'd thee, and e'en to him
"Thy hand I would gladly give."

139 "With needle and scissars and broider'd work
"My living I meant to gain;
"The trouble and care of wedded life
"I wish not to bear again."

140 "With needle and scissars and broider'd work
"The living to earn is small;
"Nay thou shalt again a husband wed,
"Like other good women all."

141 Fair Adelaide round to her mother turn'd,
And smiling so archly said,
"And yet is Torkild the selfsame swain,
"You said I should never wed."

142 They gain'd fair Adelaide's own consent,
And gladly she answer'd 'yea',
And after a month had duly pass'd,
They drank her wedding day.

143 They drank right gaily the wedding feast,
And joyous and glad they were,
And seven, as fair as their hearts could wish,
The children the lady bare.

NOTES.

St. 68 — 70. The young lady's story-telling and mental reservation must be palliated by the recollection that she would have been burnt alive, had she been found out.

St. 108, l. 4. Der min Brud skal fremföre. *Who shall lead forward my bride.* In what part of the ceremony a matron led the bride forward I do not find: probably to the dinner table to take her bridal seat.

END OF VOLUME THE SECOND.



