

PAISLEY REPOSITORY.

No. III.

HARDYKNUTE.

A HEROIC SCOTTISH BALLAD.

The incomparable beauties of this Ballad, and the favourable reception which the first part hath always met with from the lovers of ancient poetry, have induced the Editor here to give the tragedy complete. Certain, that while it ornaments his Collection, it must also entertain the reader. Though the first part has been of pretty long standing in the literary world, it is believed few have hitherto had the pleasure of perusing the second,---for which we are indebted to the judicious Compiler of the Scottish Tragic Ballads, who hath had the honour of snatching this valuable remains from the jaws of Oblivion, and transmitting to posterity the first complete copy.

STATELY slept he east the wa',
And stately slept he west;
Full seventy yeirs he now had sene,
With scerce sevin yeirs of rest.
He livit whan *Briton's* breach of faith
Wrocht Scotland meikle wae,

Britons. This was the common name which the Scots gave the English anciently, as may be seen in old poets.

And aye his sword tauld to their cost,
He was their deidly fae.

II.

Hie on a hill *his castle stude*,
With halls and touris a hicht ;
And guidly chambers fair to see,
Whar he lodgit mony a *knicht*.
His dame sae peirless anes, and fair,
For chaste and bewtie sene,
Nae marraw had in a' the land,
Save *Margaret* the quene.

His castle stude. About a mile and a half north of Kilburnie, Hardyknute's Castle stands on that ridge of hills, which stretches to the west and north of that village. From the thickness of its walls, and its being accessible on one side only, it appears to have been a place of considerable strength. The ruins of this Edifice are seen at a great distance from the south-west champain country. It is now called Glen-Garnock Castle on account of its peculiar situation.

Knichts. These knights were only military officers attending the Earls, Barons, &c, as appears from the histories of the middle ages.

Save *Margaret* the quene. She was the eldest daughter of Henry III. the King, and Eleanor the Queen of England; and was considered the most beautiful woman of that age, as appears from the frequent allusions made to her in the writings of these times, particularly in the old historical Scottish Ballad of Sir James the Rose, written long after the era of Hardyknute. In that Ballad, the author, to extol the beauty of Matilda, daughter of Lord Buchan, the Mistress of his hero, draws the following contrast *per poetica licentia*.

“ The fair Matilda dear he lov'd,
“ A maid of beauty rare,
“ Even Margaret on the Scottish throne,
“ Was never half so fair.”

III.

Full thirtein sons to him she bare,
 All men of valour stout,
 In bluidy ficht, with sword in hand,
 Nyne lost their lives bot doubt;
 Four yit remain'd; lang mote they live
 To stand by liege and land:
 Hie was their fame, hie was their micht,
 And hie was their command.

IV.

Griet luvè they bare to *Fairly* fair,
 Their sifter fast and dier,
 Her girdle shaw'd her middle jimp,
 And gowden glist her hair.
 What waefou wæ her bewtie bred!
 Waefou to young and auld,
 Waefou I trow to kyth and kin,
 As story ever tauld.

V.

The King of Norse in summer tide,
 Puft up with pouir and micht,
 Landed in fair Scotland the isle,
 Wi' mony a hardie knicht*.

It is very probable that the Queen was also called Elenor, after her mother, for a great number of common editions has it "Save Elenor the Queen."

Fairly. This name seems likewise of Saxon origin. There is a small island and a rivulet in Cunningham still, called Fairly Isle and Fairly Burn.

* On the first of August, 1263, Hacquin V. King of

The tidings to our gude Scots king †
 Cam as he sat at dyne,
 With noble chiefs in brave array,
 Drinking the bluid-red wyne.

VI.

‘ To horse, to horse, my royal liege !
 ‘ Your faes stand on the strand ;
 ‘ Full twenty thousand glittering speirs
 ‘ The chiefs of Norse command.’
 “ Bring me my steid, Page, dapple gray.”
 Our gude king raise and cry’d :
 A trustier beast in a’ the land,
 A Scots king nevir feyd.

Norway, with a Fleet of 160 Sail, came to Ayr, a maritime town of Kyle, where he landed 20,000 men.

Hacquin pretended that the cause of the war, was, on account of the Islands of Bute, Arran, and both the Cumbraes, which were never reckoned amongst the Æbudæ; which had been promised to his ancestors by Donald Bane, and were not yet put into his hands.

Hacquin took Bute and Arran, and reduced their castles before he met with any opposition. Then making a descent into Cunningham, the next continent over against Bute, on that part of it called Largs, was there encountered and defeated by the Scottish army, which eagerly pursued the Norwegians till night; and the whole country between the Largs and Ayr, was strewed with their slaughtered carcases. There was slain in this battle sixteen thousand of the Norwegians, and five thousand of the Scots.

† Alexande III. King of Scotland.

VII.

“Gae” little *Page* “tell *Hardyknute*,”
 Wha lives on hill fae hie,
 “To draw his sword, the dreid of faes,
 “And haste and follow me.”

The little *Page* flew swift as dart,
 Flung by his master’s arm;
 ‘Cum down, cum down, Lord *Hardyknute*,
 ‘And rede your king frae harm.’

Page. The Pages in the periods of chivalry were of honourable account. The young warriors were first denominated pages.

Hardyknute. This name is of Danish derivation, and signifies CANUTE THE STRONG. It appears to have been conferred on Alexander Stewart, or Alexander, Lord High Steward of Scotland, on account of his great valour. Abercrombie says, that at the battle of the Largs, Alexander Stewart commanded the right wing of the Scottish army, and that the glorious victory which the King of Scotland obtained over that of Norway, by which a final period was put to the northern invasions, was undoubtedly owing to the great bravery and good conduct of *Hardyknute*.

Though *Hardyknute* possessed a large paternal inheritance, yet the King of Scots rewarded his signal services, at the battle of the Largs, by a grant of the barony of Garleys, in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, dated 3d of November 1263.

Hardyknute, besides being a great warrior, was a very pious man, according to the religion in fashion in those days. He made some eminent pilgrimages to Jerusalem and he ratified the donations of his ancestors to the Abbacy of Paisley, and he was an eminent benefactor to the said Abbacy besides: from all which, (says Abercrombie) we may conclude, that he was the greatest, and probably the best subject in those days.

The filken cords of twirtle twift
 Were plet with silver shene ;
 And apron set with mony a dye
 Of neidle-wark sae rare,
 Wove by nae hand as ye may gues,
 Save that of *Fairly fair*.

XV.

And he has ridden our muir and moss,
 Our hills and mony a glen,
 Whan he cam to a wounded knicht,
 Making a heavy mane ;
 ‘ Here maun I lye, here maun I dye
 ‘ By treacheries fause gyles ;
 ‘ Witlefs I was that eir gave faith
 ‘ To wicked woman’s smyles.’

XVI.

“ *Sir knicht*, gin ye were in my bouir,
 “ To lean on filken seat,
 “ My lady’s kyndlie care you’d pruve
 “ Wha neir kend deadly hate ;
 “ Hirsell wald watch ye all the day
 “ Her maids at deid of nicht ;
 “ And *Fairly fair* your heart would cheir,
 “ As she stands in your ficht.

Fairly fair. Working at the needle, &c. was reckoned an honourable employment by the greatest ladies of those times.

Sir Knicht. The addition of Sir to the names of knights was in use before the age of Edward I. and was taken from Sire, which in old French signifies Seigneur or Lord.

[*To be continued.*]

J. Neilson, printer.

PAISLEY REPOSITORY.

No. V.



CONTINUATION OF

HARDYKNUTE.



Swyth on the hardend clay he fell,
Right far was heard the thud;
But Thomas luk'd not as he lay
All waltering in his blude. *

* The description here given of a battle, though perhaps not the most sublime, it is the most animated and interesting to be found in any poet. It yields not to Ossian for lively painting, nor to any in Homer for those little anecdotes and strokes of nature, which are so deservedly admired in that master. 'Poetry and Rhetoric,' says the author of an Enquiry into the origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful, do not succeed in exact description so well as Painting does; their business is to affect rather sympathy than imitation; to display rather the effect of things on the mind of the speaker, or of others, than to present a clear idea of the things themselves. This is their most extensive province, and that in which they succeed the best.'

The bleiding corps of warriors lay,
 Neir to arise agane:
 Neir to return to native land;
 Na mair wi blythsum sounds
 To boast the glories of that day,
 And shaw their shynand wounds.

XXXIX.

*On Norway's coast the widow'd dame
 May wash the rock wi teirs,
 May lang luke ower the shiplefs seas
 Before her mate appears
 Ceise, Emma, ceise to hope in vain,
 Thy lord lyes in the clay;
 The valiant Scots nae rievors thole
 To carry lyfe away.*

Nae echo heard in double dints,
 Ner the lang winding horn,
 Nae mair scho blew out braid as scho
 Did on that simmer's morn.

On Norway's coast &c] These verses are in the finest style of Ballad poetry. They have been well imitated by a modern writer, who seems indebted, for the best strokes of his first production, to a taste for such compositions;

Ye dames of Denmark! even for you I feel,
 Who sadly sitting on the sea beat-shore,
 Long look for lords that never shall return.

DOUGLAS, Act III.

Malcolm Laing Esq. in his *History of Scotland* vol. II. page 424, Lond. edit. 1800, in disputing on the authenticity of Ossian's poems, says that "The Apostrophe to the maid of Inistore—weep on thy rock of roaring winds, O maid of Inistore! bend thy fair head over the waves: he is fallen! thy youth is low, pale beneath the sword of Cuthulin, is borrowed from Hardiknute."

There on a lee, whar stands a crose
 Set up for monument,
 Thousands fu ferce, that simmer's day,
 Fill'd kene Wars black intent.
 Let Scots, while Scots, praise Hardyknute,
 Let Norse the name aye dreid;
 Aye how he faucht, aft how he spaird
 Sall latest ages reid.

The westlin wind blew loud and chil,
 Sair beat the heavy shour,
 Mirk grew the nicht ere Hardyknute
 Wan neir his stately tour;
 His tour that us'd wi torches bleise
 To shyne sae far at nicht
 Seim'd now as black as mourning weid
 Nae marvel fair he sich'd.

"There's nae licht in my lady's bouir
 "There's nae licht in my ha;

Seim'd now as black as mourning weid.] It was anciently the custom on any mournful event, to hang the castle gates with black cloth. This is alluded to here, and more particularly mentioned in an excellent modern Ballad entitled THE BIRTH OF ST. GEORGE, which displays no mean knowledge of the manners of chivalry:

But when he reach'd his castle gate,

His gate was hung with black.

Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry, Vol. III. p. 222.
There's nae licht in my lady's bouir &c] Ma colm Laing Esq. in his Dissertation on OSSIAN'S POEMS, (History of Scotland, vol II. p. 418.) says, "Of the lesser poems, Oithona opens with the conclusion of Hardiknute; *There is no sound in the ball, no long streaming beam of light comes trembling through the gloom.*"

The storm grew rife through a' the lift
 The rattling thunder rang
 The black rain shour'd, and lightning glent
 Their harness along

XLVII.

What feir possess their boding breasts
 Whan, by the gloomy glour,
 The castle ditch wi deid bodies
 They saw was fill'd out owr!
 Quoth Hardyknute "I wold to Chryste
 "The Norse had wan the day,
 "Sae I had kiept at hame but anes,
 "Thilk bluidy feats to stay."

XLVIII.

Wi speid they past, and sune they recht
 The base-courts sounding bound,
 Deip groans sith heard, and through the mirk
 Lukd wistfully around.
 The moon, frae hind a sable cloud,
 Wi sudden twinkle shane,
 Whan, on the cauldri' eard, they fand
 The gude Sir Mordac layn.

XLIX.

Besprent wi gore, frae helm to spur,
 Was the trew-heartit knight;
 Swyth frae his steid sprang Hardyknute,
 Muvit wi the heavy sicht,
 "O say thy master's sheild in weir,
 "His sawman in the ha,
 "What hatefu chance cold hae the pouir
 "To lay thy eild sae law?"

[To be continued.]

J. Nelson, printer.

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No. VII.

CONTINUATION OF
HARDYKNUTE.

LXXII.

The gallant Thomas rose bedeen
His richt of age to pleid :
And Rothfay shawd his strenthie speir :
And Malcolm mein'd his speid.
'My sons your stryfe I gladly see,
'But it fall neir be sayen,
'That Hardyknute sat in his ha,
'And heird his son was slayen.

LXXIII.

'My lady deir, ye neid na feir ;
'The richt is on our syde :
Syne rising wit' richt frawart haste
Nae parly wald he byde.
The lady sat in heavy mude,
Their tunefu march to heir,
While, far ayont her ken, the found.
Nae mair mote roua her eir.

LXXIV.

O hae ye fein sum gliterand touir,
Wi mirrie archers crownd,
Wha vaunt to see their trembling fae
Keipt frae their countrie's bound?

Bound was lord Draffan for the fecht,
 Whan lo! his Fairly deir
 Ran frae her hie bouir to the ha.
 Wi a' the speid of feir.

LXXXII.

Ein as the rudie star o' morn
 Peirs through a cloud of dew,
 Sae did she seim, as roun his neck
 Her snawy arms she threw.
 'O why, O why, did Fairly wair
 'On thee her thoughtless luv?
 'Whase cruel heart can ettle aye
 'Her fathers dethe to pruve!

LXXXIII.

And first he kifs'd her bluming cheik,
 And syne her bosom deir;
 Then sadly strade athwart the ha,
 And drapd ae tendir teir.
 "My menie heid my words wi care,
 "Gin ony dare to slay
 "Lord Hardyknute, by hevin I sweir
 "Wi lyfe he fall nae gae."

LXXXIV.

'My maidens bring my bridal gown,
 'I little trew'd yestrene,
 To rise frae bonny Draffan's bed,
 His bluidy dethe to sene.'
 Owr Nethan's weily streim he far'd
 Wi seiming ire and pryde;
 His blason, glisterand owre his helm,
 Bare Allan by his syde,

LXXXV.

Syne up to the hie balconie
 Schois gane wi a' her train,
 And sune the saw her stalwart lord
 Attein the bleifing plain,
 Richt sune the bugils blew, and lang
 And bluidy was the fray;
 Eir hour of nune, that elric tyde,
 Had hundreds tint their day.

LXXXVI.

Like becon bricht at deid of nicht,
 The mighty chief muvit on;
 His basnet bleifing to the sun,
 Wi deidly lichtning shone.
 Draffan he socht, wi him at anes
 To end the cruel stryfe;
 But aye his speirmen thranging round
 Forefend their leiders lyfe.

LXXXVII.

The winding Clyde wi valiant bluid
 Ran reiking mony a mile;
 Few stude the faucht, yet dethe alane
 Cold end their irie toil.

'Wha flie, I vow, fall frae my speir
 'Receive they dethe the dreid!'
 Cry'd Draffan, as along the plain
 He spurd his bluid-red steid.

LXXXVIII.

Up to him sune a knight can prance,
 A grath'd in silver mail:
 "Lang have I socht thee through the field,
 "This lance will tell my tale."

“ Oh! king of hevin, what feimly speich
 “ A featour’s lips can fend!
 “ And art thou he wha baith my fons
 “ Brocht to a bluidy end?

XCVI.

“ Haste, mount thy steid, or I sall licht
 “ And meit thee on the plain;
 “ For by my forbere’s faul we neir
 “ Sall part till ane be slayne.”
 ‘ Now mind thy aith,’ syne Draffan flout
 To Allan loudly cry’d,
 Wha drew the shynand blade bot dreid
 And perc’d his master’s fyde.

XCVII.

Law to the eard he bleiding fell,
 And dethe sune clos’d his eyne.
 ‘ Draffan, till now I did na ken
 “ Thy dethe cold muve my tein.
 ‘ I wold to Chryste thou valiant youth,
 “ Th u wert in lyfe again;
 ‘ May ill befa my ruthless wrauth
 “ That brocht thee to sic pain!

XCVIII.

“ Fairly, anes a’ my joy and pryde,
 “ Now a’ my grief and bale
 “ Ye maun wi haly maidens byde
 “ Your deidly faut to wail.
 “ To Icolm beir ye Draffan’s corse
 “ And dochter anes fae deir,
 “ Whar she may pay his heidless luv
 “ Wi mony a mournfu teir.”

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While, far ayont her ken, the found

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LXXIV.

O hae ye fein sum gliterand tour,

Wi mirrie archers crownd,

Wha vaunt to see their trembling fae

Keipt frae their countrie's bound?

Sic aufum strenth shawd Hardyknute ;
 Sic seimd his stately meid !
 Sic pryde he to his menie bald,
 Sic feir his faes he gied.

LXXV.

Wi glie they past owr mountains rude,
 Owr muirs and mosses weit ;
 Sune as they saw the rising sun,
 On Draffan's touirs it gleit.——
 O Fairly fair I marvel fair
 That featour eer ye lu'd,
 Whafe treasoun wrocht your father's bale,
 And shed your brither's blude !

LXXVI.

The ward ran to his youthfu lord,
 Wha sleip'd his bouir intill ;
 Nae time for sleuth, your raging fae's
 'Far down the westlin hill.
 'And by the libbard's gowden low
 ' In his blue banner braid,
 ' That Hardyknute his dochter seiks,
 ' And Draffan's dethe, I rede.'

LXXVII.

" Say to my bands of matchless micht,
 " Wha camp law in the dale,
 " To busk their arrows for the fecht,
 " And streitly gird their mail.
 " Syne meit me heir, and wein to find
 " Nae just or tourney play ;
 " Whan Hardyknute braids to the field,
 " Weir bruiks na lang delay."

LXXVIII.

His halbrick bricht he brac'd bedeen ;

Frae ilka skaith and harm

Securit by a warloc auld,

Wi mony a fairy charm.

A seimly knicht cam to the ha :

' Lord Draffan I thee braive,

' Frae Hardyknute my worthy lord,

' To fecht wi speir or glaive.

LXXIX.

" Your hautie lord me braives in vain

" Alane his micht to prive,

" For wha, in single feat of weir

" Wi Hardyknute may strive ?

" But sith he meins our strenth to sey,

" On case he sune will find,

" That thouch his bands leave mine in ire,

" In force they're far behind

LXXX

" Yet cold I wete that he wald yield

" To what bruiks nae remeid,

" I for his dochter wald nae hain

" To ae half o my steid "

Sad Hardyknute apart frae a'

Leand on his birnest speir ;

And, whan he on his Fairly deimd,

He spar'd nae sich nor teir

LXXXI.

" What meins the felon cativ vile ?

" Bruiks this reif nae remeid ?

" I scorn his gylefu vows ein thouch

" They recht to a' his steid."

Bound was lord Draffan for the fecht,
 Whan lo! his Fairly deir
 Ran frae her hie bouir to the ha
 Wi a' the speid of feir.

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And first he kiss'd her bluming cheik,
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 Then sadly strade athwart the ha,
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'My maidens bring my bridal gown,
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 Richt sune the bugils blew, and lang
 And bluidy was the fray;
 Eir hour of nune, that elric tyde,
 Had hundreds tint their day.

LXXXVI.

Like bacon bricht at deid of nicht,
 The mighty chief muvit on;
 His basnet bleifing to the sun,
 Wi deidly lichtning shone.
 Draffan he socht, wi him at anes
 To end the cruel stryfe;
 But aye his speirmen thranging round
 Forefend their leiders lyfe.

LXXXVII.

The winding Clyde wi valiant bluid
 Ran reiking mony a mile;
 Few stude the faucht, yet dethe alane
 Cold end their irie toil.
 'Wha flie, I vow, fall frae my speir
 'Receive they dethe the dreid!'
 Cry'd Draffan, as along the plain
 He spurd his bluid-red steid.

LXXXVIII.

Up to him sune a knight can prance,
 A grath'd in silver mail:
 "Lang have I socht thee throuch the field,
 "This lance will tell my tale."

Rude was the fray, till Draffan's skill
 Owrcam his youthfu micht ;
 Percd through the visor to the eie
 Was slayne the comely knicht.

LXXXIX.

The visor on the speir was deft,
 And Draffan Malcolm spied ;
 ' Ye should your vaunted speid this day,
 ' And not you strenth, hae sey'd.'
 "Cative, awa ye maun na flie,"
 Stout Rothsay cry'd bedeen,
 " Till, frae my glave, ye wi ye beir
 " The wound ye fein'd yestrene."

XC.

' Mair o' your kins bluid hae I spilt
 ' Than I docht evir grein ;
 ' See Rothsay whar your brither lyes
 ' In dethe afore your cyne.'
 Scant Rothsay stapt the faing teir ;
 " O hatfu cursed deid
 " Sae Draffan seiks our sister's luv,
 " Nor feirs far ither meid !"

XCI.

Swith on the word an arrow cam
 Frae ane o Rothsay's band,
 And smote on Draffan's lifted targe,
 Its splent syne Rothsay fand.
 Percd through the knie to his ferce steid,
 Wha pranc'd wi egre pain,
 The cheif was forc'd to quit the stryfe,
 And seik the nether plain.

XCII.

His minstrals there wi dolefu care
 The bluidy shaft withdrew ;
 But that he fae was bar'd the fecht
 Sair did the leider rue.
 'Cheir ye my mirrie men,' Draffan cry'd,
 Wi meikle pryde and glie ;
 'The prise is ours : nae chiftan bides
 'Wi us to hate the grie.'

XCIII.

That haucie boast heird Hardyknute,
 Whar he lein'd on his speir,
 Sair weired wi the nune-tide heat,
 And toilsom deids of weir.
 The first ficht, whan he past the thrang,
 Was Malcolm on the swaird .
 " Wold hevin that dethe my eild had tane,
 " And thy youtheid had spar'd !

XCIV.

" Draffan, I ken thy ire, but now
 " Thy micht I mein to see "

But eir he strak the deidly dint
 The fyre was on his knie.
 ' Lord Hardyknute stryke gif ye may,
 ' I ne'er will strive wi thee ;
 ' Forefend your dochter see you slayn
 ' Frae whar she sits on hie !

XCV.

' Yestrene the priest in haly band
 ' Me join'd wi Fairly deir ;
 ' For her sake let us part in peace,
 ' And neir meit mair in weir.'

“ Oh! king of hevin, what feimly speich

“ A featour’s lips can send!

“ And art thou he wha baith my sons

“ Brocht to a bluidy end?

XCVI.

“ Haste, mount thy steid, or I sall licht

“ And meit thee on the plain;

“ For by my forbere’s faul we neir

“ Sall part till ane be slayne.”

‘ Now mind thy aith,’ syne Draffan stout

To Allan loudly cry’d,

Wha drew the shynand blade bot dreid

And perc’d his master’s syde.

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Law to the eard the bleiding fell,

And dethe tune clos’d his eyne.

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