

PAISLEY REPOSITORY. No. IX.

MILLAR'S SECOND EDITION

OF

HARDYKNUTE,

AN OLD HEROIC SCOTTISH BALLAD.

THE Incomparable beauties of this Ballad, and the favourable reception which the first part has always met with from the lovers of ancient poetry, have induced the Editor to give the tragedy complete. Certain, that while it ornaments his collection, it must also entertain the reader. We are indebted for the second part to Mr. Pinkerton, the 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. As Dr. Percy's introductory note, on the Ballad of Hardyknute, opposes the antiquity and authenticity of Hardyknute, we shall here insert it.

“As this fine morsel of heroic poetry hath generally passed for ancient, it is here thrown to the end of our earliest pieces, that such as doubt of its age, may the better compare it with other pieces of genuine antiquity. For, after all, there is more than reason to suspect, that it owes most of its beauties, (if not its whole existence) to the pen of a Lady, within the present century*.

* This was printed in the year 1794.

The following particulars may be depended upon. Mrs. Wardlaw, whose maiden name was Halket (Aunt of the late Sir Peter Halket of Pittferran in Scotland, who was killed in America, along with General Braddock in 1755) pretended she had found this poem written on shreds of paper, employed for what is called the bottom of clues. A suspicion arose that it was her own composition. Some able judges asserted it to be modern. The Lady did in a manner acknowledge it to be so. Being desired to shew an additional stanza, as a proof of this, she produced the two last, beginning with "There's nae light, &c." Which were not in the copy which was first printed. The late Lord President Forbes, and Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto, late Lord Justice Clerk for Scotland, who had believed it ancient, contributed to the expence of publishing the first edition in folio, 1719. This account was transmitted from Scotland by Sir David Dalrymple, the late Lord Hailes, who yet was of opinion that part of the ballad may be ancient, but retouched and much enlarged by the lady above-mentioned. Indeed he had been informed that the late William Thomson, the Scottish Musician, who published *The Orpheus Caledoneus* in 1733, 2 vols 8vo. declared he had heard fragments of it repeated in his infancy, before Mrs. Wardlaw's copy was heard of.

A second part appeared in 1781, acknowledged by J. Nichols', to whom the late

Sir David Dalrymple communicated, subsequent to the account above drawn up, extracts of a letter from Sir John Bruce of Kinross to Lord Binning, which plainly proves the pretended suspicion of the fragment of Hardyknute to have been by Sir John Bruce himself. His words are "To perform my promise, I send you a true copy of the manuscript I found some weeks ago in a vault at Dunfermline. It is written on vellum, in a fair Gothic character, but so much defaced by time, as you'll find the tenth part of it is not legible." He then gives the whole fragment, as it was first published in 1719, save one or two stanzas, marking several passages as having perished by being illegible in the old manuscript. Here it appears that Sir John was the author of Hardyknute, but afterwards used Mrs. Wardlaw as the midwife of his poetry, and suppressed the story of the vault."

"Percy's Reliques."

Mr. John Pinkerton in the Second Edition of his "SELECT SCOTISH BALLADS" concludes his Notes on HARDYKNUTE, with the following observations. Printed in 1783.

"I cannot conclude my remarks on this Poem without wasting one on the story of Mrs. Wardlaw. That this lady may have indeed received a MS. of it as mentioned in Dr. Percy's introductory note, is highly

probable. Many valuable MSS. prepared for the press, have had a worse fate. But that she was the author of this capital composition, so fraught with science of ancient manners as the above notes testify, I will no more credit, than that the common people of Lanarkshire, who can repeat scraps of both the parts, are the authors of the passages they rehearse. That she did not refuse the name of being the original composer is a strange argument: would not the first poet in Europe think it added to his reputation? If conjecture may be allowed where proof must ever be wanting, I suspect, if we assign the end of the fifteenth century as the date of the antique parts of this noble production, we shall not greatly err; though at the same time the language must convince us that many strokes have been bestowed by modern hands.

Since the first publication of this volume, Sir David Dalrymple, Lord Hailes, whose abilities have been so often, and so successfully, exerted in illustrating the antiquities of his country, to the law and the literature of which he is so great an ornament, has communicated to the Editor some notices with regard to this poem of Hardyknute, which shall here be laid before the reader, almost in his own words.

The following are extracts of a letter written by Sir John Bruce of Kinross, to Lord Binning, about the year 1719.

‘ To perform my promise, I send you a
 ‘ true copy of the manuscript I found, some
 ‘ weeks ago, in a vault at Dumferline. It is
 ‘ written on vellum, in a fair Gothic charac-
 ‘ ter; but so much defaced by time, as you’ll
 ‘ find that the tenth part is not legible.’

Sir John transcribes some stanzas, which he calls *verses* *. After l. 112 P. I. (ft. xiv. l. 8.) he says, ‘ here are four *verses* (stanzas) defaced,’ and then he transcribes l. 113. (ft. xv. l. 1.) At l. 128. (ft. xvi. l. 8.) he adds, *hiatus* in *MS.* and then he transcribes l. 153. (ft. xix. l. 1.) At l. 320. (ft. xl. l. 8.) he says, ‘ Here are ten *verses*, (stanzas) so spoilt that I can only guess by the many proper names, that they contain the order of the battle of the Scots army, as they stood ranged under their different chieftains.’

In conclusion Sir John says, ‘ there is a
 ‘ vast deal more of it, but all defaced.’

The reader is left to judge whether this story of the manuscript on vellum, &c. has most the appearance of a true narrative, or of a *jeu d’esprit*, addressed to a familiar friend.

Lord Hailes has a copy of the original Edition of Hardyknute, with *MS* alterations, in the hand writing of Dr. John Clerk, Physician in Edinburgh. At l. 85. (ft. xi. l. 5.)

* The present Editor, thinks that Sir John Bruce’s *verses* have consisted of only four lines each, for the air contains only four lines, and eight lines is generally called a double *verse*.

it has 'brade Thomas;' Sir John Bruce has
'bred Malcom,' At l. 98. (St xii l 1)
Sir John Bruce's MS has 'Walter' instead
of 'Malcom.' At l. 103. (ft. xiii l. 7.)
'brazen' for 'Silver;' and at l. 104. 'iron
doors' for 'painted bowers.'

In Dr. Clerk's MS. lines, 176 - 180 run thus:

To join his king adown the hill,
In halte his strides he bent;
While minstrels play and pibrochs fine,
Afore him stately went.

In Dr. Clerk's MS. the stanza *On Norway's
coast*, &c. comes in after the stanza, *There on
a lea*, with much propriety: that reading is
therefore followed in this Edition.

- I. STATELIE stept he east the wa',
And statelie stept he west;
Full seventy zeirs he now had sene,
With skerfs seven zeirs of rest.
He livit quhan Britons breach of faith,
Wrocht Scotland meikle wae,
And aye his sword tauld to their skaith,
He was their deidlie fae.
- II. Hie on a hill his castle stude,
With halls and touris a hicht;
And guidly chambers fair to se,
Quhar he lodgit mony a knight.
His dame fae peirless anes, and fair,
For chaste and bewtie sene,
Nae marraw had in a' the land,
Saif Margaret the quene.
- III. Full thirtein fons to him scho bare,
All men of valour stout,

In bluidy ficht with sword in hand,
 Nyne lost their lives bot doubt ;
 Four yit remainit ; lang mote they live
 To stand by liege and land :
 Hie was their fame, hie was their micht,
 And hie was their command.

IV. Grit luvè they bare to Fairly fair,
 Their sifter saft and deir,
 Her girdle shawit her middle jimp,
 And gowden glift her hair
 Quhat waefou wae hir bewtie bred ?
 Waefou to zung and auld,
 Waefou I trow to kyth and kin,
 As story ever tauld.

V. The King of Norse in summer tyde,
 Puft up with pouir and micht,
 Landit in fair Scotland the yle,
 Wi' mony a hardie knight.
 The tydings to our gude Scots king
 Cam as he sat at dyne,
 With noble chiefs in braif aray,
 Drinkand the blude-red wyne.

VI. ' To horse, to horse, my royal liege,
 ' Your faes stand in the itrand ;
 ' Full twenty thousand glitterand speirs,
 ' The chiefs of Norse command.'
 " Bring me my steid, Mage, dapple gray,"
 Our gude king raife and cryd :
 A trustier beast in all the land,
 A Scots king nevir seyde.

VII. " Gae" little Page " tell Hardyknute,"
 Wha lives on hill sae hie,
 " To draw his sword, the dreid of faes,
 " And haste and follow me."

The little Page flew swift as dart,
 Flung by his masteris arm ;
 ‘ Cum down, cum down, Lord Hardy-
 knute,
 ‘ And rede zour king frae harm.

VIII. Then reid, reid grew his dark-brown
 cheiks,

Sae did his dark-brown brow ;
 His luiks grew kene as they were wont,
 In danger grit to do.

He hes tane a horn as grene as grafs,
 And gien five founds fae chrill,
 That tries in green wod schuke thereat,
 Sae loud rang ilka hill.

IX. His sons in manlie sport and glie,
 Had past the summeris morn ;
 Quhan lo, down in a grassy dale,
 They heard their fatheris horn.

‘ That horn’, quod they, ‘ neir founds in
 peace,

‘ We haif uther sport to byde ;’
 And sune they heyd them up the hill,
 And sune were at his fyde.

X. “ Late, late zeffrene, I weind in peace
 “ To end my lengthend lyfe ;

“ My age micht weil excuse my arm
 “ Frae manlie feats of stryfe :

“ But now that Norse dois proudly boast,
 “ Fair Scotland to intral,

“ Its neir be said of Hardyknute,
 “ He feird to fecht or fall.

XI. “ Robin of Rothsay, bend thy bow,
 “ Thy arrows schute fae leil,

" That mony a comelie countenance
 " They haif turnit to deidlie pale.
 " Braide l'omas, tak ze but zour lanfs,
 " Ze neid nae weapons mair ;
 " Gif ze fecht weit, as ze did anes,
 " 'Gainst Westmorlandis ferfs heir.
 XII. " And Malcom, licht of fute as flag,
 " That runs in forest wyld,
 " Get me my thousands thrie of men
 " Weil bred to sword and schield :
 " Bring me my horse and harnifine,
 " My blade of mettal clere. —"
 If faes but kend the hand it bare,
 They sune had fled for feir.
 XIII. " Fareweil, my dame, sae peirless gude,
 And tuke hir by the hand,
 " Fairer to me in age zou seim
 " Than maids for bewtie famd :
 " My zungest son fall here remain,
 " To guard these statelie touirs,
 " And schut the silver bolt that keeps,
 " Sae fast zour painted bowers "
 XIV. And first scho wet hir comlie cheiks,
 And then hir boddice grene ;
 The silken cords of twirtle twift
 Were plet with silver schene ;
 And apron set with mony a dyce
 Of neidle wark sae rare,
 Wove by nae hand as ze may guefs,
 Sait that of Fairly fair.
 XV. And he hes ridden owre muir and mofs,
 Owre hills and mony a glen,
 Quhan he came to a woundit knight,
 Makand a heavy mane ;

‘ Heir maun I lye, heir maun I dye,
 ‘ By treacheries faufe gyles ;
 ‘ Witless I was that eir gait faith
 ‘ To wicked woman’s smiles ’
 XVI. “ Sir knight gin ze were in my bowir,
 “ To lean on silken seat,
 “ My lady’s kyndlie care zoud pruve,
 “ Quha neir kend deidly hate :
 “ Hirtell wald watch ze all the day
 Her maids at deid of nicht ;
 “ And Fairly fair zour heart wald cheir,
 “ As scho stands in zour sicht.

NOTES.

The title of the first Edition, was Hardyknute, a Fragment. Printed by James Watson, Edinburgh, 1719.

The stanzas not in the first Edition are, Nos 17, 18, 19, 21, 22, 23, 24, 35, 36, 37, 42, 43, and the whole of the second part of Millar’s Edition.

St. l. l. 1 and 2.] Hardyknute was taking his morning walk on the top or battlements of his Castle, when the little page came and called to him, “ Cum down, cum down, Lord Hardyknute and rede zour King frae harm.”

St. l. l. 3. Seventie zeirs.] According to Scottish Historians, Hardyknute, was an old man at the battle of the Largs, but not so old as he is here said to be.

St. l. l. 4.] Abercromby who writes the life of Alexander, the Lord High Steward of Scotland, represents Hardyknute to have been deeply interested in the affairs of the Scottish nation during his life.

St. I. l. 5 to 8.] I have chosen these four lines for words to the air of Hardyknute, because the first line is a syllable too short. William Tytler, Esq; of Woodhouselee, in his dissertation on the Scottish Music, says, "All our old heroic ballads, such as Hardiknute, and others, were undoubtedly sung to chants composed for them, which are now lost." And that "the most ancient of the Scottish Songs still preserved, are extremely simple and void of all art."

During the reign of Alexander III. the English and Scots enjoyed peace, but Hardyknute, repressed the English robbers, who invaded Scotland for the purpose of plundering.

St. II. l. 7. Sword.] An old English author in writing of the Scots arms, says, they have "swords all broad and thin, of exceeding good temper, and universally so made as to slice, that as I never saw none so good, so I think it hard to devise the better."

St. II. l. 1. Hie on a hill.] This was a necessary precaution in those times, when strength was the only protection from violence.

St. II. l. 1. His castle stude.] Mr. Pinkerton says, "From the names and whole tenor of this poem, I am inclined to think the chief scene is laid in Cunninghamshire, where likewise the battle of the Largs, supposed to be that so nobly described in the first part, was fought."

Also, according to tradition, Glen-Garrock castle is the castle of Hardyknute. It

stands about a mile and a half on the north of Kilburnie, 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 champaign country. In the 16th and 17th centuries, persons of the name of Cunningham resided in Glen Garnock Castle.

St. II l. 5. His Dame.] Was Jean, daughter and heiress to James, who was son of Angus Macrodorick, lord of the isle of Bute, and who was descended of Hardyknute's own family.

St. II. v. 8. 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 those times, particularly in the old historical Scottish Ballad of Sir James the Ross, written long after the æra 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.”

J. Neilson, printer.

HARDYKNUTE CONTINUED.

- 17 " Aryse zoung knicht, and mount zour steid,
 " Bricht lows the shynand day;
 " Chuse frae my menzie wham ze pleis,
 " To leid ze on the way."
 Wi' smyleless luke, and visage wan,
 The wounded knicht replyd,
 ' Kind chiftain zour intent pursue,
 ' For heir I maun abide.
- 18 ' To me na efter day nor nicht
 ' Can eir be sweet or fair;
 ' But sune benethe sum draping trie,
 ' Cauld dethe sall end my care.'
 Still him to win strave Hardyknute,
 Nor strave he lang in vain;
 Short pleiding eithly micht prevale,
 Him to his lure to gain.
- 19 " I will return wi' speid to hide,
 " Zour plaint and mend zour wae:
 " But private grudge maun neir be quell'd
 " Befoir our countries fae.
 " Mordac, thy eild may best be spaird
 " The fields of stryfe frae mang;
 " Convey Sir knicht to my abode,
 " And meise his egre pang."
- 20 Syne he has gane far hynd, attowre
 Lord Chattan's land sa wyde;
 That lord a worthy wicht was aye,
 Quhan faes his courage seyde;
 Of Pictish race by mother's syde:
 Quhan Picts rul'd Caledon.
 Lord Chattan claim'd the princely maid
 Quhan he saift Pictish crown.
- 21 Now with his ferse and stalwart train
 He recht a rising hicht,
 Quhair braid encampit on the dale,
 Norse menzie lay in sicht;
 " Zonder my valziant sons, and feirs,
 " Our raging rievvers wait,

- " On the unconquerit Scottish swaird
 " To try with us their fate.
 22 " Mak orisons to him that saift
 " Our sauls upon the rude;
 " Syne braifly shaw zour veins are fill'd
 " Wi Caledonian bluid."
 Then furth he drew his trusty glaive,
 Quhyle thousands all around,
 Drawn frae their sheiths glanst in the sun,
 And loud the bougils sound.
 23 To join his king, adown the hill
 In haste his march he made,
 Quhyle playand pibrochs minstrals meit
 Afore him stately strade.
 'Thryse welcum valziant stoup of weir,
 'Thy nation's schield and pryde,
 'Thy king na reasoun has to feir,
 Quhan thou art be his syde.
 24 Quhan bows were bent, and darts were thrawn,
 For thrang scerce could they flee,
 The darts clave arrows as they met,
 Eir faes their dint mote drie.
 Lang did they rage, and fecht full ferse,
 Wi little skaith to man:
 But bludy, bludy was the feild
 Or that lang day was done!
 25 The king of Scots that sindle bruik'd
 The war that luk'd lyke play,
 Drew his braid sword, and brake his bow,
 Sen bows seimt but delay.
 Quoth noble Rothsay, 'Myne lle keep,
 I wat it's bleid a skore.'
 'Haste up my merry men,' cry'd the king,
 As he rade on before.
 26 The king of Norse he socht to find,
 Wi him to mense the faucht:
 But on his forehead there did licht
 A sharp unsonsie shaft:
 As he his hand pat up to feil
 The wound, an arrow kene,
 O waefu chance! there pind his hand
 In midst atween his eyne.

- 27 Revenge! revenge! cry'd Rothsay's heir,
 'Zour mail-coat sall nocht bide
 'The strenth and sharpness of my dart,'
 Then sent it through his syde.
 Anither arrow weil he mark'd,
 It persit his neck in twa;
 His hands did quat the silver reins,
 He law as eard did fa.
- 28 Sair bleids my liege! Sair, sair he bleids!
 Again with micht he drew,
 And gesture dreid his sturdy bow,
 Fast the braid arrow flew;
 Wae to the knicht he ettled at;
 Lament now quene Elgried;
 Hire dames to wail zour darling's fall.
 His zouth, and comely meid.
- 29 'Tak aff, tak aff his costly jupe,'
 (Of gold weil was it twynd,
 Knit lyke the fowler's net, through quhilk
 His steilly harness shynd.)
 'Bear Norse that gift frae me, and bid
 'Him venge the blude it weirs;
 'Say, if he face my bended bow
 'He sure na weapon feirs.
- 30 Proud Norse with giant body tall,
 Braid shoulder, and arms strong;
 Cryd, 'Quhar is Hardyknute sae fam'd,
 'And feird at Britain's throne?
 'Thouch Britons tremble at his name,
 'I sune sall mak him wail,
 'That eir my sword was made sae scharp,
 'Sae saft his coat of mail.'
- 31 That brag his stout heart cold na byde,
 It lent him zouthfu micht:
 "I'm Hardyknute. This day," he cry'd,
 "To Scotland's king I hecht
 "To lay thee law as horse's hufe,
 "My word I mean to heid:"
 Syne with the first straik eir he strak
 He gard his body bleid.
- 32 Norse ene lyke grey gosehawk's staid wyld,
 He sicht wi shame and spyte;

- ' Disgrac'd is now my far fam'd arm
 ' That left thee pour to smyte.'
 Syne gied his helm a blow sae fell,
 It made him down to stoup,
 Sa law as he to ladies us'd,
 In courtly gyse to lout.
- 33 Full sune he rais'd his bent body,
 His bow he marveld sair,
 Sen blaws till than on him but dar'd
 As touch of Fairly fair.
 Norse ferliet too as sair as he,
 To see his stately luke;
 Sa sune as eir he strak a fae,
 Sa sune his lyfe he tuke.
- 34 Quhair lyke a fyre to hether set,
 Bauld Thomas did advance,
 A sturdy fae, with luke enrag'd,
 Up towards him did prance.
 He spur'd his steid throuch thickest ranks
 The hardy zouth to quell;
 Quha stude unmuvit at his approach
 His fury to repell.
- 35 ' That schort brown shaft, sae meinly trimd,
 ' Lukes lyke poor Scotland's gier;
 ' But dreidfu seims the rusty point!
 And loud he leuch in jeir.
 " Aft Britons blude has dim'd its shyne
 " Its point cut short their vaunt."
 Syne pierc'd the boaster's bairded cheik,
 Na tyme he took to taunt.
- 36 Schort quhyle he in his sadil swang;
 His stirrip was na stay,
 But feible hang his unbent knie,
 Suir taken he was fay?
 Swyth on the hardend clay he fell,
 Richt far was heard the thud;
 But Thomas lukit not as he lay
 All waltering in his blude.
- 37 Wi careless gesture, mynd unmuvit,
 On rade he north the plain;
 His seim in peace, or fercest stryfe,
 Aye reckless and the same.

- Nor zit his heart, Dame's dimpeld cheik,
 Cold meise saft luv to bruik;
 Till vengefu Ann return'd his scorn,
 Then languide grew his luke.
- 38 In thrauis of dethe, wi wallowit cheik,
 All panting on the plain,
 The bleiding corps of warriours lay,
 Neir to aryse agane;
 Neir to return to native land;
 Na mair wi blythsum sounds
 To boist the glories of that day,
 And shaw their shynand wounds.
- 39 There on a lie, quhar stands a cross
 Set up for monument,
 Thousands fu ferce, that simmer's day,
 Fill'd kene Weiris black intent.
 Let Scots, quhyle Scots, praise Hardyknute,
 Let Norse the name aye dreid;
 Aye how he faucht, aft how he spaird
 Sall latest ages reid.
- 40 On Norway's coast the widowit dame
 May wash the rocks wi teirs,
 May lang luke owre the schipless seis
 Befoir her mate appeirs.
 Ceise, Emma, ceise to hope in vain,
 Thy lord lyis in the clay;
 The valziant Scots nae rievvers thole
 To carry lyfe away.
- 41 The westlin wind blew loud and chill,
 Sair beat the heavy shour,
 Mirk grew the nicht eir 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
 Na marvel sair he sich'd.
- 42 "Thairs na licht in my lady's bouir,
 "Thairs na licht in my ha;
 "Na blink shynes round my Fairly Fair,
 "Na ward stands on my wa.
 "Quhat bodes it? Thomas, Robert, say."
 Na answer fits their dreid.

- “ Stand back, my sons, Ile be zour gyde,”
 But by the past wi speid.
- 43 “ As fast I’ve sped owre Scotland’s faes—.”
 There ceist his brag of weir,
 Sair schamit to mind ocht but his dame,
 And maiden Fairly Fair.
 Black feir he felt, but quha to feir,
 He wist na zit wi dreid:
 Sair schuke his body, sair his limbs,
 And a’ the warriour flied.

 PART II.

- 45 “ RETURN, return, ye men of bluid,
 “ And bring me back my chylde!”
 A dolefu voice frae mid the ha
 Reculd wi echoes wylde.
 Bestraught wi dule and dreid, na pouir
 Had Hardyknute at a’;
 Full thrise he raught his ported speir,
 And thrise he let it fa.
- 45 “ O! haly God, for his deir sake,
 “ Wha sav’d us on the rude——
 He tint his praier, and drew his glaive,
 Yet reid wi Norland bluid.
 “ Brayd on, brayd on, my stalwart sons,
 “ Grit cause we hae to feir;
 “ But aye the canny ferce contemn
 “ They hap they canna veir.”
- 46 ‘ Return, return, ye men of bluid,
 ‘ And bring me back my chylde!’
 The dolefu voice frae mid the ha
 Reculd wi echoes wylde.
 The storm grew ryfe throuch a’ the lift,
 The rattling thunder rang,
 The black rain shour’d, and lichtning glent
 Their harnisine alang.
- 47 What feir possess their boding breasts,
 Whan, by the gloomy glour,
 The castle ditch wi dead bodies
 They saw was fill’d out owr!

- Quoth Hardyknute, "I wold to Chryste
 " The Norse had wan the day,
 " Sae I had kept at hame but anes,
 " Thilk bluidy feats to stay."
 48 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 cauldref eard, they fand
 The gude Sir Mordac layn.
 49 Besprent wi gore, frae helm to spur,
 Was the trew heartit knicht;
 Swyth frae his steid sprung Hardyknute,
 Muvit wi the heavy sicht.
 " O say thy master's shield in weir,
 " His sawman in the ha,
 " What hatefu chance cold hae the pouir
 " To lay thy eild sae law?"
 50 To his complaint the bleiding knicht
 Return'd a piteous mane,
 And recht his hand, whilk Hardyknute
 Claucht straitly in his ain:
 ' Gin eir ye see lord Hardyknute,
 ' Frae Mordac ye maun say,
 ' Lord Draffan's treason to confute,
 ' He us'd his steddier fay.'
 51 He micht na mair, for cruel dethe
 Forbad him to proceed:
 " I vow to God, I wina sleip
 " Till I see Draffan bleid.
 " My sons, your sister was owr fair:
 " But bruik he sall na lang
 " His gude betide; my last forebode
 " He'll trow belyve na sang.
 52 " Bown ye my eydent friends to kyth
 " To me your luv sae deir;
 " The Norse' defeat mote weil persuade
 " Na riever ye neid feir."
 The speirmen wi a mighty shout,
 Cryd, ' Save our master deir?

- ' While he dow bear they sway bot care
 ' Na reiver we sall feir.'
- 53 Return, return, ye men of blude,
 ' And bring me back my chylde!'
- The dolefu voice frae mid the ha.
 Reculd wi echoes wylde.
- " I am to wyte, my valiant friends:"
 And to the ha they ran:
- The stately dore full straitly steikit
 Wi iron bolts thrie they fand.
- 54 The stately dore, thouch streitly steikit
 Wi waddin iron boltis thrie,
 Richt sune his micht can eithly'gar
 Frae aff its hinges flie.
- " Whar hae ye tane my dochter deir!
 " Mair wold I see her deid
 " Than see her in your bridal bed,
 " For a' your portly meid.
- 55 " What thouch my gude and valiant lord
 " Lye strecht on the cauld clay?
 " My sons the dethe may ablins spair
 " To wreak their sister's wae.
- " O my liel lord, cold I but ken
 " Whar thy dear corse is layn,
 Frae gurly weit, and warping blast
 " I'd shield it wi my ain!
- 56 " Dreir dethe richt sune will end my dule,
 " Ye riever ferce and vile,
 " But thouch ye slay me, frae my heart
 " His luve ye'll neir exile."
- Sae did she crune wi heavy cheir,
 Hyt luiks, and blearit eyne;
 Then teirs first wet his manly cheik
 And snawy baird bedeene.
- 57 ' Na riever here, my dame sae deir,
 ' But your leil lord you see;
 ' May hiest harm betide his life
 ' Wha brocht sic harm to thee!
 ' Gin anes ye may believe my word,
 ' Nor am I usd to lie,
 ' By day prime he or Hardyknute,
 ' The bluidy dethe sall die.'

- 58 The ha, whar late the linkis bricht
 Sae gladsum shind at ein,
 Whar penants gleit a gowden bleise
 Owr knichts and ladys shene,
 Was now sae mirk, that through the bound,
 Nocht mote they wein to see,
 Also through the southern port the moon
 Let fa a blinkand glie.
- 59 "Are ye in suith my deir luv'd lord?"
 Nae mair she doucht to say,
 But swoonit on his harnest neck
 Wi joy and tender fay.
 To see her in sic balefu sort
 Reviv'd his selcouth feirs;
 But sune she raisd her comely luik,
 And saw his faing teirs.
- 60 "Ye are na wont to greit wi wreuch,
 "Grit cause ye hae I dreid;
 "Hae a' our sons their lives redeemit
 "Frae furth the dowie feid?"
 'Saif are our valiant sons, ye see,
 'But lack their sister deir;
 'Whan schois awa, bot ony doubt,
 'Wi hae grit cause to feir.'
- 61 "Of a' our wrangs, and her depart,
 "Whan ye the suith sall heir,
 "Na marvel that ye hae mair cause,
 "Than ye yit weind to feir.
 "O wharefore heir yon feignand knicht
 "Wi Mordac did ye send?
 "Ye suner wald hae perc'd his heart
 "Had ye his ettling kend."
- 62 'What may ye mein, my perless dame?
 'That knicht did muve my ruthe
 'Wi balefu mane; I did na dout
 'His curtesie and truthe.
 'He maun hae tint, wi sma renown,
 'His lyfe in this fell rief;
 'Richt sair it grieves me that he heir
 'Met sic an ill relief.'
- 63 Quoth scho, wi teirs that down her cheiks
 Ran like a silver shouir,

- " May ill befa the tide that brocht
 " That fause knight to our touir;
 " Kend ye na Draffan's lordly port,
 " Thouch cled in knightly graith?
 " Thouch hidden was his hautie luke,
 " The visor black benethe?
 64 ' Now as I am a knight of weir,
 ' I thocht his seiming trew;
 ' But that he sae deceiv'd my ruthe,
 ' Full sairly he sall rue.'
 " Sir Mordac to the sounding ha
 " Came wi his cativ fere;"
 " My syre has sent this wounded knight
 " To pruve your kyndlie care.
 65 " Your sell maun watch him a' the day,
 " Your maids at deid o nicht,
 " And Fairly Fair his heart maun cheir
 " As scho stands in his sicht."
 " Na suner was Sir Mordac gane,
 " Than up the featour sprang;"
 " The luv eise o your dochter deir,
 " I feil nae ither pang.'
 66 ' Thouch Hardyknute lord Draffan's suit
 ' Refus'd wi meikle pryde;
 ' By his gude dame and Fairly Fair
 ' Let him not be deny'd.'
 " Nocht muvit wi the cativ's spech,
 " Nor wi his stern command;
 " I treason! cry'd, and Kenneth's blade
 " Was glysterand in his hand.
 67 " My son, lord Draffan heir you see,
 " Wha meins your sister's fay
 " To win by guile, whan Hardyknute
 " Strives in the irie fray."
 " Turn thee! thou riever Baron, turn!"
 " Bauld Kenneth cry'd aloud;
 " But sune as Draffan spent his glaive,
 " My son lay in his bluid."
 68 ' I did nocht grein that bluming face
 ' That dethe sae sune sold pale;
 ' Far less that my trew luv, throuch me,
 ' Her brither's dethe sold wail,

- ' But sen ye sey our force to prive,
 ' Our force we sall you shaw!"
 " Syne the shrill-sounding horn bedene
 " He tuke frae down the wa.
 69 Eir the portculie cold be flung,
 " His kyth the base court fand;
 " Whan scantly o their count a teind,
 " Their entrie might gainstand.
 " Richt sune the raging rievvers stude
 " At their fause masteris syde,
 " Wha, by the haly maiden, sware
 " Na harm sold us betide.
 70 " What syne befell ye weil may guess,
 " Rest o our eilds delicht."——
 ' We sall na lang be rest, by morn
 ' Sall Fairly glad your sicht.
 ' Let us be gane, my sons, eir now
 ' Our menie chide our stay;
 ' Fareweil, my dame; your dochter's luve
 ' Will sune cheir your effray.'
 71 Then pale, pale grew her teirfu cheik;
 " Let ane o my sons thrie
 " Alane gyde this emprize, your eild
 " May ill sic travel drie.
 " O whar were I, were my deir lord,
 " And a' my sons to bleid!
 " Better to bruik the wrang than sae
 " To wreak the hie misdeed."
 72 The gallant Thomas rose bedene
 His richt of age to pleid:
 And Rothsay shawd his strenthie speir:
 And Malcolm meind his speid.
 ' My sons, your stryfe I gladly see,
 ' But it sall neir be sayen,
 ' That Hardyknute sat in his ha,
 ' And heird his son was slayen.
 73 ' My lady deir, ye neid na feir;
 The richt is on our syde:
 Syne rising with richt frawart haste
 Na parly wald he byde.
 The lady sat in heavy mude,
 Their tunefu march to heir,

- Whyle, far ayont her ken, the sound
 Na mair mote roun her ear.
- 74 O hae ye sein sum gliterand tour,
 Wi mirrie archers crown'd,
 Wha vaunt to see their trembling fae
 Keipt frae their countries bound?
 Sic ausum strenth shawd Hardyknute;
 Sic seimd his satel meid!
 Sic pryde he to his menie bauld,
 Sic feir his faes he gied.
- 75 Wi glie they past ovr mountains rude,
 Ovr muirs and mosses weit;
 Sune as they saw the rising sun,
 On Draffan's touris it gleit.—
 O Fairly Fair I marvel sair
 That featour eir ye lu'd,
 Whase treasoun wrocht your father's bale,
 And shed your brither's blude!
- 76 The ward ran to his youthfu lord,
 Wha sleip'd his bouir intill;
 Na time for sleuth, your raging fae's
 'Fare doun 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.'
- 77 " 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
 Na just or turney play;
 Whan Hardyknute braids to the field,
 Weir bruiks na lang delay."
- 78 His halbrik bricht he brac'd bedene;
 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.'

- 79 " Your hautie lord me braives in vair
 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.
- 80 Yet cold I wete that he wald yield
 To what bruiks na remeid,
 I for his dochter wald na hain
 To ae half o my steid."
 Sad Hardyknute apart frae a'
 Lean'd on his birnest speir;
 And, whan he on his Fairly deimd,
 He spaird na sich nor teir.
- 81 " What meins the felon captive vile?
 Bruiks this reif na remeid?
 I scorn his guilefu 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.
- 82 Ein as the rudie star o' morn
 Peirs through a cloud of dew,
 Sae did scho seim, as roun his neck
 Her snawy arms scho threw.
 ' O why, O why, did Fairly wair
 On thee her thoughtless luv?
 Whase cruel heart can ettle aye
 Her fathers dethe to pruve!
- 83 And first he kiss'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 sall na gae,"
- 84 ' 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, glysterand owre his helm,
 Bare Allan by his syde.
- 85 Syne up to the hie balconie
 Schois gane wi a' her train,
 And sune scho saw her stalwart lord
 Attein the bleising 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.
- 86 Like beacon bricht at deid of nicht,
 The mighty chief muvit on;
 His basnet bleising 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 leaders lyfe.
- 87 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, sall frae my speir
 Receive the dethe they dreid!'
 Cry'd Draffan, as along the plain
 He spurd his bluid-red steid.
- 88 Up to him sune a knicht cam prance,
 A' graithd in silver mail:
 "Lang hae I socht thee through the field,
 This lance will tell my tale."
 Rude was the fray, till Draffan's skill
 Owrcam his youthfu might;
 Piercd through his visor to the eie
 Was slain the comely knicht.
- 89 The visor on the speir was deft,
 And Draffan Malcolm spied:
 'Ye should your vaunted speid this day,
 And not your strenth hae sey'd.'

- "Cative, awa ye maun na flie,"
 Stout Rothsay cryd bedene,
 "Till, frae my glaive, ye wi ye beir
 The wound ye feign'd yestrene."
 90 'Mair o' your kins bluid hae I spilt
 Than I docht evir grein;
 See Rothsay whar your brither lyes
 In dethe afore your eyne,
 Scant Rothsay stapt the faing teir;
 "O hatefu cursed deid!
 Sae Draffan seiks our sister's luve,
 Nor feirs far ither meid"
 91 Swith on the word an arrow cam
 Frae ane o' Rothsay's band,
 And smote on Draffan's lifted targe,
 Syne Rothsay's splent it fand.
 Piercd through the knie to his ferce steid,
 Wha prand wi egre pain,
 The chief was forc'd to quit the stryfe,
 And seik the nether plain.
 92 His minstrals there wi dolefu care
 The bluidy shaft withdrew;
 But that he sae was bar'd the fecht
 Sair did the leider rue.
 'Cheir ye my mirrie men,' Draffan cryd,
 Wi meikle pryde and glie;
 'The prize is ours; nae chieftan bides
 Wi us to bate the grie.'
 93 That hautie boast heird Hardyknute,
 Whar he lein'd on his spier,
 Sair weiried wi the nune-tide heat,
 And toilsom deids of weir.
 The first sicht, whan he past the thrang,
 Was Malcolm on the swaird;
 "Wold hevin that dethe my eild had tane,
 And thy youthied had spaird!
 94 Draffan, I ken thy ire, but now
 Thy micht I mein to see!"
 But eir he strak the deidly dint
 The syre was on his knie.
 'Lord Hardyknute stryke gif ye may,
 I neir will strive wi thee;

- For feir your dochter see you slayn
 Frae whar she sits on hie!
- 95 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 seemly speich
 A featour's lips can send!
 And art thou he wha baith my sons
 Brocht to a bluidy end;
- 96 Haste, mount thy steid, or I sall licht
 And meit thee on the plain;
 For by my forbere's saul we neir
 Sall part till ane be slayne."
 ' Now mind thy aith,' syne Draffan stout
 To Allan loudly cryd,
 Wha drew the shynand blade bot dreid
 And perc'd his master's syde.
- 97 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,
 Thou wert in lyfe again;
 May ill befa my ruthless wrauth
 That brocht thee to sic pain!
- 98 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 sae deir,
 Whar she may pay his heidless luve
 Wi mony a mournfu teir."

*Communications (post paid) suited to the nature of this
 Work, may be addressed to JOHN MILLAR, Bookseller,
 Sandholes, Paisley.*

PAISLEY REPOSITORY. No. IX.

MILLAR'S SECOND EDITION

OF

HARDYKNUTE,

AN OLD HEROIC SCOTTISH BALLAD.

THE Incomparable beauties of this Ballad, and the favourable reception which the first part has always met with from the lovers of ancient poetry, have induced the Editor to give the tragedy complete. Certain, that while it ornaments his collection, it must also entertain the reader. We are indebted for the second part to Mr. Pinkerton, the 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. As Dr. Percy's introductory note, on the Ballad of Hardyknute, opposes the antiquity and authenticity of Hardyknute, we shall here insert it.

“As this fine morsel of heroic poetry hath generally passed for ancient, it is here thrown to the end of our earliest pieces, that such as doubt of its age, may the better compare it with other pieces of genuine antiquity. For, after all, there is more than reason to suspect, that it owes most of its beauties, (if not its whole existence) to the pen of a Lady, within the present century*.

* This was printed in the year 1794.

The following particulars may be depended upon. Mrs. Wardlaw, whose maiden name was Halket (Aunt of the late Sir Peter Halket of Pitferrian in Scotland, who was killed in America, along with General Braddock in 1755) pretended she had found this poem written on shreds of paper, employed for what is called the bottom of clues. A suspicion arose that it was her own composition. Some able judges asserted it to be modern. The Lady did in a manner acknowledge it to be so. Being desired to shew an additional stanza, as a proof of this, she produced the two last, beginning with "There's nae light, &c." Which were not in the copy which was first printed. The late Lord President Forbes, and Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto, late Lord Justice Clerk for Scotland, who had believed it ancient, contributed to the expence of publishing the first edition in folio, 1719. This account was transmitted from Scotland by Sir David Dalrymple, the late Lord Hailes, who yet was of opinion that part of the ballad may be ancient, but retouched and much enlarged by the lady above-mentioned. Indeed he had been informed that the late William Thomson, the Scottish Musician, who published *The Orpheus Caledoneus* in 1733, 2 vols 8vo. declared he had heard fragments of it repeated in his infancy, before Mrs. Wardlaw's copy was heard of.

A second part appeared in 1781, acknowledged by J. Nichols', to whom the late

Sir David Dalrymple communicated, subsequent to the account above drawn up, extracts of a letter from Sir John Bruce of Kinross to Lord Binning, which plainly proves the pretended suspicion of the fragment of Hardyknute to have been by Sir John Bruce himself. His words are "To perform my promise, I send you a true copy of the manuscript I found some weeks ago in a vault at Dunfermline. It is written on vellum, in a fair Gothic character, but so much defaced by time, as you'll find the tenth part of it is not legible." He then gives the whole fragment, as it was first published in 1719, save one or two stanzas, marking several passages as having perished by being illegible in the old manuscript. Here it appears that Sir John was the author of Hardyknute, but afterwards used Mrs. Wardlaw as the midwife of his poetry, and suppressed the story of the vault."

"Percy's Reliques."

Mr. John Pinkerton in the Second Edition of his "SELECT SCOTISH BALLADS" concludes his Notes on HARDYKNUTE, with the following observations. Printed in 1783.

"I cannot conclude my remarks on this Poem without wasting one on the story of Mrs. Wardlaw. That this lady may have indeed received a MS. of it as mentioned in Dr. Percy's introductory note, is highly

probable. Many valuable MSS. prepared for the press, have had a worse fate. But that she was the author of this capital composition, so fraught with science of ancient manners as the above notes testify, I will no more credit, than that the common people of Lanarkshire, who can repeat scraps of both the parts, are the authors of the passages they rehearse. That she did not refuse the name of being the original composer is a strange argument: would not the first poet in Europe think it added to his reputation? If conjecture may be allowed where proof must ever be wanting, I suspect, if we assign the end of the fifteenth century as the date of the antique parts of this noble production, we shall not greatly err; though at the same time the language must convince us that many strokes have been bestowed by modern hands.

Since the first publication of this volume, Sir David Dalrymple, Lord Hailes, whose abilities have been so often, and so successfully, exerted in illustrating the antiquities of his country, to the law and the literature of which he is so great an ornament, has communicated to the Editor some notices with regard to this poem of Hardyknute, which shall here be laid before the reader, almost in his own words.

The following are extracts of a letter written by Sir John Bruce of Kinross, to Lord Binning, about the year 1719.

‘ To perform my promise, I send you a
 ‘ true copy of the manuscript I found, some
 ‘ weeks ago, in a vault at Dumferline. It is
 ‘ written on vellum, in a fair Gothic charac-
 ‘ ter; but so much defaced by time, as you’ll
 ‘ find that the tenth part is not legible.’

Sir John transcribes some stanzas, which
 he calls *verses* *. After l. 112 P. I. (ft. xiv.
 l. 8.) he says, ‘ here are four *verses* (stanzas)
 defaced,’ and then he transcribes l. 113. (ft.
 xv. l. 1.) At l. 128. (ft. xvi. l. 8.) he adds,
biatus in MS. and then he transcribes l. 153.
 (ft. xix. l. 1) At l. 320. (ft. xl. l. 8.) he
 says, ‘ Here are ten *verses*, (stanzas) so spoilt
 that I can only guess by the many proper
 names, that they contain the order of the
 battle of the Scots army, as they stood ranged
 under their different chieftains.’

In conclusion Sir John says, ‘ there is a
 ‘ vast deal more of it, but all defaced.’

The reader is left to judge whether this
 story of the manuscript on vellum, &c. has
 most the appearance of a true narrative, or
 of a *jeu d’esprit*, addressed to a familiar
 friend.

Lord Hailes has a copy of the original
 Edition of Hardyknute, with MS alterations,
 in the hand writing of Dr. John Clerk, Phy-
 sician in Edinburgh. At l. 85. (ft. xi. l. 5.)

* The present Editor, thinks that Sir John Bruce’s
verses have consisted of only four lines each, for the air
 contains only four lines, and eight lines is generally
 called a double verse.

6
it has 'brade Thomas;' Sir John Bruce has
'bred Malcom,' At l. 98. (St. xii. l. 1.)
Sir John Bruce's MS has 'Walter' instead
of 'Malcom.' At l. 103. (St. xiii l. 7.)
'brazen' for 'Silver;' and at l. 104. 'iron
doors' for 'painted bowers'

In Dr. Clerk's MS. lines, 176-180 run thus:

To join his king adown the hill,
In hatte his strides he bent;
While minstrels play and pibrochs fine,
Afore him stately went.

In Dr. Clerk's MS. the stanza *On Norway's
coast*, &c. comes in after the stanza, *There on
a lea*, with much propriety: that reading is
therefore followed in this Edition.

- I. STATELIE slept he east the wa',
And statelie slept he west;
Full seventy zeirs he now had sene,
With tkerfs seven zeirs of rest.
He livit quhan Britons breach of faith,
Wrocht Scotland meikle wae,
And aye his sword tauld to their skaith,
He was their deidlie fae.
- II. Hie on a hill his castle stude,
With halls and touris a hicht;
And guidly chambers fair to se,
Quhar he lodgit mony a knight.
His dame sae peirless anes, and fair,
For chaff and bewtie sene,
Nae marraw had in a' the land,
Saif Margaret the quene.
- III. Full thirtein sons to him scho bare,
All men of valour stout,

In bluidy ficht with swörd in hand,
 Nyne lost their lives bot doubt ;
 Four yit remainit ; lang mote they live
 To stand by liege and land :
 Hie was their fame, hie was their micht,
 And hie was their command.

IV. Grit luvè they bare to Fairly fair,
 Their sifter fast and deir,
 Her girdle shawit her middle jimp,
 And gowden gliff her hair.
 Quhat waefou wae hir bewtie bred?
 Waefou to zung and auld,
 Waefou I trow to kyth and kin,
 As story ever tauld.

V. The King of Norse in summer tyde,
 Puft up with pour and micht,
 Landit in fair Scotland the yle,
 Wi' mony a hardie knight.
 The tydings to our gude Scots king
 Cam as he sat at dyne,
 With noble chiefs in braif aray,
 Drinkand the blude-red wyne.

VI. ‘ To horse, to horse, my royal liege,
 ‘ Your faes stand in the strand ;
 ‘ Full twenty thousand glitterand speirs,
 ‘ The chiefs of Norse command.’
 “ Bring me my steid, Mage, dapple gray,”
 Our gude king raise and cryd :
 A trustier beast in all the land,
 A Scots king nevir seyde.

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 masteris arm ;
 ‘ Cum down, cum down, Lord Hardy-
 knute,
 ‘ And rede zour king frae harm.

VIII. Then reid, reid grew his dark-brown
 cheiks,

Sae did his dark-brown brow ;
 His luiks grew kene as they were wont,
 In danger grit to do.

He hes tane a horn as grene as gras,
 And gien five founds sae schrill,
 That tries in green wod schuke thereat,
 Sae loud rang ika hill

IX. His sons in manly sport and glie,
 Had past the summeris morn ;
 Quhan lo, down in a grassy dale,
 They heard their fatheris horn.

‘ That horn’, quod they, ‘ neir founds in
 peace,

‘ We haif uther sport to byde ;’
 And sune they heyd them up the hill,
 And sune were at his syde.

X. “ Late, late zestrene, I weind in peace
 “ To end my lengthend lyfe ;

“ My age micht weil excuse my arm
 “ Frae manlie feats of stryfe :

“ But now that Norse dois proudly boast,
 “ Fair Scotland to inthral,

“ Its neir be said of Hardyknute,
 “ He feird to fecht or fall.

XI. “ Robin of Rothsay, bend thy bow,
 “ Thy arrows schute sae leil,

- “ That mony a comelie countenance
 “ They haif turnit to deidlie pale.
 “ Braide Thomas, tak ze but zour lanfs,
 “ Ze neid nae weapons mair ;
 “ Gif ze fecht weit, as ze did anes,
 “ ’Gainst Westmorlandis ferfs heir.
- XII. “ And Malcom, licht of fute as stag,
 “ That runs in foreft wyld,
 “ Get me my thousands thrie of men
 “ Weil bred to sword and schield :
 “ Bring me my horse and harnifine,
 “ My blade of mettal clere.—”
 If faes but kend the hand it bare,
 They sune had fled for feir.
- XIII. “ Fareweil, my dame, sae peirless gude,”
 And tuke hir by the hand,
 “ Fairer to me in age zou seim
 “ Than maids for bewtie fand :
 “ My zungest son fall here remain,
 “ To guard these statelie touirs,
 “ And schut the silver bolt that keeps,
 “ Sae fast zour painted bowers.”
- XIV. And first scho wet hir comlie cheiks,
 And then hir boddice grene ;
 The filken cords of twirtle twist
 Were plet with silver schene ;
 And apron set with mony a dyce
 Of neidle wark fae rare,
 Wove by nae hand as ze may guefs,
 Saif that of Fairly fair.
- XV. And he hes ridden owre muir and moss,
 Owre hills and mony a glen,
 Quhan he came to a woundit knight,
 Makand a heavy mane ;

- ‘ Heir maun I lye, heir maun I dye,
 ‘ By treacheries fause gyles ;
 ‘ Witlefs I was that eir gaif faith
 ‘ To wicked woman’s smiles ’
 XVI. “ Sir knight gin ze were in my bowir,
 ‘ To lean on filken seat,
 “ My lady’s kyndlie care zoud pruve,
 “ Quha neir kend deidly hate :
 “ Hirtell wald watch ze all the day
 Her maids at deid of nicht ;
 “ And Fairly fair zour heart wald cheir,
 “ As Icho stands in zour ficht.

NOTES.

The title of the first Edition, was Hardyknute, a Fragment. Printed by James Watson, Edinburgh, 1719.

The stanzas not in the first Edition are, Nos. 17, 18, 19, 21, 22, 23, 24, 35, 36, 37, 42, 43, and the whole of the second part of Millar’s Edition.

St. l. l. 1 and 2.] Hardyknute was taking his morning walk on the top or battlements of his Castle, when the little page came and called to him, “ Cum down, cum down, Lord Hardyknute and rede zour King frae harm.”

St. l. l. 3 Seventie zeirs.] According to Scottish Historians, Hardyknute, was an old man at the battle of the Largs, but not so old as he is here said to be.

St. l. l. 4.] Abercromby who writes the life of Alexander, the Lord High Steward of Scotland, represents Hardyknute to have been deeply interested in the affairs of the Scottish nation during his life.

St. I. l. 5 to 8] I have chosen these four lines for words to the air of Hardyknute, because the first line is a syllable too short. William Tytler, Esq; of Woodhouselee, in his dissertation on the Scottish Music, says, "All our old heroic ballads, such as Hardiknute, and others, were undoubtedly sung to chants composed for them, which are now lost." And that "the most ancient of the Scottish songs still preserved, are extremely simple and void of all art."

During the reign of Alexander III. the English and Scots enjoyed peace, but Hardyknute, repressed the English robbers, who invaded Scotland for the purpose of plundering.

St. I l. 7. Sword.] An old English author in writing of the Scots arms, says, they have "swords all broad and thin, of exceeding good temper, and universally so made as to slice, that as I never saw none so good, so I think it hard to devise the better."

St. II. l. 1. Hie on a hill] This was a necessary precaution in those times, when strength was the only protection from violence.

St. II. l. 1. His castle stude.] Mr. Pinkerton says, "From the names and whole tenor of this poem, I am inclined to think the chief scene is laid in Cunninghamshire, where likewise the battle of the Largs, supposed to be that so nobly described in the first part, was fought."

Also, according to tradition, Glen-Garnock castle is the castle of Hardyknute. It

stands about a mile and a half on the north of Kilburnie, 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 champaign country. In the 16th and 17th centuries, persons of the name of Cunningham resided in Glen-Garnock Castle.

St. II l. 5. His Dame.] Was Jean, daughter and heiress to James, who was son of Angus Macrodorick, lord of the isle of Bute, and who was descended of Hardyknute's own family.

St. II. v. 8. 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 those times, particularly in the old historical Scottish Ballad of Sir James the Rofs, written long after the æra 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.”

J. Neilson, printer.