

propius accedens eam agnosceret, statim cum summa festinatione ad dominum suum recurrit, narrans ei secreto hanc filiam Admiraldi esse, ad quam admirationis causa intuendam hominum copia confluebat. Quo audito, supra modum admirans nec credere valens, eo quod impossibile ut sic eveniret omnino videretur, dominus Ricardo non potuit fidem dare, donec ipso in juramento diutius persistente, minus incredulus aliquantulum redderetur.

Cogitans tandem causam adventus ipsius, arbitratus est tamen consultius ei alibi providendum quam eam secum in domo propria retinendam, jussit Ricardo ut ad quandam matronam vicinam ei vicinam eam adduceret, quæ ipsam tanquam filiam suam in omnibus custodiret. Quem cum videret puella et eum agnosceret, mox quasi mortua cecidit, jacens in extasi resupina. Cumque ab illa mentis alienatione expergefata et ad se reversa resideret, ad dictam matronam Ricardus eam adduxit, sicut ejus dominus imperarat. Gilbertus de adventu puellæ secum pertractans, cœpit animus fluctuare per diversa, et cogitationes concipiens invicem repugnantes, incidit in mentem ejus episcopum londoniensem consulendum adire apud sanctum Paulum, ubi illo tempore sex episcopi aderant super arduis regni negotiis vel ecclesiæ tractaturi. Quibus coram positus cum veritatem rei gestæ superius memoratæ per ordinem exponeret, mox cices-trensis episcopus præ cæteris prophetica prorumpens in vocem, indubitanter asseruit, hanc vocationem non humanam sed potius fuisse divinam, et necessario magnifici operis prolem edituram, cujus sanctitate et labore universalis ecclesia esset ad Christi gloriam sublimanda. Cæteris autem episcopis qui aderant in hanc sententiam concordantibus, ut idem Gilbertus puellam, dummodo baptizari vellet, duceret in uxorem; adducta est statuta die in crastino, in ecclesia beati Pauli in doctorum episcoporum præsentia, ubi et baptisterium competenter extitit præparatum, in quo et illa debuerat baptizari.

Cumque interrogaretur in medio posita, prout mos ecclesiæ exigit, per sæpeditum Ricardum communem eorum interpretem, si vellet baptizari, respondit: « Hujus rei causa a valde

remotis partibus huc adveni, dummodo Gilbertus michi voluerit in conjugio copulari. » Baptizatur igitur puella, sex episcopis grandi cum solempnitate baptismi sacramentum agentibus, eo quod præclari sanguinis esset fœmina, imo vocationis clarioris ex gratia admodum divina; Gilberto traditur mox ab episcopis in conjugem cum celebritate conjugali, de fide catholica prius breviter instructa. Quam cum ad propria duceret, prima nocte mutua in unum concordia, sanctum Thomam, futurum cantuariensem archiepiscopum et martyrem, genuerunt.

Nº 2.

ANCIENNE BALLADE SUR LA CAPTIVITÉ ET LE MARIAGE
DE GILBERT BEKET¹.

In London was Young Beichan born,
He longed strange countries for to see;
But he was taen by a savage moor,
Who handled him right cruellie;

For he viewed the fashions of that land;
Their way of worship viewed he;
But to Mahound, or Termagant,
Would Beichan never benda knee.

So, in every shoulder they've putten a bore;
In every bore they've putten a tree;
An they have made him trail the wine
And spices on his fair bodie.

¹ Jamieson's Popular songs, vol. II, p. 447.

They've casten him in a dungeon deep,
Where he could neither hear nor see;
For seven years they kept him there,
Till he for hunger's like to die.

This Moor he had but ae daughter,
Her name was called Susie Pye;
And every day as she took the air,
Near Beichan's prison she she passed by.

And bonny, meek, and mild was she,
Though she was come of an ill kin;
And oft she sigh'd, she knew not why,
For him that lay the dungeon in.

O so it fell, upon a day
She heard young Beichan sadly sing;
And ay and ever in her ears
The tones of hopeless sorrow ring.

« My hounds they all go masterless;
« My hawks they flee from tree to tree;
« My younger brother will heir my land;
« Fair England again I'll never see ! »

The doleful sound, from under ground,
Died slowly on her listening ear;
But let her listen ever so long,
The never a word more could she hear.

And all night long no rest she got,
Young Beichan's song for thinking on;
She's stown the keys from her father's head,
And to the prison strong is gone.

And she has open'd the prison doors,
I wot she open'd two or three,
Ere she could come young Beichan at,
He was locked up so curioslie.

But when she came young Beichan before,
Sore wonder'd he that may to see;
He took her for some fair captive:
« Fair Lady, I pray, of what countrie? »

« O have ye any lands, » she said,
« Or castles in your own countrie,
« That ye could to a lady fair,
« From prison strong to set you free? »

— « Near London town I have a hall,
« With other castles two or three;
« I'll give them all to the lady fair:
« That out of prison will set me free. »

« Give me the truth of your right hand,
« The truth of it give unto me,
« That for seven years ye'll no lady wed,
« Unless it be along with me. »

— « I'll give thee the truth of my right hand,
« The truth of it I'll freely gie,
« That for seven years I'll stay unwed,
« For the kindness thou dost show to me. »

And she has brib'd the proud warder
Wi' mickle gold and white monie;
She's gotten the keys of the prison strong,
And she has set young Beichan free.

She's gi'en him to eat the good spicecake,
 She's gi'en him to drink the blood redwine;
 She's bidden him sometimes think on her,
 That sae kindly freed him out of pine.

She's broken a ring from her finger,
 And to Beichan half of it gave she:
 « Keep it, to mind you of that love
 « The lady bore that set you free. »

« And set your foot on good ship-board,
 « And haste ye back to your own countrie;
 « And before that seven years have an end,
 « Come back again, love, and marry me. »

But long ere seven years had an end,
 She long'd full sore her love to see;
 For ever a voice within her breast
 Said, « Beichan has broke his vow to thee. »
 So she's set her foot on good ship-board,
 And turn'd her back on her own countrie.

She sailed east, she sailed west,
 Till to fair England's shore she came;
 Where a bonny shepherd she espied,
 Feeding his sheep upon the plain.

« What news, what news, thou bonny shepherd?
 « Wath news hast thou to tell to me? »
 — « Such news I hear, ladie, he says,
 « The like was never in this countrie,

« There is a wedding in yonder hall,
 « Has lasted these thirty days and three,
 « Young Beichan will not bed with his bride,
 « For love of one that's yond the sea. »

She's put her hand in her pocket,
 Gi'en him the gold an white monie:
 « Hae, take ye that, my bonny boy,
 « For the good news thou tell'st to me. »

When she came to young Beichan's gate,
 She tirl'd softly, at the pin;
 So ready was the proud porter
 To open and let this lady in.

« Is this young Beichan's hall, » she said,
 « Or is that noble lord within? »
 — « Yea, he's in the hall among them all,
 « And this in the day o' his weddin. »

— « And has he wed anither love?
 « And has he clean forgotten me? »
 And, sighin', said that gay ladie,
 « I wish I were in my own countrie. »

And she has taen her gay gold ring,
 That with her love she brake so free;
 Says, « Gie him that, ye proud porter,
 « And bid the bridegroom speak to me. »

When the porter came his lord before,
 He kneeled down low on his knee.
 « What aileth thee, my proud porter,
 « Thou art so full of courtesie? »

When Tommy came his master before,
 He kneeled down upon his knee;
 « What tidings hast thou brought, my man,
 « As that thou makes such courtesie? »

Ritson's ant. songs, p. 253.

— « I've been porter at your gates,
 « It's thirty long years now and three ;
 « But there stands a lady at them now,
 « The like o'her did I never see ;

« For on every finger she has a ring,
 « And on her mid finger she has three ;
 « And as meickle gold aboon her brow
 « As would buy an earldom to me. »

Its out then spok the bride's mother,
 Aye and an angry woman was shee ;
 « Ye might have excepted our bonny bride ;
 « And twa or three of our companie. »

— « O hold your tongue, thou brid's mother,
 « Of all your folly let me be ;
 She's ten times fairer nor the bride,
 « And all that's in your companie. »

« She begs one sheavee of your white bread,
 « But and a cup of your red wine ;
 « And to remember the lady's love,
 « That last reliev'd you out of pine. »

— « O well-a-day ! said Beichan then,
 « That I so soon have married thee !
 « For it can be none but Susie Pye,
 « That sailed the sea for love of me. »

And quickly hied he down the stair ;
 Of fifteen steps he made but three ;
 He's ta'en his bonny love in arms,
 And kist, and kist her tenderlie.

— « O hae ye ta'en anither bride ?
 « And hae ye quite forgotten me ?
 « And hae ye quite forgotten her,
 « That gave you life and libertie ? »

She looked o'er her left shoulder,
 To hide the tears stood in her e'e :
 « Now fare thee well, young Beichan, she says,
 « I'll try to think no more on thee.

— « O never, never, Susie Pye,
 « For surely this can never be ;
 « Nor ever shall I wed but her
 « That's done and dree'd so much for me. »

Then out and spake the forenoon bride :
 « My lord, your love it changeth soon ;
 « This morning I was made your bride,
 « And another chose ere it be noon. »

— « O hold thy tongue, thou forenoon bride ;
 « Ye're ne'er a whit the worse for me ;
 « And whan ye return to your own countrie,
 « A double dower I'll send with thee. »

He's taen Susie Pye by the white hand,
 And gently led her up and down ;
 And ay as he kist her red rosy lips,
 « Ye're welcome, jewel, to your own. »

He's taen her by the milk-white hand,
 And led her to you fountain stane ;
 He's changed her name from Susie Pye,
 And he's call'd her his bonny love, lady Jane.