

THE
GUDE WALLACE;

TO WHICH IS ADDED

LORD THOMAS STUART

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GLASGOW:
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THE GUDE WALLACE.

Wallace wicht, upon a nicht,
Cam' riding ower a linn;
And he is to his leman's bouir,
And tirl'd at the pin.

“O sleep ye, or wake ye, lady?” he cried;
“Ye'll rise and let me in.”

“O wha is this at my bouir door,
That knocks and knows my name?”

“My name is William Wallace;
Ye may my errand ken.”

“The truth to you I will rehearse—
The secret I'll unfauld;
Into your enemies' hands, this nicht,
I fairly ha'e you sauld.”

“If that be true ye tell to me,
Do ye repent it sair?”
“Oh that I do,” she said, “dear Wallace,
And will do evermair!

“The English did surround my house,
And forcit me theretill;
But for your sake, my dear Wallace,
I could burn on a hill.”

Then he ga'e her a loving kiss;
The teir drapt frae his e'e;
Says, “Fare ye weel for evermair;
Your face nae mair I'll see.”

She dress'd him in her ain claithing,
And frae her house he came;
Which made the Englishmen admire
To see sic a stalwart dame!

Now Wallace to the Hielands went,
Where nae meat nor drink had he;

Said, “Fa’ me life, or fa’ me death,
To some toun I maun drie.”

He steppit ower the river Tay—
On the North Inch steppit he;
And there he saw a weel-faured May,
Was washing aneath a tree.

“What news, what news, ye weel-faured May?
What news ha’e ye to me?
What news, what news, ye weel-faured May,
What news in the south countrie?”

“O see ye, sir, yon hostler-house
That stands on yonder plain?
This very day have landit in it
Full fifteen Englishmen,

“In search of Wallace, our champion,
Intending he should dee!”
“Then, by my sooth,” says Wallace wicht,
“These Englishmen I’se see.

“If I had but in my pocket
The worth of a single pennie,
I wad gang to the hostler-house,
These gentlemen to see.”

She put her hand in her pocket,
And pull’d out half-a-croun.
Says, “Tak’ ye that, ye beltit knicht,
And pay your lawin down.”

As he went frae the weel-faured May,
A beggar bold met he.
Was cover’d wi’ a clouted cloke,
In his hand a trustie tree.

“What news, what news, ye silly auld man!
What news ha’e ye to gie?”
“No news, no news, ye beltit knicht,

No news ha'e I to thee,
But fifteen lords in the hostler-house
Waiting Wallace for to see."

"Ye'll lend to me your clouted cloke,
That kivers ye frae heid to shie;
And I'll go to the hostler-house,
To ask far some supplie."

Now he's gane to the West-muir wood,
And pulled a trustie trie;
And then he's on to the hostler gone,
Asking there for charitie.

Doun the stair the captain comes,
The puir man for to see:
"If ye be captain as gude as ye look,
You'll give me some supplie."

"Where were ye born, ye cruikit carle?
Where, and in what countrie?"
"In fair Scotland, sir, was I born,
Cruikit carle as ye ca' me."

"O I wad give you fifty pounds
Of gold and white monie;
O I wad give you fifty pounds,
If Wallace ye would let me see."

"Tell doun your money," quo' the cruikit carle,
"Tell doun your money good;
I'm sure I have it in my pour,
And never had a better bode."

The money was told upon the table,
Of silver pounds fiftie:
"Now here I stand!" quo' the gude Wallace,
And his cloke frae him gar'd flie.

He slew the captain where he stood;
The rest they did quake and rair:

He slew the rest around the room;
 Syne ask'd if there were ony mair.

“Get up, get up, gudewife,” he says,
 “And get me some dinner in haste,
For it soon will be three lang days time,
 Sin' a bit o' meat I did taste!”

The dinner was na weil readie,
 Nor yet on the table set,
When other fifteen Englishmen
 Were lichtit at the yett.

“Come out, come out, thou traitor, Wallace!
 This is the day ye maun dee!”
“I lippen nae sae little to God,” he says,
 “Although I be but ill wordie.”

The gudewife had an auld gudeman;
 By gude Wallace he stiffly stude,
Till ten o' the fifteen Englishmen
 Lay before the door in their blude.

The other five he took alive,
 To the greenwood as they ran;
And he has hanged them, bot mercie,
 Up hich upon a grain.

Now he is on to the North Inch gone,
 Where the May was washing tenderlie.
“Now, by my sooth,” said the gude Wallace,
 “It's been a sair day's wark to me.”

He's put his hand in his pocket,
 And pulled out twenty pounds;
Says, “Tak' ye that, ye weel-faured May,
 For the gude luck o' your half-crown.”

Full five-and-twenty men he slew,
 Five hanged upon a grain;
On the morn he sat, wi' his merry-men a',

In Lochmaben town at dine.

LORD THOMAS STUART.

Thomas Stuart was a lord,
A lord of mickle land;
He used to wear a coat of gold,
But now his grave is green.

Now he has wooed the young Countess,
The Countess of Balquhin,
And given her for a morning gift,
Strathbogie and Aboyne.

But woman's wit is aye wilful,
Alas! that ever it was sae,
She long'd to see the morning gift,
That her good lord to her ga'e.

When steeds were saddled and weel bridled,
An' ready for to ride,
There came a pain on that gude lord,
His back likewise his side.

He said, "Ride on, my lady fair,
May goodness be your guide,
For I am so sick and weary that
No farther can I ride."

Now ben did come his father dear,
Wearing a golden band,
Says, "Is there na leech in Edinburgh
Can cure my son from wrang?"

"O leech is come and leech is gane,
Yet, father, I'm aye waur;
There's not a leech in Edinbro'
Can death from me debar.

“But be a friend to my wife, father,
 Restore to her her own,
Restore to her her morning gift,
 Strathbogie and Aboyne.

“It had been gude for my wife, father,
 To me she’d borne a son,
He would have got my lands and rents,
 Where they lie out and in.

“It had been gude for my wife, father,
 To me she’d borne an heir;
He would have got my lands and rents
 Where they lie fine and fair.”

The steeds they strave into their stables,
 The boys could not get them bound,
The hounds lay howling on the beach,
 ’Cause their master was behind.

“I dream’d a dream since late yestreen,
 I wish it may be good,
That our chamber was full of swine,
 An’ our bed full of blood.

“I saw a woman come from the west,
 Full sore wringing her hands,
And aye she cried, Ohon, alas!
 My good lord’s broken bands.

“As she came by my gude lord’s bower
 Saw mony black steeds and brown,—
I’m feared it be mony unco lords
 Having my love from town.

“As she came by my gude lord’s bower,
 Saw mony black steeds and grey,—
I’m fear’d it’s mony unco lords
 Havin’ my love to the clay.”

TRANSCRIBER NOTES

Misspelled words and printer errors have been corrected.

Inconsistencies in punctuation have been maintained.

A cover was created for this Ebook.

[The end of *The Gude Wallace; To Which Is Added Lord Thomas Stuart* by anonymous]