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The  
Noble Laird  
of  
Thornycburne.

A  
Northumbrian Border Ballad.

In Three Fyttes.

WITH  
INTRODUCTION AND GLOSSARY.

LONDON:  
SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET.  
1855.

## Introduction.

**L**ONG anterior to the Norman Conquest, the northern part of England, especially Northumberland, was peopled by either aboriginal Britons, or by a mixture of Saxons and Danes.

Prior to the fourteenth century, during that time, and long afterwards, Northumberland, from being contiguous to Scotland; from the easy way in which it could be invaded from the north-west; from the needy circumstances and predatory habits of the Scotch Borderers, the Northumbrian landholders, who were a pastoral race of men, were continually subjected to the loss of their flocks and herds by the ever-recurring incursions and depredations. These frequent forays naturally engendered a national animosity, which greatly stimulated

the Borderers, and led to very daring, retaliatory, and sanguinary encounters, when they met on occasions either for the attack, or to repel the rapacious inroads.

At the time we speak of, the Borders, if not covered with primeval forests and underwood, were open, barren, gleby, and waste, alternating in bogs and pools. The high lands were wide-spreading, rugged, heathy moors, and excepting in the valleys, little cultivation of any kind was to be observed. The country remained forest ground until recent times. The uncertain and adventurous mode of life of the Borderers—if not adapted to repose and comfort, the accumulation of land, cattle, and flocks, or to the purposes of civilization—was, of all others, suited to a hardy and manly course of existence, and the best school in the world to make men good foresters, accomplished in feats of arms and horsemanship, expert in manly games, and skilful in all sylvan sports. Winged fowl and game, such as cranes, bustards, herons, wild geese, and ducks, soared in the air; and wolves, wild cattle and boars, deer

and otters, roamed at large in the woods, and near the rivers and lakes.

As the Borderers were accustomed to be out in all weathers, by day or by night, they evinced great hardihood and endurance, were possessed of unflinching courage, and knew all the tracks, by-ways, and passes, over hills and mountains, and through all the morasses and forests of the neighbouring country. The following lines from the German poet Bürger, pourtray exactly the occupations and capabilities of the Borderers :—

“Gewöhnt sind wir von Jugend auf  
An Feld-und Waldbeschwer.  
Wir klimmen Berg und Fels empor,  
Und waten tief durch Sumpf und Moor,  
Durch Schilf und Dorn einher.”

“Nicht Sturm und Regen achten wir,  
Nicht Hagel, Reif und Schnee.  
In Hitz' und Frost, bei Tag und Nacht,  
Sind wir bereit zu Marsch und Wacht,  
Als gölt' es Hirsch und Reh.”

From such antecedents, courage and daring, enterprise and activity, were the natural re-

sults and characteristics, and were so often displayed when circumstances called them forth, in many a foray and battle-field now long forgotten and unknown.

The residences of the landed proprietors, and those possessed of territorial influence, were Peels or Castles, built of great strength and thickness, with vaulted rooms and roofs, and situated generally upon commanding ground. They were often surrounded by a moat, and buttressed outer wall or barnkyn, which served not only as a protection or outwork to the Peel, but also to the cattle, in case of necessity.

The Border Forts, or Peels, were not like the convenient modern fortress mansions now to be seen in other places in England, &c., out of the way of the serious collisions and forays, but built for defence and security, and not for the civilized baronial residences alluded to.

In those days of anxiety and turmoil, great ferocity was oftentimes shown, and great contempt for order was general amongst all classes; and brute force often prevailed instead

of law, and deadly weapons were had recourse to, instead of to reason, for the settlement of feuds and disputes. In every day life, the Borderers lived simply and frugally, were patriarchal in their character, and primeval in their habits, but a kind of rude pomp was exhibited on particular occasions. In the Peels and houses, glass windows were very rare; parchment and linen, or lattice-work, were more frequently used instead, and sometimes the apertures, or loop-holes and *crenelles*, were closed by wooden slides.

In lieu of stoves, overhanging chimnies were in common use, in which were open fireplaces, and in these logs of wood were burnt.

The walls of the poorer dwellings were sometimes hung with coarse mat hangings; the apartments belonging to the more opulent families were paneled either in oak or covered with tapestry, or other kinds of drapery; and, generally, thick, strong oaken benches were fastened round the walls of the rooms, and in front of them were placed long substantial tables of the same material. Chairs were un-

known, but in their stead, stools and benches were customary.

Wealth, rank, and eminence, as regarded in aftertimes, had no footing then; and as the Scottish raids were generally made through the winding valleys of Redesdale and Tynedale, great desolation and misery resulted from the laying of waste, burnings, and destruction of the invaders. This is the reason why the country to the east and south-east escaped comparatively scot-free, as being more settled and out of the usual route of invasion; hence the castles of Alnwick, Warkworth, &c., are still standing, and the proprietor is rich and powerful to the present day.

“The ravages to which the frontier regions are exposed,” says Sir Walter Scott, “and the life to which the inhabitants are condemned by circumstances, are equally unfavourable to the preservation of the monuments of antiquity. Even in military antiquities such countries, though the constant scene of war, do not usually abound. The reason is obvious. The same circumstances of alarm and risk require



occupation of the same points of defence, and as the modes of attack and fortification change, the ancient bulwarks of cities and castles are destroyed, in order to substitute newer and more approved modes of defence. The case becomes different, however, when, losing by conquest or by union their character as a frontier, scenes once the theatre of constant battle, inroad, defence and retaliation, have been for two hundred years [now two hundred and fifty] converted into the abode of peace and tranquillity.

“Numerous castles left to moulder in massive ruins; fields where the memory of ancient battles still lives among the descendants of those by whom they were fought or witnessed; the very line of demarcation, which separating the two countries, though no longer hostile, induces the inhabitants of each to cherish their separate traditions—unite to render these regions interesting to the topographical historian or antiquary. This is peculiarly the case on the border of Scotland and England. The recollection of their former hostility has much

of interest and nothing of enmity. The evidences of its existence bear, at the same time, witness to the remoteness of its date; and he who traverses these peaceful glens and hills to find traces of strife, must necessarily refer his researches to a period of considerable antiquity. But it was not always thus; for, since the earliest period of which we have any distinct information, until the union of the crowns, the northern provinces of England, and the southern counties of Scotland, have been the scenes of inveterate hostilities, commenced and maintained with fury, even before the names of Scotland and England were acknowledged by history."

In those primitive days, the chiefs of the different clans exercised a feudal sway over the men in their neighbourhood, who lived as dependants and retainers, and who, in time of peace, assisted in the various rural pursuits; but when it was necessary to assemble together for war, or to repel an attack, they followed to battle their leaders and landlords. Rents were paid in kind and by military ser-

vice, and coin was seldom or never seen. The Lairds, men of quality, and their retainers, wore a sort of armour, and head-piece or morion. The horsemen, generally called Prikkers (sometimes Hobyler), were mounted on small, nimble, and enduring cattle, and their weapons consisted of a very long lance and sword. The footmen and men-at-arms were armed with either bows and arrows, pikes, swords, or battle-axes and daggers. In the clamorous, dangerous, and warlike times we have described, it was very unsafe for the Borderers of the north Tyne to leave their homes or strongholds, unless they were accompanied by an armed retinue, not only to prevent surprise from an attack or inroad, but also as a protection from the wild cattle, boars, and ravening wolves which were numerous and fierce.

Roads there were none, but only by-ways through fen and forest, across the country, which, unfortunately, were often only barren, wasted, and ravaged moorland tracks, leading from Peel to Peel, or cottage to hamlet.

The following Ballad is the modernized nar-

rative of a tradition of a by-gone foray on the Borders, which took place between the English and the Scotch, *tempo* Edward III., *circa* 1333. The Laird Dodde, the hero of it, was chief and representative of the very old and important clan or sept of that name, possessors of Thornyburne Peel, Dally Castle, Craighouse, &c., and which most probably is the most ancient of all Northumbrian border families.



“ Mit Hörnerschall und Lustgesang,  
Als ging' es froh zur Jagd,  
So ziehn wir Jäger wohlgemuth,  
Wann's Noth dem Vaterlande thut,  
Hinaus in's Feld der Schlacht.”

*Bürger.*

***Fytte ve Fyrste.***

WAS in the days of Edward's reign,  
The third of England's might,  
When deadly wars did oft constrain  
The Bord'ers bold to fight.

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'Twas in the month of early May,  
When herdsmen graze their kye,  
From the first dawning of the day  
Till eve o'ercasts the sky.

The third of May—a morn as bright  
As ever sun glid o'er—  
A day as bright, a night as light  
Were seldom seen before.

The warder strode the turrets oft  
Of Thornyburne so gray,  
And on his horn erst sounded soft  
The peep of coming day.

Then sounded long, then sounded shrill  
His silver hunting horn—  
Which sharply rang o'er heath and hill,  
And echoed to the morn.

He little thought then as he stood,  
Ere day reached eventide,  
His kinsfolk brave, as by a flood  
Might all be scattered wide.

He wotted not that ere the sun  
Had left the turrets gray,  
That many a kinsman's days were done,  
Ere passed that very day ;

That eagle fierce, and hawk, and kite  
Might feast on friend and foe,  
And many who trooped out, ere night  
Receive their fell death-blow.

He little thought of this I wot,  
Of misery or woe,  
Of Northtynemen, or wary Scot,  
Or who might be laid low.

For all was bright, for all was light  
As thistle-down in air,  
Or like a wind-borne feather's flight,  
When wafted here and there.

The warder scanned the eastern sky,  
The warder scanned the west,  
The north and south—nought could descry,  
For all was peace and rest,

Save moor-fowl, to their morning fare  
Were whirring o'er the lea;  
Boar, buck, and hare, from homely lair,  
Were gamb'ling fearlessly,

And silent cranes, stilt-like and slow,  
Were stalking by the lake,  
And plunging oft their long bills low  
To snatch stray frog or snake.



Then towering, wheeling in the sky,  
With outstretched necks around,  
Or gravely gazing, steadily,  
Upon the sedgy ground.

Or balanced on one leg at rest—  
Or pluming eagerly,  
With long bowed neck, the wing and breast,  
And watching carefully.

The curlew shrill—the heron hoarse,  
The clapping stork were there;  
The whistling kite, nigh out of sight,  
Gyrated in the air.

And wild geese feed on gleby mead,  
With scouts alert and shy ;  
Or in barb shape and arrow speed,  
Cleave through the air on high.

Anon ! the young green downy brood—  
The parent birds did strive  
To teach them first to find their food,  
Then peck, and swim, and dive.

The swallows skimming o'er the burne,  
In haste, unceasingly,  
And whistling soft at ev'ry turn,  
Then nimbly gadding high.

The nightingale hid in the grove  
Sang loud, and low, and slow;  
Divinely joyous to his love,  
Upon her nest below.

And thus his anxious mate to cheer,  
Melodiously, wild,  
While hatching long, in watchful fear,  
So patiently and mild !

And gay larks soaring in the sky  
As high as they could flee,  
To greet with hymns the rising sun,  
In loud and tuneful glee.

The blackbird shy—the bulfinch blithe,  
Were piping with delight ;  
The jocund thrush in alder bush,  
Trilled, too, with all its might.

The social robin on a thorn,  
Carollèd forth hard by,  
His wild and plaintive song to morn :  
A charming melody !

Poor Ladye Mabel sate at home,  
As sad as sad could be,  
With hawk on hand, she longed to roam—  
A beauteous dame was she !

She loved to range with hawk and hound,  
For pleasance o'er the chase ;  
On palfrey white was her delight,  
To take her morning race,

And blithly stray to Sweethope lake  
At dawning of the morn,  
And throw off hawk by lake and brake,  
With loud halloo and horn.

In summer time, when days are fine,  
And birds are singing gay  
On every tree so merrily,  
How sweet the opening day !

She loved to ride both far and wide,  
To hawk at wild Falstone,  
And with her pages by her side,  
Ere sunset seek her home.

How sweet the eve—the moonlit eve,  
When stars are shimm'ring bright;  
Or when the rosy sun doth grieve  
To sleep ere late at night!

Poor Ladye Mabel sate alone,  
As sad as sad could be,  
For she had dreamt on yester e'en  
Of death and misery,

That many of her kinsfolk bold,  
And those she loved so dear,  
She should them never more behold,  
Save on a bloody bier.

She dreamt of fire, she dreamt of rain,  
And that the wind did blow—  
And what caused her despair and pain,  
The cock did hoarsely crow.

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And that the dismal hornèd owl  
 Did hoot the live-long night—  
 The stealthy wolves did prow and howl,  
 Fierce in the bright moonlight.

But what, alas ! filled her with awe,  
 And made her hopeless feel,  
 At midnight hour a wraith she saw,  
 Drop from old Craigend Peel,

And to a lonely sheeling go,  
 O'er Kielder fell it hied,  
 And then it sate upon a knowe,  
 And ghastly looked, and sighed.

She mused: " Nought's left but fell dismay,  
 And misery and woe ;  
 Oh, wey ! oh, wey ! for coming day,  
 No hope's left me below ! "



### *Fytte ye Seconde.*

“ Wo wackre Jäger Helfer sind,  
Da ist es wohl bestellt.  
Den Kunst erhöht uns Kraft und Muth ;  
Wir ziehlen scharf, und treffen gut ;  
Und was wir treffen, fällt.”

*Bürger.*



HE sleuth hounds sniffed the morning air,  
Soft sighing from the west ;  
They whinged and bayed, with eyes a-glare,  
And yapped, and could not rest.

Right well they all might restless be,  
And growl, and whine, and quest,  
They sniffed the bold mosstrooping Scot,  
Fast hying from the west.

The foes from far, fair Teviotside,  
And Lyddesdale away,  
Had marchèd far, and rangèd wide,  
And reivèd many a day.

The torch was lit on point of spear,  
And carried all around,  
And bayle fires kindled far and near,  
And small pipes they did sound.

From bartizan loud pealed the bell,  
Shrill blew the bugle blast—  
Sounds every knight and squire knew well,  
From bloody times gone past !



The winding horn at early morn  
Is sounding deep alarms ;  
The neighing steeds are prancing light,  
And loudly clank the arms.

The badge, a spur, on lance was borne,  
And carried to and fro,  
The well-known badge of Thornyburne,  
Portending war and woe !

**The Maiden's Song.**

**M**Y love is from the Castle gone,  
And here I must remain ;  
How speeds he forth, how spurs he on,  
The battle-field to gain !

More eager far to ride away,  
Than I that he should go ;  
But then he hies to th' foray,  
To meet the daring foe.

Oh ! were it to the trysting-place,  
Or to the dance in hall ;  
Or to the hawking, or the chase,  
By bugle's clanging call.

As bold as hawk on quarry bent,  
Or hound on boar or hare ;  
Or as a shaft from cross-bow sent,  
Free winging in the air ;

Or like a waterfall from steep,  
When flooded by the rain ;  
Or as the wind, when high and deep,  
Is surging o'er the plain.

The flower of the Border-side  
Is mounted, and away,  
Of every hearth and home the pride,  
And of my heart the stay.

My days are spent in woodland bow'r,  
In anguish and in pain ;  
My nights are spent in th' watch tow'r,  
Till he returns again.

There will I watch from twilight gray,  
And think of him and weep ;  
There will I stay till break of day,  
And without rest or sleep.

But should he ne'er return to me,  
His own true love to wed,  
What shall I do, where shall I flee,  
When every joy is fled ?

I cannot then my distaff ply,  
I cannot play my lute ;  
I cannot sing, but I can sigh,  
And evermore be mute !

And like a sered and blasted leaf,  
Ere spring-tide days are by ;  
If hope be gone, and no relief,  
I'll wither, pine, and die.

My love is from the Castle gone,  
The battle-field to gain ;  
How speeds he forth, how spurs he on,  
And lonesome I remain !

---

The noble Laird of Thornyburne  
Then mustered all his clan ;  
From Girdelfell to Humbledon,  
They galloped and they ran.

First rosy ray of early day  
Was smiling on the earth,  
When armèd men in stout array,  
From Peel and cot went forth.

From Bellingham to Hareshaw Cleft,  
And on to Corsenside,  
Nor man nor boy at home was left,  
If he could walk or ride.

The standards fluttered in the air,  
The moving din of men,  
In serried rank, did stamp and tramp,  
From hillside, fell, and glen.

Craighouse, the Dodde, and Tarseshaw,  
From Dally Castle old,  
They went all armed, with axe and bow,  
Like stalwart men and bold.

From Blackhope Cuff to Simonburne,  
The Border-prikkers came ;  
From Emithaugh to Ottercaps,  
All but the blind and lame.

The Robsons, too, both far and near,  
All good men, bold and true,  
Who thought of any thing but fear—  
Alas, that they should rue!

Three score and three of Charltons went,  
In arrow-haste sped they ;  
With trusty yew bows ready bent,  
In brave and bold array.

And they are gone to war and woe,  
And blood, and strife, and pain,  
And weary days may pass, and lo!  
They ne'er may come again.

What joy to those at home, I ween,  
Were they not marching far ;  
But to the tourney on the green,  
Not to the lists of war.

O war, thou art the curse of life !  
A sharp and gory dart ;  
When vengeful feuds lead on to strife,  
A ruthless scourge thou art,

But when to shield one's homes from harm,  
Thou'rt glorious and just ;  
Then in the sword, in the strong arm,  
And Godhead place thy trust !

The slogan cry was raised on high :  
“ A Dodde, a Dodde, a Dodde ! ”  
A cry foreboding strife was nigh,  
And need of help from God !

Right **free and fearlesse** rode the Laird,  
From Thornyburne so gray ;  
In coat of mail, and sword in hand,  
E'er eager for the fray.



He led his men to Redesmouth Ford,  
And ranged them on a hill,  
Then sent the Scots he quickly word,  
“To halt!” for ’twas his will.

“He would not that the Scottish hosts  
Should rove there in disorder,  
And waste and burn, and leave forlorn,  
The Lairdships on the Border.”

The chief of Scottish reivers said:  
“I will thy countrie harie,  
And when I get what I will have,  
I shall no longer tarry!”

The Laird of Thornyburne said nought,  
Save, “Draw the trusty bow,  
And aim the arrows as ye ought,  
To slay the Scottish foe!”

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Three score of bowmen drew their bows,  
And aimed their shafts aright :  
Three score of Scotch mosstrooping foes  
Were struck down by their flight.

Two score of men with axes bright,  
Then marchèd through a wood,  
They fell upon the Scottish right,  
And would not be withstood.

Onward they rushed, and hewed their way  
Like reapers in a field;  
How many fell no one could tell,  
Nor count those who did yield.

The Laird then formed his Prikkers bold,  
Their lance in rest had they ;  
With pennoncels of blue and gold,  
In gay and bright array.

He fiercely then an onslaught made,  
With many a squire of note ;  
They hewed, and slew, and overthrew,  
And speared, and pierced, and smote.

The leader of the Scottish host,  
A doughty man was he ;  
And many a knight in piteous plight  
Fell wounded woefully.

Full many a stalwart man at night  
Lay dead and maimed around,  
Who rode that morn the heather light,  
And gaily trode the ground.

But now before the day was o'er,  
Were e'er from warfare freed,  
And who, alas ! would see no more,  
The banks of Rede or Tweed ;

Nor hear their kinsfolk—wailing oft,  
Or children lisp at e'en ;  
Or mother's voice, so dear and soft,  
As it had ever been.

Yet wind and hail, and frost and snow,  
And sunshine, storm, and rain,  
Would come and go, and flow'rets blow,  
But they'd ne'er rise again !

And owls would screech, and wolves would rove,  
Just as they did before ;  
And birds secluded in the grove  
Would chant their dirges o'er.

The Laird was there, thick in the fight,  
And mourned what he did see,  
Then stayed the feud ere it was night,  
As the last Scots did flee.

He rode then to the Scottish chief,  
Who wounded sore was he,  
And said, "I come to thy relief,  
Thou foughtest manfullie!

"And yet thou hast relentless been,  
I wis, to me and mine,  
And borne ill-will, so oft, I ween,  
In many a place and time.

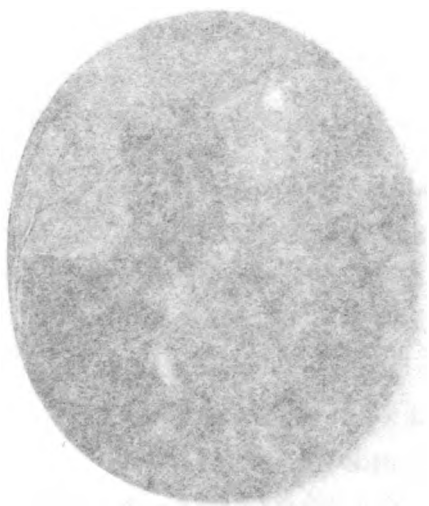
"In sooth, I ought not spare thy life,  
For thy misdeeds to me,  
But vengeance e'er departs with strife,  
And all my enmity.

"Oh, wey! oh, wey! this bloody day,  
We'll end this deadly strife,  
And though thou'st wronged me ev'ry way,  
I'll grant to thee thy life!

“ And bear thee to my Castle keep,  
There care on thee bestow ;  
To cure thy wounds, alas ! so deep,  
Then freely shalt thou go.

“ And when thou reachest Lyddesdale,  
Say what I did for thee ;  
And grant, O Lord ! we may not fail  
To live more peaceably.

“ Oh, wey ! oh, wey ! this awful day,  
With its most vengeful strife,  
Is gone and past, may't be the last  
I'll e'er see in my life !”



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### *Fytte ye Thyrde.*

“ Und färbet gleich auch unser Blut  
Das Feld des Krieges roth :  
So wandelt Furcht uns doch nicht an ;  
Denn nimmer scheut ein braver Mann  
Für's Vaterland den Tod.”

*Bürger.*



HE warder keeps his watch and ward  
On Thornyburne so gray,  
And sounds his horn, to rouse the guard,  
At gryking of the day.

The blackcock basks in morning sun,  
On mossy dyke and knoll,  
And hares and rabbits skip and run  
From furrow, form, and hole.

The sheep now gambol on the hill,  
The summer's past and gone ;  
The troutling leaps from pool and rill,  
And time and tide glide on.

The mellow ripening autumn sun  
Is come around once more ;  
The aftermath is mown and won,  
And harvest home is o'er.

No days are like the days of peace,  
The sunny hours of life,  
When lambs and kye may both increase,  
As they ne'er do 'mid strife.

No days are like the days of yore,  
The days of love—gone by !  
The spring of budding youth once o'er,  
A dream—and then, we die.

As when the mother bird with love  
Hath reared her nestling dear,  
A falcon's swoop may clutch her dove,  
And leave her lone and drear.

Or when the nest bird erst might soar  
In prideful flight on high,  
An arrow shot, barb deep in gore,  
Might pierce its heart—then die.

Or when perchance a glad'ning ray  
Of hope might gild the morn,  
Ere noon was o'er, might darkly low'r,  
And evetide leave us lorn.

Poor Ladye Mabel sate at home,  
As drear as drear could be,  
And e'er remained to tend the maimed,  
With her fair family ;

To watch the sick from morn till night,  
From night till morn again,  
With heavy heart she thus beweped  
What she could ne'er regain.

“ How drear and waste the Castle now,  
How sad the Castle hall,  
Where pallid sick with fevered brow  
Awaits its doomed death call.

“ Ah! warfare dire has done its worst,  
To youth and frosted age ;  
The days of gore are hardly o'er,  
Ere we with fresh engage.

“ Hark ! what is that ? the dreary bell  
So solemnly doth sweep ;  
O'er haugh and fell the doomèd knell  
Resoundeth from the keep.

“ Erewhile 'tis still, eftsones the sound  
Then boometh forth again,  
And striketh awe to all around,  
And teacheth all is vain.

“ My child is dead—a gallant son  
As e'er drew sword or glave ;  
My fair haired gentle boy is gone,  
But he died good and brave.

“ He'll ne'er mount barb, nor couch a lance  
To tilt a match again ;  
Nor lead the chase, or lively dance,  
Whileere with might and main.

“ The barb will neigh in lonely stall,  
The hound will idly rest ;  
The lance and corslet rust in hall,  
The eyas mewe in nest.

“ The gray goshawks from hood and bells,  
And lure and jesses free,  
May stoop and strike just as they like,  
What are they now to me ?

“ What’s the chase now, what falconrie ?  
What song, or rondelaye ?  
What spinning wheel, or tapestrie ?  
Farewell, farewell, for aye !

“ The autumn gales will blow and roar  
O’er widowed cot and keep,  
And biting winds will frostily  
O’er the blanched stubbles sweep.

“Sered leaves are showered on meadow green,  
And strewn thick all around;  
The hoar frost keen in gem-like sheen,  
O’ermanteleth the ground.

“The lamp of Heaven burns dim and dead,  
Mist settles on the hill;  
Night creeps on day with gloomy tread,  
The moaning wind’s ne’er still.

“How like my heart is that pale moon,  
Just as my feelings blight;  
How like my doom the chilling gloom,  
When hope’s o’ercast as night.

“How bootless is each cherished hope  
In life’s e’er ebbing stream,  
As with the tide we waning glide,  
Beguiled as in a dream.

D

“ Ofttimes we think ’twixt hope and fear,  
That brighter hours may shine,  
As a sun gleam in winter drear,  
And joy and warmth combine.

“ Yet we must bear our destined lot,  
Whatever it may be ;  
Our duty do—in Peel or cot,  
With zeal religiously.

“ And like the bee extract what’s sweet  
From every flower in sight,  
And garner up what’s good and meet,  
When summer days are bright.

“ For winter time will come at last,  
With frost, and snow, and cold,  
And chill us with its icy blast,  
Perchance ere we are old.



“ So meekly feel—our foes forgive,  
Our hearts with kindness ope,  
And ever think each day we live,  
That ‘ we are saved by hope !’\* ”

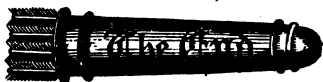
“ The land how blest, when peace and  
rest  
Are felt from year to year ;  
The hearth how joyful, blithe, and  
blest,  
Where war no one doth fear.

“ Still we must trust a rest to find,  
When gathered to our bourne ;  
Where peace will last when life is past,  
And we no more may mourn.

\* Romans, viii. 25.

52 THE NOBLE LAIRD OF THORNYBURNE.

“Have faith in God, e'er trust in Him,  
To guide thy path to Heav'n,  
For peace and joy without alloy  
Are ne'er to mortals giv'n!”



## **Glossary**

of

### **Northumbrian and Ancient Words.**

**Baylefire, Balefire, or Beacon, a fire kindled as an alarm on eminences.**

**Bewepe (Chaucer), to wepe over.**

**Chace, a large enclosed space of ground in the country, where field sports are followed.**

**Eftsones (Chaucer), presently.**

**Eyas, a young hawk.**

**Fell, a high-lying common, or moor.**

**Foray, an invasion.**

**Fray, encounter, chase, foray.**

Glid, Glided, or Glode (Chaucer), imperfect of to glide.

Gryking, daybreak.

Harie, or Harry, to hurry (Chaucer), to forage, plunder, or levy black mail.

Haugh, a low-lying flat ground.

Jesses, silken or leathern bands with which hawks are attached to fist, or mewe bank.

Knowe, a hillock.

Kye, cattle, milch cows, &c.

Laird, a lord of the manor, or lordship; a landed proprietor; a chief of a family, having seignoral rights.

Lure, the calling of hawks to the lure, or decoy.

Mewe, or Mue, when hawks change their feathers or moult.

Penoncells, small flags or bannerolls, on the end of lances.

Plesance (Chaucer), or pleasaunce (Spencer), pleasure.

Prikkers, light horsemen armed with lances. Sometimes called Hobyler.

Raid, an inroad, a violent attack.

Reiver, or mosstrooper, a freebooter.

Shaw, wood.

Sheeling, Shealing, or Shieling, a hut for a shepherd, fisherman, &c.

Sleuth-hound, a blood-hound.

Slogan, a war or rallying cry.

Tryst, trysting-place, mustering place or rendezvous.

Whileere, a little while ago.

Wraith, a spectral appearance seen before or after the death of a person.