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HOBIE NOBLE

a. Caw's Poetical Museum, p. 193. b. 'Hobie Noble,' Percy Papers.

SCOTT'S MINSTRELSY, I, 164, 1802, II, 90, 1833. The source is not mentioned, but was undoubtedly Caw's Museum, though there are variations of text, attributable to the editor. A copy in the Campbell MSS, I, 230, is again from the Museum, with several corrections, two of which are also found in Scott. Caw received the ballad, says Sir Walter, from John Elliot of Reidheugh. b seems to have been sent Percy (with 'Dick o the Cow') by Roger Halt, in 1775.

Hobie Noble, though banished from Bewcastle for his irregularities, will always command the hearty liking of those who live too late to suffer from them, on account of his gallant bearing in the rescue of Jock o the Side. See especially No 187, A, of which Hobie is the hero. All that we know of him is so much as we are told in that ballad and in this. He attached himself, after his expulsion from England, to the laird of Mangerton, who gives him the praise 'Thy coat is blue, thou has been true.'

Sim o the Mains, an Armstrong of the Whithaugh branch (the most important after that of Mangerton), undertakes to betray Hobie to the English land-sergeant. A tryst is set at Kershope-foot, the junction of that stream with the Liddel; and Hobie, who lives a little way up the Liddel, rides eagerly down the water to keep it. He meets five men, who ask him to join them in a raid into England. Hobie dares not go by day; the

land-sergeant is at feud with him on account of a brother's death, in which Hobie must have had a hand, and 'the great earl of Whitfield' has suffered from his depredations;* but he will be their guide if they will wait till night. He takes them to the Foulbogshiel, where they alight, and word is sent by Sim to the land-sergeant at Askerton, his adversary's residence; the land-sergeant orders the men of the neighborhood to meet him at day-break. Hobie has a bad dream, wakes his comrades in alarm, and sets out to guide them across the Waste; but the sergeant's force come before him, and Sim behind; his sword breaks; he is bound with his own bow-string and taken to Carlisle. As he goes up the quarter called the Rickergate, the wives say one to the other, That's the man that loosed Jock o the Side! They offer him bread and beer, and urge him to confess stealing "my lord's" horses; he swears a great oath that he never had beast of my lord's. He is to die the next day, and says his farewell to Mangerton; he would rather be called 'Hobie Noble' and be hanged in Carlisle, than be called 'Traitor Mains' and eat and drink.

Mr R. B. Armstrong informs me that he has found no notice of Hobie Noble except that Hobbe Noble, with eight others, "lived within the Nyxons, near to Bewcastle."

1569. "Lancy Armistrang of Quhithauch obliged him . . . for Sym Armistrang of the Mains and the rest of the Armistrangis of

* The brother is Peter o Whitfield. 'Jock o the Side,' A, begins, 'Peeter a Whifeild he hath slaine, and John a Side he is tane.' 'The great Earl of Whitfield,' 10^s, seemed to Scott a corruption, and he suggested 'the great Ralph' Whitfield; but Surtees gave him information (which has
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not transpired) that led him to think that the reading 'Earl' might be right. Whitfield, in Northumberland, is a few miles southwest of Hexham, and about twenty-five, in a straight line, from Kershope, or the border.

his gang. Syme of the Mains was lodged in Wester Wemys." (Register of the Privy Council of Scotland.)

4. The Mains was a place a very little to the east of Castleton, on the opposite, or north, side of the Liddel. 13–17. Askerton is in the Waste of Bewcastle, "about seventeen miles" northeast of Carlisle. "Willeva and Spear-Edom [otherwise Spade-Adam] are small districts in Bewcastle dale, through which also the Hartlie-burn takes its course. Conscowthart-Green and Rodric-haugh and the Foulbogshiel are the names of places in

the same wilds, through which the Scottish plunderers generally made their raids upon England." (Scott.)

Sim o the Mains fled into England from the resentment of his chief, but was himself executed at Carlisle about two months after Hobie's death. "Such is at least the tradition of Liddesdale," says Scott. This is of course, notwithstanding the precision of the interval of two months, what Lord Bacon calls "an imagination as one would"; an appendage of a later generation, in the interest of poetical justice.

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|---|--|
| <p>1 FOUL fa the breast first treason bred in!
 That Liddisdale may safely say,
 For in it there was baith meat and drink,
 And corn unto our geldings gay.
 Fala la diddle, etc.</p> <p>2 We were stout-hearted men and true,
 As England it did often say;
 But now we may turn our backs and fly,
 Since brave Noble is sold away.</p> <p>3 Now Hobie he was an English man,
 And born into Bewcastle dale,
 But his misdeeds they were sae great,
 They banishd him to Liddisdale.</p> <p>4 At Kershope-foot the tryst was set,
 Kershope of the lily lee;
 And there was traitour Sim o the Mains,
 With him a private companie.</p> <p>5 Then Hobie has graithd his body weel,
 I wat it was wi baith good iron and steel;
 And he has pulld out his fringed grey,
 And there, brave Noble, he rade him weel.</p> <p>6 Then Hobie is down the water gane,
 Een as fast as he may drie;
 Tho they shoud a' brusten and broken their
 hearts,
 Frae that tryst Noble he would not be.</p> <p>7 'Weel may ye be, my feiries five!
 And aye, what is your wills wi me?'
 Then they cryd a' wi ae consent,
 Thou 'rt welcome here, brave Noble, to me.</p> | <p>8 Wilt thou with us in England ride?
 And thy safe-warrant we will be,
 If we get a horse worth a hundred punds,
 Upon his back that thou shalt be.</p> <p>9 'I dare not with you into England ride,
 The land-sergeant has me at feid;
 I know not what evil may betide
 For Peter of Whitfield his brother's
 dead.</p> <p>10 'And Anton Shiel, he loves not me,
 For I gat twa drifts of his sheep;
 The great Earl of Whitfield loves me not,
 For nae gear frae me he eer coud
 keep.</p> <p>11 'But will ye stay till the day gae down,
 Until the night come oer the grund,
 And I'll be a guide worth ony twa
 That may in Liddisdale be fund.</p> <p>12 'Tho dark the night as pick and tar,
 I'll guide ye oer yon hills fu hie,
 And bring ye a' in safety back,
 If you 'll be true and follow me.'</p> <p>13 He's guided them oer moss and muir,
 Oer hill and houp, and mony ae down,
 Til they came to the Foulbogshiel,
 And there brave Noble he lighted down.</p> <p>14 Then word is gane to the land-sergeant,
 In Askirton where that he lay:
 'The deer that ye hae hunted lang
 Is seen into the Waste this day.'</p> |
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- 15 'Then Hobie Noble is that deer;
 I wat he carries the style fu hie!
 Aft has he beat your slough-hounds back,
 And set yourselves at little ee.
- 16 'Gar warn the bows of Hartlie-burn,
 See they shaft their arrows on the wa!
 Warn Willeva and Spear Edom,
 And see the morn they meet me a'.
- 17 'Gar meet me on the Rodrie-haugh,
 And see it be by break o day;
 And we will on to Conscowthart Green,
 For there, I think, w'll get our prey.'
- 18 Then Hobie Noble has dreamd a dream,
 In the Foulbogshiel where that he lay;
 He thought his horse was neath him shot,
 And he himself got hard away.
- 19 The cocks could crow, and the day could dawn,
 And I wat so even down fell the rain;
 If Hobie had no wakend at that time,
 In the Foulbogshiel he had been tane or slain.
- 20 'Get up, get up, my feiries five —
 For I wat here makes a fu ill day —
 And the warst clock of this companie
 I hope shall cross the Waste this day.'
- 21 Now Hobie thought the gates were clear,
 But, ever alas! it was not sae;
 They were beset wi cruel men and keen,
 That away brave Noble could not gae.
- 22 'Yet follow me, my feiries five,
 And see of me ye keep good ray,
 And the worst clock of this companie
 I hope shall cross the Waste this day.'
- 23 There was heaps of men now Hobie before,
 And other heaps was him behind,
 That had he been as wight as Wallace was
 Away brave Noble he could not win.
- 24 Then Hobie he had but a laddies sword,
 But he did more than a laddies deed;
 In the midst of Conscowthart Green,
 He brake it oer Jers a Wigham's head.
- 25 Now they have tane brave Hobie Noble,
 Wi his ain bowstring they band him sae;
 And I wat his heart was neer sae sair
 As when his ain five band him on the brae.
- 26 They have tane him [on] for West Carlisle;
 They askd him if he knew the way;
 Whateer he thought, yet little he said;
 He knew the way as well as they.
- 27 They hae tane him up the Ricker-gate;
 The wives they cast their windows wide,
 And ilka wife to anither can say,
 That's the man loosd Jock o the Side!
- 28 'Fy on ye, women! why ca ye me man?
 For it's nae man that I'm usd like;
 I'm but like a forfoughen hound,
 Has been fighting in a dirty syke.'
- 29 Then they hae tane him up thro Carlisle town,
 And set him by the chimney-fire;
 They gave brave Noble a wheat loaf to eat,
 And that was little his desire.
- 30 Then they gave him a wheat loaf to eat
 And after that a can o beer;
 Then they cried a', wi ae consent,
 Eat, brave Noble, and make good cheer!
- 31 Confess my lord's horse, Hobie, they say,
 And the morn in Carlisle thou's no die;
 'How shall I confess them?' Hobie says,
 'For I never saw them with mine eye.'
- 32 Then Hobie has sworn a fu great aith,
 By the day that he was gotten or born,
 He never had onything o my lord's
 That either eat him grass or corn.
- 33 'Now fare thee weel, sweet Mangerton!
 For I think again I'll neer thee see;
 I wad betray nae lad alive,
 For a' the goud in Christentie.
- 34 'And fare thee well now, Liddisdale,
 Baith the hie land and the law!
 Keep ye weel frae traitor Mains!
 For goud and gear he'll sell ye a'.
- 35 'I'd rather be ca'd Hobie Noble,
 In Carlisle, where he suffers for his faut,
 Before I were ca'd traitor Mains,
 That eats and drinks of meal and maut.'

- a. 9^a. brother is dead : *cf.* b. (Dead is death.)
 10². For twa drifts of his sheep I gat: *corrected in Scott and in the Campbell MS.*
 15⁴. lee, b lye: *corrected to fee in Campbell MS.* (ee = awe.)
 16². shaft *is corrected to sharp in Scott and the Campbell MS.*
 24⁴. Jersawigham's : *cf.* b.
- b. *There is a burden after the first, second, and fourth line, variously given ; as, Fa (La, Ta) la didle, Ta la la didle, etc., after the first and second ; Fala didle, lal didle, Tal didle, tal diddle, after the fourth.*
 2^{1,2} *wanting.* 2^{3,4}. 1^{5,6} *in the MS.*
 2⁸. flee. 2⁴. he is. 3¹. Then for Now.
 5². both with. 5³. out a.
 6³. If they should all have bursen.
 6⁴. From. 7⁴. here *wanting.* 8¹. Will.
 8². we shall. 8³. pound. 8⁴. shall.
 9¹. in. 9⁴. brother's dead (*death*).
 10². For twa drifts of his sheep I gott.
 10³. not me. 10⁴. me that he can keep.
 11³. worth other three. 11⁴ *wanting.*
- 12^{1,2} *written as 11⁴*: The pick and tar was never so dark but I'le guide you over yon hillies high.
 12^{3,4} *wanting.* 15¹. he was that. 15³. slooth.
 15⁴. little lye. 16². shaft. 16³. Gar warn.
 17¹. me the morn.
 17². see that it be by the.
 17³. Corscowthart. 17⁴. ow? 18³. beneath.
 19¹. cra : da. 19³. not. 19⁴. either tane.
 21¹. But H. : gates they had been. 21³. set.
 21⁴. Noble he.
 23¹. lumps *for* heaps (heaps *in* 23²).
 24³. Corscothart. 24⁴. Jers a wighams.
 25¹. They have tane now H. N.
 25². bow-strings.
 25³. his heart was never so wae.
 26¹. on for. 27². cuist. 27³. Then every.
 27⁴. John of. 28³. for fouchald.
 29³. brave *wanting*: for to. 30¹ *wanting.*
 32³. had nothing. 33¹. now *for* sweet.
 33⁴. Crisenty. 34³. And keep.
 35¹. cald now.
 35⁴. That eat and drank him a of.

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JAMIE TELFER OF THE FAIR DODHEAD

Minstrely of the Scottish Border, I, 80, 1802; II, 3, 1833.

SCOTT, by whom this ballad was first published, and to whom alone it seems to be known, gives us no information how he came by it. He says, "There is another ballad, under the same title as the following, in which nearly the same incidents are narrated, with little difference except that the honor of rescuing the cattle is attributed to the Liddesdale Elliots, headed by a chief, there called Martin Elliot of the Preakin Tower, whose son, Simon, is said to have fallen in the action. It is very possible that both the Teviotdale Scotts and the Elliots were engaged in the affair, and that each claimed the honor of the victory." Ed. 1833, II. 3.

Scott has suggested that an article in the list of attempts upon England, fouled by the commissioners at Berwick in the year 1587, may relate to the subject of the ballad.

October, 1582.*

Thomas Musgrave, de- (Walter Scott, Laird) 200 kine and
 puty of Bewcastle, { of Buckluth, and his } oxen, 300 gait
 and the tenants, against { complices; for } and sheep.

Bewcastle, of which Thomas Musgrave at the above date was deputy and captain, was, says Percy, a great rendezvous of thieves and moss-troopers down to the last century. "It

* Nicolson and Burn, History of Westmorland and Cumberland, p. xxxi.

is handed down by report," he remarks, "that there was formerly an Order of Council that no inhabitant of Bewcastle should be returned on a jury." That the deputy of the warden, an officer of the peace, should be exhibited as making a raid, not in the way of retaliation, but simply for plunder, is too much out of rule even for Bewcastle, and does not speak favorably for the antiquity of the ballad.

Taking the story as it stands, the Captain of Bewcastle, who is looking for a prey, is taken by a guide to the Fair Dodhead, which he pillages of kye and everything valuable. Jamie Telfer, whose threat of revenge the Captain treats with derision, runs ten miles afoot to the Elliots of Stobs Hall, to whom he says he has paid mail, st. 11, and asks help. Gib Elliot denies the mail, and tells him to go to the Scotts at Branksome where he has paid it. Telfer keeps on to Coultart Cleugh, and there makes his case known to a brother-in-law, who gives him a mount "to take the fray" to Catslockhill. There William's Wat, who had often eaten of the Dodhead basket, gives him his company and that of two sons, and they take the fray to Branksome. Buccleuch collects a body of men of his name, and sends them out under the command of Willie Scott, who overtakes the marauders, and asks the Captain if he will let Telfer's kye go back. This he will not do for love or for fear. The Scotts set on them; Willie is killed, but two and thirty of the raiders' saddles are emptied, and the Captain is badly wounded and made prisoner. Nor is that all, for the Scotts ride to the Captain's house and loose his cattle, and when they come to the Fair Dodhead, for ten milk kye Jamie Telfer has three and thirty.

Walter Scott of Harden and Walter Scott of Goldielands, and, according to Scott of

Satchells, Scott of Commonsides, st. 26, were engaged with Buccleuch in the rescue of Kinmont Willie. So was Will Elliot of Gorrombye, st. 27⁴.

The ballad was retouched for the Border Minstrelsy, nobody can say how much. The 36th stanza is in Hardyknute style. St. 12 is not only found elsewhere (cf. 'Young Beichan,' E 6), but could not be more inappropriately brought in than here; Scott, however, is not responsible for that.

Scott makes the following notes on the localities:

2. Hardhaughswire is the pass from Liddesdale to the head of Teviotdale. Borthwick water is a stream which falls into the Teviot three miles above Hawick. 3. The Dodhead was in Selkirkshire, near Singlee, where there are still the vestiges of an old tower. 7. Stobs Hall: upon Slitterick. 10. Branksome Ha, the ancient family-seat of the lairds of Buccleuch, near Hawick. 13. The Coultart Cleugh is nearly opposite to Carlinrig, on the road between Hawick and Moss-paul. 26. The estates mentioned in this verse belonged to families of the name of Scott residing upon the waters of Borthwick and Teviot, near the castle of their chief. 27. The pursuers seem to have taken the road through the hills of Liddesdale in order to collect forces and intercept the forayers at the passage of the Liddel on their return to Bewcastle. 29. The Frostylee is a brook which joins the Teviot near Moss-paul. 33, 38. The Ritterford and Kershopeford are noted fords on the river Liddel. 36. The Dinlay is a mountain in Liddesdale. 44. Stanegirthside: a house belonging to the Forsters, situated on the English side of the Liddel.

1 Ir fell about the Martinmas tyde,
Whan our Border steeds get corn and hay,
The Captain of Bewcastle hath bound him to
ryde,
And he 's ower to Tividale to drive a prey.

2 The first ae guide that they met wi,
It was high up in Hardhaughswire;
The second guide that they met wi,
It was laigh down in Borthwick water.

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- 3 'What tidings, what tidings, my trusty guide?'
 'Nae tidings, nae tidings, I hae to thee;
 But gin ye 'll gae to the Fair Dodhead,
 Mony a cow's cauf I 'll let thee see.'
- 4 And when they cam to the Fair Dodhead,
 Right hastily they clam the peel;
 They loosed the kye out, ane and a',
 And ranshakled the house right weel.
- 5 Now Jamie Telfer's heart was sair,
 The tear aye rowing in his ee;
 He pled wi the Captain to hae his gear,
 Or else revenged he wad be.
- 6 The Captain turned him round and leugh;
 Said, Man, there 's naething in thy house
 But ae auld sword without a sheath,
 That hardly now wad fell a mouse.
- 7 The sun was na up, but the moon was down,
 It was the gryming of a new-fa'n snaw;
 Jamie Telfer has run ten myles a-foot,
 Between the Dodhead and the Stobs's Ha.
- 8 And when he cam to the fair tower-yate,
 He shouted loud, and cried weel hie,
 Till out bespak auld Gibby Elliot,
 'Whae 's this that brings the fray to me?'
- 9 'It 's I, Jamie Telfer o the Fair Dodhead,
 And a harried man I think I be;
 There 's naething left at the Fair Dodhead
 But a waefu wife and bairnies three.'
- 10 'Gae seek your succour at Branksome Ha,
 For succour ye 'se get nane frae me;
 Gae seek your succour where ye paid black-
 mail,
 For, man, ye neer paid money to me.'
- 11 Jamie has turned him round about,
 I wat the tear blinded his ee:
 'I 'll neer pay mail to Elliot again,
 And the Fair Dodhead I 'll never see.
- 12 'My hounds may a' rin masterless,
 My hawks may fly frae tree to tree,
 My lord may grip my vassal-lands,
 For there again maun I never be!'
- 13 He has turned him to the Tiviot-side,
 Een as fast as he could drie,
 Till he cam to the Coultart Cleugh,
 And there he shouted baith loud and hie.
- 14 Then up bespak him auld Jock Grieve:
 'Whae 's this that brings the fray to me?'
 'It 's I, Jamie Telfer o the Fair Dodhead,
 A harried man I trew I be.
- 15 'There 's naething left in the Fair Dodhead
 But a greeting wife and bairnies three,
 And sax poor ca's stand in the sta,
 A' routing loud for their minnie.'
- 16 'Alack a wae!' quo auld Jock Grieve,
 'Alack, my heart is sair for thee!
 For I was married on the elder sister,
 And you on the youngest of a' the three.'
- 17 Then he has taen out a bonny black,
 Was right weel fed wi corn and hay,
 And he 's set Jamie Telfer on his back,
 To the Catslockhill to tak the fray.
- 18 And whan he cam to the Catslockhill,
 He shouted loud and cried weel hie,
 Till out and spak him William's Wat,
 'O whae 's this brings the fray to me?'
- 19 'It 's I, Jamie Telfer o the Fair Dodhead,
 A harried man I think I be;
 The Captain o Bewcastle has driven my
 gear;
 For God's sake, rise and succour me!'
- 20 'Alas for wae!' quo William's Wat,
 'Alack, for thee my heart is sair!
 I never cam bye the Fair Dodhead
 That ever I fand thy basket bare.'
- 21 He 's set his twa sons on coal-black steeds,
 Himsel upon a freckled gray,
 And they are on wi Jamie Telfer,
 To Branksome Ha to tak the fray.
- 22 And when they cam to Branksome Ha,
 They shouted a' baith loud and hie,
 Till up and spak him auld Buccleuch,
 Said, Whae 's this brings the fray to me?'
- 23 'It 's I, Jamie Telfer o the Fair Dodhead,
 And a harried man I think I be;
 There 's nought left in the Fair Dodhead
 But a greeting wife and bairnies three.'

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- 24 'Alack for wae!' quo the gude auld lord,
 'And ever my heart is wae for thee!
 But fye, gar cry on Willie, my son,
 And see that he cum to me speedilie.
- 25 'Gar warn the water, braid and wide!
 Gar warn it sune and hastilie!
 They that winna ride for Telfer's kye,
 Let them never look in the face o me!
- 26 'Warn Wat o Harden and his sons,
 Wi them will Borthwick wāter ride;
 Warn Gaudilands, and Allanhaugh,
 And Gilmanscleugh, and Commonsie.
- 27 'Ride by the gate at Priestthaughswire,
 And warn the Currors o the Lee;
 As ye cum down the Hermitage Slack,
 Warn doughty Willie o Gorrinberry.'
- 28 The Scotts they rade, the Scotts they ran,
 Sae starkly and sae steadilie,
 And aye the ower-word o the thrang
 Was, Rise for Branksome readilie!
- 29 The gear was driven the Frostylee up,
 Frae the Frostylee unto the plain,
 Whan Willie has lookd his men before,
 And saw the kye right fast driving.
- 30 'Whae drives thir kye,' can Willie say,
 'To make an outspeckle o me?'
 'It's I, the Captain o Bewcastle, Willie;
 I winna layne my name for thee.'
- 31 'O will ye let Telfer's kye gae back?
 Or will ye do aught for regard o me?
 Or, by the faith of my body,' quo Willie Scott,
 'I'se ware my dame's cauf's skin on thee.'
- 32 'I winna let the kye gae back,
 Neither for thy love nor yet thy fear;
 But I will drive Jamie Telfer's kye
 In spite of every Scott that's here.'
- 33 'Set on them, lads!' quo Willie than;
 'Fye, lads, set on them cruellie!
 For ere they win to the Ritterford,
 Mony a toom saddle there sall be!'
- 34 Then till 't they gaed, wi heart and hand;
 The blows fell thick as bickering hail;
- And mony a horse ran masterless,
 And mony a comely cheek was pale.
- 35 But Willie was stricken ower the head,
 And through the knapscap the sword has
 gane;
 And Harden grat for very rage,
 Whan Willie on the grund lay slane.
- 36 But he's taen aff his gude steel cap,
 And thrice he's waved it in the air;
 The Dinlay snaw was neer mair white
 Nor the lyart locks of Harden's hair.
- 37 'Revenge! revenge!' auld Wat can cry;
 'Fye, lads, lay on them cruellie!
 We'll neer see Tiviot side again,
 Or Willie's death revenged sall be.'
- 38 O mony a horse ran masterless,
 The splintered lances flew on hie;
 But or they wan to the Kershope ford,
 The Scotts had gotten the victory.
- 39 John o Brigham there was slane,
 And John o Barlow, as I hear say,
 And thirty mae o the Captain's men
 Lay bleeding on the grund that day.
- 40 The Captain was run through the thick of the
 thigh,
 And broken was his right leg-bane;
 If he had lived this hundred years,
 He had never been loved by woman again.
- 41 'Hae back the kye!' the Captain said;
 'Dear kye, I trow, to some they be;
 For gin I suld live a hundred years
 There will neer fair lady smile on me.'
- 42 Then word is gane to the Captain's bride,
 Even in the bower where that she lay,
 That her lord was prisoner in enemy's land,
 Since into Tividale he had led the way.
- 43 'I wad loured have had a winding-sheet,
 And helped to put it ower his head,
 Ere he had been disgraced by the border Scot,
 Whan he ower Liddel his men did lead!'
- 44 There was a wild gallant amang us a',
 His name was Watty wi the Wudspurs,

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>Cried, On for his house in Stanegirthside,
 If ony man will ride with us !</p> <p>45 When they cam to the Stanegirthside,
 They dang wi trees and burst the door ;
 They loosed out a' the Captain's kye,
 And set them forth our lads before.</p> <p>46 There was an auld wyfe ayont the fire,
 A wee bit o the Captain's kin :
 ' Whae dar loose out the Captain's kye,
 Or answer to him and his men ?'</p> <p>47 ' It 's I, Watty Wudspurs, loose the kye,
 I winna layne my name frae thee ;</p> | <p>And I will loose out the Captain's kye
 In scorn of a' his men and he.'</p> <p>48 Whan they cam to the Fair Dodhead,
 They were a wellcum sight to see,
 For instead of his ain ten milk-kye,
 Jamie Telfer has gotten thirty and three.</p> <p>49 And he has paid the rescue-shot,
 Baith wi gowd and white monie,
 And at the burial o Willie Scott
 I wat waş mony a weeping ee.</p> |
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28¹, 32⁴, 38⁴. Scots, Scot. *In the last edition*,
 Scotts, Scott.
 29⁴. drivand *in the later edition*.
 31⁴. cauf *in the later edition*.
 37¹. gan *in the later edition*.

40. "The Editor has used some freedom with
 the original. The account of the Captain's
 disaster (teste læva vulnerata) is rather too
 naive for literal publication."

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HUGHIE GRAME

- | | |
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| <p>A. 'The Life and Death of Sir Hugh of the Grime.'
 a. Roxburghe Ballads, II, 294. b. Douce Ballads,
 II, 204 b. c. Rawlinson Ballads, 566, fol. 9. d.
 Pills to purge Melancholy, VI, 289, 17. e. Rox-
 burghe Ballads, III, 344.</p> <p>B. 'Hughie Graham,' Johnson's Museum, No 303, p.
 312; Cromek, Reliques of Robert Burns, 4th ed.,
 1817, p. 287; Cromek, Select Scottish Songs, 1810,
 II, 151.</p> <p>C. 'Hughie the Græme,' Scott's Minstrelsy, 1803, III,
 85; 1833, III, 107.</p> | <p>D. 'Sir Hugh in the Grime's Downfall,' Roxburghe
 Ballads, III, 456, edited by J. F. Ebsworth for The
 Ballad Society, VI, 598.</p> <p>E. 'Sir Hugh the Græme,' Buchan's MSS, I, 53 ;
 Dixon, Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient
 Ballads, p. 73, Percy Society, vol. xvii.</p> <p>F. Macmath MS., p. 79, two stanzas.</p> <p>G. 'Hughie Grame,' Harris MS., fol. 27 b, one stanza.</p> |
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THERE is a copy of the broadside among the
 Pepys ballads, II, 148, No 130, printed, like
 a, b, c, for P. Brooksby, with the variation,
 "at the Golden Ball, near the Bear Tavern,
 in Pye Corner." The ballad was given in
 Ritson's Ancient Songs, 1790, p. 192, from

A a, collated with another copy "in the hands
 of John Baynes, Esq." In a note, p. 332,
 Ritson says: "In the editor's collection is a
 somewhat different ballad upon the same
 subject, intitled 'Sir Hugh in the Grimes
 downfall, or a new song made on Sir Hugh

in the Grime, who was hangd for stealing the Bishop's mare.' It begins, 'Good Lord John is a hunting gone.'" This last was evidently the late and corrupt copy D. Of C Scott says: "The present edition was procured for me by my friend Mr W. Laidlaw, in Blackhouse, and has been long current in Selkirkshire. Mr Ritson's copy has occasionally been resorted to for better readings." B is partially rewritten by Cunningham, *Songs of Scotland*, I, 327. The copy in R. H. Evans's *Old Ballads*, 1810, I, 367, is A; that in *The Ballads and Songs of Ayrshire*, First Series, p. 47, is of course B; Aytoun, ed. of 1859, II, 128, reprints C; Maidment, 1868, II, 140, A, II, 145, C.

"According to tradition," says Stenhouse, "Robert Aldridge, Bishop of Carlisle, about the year 1560, seduced the wife of Hugh Graham, one of those bold and predatory chiefs who so long inhabited what was called the debateable land on the English and Scottish border. Graham, being unable to bring so powerful a prelate to justice, in revenge made an excursion into Cumberland, and carried off, *inter alia*, a fine mare belonging to the bishop; but being closely pursued by Sir John Scroope, warden of Carlisle, with a party on horseback, was apprehended near Solway Moss, and carried to Carlisle, where he was tried and convicted of felony. Great intercessions were made to save his life, but the bishop, it is said, being determined to remove the chief obstacle to his guilty passions, remained inexorable, and poor Graham fell a victim to his own indiscretion and his wife's infidelity. Anthony Wood observes that there were many changes in this prelate's time, both in church and state, but that he retained his office and preferments during them all." *Musical Museum*, 1853, IV, 297.

The pretended tradition is plainly extracted from the ballad, the bishop's name and the date being supplied from without. The *inter alia* is introduced, and the mare qualified as a fine one, to mitigate the ridiculousness of making Hugh Graham steal a mare to retaliate the wrong done him by the bishop. As Allan Cunningham remarks, "tradition, in all the varieties of her legends, never invented such an unnecessary and superfluous reason as this. By habit and by nature thieves, the Græmes never waited for anything like a pretence to steal." In passing, it may be observed that Hugh is quite arbitrarily elevated to the rank of a predatory chief.

Scott suggested in 1803, *Minstrelsy*, I, 86 f., that Hugh Graham may have been one of more than four hundred borderers against whom complaints were exhibited to the lord bishop of Carlisle for incursions, murders, burnings, mutilations, and spoils committed by the English of Cumberland and Westmoreland upon Scots "presently after the queen's departure;" that is, after Mary Stuart's going to France, which was in 1548. Nearly a third of the names given in a partial list are Grames, but there is no Hugh among them.* The bishop of Carlisle at the time was Robert Aldridge, who held the see from 1537 till his death in 1555.† Lord Scroope (Screw) is the English warden of the West Marches in A, C, D. A Lord Scroope had that office in 1542, but Lord Wharton, Lord Dacre, and others during the last years of Bishop Aldridge's life, say from 1548 to 1555. Henry Lord Scroope of Bolton was appointed to the place in 1563, retained it thirty years, and was succeeded by his son, Thomas.‡ Considering how long the Scroopes held the wardenship, and that the ballad is not so old as the middle of the sixteenth century, the fact that

* I do not know whether the document cited is extant or accessible, or whether it was examined by Mr T. J. Carlyle for his paper on the Debateable Land; he mentions no Hugh Grame, p. 13 f.

Though Grames are numerous (in 1592 they were considered the greatest surname on the west border of England, R. B. Armstrong), I have found only one Hugh out of the ballad. Hugh's Francie, that is Hugh's son Francie, is in the list of the Grames transported to Ireland in 1607.

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Nicolson and Burn, *History of Westmorland and Cumberland*, I, cxx.

† Nicolson and Burn, I, lxxxii, II, 279 f. As for Bishop Aldridge's character, his being a trimmer does not make him a "limmer." Ecclesiastics are not infrequently accused in ballads, but no man is to lose his reputation without better evidence than that.

‡ Nicolson and Burn, I, x, xiii, xcii.

Page 9. I have received, too late for present use, three traditional copies of 'Hughie Grame' from Abbotsford, two of which are varieties of B, the third the original of C. C 2-5, 16, were taken from Ritson, not without changes. One of the varieties of B has E 15 in a form very near to No 169, B b, c.

a Lord Scroope was not warden in the precise year when the complaints were addressed to the bishop of Carlisle would be of no consequence if Scott's conjecture were well supported.

The story is the same in A–D, and in E also till we near the end, though there are variations in the names. The scene is at Carlisle in A, C, D; at Stirling in B, E. Lord Home, who appears as intercessor for Hugh Graham in C, exercises the authority of the Scottish warden and arrests Hugh in E. Lord Home was warden of the *east* marches of Scotland from 1550, and I know not how much earlier, to 1564. The Lord Boles of A may possibly represent Sir Robert Bowes, who was warden of the *east* marches of England in 1550 and earlier. The Whitefoords of B are adopted into the ballad from the region in which that version circulated, they being “an ancient family in Renfrewshire and Lanarkshire, and latterly in Ayrshire.”*

The high jump which Hugh makes in A

18, C 12, D 4 (fourteen, or even eighteen, feet, with his hands tied on his back), is presumably an effort at escape, though, for all that is said, it might be a leap in the air. In E 16–19, the prisoner jumps an eighteen-foot wall (tied as before), is defended by four brothers against ten pursuers, and sent over sea: which is certainly a modern perversion.

A is strangely corrupted in several places, 2², 11⁴, 13². Screw is plainly for Scroope. Garland, sometimes printed Garland, is an obscuration of Cárliste. The extravagance in 16³, it is to be hoped, is a corruption also. Stanzas 3, 8 of B are obviously, as Cromek says, the work of Burns, and the same is true of 10^{3,4}. But Burns has left some nonsense in 11, 12: ‘my sword that’s bent in the middle clear,’ ‘my sword that’s bent in the middle brown.’ We have more of this meaningless phraseology in E 10, 11, 12, where swords are pointed ‘wi the metal clear,’ ‘brown,’ ‘fine.’ Stanza 15 of E is borrowed from ‘Johnie Armstrong.’

A

a. Roxburghe Ballads, II, 294. b. Douce Ballads, II, 204 b. c. Rawlinson Ballads, 566, fol. 9. All printed for P. Brooksby: 1672–95(?). d. Pills to purge Melancholy, VI, 289, 17. e. Roxburghe Ballads, III, 344.

- 1 As it befell upon one time,
About mid-summer of the year,
Every man was taxt of his crime,
For stealing the good Lord Bishop's mare.
- 2 The good Lord Screw he saddled a horse,
And rid after this same scime;
Before he did get over the moss,
There was he aware of Sir Hugh of the
Grime.
- 3 ‘Turn, O turn, thou false traytor,
Turn, and yield thyself unto me;
Thou hast stolen the Lord Bishops mare,
And now thou thinkest away to flee.’
- 4 ‘No, soft, Lord Screw, that may not be!
Here is a broad sword by my side,

And if that thou canst conquer me,
The victory will soon be try'd.’

- 5 ‘I ner was afraid of a traytor bold,
Although thy name be Hugh in the Grime;
I’le make thee repent thy speeches foul,
If day and life but give me time.’
- 6 ‘Then do thy worst, good Lord Screw,
And deal your blows as fast as you can;
It will be try'd between me and you
Which of us two shall be the best man.’
- 7 Thus as they dealt their blows so free,
And both so bloody at that time,
Over the moss ten yeomen they see,
Come for to take Sir Hugh in the Grime.
- 8 Sir Hugh set his back against a tree,
And then the men encompass him round;
His mickle sword from his hand did flee,
And then they brought Sir Hugh to the
ground.

* Ballads and Songs of Ayrshire, 1st Series, p. 50.