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Text type: Verse, ballad

Date of print: 1630

Editions: Unknown

Source text:

Anon. 1630. *A True Relation of the Life and Death of Sir Andrew Barton*. London: Printed for E.W. <<http://eebo.chadwyck.com/>>.

e-text:

Access and transcription: February 2006

Number of words: 1721

Dialect represented: Northern/Scots

Produced by Javier Ruano-García

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Anonymous

*A True Relation of the Life and Death of Sir
Andrew Barton (1630)*

To the tune of, *Come follow me Lone*.

When Flora with her fragrant flowers,
bedeckt the earth so trim and gay,
And Neptune with his dainty showers,
came to present the month of May:
king Henry would a progresse ride,
over the River Thames past he,
Unto a Mountaines toy also,
did walke some pleasure for to see.

Where forty Merchants he espied,
with swiftest saile came towards him,
Who then no sooner were arived,
but on their knees did thus complaine:
And't like your Grace, we cannot saile,

to France no voyage to be sure.
But Sir Andrew Barton makes us quaile,
and robs us of our Merchants ware.

Wert was the King, and thurned him,
said to his Lords of best degree,
Have I nere a Lord in all my Realme,
dare fetch that Traitor unto me:
To him repli'd Lord Charles Howard,
I will my Liege with heart and hand
If it please you grant me leave, be said,
I will performe what you command.

To him then spake King Henry,
I feare my Lord you are too young:
No whit at all my Liege, quoth he,
I hope to proove in valour strong:
The Scottish Knight I vow to seeke,
in place wheresoever that he be,
And bring on shore with all his might,
or into Scot and shall carry me.

A hundred men the King the said
out of my Realms shall chosen be,
Besides Saylor, and Ship-boys,
to guide a great Ship on the Sea.
Bow-men and Gunners of good skill
shall for this service chosen be,
And they at thy command and will,
in all affaires shall waite on thee.

Lord Howards cald a Gunner then
who was the best of all the Realme,
his age was threescore yeares and ten,
one Peter Simon was his name.
My Lord cald then a Bow-man rare,
whose active hands had gained fame,
A Gentleman borne in Yorkeshire
and William Horsly was his name.

Horsly, quoth he, I must to sea,
to seeke a Traytor with great speed.
Of an hundred bow-men brave, quoth he,
I have chosen thee to be my head:
If you my Lord have chosen me,

of an hundred men to be the head,
Upon maine Mast Ile hanged be,
if twelve score I misse on shilling breadth.

Lord Howard then of courage bold,
went to the sea with pleasant cheere,
Not curb'd with winters piercing cold,
though it was the stormy time of the year
Not long he had beene on the seas,
no more then dayes in number three,
Till one Henry Hunt he then espied,
a Merchant of New-castle was he.

To him Lord Howard cald out amaine,
and strictly charged him to stand,
Demanding then from whence he came,
where he did intend to land,
The Merchant then made answer seene
with heavy heart and carefull minde:
My Lord, my ship it doth belong
unto New-Castle upon Tine.

Canst thou me shew, the Lord did say,
as thou didst sayle by day and might,
A Scottish Rover who lyes on Sea,
his name is Sir Andrew Barton knight
Then to him the Merchant said, and sigh'd
with a griev'd mind and a wellaway,
But over well I know that wight,
for I was his prisoner but yesterstay.

As I my Lord did passe from France
A Burdeaux voyage to take so far,
I met Sir Andrew Barton thence,
who rob'd me of my Merchants ware,
Ans mickle debts (God knowes) I owe,
and every man did crave his owne,
And I am bound to London now,
of our gracious King to beg a boone.

The second part, To the same tune.

Shew me him said Lord Howard then,
let me but once that villaine see,
And for one penny he hath from thee tane,

Ile double the same with shillings three
Now (God forbid) my Lord, quoth he,
I feare your ayme that you wil misse,
God blesse you from his tyranny
for you little know what man he is.

He is brasse within and steele without,
his ship most huge and very strong:
With eighteene pieces strong and stout,
he carieth on each side along:
With beame from her Top-castle,
as also being huge and high,
That neither English nor Portugall,
can sir Andrew Barton passe by,

Hard news thou shewest, then said my Lord
to welcome strangers to the Sea,
But as I said Ile bring him aboard,
or into Scotland he shall carry me:
The Merchant said, if you will do so,
take counsell then I pay withall,
Let no man to his topcastle goe,
nor strive to let his beames downe fall.

Lend me seven pieces of Ordinance then,
of either side my ship quoth he,
And tomorrow my Lord twixt sixe and seven
againe I will your honour see:
A glasse Ile set that may be seene
whether you saile by day or night:
And to morrow surely before seven
you shal see Sir Andrew Barton knight.

The Merchant set my Lord a glasse,
so well apparant to his sight,
Then on the morrow, as his promise was
he saw Sir Andrew Barton knight,
The Lord then swore a mighty oath,
now by the heavens that be of might,
By faith believe me and by truth,
I thinke he is a worthy weight.

Fetch me my Lyon out of hand
saith the lord, with Rose a Streamers hye,
Set up withall a Willow wand,

that Merchant like I may passe by.
Thus bravely Lord Howard past,
and did on Anchor rode so high,
No top-ale downe at all he cast,
but as his foe did him defie.

A piece of Ordinance soome was shot
by this proud Pirate fiercely then,
Into Lord Howard Pirate fiercely then,
Into Lord Howards middle Deck,
which cruell shot killed fourteen men,
He called then Peter Simon he
looke now thy word do stand in stead,
For thou shalt be hanged on maine Mast,
if thou misse twelve score one penny bred.

Then Peter Simon gave a shot,
which did Sir Andrew mickle scarre,
In at his Decke it came so hot,
kill'd fifty of his men of war.
Alas, then said the Pirate stout,
I am in danger now I see,
This is some Lord I greatly doubt,
that's now set on to conquer me.

Then Henry Hunt with rig [?]hot,
came bravely on his other side,
who likewise shot in at his decke,
and kiled five of his men beside,
Then out alas, Sir Andrew cri'd,
what may a man thinke or say,
Yon Merchant theefe that pierceth me,
he was my prisoner but yesterday.

Then did he on one Gordian call,
unto Top-castle for to goe,
And bid his beames he should let fall,
for I greatly feare an overthrow.
The Lord cald Horsly then in hast,
looke that thy word stand now in stead,
For thou shalt be hanged on maine Mast,
if thou misse twelve score a finger bred.

Then up Mast tree then swarmed he,
this stout and might Gordian,

Bit Horlsy he most happily,
shot him under the collar bone:
Then called he of his Nephew then,
saith sisters sonnes I have no moe,
Three hundred pounds Ile give to thee,
if thou wilt to top castle goe.

Then stoutly he began to climbe,
and from the Mast scornd to depart,
But Horsly soone prevented him,
and deadly pierc'd him to the heart
His men being slaine then up amaine,
did this stout Pirat climbe with speed,
For armour of proof[?]e he had put on,
and did not dint of Arrow dread.

Come hither Horsly then said the Lord,
see that thy arrow [?]yme aright:
Great meanes to thee I will afford
and if thou speed Ile make thee Knight,
Sir Andrew he did climbe up the tree
with right good will and all his maine
Then upon the brest hit Horsly he,
till the arrow did returne againe.

Then Horsly spied a privie place,
with a perfect eye in a secret part,
His arrow swiftly flew apace,
and smote sir Andrew to the heart,
Fight on, fight on my merry men all,
a little I am hurt yet not slaine,
Ile but lie downe and bleed a while,
and come and fight with you againe.

And do not, saith he, feare English Rogues
and of your Foes stand in no awe,
But stand fast by S. Andrewes crosse,
untill you heare my whistle blow,
They never heard his whistle blow,
which made them all full sore afraid:
Then Horsly said, my Loard aboard,
for now Sir Andrew Bartons dead.

Then boarded they that gallant ship,
with a right good will and al their mains

Eighteene score Scots alive in it,
besides as muny moe were slaine,
The Lord went where Sir Andrew lay,
and quickly then cut off his head:
I would forswear England many a day,
if thou wert alive as thou art dead.

Thus from the wars Lord Howard came,
with mickle joy, and triumphing,
The Pirates head he brought along,
for to present unto the King:
Who briefly then to him did say,
before he knew well what was done,
Where is the knight and Pirate gay,
What I my selfe may be his doome.

You may thanke God, then said the Lord
and foure men in this ship with me,
That we are safely come to shore,
sith you never had such an enemy,
That's Henry hunt and Peter Simon,
William Horsly and Peter's sonne:
Therefore reward them for their paine,
for they did service at their turne.

To the Merchant then the King did say,
in lieu of what he had from thee taine,
I give to thee a Noble a day,
sit Andrewes whistle and his Chaine,
To Peter Simon a Crowne a day,
and halfe a Crowne a day to Peters son
And that was for a shot so gay,
which bravely brought sir Andrew down.

Horsly I will make thee a knight,
and in yorkshire ther shalt thou dwell;
Lord Howard shal Earle of Bury hight,
for his title he hath deserved well,
Seven shillings to our English men,
who to this fight did stoutly stand,
And 12 pence a day to the Scots, till they
come to my brother King his Land.