

Author: Anonymous (popular)

Text type: Prose and Verse

Date of composition: 1834

Edition: 1834

Source text:

Sharp, Cuthbert. Ed. 1834. *The Bishoprick Garland or a Collection of
Legends, Songs, Ballads, &c. Belonging to the County of Durham*. London:
Nichols, and Baldwin & Cradock .

e-text:

Access and transcription: February 2009

Number of words: 20.850

Dialect represented: Durham

Produced by Pilar Sánchez-García

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SALAMANIINI

Sharp, Cuthbert (ed.)

*The Bishoprick Garland or a Collections of
Legends, Song , Ballads &c. Belonging to the
County of Durham (1834)*

THE
BISHOPRICK GARLAND,

OR A COLLECTION OF

Legends, Songs, Ballads, &c.

BELONGING TO

THE COUNTY OF DURHAM.

[By Sir Cuthbert Sharpe]

“That old and antique song we heard last night,
Methought, it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs, and recollected terms,
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times.”

Twelfth Night.

LONDON:
NICHOLS, AND BALDWIN & CRADOCK.
1834.

PREFACE.

Pour remembrer des ancessours,
Les fez, & les diz, & les mours;
Doit on les livres & les gestes,
Et les estoires lire as festes.

Prologue to Rou des Normand's MS., 7567.

King's Library—Paris.



VERY County has its peculiarities, affected and modified by localities and accidental circumstances. Durham, being a maritime County, it might have been expected (which is not the case) that its traditions and ballads would have been “tinged with the colours of the sea.”

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The Palatine power, which was defined to be in this County equal to the authority of the King of England in the rest of his dominions, has left but few legendary remains; although the banner of St. Cuthbert* frequently waved over the field of battle. The last important occasion on which it was unfurled, was at the “fatal field of Flodden.”

History has preserved the rise and progress of the See; and this Garland has no higher pretensions than to collect a few of those scatter'd traditions, which are fast fading from the memory, and sinking rapidly into oblivion.

Ritson first collected the songs of the Bishoprick together into a “Garland,” which has exhausted several editions. †

A very amusing volume of the “Rhymes of Northern Bards, being a curious collection of old and new Songs and Poems, peculiar to the counties of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Northumberland, and Durham,” was published by Mr. John Bell, jun., ‡ in 1812, which is now out of print.

* Vide “St. Cuthbert,” by the Rev. James Raine, which contains much curious and original information.

† The first edition was published at Stockton, in 1784. A new edition corrected, was printed at Newcastle, in 1792; and a third, in London, in 1809. The title is eminently characteristic: viz.—

“The Bishoprick Garland, or Durham Minstrel, being a choice collection of excellent songs, relating to the above County: full of agreeable variety and pleasant mirth.”

‡ “Then a bookseller on the Quayside, and eminently distinguished for his love of antiquarian pursuits.

And thou, in antiquarian cell,
O'erlooking Tyne's rich tide,
Long may'st thou see
Thy fair bells three,
Play sportful on its tide,
Cherish that generous spark of thine—
Above low thoughts of trade,
And from antiquity's rich mine—
Be all thy toils repaid.

R. S.

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vii.

Ralph Spearman, of Eachwick, Esq., frequently mentioned a latent intention to arrange the recollections of a long life spent in the acquisition of antiquarian and legendary lore; but it is to be lamented, that he has left no work behind him to perpetuate that extensive local knowledge of which he seemed to be the sole depositary.*

The late historian of the County, who attained a high and marked pre-eminence as a scholar and an antiquary, and whose untimely loss is still the subject of painful and universal regret, took a lively and active interest in the progress of this Garland. From his pages, many of the traditions are gleaned, and amongst his other contributions, he gave a ballad, which, from its force and pathos, will be “vocal to the intelligent,” and requires no index. †

* His greatest pleasure was to communicate information, and in a letter to a young antiquary, he writes— “I can truly say with Hawser Trunnion, though my body is infirm, my memory is perfect, and my age enables me to explain what younger men cannot be acquainted with.” And again, Jan. 3, 1823, “my memory does not fail; try me as you like, so shall I be ready, like a faithful witness, to answer questions.” His was the skill—

“To con old deeds, and statutes disembroil.”

And his character has been faithfully sketched in the following lines:—

Dear Ralph of Eachwick, honor'd Lord!
Sound head —true tongue— warm heart,
Of ancient honor, present worth,
The type in every part.
When I forget thee, friendly Ralph,
And all thy storied lore—
Then shall I lose the better half,
Of memory's treasur'd store.

† Amongst his fugitive pieces, which are numerous, and which it is hoped may be collected and given to the public, the following playful extract, to a collector of dates, will not be misplaced here:—

Oft have we mark'd him in the long drawn aisle,
(With tatter'd banners hung, and scutcheons dreary),
Tracing some half-worn name, or gothic rhyme;
With trewest pains, and patience never weary.

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viii.

Many of the following articles may appear peurile and trifling, and even obscure to the general reader, from the changes of times and manners; but the antiquary will not prize them the less on that account. Several of the songs belong to the nursery, and to the days of childhood; but, as recollections of by-gone times, connected with—

“The age when human bliss stands still,
Enjoys the good, without the fear of ill,”

they will be welcome to the heart of sensibility, and will bring back to the mind, that association of the gentler affections belonging to a period in human existence, equally free from guile and ambition; the recollection of which still lingers about the heart, though frequently in danger of total obliteration, by the cares and anxieties of a world, where life itself appears to be a perpetual struggle.

Oft have we mark'd him at the 'custom'd hour,
Push through the bustling throng of busy men;
Anxious, methinks, to reach St. Nich'las' tower,
And gain the vestry ere the clock struck ten.

For reckless pass'd he thro' the mingled tides,
That of their Argosies and Carracks dream;
So that sweet Arethuse still secret glides,
Nor deigns to mingle with salt Doris' stream.

Two morns we miss'd him at his wonted task,
Nor aught the Priest, nor aught the clerk could tell:
Nor had he roam'd by Tyne or Team to bask,
Nor had he sought St. Edmund's fair Chapelle.

The third—we learn'd, that in the early stage,
To Mainsforth's flow'ry fields he took his way;
There, in green dell, with Necromancer sage,
To count their hoard, and part their glittering prey.

R. S. 18 March, 1817.

THE
BISHOPRICK GARLAND.

LAMENT.

Lamentation on the death of Sir Robert Neville, Lord of Raby, in the year 1282; alluding to an ancient custom of offering a stag at the high altar of Durham Abbey, on Holy-Rood day, (Sep. 18th,) accompanied with the winding of horns:—

“Wel-i-wa, sal ys hornes blaw,
Holy-rode this day;
Nou es he dede, and lies law
Was wont to blaw them ay.”

This is probably the oldest genuine rhyme connected with the Bishoprick of Durham.

BELLASYSE.

“Bellasy, Bellasy, daft was thy sowell,
When exchanged Bellasy for Henknowell.”

B

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Bishoprick
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The family of Bellasyse were seated at Bellasis, shortly after the conquest; and tradition is constant in affirming, that John of Bellasis wishing to join the Crusaders, yet unwilling to leave his paternal acres, exchanged “the green pastures and deep meadows” of Bellasis with the church of Durham, for Henknowle, near Auckland. He lived to return, and to repent his bargain, and the record of this singular transaction was somewhat oddly preserved on one of the windows of the parish church of St. Andrew’s, Auckland, where the lines above quoted were inscribed in a belt encircling the arms of Bellasis.

The popular reading, still remembered in the neighbourhood of Bellasis, runs

“Johnny tuth’ Bellas daft was thy poll
When thou changed Bellas for Henknoll.”

The motto assumed by the family is “Bonne et *belle-assez*,” v. Hutchinson and Surtees.

CONYERS OF SOCKBURN.

“Sockburn, —where Conyers so trusty
A huge serpent did dish up,
That bad else eat the Bish-up,
But now his old faulchion’s grown rusty, grown rusty.”

Fragment.

The ancient service by which the manor of Sockburn was held, was by the presentation of a faulchion to the Bishop of Durham, on his first arrival in his diocese.

The ceremony is still retained; and the lord of Sockburn, or his steward, meets the bishop in the middle of the Tees, or on Croft bridge, and presents the faulchion, with the following address:—

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“My Lord Bishop, I here present you with the faulchi on where with the champion Conyers slew the Worm, Dragon, or fiery flying Serpent, which destroyed man, woman, and child; in memory of which, the King then reigning gave him the manor of Sockburn, to hold by this tenure, that upon the first entrance of every bishop into the country this faulchion should be presented.”

The bishop takes the faulchion into his hand, and immediately returns it courteously to the person who presents it, wishing the lord of Sockburn health, and a long enjoyment of the manor.

This tenure is distinctly noted in the inquest held on the death of Sir John Conyers, in 1396; and the ancient service by which this manor was held proves the legend to be of no modern origin.

No doubt some gallant exploit is veiled under this chivalroutale, with at least an adumbration of truth.

The observance is still continued, and the steward of Sir Edward Blackett, the present lord of the manor, presented the faulchion to Bishop Van Mildert on Croft Bridge.*

THE BRAWN OF BRANCEPATH.

The boar, or brawn of Brancepath was a formidable animal which made his lair on Brandon Hill, and walked the forest in ancient undisputed sovereignty from the Wear to the Gaunless. The marshy, and then woody vale, extending from Croxdale to Ferry wood, was one of the brawn's favourite haunts, affording roots and mast and the luxurious pleasure of volutation. Near Clevescross, Hodge, of Ferry, after carefully marking the boar's track, dug a pitfall, slightly covered with boughs and turfs and then toling on his victim by some bait to the treacherous spot, stood armed with his good sword across the pitfall.

“At once with hope and fear his heart rebounds.”

* See Hutchinson, vol. 3, p. 149; Surtees, vol. 3, p. 243.

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At length the gallant brute came trotting on his onward path, and seeing the passage barred, rushed headlong to the vile pitfall.*

TEMPEST AND UMFREVILLE.

“The martlet and the cinq foil notes
The Tempest und Umfreville coats.”

This auncient rhyme toke use in the Northe, on the cote of Tempest of Holmesett.

Dodsworth's Collections, Bodleian Library.

BRACKENBURY.

“The black lion under the oaken tree,
Made the Saxons fight, and the Normans flee.”

* The story has nothing very improbable, and something like real evidence still exists. According to all tradition, the rustic champion of Cleves sleeps beneath a coffin-shaped stone in Merrington church-yard, rudely sculptured with the instruments of the victory, a sword and spade on each side of a cross.

It was not unusual, either in England or abroad, when a man had slain a boar, wolf, or spotted pard, to bear the animal as an armorial ensign in his shield. The seal of Roger de Ferie still remains in the Treasury, exhibiting his old antagonist, a boar passant. The seal of Mande, his daughter, wife of Alan, of Merrington, has the boar's head, coupé.—*Surtees.*

The name of Ferie does not now occur in the Parish, but in 1587, (3rd Sept.) John Ferrye or Ferye on the Hill, who appears to be a stout yeoman, makes his will, leaving considerable property to his sons Thomas, John, and Robert, and to his daughter Agnes.

The crest of the ancient family of Brackenbury, of Sellaby, (of which Sir Robert Brackenbury, Constable of the Tower, temp. Ric. III. was a junior member, is “a tree vert, under which is a Lion couchant, sable.”

BRANDLING,

*Of the Felling, County of Durham, now of Gosforth,
County of Northumberland.*

“Like as the brand, doth flame and burn,
So we from death to life should turn.”

An old rhyme, or motto of the Brandling family, whose crest is an Oak tree in flames —perhaps a border beacon— the name first occurring on the border, as burgesses of Berwick.

COLLINGWOOD.

“The Collingwoods have borne the name,
Since in the bush the buck was ta'en;
But when the bush shall hold the buck
Then welcome faith, and farewell luck.”

The crest of the Collingwoods is, A stag at gaze, under an oak tree, proper. A branch of this family, (originally of Eslington, Co. Northumberland,) was seated in the County of Durham, at Dalden, Eppleton, and Hetton-on-the-Hill. The allusion is obscure, and at present difficult to unriddle.

THORNTON.

“At the Wesgate came Thornton in,
With a hap and a *halfpenny* in a ram’s skin.”

“In at the Westgate came Thornton in,
With a happen *hapt in a Ram’s skin.*”

These lines are given variously, but their tendency is to relate the poverty of the afterwards rich merchant, of Newcastle, Roger Thornton, who purchased the Isle, &c. of the De la Poles, and whose daughter and heir carried large estates in marriage to Sir George Lumley, Knight, direct ancestor to the Lumleys, of Lumley Castle, Co. Pal.

A similar story is told of Bacon the *Groover*, swimming the Tyne, with a leathern bag in his mouth, containing a few halfpence.

Ra. Spearman, Esq.

THE RISING OF THE NORTH.

The subject of the following ballad is the Rebellion of 1569, an event so well known in history that it would seem unnecessary to present any detail. The deliverance of the Queen of Scots,* and the re-establishment of the ancient religion, were the motives—but the execution was weak, timid, and vacillating, and the

* A warrant was issued to pay the Earl of Shreshury £13,624, for keeping the Queen of Scots “from Candlemas, in the 11th year of the Queen’s Majesty, to the 15th Feb. 1573, which is five whole years, one month, and two weeks, after the rate of £52. the weeke.”—*Privy Seal Papers.*

two principal actors were at length deserted by their followers. The Earl of Northumberland was betrayed by the Scots, and executed at York, 22 Aug. 1572; and the Earl of Westmoreland escaped over sea; and died at Nieuport in Flanders, in penury and disgrace, —the last of his family.

The Rising of the North.

(PERCY'S* COPY.)

“Listen, lively lordlings all,
Lithe and listen unto mee,
And I will sing of a Noble Erle,
The Noblest Earle in the North Countrie.

Earl Percy is unto his garden gone,
And after him walkes his faire Ladie:
I heard a bird sing in mine eare,
That I must either fight or flee.

‘Now heaven forbend, my dearest lord,
That ever such harm should hap to thee,
But goe to London to the Court,
And faire fall truth and honestie.’

‘Now nay, now nay, my ladye gay,
Alas! thy counsell suits not mee;

* The editor of this collection had the advantage of being at Dromore for a short period in 1798, and of enjoying the Bishop’s hospitality. The “Rising of the North,” was his favourite ballad, which he recited with great energy and effect. An English lady present thought to flatter him by singing the ballad of “Oh! Nanny” —he listened with patience, and at the conclusion he told the lady, in his gentlest mood, that when he wrote the song there was not a single Scotch word in it.

Mine enemies prevail so fast,
That at the court I may not bee.'

'O goe to the court yet, good my lord,
And take thy gallant men with thee:
If any dare to do you wrong,
Then your warrant they may bee.'

'Now nay, now nay, thou lady faire,
The court is full of subiltie;
And if I goe to the Court, lady,
Never more I may thee see.'

'Yet goe to the Court, my Lord,' she sayes,
'And I myselfe will ryde wi' thee:
At court then for my dearest lord
His faithfull borrowe I will bee.'

'Now nay, now nay, my ladye deare;
Far lever had I lose my life,
Than leave among my cruell foes
My love in jeopardy and strife.

'But come thou hither, my little foot-page,
Come thou hither unto mee,
To Maister Norton thou must goe
In all the haste that ever may bee.

'Commend me to that gentleman,
And beare this letter here fro mee;
And say that earnestly I praye
He will ryde in my companie.'

One while the little foot-page went,
And another while be ran;

Untill he came to his journey's end,
The little foot-page never blan.

When to that gentleman he came,
Down he kneeled on his knee;
And tooke the letter betwixt his hands,
And lett the gentleman it see.

And when the letter it was redd
Affore that goodlye companye,
I wis, if you the truthe wold know,
There was many a weeping eye.

He sayd, 'Come hither, Christopher Norton,
A gallant youth thou seemst to bee;
What doest thou counsell me, my sonne,
Now that good Erle's in jeopardy?'

'Father; my counselle's fair and free;
That Erle he is a noble lord,
And whatsoever to him you hight,
I wold not have you breake your word.'

'Gramercy, Christopher, my sonne,
Thy counsell well it liketh mee,
And if we speed and scape with life,
Well advanced shalt thou bee.

'Come you hither, my nine good sonnes,
Gallant men I trowe you bee;
How many of you, my children deare,
Will stand by that good Erle and mee?'

Eight of them did answer make,
Eight of them spake hastilie,

‘O Father, till the daye we dye
We’ll stand by that good Erle and thee.’

‘Gramercy new, my children deare,
You showe yourselves right bold and brave;
And wethersoe’er I live or dye,
A father’s blessing you shal have.

‘But what sayst thou, O Francis Norton,
Thou art mine eldest sonn and heire:
Somewhat lyes brooding in thy breast;
Whatever it bee, to mee declare.’

‘Father, you are an aged man,
Your head is white, your bearde is gray;
It were a shame at these your yeares,
For you to ryse in such a fray.’

‘Now fye upon thee, coward Francis,
Thou never learnedst this of mee:
When thou wert yong and tender of age
Why did I make so much of thee?’

‘But, father, I will wend with you,
Unarm’d and naked will I bee;
And he that strikes against the crowne,
Ever an ill death may he dee.’

Then rose that reverend gentleman,*
And with him came a goodlye band,

* Old Norton was living long after the Rebellion in Spanish Flanders.

The Act of Attainder, 13th Eliz. only mentions Richard Norton the father, and *seven* sons, viz. Francis, George, William, Marmaduke, Sampson,

To join with the brave Erle Percy,
And all the flower o' Northumberland.

With them the noble Nevill came,
The Erle of Westmorland was hee;
At Wetherhye they mustred their host,
Thirteen thousand faire to see.

Lord Westmorland his ancyeut raise,
The Dun Bull he rays'd on hye,
And three dogs with golden collars
Were there sett out most royallye.

Erle Percy there his ancyeut spred,
The half-moone shining all soe faire:
The Norton's ancyeut had the crosse,
And the five wounds our Lord did beare.

Christopher, and Thomas; and in "a list of the Rebels in the late Northern Rebellion that are fled beyond seas," apparently made for the Queen's perusal, (Lansdown MSS. No. 683) the same seven sons are named. Of the Durham gentry who took part in this Rebellion, Anthony Welbury was pardoned, July, 1571, and Robert Claxton, in March, 1572, at the suit of the Earl of Leicester. †

The Queen allowed the Countess of Westmoreland and her three daughters £200 per ann. during her royal pleasure, which was further augmented in May, 1577, to £300.

King James encreased the grant to 200 marcs to each of the three daughters for life, viz. Margaret Pudsey, Catherine Grey, and Anne Ingleby; and granted £50 per ann. to the Lady Adeline Neville, sister to the attainted Earl. †

Thus perished the princely house of Westmoreland; and now "of all this stately branching cedar, whose boughs shadowed the land, the house of Abergavenny, not distinguished in modern Peerage either by superior titles or splendid fortunes —alone remains."

† *Privy Seal Records.*

Then Sir George Bowes* he straitwaye rose,
After them some spoyle to make:
Those noble Erles turn'd backe againe,
And aye they vowed that knight to take.

That baron he to his castle fled,
To Barnard Castle then fled hee.
The uttermost walles were eathe to win,
The Erle's have wonne them presentlie.

The uttermost walles were lime and bricke;
But thoughe they won them soon anone,
Long e'er they wan the innermost walles,
For they were cut in rocke of stone.

Then newes unto leeve London came,
In all the speede that ever might bee,
And word is brought to our royall Queene
Of the rysing in the North countrie.

Her grace she turned her round about,
And like a royall queene she swore,
I will ordayne them such a breakfast,
As never was in the North before.

Shee caus'd thirty thousand men be rays'd,
With horse and harneis faire to see;
Shee caus'd thirty thousand men be rays'd
To take the Earles i' th' North Countrie.

* Autograph of the Knight Marshal, Sir George Bowes.

A handwritten signature in black ink, written in a cursive style, which reads "George Bowes".

Wi' them the false Erle Warwick went,
Th' Erle Sussex and the Lord Hunsden;
Untill they to Yorke castle came,
I wiss, they never stint ne blan.

Now spred thy ancient, Westmorland,
Thy dun bull faine would we spye; *
And thou, the Erle o'Northumberland,
Now rayse thy half moone up on hye.

But the dun bull is fled and gone,
And the halfe moone vanished away;
The Erles, though they were brave and bold,
Against soe many could not stay.

Thee, Norton, † wi' thine eight good sonnes,
They doom'd to dye, alas! for ruth!
Thy reverend lockes thee could not save,
Nor them their faire and blooming youthe.

Wi' them full many a gallant wight
They cruellye bereav'd of life:
And many a childe made fatherlesse,
And widowed many a tender wife.

* The following fragment from an old ballad is graphically descriptive of the armorial bearings of the principal parties concerned:—

“Now the Percy's Crescent is set in night,
And the Northern Bull the seas has ta'en,
And the Sheaf of Arrows is keen and bright,
And Barnard's walls are hard to gain.”



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† In the original confession of Christopher, (*Harl. MSS. Cal. c. i. 377.*) he says, that when the Earl of Northumberland went to his father, and told him his situation, “he petyd him, and wyoid to God he hayd not opinyd “thayt mater to him,... the Earl told him he was a Mane of honor, and his



ROOKHOPE RYDE.

This Bishoprick border song, was taken down from the chaunting of George Collingwood,* the elder, of Boltshurn, in the neighbourhood of Rookhope, who was interred at Stanhope, Dec. 16, 1785.

Rookhope is the name of a valley about five miles in length; lying in the north part of the parish of Stanhope, in Weardale. Rookhope-head is the top of the vale. The date of the event is precisely fixed on the 6th December, 1569, when the Tynedale robbers, taking advantage of the confusion occasioned by the rebellion of the Earls of Westmorland and Northumberland, and which particularly affected the Bishoprick of Durham, determined to make this foray into Weardale.

The late eminent antiquary, Joseph Ritson, wrote this ballad from the mouth of the reciter, and printed it as part of an intended collection of border ballads, which was never published.

“contreman, and was sarvand to his granfather, and brought up in his “house, which causid him to danger himselfe the more, and promysed him “to kepe his consell, but not to be any partaker in it.”

A letter from Lady Westmorland, dated 23rd March, 1569-70, entreats of Sir William Cecil to beg an audience from the Queen, and adding, “altho “my Lo. doings have bene suche as they moche abashe me so to do, yet “myne owne innocencie and the great desier I have to doo my humbte dutie “to her highness something imboldeneth me to contynew my suyt..... “otherwyse yt wold be a greater griff unto me, than all other miseries.” (*Landsown MSS.* 12, 44.)

In another letter to Lord Burleigh, from the same collection (v. 18, 94) a few years afterwards, she says, “As I am bound, I give your Lo. most “humble thanks, first for my poore husband whom your carefull friendship “always sekyth to bryng to better estate, although it semyth that his own “cruell fortune repugneth all good menes and indevours that may be used “to do hym good: for myne owne part I hard not of hym a long tyme, “and whych greves me not a lyttle.”

* Pronounced *Coulnet*, at Stanhope.

His nephew Joseph Frank, Esq. sent the copy to Sir W. Scott, which he printed in his minstrelsy, and illustrations were added by Mr. Surtees.

Rookhope Ryde.

Rookhope stands in a pleasant place,
If the false thieves wad let it be,
But away they steal our goods apace,
And ever an ill death may they dee!*

And so is the men of Thirlwall † and Willie-haver,‡
And all their companies thereabout,
That is minded to do mischief,
And at their stealing stands not out.

But yet we will not slander them all,
For there is of them good enow;
It is a sore consumed tree
That on it bears not one fresh bough.

Lord God! is not this a pitiful case,
That men dare not drive their goods to t' fell,
But limmer thieves drives them away,
That fears neither heaven nor hell?

* So in the ballad of "Northumberland betrayed by Douglas,"— "And ever an ill death may they dye."—*Percy*.

† Thirlwall, is said by Fordun to be a name given to the Picts or Roman wall, from its having been *thirled* or perforated by the Scots and Picts.

‡ Willie-haver, or Willeva, is a small district or township in the parish of Lanercost, near Bewcastle, in Cumberland.—*Ritson*.

"Warn Willeva, and Spear Edom,
And see the morn they meet me a'."—*Hobbie Noble*.

Lord send us peace unto the Realm,
That every man may live on his own!
I trust to God, if it be his will,
That Weardale men may never be overthrown.

For great troubles they've had in hand,
With borderers pricking hither and thither;
But the greatest fray that e'er they had
Was with the men of Thirlwall and Willie-haver.

They gathered together so royally,
The stoutest men and the best in gear;
And he that rade not on a horse,
I wat he rade on a weel-fed mear.

So in the morning, before they came out,
So weel I wot they broke their fast;
In the forenoon they came into a bye fell,
Where some of them did eat their last.

When they had eaten, aye and done,
They say'd some Captains here needs must be;
Then they choosed forth Harry Corbyl,
And Symon Fell, and Martin Ridley.

Then o'er the moss, where as they came,
With many a brank and whew,
One of them could to another say,
I think this day we are men anew.

For Weardale-men, have a journey ta'en,
They are so far out o'er yon fell,

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That some of them's with the two Earls,*
And others fast in Barnard Castell.

There we shall get gear enough,
For there is nane but women at hame;
The sorrowful fend that they can make,
Is loudly cries as they were slain.

Then in at Rookhope-head they came,
And there they thought tul a' had their prey,
But they were spy'd coming o'er the *Dry-rig*,
Soon upon Saint Nicholas' day.

Then in at Rookhope-head they carne,
They ran the forest but a mile;
They gather'd together in four hours,
Six hundred sheep within a while.

And horses I trow they gat,
But either ane or twa,
And they gat them all but ane
That belang'd to great Rowley.

That Rowley was the first man that did them spy,
With that he rais'd a mighty cry;
The cry it came down Rookhope burn,
And spread through Weardale hastyly.

Then word came to the bailiff's house
At the East-gate,† where he did dwell;

* The Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, who took up arms for the purpose of liberating the Queen of Scots, and restoring the old religion.

See—*The Rising of the Northe*.

† Now a few straggling houses, where, no doubt, the Eastgate of the forest

He had walk'd out to the Smale-burns,
Which stands above the *hanging-well*,

His wife was wae, when she heard tell,
So well she wist her husband wanted gear;
She gar'd saddle him his horse in haste,
And neither forget sword, jack, *nor spear.

The bailiff got wit before his gear came,
That such news was in the land;
He was sore troubled in his heart,
That on no earth that he could stand.

His brother was hurt three days before,
With limmer thieves that did him prick;
Nineteen bloody wounds lay him upon,
What ferly was't, that he lay sick?

But yet the bailiff shrinked nought,
But fast after them he did hye,
And so did all his neighbours near,
That went to bear him company.

But when the bailiff was gathered,
And all his company,
They were numbered to never a man
But forty [or] under fifty.

formerly stood, in contradistinction to Westgate at the opposite side of the forest of Weardale.

The mention of the bailiff's house at the Eastgate is (if such proof were wanting) strongly indicative of the authenticity of the ballad. The family of Emerson, of *Eastgath*, held under the Bishop, and long exercised the office of bailiff of Wolsingham, and of Forrester, &c. —*Surtees*.

* A jacket or short coat, plated or institched with small pieces of iron. —*Ritson*.

The theeves were number'd a hundred men,
I wat they were not of the worst;
That could be choosed out of Thirlwall, and Willie-haver,
[I trow they were the very first.]*

But all that was in Rookhope-head,
And all that was i' Nuketon-cleugh,
Where Weardale-men o'ertook the thieves,
And there they gave them fighting eneugh.

So sore, they made them fain to flee,
As many was a' out of hand,
And, for tul have been at home again,
They would have been in iron bands.

And for the space of long seven years,
As sore they mighten a' had their lives,
But there was never one of them
That ever thought to have seen their wives.

About the time the fray began,
I trow it lasted but an hour,
Till many a man lay weaponless,
And was sore wounded in that stour.

Also before that hour was done,
Four of the thieves were slain,
Besides, all those that wounded were,
And eleven prisoners there were ta'en.

George Carrick, and his brother Edie,
Them two, I wot, they were both slain;

* The reciter, from his advanced age, could not recollect the original line, thus imperfectly supplied.—*Ritson*.

Harry Corbyl, and Lennie Carrick,
Bore them company in their pain.

One of our Weardale-men was slain,
Rowland Emerson,* his name hight;
I trust to God his soul is well,
Because he fought unto the right.

But thus they say'd, "We'll not depart
While we have one: —speed back again!"
And when they came amongst the dead men,
There they found *George Carrick* slain.

And when they found *George Carrick* slain,
I wot it went well near their heart;
Lord, let them never make a better end,
That comes to play them sicken a part.

I trust to God, no more they shall,
Except it be one for a great chance;
For God will punish all those
With a great heavy pestilence.

Thir limmer thieves, they have good hearts,
They never think to be o'erthrown;
Three banners against Weardale-men they bare,
As if the world had been all their own.

* The parish register of Stanhope, does not go higher than 1609, but in 1598, Feb. 14th, Rowland Emerson, of the "Hinginge Wells," in the parish of Stanhope, who from the locality and name, would be probably a near relation, makes his will, and names his son Roland, to whom he leaves a house at "Windie Side," in Weardale, and desires his wife Alles, to bring up his children, "and as they come to aidge, to marrye them, as God shall permit." His armour is valued at xx shillings.

Thir Weardale-men, they have good hearts,
They are as stiff as any tree;
For, if they'd every one been slain,
Never a foot back man would flee.

And such a storm amongst them fell,
As I think you never heard the like;
For he that bears his head so high,
He oft-tymes falls into the dyke.

And now I do entreat you all,
As many as are present here,
Do pray for [the] singer of this song,
For he sings to make [more] blythe your cheer.

THE WORME* OF LAMBTON.

THE young heir of Lambton led a dissolute and evil course of life, equally regardless of the obligations of his high estate and the sacred duties of religion. According to his profane custom, he generally amused himself on Sundays by fishing, and was frequently to be seen angling in the River Wear, at the time when all good men should have been engaged in the solemn observance of the day.

* This story, "full of plot and incident, certainly ranks amongst the most popular traditions of this country."

Popular tradition has handed down to us, through successive generations, with very little variation, the most romantic details of the ravages committed by these all-devouring worms, and of the valour and chivalry displayed by their destroyers. Without attempting to account for the origin of such tales, or pretending in any manner to vouch for the matters of fact contained in them, it cannot be disguised, that many of the inhabitants of the County of Durham in particular, still implicitly believe in these ancient

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Bishoprick
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After having toiled in vain for some time, he vented his disappointment at his ill success, in curses “loud and deep,” to the great scandal of all who heard him, on their way to Holy Mass, and to the manifest peril of his own soul.

superstitions. The *Worm of Lambton* is a family legend, the authenticity of which they will not allow to be questioned. Various adventures and supernatural incidents have been transmitted from father to son, illustrating the devastation occasioned, and the miseries inflicted by, the monster—and marking the self-devotion of the Knight of the Lambton family, through whose intrepidity the worm was eventually destroyed. But the lapse of centuries has so completely enveloped in obscurity the particular details, that it is impossible to give a narration which could in any degree be considered as complete.—*Surtees*.

The present history has been gleaned with much patient and laborious investigation, from the *viva voce* narrations of sundry of the *elders* of both sexes living on the banks of the Wear, in the immediate neighbourhood of the scene of action; and it has been given faithfully, both as to matter and manner.

“The Lambton Worm,” says Mr. Surtees, “belongs to that class of household tales, the genuine appendages of ancient families, long occupying the same ground and station; and perhaps no other certain deduction can be drawn from such legends, excepting that the families to which they relate are of ancient popular reputation, against whose gentle condition ‘the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.’”

It would certainly be a very difficult matter at present, to offer any plausible or satisfactory account of the origin of the Legend of the “Worme of Lambton,” with its wonderful power of re-uniting.

The story has been preserved and repeated almost without variation for centuries; and whilst so many facts of higher import, and even of national interest, have been suffered to fall into doubt and obscurity, this legend, with all its thrilling terrors, has survived the wreck of ages. No doubt it envelopes some allusion which is now for ever concealed in the obscurity of family legend; yet, if a conjecture might be hazarded, it may have arisen from the circumstance of an invasion from a foreign foe; some successful Chieftain, with well-disciplined bands arrayed in the bright colours of their leader, destroying and laying waste with fire and sword, and levying contributions on the ancient gentry. The advance in line of a well-disciplined legion over unequal ground would convey to the fears of the peasantry the

At length he felt something extraordinary “tugging” at the end of his line, and in the hope of hooking a large fish, he exerted the utmost skill and care: yet it required all his strength to bring the expected fish to land.

But what was his surprise and mortification, when, instead of a fish, he found that he had only caught a worm of most unseemly and disgusting appearance, and he hastily tore it from his hook and flung it into a well hard by.*

He again threw his line into the stream: when a stranger, of venerable appearance, passing by, asked “what sport?” To which he replied, “Why, truly, I think I’ve caught the Devil,” and directed the enquirer to look into the well.

The stranger saw the worm, and remarked that he had never seen “the like of it” before—that it was like an eft; but that it had nine holes on each side of its mouth, and that it “tokened no good.”

The worm remained “unheeded” in the well, but soon grew so large that it became necessary to seek another abode. It usually lay in the day-time “coiled” round a rock in the middle of the river, and at night frequented a neighbouring hill, “twin-

appearance of a rolling serpent; and the power of re-uniting is readily suggested by the ordinary evolutions of military tactics. The invaders would naturally encamp on an eminence for better security.

That the Knight should have destroyed this legion by his single arm, however, can hardly be received without qualification. He was, no doubt, the “head and chief” in the on-slaught, (the severed part might imply the cutting off a division from the main body), and by the happy union of valour and discretion, a decisive victory was obtained, and the invaders overthrown.

* Still known by the name of the “Worm Well” —it had formerly a cover and an iron ladle. “Half a century ago, it was in repute as a *wishing well*, and was one of the scenes dedicated to the usual festivities and superstitions of Midsummer Eve. A crooked pin (the usual tribute of the ‘wishers’) may sometimes be still discovered, sparkling amongst the clear gravel at the bottom of its basin.”

ing” itself around the base; and it continued to increase in length until it could “lap” itself three times round the hill.*

The dreaded worm now became the terror of the “whole country side,” devouring lambs, “sucking” the cows’ milk, and committing every species of injury on the cattle of the affrighted peasantry.

The immediate neighbourhood was soon laid waste and barren; and the worm, finding no further support on the north side of the river, crossed the stream towards Lambton Hall, where the old Lord was then living, oppressed with grief and sorrow: bewailing the loss of his son, who, having repented him of his former sins, had “gone to the wars in a far distant land.” †

The terrified household assembled in council, and after many conflicting opinions had been advanced, the advice of the Steward, a man of great experience and far advanced in years, was adopted, which was, that the large trough which stood in the court-yard should be immediately filled with milk. The monster approached, and eagerly drinking the milk, returned, to repose around its favourite hill, without inflicting further injury. Next day the worm was seen crossing the river at the same hour, and directing its way to the hall. The quantity of milk to be provided was soon found to be the produce of “nine kye;” and if any portion short of this quantity was neglected or forgotten, the worm shewed the most violent signs of rage, by “lashing” its tail round the trees in the Park, and tearing them up by the roots.

Many a gallant Knight, of undoubted fame and prowess, had sought to slay this monster, which was now “the terror of the

* The Worm Hill is an oval-shaped hill, on the north bank of the river, about a mile and a half from Lambton Hall. The Worm Well lies between the hill and the Wear.

† Or according to some “to wage war against the Infidels.”

—— “In glorious Christian field,
Streaming the ensign of the Christian Cross
Against black Pagans, Turks, and Saracens.” —*Rich. II.*

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Bishoprick
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whole country;” and it is related, that in these “fearful” combats, although the worm had been frequently cut asunder, yet the severed parts immediately reunited, and the valiant assailant never escaped without the loss of life or limb; so that, after many fruitless and fatal attempts to destroy the worm, it remained, in tranquil possession of its favourite hill—all men fearing to encounter so deadly a foe.

At length, after seven long years, the gallant heir of Lambton returned from the wars, and found the broad lands of his ancestors “waste and desolate.” He heard the “wailings” of the people; for their hearts were filled with fear and alarm. He hastened to the hall of his ancestors, and received the embraces of his aged father, who, worn out with grief and sorrow, both for the absence of his son, (whom he had long considered dead) and for the dreadful waste inflicted on his fair domain by the devastations of the worm, was rapidly descending to the grave.

The heir of Lambton “took no rest” until he crossed the river to examine the worm, “as it lay” coiled around the base of the hill; and after hearing the fate of all those who had fallen in the deadly strife, (being a Knight* of tried valour and sound discretion), he consulted a Sibyl † on the surest means to destroy the monster.

* A curious entry in an old MS. pedigree, lately in the possession of the family of Middleton, of Offerton, states that, — “John Lambeton that slewe ye worme, was Knight of Rhodes and Lord of Lambeton and Wod Apilton, after the dethe of fower brothers, *sans esshew malle.*”

† So in the Romance of St. George and the Dragon:—

Then, “they their wise men did entreat,
To shew their cunning out of hand,
What way they might this fiend destroy,
That did their country sore annoy.”

At Lambton Castle, two stone figures are still preserved, the ages of which are not known; but they are evidently of considerable antiquity, and of tolerable workmanship. A Knight, armed cap-a-pee, his vizor raised, and the back part of his coat of mail closely inlaid with spear blades; with his left hand he holds the head of the worm, and

She told him that he had “himself” been the cause of all the misery which
“afflicted” the country; (which increased his grief,

with his right he appears to be drawing his sword out of his throat. The worm is not
represented as a reptile, but it has ears, legs and wings, resembling, in many respects, the
dragon described so minutely in the ancient Romances.—*See Sir Dygore, &c.*



*The Salamanca Corpus: The Bishoprick
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The other figure is that of a female, wearing an ancient coronet, much mutilated. It is singular that the upper part of her dress is carefully delineated and preserved, whilst the lower part of her robe appears to be either unfinished, or perhaps agitated by the wind; and a part of her right foot is visible, without shoe or sandal. Tradition has not connected her name with the story; except, indeed, that she may be intended to represent the Sibyl.

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and strengthened his resolution,) that he must have his best suit of mail studded with spear blades, and take his stand on the rock in the middle of the river, trusting to his own valour and the might of his good sword; making a solemn vow, that if successful, he would slay the first living thing he met, but, if he failed to do so, *the Lords of Lambton, for nine generations, would never die in their beds.*

He made the vow in the chapel of his forefathers,* and caused his armour to be studded with the blades of the sharpest spears. He took his stand on the rock in the middle of the river, and unsheathing his trusty sword, which had never failed him in time of need, he commended himself to the protection, and to the will of Providence.

* The Chapel of Bridgeford, within the Manor, of which “the Lambtons were patrons from a very early period, in sometimes, from its situation, called the Chapel of Brugeford (Bridgeford). The shell of this little oratory lately stood near the New-bridge on the left of the road, immediately within the entrance of Lambton Park.”

When Hutchinson wrote (1785), Lambton Chapel was still in existence, near the New-bridge. “At a farm-house (he says) leading to Lambton, are the remains of a Chapel, the stone work of the eastern window yet perfect: and in the front of the house, in a circle, is the figure of a man to the waist in relief, with elevated hands, —the inscription defaced.” The subjoined sketch was taken in 1800.



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“The Lambtons were amongst the first families of the north who embraced the reformed religion; and this “Chapel of the bridge” was probably disused alter the dissolution of chantries. The endowment is totally lost;

At the accustomed hour, the worm uncoiled its lengthened folds, and leaving the hill, took its usual course towards Lambton Hall, and approached the rock where the Knight stood ready and eager for the combat. He struck the monster on the head with all his “might,” but without producing any other visible effect, than to “irritate” and “vex” the worm; which, closing on the Knight, clasped its frightful “coils” around him, and endeavoured to strangle him in its poisonous embrace.*

But he was well provided against this expected extremity, for the more closely he was pressed by the worm, the more deadly were the wounds inflicted by his coat of spears, until the river ran with a crimson “gore of blood.”

The strength of the worm diminished with its incessant efforts to destroy the Knight; who, seizing a favourable opportunity, made such good use of his trusty sword that he cut the monster in two:

popular tradition, however, connects both the endowment of the Chapel, and the figure sculptured on the wall, with the romance of the *Worm of Lambton*.”—Surtees.

* “The worm shot down the middle stream
Like a flash of living light,
And the waters kindled around his path
In rainbow colours bright.

But when he saw the armed Knight
He gathered all his pride,
And, coil’d in many a radiant spire,
Rode buoyant o’er the tide.

When he darted at length his Dragon strength,
An earthquake shook the rock;
And the fire flakes bright fell around the Knight,
As unmov’d he met the shock.
Tho’ his heart was stout, it quiver’d no doubt,
His very life blood ran cold,
As around, and around, the wild worm wound,
In many a grappling fold.”

Fragment of an Old Ballad.

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Bishoprick
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the severed part was immediately carried away by the force of the current, and the worm being thus unable to re-unite itself, was, after a long and desperate conflict, finally destroyed by the gallantry and courage of the Knight of Lambton.

The afflicted household were devoutly engaged in prayer during this mortal encounter; but on the happy issue of the combat, the Knight, according to promise, blew a blast on his bugle, to assure his father of his safety, and that he might let loose his favourite hound, which, according to pre-concerted agreement was destined to be the sacrifice: but, the aged parent, forgetting every thing but his parental feelings, rushed forward to embrace his son.

When the Knight beheld his father, he was overwhelmed with grief; he could not raise his arm against his parent, yet, vainly hoping that his vow might be accomplished, and the curse averted, by destroying the next living thing he met, he blew another blast on his bugle, when his favourite hound broke loose, and bounded forward to receive his caresses. The gallant Knight, with "grief and reluctance," once more drew his sword, still reeking with the gore of the monster, and plunged it into the heart of his faithful companion. But in vain: —the prediction was fulfilled, and the Sibyl's curse pressed heavily on the house of Lambton "*for nine generations.*" *

* "The precise date of the story is of course uncertain." It is stated by some, that the heir of Lambton had gone to the Holy Wars; and there are circumstances preserved in the narrative difficult to reconcile, and which are evidently the interpolations of modern times. Popular tradition, though in general true in the main, is seldom correct in details, and the precise time when the event happened which gave birth to the Legend, must be dated much earlier than the period assigned. Be this as it may, nine ascending generations from Henry Lambton, of Lambton, Esq. M.P., (elder brother to the late General Lambton) would exactly reach to Sir John Lambton, Knight of Rhodes—and the popular tradition holds, that none of the Lords of Lambton during the period of the "curse" ever died in their beds. Sir William Lambton, who was Colonel of a regiment of foot, in the service of Charles I., was slain at the bloody battle of Marston Moor, and his son William

THE DUN COW.

‘Tis certain, that the Dun cow’s milk,
Clothes the prebend’s wives all in silk;
But this indeed is plain to me,
The Dun cow herself is a shame to see.

These lines are bad enough, but they are ancient, and the Dun cow figured in Hutchinson, v. 2, 226, is truly “a shame to see.” The present Dun cow which ornaments the West corner Tower of the East transept was *done* by John Purday, a mason, in South Street.

The story of the Dun cow must be familiar to every inhabitant of the County of Durham. St. [Cuthbert] (the patron saint) on his death bed, ordered his brethren rather to take his bones up and fly, than stay and submit to the yoke of “wicked schismatics.” And “Bishop Eardulf and Abbot Edred, did take and carry away the body of St. Cuthbert from Holy Island, southward, and fled seven years from Town to Town, by reason of the great persecution, and slaughter of the Painims and Danes.”

O’er northern mountain, marsh and moor,
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
Seven years St Cuthbert’s corpse they bore.

(his eldest son by his second wife) inheriting the loyalty and gallantry of his father, “received his death’s wound at Wakefield,” at the head of a troop of dragoons, in 1643. The fulfilment of the curse was inherent in the ninth of descent, as above stated, and great anxiety prevailed during his life-time, amongst the hereditary depositaries of the traditions of the county, to know if the curse would “hold good to the end.” He died in his chariot, crossing the New Bridge—thus giving the last connecting link to the chain of circumstantial tradition connected with the history of the Worme of Lambton.

After many wanderings, it was at length revealed unto Eadmer, a virtuous man, that he should be carried to Dunholme, and there be received into a place of rest. But being again distressed, because they were ignorant where Dunholme was, as they were going, a woman, that lacked her cow, did call aloud to her companion, to know if she had not seen her cow; who answered with a loud voice, that her cow was in Dunholme, (a happy, and heavenly eccho to the distressed Monks, who by that means had intelligence that they were near their journey's end), where they should find a resting place for the body of the Saint. And thereupon with great joy and gladness, they brought his body to Dunholme, in the year 1499,* which was *inculta tellus*, a barbarous and rude place, replenished with nothing but thorns, and thick woods, save only in the midst, where the Church now standeth, which was plain and commodious for such a purpose. †

He chose his lordly seat at last,
Where his Cathedral huge and vast,
Looks down upon the Wear.

STOWPE, CUDDIE.

Stowpe, Cuddie, and bowe thy brie,
To Peeres of Yorke, our legate borne;
Look well a bout, and take good e'e,
Lest now thy cause be quite forlorne.
Stowpe, good Cuddie, and bowe thy knee,
Lest thunder boltes beginne to flee.

These lines are stated to be "Certain verses made by a learned and a pleasant Poet, about the yeare of our Lord 1310, or there-

* 995.

† *Davis Rites and Monuments.*

abouts, when the See of Yorke beganne to arme themselves against our church of Durham, with the power legatie.”

Mickleton's MSS. v. 1. p. 315.

It seems hardly necessary to say that the Cathedral Church of Durham is dedicated to St. Cuthbert, and the Cathedral of York to St. Peter. The lines themselves can hardly be of the age and time stated, but may be uncertain recollections of them in the time of Charles II.

The Dean and Chapter, or before them, the Prior and Convent of York, claimed to hold the keys of St. Cuthbert during the vacation of the See; and some Archbishop was forced to fly for his life down the steps behind the Black Bull Inn, for having attempted to assert his authority during the vacation.

On certain occasions, a person is sent to Durham to summon the Dean and Chapter to York, to do some act of submission, to which the Dean and Chapter of Durham answer, “your message is impertinent.”

THE TUNSTALL ROSE.

On Tunstall grows the bonny Rose,
At Hetton, the lilly pale;
But the bonny Rose, wont kythe* with Bowes,
Sweet lilly of the Vale.

* Kythe—kin—be a-kin to. A junior branch of the family of Shadforth, of Eppleton, was seated at Tunstall; and Anthony Shadforth, of Tunstall, (who died in 1650) had several daughters. Isabel married Francis Jenkinson; Mary, married Henry Bowes, of Newcastle; Rebecca, married Robert De-la-vale, of little Eden, Esq.; and Eleanor, married Edward Dale, of Dalton-le-dale, gentleman. The allusion may possibly apply to Mary, (the rose of the fair state) who might refuse to *kythe* with *Bowes* at the time the stanza was written, and yet alter her mind afterwards. The other allusions are now, and perhaps for ever, buried in obscurity.

LORD EWRIE.

Sir Ralf Eure, at Ewrie, or Evers, commemorated in the following lines, was one of the bravest men of a military race. He was son of the first, and father of the second Lord Ewrie; and was himself created a Lord of Parliament during his father's lifetime, 35th Henry VIII. The ballad is apparently a strain of gratulation upon that event. The poet, or more probably the reciter, has made some confusion in the lineage, by declaring that his hero was "married upon a Willoughbè." His mother, however, was of that family, and he was "kin to the Nevil and to the Percy." He was ennobled by Henry, on account of the vigour with which he prosecuted the border warfare. But after burning the Mers and Tiviotdale, and knocking at Edinburgh gate, Lord Ewrie was slain at the battle of Ancram Moor, fought between him and the Earl of Angus, in 1546. He was buried at Melrose Abbey, and his stone coffin may still be seen there—a little to the left of the great altar:—*Scott's Minstrelsy*.

Lord Ewrie was as brave man
As ever stood in his degree;
The King has sent him a broad letter,
All for his courage and loyalty.*

Lord Ewrie is of gentill blode,
A Knighte's son, sooth to say;
He is kin to the Nevill and to the Percy,
And is married upon a Willowbè.

A noble knight him trained upp,
Sir Rafe Bulmer † is the man I mean;

* A Patent of Nobility.

† Sir William Bulmer, of Brancepeth Castle, who is here said to have com-

At flodden field, as men do say,
No better Capten there was seen.

He led the men of Bishopricke,
When Thomas Ruthal bore the sway:
Though the Scottish Habs* were stout and true,
The English Bowman wan that day.

And since he has kept Berwicke upon Tweed,
The Town was never better kept, I wot;
He maintained leal and order along the Border,
And still was ready to prick the Scot.

The country then lay in great peace,
And grain and grass was sown and won;
Then plenty fill'd the market crosse,
When Lord Ewrie kept Berwicke town.

With our Queen's brother † he hath been,
And rode rough-shod through Scotland of late;
They have burn'd the Mers and Tiviotdale,
And knocked full loud at Edinburgh gate.

Now the King hath sent him a broad letter,
A Lord of Parliament to be:
It were well if every nobleman
Stood like Lord Ewrie in his degree.

manded troops raised in the Bishopric, at the battle of Flodden-field, was descended from an ancient, and, at one period, noble family. The last who was summoned to Parliament as a Peer of the realm, was Ralph, (from 16th to 23d Edw. III.)

* Halberds; Spears.

† The Earl of Hertford, afterwards Duke of Somerset, brother to Queen Jane Seymour.

This song was written down by Mr. Surtees, of Mainsforth, (communicated by him to Sir Walter Scott), from the recitation of Rose Smith, of Bishop Middleham, aged upwards of ninety-one, whose husband's father and two brothers, were killed in the affair of 1715.

POLLARD, OF POLLARD HALL.

The tradition runs that Pollard, a Champion Knight, for slaying a wild boar, had as much land granted to him, as he could ride round whilst the Bishop dined.

A family of the name of Pollard was seated at a very early period in the parish of Bishop Auckland; and one of their estates was called "Pollard's den;" and the ceremony of presenting a faulchion to the Bishop soon after his entrance into the See, is still performed by the possessor of Pollard's lands.*

The presentation speech is, as follows: — "My Lord, I, in behalf of myself, as well as several others, possessors of the Pollard's lands, do humbly present your Lordship with this faulchion, at your first coming here, wherewith, as the tradition goeth, he slew of old a venomous serpent, which did much harm to man and beast; and by performing this service, we hold our lands."

The family crest of Pollard, of Pollard Hall, was, an arm holding a faulchion.

THE CAULD LAD OF HILTON. †

The cauld lad was a domestic spirit, rarely seen, though nightly heard by the servants who slept in the great Hall. If, at night

* Hutchinson, v. 3, p. 350.

† Hilton Castle stands about three miles west of Wearmouth bridge, on the north side of the river. The centre only of the present building is

the kitchen was left in perfect order, he was heard breaking plates and dishes, and hurling the pewter in all directions, and throwing everything into confusion. If, on the contrary, the kitchen was left in disarray (a practice which the servants found most prudent, and most convenient to adopt), the indefatigable goblin arranged every thing with the greatest precision. This poor goblin, whose pranks were otherwise perfectly harmless, was at length banished by the usual expedient of presenting him with a suit of clothes. A green* cloak and a hood were laid before the kitchen fire, and the domestics sat up watching the event, at a prudent distance.

At twelve the sprite glided gently in, stood by the glowing embers, and surveyed the garments provided for him very attentively, tried them on, and seemed delighted with his appearance, frisking about for sometime, and cutting several summersets and

ancient; the west front bears the shields of many families connected with the Hiltons, (now considerably defaced,) and on the east front appears the singular crest of the family. Moses's head horned.

* Green was always the colour of the cloak presented on such occasions; and we may suppose that tired, of his domestic drudgery, he went in his new livery to join the fairies.—*Scott's Minstrelsy*.

The lad of Hilton (says Mr. Surtees, from whose pages the above account is taken), has been by popular tradition identified with the apparition of an unfortunate domestic, whom one of the old Chiefs of Hilton slew at some very distant period, in a moment of wrath or intemperance. The Baron had, it seems, on an important occasion, ordered his horse, which was not brought out so soon as was expected: he went to the stable, and found the boy loitering, and seizing a hay fork, struck, though not intentionally, a mortal blow.

The story adds, that he covered his victim with straw till night, and then threw him into the pond, where the skeleton of a boy was (in confirmation of the tale) discovered in the last Baron's time. The story may possibly have had the foundation in the fact of the inquest held on the body of Roger Skelton, at Hilton, 3d July, 1609; when Robert Hilton, of Hilton, gentleman, was found to have killed him with a scythe, for which he received a pardon, 6th September, 1609.

gambadoes, till, on hearing the first cock crow, he twitched his mantle tight about him, repeating these lines:—

Here's a cloak, and here's a hood,
The cauld lad of Hilton will do no more good.

THE PRIOR OF FINKALE.*

The Prior of Finkale has got a fair wife,
And every Monk will soon have one.

* * * * *

I'll be no more a Nun.

I'll be no more a Nun, Nun, Nun, †
I'll be no more a Nun;
But I'll be a wife, and lead a merry life,
And brew good ale by the Tun, Tun, Tun.

Mickleton's, MSS.

RIDE THROUGH SANDGATE.

Ride through Sandgate, both up and down,
There you'll see the gallants fighting for the crown:
All the cull cuckolds in Sunderland town,
With all the bonny blue caps, cannot pull them down.



*The Salamanca Corpus: The Bishoprick
Garland or a Collection of Legends, Songs, Ballads, &c. ... (1834)*

* These are fragments of reformation stanzas: many of the emancipated ecclesiastics married. The Bacons of Durham and Northumberland are said to descend from a Monk of Wetherall cell.

† Be it remembered that Martin Luther married a Nun.



This is a genuine fragment of a ballad relating to Newcastle, besieged by Lesley and the Scots army. The blue caps (or Scotchmen), did, however, at last succeed in pulling them down, after a most gallant defence, 19th October, 1644.

BARNARD CASTLE BRIDGE.

My blessing on your pate,
Your groats in my purse
You are never the better,
I am never the worse.

Alexander Hilton, curate of Denton, of the ancient family of Hilton, of Dyons, in the Bishopric, left a son, Cuthbert, of great notoriety, who having taken orders in *no* church, but having been trained up as a bible clerk under his father, considered himself fully competent to perform marriages upon the bridge of Barnard Castle, which connects the counties of York and Durham.

The old rhyme, which he used on these occasions (and quoted above) after having made the parties leap over a broom stick, is still remembered in the neighbourhood.

DRUNKEN BARNABY.

Thence to Nesham, now translated,
Once a Nunnery dedicated;
Valleys smiling, bottoms pleasing,
Streaming rivers never ceasing,
Deckt with tufty woods and shady,
Graced by a lovely lady.

Thence to Darlington, there I boused,
Till at last I was espoused;
Marriage feast and all prepared,
Not a fig for th' world I cared;
All night long by th' pot I tarried
As if I had not been married. *

TRAGEDIES.

The Bishopric does not abound in Tragedies. The Barnard Castle Tragedy is a ballad of fifteen dull verses; it is given in Ritson's Garland, and is directed to be sung to the tune of "Constant Anthony." A tune not very appropriately chosen to set

* The author of that curious production, *Drunken Barnaby*, is now fully [ascertained] to be Richard Brathwaite, of Burnishead, in Westmoreland, Esq., author of various other works, not anonymous. He is here at least relating a piece of his own history, for he was married at Hurworth, May 4th, 1617, to Frances, daughter of James Lawson, of Nesham Abbey, Esq., by Jane, daughter of Sir John Conyers. He out-lived his wife, and wrote her epitaph.

"Near Darlington was my dear darling borne,
"Of noble house, which yet bears honor's forme,
"Teese, seated Sockburn, where by long descent
"Conyers was lord."

He died at Catterick, in 1673, whither Anthony a Wood, says quaintly, he went upon an *employment*, i.e. a second marriage.

See Surtees, v. 2, p. 261—and Barnabee's Journal, 1818.

A verse from a song written about the same period, deserves preservation.

Barnaby, Barnaby, thou'st been drinking,
I can tell by thy nose, and thy eyes winking:
Drunk at Richmond, drunk at Dover,
Drunk at Newcastle, and drunk all over;
Hey, Barnaby, take't for a warning,
Be no more drunk, nor dry in a morning.

forth the *inconstancy* of John Atkinson. The preface is the only part worth preserving, “shewing how one John Atkinson, of Murton, near Appleby, servant to Thomas Howson, miller, at Barnard Castle bridge-end, courted the said Howson’s sister; and after he had gained her entire affection by hid weedling solicitations, left her disconsolate, and made courtship to another, whom he married by the treacherous advice of one Thomas Skelton, who, to save the priest’s fees, &c., performed the ceremony himself; and upon her hearing the news, broke her heart, and bled to death on the spot. This being both true and tragical, ‘tis hop’d ‘twill be a warning to all lovers.”

False hearted lovers all, let this a warning be,
For it may be called, Betty Howson’s tragedy.

Hartlepool has another tragedy in a similar strain, and equally destitute of poetical merit. The sufferer was Mary Farding, who perished at the “Maiden bower.”

See Hist. of Hartlepool, p. 147.

The tragedy of *Bowes*, in Yorkshire, a village within a short distance of Barnard Castle, has been immortalized by Mallet. The parish register states, that Roger Wrightson, junior, and Martha Railton, both of Bowes, [were] buried in one grave; he died in a fever, and upon tolling his passing bell, she cried out “my heart is broke,” and in a few hours expired, purely as was supposed from love, aged about twenty years each. Buried 15th of March, 1714. The melancholy history of their unhappy love is well known in the ballad of Edwin and Emma.

Alone appall’d, thus had she past
The visionary vale;
When, lo! the *death bell* smote her ear,
Sad sounding in the gale.
* * * * *
I feel, I feel, this breaking heart
Beat high against my side:
From her white arm, down sunk her head—
She, shivering, sigh’d and died.

SIR HENRY VANE, THE YOUNGER.

O, Sir Henry Vane, Sir Henry Vane,
The Lord deliver me from Sir Henry Vane!

Oliver Cromwell's exclamation the last time he ever attended the House of Commons as a Member.

Ludlow's, Memoirs.

Milton's beautiful Sonnet naturally finds a place here.—

Vane, young in years, but in sage counsel old,
Than whom a better Senator ne'er held
The helm of Rome, when gowns, not arms, repell'd
The fierce Epirot; and th' African bold,
Whether to settle peace, or to unfold
The drift of hollow states, hard to be spell'd;
Then to advise how war may, best upheld,
Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,
In all her equipage: besides to know,
Both spiritual power and civil, what each means,
What serves each, thou hast learn'd, which few have done.
The bounds of either sword to thee we owe,
Therefore on thy firm hand religion leans
In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

THE PELTON "BRAG."

So many, and in such various shapes, has the brag appeared, that it became necessary to procure the best local information on the subject, and an old woman [M.A.] of respectable appearance, of about 90 years of age, living near the spot, was universally

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Bishoprick
Garland or a Collection of Legends, Songs, Ballads, &c. ... (1834)*

referred to as knowing “most” about it; and her deposition is therefore given verbatim.

She said, I never saw the “brag” very distinctly, but I frequently heard it.

It sometimes appeared like a calf with a white handkerchief about its neck, and a bushy tail.

It came also like a galloway, but more often like a coach horse, and went trotting along the “lonin, afore folks, settin up a great nicker and a whinney every now and then;” and it came frequently like a “dickass,” and it always stopped at the pond at the four “lonin ends, and nickered and whinnied.”

My brother once saw it like four men holding up a white sheet. I was then sure that some near relation was going to die; which was true. My husband once saw it in the image of a naked man without a head.

I knew a man of the name of Bewick that was so frightened, that he hanged himself “for fear on’t.” Whenever the midwife was sent for, it always came up with her in the shape of a “galloway.”

Dr. Harrison wouldn’t believe in it; but he met it one night as he was going home, and it “maist” killed him, but he never would tell what happened, and didn’t like to talk about it; and whenever the “brag” was mentioned, he sat “trimilin and shakin” by the fireside.

My uncle had a white suit of clothes, and the first time he ever put them on he met the “brag,” and he never had them on afterwards, but he met with some misfortune; and once when he met the “brag” and had his white suit on, (being a bold man,) and having been at a christening, he was determined to get on the brag’s back; but when he com to the four “lonin ends,” the brag “joggled him so sore,” that he could hardly keep his seat, and at last it threw him off into the middle of the pond, and then ran away, setting up a great nicker and laugh, just “for all the world like a christian.”

But this I know to be true of my own knowledge, that when my father was dying, the brag was heard coming up the lonin like a coach and six, and it stood before the house, and the room “shaked,” and it gave a terrible yell when my father died, and then it went clattering and gallopin down the lonin, as if “yeben and yerth was coming together.”

*Pelton Lonin.**

The swine com jingling down Pelton lonin,
The swine com jingling down Pelton lonin,
The swine com jingling down Pelton lonin,
There’s five black swine and never an odd one:
Three i’ the dyke, and two i’ the lonin,
Three i’ the dyke, and two i’ the lonin.
Three i’ the dyke, and two i’ the lonin,
There’s five black swine and never an odd one.

ODE TO THE RIVER DERWENT. †

Lov’d stream, that meanders along,
Where the steps of my infancy stray’d,
Where first I attun’d the rude song,
That nature all artless essay’d.

* Though some of the inhabitants of Pelton still sing this song to their children, yet they are not now aware either of its origin or its application; and the proverbial saying of “they’ll all come back, like the pies o’ Pelton,” is equally obscure.

† This ode, which extends to forty verses, was written by John Carr, LL.D., (son of William and Ann Carr,) Master of the Grammar School, at Hertford, a native of Muggleswick, born in 1732. He died 6th June, 1807, at Hertford, aged 75.

Those verses only which are locally interesting, are given here.

Though thy borders be stripp'd of each tree,
Where trees were indulg'd to decay,
Their image still pictures to me
Thy villagers, gambolling gay.

Nor by fancy shall aught be unseen,
Where thy fountains flow murmuring by—
Where I mix'd in the sports on the green—
Where I wept with the woe-begone eye.

Past rapine arises anew;
Not a bird can be safe in her nest;
That orchard again is in view;
Those apples were always the best.

The boy quits, enamour'd of ease,
For thy cool embraces, his book;
Thy minnows, that play where they please,
O Derwent! how happy they look !

How oft, by no pity controll'd,
An impaler of brandlings* I've been !
How oft return'd hungry and cold,
Unburthen'd with booty, I ween!

When thy hyads impetuously pour'd
A deluge from every hill,
The dams, by thy torrents devour'd,
The Miller aghast in his mill.

* The brandling is a small worm, which is cleaned in moss, and used as a bait in trout fishing.—J. C. Probably so called from being used in fishing for the brandling species.—*Brockett.*

Thy rage did but temper the air;
Far distant the mildew of health,
Where guilt vainly decorates care,
Disdaining the gewgaws of wealth.

Simplicity heard in her cot
Long tales of hard winters and wars,
And still hop'd to better her lot
By the change of the moon and the stars.

* * * * *
For a story they stir up the fire, *
Till vanquish'd and silenc'd by sleep;
No vale like their own they admire—
Not a lake in the land like the Sneep †

There Derwent reluctantly leaves
A scene so delightfully rare,
And winds his fond arms, and receives
Each wave in the wonder to share.

King Arthur's round table is near,
Though none has declar'd how it came;
He lifts up his head once a year,
The sceptre long lost to reclaim.

Hot Henry, in choler decrees,
His fingers to snap at the Pope;
Alba-Landa, embosom'd in trees,
Had well nigh eluded his hope.

* How vocal to a Northern ear, are the following lines:

Kittle t' coal, and mak t' ingle shine;
Steek t' dere, and keep out t' swine.

† A pool near Muggleswick.

Alba-Landa's inquisitors made
Small progress in finding the place,
Till a bell* the dread secret betray'd,
Like a Lollard, bereft of all grace.

Hal mynesh'd their mete and their coyne,
As the guise of black chronicle saith;
But could the good fathers repine,
While he stoutly defended the faith?

Rude Muggleswick's banquetting room, †
Which offer'd a timely retreat,
Reformation thought fit to resume;
Reformers were willing to eat.

Thus the wheel of vicissitude flies,
Something—nothing—Penelope's web!
Let envy, if envy be wise,
Spare a Henry, an Arthur, an Eb. ‡

In elder time giants uprear'd
Their heads, and affronted the skies;
Cor, Ben, Con, terrific appear'd, §
With names of anomalous size.

* Henry the Eighth having resolved on demolishing the religious houses, his commissioners are reported, after a long search, to have despaired of finding Alba Landa, or Blanchland; when they were unexpectedly led to it by the sound of a bell.

† At Muggleswick there was a *Camera*, or house of entertainment for the Monks, the vestiges of which still remained.—Vide Ang. Sac. p. 740.

‡ Eb, from which Ebchester has its name, was a royal virgin of great repute.—J. C.

§ Cor-bridge, in Northumberland, Con-set, and Ben-field side, in Durham, were the places where these brothers resided.—J. C.

A hammer in common they had,
And the use of it easy to all;
Each whistled, each brother was glad
To throw it three leagues at his call.

When Con was approaching his end,
Deaf, blind, and beginning to rave,
With a ploughman he begg'd as a friend,
To converse at the mouth of his cave.

This ploughman, as prudent men do,
Held his ploughshare, himself to escape;
Blind Con pinch'd his ploughshare in two,
And pronounc'd it the arm of an ape.

The footsteps of Fairy and Fay
In the grassplot are plain to be seen;
When at midnight, in dancing the hay,
They lighten the cares of their Queen.

Ghosts and witches come in for a share,
Though poor Frizzle* has long breath'd her last,
On broomstick who rode in the air,
And scatter'd her pins as she past.

What son of thy banks canst thou boast,
Like *Maddison*, made to explore,
To give to the silver-girt coast,
The praise that was foreign before?

Each language, each heart was his own,
And Europe was proud to improve,

* Jane Frizzle was a notorious witch on the Northumberland side of the river, who practised on men, maidens, and cattle.

Whom Belgium found time to bemoan
Whom Gallia could listening love.

Say, when will thou cease to complain?
Oh, Derwent! thy destiny cries:
Far off, on the banks of the Seine,
Thy darling, thy *Maddison** dies!

ELSIE MARLEY. †

Elsie Marley's grown so fine
She cannot get up to sarve the swine,

* The last four lines are inscribed on the monument of George Maddison, of Hole-house, in the parish of Lanchester, Esq., who filled various diplomatic situations, and who was appointed under-secretary of state for foreign affairs in 1782, and secretary to the extraordinary embassy to his most Christian Majesty, 2nd April, 1783, (at an allowance of £300 for his equipage, and 40 shillings a day for his ordinary entertainment—*Privy Seal papers*.) He died suddenly in Paris, 27th Aug. 1783, strongly suspected to have been poisoned. His brother John was also employed on many diplomatic missions; he was appointed to the receiver general's office in the Post Office in 1766; and secretary for the foreign department of it, 11th July, 1787, instead of Anthony Todd, Esq., (also a Bishopric man,) who was desired to "resign in his favour."—He died 24th Oct., 1808, aged 65.

† Elsie Marley has given her name to a tune which is spirited and lively, which is frequently called for as a dance at the country fairs. Her maiden name was Harrison, and she was the first wife of Ralph Marley, who kept a public house at Picktree, bearing the sign of the Swan, with the appropriate motto:

"The Swan doth love the water clear,
And so does man good ale and beer."

She was a handsome, buxom, bustling landlady, and brought good custom to the house by her civility and attention. On the march of the Dutch troops to Scotland, in the forty-five, the soldiers amused themselves by shooting at the Swan, and it remained a long time afterwards in a tattered condition, from having served as a target to the mercenaries. Elsie had a son, Harri-

But lays in bed till eight or nine,
And surely she does take her time.

And do you ken Elsie Marley, honey?
The wife that sells the barley, honey;
She lost her pocket and all her money
A back o' the bush i' the garden, honey.*

Elsie Marley is so neat,
'Tis hard for one to walk the street,
But every lad and lass you meet,
Cries, do you ken Elsie Marley, honey?

Elsie Marley wore a straw hat,
But now she's gotten a velvet cap,
The Lambton lads † mun pay for that—
Do you ken Elsie Marley, honey?

Elsie keeps good gin and ale
In her house below the dale,
Where every tradesman up and down,
Does call and spend his half-a-crown.

son Marley, whose son Ralph was living a few years since, with a numerous progeny. Elsie suffered from a long and severe illness, and was at length found drowned in a pond near Bygo, where it is supposed she had fallen in by accident, and could not extricate herself through weakness.

* This is a poetical license. Elsie was an active manager, and the household affairs were entrusted to her sole controul. She went to Newcastle quarterly to pay the brewer's bill, &c.; and on one of these occasions (it was the fair day) she had 20 guineas in her pocket, sewed up in a corner. On the Sand-hill she was hustled and clapping her hand to her side, she exclaimed aloud, "O honney, honney, I've lost my pocket and all my money."

R. Marley.

† This verse is not in Ritson's copy, but it is current in the neighbourhood. By the Lambton lads, were meant the five brothers of the house of Lambton, all bachelors to a certain period, and all admirers of Elsie Marley.

The farmers as they come that way,
Drink with Elsie every day,
And call the fiddler for to play,
The tune of "Elsie Marley," honey.

The pitmen and the keelmen trim,
They drink bumbo made of gin,
And when to dance they do begin
The tune is "Elsie Marley," honey.

Those gentlemen that go so fine,
They'll treat her with a bottle of wine,
And freely will sit down and dine
Along with Elsie Marley, honey.

So to conclude these lines I've penn'd,
Hoping there's none I do offend,
And thus my merry joke doth end
Concerning Elsie Marley, honey.

SPOTTEE. *

Come all ye good people and listen to me,
And a comical tale I will tell unto ye,

* This curious ditty is printed from a copy found in the papers of the late Thomas Clerke Esq., of Sunderland; (and possibly written by him.) He was a gentleman of powerful convivial talents, and the author of several spirited, and anacreontic songs, which are now attributed to others. He was a cheerful member of society, and his poetical contributions were remarkable for their ready wit and sparkling humour. His "Sons of the Wear," is bold and enlivening; his "Musical Club," is full of good natured point and playful fancy; and his ode to Silver Street, is a pungent and lively portrait.

Belanging yon Spottee* that lived on the law Quay,
That had nowther house nor harbour he.

The poor auld wives o' the north side disn't knaw what for to dee,
For they dare not come to see their husbands when they come to the Quay;
They're fear'd o' their sels, and their infants tee,
For this roguish fellow they call Spottee.

But now he's gane away unto the sea side,
Where mony a ane wiashes he may be wesh'd away wi' the tide,
For if Floutter's flood † come, as it us'd for to dee,
It will drive his heart out—then where will his midred be?

Amongst his miscellaneous papers, which his son, Dr. Thomas Clerke, preserve with great care, are several complimentary letters from persons of consideration; and amongst others, an anonymous ode, of which the following are the concluding verses:—

See how the varied, comic strife,
How each pursues that game of life
Which suits his humour best,
While thy good nature wins the prize,
And wit now bears thee to the skies,
O Clerke! by all caress'd.
O should this humble mimic lay,
Approv'd by thee, one line betray,
Fraught with true lyric fire;
And should my muse enforce a smile,
Or please my witty friend a while,
'Tis all that I desire.

* Spottee was a poor lunatic, who lived in a cave between Whitburn and Sunderland, which still retains the name of Spottee's hole. Sixty years since, he was the "boggle bo" of the children of Sunderland.

† A great flood which carried away Flouter's Mill, near Murton, and is remembered (locally) by the name of "Flouter's flood."

The poor auld wives o' Whitburn disn't knaw what for to dee,
For they dar not come along the sands, wi' their lang tail skates in their hands,
to Jacob Spenceley's landing, as they us'd for to dee.
They dare not come along the sands, wi' their swills in their hands,
But they're forc'd to take a coble, and come in by the sea.

As Laird Forster was riding along the sands,
As he, or any other gentleman might dee,
Spottee cam out, his tanter-wallups did flee,
His horse teuk the boggle, and off flew he.

He gathers coals in the day time, as he's well knawn for to dee,
And maks a fire on i' the neet, which kests a leet into the sea,
Which gar'd the poor Sloopy cry, "helem a lee,"
And a back o' the carcasses com poor shee.

Alack and a well a day, said the maister, what shall we dee?
Trust to Providence, said the mate, and wee're sure to get free;
There was a poor little lad that had come a trial vaige to sea,
His heart went like a pair o' bellows, and he did'nt knaw what for to dee.

Johnny Usher, the maister, wad ha' carried him away,
But the ship's company swore deel be their feel if they wad with him stay;
We'll first forfeit our wages, for ganging to sea,
Before we'll gan wi' that roguish fellow they call Spottee.

THE COLLIER'S RANT.*

As me and my marrow was gangin to wark,
We met wi' the Deel, it was i' the dark;

* This is a true pit song, which few singers can do justice to. Those who have had the advantage of hearing it sung by the late Mr. W. S——, sen.

I up wi' my pick, it was i' the neet,
I knock'd off his horns, likewise his club feet.
Follow the horses, Johnny my laddy!
Follow them through, my canny lad, O!
Follow the horses, Johnny my laddy!
O lad lye away, canny lad, O!

As me and my marrow was putten the tram,
The lowe it went out, and my marrow gat wrang;
How ye wad ha' laugh'd, had ye seen the fine gam,
The deel gat my marrow, but I gat the tram.

Follow, &c.

Oh! marrow, Oh! marrow, Oh! what dost thou think,
I've broken my bottle, and spilt all my drink;
I've lost all my shin splints amang the great stanes;
Draw me to the shaft, lad; its time to gan hame.

Follow, &c.

Oh! marrow, Oh! marrow, where has te been?
Drivin the drift fra' the law seam,
Drivin the drift fra' the law seam;
Had up the lowe, lad; deel stop up thy een.

Follow, &c.

There is my horse, and there is my tram;
Twee horns full o' grease, will mak her te gan;

of Picktree, will not readily forget the marvellous effect he produced on his hearers, by his powerful voice, and genuine humour.

The following verse does not appear to posses the same originality and antiquity with the foregoing:

Oh I marrow, Oh! marrow, this is wor pay week,
Wee'll get penny loaves, and drink to wor beak,
Wee'll fill up a bumper, and round it shall go,
Follow the horses, Johnny lad, O.

There is my hoggars, likewise my half shoon,
And smash my pit sark, for my putten's a' done.

Follow, &c.

THE BONNY PIT LADDIE.

The bonny pit laddie, the canny pit laddy,
The bonny pit laddy for me, O!
He sits in his hole as black as a coal,
And brings the white siller to me, O!*

The bonny pit laddy, the canny pit laddy,
The bonny pit laddy for me, O!
He sits on his cracket, and hews in his jacket,
And brings the white siller to me, O!†

BOBBY SHAFTOE.‡

Bobby Shafto's gone to sea,
Silver buckles at his knee;

* In the play of the "Love Sick King," by Anthony Brewer, gent., 1655, Randolph, a coal merchant, says— "you shall perceive strange transformations, *black* coals to *white* silver."

† The following appears rather an imitation of the foregoing, than an original verse:—

My bonny keel laddie, my canny keel laddie,
The bonny keel laddie for me, O,
He sits in his keel, as black as the deel.
And brings the white money to me, O.

‡ There are various additional stanzas to this old song, but the verses given above appear the most ancient. An apocryphal verse says:

He'll come back and marry me,
Bonny Bobby Shaftoe.

Bobby Shafto's bright and fair,
Combing down his yellow hair;
He's my ain for evermair,
Bonny Bobby Shaftoe.

THE WATER OF TYNE.*

I cannot get to my love, if I would dee,
The water of Tyne runs between him and me;

Bobby Shafto's gotten a bairn,
For to daugle on his arm—
On his arm, and on his knee;
Bobby Shafto loves me.

This song was used for electioneering purposes in 1761, when Robert Shafto, of Whitworth, Esq., was the favourite candidate, and who was popularly called “Bonny Bobby Shaftoe.”

Bobby Shafto's looking out,
All his ribbons flew about,
All the ladies gave a shout—
Hey, for Bobby Shaftoe.

His portrait, at Whitworth, represents him as very young and very handsome, and with *yellow* hair. Miss Bellasyse, the heiress of Brancepeth, is said to have died for love of him.

* The Tyne divides the Counties of Durham and Northumberland, and, as one of the parties was evidently on the Durham side of the river, this song may be justly admitted into the “Garland.” A blue stone marks the boundary of the Counties on Newcastle bridge, and one third of it is supported by, and belongs to the Bishoprick.

Alderman Barnes mentions a Tower which formerly stood on this bridge, which was used as a prison; and to which he committed a drunken shipwright,

And here I must stand with the tear in my e'e,
Both sighing and sickly, my sweetheart to see.

O, where is the boatman, my bonny honey
O, where is the boatman? O, bring him to me—
To ferry me over the Tyne to my honey,
And I will remember the boatman and thee.

Oh! bring me a boatman, and I'll give him money,
And you for your trouble rewarded shall be,
To ferry me over the Tyne to my honey,
Or ferry him cross that rough river to me.

THE KEEL ROW.*

As I cam thro' Sandgate, thro' Sandgate, thro' Sandgate,
As I com thro' Sandgate, I heard a lassie sing:
Weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row,
Weel may the keel row that my lad is in.

He wears a blue bonnet, a blue bonnet, a blue bonnet,
He wears a blue bonnet, and a dimple in his chin.
And weel may the keel row, &c.

who, finding a quantity of malt in the room, took a shovel and threw it out of the window into the river, "merrily reflecting upon himself," and singing—

O, base mault,
Thou did'st the fault,
And into the Tyne thou shalt.

* Sandgate, is in Newcastle; but the song is equally adopted by the Wear and the Tyne. The tune which bears the name still retains great popularity; and the music (more perhaps from early associations than from any originality in the melody) is peculiarly enlivening. There are several other verses to the same tune, such as the following: —

LANGLEY DALE.

As I down Raby Park did pass,
I heard a fair maid weep and wail;
The chiefest of her song it was,
Farewell the sweets of Langley dale!

The bonny Mavis cheers his mate,
The Thistle-cock sings in the glen,
But I may never hope to rove
Within sweet Langley dale again.

The Gowan blooms beside the brae,
The Primrose shaws its blossom pale,
But I must bid adieu for aye
To all the sweets of Langley dale.

The days of peace are past and fled,
Youth's golden hairs to silver turn,
Each bonny fiow'ret droops its head
By Langley dale and mossy burn.

False Suthrons crop each lovely flower,
And strew their blossoms on the gale:
Our foes have spoil'd the sweetest bower—
Alas for bonny Langley dale !

My lad's ower bonnie, ower cannie, ower bonnie—
My lad's ower cannie, for the coal trade—
He's fitter for a merchant, a merchant, a merchant,
He's fitter for a merchant, than a man-o'-war's blade.



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And a verse addressed to the late Sir Matthew White Ridley, of Heaton, popularly called “Canny Sir Matthew,” is worthy of preservation.

*Bright star of Heaton, your ay wour darling sweet one,
May Heaven’s blessings leet on, your lady, bairns, and ye—
Weel may the keel row &c.*



SWORD DANCERS.

It is still the practice, though less in repute than formerly, during the Christmas holidays, for companies of pitmen and other workmen from the neighbouring collieries to visit Sunderland, Durham, &c., to perform a sort of Play or Dance, accompanied by song and music.

Their appearance is hailed by the children with great satisfaction, and they receive liberal contributions from the spectators.

The dancers are girded with swords, and clad in white shirts or tunics, decorated with a profusion of ribbands, of various colours, gathered from the wardrobes of their mistresses and well-wishers. The captain generally wears a kind of faded uniform, with a large cocked hat and feather, for pre-eminent distinction; and the buffoon, or “Bessy,” who acts as treasurer, and collects the cash in a tobacco-box, wears a hairy cap, with a fox’s brush* dependent.

The music is simple, and not devoid of harmony: its peculiar beauty depends, perhaps greatly, on the force of early associations.

The party assemble promiscuously, and the captain forms a circle with his sword, round which he walks, and sings; each actor following as he is called upon.

Six actors I have brought,
Who were never on stage before;

* Query—If this was not formerly meant to represent the Lion’s skin of the ancient heroes; and this is not the only classical allusion used by the Sword Dancers, for a “Bessy” on the borders of Yorkshire, was heard to sing:

“I’ve liv’d among musick these forty long years,
And drunk of the *elegant* spring.”

There can be little doubt that *Helicon* was the original reading.

But they will do their best,
And the best can do no more.

The first that I call in,
He is a squire's son;
He's like to lose his love,
Because he is too young.

But though he be too young,
He has money for to rove;
And he will spend it all,
Before he'll lose his love.

The next that I call in,
He is a taylor fine;
What think you of his work?—
He made this coat of mine.

So comes good master Snip,
His best respects to pay:
He joins us in our trip,
To drive dull care away.

The next that I call in,
He is a sailor bold;
He's come to poverty
By the lending of his gold.

But though his gold's all gone,
Again he'll plough the main,
With heart both light and brave,
To fight both France and Spain.

Next comes a skipper bold,
He'll do his part right weel;

A clever blade, I'm told,
As ever poy'd* keel,

Oh! the keel lads are bonny bonny lads,
As I do understand;
For they run both fore and aft,
With their long sets in their hands.

To join us in this play,
Here comes a jolly dog,
Who's sober every day,
When he can get no grog.

But though he likes his grog,
As all his friends can say,
He always likes it best,
When he has nought to pay.

Last I come in mysel,
I make one of this crew;
And if you'd know my name,
My name it is True Blue.†

The Dance then begins in slow, and measured cadence; which soon increases in spirit, and at length bears the appearance of a serious affray. The Rector, alarmed, rushes forward to pre-

* Puoy Puy, or Pouie, a long pole with an iron spike at the end; used in propelling keels in shallow water.—*Fr. appui. Brockett's Glossary.* The Puoy on the Tyne is the Set on the Wear.

† At this part, the "Bessy" sometimes considers it necessary to give some account of his own genealogy, viz:

My father he was hang'd,
My mother was drown'd in a well;
And now I'se left alone,
All by my awn sel.

vent bloodshed; and, in his endeavours to separate the combatants, he receives a mortal blow, and falls to the ground.

Then follows the lament—the general accusation—and denial.

Alas! our rector's dead,
And on the ground is laid;
Some of us must suffer for't,
Young men, I'm sore afraid.

I'm sure 'twas none of I—
I'm clear of the crime;
'Twas him that follows me
That drew his sword so fine.

I'm sure 'twas none of I—
I'm clear of the fact;
'Twas him that follows me
That did this bloody act.

I'm sure 'twas none of I,
Ye bloody villains all!
For both my eyes were shut
When this good man did fall.

Then cheer up, my bonny bonny lads,
And be of courage bold;
For we'll take him to the church,
And we'll bury him in the mould.

Captain.—Oh! for a doctor, a right good doctor,
A ten-pound doctor, oh!

Doctor.—Here am I.

Captain.—Doctor, what's your fee?

Doctor.—Ten pounds is my fee; but nine pounds, nineteen shillings, and eleven pence, three farthings, will I take from thee.

See here, see here, a doctor rare,
Who travels much at home;
Come, take my pills—they cure all ills,
Past, present, and to come.

The plague, the palsy, and the gout,
The devil within, and the devil without—
Every thing but a love-sick maid—
And a consumption in the pocket.

Take a little of my nif-naf,
Put it on your tif-taf.
Parson, rise up, and fight again,
The doctor says you are not slain.

The rector gradually recovers, which is the signal for general rejoicing and congratulation.

Captain.—You've seen them all call'd in,
You've seen them all go round;
Wait but a little while—
Some pastime will be found.

Cox-green's a bonny place,
Where water washes clean;
And Painshaw's on a hill,
Where we have merry been.

Then, fiddler, change thy tune,
Play us a merry jig;
Before that I'll be beat,
I'll pawn both hat and wig.

A general dance concludes the performance, to the old and favourite tune of, "Kitty, Kitty, bo, bo!"

STOCKTON'S COMMENDATION.

The earliest song with this title, is directed to be sung to the tune of "Sir John Fenwick's the flower among them,"—and begins gallantly:

Come, brave spirits, that love Canary,
And good company are keeping,
From our friends, let's never vary—
Let your muse awake from sleeping.
Bring forth mirth and wise Apollo;
Mark your eyes on a true relation:
Virgil, with his pen, shall follow,
In ancient Stockton's commendation.

Upon the stately river Tees,
A goodly castle* there was placed,
Nigh joining to the ocean seas,
Whereby our country was much graced;
Affording rich commodities,
With corn and lead, unto our nation;
Which makes me sing, with cheerful voice,
Of ancient Stockton's commendation.

Then follows an account of three Stockton men, who, in the year 1635, played a match at foot-ball, with three men of Middleham, and were, *of course*, victorious;

And Stockton got the commendation.

The second "commendation" was written by Benjamin Pye,

* Old Noll, in his day, out of pious concern,
This Castle demolish'd—sold all but the barn.

Vide—a new song for 1764, by Mr. William Sutton.

LL.D., Archdeacon of Durham, consisting of six verses, of which the following are perhaps the most effective:

But now I'll tell you news prodigious;
My honest friends, be sure remark it,
Our ferries are transform'd to bridges,
And Cleveland trips to Stockton market.
Our causeways rough, and miry roads,
Shall sink into a navigation;
And Johnny Carr shall sing fine odes,
In modern Stockton's commendation.

Oh! what a scene for joy and laughter,
To see, as light as cork or feather,
Our ponderous lead, and bulky rafter,
Sail down the smooth canal together.

* * * * *

Another song "in praise of Stockton, for 1764," was written by Mr. William Sutton, to the tune of "Derry down." They are all given at length in Ritson's "Bishopric Garland."

CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE MORNING.

Maids get up and bake your pies,
Bake your pies, bake your pies;
Maids get up and bake your pies,
'Tis Christmas day in the morning.

See the ships all sailing by,

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Sailing by, sailing by;
See the ships all sailing by,
On Christmas day in the morning.*

* The following lines are ancient, but they appear to be only a paraphrase of the above:—

A PITMAN'S LOVE SONG.*

I wish my love she was cherry,
Growing upon yon cherry tree;

Dame, what made your ducks to die,
Ducks to die, ducks to die;
Dame, what made your ducks to die,
On Christmas day in the morning.

You let your lazy maidens lie,
Maidens lie, maidens lie;
You let your lazy maidens lie,
On Christmas day in the morning.

It is the practice in some parts of this County to preserve the ashes of one yule clog, to sprinkle upon the next, which may have given birth to the following original and beautiful lines:—

“Yule sits upon yule clog,
With a white feather in his cap—
Red Rose, when wilt thou spring?”

* This song is simple and ancient; it was written down from the dictation of Mr. George Wood, of Bridge Street, Bishopwearmouth, whose tenacious memory is a well-filled treasury of local recollections.

The locality of the following fragment is doubtful; yet it was frequently sung by an old lady, who had it from her grandmother, who firmly believed it belonged to the Bishoprick.:—

Picking of lillies the other day;
Picking of lillies both fresh and gay;
Picking of lillies, red, white, and blue,
I little thought what love could do.

I set my back against an oak,
Thinking it was a stately tree—
But first it bended, and then it broke,
And so did my true love to me.

I saw a ship sailing on the main,

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As deeply laden as ship could be;
But not so deep as in love I am;
I car'd not whether I sunk or swam.

K

And aw mysel, a bonny blackbird,
How aw would pick that cherry, cherree.
O, my hinney, my bonny hinney,
O, my hinney, my bonny hinnee;
The mair I think on her, my heart's set upon her.
She's fairer than ever she us'd for to be.

I wish my love she was a grey Ewe,
Grazing by yonder river side;
And aw mysel a bonny black Tup,
By that Ewe's side aw always would bide.

Aw wish my love she was a Fish—
Aye, a fish in yonder sea:
And aw mysel a bonny fisher lad,
How aw would fish that fishy, fishee!

I wish my love was in a Kist,
And aw mysel to carry the key;
I would open the kist, and give her a kiss,
And kiss her again for company.

UP THE RAW.

Up the raw, ma bonny hinney,
Up the raw, lass, every day;
For shape, and for colour, ma bonny hinney,
Thou bangs thy mother, ma canny bairn.

Black as a craw, ma bonny hinney,
Thou bangs them a', lass, every day;
Thou's a clag-candy, ma bonny hinney,
Thou's double-japanded, ma canny bairn.

For hide, and for hue, ma bonny hinney,
Thou bangs the crew, ma canny bairn;
Up the raw, down the raw, ma bonny hinney,
Thou bangs them a', lass, ma canny bairn.*

THE PLEASURES OF SUNDERLAND.

A few of the verses seem original, of which the following are the most characteristic:—

The damsels of Sunderland *would* if they *could*,
Welcome brave sailors when they come from sea,
Build a fine tower of silver and gold;
Every man in his mind, but Sunderland for me.

In Silver-street lives one Isabel Rod;
She keeps the best ale the town can afford,

* This song is equally current on the banks of the Tyne and the Wear; it is one of those nursery songs which descend from "generation to generation," without variation. Fragments of songs of similar import still obtain, and are heard occasionally, as—

My bairn's a bonny bairn, a canny bairn, a bonny bairn,
My bairn's a canny bairn, and never looks dowly;
My bairn's a canny bairn, a canny bairn, a bonny bairn,
My bairn's a bonny bairn, and not a yellow-yowley.

All the neet ower and ower,
And all the neet ower again:
All the neet ower and ower,
The peacock follows the hen.

A hen's a hungry dish,
A goose is hollow within;
There's no deceit in a pudding;
A pie's a dainty thing.

For gentlemen to drink, till they cannot see;
Every man to his mind, but Sunderland for me.*

THE SHIP IS ALL LADEN.

The ship is all laden, and ready for sea,
The foy-boat is coming, away let us be;
Come hoist up your topsails, we'll go without fail,
The wind's West, Nor' West, and it blows a fresh gale.

The skipper goes forward, and there takes his stand,
Both growling and grumbling, and giving command;
Haul this rope, haul that rope, he doesn't know which,
And when he has time—gives his breeches a hitch.

The men are all groggy; we can't find a boy;
Billy Wilson's too lazy to work for his foy:
A rope is fast here, and a rope is fast there—
The foy-boats away—smash my wig if I care.

* Sir Walter Scott visited Sunderland on the occasion of the Duke of Wellington's visit (4th October, 1827), and was an honoured guest at the upper table. In a letter to a gentleman shortly afterwards, who accused him of forgetfulness, he mentions his visit to Sunderland with commendation; which may plead an excuse for the following extract:—

Forget thee? No! my worthy fere,
Forget blythe mirth and gallant cheer;
Death, sooner stretch me on my bier!
Forget thee? No!
Forget the universal shout,
When *canny Sunderland* spoke out;
A truth which knaves affect to doubt.
Forget thee? No!



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A triumphal arch was erected on this occasion by the ladies of Sunderland, in honor of the hero of Waterloo. A representation of which, with its gay flags and streamers, may not be misplaced as a decoration.



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Such wrangling, such jangling, such cutting of ropes;
Such squalling, such bawling, such staving of boats;
Such cracking of bowsprits, such rattling of rails,
Such smashing of sterns, and such tearing of sails.

Our owner comes down, with his wig on one side;
He blows like a grampus, to see such a tide;
Bowse, bowse, boys, the capstan—hang me if I care—
I'll have her to sea, if she strikes on the bar.

He's from the low Quay, then he's at the Pier end,
and then to the ale house, to drink with a friend;
We'll leave him there, drinking his bumbo of rum—
We are *stuck* in the *narrows*—the tide it is done.

The ship is safe moor'd, and all hands gone ashore,
To court all the pretty girls that they adore;
They dance with their sweethearts, and what not beside,
And if they think fit, they will court them next tide. *

* This song (softened down, however, and deprived of many marine imprecations) was written forty-five years since, and it was no doubt a lively portrait of the bustle and confusion of a ship going to sea, [winding along a narrow and shallow channel, with a doubtful tide]; so different from the orderly, tranquil, and well regulated practice of the present day; and as to the state of the harbour, an official report of the officers of customs, dated 3rd November, 1739, relates that—“The ships which load in the harbour for over-sea are very few, for the depth of water at the bar, even in high spring tides, is not above ten feet, and will not admit ships which carry above *four* keels, or thirty-two chaldrons to go out loaden.” This account contrasts wonderfully with the present condition of the river; and proves abundantly what may be done by zeal and perseverance, properly applied.

This is the only *sea* song in the collection. The British Museum contains nothing relating to the Bishoprick; and the Pepysian collection of songs at Cambridge has but one, connected with this part of the country. It is lengthy, and describes the search of a citizen of Newcastle after his frail help-mate. One verse may suffice:—

And meetest thou not my true love,
By the way as you came?

SAIR FAIL'D, HINNEY.*

I was young and lusty,
I was fair and clear;

How should I know your true love,
That have met many a one:
She is neither white nor black,
But as the heavens fair;
Her looks are very beautiful,
None may with her compare.

Emery wrote and published a ballad, which he sung to a select party, on whose judgment he thought he could rely. But the "faint praise" of his friends did not satisfy his sanguine anticipations, and he never sung it again. It was worthy of a better fate. The last verse is graphically descriptive:—

The pier with our wives and our sweethearts is lin'd,
To greet us on jumping on shore;
Each blessing the gale so propitious and kind—
So soon their lov'd tars to restore.

Now my notion of songs, you may call a strange fancy,
But I will as plump tell you no;
For the song that draws tears of joy from my Nancy,
Is the happy returning yo, heave ho!

This lengthened note may be closed with a verse from a very old local song; and it is the only verse which has escaped oblivion:—

If he comes to Sunderland Pier,
If I chance to hear his voice;
If he hollow—
Him I'll follow,
Through the world—for he's my choice!

* This song is "far north;" it is admitted in Bell's Northern Bards, and may very possibly belong to the Bishoprick, where it is well known. Ritson, in "Gammer Gurton's Garland," gives it differently, and more quaintly:—

Says t' auld man ti't oak tree,
Young and lusty was I, when I ken'd thee—
I was young and lusty, I was fair and clear—
Young and lusty was I, mony a lang year;
But sair fail'd is I, sair fail'd now—
Sair fail'd is I, sin I ken'd thou.

I was young and lusty,
Mony a lang year.
Sair fail'd, hinney
Sair fail'd now;
Sair fail'd, hinney,
Sin I ken'd thou.

When I was young and lusty,
I could loup a dyke;
Now at five and sixty—
Canna do the like.

Then said the awd man
To the oak tree:
Sair fall'd is I,
Sin I ken'd thee.

A SOUTH SHIELDS SONG.

The sailors are all at the bar,*
They cannot get up to Newcastle;

* Of a similar description are the following fragments, which apply to Sunderland:—

Blow the wind southerly, southerly, southerly,
Blow the wind southerly, So' and So' West;
My lad's at the bar, at the bar, at the bar,
My lad's at the bar, that I love best.

Wee'll all away to Sunnside,
To Sunnside, to Sunnside,
We'll all away to Sunnside,
To see the Fitter's maidens.

Till the tide comes in, till the tide comes in,
And wee'll sit upon the Pier till the tide comes in.

The sailors are all at the bar;
They cannot get up to Newcastle.
Up wi' smoky Shields,
And hey for bonny Newcastle:
Up wi' smoky Shields,
And hey for bonny Newcastle.

SUNDERLAND BRIDGE.

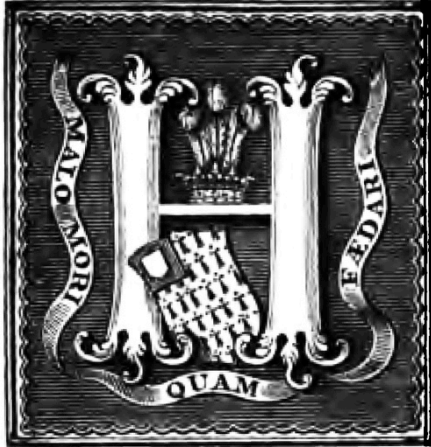
Ye sons of Sunderland, with shouts that rival ocean's roar,
Hail Burdon in his iron boots,* who strides from shore to shore!
O, may ye firm support each leg, or much, O, much, I fear,
Poor Rowland may o'erstretch himself, in striding 'cross the Wear.
A patent quickly issue out, lest some more bold than he,
Should put on larger boots, and stride across the sea!
Then let us pray for speedy peace, lest Frenchmen should come over,
And, foll'wing Burdon's iron plan, from Calais stride to Dover.

Oh! the weary Cutter, and Oh! the weary Sea,
Oh! the weary Cutter, that stole my laddie from me;
When I look'd to the Nor'ard, I look'd with a wat'ry eye,
but when I look'd to the South'ard, I saw my laddie go by.

* The second line is well worthy of preservation. Rowland Burdon, Esq., M.P., for the County of Durham, from 1790 to 1806, built this splendid bridge; the advantages of which have never been sufficiently appreciated. It is singular enough, that the Act of Parliament for its erection does not determine its name, and it is now called indifferently, Sunderland Bridge, Wearmouth Bridge, and the Iron Bridge.

Before the bridge was built, the "North-siders" were invited to come to the "benefits," by a postscript, in large letters, conveying the comfortable intelligence, that the *great boat* would be "in waiting for the better accommodation of the ladies and gentlemen of Monkwearmouth."

Play Bill, April 1, 1791.



HAVING now trespassed largely on the sufferance of the general reader, and even run the risk of being considered wearisome by those whose local feelings render their patience more enduring, the GARLAND draws to a conclusion, with a few Sayings belonging to the Bishoprick, a few unrecorded Epitaphs, and a Ballad which will make ample amends for many of the trifling articles, which have appeared in the foregoing pages.

Sayings

EVENWOOD—
Where never straight tree stood.

The prevailing South Western gales have full sweep over the Manor of Evenwood, and the few trees that appear there, are generally stunted and mishapen.

MAINSFORTH.
Rain in April—rain in May,
Or Mainsforth farewell to corn and hay.

Mainsforth stands on a dry gravelly soil, and requires frequent moisture.

DARNTON TROD.

To take Darnton trod—which is the road south—is said figuratively of any one who wishes to elude pursuit.

FAR TRAVELL'D.

I've been as far south as Sedgefield, where they call strea, straw!

RUNAWAY DOCTOR BOKANKI.

Walter Balcanquall, Dean of Durham, fled with precipitation on the Scott's army entering the Bishoprick.

Surtees, v. 1, p. XCVI.



Brackenbury, vide page 4.

Epitaphs.



Garlands are still used in some of the remote villages of the county, and precede the funeral processions of unmarried females. They are afterwards suspended in the Chancel.

“A Garland fresh and fair,
Of lillies there was made;
In sign of her virginitie,
And on her coffin laid.”

JOHN LILBURN.



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The turbulent Republican, of the family of Thickly, in the County of Durham.

Lay *Lilburn* here, and lay *John* here-a-bout,
For if they both fall in, they'll both *fall out*.



TROLLOP.

Here lies Robert Trollop,*
Who made yon stones roll up;
When death took his soul up,
His body fill'd this hole up.

COOPER.

Here lies Cooper, all alone,
Matthew is dead, the base is gone.

Said to be written on old Matthew Cooper, Clerk, M.A., one of the petit
canons, and singing men of the Cathedral.

GENTLE JOHN.

Pray for the soule of gentle John,
If ye please ye may, or let it alone—
'Tis all one.

BARNABUS HUTCHINSON.

Under this Thorn tree,
Lies honest Barnabee;
But where he is gone,



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* He is said to have been the Architect of the Exchange at Newcastle. But there are different readings; and he is also said to have made *these* stones roll up—as the builder of Gateshead Church. There is still a burial place at Gateshead, which belonged to the Trollops, who were masons for many generations.



To Heaven or Hell—
[I freely do own]
That I cannot tell.

He was a Proctor at Durham, and died 18th March, 1634.

LIVELY.

Here lies John Lively, Vicar of Kelloe,
He had seven daughters, and never a fellow.

This is equivocal, and may apply in two ways; either that he had no male issue, or that he had no equal, [or fellow] for learning in the diocese.

On the death of the wife of a respectable Bookseller, of Sunderland.

From fate there's no defence,
Death call'd her hence—
In youth's full pride;
Could virtue save
From an untimely grave,
She had not died.

Cunningham's MSS.

NEVILL AND EVERS.

On William Pudsey, whose mother was a daughter of Lord

Scroope, of Bolton, who was “nobly descended of y^e mother, but nott of [y^e]
sire.”*

A Scroope in condition,
A Clifford † in face,
A *Nevill* in voice,
An *Evers* in pace.

A GRACE.

Good Lord of thy mercy,
Take my good lady D’arcy ‡
Unto her heavenly throne;
That I little Frank,
May sit in my rank
And keep a good house of my own.

* From an ancient Calender in the possession of Mr. John Rawling Wilson, of Newcastle; formerly belonging to the Pudseys, of Barforth.

† Fair Rosamond was a Clifford.

‡ Lady D’arcy, who was the second wife of Sir William Bowes, of Biddic, and widow of Godfrey Foljambe, of Walton, Co. Derby, Esq., on whose state she had a large jointure, married thirdly, Lord D’arcy, of Aston. She was a puritan, and entertained many godly ministers. The next in the entail, who thought she had lived long enough,

“The jointur’d widow long survives,”

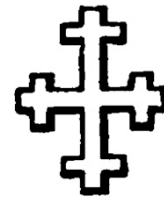
went to see her, and was invited to dinner, when she desired him to say grace; and with the attitude of a starch’d puritan, after the usual pause, he expressed his wishes *graciously* as above.

SIR JOHN-LE-SPRING,

Who was murdered in the arms of his leman, in his bower at Houghton-le-Spring, 1311.

Pray for the sowle of Sir John-le-Spring,
When the black Monks sing—
And the vesper bells ring;
Pray for the sprite of a murdered Knight,
Pray for the sowle of Sir John-le-Spring.

He fell not, when before the
The waning crescent fled,
When the Martyr's palm and golden crown
Reward Christ's soldier dead.



He fell not in the battling field,
Beneath St. George's banner bright,
When the pealing cry of victory—
Might cheer the sowle of a dying Knight;

But at dead of night, in the soft moonlight,
In his garden bower—he lay;
And the dew of sleep, did his eye-lids steep
In the arms of his leman gay.

And by murderous hand, and bloody brand,
In that guilty bower—
With his paramour,
Did his sowle from his body fleet,
And through mist and mirk, and moonlight gray,
Was forc'd away from the bleeding clay,
To the dreaded judgment seat.

In the southern aisle, his coat of mail,
Hangs o'er his marble shrine:

And his tilting spear is rusting there,
His helm, and his gaberdine.

And aye the mass priest, sings his song,
And patters many a prayer;
And the chaunting bell tolls loud and long,
And aye, the lamp burns there.

And still, when that guilty night returns,
On the eve of St. Barnaby bright,
The dying taper faintly burns—
With a wan and a wavering light.

And the clammy midnight dew breaks forth
Like drops of agony,
From the marble dank, and the armories clank,
Affrights the priest on his knee.

And high overhead, with shivering tread,
Unearthly footsteps pass;
For the spirits of air, are gathering there,
And mock the holy mass.

Lordlings, mind how your vows you keep,
And kiss no leman gay;
For he that sinks in sin to sleep,
May never wake to pray.

Judge not sinner as thou art,
Commune with thy sinful heart—
And watch, for thou knowest not the hour;
And to Jesus bright, and Mary of might,
Pray for the sowle of the murder'd Knight,
That died in his moonlight bower.

APPENDIX.



Collingwood.—Vide page 5.

THORNTON.

In the second act of the “Love-sick King,” by Anthony Brewer, gent., 1655, Thornton, (the pedlar) enters with needles and a lamb-skin, singing—

Begone, begone, my juggy, my puggy,
Begone, my love, my dear;
My money is gone, and ware I have none,
But one poor lamb-skin here.

*The Salamanca Corpus: The Bishoprick
Garland or a Collection of Legends, Songs, Ballads, &c. ... (1834)*

After a characteristic speech on his trade, he says—"I have a terrible mind to be a horrible rich man;" and then relates the prognostication of a witch on his future greatness:—

M

Go to Newcastle, take thy fate,
Yet ere thou enter, count thy state;
If service in that place thou get,
Thy wealth shall rise to infinite—
And Thornton's name in England stand,
The richest subject in the land.

In due obedience, he counts his "state," which amounts to "one poor half-penny, and a lamb's skin," and then writes on a tile the following record, which differs sensibly from the lines given at page 6:—

Here did Thornton enter in—
With *hope*, a half-penny, and a lamb's skin.

THE HILTONS.





*The Salamanca Corpus: The Bishoprick
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The origin of this family is lost in the clouds of remote antiquity. Adam de Hilton, living in the time of king Athelstan, is



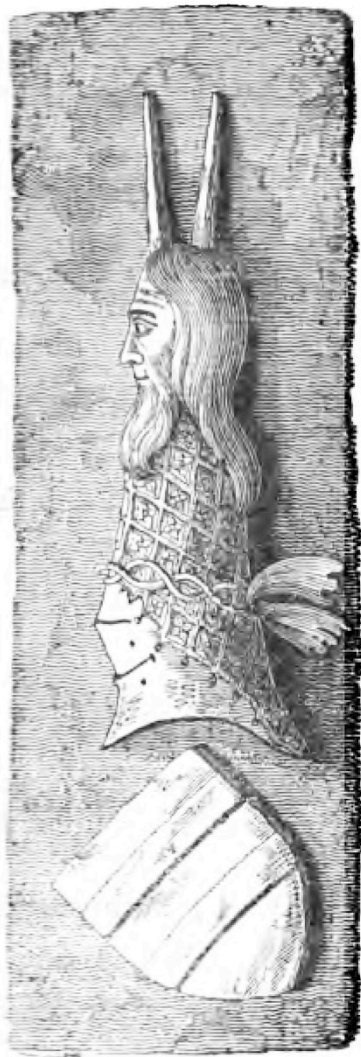
*The Salamanca Corpus: The Bishoprick
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stated to have given to the monastery of Hartlepool a pix or crucifix, which was in weight twenty-five ounces in silver, and caused his *arms* to be engraven on it, —argent, two bars azure. A legendary tale resting solely on oral tradition, states, that a raven flew from the North, and, perching on the turrets of a tower seated on the Wear, received the embraces of a Saxon lady, whom her father, a powerful abthane, had there confined to protect her from the approaches of a Danish nobleman, by which may possibly be adumbrated the origin of the family springing from a mixture of Danish and Saxon blood. The author, who wishes to adhere to facts, instead of presenting to the reader a fanciful pedigree, is glad to glean the isolated fragments which have survived the wreck of ages; and although the above tales are given, yet it is unnecessary to add any caution respecting their authenticity, although they may envelope some allusion which is now hid in the obscurity of fabulous legend.

After a long series of warlike barons, who were ready on all occasions to shed their blood in the service of their country, the estate devolved upon Henry Hilton, Esq., a man of strange and melancholy disposition, who, deserting the seat of his ancestors, fled to bury himself in the privacy of Michell Grove, in Sussex, where he lived and died in total seclusion. The last male heir of this ancient and honourable family was John Hilton, Esq. His portrait is still preserved at Hilton, let into a pannel over the fire-place, in the great dining-room. It represents a gentleman of middle age, with blue eyes, light hair, fair complexion, somewhat high cheek-bones, of a placid and benevolent countenance, and open aspect. There were in the same house, a considerable number of other family portraits, all bearing a striking resemblance to each other. One in particular, represents a lady, young and handsome, of whom, strange to say, there was another portrait, exhibiting her in a state of mental derangement.

“Oh! I am altered since you saw me last,
And time has written strange misfeatures on my cheek;

That rosy blush lap't in a lily veil,
Is now with Morpew overgrown and pale."



The history of the county contains various testimonies of the gallantry and loyalty of this honourable family. There is a curious record still in existence, stating, that Master William Hilton, son of Sir William Hilton, knight, borrowed of the prior and convent of Durham, in 1513, "a standard with the cote armor of the full and hole armes of the Hiltons," promising to return the same as soon as his business was "conveniently done."

The singular crest of this family has been mentioned at p. 36. It is figured differently on the Chapel, and on the Castle. On the first, [see page 82] the head of Moses appears radiated or "glorified;" whilst on the latter, it is undoubtedly "horned."



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Finis.

Printed by Marwood & Co. Sunderland.

