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Anonymous

***Christs Kirk on the Green, Composed
(as is Supposed) by King James the Fifth (1663)***

Was never in Scotland heard nor seen
sik dancing nor deray,
Neither at Faulkland on the green,
nor Peebles at the play,
As was (of wooers as I ween)
at Christs Kirk on a day:
For there came Kittie washen clean,
in her new gown of gray
so gay that day.

To dance these Damosels them dight,
these Lasses light of laits:
Their gloves were of Raffall right,
their shoes were of the straits:
Their kirtles were of Lincoln light,
well prest with many plaits,

The Salamanca Corpus: Christs Kirk on the Green (1663)

They were so nice when men them neight,
they squiel'd like any gaits,
full loud that day.

Of all these maidesn mild as meed,
was nane so gimp as Gillie:
As any rose her rude was red,
her lyre was like the Lillie;
But yellow, yellow was her head,
and she of love so silly,
Though all her kin had sworn her dead,
she would have nane but Willie,
alane that day.

She scorned Jock, and skrippid at him
and murgeon'd him with mocks:
He would have lov'd her, she would not let him,
for all his yellow locks;
HE cherisht her, she bade go chat him,
she counted him not twa clocks:
So shamefully his short Jack set him,
his legs were like twa rocks,
or rungs that day.

Then Stein came stepping in with stends,
na rink might him arrest,
Splay-foot did bab with many bends,
for Masie he made request.
He lap while he lay on his lends,
and rising sa was preast
While he did host at baith the ends
for honour of the feast,
and dance that day.

Then Robin Roy began to revell,
and Towsie to him drugged:
Let be (quoth Jock) and call'd him Javel,
and by the tail him tugged.
then Kensie cleiked to a kevell,
God wots if they twa lugged:
They parted there upon a nevell,
men say, that hair was rugged
between them twa.

With that a friend of his cry'd Fie,

The Salamanca Corpus: *Christs Kirk on the Green* (1663)

and forth an arrow drew,
He forged it so forcefully,
the bow in flanders flew.
such was the grace of God, trow I,
for had the tree been true,
Men said, wha knew his archery,
that he had slain anew
belyve that day.

A yape young man, that stood him niest,
soon bent his bow in ire,
And etled the bairn in at the breast;
the bolt flew ov'r the byre,
And cry'd, Fy, he had slain a Priest
a myle beyond the myre:
Baith bow and bag from him he kiest,
and fled as fast as fire
fra flint that day.

A hastie knins-man, called Hary,
that wa sn archer keen,
Tyed up a tackell without-en tary,
I trow the man was tiem,
I wot not whether his hand did vary
or his face was his friend,
But he escaped by the mights of Mary,
as ane that nothing mean'd
but gude that day.

Then Lawrie like alyon lap,
and sune a flain can fedder:
He height to pierce him at the pap,
thereon to wad a wedder:
He hit him on the waim a wap,
it buffe like any bladder,
He scaped so, sik was his hap,
his doublet was of leather
full fine that day.

The buff so boysterously abaist him
that he to th'eird disht down,
The other man for dead then left him,
and fled out of the town.
The wives came forth, and up they reft him,
and found life in the lown,

Then with three routs there they rais'd him,
and cured him out of swoun
fra hand that day.

The Miller was of a manly make,
to meet with him it was no mowes,
There durst na ten some there him take,
sa cowed he their powes,
the Bushment hail about him brake,
and bickered him with bowes;
Then traiterously behind his back
they hacked him on the howes
behind that day.

Then Hutchen, with a hazel rice,
to red gan through them rummill,
He muddle them down like any mice,
he was na bettie bummil:
Though he was wight, he was not wise
with sik sutors to jummil,
For fra his thumb there flew a slyce,
while he cry'd Barla fummil,
I'm slain this day.

When that he saw his bloud was red,
to flie might na man let him:
He trow'd it had been for ald feed,
he thought, and bade have at him:
He made his feet defend his head,
the far fairer it set him:
While he was past out of their plead,
they must be swift that gat him
through speed that day.

Twa that were heads-men of the herd
they rusht on other like rams:
The other four which were unfear'd
beat on with barrows trams.
And where their gobs were ungear'd,
they gat upon the gams,
While that all bloud burn was their berd
as they had worried lambs
maist like that day.

They girm'd and glowred all at anes,

ilk Gossip other grieved.
Some striked stings, some gathred stanes,
some fled, and some relieved.
Their minstrell used quiet means,
that day he wisely prievd:
For he came hame with unbirs'd banes,
where fighters were mischieved
full ill that day.

With forks and flails then let they flaps,
and flew together with frigs:
With bougers of barns they pierc't blew caps,
while of their bairns they made brigs.
The reer raise rudely with their raps,
then tungs were laid on rigs:
The wives came forth with cryes and claps,
see where my liking ligs
full law this day.

The black Sutar of Braith was bowden,
his wife hung by his waist:
His body was in bleck all browden,
he girmed like a ghaist.
Her glittering hair that was so gowden
her love fast for him laist,
That for her sake he was unyouden,
while he a mile was chast,
and more that day,

Whe they had bler'd like baited buls,
the bane-fires burnt like bails,
They grew as meek as any Mules,
that wearied are with mails:
For thae for foughten tyred fules
fell down like slaughtered flails,
Fresh men came in and hail'd their dules,
and dang them down in dails
bedeen that day.

The wives then gave a hideous yell,
when all thae yeunkiers yocked,
As fierce as flags of fireflaughts fell
frieks to the field they flocked:
Then Karles with clubs did other quell
on breast while blood out-bocked:

So rudely rang the common Bell,
that all the Steeple rocked
for dread that day.

By this Tom Talyour was in his gear
when he heard the common Bell,
He said he should make them all on stear
when he came their himsell:
He ged to feght with such a fear,
while to the ground he fell,
A wife that hit him on the ear,
with a great knocking mell,
feld him that day.

The Bride-groom brought a pint of aile
and bade the Pyper drink it:
Drink it (said he) and it so staile,
a shrew me if I think it.
The Bride her Maidens stood near by,
and said it was not blinked;
And Bartagasie the Bride so gay
upon him fast she winked
full sune that day.

When all was done Dick with an ax
come forth to fell a fother,
Quoth he, where are yon whoorson smaiks
right now that hurt my brother?
His wife bade him, ga haime, Gib glaiks,
and sa did Meg his mother:
He turn'd and gave them baith their paiks,
for he durst ding na other
but them that day.