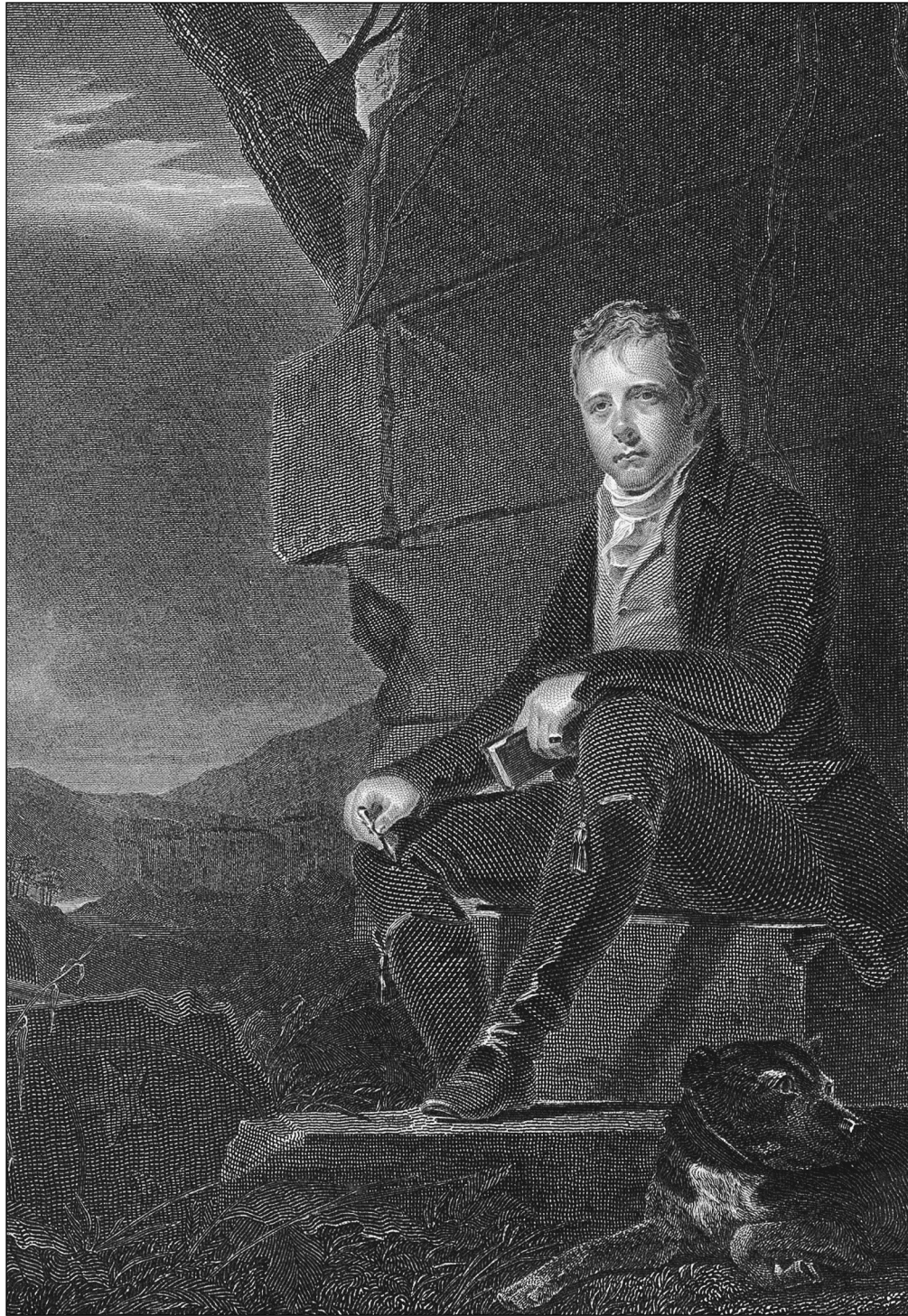


PART I.

Poems



THE CELTIC IMAGINATION

Montgomerie's Answer to Polwart

(1887; written circa 1580)

Alexander Montgomerie

[Excerpt from *The Flyting Betwixt Montgomerie and Polwart* in which Montgomerie describes the birth of his rival, Polwart]

I can tell thee, how, when, where and
wha gat thee;
The quhilk was neither man nor wife, [Which]
Nor humane creature on life:
Thou stinkand steirer vp of strife,
False howlat, have at thee! [cowering owlet]

In the hinder end of haruest on
Alhallow euen,
When our *good neighbours* doe ryd, [fairies]
gif I read right, [if]
Some *buckled* on a *bunwand*, and [mounted; ragweed]
some on a been,
Ay trottand in trupes from the twilight;
Some *sadleand* a *shoe aip* all [riding; she-ape]
graithed into green, [arrayed in green]
Some *hobland* on ane hempstalke, [rising]
hoveand to the hight. [rising on high]
The King of Pharie, and his court,
with the Elfe Queen,

With many *elrich* Incubus, was rydand [weird]
 that night.
 There ane elf, on ane aipe, ane *vsell* begat, [wretch]
 Into ane *pot*, by Pomathorne; [pothole in a peat bog]
 That *bratchart* in ane *busse* was borne; [brat; bush]
 They fand ane monster, on the morne,
War faced nor a cat. [uglier than a lump of manure]

The Weird Sisters wandring, as they
 were wont then,
 Saw *reavens rugand* at that *ratton* [ravens; tugging; rat]
 be a *ron ruit.* [rowan root]

They mused at the mandrake*
 vnmade like a man;
 A beast *bund* with a *bonevand* [bound; piece of straw]
 in ane *old buit.* [boot]

How that *gaist* had been gotten, [ghost]
 to gesse they began,
Weil swyld in a swynes skin and [grudgingly wrapped]
smerit ouer with *suit;* [smeared over; soot]

The bellie that it first *bair* [bore]
 full bitterly they *ban.* [curse]

Of this mismade *mowdewart,* [mole]
 mischief they *muit.* [mutter]

That cruiked, *camschoche* croyll, [crooked one, i.e. the devil]
 vnchistned, they curse;

They bade that *baiche* sould not be but [child—slang]
 The *glengore*, *gravell*, and the *gut,* [syphilis; gallstones; gout]
 And all the plagues that first were put
 Into Pandoraes purse.

*mandrake root was said to be used by sorcerers; that it has a human heart; that it screams when pulled out of the earth, and that whoever hears the screams dies or goes mad.

A Halloween Chant—The Midnight Flitting of the Corpse and Tomás MacGahan (old Irish ballad)

Translated by Joan Keefe, 1977

“My walking through the night, MacGlynn,
Was a cause of mirth, of spiteful mirth,
With the damned corpse with no chance of burial
Amongst the deadmen, amongst the dead.”

“Raise up my body without rejoicing
And I’ll give you a bullock, a fattened cow”
“If I agree to make this bargain
Where is the bullock, the fattened cow?”

“Small John Bingham, tall John Bingham,
They are my surety, they are my pledge,
I wrote an agreement in twisted scripture
To Bealan Assan, to Bealan Assan,

You will find a pot in the heap of lime,
Gray and ashy, ashy and gray,
Bring it with you under your arm
For food on the journey, food on the way.”

*The corpse was taken on Tomás’s back
along the byeways, along the byeways,
by narrowing lanes, stony and gloomy
by the pale moonlight, by the pale moonlight.*

*A lengthy journey, sadly, crossways,
through drenching bogs, drenching moors,
west to Louth, great and holy,
of the grassy tombs, the grass-grown tombs.*

“You will find a spade at your right hand
Behind the door, at the back of the door,
Strike a strong cut, a cut not faltering
Into the ground, down in the ground.”

"I struck a strong cut, bold and deep
 Into the ground, down in the ground,
 Till I broke the shinbone of a foreign clown
 Who was asleep there, who was asleep."

"Blast your guts" said the foreign trooper
 "Where's my gun, is my pistol there?"
 Said Mary Reilly, wife of Lord Guido
 "Clear out of here, clear out of here."

"Oro, Tomás, oh, oh, oh,
 Do not leave me, don't leave me here,
 There's the son of my mother's cousin in Creggan,
 Where I should be buried, I should be buried."

*The corpse was taken on Tomás's back
 on its lonely tour, its lonely tour
 by roads that were narrow, stony and twisted
 by the light of the moon, light of the moon.*

"Sad, unhappy, I hurried down
 On to Creggan, to Creggan More,
 I found a spade at my right hand
 Behind the door, behind the door.

Then I broke the jawbone of Watson Harford
 Who was in the ground, down in the ground."
 "Hububool!" the blacksmith stammered
 "Where's my hammer, where's my hammer?"

"Oro, Tomás, oh, oh, oh,
 Don't leave me here, don't leave me here,
 Since I have an uncle's son in Derry
 There I'll be buried, there I'll be buried."

*The corpse was taken on Tomás's back
 just as before, just as before,
 going weakly, worn-out, weary
 down to Derry, down to Derry.*

“When I got to the place I was bedraggled
With no courage left, no courage left,
The gates were strongly locked against me
And I pushed them hard, I pushed them hard.”

“Defend your walls” Sir Walker calls,
“Or they’ll be taken or they’ll be taken,
Who knocks so hard? Each to his part
Come dead awaken, come dead awaken!”

*Bones and coffins rose up straight
out of the clay, out of the clay,
and sat with no gap in an awful rage
on top of the walls, on top of the walls.*

“A hundred damned curses” chorused the crowd
“What’s the matter, what’s the matter?”
“It’s one of yourselves that’s recently dead
Seeking burial, seeking burial,

“His cousin is here and that’s the reason
Here you have him, here you have him.”
“Who of his people is buried here
To claim admittance, to claim admittance?”

“I don’t know the name or tribe of the madman
At the end of his life, the end of his life,
There’s a shake and complaint left in him yet
So ask himself, ask himself.”

Halloween¹ (1900; 1st pub. 1786)

Robert Burns

[The introduction, epigraph and footnotes are Burns'; footnotes can be found in their entirety in Notes.]

The following Poem will by many readers be well enough understood; but for the sake of those who are unacquainted with the manners and traditions of the country where the scene is cast, notes are added to give some account of the principal charms and spells of that night, so big with prophecy to the peasantry in the west of Scotland. The passion of prying into futurity makes a striking part of the history of human nature, in its rude state, in all ages and nations; and it may be some entertainment to a philosophic mind if any such should honour the author with a perusal, to see the remains of it, among the more unenlightened in our own.—R.B.

*Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
The simple pleasures of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.*

—Goldsmith

I.

Upon that night, when Fairies light
On Cassilis Downans² dance,
Or owre the *lays*, in splendid blaze, [fields]
On sprightly coursers prance;
Or for Colean the rout is ta'en,
Beneath the moon's pale beams;
There, up the Cove,³ to stray an' rove,
Amang the rocks and streams
To sport that night:

II.

Amang the bonie winding banks,
Where Doon rins, *wimplin*, clear, [meandering]
Where Bruce⁴ ance ruled the martial ranks,
An' shook his Carrick spear;
Some merry, friendly, country-folks
Together did convene,

To burn their <i>nits</i> , an' <i>pou</i> their <i>stocks</i> ,	[nuts; pull their stalks]
An' <i>haud</i> their Halloween	[hold]
Fu' <i>blythe</i> that night.	[merrily]

III.

The lasses <i>feat</i> , an' cleanly neat,	[trim]
Mair <i>braw</i> than when they're fine;	[gaily appareled]
Their faces blythe fu' sweetly <i>kythe</i>	[appearing]
Hearts <i>leal</i> , an' warm, an' <i>kin'</i> :	[loyal; kind]
The lads <i>sae trig</i> , wi' <i>wooer-babs</i>	[spruced up; love knots]
Weel-knotted on their garten;	
Some unco <i>blate</i> , an' some <i>wi' gabs</i>	[bashful; gossipy]
<i>Gar</i> lasses' hearts gang startin	[Compel]
Whyles fast at night.	

IV.

Then, first an' foremost, thro' the <i>kail</i> ,	[cabbage plot]
Their stocks ⁵ <i>maun</i> a' be sought <i>ance</i> ;	[must; once]
They <i>steek</i> their <i>een</i> , an' <i>grape</i> an' <i>wale</i>	[shut their eyes; grope and choose]
For <i>muckle</i> anes, an' <i>straught</i> anes.	[large; straight]
Poor <i>hav'rel</i> Will fell aff the drift,	[half-witted]
An' wandered thro' the bow-kail,	
An' <i>pow't</i> for want o' better shift,	[pulled]
A runt, was like a sow-tail,	
<i>Sae</i> <i>bow't</i> that night.	[So bent]

V.

Then, straught or crooked, <i>yird</i> or <i>nane</i> ,	[full of earth; none]
They roar an' cry <i>a' throu'ther</i> ;	[pell mell]
The <i>vera</i> wee-things, toddlin, <i>rin</i>	[very; run]
Wi' stocks out-owre <i>their shouther</i> :	[over their shoulder]
An' gif the <i>custock's</i> sweet or sour,	[center of the cabbage stalk]
Wi' <i>joc-telegs</i> they taste them;	[a folding knife]
<i>Syne coziely</i> , <i>aboon</i> the door,	[And then comfortably, above]
Wi' <i>cannie</i> care, they've plac'd them	[gentle]
To lie that night.	

VI.

The lasses <i>staw frae</i> 'mang them <i>a'</i> ,	[stole away from; all]
To pou their stalks o' <i>corn</i> , ⁶	[wheat: corn, in Burns' time, means any grain]

But Rab slips out, an' jinks about,
 Behint the muckle thorn:
 He grippit Nelly hard an' fast;
 Loud *skirl'd* a' the lasses; [shrieked]
 But her *tap-pickle maist* was lost, [top of the wheat stalk; almost]
 Whan *kiutlin* in the *fause-house*⁷ [cuddling; opening in a grain stack]
 Wi' him that night.

VII.

The auld Guidwife's *weel-hoordet* nits⁸ [well-hoarded]
 Are round an' round divided,
 An' monie lads' an' lasses' fates
 Are there that night decided:
 Some kindle *couthie*, side by side, [lovingly]
 An' burn *thegither* trimly: [together]
 Some start awa wi' saucy pride,
 An' jump out-owre the *chimlie* [fireplace]
 Fu' high that night.

VIII.

Jean slips in *twa*, wi' *tentie e'e*; [two; careful eye]
 Wha 'twas, she wadna tell;
 But this is *Jock*, an' this is *me*,
 She says in to herself:
 He *bleez'd* owre her, an' she owre him, [blazed]
 As they wad never *mair* part; [more]
 Till fuff! he started up the *lum*, [chimney]
 And Jean had e'en a *sair* heart [sore]
 To see't that night.

IX.

Poor Willie, wi' his bow-kail runt,
 Was *brunt* wi' *primsie* Mallie; [burned; prudish]
 An' Mary, nae doubt, *took the drunt*, [sulked]
 To be compar'd to Willie:
 Mall's nit lap out, wi' pridefu' fling,
 An' her *ain fit*, it brunt it; [own foot]
 While Willie *lap*, an' swoor by jing, [leapt]
 'Twas just the way he wanted
 To be that night.

X.

Nell had the fause-house in her min',
 She *pits* hersel an' Rob in; [puts]
 In loving *bleeze* they sweetly join, [blaze]
 Till white in *ase* they're *sobbin*: [ash; hissing]
 Nell's heart was dancing at the view;
 She whisper'd Rob to *leuk* for't: [look]
 Rob, *stownlins*, *prie'd* her bonie *mou*, [stealthily; kissed; mouth]
 Fu' *cozie* in the *neuk* for't, [snuggly; nook]
 Unseen that night.

XI.

But Merran sat behint their backs,
 Her thoughts on Andrew Bell;
 She lea'es them *gashin at their cracks*, [talking and joking]
 An' slips out by hersel:
 She thro' the yard the nearest taks,
 An' to the kiln she goes then,
 An' *darklins grapit for the bauks*, [gropes in the dark for the crossbeams]
 And in the blue-clue⁹ throws then,
 Right fear't that night.

XII.

An' ay she *win't*, an' ay she *swat* [wound; did sweat]
 I wat she *made nae jaukin*; [didn't dally]
 Till something held within the *pat*, [kiln]
 Guid Lord! but she was *quakin*! [quaking]
 But whether 'twas the *Deil* himsel, [Devil]
 Or whether 'twas a *bauk-en*, [beam-end]
 Or whether it was Andrew Bell,
 She did na wait on talkin
 To *spier* that night. [inquire]

XIII.

Wee Jenny to her *graunie* says, [grannie]
 'Will ye go wi' me, graunie?
 I'll eat the apple at the glass,¹⁰
 I *gat frae* uncle Johnie.' [got from]
 She fuff't her pipe wi' *sic a lunt*, [such a puff of smoke]
 In wrath she was *sae vap'rin*, [so agitated]

She notic't na, an *aizle* brunt [hot cinder]
 Her *braw*, new, *worset* apron [brand; worsted]
 Out thro' that night.

XIV.

'Ye little *skelpie-limmer's* face! [slang term for a girl]
 I *daur* you try sic sportin, [dare]
 As *seek the Foul Thief onie* place, [seek the Devil; any]
 For him to *spae* your fortune: [prophecy]
 Nae doubt but ye may get a sight!
 Great cause ye hae to fear it;
 For *monie a ane* has gotten a fright, [many a one]
 An' liv'd an' died *deleeret*, [insane]
 On sic a night.

XV.

"Ae hairst afore the *Sherra-moor*, [One harvest; battle of
 Sheriffmuir, 1715]
 I mind't as *weel's yestreen*— [well been yesterday]
 I was a *gilpey* then, I'm sure [young girl]
 I was na past fyfteen:
 The *simmer* had been *cauld an' wat*, [summer; cold and wet]
 An' *stuff* was *unco green*; [corn or grain; too wet]
 An' ay a *rantin kirn* we gat, [jovial harvest home]
 An' just on Halloween
 It fell that night.

XVI.

'Our *stibble-rig* was Rab M'Graen, [reaper who takes the lead]
 A clever, sturdy fallow;
 His sin gat Eppie Sim *wi' wean*, [with child]
 That lived in Achmacalla:
 He gat hemp-seed,¹¹ I mind it *weel*, [well]
 An' he made unco light o' t;
 But monie a day was by himsel,
 He was sae *sairly* frightened [sorely]
 That vera night.'

XVII.

Then up gat *fechtin* Jamie Fleck, [fighting]

An' he swoor by his conscience,	
That he could <i>saw</i> hemp-seed a peck;	[sow]
For it was a' but nonsense:	
The auld <i>guidman</i> <i>raught</i> down the <i>pock</i> ,	[goodman; reached; bag]
An' out a handfu' <i>gied</i> him;	[gave]
<i>Syne bad him slip frae</i> 'mang the folk,	[Then told him slip from]
Sometime when <i>nae ane</i> see'd him,	[no one]
An' try't that night.	

XVIII.

He marches thro' amang the stacks,	
Tho' he was something <i>sturtin</i> ;	[timorous]
The <i>graip</i> he for a harrow taks,	[dung fork]
An' <i>haurls at his curpin</i> :	[drags his horse crupper behind him]

And ev'ry now an' then, he says,
 'Hemp-seed I saw thee,
 An' her that is to be my lass,
 Come after me, an' draw thee
 As fast this night.'

XIX.

He wistl'd up <i>Lord Lennox' March</i> ,	
To keep his courage cheery;	
Altho' his hair began to arch,	
He was sae <i>fley'd</i> an' eerie:	[frightened]
Till presently he hears a squeak,	
An' then a <i>grane an' gruntle</i> ;	[groan and grunt]
He by his <i>shouther</i> gae a <i>keek</i> ,	[shoulder; peep]
An' <i>tumbled wi' a wintle</i>	[somersaulted]
Out-owre that night.	

XX.

He roar'd a horrid murder-shout,	
In dreadfu' desperation!	
An' young an' auld come rinnin out,	
An' hear the sad narration:	
He swoor 'twas <i>hilchin</i> Jean M'Craw,	[hobbling]
Or <i>crouchie</i> Merran Humphie—	[hunchbacked]

Till stop! she trotted thro' them a'
 An' wha was it but *Grumphie* [the sow]
Asteer that night? [Astir]

XXI.

Meg *fain wad* to the barn *gaen*, [would have; gone]
 To *winn* three *wechts* o' naething;¹² [winnow; a hoop used for winnowing]
 But for to meet the Deil *her lane*, [alone]
 She pat but little faith in:
 She gies the herd a *pickle* nits, [few]
 An' twa red-cheekit apples,
 To watch, while for the barn she sets
 In hopes to see Tam Kipples
 That vera night.

XXII.

She turns the key wi' *cannie thraw*, [gentle twist]
 An' owre the threshold ventures;
 But first on *Sawnie gies a ca'*, [calls out the name of Satan]
Syne bauldly in she enters: [Then boldly]
A ratton rattl'd up the wa', [rat]
 An' she cry'd, L—d preserve her!
 An' ran thro' *midden-hole* an' a', [a gutter at the bottom of a dung hill]
 An' pray'd wi' zeal and fervour
 Fu' fast that night.

XXIII.

They *boy't* out Will, wi' *sair* advice; [urged; strong]
 They *hecht* him some fine *braw ane*; [promised; handsome one]
 It chanc'd the stack he *faddom't* thrice,¹³ [fathomed]
 Was *timmer-propt for thrawin*: [propped with timber against the wind]
 He taks a *swirlie*, auld moss-oak [timber full of knots]
 For some black gruesome *carlin*; [old woman]
 An' *loot a winze*, an' drew a stroke, [let fly an oath]
 Till skin in *blypes cam haurlin* [shreds came peeling]
Aff's nieves that night. [Off his fists]

XXIV.

A wanton widow Leezie was,
 As *cantie* as a kittling; [lively]

But och! that night, amang the *shaws*, [small woods]
 She gat a fearfu' settlin!
 She thro' the *whins*, an' by the *cairn*, [prickly evergreen bushes; gorse]
 An' owre the hill gaed *screevin*; [swiftly]
 Whare three *lairds'* lands met at a *burn*,¹⁴ [lords'; stream]
 To dip her left *sark*-sleeve in [shirt]
 Was bent that night.

XXV.

Whyles owre a *linn* the *burnie* plays, [waterfall; rivulet]
 As thro' the glen it wimpl't;
 Whyles round a rocky *scaur* it strays, [bank]
 Whyles in a *wiel* it dimpl't; [eddy]
 Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
 Wi' bickerin', dancin' dazzle;
 Whyles *cookit* underneath the *braes*, [disappeared; hillsides]
 Below the spreading hazel,
 Unseen that night.

XXVI.

Amang the *brachens*, on the brae, [ferns]
 Between her an' the moon,
 The Deil, or else an *outler quey*, [stray young cow]
 Gat up an' gae a croon:
 Poor Leezie's heart *maist lap the hool*; [almost leapt out of her chest]
 Near *lav'rock*-height she jumpit, [lark's]
 But *mist a fit*, an' in the pool [lost her footing]
Out-owre the lugs she plumpit, [over her ears she fell]
 Wi' a plunge that night.

XXVII.

In order, on the clean hearth-stane,
 The luggies three¹⁵ are ranged;
 And ev'ry time great care is taen
 To see them duly changed:
 Auld uncle John, wha wedlock's joys
Sin' Mar's-year did desire, [Since Earl of Mar's rebellion in 1715]
 Because he gat the *toom* dish thrice, [empty]
 He heav'd them on the fire
 In wrath that night.

XXVIII.

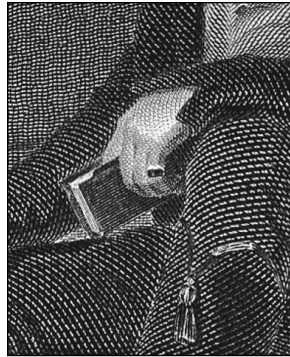
Wi' merry sangs, an' friendly cracks,
 I *wat* they did na weary;
 And unco tales, an' funnie jokes—
 Their sports were cheap an' cheery;
 Till butter'd *sow'ns*,¹⁶ wi' fragrant *lunt*,
 Set a' their *gabs a-steerin*;
 Syne, wi' a social glass o' *strunt*,
 They parted aff careerin
 Fu' blythe that night.

[know]

[cooked oats; steam]

[mouths watering]

[whiskey]



Tam Lin (1904, 1st pub. 1792)

Popular ballad

O I forbid you, maidens a',
 That wear gowd on your hair,
 To come or gae by Carterhaugh,
 For young Tam Lin is there.

There's nane that gaes by Carterhaugh
 But they leave him a *wad*,
 Either their rings, or green mantles,
 Or else their maidenhead.

[promise]

Janet has *kilted* her green kirtle
 A little *aboon* her knee,
 And she has broded her yellow hair
 A little aboon her *bree*,
 And she's awa to Carterhaugh,
 As fast as she can hie.

[tucked]

[above]

[brow]

When she came to Carterhaugh
 Tam Lin was at the well,
 And there she fand his steed standing,
 But away was himsel.

She had na *pu'd* a double rose,
 A rose but only *twa*,
 Till up then started young Tam Lin,
 Says, Lady, thou's *pu nae mae*.

[picked]

[two]

[pull no more]

Why pu's thou the rose, Janet,
 And why breaks thou the *wand*?
 Or why comes thou to Carterhaugh
 Withoutten my command?

[stem]

'Carterhaugh, it is my ain,
 My daddie gave it me;
 I'll come and gang by Carterhaugh,
 And ask nae leave at thee.'

Janet has kilted her green kirtle
 A little aboon her knee,
 And she has *snooded* her yellow hair [bound up]
 A little aboon her bree,
 And she is to her father's *ha*, [hall]
 As fast as she can hie.

Four and twenty ladies fair
 Were playing at the *ba*, [ball]
 And out then cam the fair Janet,
 Ance the flower amang them a'.

Four and twenty ladies fair
 Were playing at the chess,
 And out then cam the fair Janet,
 As green as onie glass.

Out then spak an auld grey knight,
 Lay oer the castle *wa*, [wall]
 And says, Alas, fair Janet, for thee
 But we'll be blamed a'.

'Haud your tongue, ye auld fac'd knight,
 Some ill death may ye die!
 Father my *bairn* on whom I will, [baby]
 I'll father nane on thee.'

Out then spak her father dear,
 And he spak meek and mild;
 'And ever alas, sweet Janet,' he says,
 'I think thou gaes wi child.'

'If that I gae wi child, father,
 Mysel maun bear the blame;
 There's neer a *laird about your ha* [lord about your hall]
 Shall get the *bairn's* name.

'If my love were an earthly knight,
 As he's an elfin grey,
 I wad na gie my ain true-love
 For nae lord that ye hae.

'The steed that my true-love rides on
Is lighter than the wind;
Wi *siller* he is shod before
Wi burning *gowd* behind.'

[silver]
[gold]

Janet has kilted her green kirtle
A little aboon her knee,
And she has snooded her yellow hair
A little aboon her bree,
Aud she's awa to Carterhaugh,
As fast as she can hie.

When she cam to Carterhaugh,
Tam Lin was at the well,
And there she fand his steed standing,
But away was himsel.

She had na pu'd a double rose,
A rose but only twa,
Till up then started young Tam Lin,
Says, Lady, thou pu's nae mae.

Why pu's thou the rose, Janet,
Amang the groves sae green,
And a' to kill the bonie babe
That we gat us between?

'O tell me, tell me, Tam Lin,' she says,
'For's sake that died on tree,
If eer ye was in holy chapel,
Or christendom did see?'

'Roxbrugh he was my grandfather,
Took me with him to bide,
And ance it fell upon a day
That *wae* did me betide.

[woe]

'And ance it fell upon a day,
A cauld day and *a snell*,
When we were *frae* the hunting come,
That frae my horse I fell;

[bitter]
[from]

The Queen o Fairies she caught me,
In yon green hill to dwell.

‘And pleasant is the fairy land,
But, an eerie tale to tell,
Ay at the end of seven years
We pay a *tiend* to hell;
I am sae fair and *fu* o flesh,
I’m feard it be mysel.

[Always]
[tithe]
[full]

‘But the night is Halloween, lady,
The morn is Hallowday;
Then win me, win me, an ye will,
For *weel I wat* ye may.

[well I know]

‘Just at the mirk and midnight hour
The fairy folk will ride,
And they that *wad* their true-love win,
At Miles Cross they *maun bide*.’

[promise]
[must wait]

‘But how shall I thee ken, Tam Lin,
Or how my true-love know,
Amang sae mony *unco* knights
The like I never saw?’

[strange]

‘O first let pass the black, lady,
And *syne* let pass the brown,
But quickly run to the milk-white steed,
Pu ye his rider down.

[then]

‘For I’ll ride on the milk-white steed,
And ay nearest the town;
Because I was an earthly knight
They gie me that renown.

‘My right hand will be glovd, lady,
My left hand will be bare,
Cockt up shall my bonnet be,
And kaimd down shall my hair,
And thae’s the *takens* I gie thee,
Nae doubt I will be there.

[tokens]

‘They’ll turn me in your arms, lady,
 Into an esk and adder;
 But hold me fast, and fear me not,
 I am your bairn’s father.

‘They’ll turn me to a bear sae grim,
 And then a lion bold;
 But hold me fast, and fear me not,
 As ye shall love your child.

‘Again they’ll turn me in your arms
 To a *red het gaud of airn*;
 But hold me fast, and fear me not,
 I’ll do to you nae harm.

[red-hot bar of gold]

‘And last they’ll turn me in your arms
 Into the burning *gleed*;
 Then throw me into well water,
 O throw me in wi speed.

[coal]

‘And then I’ll be your ain true-love,
 I’ll turn a naked knight;
 Then cover me wi your green mantle,
 And cover me out o sight.’

Gloomy, gloomy was the night,
 And eerie was the way,
 As fair Jenny in her green mantle
 To Miles Cross she did gae.

About the middle o the night
 She heard the bridles ring;
 This lady was as glad at that
 As any earthly thing.

First she let the black pass by,
 And syne she let the brown;
 But quickly she ran to the milk-white steed,
 And pu’d the rider down.

Sae weel she minded whae he did say,

And young Tam Lin did win;
 Syne coverd him wi her green mantle,
 As blythe's a bird in spring.

Out then spak the Queen o Fairies,
 Out of a bush o broom:
 'Them that has gotten young Tam Lin
 Has gotten a stately groom.'

Out then spak the Queen o Fairies,
 And an angry woman was she:
 'Shame betide her *ill-far'd* face,
 And an ill death may she die,
 For she's *taen awa* the boniest knight
 In a' my companie.

[ill favored]

[taken away]

'But had I *kend*, Tam Lin,' she says,
 'What now this night I see,
 I wad hae *taen out thy twa grey een*,
 And put in *twa een o tree*.'

[known]

[taken out thy two grey eyes]

[two of wood]

