

King Henry (Child 32)

- 1 LAT never a man a wooing wend
 That lacketh thingis three;
A routh o gold, an open heart,
 Ay fu o charity.
- 2 As this I speak of King Henry, 5
 For he lay burd-alone;
An he 's doen him to a jelly hunt's ha,
 Was seven miles frae a town.
- 3 He chas'd the deer now him before, 10
 An the roe down by the den,
Till the fattest buch in a' the flock
 King Henry he has slain.
- 4 O he has doen him to his ha, 15
 To make him beerly cheer;
An in it came a griesly ghost,
 Steed stappin i the fleer.
- 5 Her head hat the reef-tree o the house,
 Her middle ye mot wel span;
He 's thrown to her his gay mantle,
 Says, 'Lady, hap your lingcan.' 20
- 6 Her teeth was a' like teather stakes,
 Her nose like club or mell;
An I ken naething she 'peard to be,
 But the fiend that wons in hell.
- 7 'Some meat, some meat, ye King Henry, 25
 Some meat ye gie to me!
'An what meat 's in this house, lady,
 An what ha I to gie?'
'O ye do kill your berry-brown steed,
 An you bring him here to me.' 30

- 8 O whan he slew his berry-brown steed,
Wow but his heart was sair!
Shee eat him [a'] up, skin an bane,
Left naething but hide an hair.
- 9 'Mair meat, mair meat, ye King Henry, 35
Mair meat ye gi to me!
'An what meat 's in this house, lady,
An what ha I to gi?'
'O ye do kill your good gray-hounds,
An ye bring them a' to me.' 40
- 10 O whan he slew his good gray-hounds,
Wow but his heart was sair!
She eat them a' up, skin an bane,
Left naething but hide an hair.
- 11 'Mair meat, mair meat, ye King Henry, 45
Mair meat ye gi to me!
'An what meat 's i this house, lady,
An what ha I to gi?'
'O ye do kill your gay gos-hawks,
An ye bring them here to me.' 50
- 12 O whan he slew his gay gos-hawks,
Wow but his heart was sair!
She eat them a' up, skin an bane,
Left naething but feathers bare.
- 13 'Some drink, some drink, now, King Henry, 55
Some drink ye bring to me!
'O what drink 's i this house, lady,
That you 're nae welcome ti?'
'O ye sew up your horse's hide,
An bring in a drink to me.' 60
- 14 And he 's sewd up the bloody hide,
A puncheon o wine put in;
She drank it a' up at a waught,
Left na ae drap ahin.

15 'A bed, a bed, now, King Henry, 65
A bed you mak to me!
For ye maun pu the heather green,
An mak a bed to me.'

16 O pu'd has he the heather green, 70
An made to her a bed,
An up has he taen his gay mantle,
An oer it has he spread.

17 'Tak aff your claiths, now, King Henry, 75
An lye down by my side!
'O God forbid,' says King Henry,
'That ever the like betide;
That ever the fiend that wons in hell
Shoud streak down by my side.'

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18 Whan night was gane, and day was come, 80
An the sun shone throw the ha,
The fairest lady that ever was seen
Lay atween him an the wa.

19 'O well is me!' says King Henry, 85
'How lang 'll this last wi me?'
Then out it spake that fair lady,
'Even till the day you dee.

20 'For I 've met wi mony a gentle knight 90
That 's gien me sic a fill,
But never before wi a courteous knight
That ga me a' my will.'