

William Bell Scott (1811-90)

4 *The Witch's Ballad*

O, I hae come from far away,  
    From a warm land far away,  
A southern land across the sea,  
With sailor-lads about the mast,  
Merry and canny, and kind to me. 5

And I hae been to yon town,  
    To try my luck in yon town;  
Nort, and Mysie, Elspie too.  
Right braw we were to pass the gate,  
Wi' gowden clasps on girdles blue. 10

Mysie smiled wi' miminy mouth,  
    Innocent mouth, miminy mouth;  
Elspie wore her scarlet gown,  
Nort's grey eyes were unco' gleg,  
My Castile comb was like a crown. 15

We walked abreast all up the street,  
    Into the market up the street;  
Our hair with marygolds was wound,  
Our bodices with love-knots laced,  
Our merchandise with tansy bound. 20

Nort had chickens, I had cocks,  
    Gamesome cocks, loud-crowing cocks;  
Mysie ducks, and Elspie drakes, —  
For a wee groat or a pound:  
We lost nae time wi' gives and takes. 25

Lost nae time, for well we knew,  
    In our sleeves full well we knew,  
When the gloaming came that night,  
Duck nor drake nor hen nor cock  
Would be found by candle-light. 30

And when our chaffering all was done,  
    All was paid for, sold and done,  
We drew a glove on ilka hand,  
We sweetly curtsied each to each,  
And deftly danced a saraband. 35

The market lasses looked and laughed,  
    Left their gear and looked and laughed;  
They made as they would join the game,  
But soon their mithers, wild and wud,  
With whack and screech they stopped the same. 40

Sae loud the tongues o' randies grew,  
    The flitin' and the skirlin' grew,  
At all the windows in the place,  
Wi' spoons or knives, wi' needle or awl,  
Was thrust out every hand and face. 45

And down each stair they thronged anon,  
    Gentle, semple, thronged anon;  
Souter and tailor, frowsy Nan,  
The ancient widow young again,  
Simperring behind her fan. 50

Without a choice, against their will,  
    Doited, dazed, against their will,  
The market lassie and her mither,  
The farmer and his husbandman,  
Hand in hand dance a' thegether. 55

Slow at first, but faster soon,  
    Still increasing wild and fast,  
Hoods and mantles, hats and hose,  
Blindly doffed and cast away,  
Left them naked, heads and toes. 60

They would have torn us limb from limb,  
    Dainty limb from dainty limb;  
But never one of them could win  
Across the line that I had drawn

With bleeding thumb a-widdershin. 65

But there was Jeff the provost's son,  
    Jeff the provost's only son;  
There was Father Auld himsel',  
The Lombard frae the hostelry,  
And the lawyer Peter Fell. 70

All goodly men we singled out,  
    Waled them well, and singled out,  
And drew them by the left hand in;  
Mysie the priest, and Elspie won  
The Lombard, Nort the lawyer carle, 75  
I mysel' the provost's son.

Then, with cantrip kisses seven,  
    Three times round with kisses seven,  
Warped and woven there spun we,  
Arms and legs and flaming hair, 80  
Like a whirlwind on the sea.

Like the wind that sucks the sea,  
    Over and in and on the sea,  
Good sooth it was a mad delight;  
And every man of all the four 85  
Shut his eyes and laughed outright.

Laughed as long as they had breath,  
    Laughed while they had sense or breath;  
And close about us coiled a mist  
Of gnats and midges, wasps and flies, 90  
Like the whirlwind shaft it rist.

Drawn up I was right off my feet,  
    Into the mist and off my feet;  
And, dancing on each chimney-top,  
I saw a thousand darling imps 95  
Keeping time with skip and hop.

And on the provost's brave ridge-tile,  
    On the provost's grand ridge-tile,

The Blackamoor first to master me  
I saw, — I saw that winsome smile, 100  
The mouth that did my heart beguile,  
And spoke the great Word over me,  
In the land beyond the sea.

I called his name, I called aloud,  
Alas! I called on him aloud; 105  
And then he filled his hand with stour,  
And threw it towards me in the air;  
My mouse flew out, I lost my pow'r!

My lusty strength, my power, were gone;  
Power was gone, and all was gone. 110  
He will not let me love him more!  
Of bell and whip and horse's tail  
He cares not if I find a store.

But I am proud if he is fierce!  
I am as proud as he is fierce; 115  
I'll turn about and backward go,  
If I meet again that Blackamoor,  
And he'll help us then, for he shall know  
I seek another paramour.

And we'll gang once more to yon town, 120  
Wi' better luck to yon town;  
We'll walk in silk and cramoisie,  
And I shall wed the provost's son;  
My-lady of the town I'll be!

For I was born a crowned king's child, 125  
Born and nursed a king's child,  
King o' a land ayont the sea,  
Where the Blackamoor kissed me first,  
And taught me art and glamourie.

Each one in her wame shall hide 130  
Her hairy mouse, her wary mouse,  
Fed on madwort and agramie, —  
Wear amber beads between her breasts,

And blind-worm's skin about her knee.

The Lombard shall be Elspie's man,  
    Elspie's gowden husband-man;  
Nort shall take the lawyer's hand;  
The priest shall swear another vow:  
We'll dance again the saraband!

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