Robert Chambers (1802-71)

1 Young Randal

A Ballad.

Young Randal was a bonnie lad, when he gaed awa, Young Randal was a bonnie lad, when he gaed awa; 'Twas in the sixteen hunder year o' grace and thretty twa, That Randal, the laird's youngest son, gaed awa.

It was to seek his fortune in the High Germanie,
To fecht the foreign loons in the High Germanie,
That he left his father's tower o' sweet Willanslee,
And mony wae friends i' the North Countrie.

He left his mother in her bower, his father in the ha',

His brother at the outer yett, but and his sisters twa,

And his bonny cousin Jean, that looked owre the castle wa',

And, mair than a' the lave, loot the tears down fa'.

"Oh, whan will ye be back?" sae kindly did she spier,
"Oh, whan will ye be back, my hinny and my dear?"
"Whenever I can win eneuch o' Spanish gear,
To dress ye out in pearlins and silks, my dear.["]

Oh, Randal's hair was coal black, when he gaed awa,
Oh, Randal's cheeks were roses red, when he gaed awa,
And in his bonnie ee, a spark glintit high,
Like the merrie, merrie lark, in the morning sky.

Oh, Randal was an altert man when he came hame, A sair altert man was he, when he came hame, Wi' a ribbon at his breast, and a *sir* at his name, And grey, grey cheeks, did Randal come hame.

He lichtit at the outer yett, and rispit wi' the ring,

And down came a ladye to see him come in,

And after the ladye came bairns feifteen –

"Can this muckle wife be my true love, Jean?"

"Whatna stoure carl is this," quo the dame; "Sae gruff and sae grand, and sae feckless and sae lame?" "Oh, tell me, fair madam, are ye bonnie Jeanie Grahame?" "In troth," quo the la[dy]e, "sweet sir, the very same."	30
He turned him about, wi' a waeful ee.	
And a heart as sair as sair could be;	
He lap on his horse, and awa did wildly flee,	35
And never mair came back to sweet Willanslee.	
Oh, dule on the purtith o' this countrie,	
And dule on the wars o' the high Germanie,	
And dule on the love that forgetfu' can be -	
For they've wrecked the bravest heart in this hale countrie!	40

1827

(From Poems. Edinburgh, Printed for Private Circulation, by T. Constable, 1835)