

ENGLISH BORDER BALLADS

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English Border Ballads by Peter Burn

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PETER BURN

**ENGLISH BORDER
BALLADS**

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ENGLISH
BORDER BALLADS.

BY
PETER BURN,
BRAMPTON, CARLISLE.

SECOND EDITION, ENLARGED.

When a land rejects her legends—
Sees but falsehoods in the past ;
And its people view their sires
In the light of fools or liars,
'Tis a sign of its decline,
And its splendours cannot last !—

R. GLOVER.

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CARLISLE: G. & T. COWARD.
LONDON: BEMROSE & SONS.

MDCCCLXXVII.

PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION.

AN eminent statesman is reported to have said: "Let me make the ballads of a nation, and I care not who makes the laws." We echo the wish, for the ambition is a noble one.

The human heart is a musical instrument, and like an Æolian lyre, waits the magic touch; and happy is that man who can stir and thrill its harmonic chords! Sweet is the influence of song! it awakens pleasant memories, and speaks to us of those who were, but are not.

The Ballads of a country win us into a sympathetic relationship with bygone times, and the spirits of the dead,—the heart of to-day beating in harmony with that of a ruder age.

Two of the ballads—"The White Ladye" and "Master William"—appeared in the second edition of the *Songs and Ballads of Cumberland and the Lake Country*, edited by Sidney Gilpin,

The writer would here remark, that it was owing to encouragement given him by the Editor of that work, which induced him to attempt ballad-writing—that gentleman having spoken favourably of a poem which had appeared in a former volume, beginning with the words:—

Lord Howard sat in his castle home,
And wearily long sat he ;
The dusk had come to his dingy room,
And shadows fell drearilie.

He publishes his Book in the hope that his labours in a new field may afford some pleasure to his readers, and confirm the favour already bestowed.

NOTE TO SECOND EDITION.

THE kind reception given to the Author's first edition of his Ballads, encourages him to issue a second edition, to which are added a few new ones, which he trusts will augment the interest of the work.

BRAMPTON, *May*, 1877.

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“THE WHITE LADYE.”

[Tradition reports that a young woman of uncommon personal beauty was seduced by the last Lord Dacre of Naworth, and after having borne him a son and, as she anticipated, an heir to his large possessions, too late discovered the cruel imposition. Driven to despair, the young creature threw herself into the brook which washes the base of the rock on which the Castle is built. Her body was discovered next morning, by the Lord of Naworth, whilst introducing to the notice of his bride the beauties of her new home. Their only son survived his father but three years, being killed by a fall from his rocking horse, in his boyhood; and in him ended the male line of the Lords Dacre of the north. The spot where the Lady threw herself into the brook is still considered by the peasantry as haunted ground; and not a few speak of “The White Ladye,” who is said to traverse the lonely hollow.]



HE water it sings merrilie
Alang the castle dean;
The water it rins merrilie,
The grassy banks a-tween: