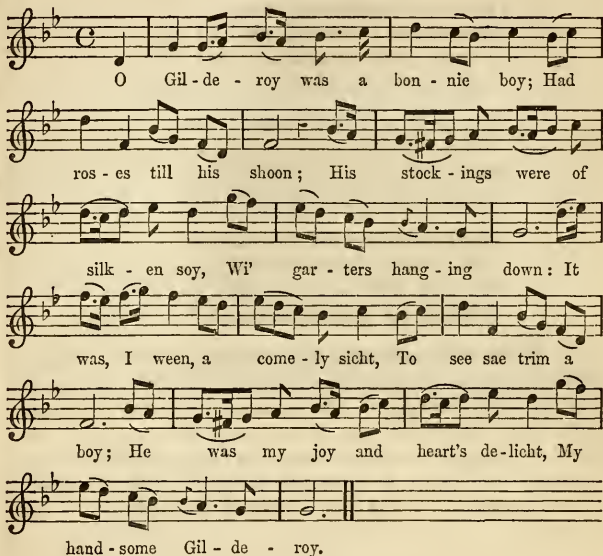


## GILDEROY.

The subject of the following amatory elegy was a man named Patrick Macgregor, but more familiarly *Gillieroy* (the red-haired lad), who, after a desperate course of stouthrief and oppression practised for some years at the head of a band of followers, chiefly in the Highlands of Aberdeenshire, was hanged with his whole party, ten in number, at the Cross of Edinburgh, July 27, 1636. The present ballad, an improvement upon a rude contemporary one, was first printed in Durfey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, volume v., 1719. It has been several times printed as the composition of a Sir Alexander Halket, but entirely through a mistake, there being in reality no such person.



O Gil-de - roy was a bon - nie boy; Had  
ros - es till his shoon; His stock - ings were of  
silk - en soy, Wi' gar - ters hang - ing down: It  
was, I ween, a come - ly sicht, To see sae trim a  
boy; He was my joy and heart's de - licht, My  
hand - some Gil - de - roy.

O Gilderoy was a bonnie boy ;  
 Had roses till his shoon ;  
 His stockings were of silken soy,  
 Wi' garters hanging down :  
 It was, I ween, a comely sight,  
 To see sae trim a boy ;  
 He was my joy and heart's delight,  
 My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh, sic twa charming een he had,  
 A breath as sweet's a rose ;  
 He never wore a Highland plaid,  
 But costly silken clothes :

He gain'd the love o' ladies gay,  
Nane e'er to him was coy :  
Ah, wae is me ! I mourn the day,  
For my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I were born  
Baith in ae town thegither ;  
We scant were seven years before  
We 'gan to love each other.  
Our daddies and our mammies, they  
Were fill'd with meikle joy,  
To think upon the bridal-day  
'Twixt me and Gilderoy.

For Gilderoy, that luvie of mine,  
Gude faith, I freely bought  
A wedding-sark of Holland fine,  
Wi' silken flowers wrought ;  
And he gied me a wedding-ring,  
Which I received with joy :  
Nae lad nor lassie e'er could sing  
Like me and Gilderoy.

Wi' meikle joy we spent our prime  
Till we were baith sixteen ;  
And aft we pass'd the langsome time  
Amang the leaves sae green :  
Aft on the banks we'd sit us there,  
And sweetly kiss and toy ;  
Wi' garlands gay wad deck my hair,  
My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh, that he still had been content  
Wi' me to lead his life !  
But, ah, his manfu' heart was bent  
To stir in feats of strife ;

And he in many a venturous deed,  
 His courage bauld wad try,  
 And now this gars my heart to bleed  
 For my dear Gilderoy.

And when of me his leave he took,  
 The tears they wat mine e'e ;  
 I gave him a love-parting look,  
 My benison gang wi' thee !  
 God-speed thee weel, mine ain dear heart,  
 For gane is all my joy ;  
 My heart is rent, sith we maun part,  
 My handsome Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy, baith far and near,  
 Was fear'd in ilka toun,  
 And bauldly bare away the gear  
 Of mony a Lawland loun :  
 Nane e'er durst meet him hand to hand,  
 He was sae brave a boy ;  
 At length wi' numbers he was ta'en,  
 My handsome Gilderoy !

The Queen of Scots possessit nocht,  
 That my luve let me want ;  
 For cow and ewe he to me brocht,  
 And e'en when they were scant :  
 All those did honestly possess,  
 He never did annoy,  
 Who never fail'd to pay their cess  
 To my love Gilderoy.

Wae worth the loun that made the laws  
 To hang a man for gear !  
 To reave of life for ox or ass,  
 For sheep, or horse, or mear !

Had not their laws been made so strict,  
 I ne'er had lost my joy ;  
 Wi' sorrow ne'er had wat my cheik  
 For my dear Gilderoy.

Gif Gilderoy had done amiss,  
 He micht have banish'd been ;  
 Ah, what sair cruelty is this,  
 To hang sic handsome men !  
 To hang the flower o' Scottish land,  
 Sae sweit and fair a boy !  
 Nae lady had sae white a hand  
 As thee, my Gilderoy !

Of Gilderoy sae fear'd they were,  
 They bound him meikle strong ;  
 Till Edinburgh they led him there,  
 And on a gallows hung :  
 They hung him high abune the rest,  
 He was sae trim a boy ;  
 There died the youth whom I loo'd best,  
 My handsome Gilderoy.

Thus having yielded up his breath,  
 I bare his corpse away ;  
 Wi' tears that trickled for his death,  
 I wash'd his comely clay ;  
 And sicker in a grave sae deep  
 I laid the dear-loo'd boy ;  
 And now for ever maun I weep  
 My winsome Gilderoy .

The old *broadside* version of *Gilderoy* ran thus :

My love he was as brave a man  
 As ever Scotland bred ;  
 Descended from a Highland clan,  
 A kateran to his trade.

## SONGS OF SCOTLAND.

No woman, then, or womankind,  
Had ever greater joy,  
Than we two, when we lodged alone,  
I and my Gilderoy.

First, when I and my love met,  
With joy he did me crown ;  
He gave me a new petticoat,  
And then a tartan gown, &c.

There is something touching in the conclusion :

And now he is in Edinburgh town ;  
'Twas long ere I came there ;  
They hanged him upon a-hie,  
And he wagg'd in the air.  
His relics they were more esteem'd  
Than Hector's were at Troy ;  
I never love to see the face  
That gazed on Gilderoy !

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