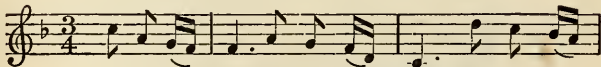
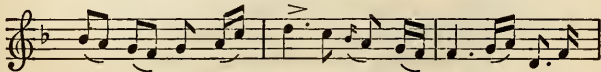


ANNE BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.



Ba-loo, my boy, lie still and sleep, It grieves me



sair to hear thee weep: If thou'lt be sil - ent, I'll be

glad, Thy mourning makes my heart full sad. Ba-loo, my
 boy, thy moth - er's joy, Thy fath - er bred me great an-
 noy. Ba - loo, my dear, lie still and sleep, It grieves me
 sair to hear thee weep.

Baloo, my boy, lie still and sleep,
 It grieves me sair to hear thee weep :
 If thou 'lt be silent, I'll be glad,
 Thy mourning makes my heart full sad.
 Baloo, my boy, thy mother's joy,
 Thy father bred me great annoy.
 Baloo, my dear, lie still and sleep,
 It grieves me sair to hear thee weep.

Baloo, my darling, sleep a while,
 And when thou wakest, sweetly smile ;
 But smile not as thy father did,
 To cozen maids, may God forbid ;
 For in thine eye his look I see,
 The tempting look that ruined me.

When he began to court my love,
 And with his sugared words to move,
 His tempting face and flattering cheer,
 In time to me did not appear ;

But now I see that cruel he
Cares neither for his babe nor me.

Farewell, farewell, thou falsest youth
That ever kissed a woman's mouth,
Let never any after me,
Submit unto thy courtesie :
For if they do, O cruel thou
Wilt her abuse and care not how.

I was too credulous at the first,
To yield thee all a maiden durst,
Thou swore for ever true to prove,
Thy faith unchanged, unchanged thy love ;
But quick as thought, the change is wrought,
'Thy love's no more, thy promise nought.

I wish I were a maid again,
From young men's flattery I'd refrain ;
For now unto my grief I find,
They are all perjured and unkind ;
Bewitching charms bred all my harms,
Witness my babe lies in my arms.

* * * *

Baloo, my boy, weep not for me,
Whose greatest grief's for wronging thee,
Nor pity her deserved smart,
Who can blame none but her fond heart :
For too soon trusting latest finds
With fairest tongues are falsest minds.

Baloo, my boy, thy father's fled,
When he the thriftless son has played ;
Of vows and oaths forgetful he
Preferred the wars to thee and me ;
But now perhaps thy curse and mine
Makes him eat acorns with the swine.

But curse him not, perhaps now he,
 Stung with remorse, is blessing thee :
 Perhaps at death—for who can tell
 Whether the Judge of heaven and hell,
 By some proud foe, has struck the blow,
 And laid the dear deceiver low.

I wish I were within the bounds,
 Where he lies smothered in his wounds,
 Repeating, as he pants for air,
 My name, whom once he called his fair ;
 No woman's yet so fiercely set,
 But she'll forgive, though not forget.

* * * *

Baloo, my boy, I'll weep for thee ;
 Too soon, alas ! thou'lt weep for me :
 Thy griefs are growing to a sum,
 God grant thee patience when they come ;
 Born to sustain thy mother's shame,
 A hapless fate, a bastard's name.

Baloo, my boy, lie still and sleep,
 It grieves me sair to hear thee weep.

It was the belief of Mr Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, founded on family traditions, supported by a passage in Father Hay's Manuscripts,¹ that this pathetic ballad was designed to embody the woes of a real sufferer by unfaithful love, a Mistress Anne Bothwell, daughter of the bishop of Orkney, who performed the Protestant nuptial ceremony over Mary in her union with the Earl of Bothwell, and afterwards made himself contemptible by appearing as evidence against her at York.² The lover was the lady's cousin, the Hon. Alexander Erskine, a younger son

¹ Advocates' Library.

² No Anne Bothwell appears in the meagre article on the family in Wood's *Peerage*. The lady is more likely to have been a granddaughter of the bishop.

of the seventh Earl of Marr by his second marriage. Mr Sharpe described a family portrait of this gentleman, as shewing him 'extremely handsome, with much vivacity of countenance, dark-blue eyes, a peaked beard, and moustaches.'¹ The time of the incident was early in the seventeenth century: Erskine would be a youth arrived at majority about 1620. In Broome's comedy of *The Northern Lass*, printed in 1632, there occurs a fragment of the ballad, probably as first composed:

Peace, wayward bairn, O cease thy moan,
 Thy far more wayward daddy's gone;
 And never will recalled be
 By cries of either thee or me.
 For should we cry
 Until we die,
 We could not scant his cruelty.
 Baloo, Baloo, &c.

The injured lady was thought to be avenged in the course of Providence, for Alexander Erskine, having joined the Covenanters, was one of the Earl of Haddington's party at Dunglass House, August 1640, when, by the vengeful treachery of a page, the place was blown up, and nearly all within perished.

Mr Dauneŷ (*Ancient Melodies*, p. 286) transfers from a manuscript in the Advocates' Library, a song which bears a marked resemblance in style of thought and composition to *Anne Bothwell's Lament*:

THOU WILT NOT GO AND LEAVE ME HERE.

Thou wilt not go and leave me here,
 O do not so, my dearest dear;
 The sun's departing clouds the sky,
 But thy departing makes me die.

¹ Additions to Stenhouse's *Notes on Johnson's Musical Museum*, ii. *204.