

DOWNLOAD PDF AS HE COMES UP THE STAIR; JOCK O'HAZELGREEN; //WHO MAKETH THE DEAF TO HEAR//

Chapter 1 : Robert Falconer

As he comes up the stair; Jock o' Hazelgreen; "Who maketh the deaf to hear," by Helen Mathers.

Mary Brodie at needlework; Old Brodie, a paralytic, in wheeled chair, at the fireside, L. May I come in, Mary? I scarce knew where to find you. The dad and I must have a corner, must we not? And with regard to the Deacon? Believe me, I am not so ill-advised. You have trained me well, and I feel by him as solemnly as a true-born Brodie. And now you are impertinent! Do you mean to go any further? We are a fighting race, we Brodies. Oh, you may laugh, sir! Do you see this table, Walter? I remember how I used to sit and watch him at his work. It would be grand, I thought, to be able to do as he did, and handle edge-tools without cutting my fingers, and getting my ears pulled for a meddlesome minx! And then, you know, there is the tall cabinet yonder; that it was that proved him the first of Edinburgh joiners, and worthy to be their Deacon and their head. I am all penitence. Forgive me this last time, and I promise you I never will again. Candidly, now, do you think you deserve forgiveness? Candidly, I do not. Then I suppose you must have it. What have you done with Willie and my uncle? I left them talking deeply. The dear old Procurator has not much thought just now for anything but those mysterious burglariesâ€” Mary. They are worth having, are they not? The Procurator seems to think that having them makes the difference between winning and losing. Did he say so? You may rely upon it that he knows. There are not many in Edinburgh who can match with our Will. There shall be as many as you please, and not one more. How I should like to have heard you! What did uncle say? Did he speak of the Town Council again? Did he tell Will what a wonderful Bailie he would make? O why did you come away? I could not pretend to listen any longer. The election is months off yet; and if it were notâ€”if it were tramping upstairs this momentâ€”drums, flags, cockades, guineas, candidates, and all! What are Whig and Tory to me? O fie on you! It is for every man to concern himself in the common weal. Leslieâ€”Leslie of the Craig! And be a politician like the Deacon? All in good time, but not now. I hearkened while I could, and when I could no more I slipped out and followed my heart. I hoped I should be welcome. I suppose you mean to be unkind. Did you not ask me why I came away? That is for the young lady to decide, sir. And against that judgment there shall be no appeal? O, if you mean to argue! I do not mean to argue. I am content to love and be loved. I think I am the happiest man in the world. That is as it should be; for I am the happiest girl. Why not say the happiest wife? I have your word, and you have mine. Is not that enough? Have you so soon forgotten? Did I not tell you how it must be as my brother wills? I can do only as he bids me. Then you have not spoken as you promised? I have been too happy to speak. I am his friend. Precious as you are, he will trust you to me. He has but to know how I love you, Mary, and how your life is all in your love of me, to give us his blessing with a full heart. I am sure of him. It is that which makes my happiness complete. Your father is trying to speak. Mary to Old Brodie. Do you want to say anything to me? Is it to Mr. I am listening, Mr. What is it, daddie? My sonâ€”the Deaconâ€”Deacon Brodieâ€”the first at school. I know it, Mr. Was I not the last in the same class? But he seems to have forgotten us. It is so good to sit beside you. By and by it will be always like this. You will not let me speak to the Deacon? You are fast set upon speaking yourself? I could be so eloquent, Maryâ€”I would touch him. I cannot tell you how I fear to trust my happiness to any one elseâ€”even to you! He must hear of my good fortune from none but me. And besides, you do not understand. We are not like families, we Brodies. We are so clannish, we hold so close together. You Brodies, and your Deacon! Deacon of his craft, sirâ€”Deacon of the Wrightsâ€”my son! If his motherâ€”his motherâ€”had but lived to see! You hear how he runs on. A word about my brother and he catches it. I believe he only lives in the thought of the Deacon. There, it is not so long since I was one with him. But indeed I think we are all Deacon-mad, we Brodies. Are we not, daddie dear? Brodie without, and entering. You are a mighty magistrate, Procurator, but you seem to have met your match. *Quam primum, my dear, quam primum.* Well, father, do you know me?

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Chapter 2 : The Plays of W. E. Henley and R. L. Stevenson, by Robert Louis Stevenson

*As He Comes up the Stair; Jock O'Hazelgreen; 'Who Maketh the Deaf to Hear' [Helen Buckingham (Mathers) Reeves] on www.nxgvision.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. This Elibron Classics book is a facsimile reprint of a edition by Bernhard Tauchnitz, Leipzig.*

President "Permitted vehicles not allowed. Please put on your seat belt - prepare for accident. Man who fart in church sit in own pew. Stand on toilet, get high on pot. Woman who dance while wearing jock strap have make believe ballroom. Man with hole in pocket feel cocky all day. Man who run behind car get exhausted. Virginity like bubble, one prick all gone. Man who eat jellybean fart in Technicolor. Baby conceived on back seat of car with automatic transmission grow up to be shiftless bastard. Woman who cooks beans and peas in same pot very unsanitary. Kotex not best thing on earth, but next to best thing. Man who marries a girl with no bust has right to feel low down. Man who speaks with forked tongue should not kiss balloons. He who sitteth on an upturned tack shall surely rise. Even the greatest of whales is helpless in middle of desert. The hand that turneth the knob, opens the door.. Man who sneezes without hanky takes matters into his own hands. He who eats to many prunes, sits on toilet many moons. Man who drop watch in toilet bound to have shitty time. Man who fly plane upside down have crackup. War does not determine who is right, war determine who is left. Man who eat prunes get good run for money. Wife who put husband in doghouse soon find him in cathouse. Man who fight with wife all day get no piece at night. Man with one chopstick go hungry. Man who live in glass house should change clothes in basement. A bird in the hand is safer than one overhead. The doubter is wise. Anger is a condition in which the tongue works faster than the mind. Everything has beauty but not everyone sees it. There are no short cuts to any place worth going. Free speech carries with it some freedom to listen. A man who thinks too much about his ancestors is like a potatoâ€”the best part of him is underground. A ship in the harbor is safe, but that is not what ships are built for. A closed mouth gathers no feet. Your heart understands what your head cannot yet conceive; trust your heart. A peacock who sits on his tail is just another turkey. He who never made a mistake never made a discovery. It is never too late to be what you might have been. If you are willing to admit faults, you have one less fault to admit. You cannot get to the top by sitting on your bottom. Parents can tell but never teach, unless they practice what they preach. Life is like a sewer Without vision, we are blind to opportunity. Friendship is what binds the world together in peace, may we all become friends. It matters not what you do, as long as you are the best one doing it. If you pick up a starving dog and make him prosperous, he will not bite you. This is the principal difference between a dog and a man. In golf as in life it is the follow through that makes the difference. The fellow who never makes a mistake takes his orders from one who does. The greatest mistake you can make in life is to be continually fearing you will make one. Learn from the mistakes of others. It is only those who never do anything who never make mistakes. Many complain of their looks, but none of their brains. If you think education is expensive, try ignorance. The most important thing a father can do for his children is to love their mother. There will come a time when you believe everything is finished. That will be the beginning. To be loved is to be fortunate, but to be hated is to achieve distinction. False hope is nicer than no hope at all. Silence is one of the most effective forms of communication. You may only be one person to the world, but you may also be the world to one person. Choose a job you like and you will never have to work a day of your life. Three may keep a secret, if two of them are dead. I personally think we developed language because of our deep inner need to complain. You can discover more about a person in an hour of play than in a year of conversation. The secret of getting ahead is getting started. Patience will come to those who wait for it. Happiness is not a state to arrive at, but a manner of travelling. May today be better than yesterday, but, not as good as tomorrow. The best way to predict the future is to invent it! No one is rich enough to do without a neighbor. The more beautiful the snake the deadlier its venom. If you want your eggs hatched, sit on them yourself. The nail that sticks up will be hammered down. Make happy those who are near, and those who are far will come. Question Authority and

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the Authorities will question You. A company is known by the people it keeps. A morning without coffee is like something without something else. It takes one tree to make 10, matches, but one match to burn 10, trees. Poor planning on your part does not constitute an emergency on my part. Quitters never win, and winners never quit, but those who never quit AND never win are idiots. Proofread carefully to see if you any words out. Hard work has a future payoff. Laziness pays off NOW. Many people quit looking for work when they find a job. A clean desk is a sign of a cluttered desk drawer. Mines are equal opportunity weapons. Incoming fire has the right of way. The enemy invariably attacks on one of two occasions: A book is like a garden carried in the pocket. A bird in the hand is worth two in a bush. A broken hand works, but not a broken heart. A cat has nine lives.. A closed mouth catches no flies. A country can be judged by the quality of its proverbs. A courtyard common to all will be swept by none. A dog is wiser than a woman; it does not bark at its master.

Chapter 3 : Search | Common Knowledge | LibraryThing

As he comes up the stair; Jock o' Hazelgreen; "Who maketh the deaf to hear," By Helen Mathers. Abstract. Mode of access: Internet.

Preface From the Author to the Reader You who so plod amid serious things that you feel it shame to give yourself up even for a few short moments to mirth and joyousness in the land of Fancy; you who think that life hath nought to do with innocent laughter that can harm no one; these pages are not for you. Clap to the leaves and go no farther than this, for I tell you plainly that if you go farther you will be scandalized by seeing good, sober folks of real history so frisk and caper in gay colors and motley that you would not know them but for the names tagged to them. Here is a stout, lusty fellow with a quick temper, yet none so ill for all that, who goes by the name of Henry II. Here is a fair, gentle lady before whom all the others bow and call her Queen Eleanor. Here is a fat rogue of a fellow, dressed up in rich robes of a clerical kind, that all the good folk call my Lord Bishop of Hereford. Here is a certain fellow with a sour temper and a grim look – the worshipful, the Sheriff of Nottingham. Beside these are a whole host of knights, priests, nobles, burghers, yeomen, pages, ladies, lasses, landlords, beggars, peddlers, and what not, all living the merriest of merry lives, and all bound by nothing but a few odd strands of certain old ballads snipped and clipped and tied together again in a score of knots which draw these jocund fellows here and there, singing as they go. Here you will find a hundred dull, sober, jogging places, all tricked out with flowers and what not, till no one would know them in their fanciful dress. And here is a country bearing a well-known name, wherein no chill mists press upon our spirits, and no rain falls but what rolls off our backs like April showers off the backs of sleek drakes; where flowers bloom forever and birds are always singing; where every fellow hath a merry catch as he travels the roads, and ale and beer and wine such as muddle no wits flow like water in a brook. This country is not Fairyland. Will you come with me, sweet Reader? Give me your hand. Also telling how his band gathered around him, and of the merry adventure that gained him his good right hand man, the famous Little John. No archer ever lived that could speed a gray goose shaft with such skill and cunning as his, nor were there ever such yeomen as the sevenscore merry men that roamed with him through the greenwood shades. Not only Robin himself but all the band were outlaws and dwelled apart from other men, yet they were beloved by the country people round about, for no one ever came to jolly Robin for help in time of need and went away again with an empty fist. And now I will tell how it came about that Robin Hood fell afoul of the law. When Robin was a youth of eighteen, stout of sinew and bold of heart, the Sheriff of Nottingham proclaimed a shooting match and offered a prize of a butt of ale to whosoever should shoot the best shaft in Nottinghamshire. It was at the dawn of day in the merry Maytime, when hedgerows are green and flowers bedeck the meadows; daisies pied and yellow cuckoo buds and fair primroses all along the briery hedges; when apple buds blossom and sweet birds sing, the lark at dawn of day, the throstle cock and cuckoo; when lads and lasses look upon each other with sweet thoughts; when busy housewives spread their linen to bleach upon the bright green grass. Sweet was the greenwood as he walked along its paths, and bright the green and rustling leaves, amid which the little birds sang with might and main: As thus he walked along with a brisk step and a merry whistle, he came suddenly upon some foresters seated beneath a great oak tree. Fifteen there were in all, making themselves merry with feasting and drinking as they sat around a huge pasty, to which each man helped himself, thrusting his hands into the pie, and washing down that which they ate with great horns of ale which they drew all foaming from a barrel that stood nigh. Each man was clad in Lincoln green, and a fine show they made, seated upon the sward beneath that fair, spreading tree. And well thou knowest that no target is nigh to make good thy wager. I wager that thou causest no beast to die, with or without the aid of Our Lady. I wot the wager were mine, an it were three hundred pounds. But his heart was bitterly angry, for his blood was hot and youthful and prone to boil. Now, well would it have been for him who had first spoken had he left Robin Hood alone; but his anger was hot, both because the youth had gotten the better of him and because of the deep draughts of ale that he had

been quaffing. So, of a sudden, without any warning, he sprang to his feet, and seized upon his bow and fitted it to a shaft. As it was, the arrow whistled within three inches of his head. Then he turned around and quickly drew his own bow, and sent an arrow back in return. Then, before the others could gather their wits about them, Robin Hood was gone into the depths of the greenwood. Some started after him, but not with much heart, for each feared to suffer the death of his fellow; so presently they all came and lifted the dead man up and bore him away to Nottingham Town. Meanwhile Robin Hood ran through the greenwood. Gone was all the joy and brightness from everything, for his heart was sick within him, and it was borne in upon his soul that he had slain a man. In haste I smote, but grieve I sore at leisure! Now the Sheriff of Nottingham swore that he himself would bring this knave Robin Hood to justice, and for two reasons: But Robin Hood lay hidden in Sherwood Forest for one year, and in that time there gathered around him many others like himself, cast out from other folk for this cause and for that. So, in all that year, fivescore or more good stout yeomen gathered about Robin Hood, and chose him to be their leader and chief. Then they vowed that even as they themselves had been despoiled they would despoil their oppressors, whether baron, abbot, knight, or squire, and that from each they would take that which had been wrung from the poor by unjust taxes, or land rents, or in wrongful fines. But to the poor folk they would give a helping hand in need and trouble, and would return to them that which had been unjustly taken from them. Besides this, they swore never to harm a child nor to wrong a woman, be she maid, wife, or widow; so that, after a while, when the people began to find that no harm was meant to them, but that money or food came in time of want to many a poor family, they came to praise Robin and his merry men, and to tell many tales of him and of his doings in Sherwood Forest, for they felt him to be one of themselves. Up rose Robin Hood one merry morn when all the birds were singing blithely among the leaves, and up rose all his merry men, each fellow washing his head and hands in the cold brown brook that leaped laughing from stone to stone. But tarry ye, my merry men all, here in the greenwood; only see that ye mind well my call. Three blasts upon the bugle horn I will blow in my hour of need; then come quickly, for I shall want your aid. There he wandered for a long time, through highway and byway, through dingly dell and forest skirts. Now he met a fair buxom lass in a shady lane, and each gave the other a merry word and passed their way; now he saw a fair lady upon an ambling pad, to whom he doffed his cap, and who bowed sedately in return to the fair youth; now he saw a fat monk on a pannier-laden ass; now a gallant knight, with spear and shield and armor that flashed brightly in the sunlight; now a page clad in crimson; and now a stout burgher from good Nottingham Town, pacing along with serious footsteps; all these sights he saw, but adventure found he none. At last he took a road by the forest skirts, a bypath that dipped toward a broad, pebbly stream spanned by a narrow bridge made of a log of wood. As he drew nigh this bridge he saw a tall stranger coming from the other side. Thereupon Robin quickened his pace, as did the stranger likewise, each thinking to cross first. I will lay by my trusty bow and eke my arrows, and if thou darest abide my coming, I will go and cut a cudgel to test thy manhood withal. Then Robin Hood stepped quickly to the coverside and cut a good staff of ground oak, straight, without new, and six feet in length, and came back trimming away the tender stems from it, while the stranger waited for him, leaning upon his staff, and whistling as he gazed round about. Robin observed him furtively as he trimmed his staff, measuring him from top to toe from out the corner of his eye, and thought that he had never seen a lustier or a stouter man. Tall was Robin, but taller was the stranger by a head and a neck, for he was seven feet in height. Broad was Robin across the shoulders, but broader was the stranger by twice the breadth of a palm, while he measured at least an ell around the waist. Now wait my coming, an thou darest, and meet me an thou fearest not. Then we will fight until one or the other of us tumble into the stream by dint of blows. But the stranger turned the blow right deftly and in return gave one as stout, which Robin also turned as the stranger had done. Now and then they stopped to rest, and each thought that he never had seen in all his life before such a hand at quarterstaff. At last Robin gave the stranger a blow upon the ribs that made his jacket smoke like a damp straw thatch in the sun. Then Robin grew mad with anger and smote with all his might at the other. But the stranger warded the blow and once again thwacked Robin, and this time so fairly that he fell heels over head into the water, as the queen pin falls in a game of bowls. Then,

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gaining his feet, he waded to the bank, the little fish speeding hither and thither, all frightened at his splashing. By this and by that, my head hummeth like to a hive of bees on a hot June day. Truly thou art all wet from head to foot, and that to the very skin. Now hark ye, good youth, wilt thou stay with me and be one of my band? Three suits of Lincoln green shalt thou have each year, beside forty marks in fee, and share with us whatsoever good shall befall us. Thou shalt eat sweet venison and quaff the stoutest ale, and mine own good right-hand man shalt thou be, for never did I see such a cudgel player in all my life before. Wilt thou be one of my good merry men? Good Stutely, cut thou a fair white piece of bark four fingers in breadth, and set it fourscore yards distant on yonder oak. Now, stranger, hit that fairly with a gray goose shaft and call thyself an archer. Then all the yeomen leaped to their feet and shouted for joy that their master had shot so well. Now truly will I be thy man henceforth and for aye. Good Adam Bell I was a fair shot, but never shot he so! Then Will Stutely, who loved a good jest, spoke up. Little art thou indeed, and small of bone and sinew, therefore shalt thou be christened Little John, and I will be thy godfather. Little John shalt thou be called henceforth, and Little John shall it be. So come, my merry men, we will prepare a christening feast for this fair infant. There had they built huts of bark and branches of trees, and made couches of sweet rushes spread over with skins of fallow deer. Here stood a great oak tree with branches spreading broadly around, beneath which was a seat of green moss where Robin Hood was wont to sit at feast and at merrymaking with his stout men about him. Here they found the rest of the band, some of whom had come in with a brace of fat does. Then they all built great fires and after a time roasted the does and broached a barrel of humming ale. Then when the feast was ready they all sat down, but Robin placed Little John at his right hand, for he was henceforth to be the second in the band. Then when the feast was done Will Stutely spoke up. Then one came forward who had been chosen to play the priest because he had a bald crown, and in his hand he carried a brimming pot of ale. When thou livedst not thou wast called John Little, but now that thou dost live indeed, Little John shalt thou be called, so christen I thee. At first he was of a mind to be angry but found he could not, because the others were so merry; so he, too, laughed with the rest. Then Robin took this sweet, pretty babe, clothed him all anew from top to toe in Lincoln green, and gave him a good stout bow, and so made him a member of the merry band. And thus it was that Robin Hood became outlawed; thus a band of merry companions gathered about him, and thus he gained his right-hand man, Little John; and so the prologue ends. And now I will tell how the Sheriff of Nottingham three times sought to take Robin Hood, and how he failed each time. Now the Sheriff did not yet know what a force Robin had about him in Sherwood, but thought that he might serve a warrant for his arrest as he could upon any other man that had broken the laws; therefore he offered fourscore golden angels to anyone who would serve this warrant. But men of Nottingham Town knew more of Robin Hood and his doings than the Sheriff did, and many laughed to think of serving a warrant upon the bold outlaw, knowing well that all they would get for such service would be cracked crowns; so that no one came forward to take the matter in hand. Truly, no one likes to go on this service, for fear of cracked crowns and broken bones. But if no man in Nottingham dare win fourscore angels, I will send elsewhere, for there should be men of mettle somewhere in this land. So that same morning the messenger started forth upon his errand. Bright shone the sun upon the dusty highway that led from Nottingham to Lincoln, stretching away all white over hill and dale. Dusty was the highway and dusty the throat of the messenger, so that his heart was glad when he saw before him the Sign of the Blue Boar Inn, when somewhat more than half his journey was done. The inn looked fair to his eyes, and the shade of the oak trees that stood around it seemed cool and pleasant, so he alighted from his horse to rest himself for a time, calling for a pot of ale to refresh his thirsty throat. There he saw a party of right jovial fellows seated beneath the spreading oak that shaded the greensward in front of the door. Loud laughed the foresters, as jests were bandied about between the singing, and louder laughed the friars, for they were lusty men with beards that curled like the wool of black rams; but loudest of all laughed the Tinker, and he sang more sweetly than any of the rest.

Chapter 4 : English and Scottish ballads. Ed. by Francis James Child.

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King John and the Abbot of Canterbury Lay the Bent to the Bonny Broom King Edward Fourth and the Tanner of Tamworth 21 5. The King and the Miller of Mansfield Gernutus, the Jew of Venice The Heir of Linne. Reedisdale and Wise William The Turnament of Totenham The Wyf of Auchtermuchty The Friar in the Well Get up and bar the Door The Dragon of Wantley Page The Bludv Serk Stories resembling that contained in the followingr ballad are to be met with in the literature of most of the nations of Europe; for example, in the Gesta Romanorn, No. King John and the Abbot, says Grundtvig ii. Wynken de Worde, printed in , a little collection of riddles, translated from the French, like those propounded by King John to the Abbot, with the title Deinaznndes Joyous. By this link the present ballad is connected with a curious class of compositions, peculiar to the Middle Ages-the Disputations, or WitCombats, of which the dialogues of Salomon and AMarcolf existing in many languages are the most familiar, and those of Salomon and Saturn in Anglo-Saxon the oldest preserved specimens. The serious element, represented by Salomon, was retained after this, merely to afford material, or contrast, for the coarse humor of MArcolf, whose part it is, under the character of a rude and clownish person, "facie deformis et turpissimus," to turn the sententious observations of the royal sage into ludicrous parodies. This account coincides with what we read in Chronicles, Book II. Schmidt, Taschenbuch dentscher Ronmanzenl, p. And Ile tell you a story, a story so merrye, a Concerning the Abbott of Canterbirye; How for his house-keeping and high renowne, They rode poste for him to fair London towne. An hundred men, the king did heare say, The abbot kept in his house every day; o And fifty golde chaynes, without any doubt, In velvet coates waited the abbot about. But if you will give me but three weekes space, a; Ile do my endeavour to answer your grace. Then home rode the abbot of comfort so cold, 4a And he mett his shepheard a going to fold: And at the third question I must not shrinke, But tell him there truly what lie does thinke. Lend me horse, and serving men, and your apparel, And le ride to London to answeere your quarrel. For and if thou canst answer my questions three, Thy life and thy living both saved shall bee.. And twenty-nine is the worth of thee, For I thinke thou art one penny worser than bee. Bittel, 85 "I did not think I had been worth so littel! Jone, "I did not think it could be gone so soone! THE two following ballads, in connection with the foregoing, will serve as specimens of the anciently highly-popular class of riddle songs. Chambers gives a few different readings from a copy furnished by Mr. A fragment of this piece is given in Minstrelsy of the English Border, p. Riddles like those in the following ballads are found in Proud Lady Margaret, p. See especially Grundtvig, i. What hicher than the trees? What bird sings first? The peasants in Scotland say that the dove that was sent out of the Ark by Noah flew till she burst her gall, and that no dove since that time ever had a gall. It begins There were three sisters fair and bright, Jennifer gentle and Rosemaree, And they three loved one valiant knight, As the dew flies over the mulberry tree. There was a lady in the North-country, Lay the bent to the bonny broom, And she had lovely daughters three, Fa, la la la, fa, la la la ra re. There was a knight of noble worth, Which also lived at the North. The knight, of courage stout and brave, 5 A wife he did desire to have. The youngest [sister] that same night, She went to bed to this young knight. And in the morning when it was day, 16 These words unto him she did say. Or what is deeper than the sea? Or what is sharper than a thorn? Or what is worse than a woman was? So now, fair maidens all, adieu; This song I dedicate to you. I wish that you may constant prove Is Unto the man that you do love. THE next two ballads belong to a class of tales extremely numerous in England, in which the sovereign is represented as conversing on terms of good fellowship with one of his humbler subjects who is unacquainted with the royal person. In several of the best of these stories, the monarch is benighted in the forest, and obliged to demand hospitality of the first man he meets. He is at first viewed with suspicion and treated with rudeness, but soon wins favor by his affability and good humor, and is invited to partake of a liberal supper, composed in part of his own venison. In due time the

king reveals his true character to his astonished and mortified host, who looks to be punished alike for his familiarity and for deer-stealing, but is pardoned for both, and even handsomely rewarded for his entertainment. The earliest of these stories. Others of very considerable antiquity are the tales of Henry II. Percy " for its genuine humor, diverting incidents, and faithful picture of rustic manners;" and The King and the Barker, the original of the present ballad. See also the seventh and eighth fits of the Little Gest of Robin Hood. More recent specimens are the two pieces here given, and others mentioned by Percy: It is obvious that a legend of immemorial antiquity has been transferred by successive minstrels or story-tellers to the reigning monarch of their own times. An anecdote of the same character is related by Mr. Eastern tale-teller has for his theme the disguised expeditions of Haroun Alraschid, with his faithful attendants Mesrour and Giafar, through the midnight. The one in the Bodleian library, entitled A merrie, pleasant, and delectable historie betweene King Edward the Fourth, and a Tanner of Tamworth, 6c. This copy, ancient as it now is, appears to have been modernized and altered at the time it was published; and many vestiges of the more ancient readings were recovered from another copy though more recently printed in one sheet folio, without date, in the Pepys collection. The old copies, according to Ritson, contain a great many stanzas which Percy " has not injudiciously suppressed. IN summer time, when leaves grow greene, And blossoms bedecke the tree, King Edward wolde a hunting ryde, Some pastime for to see. And he had ridden ore dale and downe By eight of clocke in the day, lo When he was ware of a bold tanner, Come ryding along the waye. A fayre russet coat the tanner had on, Fast buttoned under his chin, And under him a good cow-hide, 15 And a mare of four shilling. In the reign of Edward IV. Dame Cecill, lady of Torboke, in her will dated March 7, A. All daye have I rydden on Brocke my mare, 35 And I am fasting yett. Of thee I am in great feare; s0 For the cloathes thou wearest upon thy backe Might beseeme a lord to weare. I marvell what they bee? When I come home to Gyllian my wife, Sheel say I am a gentilmon. But when his steede saw the cows taile wagge, And eke the blacke cowe-horne, He stamped, and stared, and awaye he ranne, As the devill had him borne. The tanner he pulld, the tanner he sweat, And held by the pummil fast; 1so At length the tanner came tumbling downe, His necke he had well-nye brast. Thou art a strong thiefe; yon come thy fellowes Will beare my cowe-hide away. His words are, "Nor is that old pamphlet of the Tanner of Tamworth and King Edward the Fourth so contemptible, but that wee may thence note also an observable passage, wherein the use of making Esquires, by giving collars, is expressed. This form of creating Esquires actually exists at this day among the Sergeants at Arms, who are invested with a collar which they wear on Collar Days by the King himself. This information I owe to Samuel Pegge, Esq. Other copies, slightly different, in A Collection of Old Ballads, i. HENRY, our royall king, would ride a hunting To the greene forest so pleasant and faire; To see the harts skipping, and dainty does tripping, Unto merry Sherwood his nobles repaire: Then at last, riding fast, he had lost quite it All his lords in the wood, late in the night. Art thou no run-away, prythee, youth, tell? Shew me thy passport, and all shal be well. And for your kindness here offered to mee, I will requite you in everye degree. Fresh straw will I have laid on thy bed so brave, And good brown hempen sheets likewise," quoth shee. Or art thou not troubled with the scabbado? Then to their supper were they set orderlye, 75 With hot bag-puddings, and good apple-pyes; Nappy ale, good and stale, in a browne bowle, Which did about the board merrilye trowle. And here, in like manner, I drinke to thy sonne. From merry Sherwood we fetch it home here; Now and then we make bold with our kings deer. Never are wee without two or three in the roof, Very well fleshed, and excellent fat: The nobles, next morning, went all up and down, For to seeke out the king in everye towne. The king perceiving him fearfully trembling, Drew forth his sword, but nothing he sed: The miller downe did fall, crying before them all, Doubting the king would have cut off his head. Of them all, great and small, he-did protest, 5 The miller of Mansfields sport liked him best. A pursuivant there was sent straighte on the business, 15 The which had often-times been in those parts. Our king greets you well, and thus he doth say, You must come to the court on St. What should we doe there? Hold, here are three farthings, to quite thy gentleness, For these happy tydings which thou dost tell.

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Young Beichan and Susie Pye The Broom of Cowdenknows The Duke of Athol Waly, waly, but Love be bonny The Bailiffs Daughter of Islington The Famous Flower of Serving Men The Fair Flower of Northumberland Gentle Herdsman, Tell to me As I came from Walsingham King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid Lord Beichan and Susie Pye We have thought it well to present the three best versions of so popular and interesting a ballad. English broadside at p. There is a well-known burlesque of the ordinary English ballad, called The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman, with comical illustrations by Cruikshank. On this was founded a burlesque drama, produced some years ago at the Strand Theatre, London, with great applause. IN London was young Beichan born, He longed strange countries for to see; But he was taen by a savage moor, Who handled him right cruellie; For he viewed the fashions of that land; 5i Their way of worship viewed he; But to Mahound, or Termagant, Would Beichan never bend a knee. What news hast thou to tell to me? And has he clean forgotten me? When the porter came his lord before, He kneeled down low on his knee uli " What aileth thee, my proud porter, Thou art so full of courtesie? But when he came Lord Jockey before, He kneeled lowly on his knee: For it can be none but Susie Pye, 1s5 That sailed the sea for love of me. And hae ye quite forgotten me? And hae ye quite forgotten her, That gave you life and libertie? And first, here to omit the programe, of him and his mother, named Rose, whom Polyd. Virgilius falsely nameth to be a Saracen, when indeed she came out of the parts bordering neere to Normandy. And when she saw him, young Bekie, Wow, but her heart was sair! She set her milk-white foot on board, Cried, "Hail ye, Domine! It was weel kent what the lady said, That it was nae a lie; For at the first word the lady spak, 13s The hound fell at her knee. THOSE metrical romances, which in the chivalrous ages, constituted the most refined pastime of a rude nobility, are known in many cases to have been adapted for the entertainment of humbler hearers, by abridgment in the form of ballads. Such was the case with the ancient gest of King Horn. Preserved in several MSS. An imperfect copy of the following piece was inserted by Cromek in his Select Scottish Songs, London, , vol. Better editions have since been furnished by Kinloch, Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. Of these, we reprint the last two. All the poems relating to Horn, in French and English, including the Scottish ballads above mentioned, are collected by Michel in a beautiful volume of the Bannatyne Club, Horn et Rimenhild, Paris, The King an angry man was he, With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan; lo He sent young Hynd Horn to the sea, And the birch and the brume blooms bonnie. Seven lang years he has been on the sea, With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan; And Hynd Horn has looked how his ring may be, And the birch and the brume blooms bonnie. With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan; What news, what news, by sea or land? And the birch and the brume blooms bonnie. The auld beggar man threw down his staff, 8W With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan; And he has mounted the good gray steed, And the birch and the brume blooms bonnie. The auld beggar man was bound for to ride, With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan; But young Hynd Horn was bound for the bride, X And the birch and the brume blooms bonnie. She gave him a cup out of her own hand, With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan; He drunk out the drink, and dropt in the ring, And the birch and the brume blooms bonnie. For I can make thee lady of many a town, And the birch and the brume blooms bonnie. Scott inserted the ballad in his first edition under the title of The Laird of Laminton; the present copy is an improved one obtained by him from several recitations. Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, iii. Jamieson has translated a Danish ballad which, though not cognate with these, exhibits nearly the same incidents, and we have inserted it in the Appendix. It need hardly be remarked that the spirited ballad of Lochinvar in Marmion is founded on this ancient legend. Her name was Katharine Janfarie, She was courted by mony men. And he has sent a messenger, 25 Right quickly through the land, And raised mony an armed man To be at his command. She scoffed him, and scorned him, Upon her wedding day; And said-it was the fairy court, M To see him in array! Doun came an English gentleman, Doun from the

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English border; He is for this bonnie lass, 15 To keep his house in order. Then he has sent a messenger, And out through all his land; 30 And four-and-twenty armed men Was all at his command. They rose all to honour him, For he was of high renown; They rose all for to welcome him, And bade him to sit down. O meikle was the good red wine In silver cups did flow; But aye she drank to Lamington, For with him would she go. O meikle was the good red wine In silver cups gaed round; 50 At length they began to whisper words, None could them understand. Or came ye for our bonnie bride, On this her wedding day? Come tell your grief to me. Although he were my ae brither, An ill dead sall he die. Ye hae na been your lane. THE edition of this ballad here printed was prepared by Motherwell from three copies obtained from recitation, *Minstrelsy*, p. The proper names which occur in the course of the piece vary considerably in the different copies. In like manner, for the King of Aulsberry, v. Accordingly, a large stage was erected for the exhibition before the King and court. The first line of the letter Johnie read, A loud, loud lauch leuch he; But he had not read ae line but twa, M Till the saut tears did blind his ee. The first gude town that Johnie came to, s5 He made the bells be rung; And when he rode the town all owre, He made the psalms be sung. The next gude town that Johnie came to, He made the drums beat round; so And the third gude town that he came to, He made the trumpets sound, Till King Henry and all his merry men A-marvelled at the sound. And my feet they are in fetters strong; And how can I get out? The queen with all her ladies fair, The king with his merry men, Either to see fair Johnie flee, Or else to see him slain. He put his little horn to his mouth, He blew it owre again; And aye the sound the horn cryed 18 Was " Johnie and his men! The editor has seen one, printed on a single sheet. The epithet, " Smith," implies, probably, the surname, not the profession, of the hero, who seems to have been an outlaw. There is, however, in Mrs. Or wha wad wish a lealer love Than Brown Adam the Smith? I wadna be your light leman, For mair than ye could gie. The latter we have printed with the present version, which, though lacking a stanza or two, is better in some respects than either of the others. It is very popular in the northeast of Scotland, and was familiar to the editor in his early youth; and from the imperfect recollection which he still retains of it, he has corrected the text in two or three unimportant passages. Will ye go to the Highlands, Lizie Lindsay, And dine on fresh cruds and green whey? And does my Nelly say sae? Chambers, assuming that the foregoing ballad of Lizie Lindsay was originally the same as Lizie Baillie, has made out of various copies of both one story in two parts: *The Scottish Ballads*, p. Smith has somewhat altered the language of this ballad: She was nae ten miles frae the town, When she began to weary; 30 She aften looked back, and said, " Farewell to Castlecary. The Lawland lads think they are fine, But the hieland lads are brisk and gaucy; And they are awa near Glasgow toun, To steal awa a bonnie lassie. Great liberties, says Motherwell, have been taken with the songs in that work. How blythe and happy might he be Gets you to be his bride! Will ye show him to me? I sail repay ze back again, In the winter mid the showers. As ze look to ither women Shall I to ither men. I will repay thee back again, In winter, amid the showers. For as ye look to ither women, Shall I to ither men. The last stanza but one is found in the preceding ballad. Another copy is given by Buchan, *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, ii. Will ye tak me to your countrie, " 1 Or will ye marry me? Stenhouse informs us, by Burns. The present copy is from the *Thistle of Scotland*, p. When young Aboyne looked the letter on, 0 but he blinkit bonny; 70 But ere he read four lines on end, The tears came trickling mony.

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