

To beg my bread from door to door,
 I wis, it were a burning shame :
 To rob and steal it were a sin :
 To work my limbs I cannot frame.

Now I'll away to the lonesome lodge,
 For there my father bade me wend :
 When all the world should frown on me,
 I there should find a trusty friend.

PART SECOND.

Away then hied the heir of Linne,
 O'er hill and holt, and moor and fen
 Until he came to the lonsome lodge,
 That stood so low in a lonely glen.

He looked up, he looked down,
 In hope some comfort for to win ;
 But bare and lothely were the walls :
 'Here's sorry cheer!' quoth the heir of
 Linne.

The little window, dim and dark,
 Was hung with ivy, brier, and yew ;
 No shimmering sun here ever shone ;
 No halsome breeze here ever blew.

No chair, no table, he mote spy,
 No cheerful hearth, no welcome bed,
 Nought save a rope with a running noose,
 That dangling hung up o'er his head.

And over it, in broad letters,
 These words were written, so plain to see :
 'Ah ! graceless wretch, hath spent thy all,
 And brought thyself to penury ?

'All this my boding mind misgave,
 I therefore left this trusty friend :
 Now let it shield thy foul disgrace,
 And all thy shame and sorrows end.'

Sorely vexed with this rebuke,
 Sorely vexed was the heir of Linne ;
 His heart, I wis, was near to burst,
 With guilt and sorrow, shame and sin.

Never a word spake the heir of Linne,
 Never a word he spake but three :
 'This is a trusty friend indeed,
 And is right welcome unto me.

Then round his neck the cord he drew,
 An sprung aloft with his body :
 When lo ! the ceiling burst in twain,
 And to the ground came tumbling he.

Astonished lay the heir of Linne,
 Nor knew if he were live or dead ;
 At length he looked and saw a bill,
 And in it a key of Gold so red.

He took the bill and looked it on ;
 Straight good comfort found he there :
 It told him of a hole in the wall,
 In which there stood three chests in-fere.

Two were full of the beaten gold ;
 The third was full of white money ;
 And over them in broad letters,
 These words were written so plain to see:

'Once more, my son, I set thee clear ;
 Amend thy life and follies past ;
 For but thou amend thee of thy life,
 That rope must be thy end at last.'

'And let it be,' said the heir of Linne ;
 'And let it be, but if I amend :
 For here I will make mine avow,
 This reade shall guide me to the end.'

Away then went the heir of Linne,
 Away he went with merry cheer ;
 I wis he neither stint nor stayed,
 Till John o' Scales' house he came near.

And when he came to John o' the Scales,
 Up at the speer then looked he :
 There sat three lords at the board's end,
 Were drinking of the wine so free.

Then up bespoke the heir of Linne ;
 To John o' the Scales then could he :
 'I pray thee now, good John o' the Scales,
 One forty pence for to lend me.'

'Away, away, thou thriftless loon !
 Away, away ! this may not be,
 For a curse be on my head,' he said,
 'If ever I lend the one penny !'

Then bespoke the heir of Linne,
 To John o' the Scales' wife then spake he :
 'Madame, some alms on me bestow,
 I pray, for sweet Saint Charity.'