

THE HEIR OF LINNE.

PART FIRST.

Lith and listen, gentlemen ;
 To sing a song I will begin :
 It is of a lord of fair Scotland,
 Which was the unthrifty heir of Linne.

His father was a right good lord,
 His mother a lady of high degree ;
 But they, alas ! were dead him fro,
 And he loved keeping company.

To spend the day with merry cheer,
 To drink and revel every night,
 To card and dice from even till morn,
 It was, I ween, his hearts delight.

To ride, to run, to rant, to roar,
 To always spend and never spare,
 I wot, an he were the king himself,
 Of gold and fee he might be bare.

So fares the unthrifty heir of Linne,
 Till all his gold is gone and spent ;
 And he maun sell his lands so broad,
 His house, and lands, and all his rent.

His father had a keen steward,
 And John o' Scales was called he :
 But John is become a gentleman,
 And John has got both gold and fee.

Says : "Welcome, welcome, Lord of Linne ;
 Let naught disturb thy heavy cheer ;
 If thou wilt sell thy lands so broad,
 Good store of gold I'll give thee here."

'My gold is gone, my money is spent,
 My land now take it unto thee :
 Give me the gold, good John o' Scales,
 And thine for aye my land shall be.'

Then John he did him to record draw,
 And John he gave him a god's-penny ;
 But for every pound that John agreed,
 The land, I wis, was well worth three.

He told him the Gold upon the board,
 He was right glad the land to win :
 'The land is mine, the gold is thine,
 And now I'll be the Lord of Linne.'

Thus he had sold his land so broad ;
 Both hill and holt, and moor and fen,
 All but a poor and lonesome lodge,
 That stood far off in a lonely glen.

For so he to his father hight :
 'My son, when I am gone,' said he,
 'Then thou wilt spend thy land so broad,
 And thou wilt spend thy gold so free :

But swear me now upon the rood,
 That lonesome lodge thou'lt never spend:
 For when all the world doth frown on thee,
 Thou there shalt find a faithful friend.'

The heir of Linne is full of gold :
 And 'Come with me, my friends,' said he ;
 'Let's drink, and rant, and merry make,
 And he that spares, ne'er mote he thee.

They ranted, drank, and merry made,
 Till all his gold it waxed thin ;
 And then his friends they slunk away ;
 They left the unthrifty heir of Linne.

He had never a penny left in his purse,
 Never a penny left but three ;
 The one was brass, the other was lead,
 And t'other it was white money.

'Now well-a-way !' said the heir of Linne,
 'Now well-a-way, and woe is me !
 For when I was the Lord of Linne,
 I never wanted gold nor fee.

'But many a trusted friend have I,
 And why shall I feel dole or care ?
 I'll borrow of them all by turns,
 So need I not be ever bare.'

But one, I wis, was not at home ;
 Another had paid his gold away ;
 Another called him thriftless loon,
 And sharply bade him wend his way.

'Now well-a-way !' said the heir of Linne,
 'Now well-a-way, and woe is me !
 For when I had my land so broad,
 On me they lived right merrily.