

THE WIFE OR THE WUDDY..

In Oakwood Tower, on Ettrick banks,
They're dwalt a knight baith young and bauld ;
His daring deeds an' wily pranks,
Were aft the theme o' yeung an' auld.
Will Scott, o' Harden, was his name,
A name weel sung in border lore,
For he wad seldom leave his hame,
Without 'twere on a moonlicht spiere..
Nae far frae Oakwood dwalt a knight,
At Elibank, his ain' strong hold ;
A man aye cruel in his micht,
A terror baith to young and old.
Sir Gideon Murray, he was ca'd,
Weel kent was he for miles around ;
For naething guid, but a' thing bad,
This same Sir Gideon was renowned.
A deadly feud atween the twa,
For some auld sair that wadna heal,
Had never failed their bluid to draw,
To mortal hate an' pointed steel.
Now Scott spoke to his fellowers a',
" Busk on ye're armor bricht an' clean,
An' straught we'll go to Murray's hae,
An' toom his byres an' faulds, I woea."
His men were ready at his ca',
A score o' them baith bauld an' stout,
As gude as e'er a sword did draw,
Wi' horses swift an' sure o' foot ;
An' as the sun sank in the West,
They rode alang richt merrily,
Baith maids an' mithers as they past,
Cried, " We'll hae news ere morn we'll see ;
For Scott o' Harden ne'er set foot,
In stirrup gude for nightly splore,
But e're the morning's sun peeped oot,
Bricht swords were drawn an' dimmed wi' gore."
The morning licht had not appeared
When they came whare their booty lay ;