Borrow George

The Fountain of Maribo, and Other Ballads

George Borrow The Fountain of Maribo, and Other Ballads

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THE FOUNTAIN OF MARIBO or THE QUEEN AND THE ALGREVE

The Algreve¹ he his bugle wound *The long night all—*The Queen in bower heard the sound, *I'm passion's thrall.*

The Queen her little page address'd, *The long night all—*"To come to me the Greve request," *I'm passion's thrall.*

He came, before the board stood he, *The long night all—* "Wherefore, O Queen, has sent for me?" *I'm passion's thrall.*

"As soon as e'er my lord is dead, *The long night all—* Thou shalt rule o'er my gold so red," *I'm passion's thrall.*

"O speak not, Queen, in such wild style, *The long night all—* Thou know'st not who may list the while," *I'm passion's thrall.*

She fondly thought alone they were, *The long night all—* There stood the King, to all gave ear, *I'm passion's thrall.*

The King two serving men address'd, *The long night all—*"To come to me the Queen request," *I'm passion's thrall.*

"Hear thou, my Queen, so fair and sleek,

¹ A title of dignity, equivalent to that of Count.

The long night all— What with the Algreve didst thou speak?" I'm passion's thrall.

"The speech that I with him did hold, *The long night all—* Was all about thy actions bold," *I'm passion's thrall.*

"The King two servants did command, *The long night all—* "Bid ye the Greve before me stand," *I'm passion's thrall.*

"Hear thou, my Greve, what with my Queen *The long night all—*Didst thou discourse of yestere'en?"*I'm passion's thrall.*

"The whole discourse that we did hold, *The long night all—* Was of thy virtues manifold," *I'm passion's thrall.*

The King his little page address'd, *The long night all—*"To come to me the cook request," *I'm passion's thrall.*

"Thou cook, the Greve to pieces chop, *The long night all—* And to thy Lady serve him up," *I'm passion's thrall.*

Long sat the Queen, the meat she eyed, *The long night all—* "This is no Roe I'm satisfied, *I'm passion's thrall.*

"But 'tis the Greve our hall who grac'd." *The long night all—* The pieces she collects in haste, *I'm passion's thrall.*

She wrapped them in white ermine skin, *The long night all*—A gilded chest she placed them in. *I'm passion's thrall.*

She them collects, then wends her slow, *The long night all—* Unto the fount of Maribo. *I'm passion's thrall.*

She dipped them in the water pure, *The long night all—* "Rise, Christian man, I thee conjure!" *I'm passion's thrall.*

The man arose, and thanked his God, *The long night all—* Then from the country forth he trod. *I'm passion's thrall.*

RAMUND

Ramund thought he should a better man be If better apparel arrayed him;
Of garments of leather, and hemp patch'd together, The Queen then a present made him.
"These I will not wear," bold Ramund he said, "They beseem me not fair," said Ramund the young.
"Your garments of tow and leather bestow On the cleaners of trencher and platter."
The Lady to give him fresh clothes was not slow, And of sammet and silk were the latter.
"Yes, these will I wear," bold Ramund he said, "They beseem me right fair," said Ramund the young.

"Now wilt thou, O tailor, so dext'rous and wise,

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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