Blancheflour and Jellyflorice

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THERE was a maid, richly arrayd,
In robes were rare to see,
For seven years and something mair
She servd a gay ladie.

But being fond o a higher place,
In service she thought lang;
She took her mantle her about,
Her coffer by the band.

And as she walkd by the shore-side,
As blythe's a bird on tree,
Yet still she gaz'd her round about,
To see what she could see.

At last she spied a little castle,
That stood near by the sea;
She spied it far and drew it near,
To that castle went she.

And when she came to that castle
She tirled at the pin,
And ready stood a little wee boy
To lat this fair maid in.

`O who's the owner of this place,
O porter-boy, tell me;'
`This place belongs unto a queen
O birth and high degree.'

She put her hand in her pocket,
And gae him shillings three:
`O porter, bear my message well
Unto the queen frae me.'

The porter's gane before the queen,
Fell low down on his knee:
`Win up, win up, my porter-boy,
What makes this courtesie?'

`I hae been porter at your yetts,
My dame, these years full three,

But see a ladie at your yetts
The fairest my eyes did see.'

`Cast up my yetts baith wide and braid,
Lat her come in to me,
And I'll know by her courtesie
Lord's daughter if she be.'

When she came in before the queen,
Fell low down on her knee:
`Service frae you, my dame the queen,
I pray you grant it me.'

`If that service ye now do want,
What station will ye be?
Can ye card wool, or spin, fair maid,
Or milk the cows to me?'

`No, I can neither card nor spin,
Nor cows I canno milk,
But sit into a lady's bower
And sew the seams o silk.'

`What is your name, ye comely dame?
Pray tell this unto me:'
`O Blancheflour, that is my name,
Born in a strange countrie.'

`O keep ye well frae Jellyflorice
My ain dear son is he
When other ladies get a gift,
O that ye shall get three.'

It wasna tald into the bower
Till it went thro the ha,
That Jellyflorice and Blancheflour
Were grown ower great witha.

When the queen's maids their visits paid,
Upo the gude Yule-day,
When other ladies got horse to ride,
She boud take foot and gae.

The queen she calld her stable-groom,
To come to her right seen;
Says, Ye'll take out yon wild waith steed
And bring him to the green.

`Ye'll take the bridle frae his head,

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The lighters frae his een;
Ere she ride three times roun the cross,
Her weel-days will be dune.'

Jellyflorice his true-love spy'd
As she rade roun the cross,
And thrice he kissd her lovely lips,
And took her frae her horse.

`Gang to your bower, my lily-flower,
For a' my mother's spite;
There's nae other amang her maids,
In whom I take delight.

`Ye are my jewel, and only ane,
Nane 's do you injury;
For ere this-day-month come and gang
My wedded wife ye'se be.'

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