The Fire of Frendraught

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The eighteenth of October,
A dismal tale to hear
How good Lord John and Rothiemay
Was both burnt in the fire.

When steeds was saddled and well bridled,
And ready for to ride,
Then out it came her false Frendraught,
Inviting them to bide,

Said, "Stay this night untill we sup
The morn untill we dine -
'Twill be a token of good 'greement
'Twixt your good lord and mine."

"We'll turn again," said good Lord John-
"But no," said Rothiemay-
My steed's trapan'd, my bridle's broken,
I fear the day I'm fey."

When mass was sung, and bell was rumg,
And all men bound for bed,
Then good Lord John and Rothiemay
In one chamber was laid.

They had not long cast off their cloaths,
And were but now asleep,
When the weary smoke began to rise,
Likewise the scorching heat.

"O waken, waken, Rothiemay!
O waken, brother dear!
And turn you to our Saviour,
There is strong treason here."

When they were dressed in their cloaths,
And ready for to boun,
The doors and windows was all secur'd,
The roof-tree burning down.

He did him to the wire-window,

As fast as he could gang;
Says, "Wae to the hands put in the stancheons,
For out we'll never win."

When he stood at the wire-window,
Most doleful to be seen,
He did espy her, Lady Frendraught,
Who stood upon the green.

Cried, "Mercy, mercy, Lady Frendraught!
Will ye not sink with sin?
For first your husband killed my father,
And now you burn his son."

O then out spoke her Lady Frenflught,
And loudly did she cry-
"It were great pity for good Lord John
But none for Rothiemay;
But the keys are casten in the deep draw-well
Ye cannot get away."

While he stood in this dreadful plight
Most piteous to be seen,
There called out his servant Gordon
As he had frantic been.

"O loup, O loup, my dear master
O loup and come to me,
I'll catch you in my arms two
One foot I will not flee.

"O loup, O loup, my dear master
O loup and come away!
I'll catch you in my arms two,
But Rothiemay may lie."

"The fish shall never swim in the flood,
Nor corn grow through the clay,
Nor the fiercest fire that ever was kindled
Twin me and Rothiemay."

"But I cannot loup, I cannot come,
I cannot win to thee;
My head's fast in the wire-window,
My feet buming from me.

"My eyes are seething in my head,
My flesh roasting also,
My bowels are boiling with my blood;

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Is not that a woeful woe?

"Take here the rings from my white fingers,
That are so long and small,
And give them to my lady fair
Where she sits in her hall.

"So I cannot loup,I cannot come,
I cannot loup to thee;
My earthly part is all consumed,
My spirit but speaks to thee."

Wringing her hands, tearing her hair,
His lady she was seen,
And thus addressed his servant Gordon,
Where he stood on the green.

"O wae be to you, George Gordon
An ill death may you die!
So safe and sound as you stand there,
And my lord bereaved from me."

"I bad him loup, I bad him come,
I bad him loup to me;
I'd catch him in my arms two,
A foot I should not flee.

"He threw me the rings from his white fingers
Which were so long and small,
To give to you, his lady fair,
Where you sat in your hall."

Sophia Hay, Sophia Hay,
O bonny Sophia was her name-
Her waiting maid put on her cloaths
But she tore them off again.

And aft she cried, "Ohon! Alas! Alas!
A sair heart's ill to win!
I wan a sair heart when I married him
And the day it's well return'd again.

trapan: injure treacherously, fey: marked by fate, boun: go,
stancheon:iron bar, loup:leap, twin: part

Child #196
Note: Based on an actual fire in October, 1630.

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