

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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Lord Beichan and Susie Pye

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Young Beichan was in London born,
He was a man of hie degree;
He past thro' monie kingdoms great,
Until he cam unto Grand Turkie.

He view'd the fashions of that land,
Their way of worship viewed he;
But unto onie of their stocks [1]
He wadna sae much as bow a knee.

Which made him to be taken stright
And brought before their hie jurie;
The savage Moor did speak upright
And made him meikle ill to dree.

In ilka shoulder they've bor'd a hole,
And in ilka hole they've put a tree;
They've made him to draw carts and wains,
Till he was sick and like to dee.

But young Beichan was a Christian born,
And still a Christian was he;
Which made them put him in prison strang
And cauld and hunger sair to dree;
And fed on nocht but bread and water,
Until the day that he mot dee.

In this prison there grew a iree,
And it was unco stout and strang;
Where he was chained by the middle,
Until his life was almaist gane.

The savage Moor had but ae dochter,
And her name it was Susie Pye
And ilka day as she took the air
The prison door she passed bye.

But it fell ance upon a day,
As she was walking, she heard him sing;
She listen'd to his tale of woe,
A happy day for young Beichan!

"My hounds they all go masterless,
My hawks they flee frae tree to tree,
My youngest brother will heir my lands
My native land I'll never see."

"O were I but the prison-keeper,
As I'm a ladie o' hie degree,
I soon wad set this youth at large,
And send him to his ain countrie."

She went away into ber chamber,
All nicht she never clos'd her ee;
And when the morning begoud to dawn,
At the prison door alane was she.

She gied the keeper of piece of gowd,
And monie pieces o' white monie,
To tak her thro' the bolts and bars,
The lord frae Scotland she lang'd to see:
She saw young Beiehan at the stake,
Which made her weep maist bitterlie.

"O hae ye got onie lands," she says,
"Or castles in your ain countrie ?
It's wbat wad ye gie to the ladie fair
Wha out o' prison wad set you free?"

"It's I hae houses, and I hae lands,
Wi' monie castles fair to see,
And I wad gie a' to that ladie gay,
Wha out o' prison wad set me free."

The keeper syne brak aff his chains,
And set Lord Beichan at libertie:
She fill'd his pockets baith wi' gowd,
To tak him till his ain countrie.

She took him frae her father's prison,
And gied to him the best o' wine;
And a brave health she drank to him,
"I wish, Lord Beichan, ye were mine!"

"It's seven lang years I'll mak a vow,
And seven lang years I'll keep it true;
If ye'll wed wi na ither woman,
It's I will wed na man but you."

She's tane him to her father's port,

And gien to him a ship o' fame,
"Farewell, farewell, my Scottish lord,
I fear I'll ne'er see you again."

Lord Beichan turn'd him round about
And lowly, lowly, loutit [2] he:
"Ere seven lang years come to an end,
I'll tak you to mine ain countrie."

Then whan be cam to Glasgow town,
A happy, happy, man was he;
The ladies a' around him thrang'd,
To see him come frae slaverie.

His mother she had died o' sorrow,
And a' his brothers were dead but he;
His lands they a' were lying waste,
In ruins were his castles free.

Na porter there stood at his yett ;
Na human creature he could see ;
Except the screeching owls and bats,
Had he to bear him companie.

But gowd will gar the castles grow,
And he had gowd and jewels free;
And soon the pages around him thranged,
To serve him on their bended knee.

His hall was hung wi' silk and satin,
His table rung wi' mirth and glee;
He soon forgot the lady fair,
That lows'd him out o' slaverie.

Lord Beichan courted a lady gay,
To heir wi' him his lands sae free,
Ne'er thinking that a lady fair
Was on her way frae Grand Turkie.

For Susie Pye could get na rest,
Nor day nor nicht could happy be
Still thinking on the Scottish Lord
Till she was sick and like to dee.

But she has builded a bonnie ship,
Weel mann'd wi' seamen o' hie degree,
And secretly she stept on board,
And bid adieu to her ain countrie.

But whan she cam to the Scottish shore,
The bells werc ringing sae merrilie;
It was Lord Beichan's wedding day,
Wi' a lady fair o' hie degree.

But sic a vessel waa never seen,
The very masts were tapp'd wi' gold!
Her sails were made o' the satin fine,
Maist beautiful for to behold!

But whan the lady cam on shore,
Attended wi' her pages three,
Her shoon were of the beaten gowd,
And she a lady of great beautie.

Tben to the skipper she did say,
"Can ye this answer gie to me-
Where are Lord Beichan's lands sae braid?
He surely lives in this countrie."

Then up bespak the skipper bold,
(For he could apeak the Turkish tongue,)
"Lord Beichan lives not far away,
This is the day of his wedding."

"If ye will guide me to Beichan's yetts,
I will ye well reward," said she,
Then she and all her pages went,
A very gallant companie.

When she cam to Lord Beichan's yetts,
She tirl'd gently at the pin,
Sae ready was the proud porter
To let the wedding guests come in.

"Is this Lord Beichan's house," she says,
Or is that noble Lord within ?"
"Yes, he is gane into the hall,
With his brave bride, and monie ane."

"Ye'll bid him send me a piece of bread,
Bot and a cup of his best wine;
And bid him mind the lady's love
That ance did lowse him out o' pyne.[3]"

Then in and cam the porter bold,
I wat he gae three shouts and three,
"The fairest lady stands at your yetts,
That ever my twa een did see."

Then up bespakt the bride's mither,
I wat an angry woman was she,
"You micht hae excepted our bonnie bride
Tho' she'd been three times as fair as she."

"My dame, your daughter's fair enough,
And aye the fairer mot she be!
But the fairest time that e'er she was
She'll na compare wi' this ladie.

She has a gowd ring on ilka finger,
And on her mid-finger she has three;
She has as meikle gowd upon her head
As would buy an Earldom o' land to thee.

My lord, she begs some o' your bread,
Bot and a cup o' your best wine,
And bids you mind the lady's love
That ance did lowse ye out o' pyne."

Then up and started Lord Beichau,
I wat he made the table flee,-
"I wad gie a' my yearlie rent
'Twere Susie Pye come owre the sea."

Syne up bespak the bride's mother,
She was never heard to speak sae free
"Ye'll no forsake my ae dochter,
Tho' Susie Pye has cross'd the sea?"

"Tak hame, tak hame, your dochter, madam
For she is ne'er the waur for me
She cam to me on horseback riding
And she sall gang hame in chariot free."

He's tane Susie Pye by the milk-white hand,
And led her thro' his halls sae hie,
"Ye're now Lord Beichan's lawful wife
And thrice ye're welcome unto me."

Lord Beichan prepar'd for another wedding
Wi, baith their hearts sae fu' o' glee;
Says, "I'll range na mair in foreign lands
Sin Susie Pye has cross'd the sea.

Fy! [4] gar a' our cooks mak ready;
And fy! gar a' our pipers play;
And fy! gar trumpets gae thro' the toun,

That Lord Beichan's wedded twice in a day"

Note: one of the more complete versions. RG

[1] stocks=idols

[2] loutit=bowed down

[3] lowse him out o' pyne= released him from bondage

[4] Fy!=haste

Child #53

From Ancient Scottish Ballads, Kinloch