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Illustrations of northern antiquities, from the earlier Teutonic and Scandinavian romances

Weber, Henry William

Edinburgh [u.a.], 1814

Sir Stig and Lady Torelild

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SIR STIG AND LADY TORELILD.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH KÆMPE VISER, p. 757.

THIS piece bears a very striking resemblance to "Willie's Lady," in the Border Minstrelsy, vol. ii. p. 394, ed. 4., and "Sweet Willie of Liddisdale," in Popular Ballads and Songs, 1806, vol. ii. p. 179.

*Her Ove har ej daatter uden een,
(Op under saa grøn en lind)
Hand giver hende til Elling hen.
(De ride saa varlig gennem lunden.)*

SIR Ove has never a dochter but ane ;
(Up under sae green a lime)
He's parted wi' her, and till Elling she's gane.
(They ride to the greenwood sae warily.)

To a knight he has gi'en her, his bride to be ;
(Up under, &c.)
To Sir Stig Kop, for sae hight he.
(They ride, &c.)

Sith then was a towmon well near fulfill'd ;
Sae heavy wi' twins gaed Torélild.

She gaed out and gaed in, kent na what to do,
And ay the langer the warr she grew.

Sir Stig he in hy did on his claes,
And in to the bower till his mither he gaes;

"O hear ye, dear mither, ye tell now me,
How lang wi' bairn maun Torèlild be?"

"It's forty ouks and a towmon mair
Maun Torèlild gang, or a bairn she bear."

"O na, dear mither, it canna be sae;
But forty ouks Mary wi' Christ did gae."

"Sin lax nor lee I hear can fa,
Then carry me back whare I cam fra."

"My horses are a' i' the meadow down,
My men in bed are sleeping soun'."

"Gin car nor driver I can fa,
It's then on my bare foot I sall ga."

But that word scarcely out had she,
Whan horse and car at the yett they see.

Sir Stig took her kindly up in his arm;
In the gilded car lifted her but harm;

On a bowster blue set her saftly syne,
And himself he drave to the greenwood hyne.

Whan they thro' Rosen-wood can found,
The car it brak in that same stound.

"A selcouth woman I sure maun be,
Whan my ain car canna carry me."

“ O grieve ye for this, sweet love, nae mae ;
For ye sall ride, and I sall gae.”

Whan they cam till the castell yett,
His sister she stood and leant thereat.

“ O rede me, dear sister, thou rede now me
How my dear lady may lighter be.”

Proud Metèlild's till the wild-wood * gane ;
Twa dowies o' wax she's wrought her lane ;

She's wrapt her head in her pilche sae fine,
And gane to the bower till her mither hyne.

“ O mither, forleet now a' your harms,
And tak your knave-bairn oys i' your arms.”

“ My cantrip circles I coost a' round ;
A' thing and place I ween'd was bound ;

“ A' butt and ben well charm'd I trow'd,
A' but whare Torèlild's bride-kist stood.”

The kist swyth frae that stede they fet,
And Torèlild on it they have set ;

And she was scarce well set down there,
Whan twa knave-bairns sae blyth she bare.

* * * * *

“ O God, gin my life sae lang mat be !—
But my last bequests awa' I'll gi'e.”

* “ Wildwood,” in the original, “ örke,” i. e. *desert, heath, wilderness.*

“ I'll gie Stig's mither my silken sark ;—
 God gif she may brook it wi' care and cark !

“ To his sister my browder'd shoe I lea' ;—
 God grant she may brook it ay free frae wae !

“ Last, like to like, to Sir Stig I gie
 A rose-bloom sweet and fair as he !”

The following ballad is popular in the northern part of the
 coast of the German Empire, and is a good one, in my
 opinion, like a great many of the ballads which I have
 collected in the north of Germany. It was first
 published in the year 1810, in the same year, in the
 Highlands, in the paper and Almanac. According to our
 tradition, which has reached the present time, the
 author of the ballad, the younger sister of his wife, (as
 may be gathered from the German ballad) and committed the
 error to which she was led—do not remember that any names were
 specified either in the Scotch or the German version of the story ;
 in every other particular, the British tradition differs from
 the German.