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

Weber, Henry William

Edinburgh [u.a.], 1814

Sir Wal and Lisa Lyle

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SIR WAL AND LISA LYLE.

To be sung to its own pleasant Tune.

DER war lilla Lisa och hennes kjæra mor, :, :

Och begge så sutio de uti en bur.

Hä, hä, nä nä, det mä nu sä gö;

Och begge, &c.

It was lyle Lisa and her dear mother,

And baith sae sat they in ae bower.

Ho ho, no no, that may now so go;

And baith, &c.

Och modren hon talte til kjære dottren sin : :, :

"Hwad ær det för mjölk du har i bröstena din?"

Hä hä, &c.

And the mother she tald till dear dother hers,

"What is that for milk thou hast in breastis thine?"

Ho ho, &c.

"Det ær wæl ingen mjölk, fast eder tyckes sä;

Det ær af det mjöd som jag drak uti går."

"It is well nae milk, though ye think sae;

It is of the mead that I drank yesterday."

Och modren slog dottren på blekröda kind :

"Skal du sä swara kjær modren din ?

And the mother strack the dother upo' the blaiken'd-red cheek :

"Shalt thou sae answer dear mother thine ?

Och dig sä skal jag nu basa med et ris ;

Riddar Wal, den skal jag hænga på qwist."

"And thee sae shall I now baste (beat) with a ryse (rod);

Sir Wal, him shall I hang upo' a twist (branch)."

Lilla Lisa sadlar up sin gängare grü ;
 Sä rider hon sig til Riddar Wals gård.
Lyle Lisa saddles up her ganger (ambler) gray ;
Sae rides she her till Sir Wal's [castle-] yard.

Och nær hon kom fram til Riddar Wals gård,
 Skjön Riddar Wal ute för henne dær står.
And when she cam on till Sir Wal's [castle-] yard,
Sheen (fair) Sir Wal out afore her there stands.

“ Min moder hon ær mig sä grymmelig wred,
 Hon hwarken hörer, ej heller hon ser.
“ My mother she is with me sae grimly wroth,
She neither hears, nor yet sees.

“ Och mig sä wil hon nu basa med ris :
 Skjöne Riddar Wal wil hon hænga på qwist.”
“ And me sae will she baste with a ryse ;
Sheen Sir Wal will she hang upo' a twist.”

“ Ao horor och skjökor skal hon basa med ris,
 Tufwar och skjælmar skal hon hænga på qwist.”
“ O' whores and scouts shall she beat with a ryse ;
Thieves and skellums [rogues] shall she hang upo' a twist.”

Riddar Wal sadlar sä up sin gängare grü ;
 Sä lyfter han lilla Lisa deruppå.
Sir Wal saddles sae up his ganger (ambler) gray ;
Sae lifts he lyle Lisa thereupo'.

Sä rida de bægga bort til en grön lund ;
 Dær lyster lilla Lisa hwila en stund.
Sae ride they baith forth till a green lind (wood ;)
There lists lyle Lisa to rest a stound.

Sä rida de bægga, alt til en grön sæng ;
 Dær lyster lilla Lisa at bædda en sæng.
Sae ride they baith, all till a green mead ;
There lists lyle Lisa to make a bed.

Riddar Wal han breder ut sin kappe blå ;
 Så födde lilla Lisa sönnerna två.
Sir Wal he spreads out his mantle blue ;
Sae bare lyle Lisa sonnis twae.

“ Och nog wet jag en rinnende brunn ;—
 Ack ! om jag hade watten i samma stund !”
“ And [sure] enough weet I [o'] a rinnin burn ;—
Och ! gin I had water i' [this] samen stound !”

Riddar Wal sadlar up sin gängare grä ;
 Så rider han sig öfwer böljorna blå.
Sir Wal saddles up his ganger gray ;
*Sae rides he him over the billows (?) blue.**

Och när som han kom til en rinnande ström,
 Där satt en näktergal i et träd, som sjöng.
And whan that he cam till a rinnin stream,
There sat a nightingale in a tree, that sang.

Han sjöng sä mycket om både fruar och mör,
 Men aldramäst om lilla Lisa som war död.
He sang sae mickle about baith fres and mays ;
But allermaist about lyle Lisa that was dead.

Riddar Wal han tjente den jungfru i tro ;
 Och hämtade watten i bægga sina skor.
Sir Wal he served the maiden in truth ;
And hame took water i' baith his shoon.

Riddar Wal sadlar up sin gängare grä ;
 Så rider han sig öfwer böljorna blå.
Sir Wal saddles up his ganger gray ;
Sae rides he him over the billows (?) blue.

Han rider ju fortare æn fogel han flög,
 Til dess han kommer der lilla Lisa war död.
He rides, ay faster an (than) foæl he flies,
Till there he comes where lyle Lisa was dead.

* Perhaps green slopes or rising grounds.

Riddar Wal drager ut sit förgyllande swærd ;
 Då satte han fæstet alt emot en sten.

*Sir Wal draws out his glittering sword ;
 Tho (then) set he the hilt all against a stone.*

Så at udden i hans bröst-ben nu der stod,
 Och der utrann bara idel kærleks-blod."

Hä hä, nä nä, det mü nu sä gä,

Och der utrann bara idel kærleks-blod.

*Sae at (that) the point in his breast-bane now it stood,
 And there out ran barely (but) his pure lover's blood."*

Ho ho, &c.

Having thus exhibited the Danish, Swedish, and Scotch ballad, as nearly as possible, in one point of view, we leave the reader to make comparisons, and draw conclusions for himself.