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**Illustrations of northern antiquities, from the earlier  
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**Weber, Henry William**

**Edinburgh [u.a.], 1814**

The second ballad of Rosmer Hafmand

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THE  
 SECOND BALLAD  
 OF  
 ROSMER HAFMAND,

OR THE  
 MER-MAN ROSMER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH KEMPE VISER, p. 165,

FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1591.

*Buckè Been og Elfoer Steen,  
 Og fleer kand jeg ickè nefnè,  
 De lodè sig byggè saa haard en Knar;  
 Tìl Island monnè de stefnè.  
 (Jeg bryder aldrig min tro.)*

Bow-HOUGHs and Elfin-stane,  
 And fiel mair I canna name,  
 They loot them bigg sae stark a ship;  
 Till Island maun they stem.  
 (I never will break my troth.)

They shot the ship out in the brim  
 That bremm'd like an angry bear:

The WHITE GOOSE<sup>1</sup> sank ; the laidly elves  
Loot her rise up nae mair.  
(*I never, &c.*)

'Twas then the young Child Roland,  
He sought on the sea ground,  
And leading untill Eline's bower,  
A little green sty he found.

Roland gaed to the castell ;—  
He saw the red fire flee :  
“ Now come o' me whatso God will,  
It's here that I maun be.”

And it was the Child Roland,  
Intill the court rade<sup>2</sup> he,  
And there stood his sister proud Eline,  
In menevair sae free.

And Roland into the castel came :  
His hands he downa steer :  
“ God rue on thee, poor luckless fode,  
What hast thou to do here ?”

This Eline was to him unkent :  
“ What for soe'er thou came,  
What so thy letter or errand be,  
Would thou had bidden at hame !

“ And gae thou till that chalmer in,  
Sae frozen wat and haw ;  
But come the lang-shanks Ettin in,  
He'll rive thee in dugits sma.

“ And sit thou down, thou luckless fode,  
And warm thou thy shin-bane ;

<sup>1</sup> The name of the ship.

<sup>2</sup> Orig. “ Hand kom der ridendis i gaard.”

But come the lang-shanks Ettin in,  
He'll stick thee on this stane."

Hame cam Rosmer Lang-shanks,  
And he was wroth and grim ;  
" Sae well I wiss there's come in here  
A christian woman or man !"

Proud Eline lyle is gane to him,  
To win him as she dow :  
" There flew a crow out o'er the house,  
Wi' a man's bane in his mou."

Rosmer screeched and sprang about :  
" Here's a christian man I ken ;  
But and thou tell me truth, but lies,  
I will thee stick and bren !"

Eline lyle took o'er her her blue mantel,  
And afore Rosmer can stand :  
" Here is a Child frae Island come,  
O' my near kin and land."

" And is a Child frae Island come,  
Sae near a-kin to thee ?  
His ward and warrant I swear to be ;  
He's never be drownd by me."

Sae here in love and lyst fu' derne  
Scarce twa years o'er them flew,  
Whan the proud lady Eline's cheek  
Grew a' sae wan o' hue.

About twa years he there had been ;  
But there maun be nae mair ;  
Proud Eline lyle's wi' bairn by him :  
That wirks them mickle care.

Proud Eline lyle's now ta'en on her  
 Afore Rosmer to stand :  
 " Will ye gie till this fremmit page  
 Forlof hame till his land ?"

" And will he gae hame till his land ?  
 And say'st thou that for true ?  
 Then o' the goud and white money  
 A kist I'll gie him fu'."

Sae took he mickle red goud,  
 And laid it in a kist ;  
 And proud Eline lyle laid hersell wi' it ;—  
 That Rosmer little wist.

He took the man under his arm ;  
 The kist on his back took he ;  
 Sae he can under the saut-sea gang,  
 Sae canny and sae free.

" Now I hae borne thee till the land ;  
 Thou seest baith sun and moon :  
 And I gie thee this kist o' goud,  
 That is nae churlis boon."

" I thank thee, Rosmer, thou gude fellow ;  
 Thou'st landed me but harm ;  
 I tell thee now for tidings new,  
 Proud Eline lyle's wi' bairn."

Then ran the tears down Rosmer's cheeks,  
 As the burn rins down the brae :  
 " But I hae sworn thee ward and warrant,  
 Here drowning thou should hae."

Hame to the knock syne Rosmer ran,  
 As the hart rins to the hind ;

But whan to the knock that he cam hame,  
Nae Eline lyle could he find.

But proud Eline and Child Roland,  
Wi' gaming lyst and joy,  
Gaed hand in hand, wi' kindly talk,  
And mony an amorous toy.

Rosmer waxt sae wroth and grim,  
Whan he nae Eline fand,  
He turn'd intill a whinstane gray,  
Siclike he there does stand.

ROSMER HARRAD

When Rosmer was a boy,  
He was a merry fellow,  
And he was very fond  
Of playing at the mill,  
And he was very fond  
Of playing at the mill.

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