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

**Weber, Henry William**

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

The third ballad of Rosmer Hafmand

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THE  
THIRD BALLAD  
OF

ROSMER HAFMAND.

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*Island Konning lader byggè et skib,  
Saa nær ved Islands sidè ;  
Og der det gamlè raad var død,  
Det gik de svennè til qvidè, &c.  
(Der de finge fred udi hafvet ud,  
da seyledè de Normænd.)*

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ISLAND'S King gar'd bigg a ship,  
Sae near to Island's side ;  
That sair did young Child [Aller] rue,  
Whan the gude ald rede-man died.  
(There mak they peace i' the saut sea out,  
whare sailed the Normen.)

Rosmer lap out i' the brim :  
" And wha my cann sall scorn ?"

Seven score ships to the ground he sank,  
Loot never nane return.

*There mak they, &c.*

Down sank the noble kingis men ;  
Down sank they every man,  
But him, Child Aller, the kingis son,  
A little green sty that fand.

And there he fand sae wee a house,  
The roof was gilded fair :  
" God's will be done ! However it gang  
Wi' me, I'se gang in there !"

It was Aller the kingis son,  
He braids in at the door ;  
It was proud Lady Eline lyle,  
She stood up him before.

" Sit thou down, thou luckless page,  
And warm thy limbs sae froren ;  
But come the lang-shanks Ettin in,  
Thy leccam is forloren.

And sit thou down, thou luckless page,  
And beek thy limbs — ere lang,  
The Ettin Rosmer will be in,  
And spit thee on a stang."

Late at e'en came Rosmer hame,  
About the gloaming hour :  
" What ha'e ye done wi' the Christian man  
That ye had in your bower ?"

" There flew a bird out o'er the house,  
Wi' a man's leg in his mouth ;

I turn'd me about, and I coost it out,  
As fast as e'er I couth."

It was proud Lady Eline lyle  
Afore Rosmer can stand :  
" It's here is come a little page,  
Was born in my father's land."

" And is there come a little page  
Was in thy kingdom born ?  
Then true I swear, he well sall fare,  
Nor dree or skaith or scorn."

For eight years now he there had been,  
A tryal hard and sair !—  
Now Eline lyle's wi' bairn by him,  
Tho' they were ever sae ware.

It was proud Lady Eline lyle,  
Afore Rosmer she gaed :  
" Sae lang the Childe has now been here,  
For langer he'll be dead.

" Ye lat him gang, he's o' my kin,  
And gi'e him goud sae red ;  
For gin he bide i' the castle lock'd,  
For langer he'll be dead."

" Then, gin he here sae lang has bidden,  
And greens for hame and land ;  
Then I'll gi'e him a kist o' goud  
Sae fitting till his hand."

" Though ye gi'e him a kist o' goud  
Sae fitting till his hand,

Sae little will the gift bestead,  
But ye set him on the strand."

It was proud Lady Eline lyle,  
Sae well her part she wist ;  
She's gane intill her still chamber,  
And laid hersel i' the kist.

He took the kist upon his back,  
The man intill his hand,  
And thro' the saut sea he is gane,  
The lang gait to the strand.

" Now I ha'e borné thee till the land,  
Thou seest the sun ance mair ;  
Till father and mither, till sister and brither,  
Sae gladly may'st thou fare."

" Thou hast gi'en me a goodly gift,  
And landed me, but harm ;  
Rosmer, I canna heal frae thee,  
Lady Eline is wi' bairn."

Astonish'd Rosmer stood thereat,  
And fast his tears ran down :  
" But I ha'e pledged my oath to thee,  
I'd sink thee to the ground."

Rosmer lap i' the saut sea out,  
And he can rope and rair ;  
Aback he sterte, whan he cam hame ;—  
Nae Eline lyle was there.

\* \* \* The last stanza has been omitted, because it appeared to be nonsense, something like the penult stanza of the first ballad on the same subject. From the three pieces on this adventure, all translated as literally as possible, which are now before the public, it will be seen what confidence we can have in the *authenticity* and *identity* of traditionary poetry.