

GLASGERION (Child 67)**(Spring Tide Rising 2010)**

Glasgerion was a kings own son,
And a harper he was good;
He harped in the kings chamber,
Where cup and candle stood,
Likewise in the queens chamber,
Till the ladies sat like wood.

And then up and spoke the kings daughter,
And these words whispered she:
Play on, play on, Glasgerion,
Play on a while for me
And e'er the sun shall rise again
My leman ye shall be

When home then came Glasgerion,
Cried page come here to me
For the kings daughter of Normandy,
Her love has granted me,
And before the cocks have crowed again,
At her chamber I must be.'

Come hither master, said his page,
'Lay your head down on this stone;
And I will wake you, master dear,
Afore the night be gone.'
But up then rose that false young man
And put on hose and shoon;

And when he came to that lady's gate,
He turned at the pin;
And the lady, true to her promises,
Rose up and let him in.
And down upon her chamber-floor
Full soon he did the sin.

And home then came that false young man,
Took off his hose and shoon,
And cast the collar from about his neck;
For he was but a poor man's son:
'Awake, awake, 'My master dear,
'Tis time that you were gone.

But up then rose Glasgerion,
Put on both hose and shoon,
And he's away to that lady's gate,
Thinking he was but soon;
And the lady she smiled and said to him
Tis but two hours till noon.

Says, What is it you left with me
Your bracelet or your glove?
Or are you returned back again
To know more of my love?
For you came on me like a grey goshawk
And I but a turtle-dove

Glasgerion swore a bloody oath,
By oak and ash and thorn,
'Lady, I was never in your room
Since the time that I was born.'
'O then it was your little foot-page
Beguiléd me this morn:'

Then she pull'd forth a little pen-knife,
That hung down by her knee,
Saying never shall the blood of a poor man's son
Spring up in my body.
But home then went Glasgerion,
And an angry man was he;

Come hither, come hither my bonny boy,
Come hither at once to me.
If I had killed a man this night,
Jack, I would tell it thee;
But I have not killed a man to-night,
Yet, thou hast killéd three!

And he pull'd out his bright brown sword,
And dried it on his sleeve,
And he smote off that false boy's head,
And asked no man his leave.

He set the swords point to his breast,
The pommel to a stone;
And through that false and wicked youth
All these three lives were flown