

Borrow George

Tord of Hafsborough, and Other Ballads



George Borrow

**Tord of Hafsborough,
and Other Ballads**

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TORD OF HAFSBOROUGH

It was Tord of Hafsborough,
O'er the verdant wold would ride,
And there he lost his hammer of gold,
'Twas lost for so long a tide.

It was Tord of Hafsborough,
His brother he addressed:
"Thou shalt away to the Norland hills,
My hammer be thy quest."

It was Lokke Leyemand,
A feather robe o'er him drew;
And away to the Norland mountains high
O'er the briny sea he flew.

In the midst of the castle yard
He smoothèd his array;
Then straight he took to the castle hall,
To the carlish Count his way.

"Be welcome, Lokke Leyemand,
Be welcome my castle to;
Say! how fare things in Hafsborough?
With the land how does it go?"

"O, well fare things in Hafsborough,
And well in the country all;
Tord has his golden hammer lost,
Therefore seek I your hall."

"Tord he shall not his hammer get,
Thou back may'st carry him word;
Full five-and-ninety fathoms deep
It lies in the earth interred.

"Tord he shall not his hammer get,
To thee I vow and swear,
Save he give me Damsel Fridleifsborg,
With all his goods and gear."

It was Lokke Leyemand,

O'er himself the feather robe drew;
And with his answer back amain
O'er the briny sea he flew.

“Thou never wilt get thy hammer of gold,
Upon that thou may'st rely,
Unless he have Damsel Fridleifsborg,
And all our property.”

Then answered straight the proud Damsel,
Upon the bench as she sate:
“Ye'd better give me a Christian man,
Than the laidly trolld for mate.

“But we will take our old father,
And deck so fine his head,
And we'll carry him to the Northern hills,
To stand for bride in my stead.”

And now to the house of the merry bridegroom
They the young old bride convey;
Upon her dress no gold was spared,
For a verity I say.

And so they took the lovely bride,
On the bride-bench placed her frame;
And to skink before the bride himself
The carlish Count he came.

Then she ate six oxen bodies,
And three fat swine beside;
Loaves seven hundred were her meal,
Ere for a draught she cried.

Before her thirst she could assuage
She drank ten casks of ale;
She set the can once more to her mouth
And to hickuping then she fell.

The carlish Count strode up and down,
And wrung his hands so sore:
“O whence can this young bride be come?
She does so much devour!”

The Count he called to his Botelere:
“Thou hadst better broach away,
For we have here such a wondrous bride,
She'll drink for ever and aye.”

Answered then Lokke Leyemand,
 'Neath his sleeve he laughed with glee:
"For full eight days she has not ate.
 She longed so much for thee."

Outspake the laidly carlish Count,
 And thus the Count did cry:
"O, call ye in my serving swains,
 Bid them come instantly.

"Go, fetch me hither the hammer of gold,
 Glad I'll surrender it;
If I can either in honour or shame,
 Of such a young bride be quit."

The Kempions eight in number were,
 Who the hammer brought on a tree;
They laid it down so courteously
 Across the young bride's knee.

It was then the youthful bride
 Took up the hammer big;
I tell to ye for a verity
 She swung it like a twig.

First she slew the carlish count,
 That thold both laid and tall;
And then as they strove to 'scape through the door,
 She slew the little trols all.

The guests and the Norland men each one
 So downcast were of mood;
Blows from the hand of the bride they got
 That robbed their cheeks of blood.

It was Lokke Leyemand,
 He opened his mouth in game:
"Now we will fare to our country home,
 And our sire a widow proclaim."

FROM THE ARABIC

O thou who fain would'st wisdom gain,
Live night and day untired;
For by repeated toil and pain
It is alone acquired.

THORVALD

Svend Tveskjeg havde sig en Maud

Swayne Tveskieg did a man possess,
Sir Thorvald hight;
Though fierce in war, kind acts in peace
Were his delight.
From port to port his vessels fast
Sailed wide around,
And made, where'er they anchor cast,
His name renown'd.
But Thorvald has freed his King.

Prisoners he bought – clothes, liberty,
On them bestowed,
And sent men home from slavery
To their abode.
And many an old man got his boy,
His age's stay;
And many a maid her youth's sole joy,

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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