

Borrow George

# The Songs of Ranild



George Borrow

**The Songs of Ranild**

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## The Songs of Ranild

### THE SONGS OF RANILD

#### SONG THE FIRST

Up Riber's street the dance they ply,  
*The Castle's won, the Castle's won!*  
There dance the knights most merrily,  
*For young King Erik Erikson.*

On Riber's bridge the dance it goes,  
*The Castle's won, the Castle's won!*  
There dance the knights in scollop'd shoes,  
*For young King Erik Erikson.*

'Twas Riber Wolf the dance who led,  
*The Castle's won, the Castle's won!*  
In faith to his King he had been bred,  
*For young King Erik Erikson.*

And next him danced the Tage Mouse,  
*The Castle's won, the Castle's won!*  
Who Seneschal was in Ribe house,  
*For young King Erik Erikson.*

And then danced bold Sir Saltensee,  
*The Castle's won, the Castle's won!*  
Followed by wealthy kinsmen three,  
*For young King Erik Erikson.*

The noble Limbekk dances next,  
*The Castle's won, the Castle's won!*  
Whose power the King had often vext,  
*For young King Erik Erikson.*

After him danced the Byrge Green,  
*The Castle's won, the Castle's won!*  
Then many a knight of handsome mien,  
*For young King Erik Erikson.*

And then came dancing Hanke Kann,  
*The Castle's won, the Castle's won!*  
His Lady followed, good Dame Ann,

*For young King Erik Erikson.*

The next that came was the Ridder Rank,  
*The Castle's won, the Castle's won!*  
His Lady behind him, Berngard Blank,  
*For young King Erik Erikson.*

And then the high Volravn came,  
*The Castle's won, the Castle's won!*  
His wife behind, who has no name,  
*For young King Erik Erikson.*

And then came dancing Sir Iver Helt,  
*The Castle's won, the Castle's won!*  
Who followed his sovereign over the Belt,  
*For young King Erik Erikson.*

Long stood the Ranild Lang apart,  
*The Castle's won, the Castle's won!*  
Ere he to join the dance had heart,  
*For young King Erik Erikson.*

“And were it not for my lovely hair,  
*The Castle's won, the Castle's won!*  
In that brave dance I'd have a share,  
*For young King Erik Erikson.*

“But for my cheeks so rosy red,  
*The Castle's won, the Castle's won!*  
The foremost in that dance I'd tread,”  
*For young King Erik Erikson.*

Then Ranild Lang to dance began,  
*The Castle's won, the Castle's won!*  
And a ditty sang as he led the van,  
*For young King Erik Erikson.*

Sweet he warbled, light he sprang,  
*The Castle's won, the Castle's won!*  
After him every warrior sang,  
*For young King Erik Erikson.*

Then up the Spendel Sko arose,  
*The Castle's won, the Castle's won!*  
And on Ranild Lang her troth bestows,  
*For young King Erik Erikson.*

With silk was snooded her hair of gold,  
*The Castle's won, the Castle's won!*

She danced before them free and bold,  
*For young King Erik Erikson.*

And into the Castle they dance their way,  
*The Castle's won, the Castle's won!*  
With drawn swords 'neath their scarlet array.  
*For young King Erik Erikson.*

Never, I ween, was a braver dance,  
*The Castle's won, the Castle's won!*  
It wins the Castle of Rosenkrands,  
*For young King Erik Erikson.*

## SONG THE SECOND

To saddle his courser Ranild cried:

*For thus the tale was told to me—*

“To visit the rich Greve I will ride,  
Though banish’d from the land we be.”

To the house came Ranild spurring hard,

*For thus the tale was told to me—*

There stood the Greve arrayed in mard,  
Though banish’d from the land we be.

“Hail, hail, Sir Greve, arrayed so fine!

*For thus the tale was told to me—*

I want my bride, the little Kirstine,  
Though banish’d from the land I be.”

Then up and spoke her mother dear:

*For thus the tale was told to me—*

“Thou hast no bride, Sir Ranild, here,  
For banish’d from the land ye be.”

“O if I can’t my little bride get,

*For thus the tale was told to me—*

On fire your house and your gear I’ll set,  
Though banish’d from the land I be.”

“O rather than ruin us in thy wrath,

*For thus the tale was told to me—*

Receive thy bride and ride thy path,  
Though banish’d from the land ye be.”

They o’er her threw the blue cloak with speed,

*For thus the tale was told to me—*

And placed her upon Sir Ranild’s steed,  
Though banish’d from the land he be.

They had for their bridal bed alone,

*For thus the tale was told to ne—*

The holt, the field, and the mead new mown,  
For banish’d from the land they be.

“The forest can hear, and the mead can view,

*For thus the tale was told to me—*

We here must live as outlaws do,  
For banish’d from the land we be.”



“Hadst thou not helped the King to slay,  
    *For thus the tale was told to me—*  
In peace at home we now might stay,  
    But banish’d from the land we be.”

He struck her a blow the table o’er,  
    *For thus the tale was told to me—*  
“Should’st guard thy tongue, child, guests before,  
    Though banish’d from the land we be.”

He struck her on her face so fair:  
    *For thus the tale was told to me*

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