

Borrow George

The Songs of Ranild



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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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