

Crow and Pie (Child 111)

- 1 THROUGHE a forest as I can ryde,
 To take my sporte yn an mornyng,
 I cast my eye on euery syde,
 I was ware of a bryde syngynge.

- 2 I sawe a faire mayde come rydynge;
 I speke to hur of loue, I trowe;
 She answered me all yn scornyng,
 And sayd, The crowe shall byte yow.

- 3 'I pray yow, damesell, scorne me nott;
 To wyn *your* loue ytt ys my wyll;
 For *your* loue I haue dere bought,
 And I wyll take good hede thertyll.'

- 4 'Nay, for God, *ser*, that I nyll;
 I tell the, Jenken, as I trowe,
 Thow shalt nott fynde me suche a gyll;
 Therfore the crowe shall byte yow.'

- 5 He toke then owt a good golde ryng,
 A purse of velweytt, that was soo fyne:
 'Haue ye thys, my dere swetyng,
 With that ye wylbe lemman myn.'

- 6 'Be Cryst, I dare nott, for my dame,
 To dele with hym *that* I doo nott knowe;
 For soo I myght dyspyse my name;
 Therfore the crow shall byte yow.'

- 7 He toke hur abowte the mydell small,
 That was soo faire of hyde and hewe;
 He kyssed hur cheke as whyte as whall,
 And prayed hur *that* she wolde vpon hym rewe.

- 8 She scornyd hym, and callyd hym Hew;
 His loue was as a paynted blowe:
 'To-day me, to-morrowe a newe;
 Therfore the crow shall byte yow.'

- 9 He toke hur abowte the mydell small,
 And layd hur downe vpon the grene;
 Twys or thrys he served hur soo withall,

He wolde nott stynt yet, as I wene.

- 10 'But sythe ye haue i-lyen me bye,
 Ye wyll wedde me now, as I trowe:'
 'I wyll be aduySED, Gyll,' sayd he,
 'For now the pye hathe peckyd yow.'
- 11 'But sythe ye haue i-leyn me by,
 And brought my body vnto shame,
 Some of your good ye wyll part with me,
 Or elles, be Cryst, ye be to blame.'
- 12 'I wylbe aduySED,' he sayde;
 'The wynde ys wast *that* thow doyst blowe;
 I haue a-noder *that* most be payde;
 Therfore the pye hathe pecked yow.'
- 13 'Now sythe ye haue i-leyn me bye,
 A lyttle thyng ye wyll tell;
 In case that I with chylde be,
 What ys *your* name? Wher doo ye dwell?'
- 14 'At Yorke, at London, at Clerkenwell,
 At Leycester, Cambryge, at myrye Brystowe;
 Some call me Rychard, Robart, Jacke, and Wyll;
 For now the pye hathe peckyd yow.'
- 15 'But, all medons, be ware be rewe,
 And lett no man downe yow throwe;
 For and yow doo, ye wyll ytt rewe,
 For then the pye wyll pecke yow.'
- 16 'Farewell, corteor, ouer the medoo,
 Pluke vp *your* helys, I yow beshrew!
 Your trace, wher so euer ye ryde or goo,
 Crystes curse goo wythe yow!'
- 17 'Thoughe a knave hathe by me layne,
 Yet am I noder dede nor slowe;
 I trust to recouer my harte agayne,
 And Crystes curse goo wythe yow!'