

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 rydyng;
I speke to hur of loue, I trowe;
She answered me all yn scornynge,
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;
Therefore 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;
Therefore 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;
Therefore 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;
Therefore the pye hathe pecked yow.'
- 13 'Now sythe ye haue i-leyn me bye,
A lyttle thyng ye wyll tell;
In case that I w^{ith} 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!'