


1765

## Phantastes Chapter 7: Ballad of Sir Andrew Barton

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## Ballad of Sir Andrew Barton

- 167A.1 As itt beffell in m[i]dsummer-time,  
When burds singe sweetlye on euery tree,  
Our noble king, King Henery the Eighth,  
Ouer the riuer of Thames past hee.
- 167A.2 Hee was no sooner ouer the riuer,  
Downe in a forrest to take the ayre,  
But eighty merchants of London cittye  
Came kneeling before King Henery there.
- 167A.3 ‘O yee are welcome, rich merchants,  
[Good saylers, welcome unto me!']  
They swore by the rood the were saylers good,  
But rich merchants they cold not bee.
- 167A.4 ‘To Ffrance nor Fflanders dare we nott passe,  
Nor Burdeaux voyage wee dare not fare,  
And all for a false robber that lyes on the seas,  
And robb[s] vs of our merchants-ware.’
- 167A.5 King Henery was stout, and he turned him about,  
And swore by the Lord that was mickle of might,  
‘I thought he had not beene in the world throughout  
That durst haue wrought England such vnright.’
- 167A.6 But euer they sighed, and said, alas!  
Vnto King Harry this answeare againe:  
‘He is a proud Scott that will robb vs all  
If wee were twenty shipps and hee but one.’
- 167A.7 The king looket ouer his left shoulder,  
Amongst his lords and barrons soe free:

‘Haue I neuer lord in all my realme  
Will feitch yond traitor vnto mee?’

167A.8 ‘Yes, that dare I!’ sayes my lord Chareles Howard,  
Neere to the king wheras hee did stand;  
‘If that Your Grace will giue me leaue,  
My selfe wilbe the only man.’

167A.9 ‘Thou shalt haue six hundred men,’ saith our king,  
‘And chuse them out of my realme soe free;  
Besids marriners and boyes,  
To guide the great shipp on the sea.’

167A.10 ‘I’le goe speake with Sir Andrew,’ sais Charles, my lord Haward  
‘Vpon the sea, if hee be there;  
I will bring him and his shipp to shore,  
Or before my prince I will neuer come neere.’

167A.11 The first of all my lord did call,  
A noble gunner hee was one;  
This man was three score yeeres and ten,  
And Peeter Simon was his name.

167A.12 ‘Peeter,’ sais hee, ‘I must sayle to the sea,  
To seeke out an enemye; God be my speed!’  
Before all others I haue chosen thee;  
Of a hundred guners thoust be my head.’

167A.13 ‘My lord,’ sais hee, ‘if you haue chosen mee  
Of a hundred gunners to be the head,  
Hange me att your maine-mast tree  
If I misse my marke past three pence bread.’

167A.14 The next of all my lord he did call,  
A noble bowman hee was one;

In Yorekeshire was this gentleman borne,  
And William Horsley was his name.

167A.15 RR'Hrrorsley,' sayes hee, 'I must sayle to the sea,  
To seeke out an enemye; God be my speede!  
Before all others I haue chosen thee;  
Of a hundred bowemen thoust be my head.'

167A.16 'My lord,' sais hee, 'if you haue chosen mee  
Of a hundred bowemen to be the head,  
Hang me att your mainemast-tree  
If I misse my marke past twelue pence bread.'

167A.17 With pikes, and gunnes, and bowemen bold,  
This noble Howard is gone to the sea  
On the day before midsummer-euen,  
And out att Thames mouth sayled they.

167A.18 They had not sayled dayes three  
Vpon their iourney they tooke in hand,  
But there they mett with a noble shipp,  
And stoutely made itt both stay and stand.

167A.19 ou must tell me thy name,' sais Charles, my lord Haward,  
'Or who thou art, or from whence thou came,  
Yea, and where thy dwelling is,  
To whom and where thy shipp does belong.'

167A.20 'My name,' sayes hee, 'is Henery Hunt,  
With a pure hart and a penitent mind;  
I and my shipp they doe belong  
Vnto the New-castle that stands vpon Tine.'

167A.21 'Now thou must tell me, Harry Hunt,  
As thou hast sayled by day and by night,

Hast thou not heard of a stout robber?

Men calls him Sir Andrew Bartton, knight.'

167A.22 But euer he sighed, and sayd, Alas!

Ffull well, my lord, I know that wight;

He robd me of my merchants ware,

And I was his prisoner but yesternight.

167A.23 As I was sayling vppon the sea,

And [a] Burdeaux voyage as I did fare,

He clasped me to his archborde,

And robd me of all my merchants-ware.

167A.24 And I am a man both poore and bare,

And euery man will haue his owne of me,

And I am bound towards London to fare,

To complaine to my prince Henerye.

167A.25 'That shall not need,' sais my lord Haward;

'If thou canst lett me this robber see,

Ffor euery peny he hath taken thee froe,

Thou shalt be rewarded a shilling,' quoth hee.

167A.26 'Now God forefend,' saies Henery Hunt,

'My lord, you shold worke soe farr amisse!

God keepe you out of that traitors hands!

For you wott full litle what a man hee is.

167A.27 'Hee is brasse within, and steele without,

And beames hee beares in his topcastle stronge;

His shipp hath ordinance cleane round about;

Besids, my lord, hee is verry well mand.

167A.28 'He hath a pinnace, is deerlye dight,

Saint Andrews crosse, that is his guide;

His pinnace beares nine score men and more,  
Besids fifteen cannons on euery side.

167A.29 'If you were twenty shippes, and he but one,  
Either in archbord or in hall,  
He wold ouercome you euerye one,  
And if his beames they doe downe fall.'

167A.30 'This is cold comfort,' sais my Lord Haward,  
'To wellcome a stranger thus to the sea;  
I'le bring him and his shipp to shore,  
Or else into Scotland hee shall carrye mee.'

167A.31 'Then you must gett a noble gunner, my lord,  
That can sett well with his eye,  
And sinke his pinnace into the sea,  
And soone then ouercome will hee bee.

167A.32 'And when that you haue done this,  
If you chance Sir Andrew for to bord,  
Lett no man to his topcastle goe;  
And I will giue you a glasse, my lord,

167A.33 'And then you need to feare no Scott,  
Whether you sayle by day or by night;  
And to-morrow, by seuen of the clocke,  
You shall meete with Sir Andrew Bartton, knight.

167A.34 'I was his prisoner but yester night,  
And he hath taken mee sworne,' quoth hee;  
'I trust my L[ord] God will me forgiue  
And if that oath then broken bee.

167A.35 'You must lend me sixe peeces, my lord,' quoth hee,  
'Into my shipp, to sayle the sea,

And to-morrow, by nine of the clocke,

Your Honour againe then will I see.'

167A.36 And the hache-bord where Sir Andrew lay

Is hached with gold deerlye dight:

'Now by my faith,' sais Charles, my lord Haward,

'Then yonder Scott is a worthye wight!

167A.37 'Take in your ancyents and your standards,

Yea that no man shall them see,

And put me forth a white willow wand,

As merchants vse to sayle the sea.'

167A.38 But they stirred neither top nor mast,

But Sir Andrew they passed by:

'Whatt English are yonder,' said Sir Andrew,

'That can so litle curtesye?

167A.39 'I haue beene admirall ouer the sea

More then these yeeres three;

There is neuer an English dog, nor Portingall,

Can passe this way without leaue of mee.

167A.40 t now yonder pedlers, they are past,

Which is no litle greffe to me:

Ffeich them backe,' sayes Sir Andrew Bartton,

'They shall all hang att my maine-mast tree.'

167A.41 With that the pinnace itt shott of,

That my Lord Haward might itt well ken;

Itt stroke downe my lords foremast,

And killed fourteen of my lord his men.

167A.42 'Come hither, Simon!' sayes my lord Haward,

'Looke that thy words be true thou sayd;

I'le hang thee att my maine-mast tree  
If thou misse thy marke past twelue pence bread.'

167A.43 Simon was old, but his hart itt was bold;  
Hee tooke downe a peece, and layd itt full lowe;  
He put in chaine yeards nine,  
Besids other great shott lesse and more.

167A.44 With that hee lett his gun-shott goe;  
Soe well hee settled itt with his eye,  
The first sight that Sir Andrew sawe,  
Hee see his pinnace sunke in the sea.

167A.45 When hee saw his pinace sunke,  
Lord! in his hart hee was not well:  
'Cutt my ropes! itt is time to be gon!  
I'le goe feitch yond pedlers backe my selfe!'

167A.46 When my lord Haward saw Sir Andrew loose,  
Lord! in his hart that hee was faine:  
'Strike on your drummes! spread out your ancyents!  
Sound out your trumpetts! sound out amaine!'

167A.47 'Ffight on, my men!' sais Sir Andrew Bartton;  
'Weate, howsoeuer this geere will sway,  
Itt is my lord Adm[i]rall of England  
Is come to seeke mee on the sea.'

167A.48 Simon had a sonne; with shott of a gunn  
Well Sir Andrew might itt ken  
He shott itt in att a priuye place,  
And killed sixty more of Sr Andrews men.

167A.49 Harry Hunt came in att the other syde,  
And att Sir Andrew hee shott then;



He droue downe his formast-tree,  
And killed eighty more of Sir Andriwes men.

167A.50 'I haue done a good turne,' sayes Harry Hunt;  
'Sir Andrew is not our kings freind;  
He hoped to haue vndone me yesternight,  
But I hope I haue quitt him well in the end.'

167A.51 'Euer alas!' sayd Sir Andrew Barton,  
'What shold a man either thinke or say?  
Yonder false theeffe is my strongest enemye,  
Who was my prisoner but yesterday.

167A.52 'Come hither to me, thou Gourden good,  
And be thou readye att my call,  
And I will giue thee three hundred pound  
If thou wilt lett my beames downe fall.'

167A.53 With that hee swarued the maine-mast tree,  
Soe did he itt with might and maine;  
Horseley, with a bearing arrow,  
Stroke the Gourden through the braine.

167A.54 And he fell into the haches againe,  
And sore of this wound that he did bleed;  
Then word went throug Sir Andrews men,  
That the Gourden hee was dead.

167A.55 'Come hither to me, Iames Hambliton,  
Thou art my sisters sonne, I haue no more;  
I will giue [thee] six hundred pound  
If thou will lett my beames downe fall.'

167A.56 With that hee swarued the maine-mast tree,  
Soe did hee itt with might and maine:

Horseley, with another broad arrow,  
Strake the yeaman through the braine.

167A.57 That hee fell downe to the haches againe;  
Sore of his wound that hee did bleed;  
Couetousness getts no gaine,  
Itt is verry true, as the Welchman sayd.

167A.58 But when hee saw his sisters sonne slaine,  
Lord! in his heart hee was not well:  
'Goe feitch me downe my armour of proue,  
Ffor I will to the topcastle my-selfe.

167A.59 'Goe feitch me downe my armour of prooffe,  
For itt is gilded with gold soe cleere;  
God be with my brother, Iohn of Bartton!  
Amongst the Portingalls hee did itt weare.'

167A.60 But when hee had his armour of prooffe,  
And on his body hee had itt on,  
Euery man that looked att him  
Sayd, Gunn nor arrow hee neede feare none.

167A.61 'Come hither, Horsley!' sayes my lord Haward,  
'And looke your shaft that itt goe right;  
Shoot a good shoote in the time of need,  
And for thy shooting thoust be made a knight.'

167A.62 'I'le doe my best,' sayes Horslay then,  
'Your Honor shall see beffore I goe;  
If I shold be hanged att your mainemast,  
I haue in my shipp but arrowes tow.'

167A.63 But att Sir Andrew hee shott then;  
Hee made sure to hitt his marke;

Vnder the spole of his right arme

Hee smote Sir Andrew quite throw the hart.

167A.64 Yett from the tree hee wold not start,

But hee clinged to itt with might and maine;

Vnder the coller then of his iacke,

Hee stroke Sir Andrew thorow the braine.

167A.65 'Ffight on my men,' sayes Sir Andrew Bartton,

'I am hurt, but I am not slaine;

I'le lay mee downe and bleed a-while,

And then I'le rise and fight againe.

167A.66 'Ffight on my men,' sayes Sir Andrew Bartton,

'These English doggs they bite soe lowe;

Ffight on for Scotland and Saint Andrew

Till you heare my whistle blowe!'

167A.67 But when the cold not heare his whistle blow,

Sayes Harry Hunt, I'le lay my head

You may bord yonder noble shipp, my lord,

For I know Sir Andrew hee is dead.

167A.68 With that they borded this noble shipp,

Soe did they itt with might and maine;

The found eighteen score Scotts aliue,

Besids the rest were maimed and slaine.

167A.69 My lord Haward tooke a sword in his hand,

And smote of Sir Andrews head;

The Scotts stood by did weepe and mourne,

But neuer a word durst speake or say.

167A.70 He caused his body to be taken downe,

And ouer the hatch-bord cast into the sea,

And about his middle three hundred crownes:

‘Whersoever thou lands, itt will bury thee.’

167A.71 With his head they sayled into England againe,

With right good will, and force and main,

And the day beffore Newyeeres euen

Into Thames mouth they came againe.

167A.72 My lord Haward wrote to King Heneryes grace,

With all the newes hee cold him bring:

‘Such a Newyeeres giff I haue brought to your Gr[ace]

As neuer did subiect to any king.

167A.73 ‘Ffor merchandyes and manhood,

The like is nott to be found;

The sight of these wold doe you good,

Ffor you haue not the like in your English ground.’

167A.74 But when hee heard tell that they were come,

Full royally hee welcomed them home;

Sir Andrews shipp was the kings Newyeeres guiff;

A brauer shipp you neuer saw none.

167A.75 Now hath our king Sir Andrews shipp,

Besett with pearles and precyous stones;

Now hath England two shippes of warr,

Two shippes of warr, before but one.

167A.76 ‘Who holpe to this?’ sayes King Henerye,

‘That I may reward him for his paine:’

‘Harry Hunt, and Peeter Simon,

William Horseleay, and I the same.’

167A.77 ‘Harry Hunt shall haue his whistle and chaine,

And all his iewells, whatsoever they bee,

And other rich giffts that I will not name,  
For his good service he hath done mee.

167A.78 'Horslay, right thoust be a knight,  
Lands and liuings thou shalt haue store;  
Howard shalbe erle of Nottingham,  
And soe was neuer Howard before.

167A.79 'Now, Peeter Simon, thou art old;  
I will maintaine thee and thy sonne;  
Thou shalt haue fiue hundred pound all in gold  
Ffor the good service that thou hast done.'

167A.80 Then King Henerye shifted his roome;  
In came the Queene and ladyes bright;  
Other arrands they had none  
But to see Sir Andrew Bartton, knight.

167A.81 But when they see his deadly face,  
His eyes were hollow in his head;  
'I wold giue a hundred pound,' sais King Henerye,  
'The man were aliue as hee is dead!

167A.82 'Yett for the manfull part that hee hath playd,  
Both heere and beyond the sea,  
His men shall haue halfe a crowne a day  
To bring them to my brother, King Iamy.'

167B.1 WHEN Flora, with her fragrant flowers,  
Bedeckt the earth so trim and gay,  
And Neptune, with his dainty showers,  
Came to present the month of May,

167B.2 King Henry would a progress ride;  
Over the river of Thames past he,

Unto a mountain-top also  
Did walk, some pleasure for to see.

167B.3 Where forty merchants he espy'd,  
With fifty sail, come towards him,  
Who then no sooner were arriv'd,  
But on their knees did thus complain.

167B.4 'An 't please Your Grace, we cannot sail  
To France no voyage, to be sure,  
But Sir Andrew Barton makes us quail,  
And robs us of our merchant-ware.'

167B.5 Vext was the king, and turned him,  
Said to the lords of high degree,  
Have I ner a lord within my realm  
Dare fetch that traytor unto me?

167B.6 To him repli'd Lord Charles Howard:  
I will, my liege, with heart and hand;  
If it please you grant me leave, he said,  
I will perform what you command.

167B.7 To him then spake King Henry:  
I fear, my lord, you are too young.  
'No whit at all, my liege,' quoth he;  
'I hope to prove in valour strong.

167B.8 'The Scottish knight I vow to seek,  
In what place soever he be,  
And bring a shore, with all his might,  
Or into Scotland he shall carry me.'

167B.9 'A hundred men,' the king then said,  
'Out of my realm shall chosen be,

Besides sailors and ship-boys

To guide a great ship on the sea.

167B.10 'Bow-men and gunners of good skill

Shall for this service chosen be,

And they at thy command and will

In all affairs shall wait on thee.'

167B.11 Lord Howard calld a gunner then

Who was the best in all the realm;

His age was threescore years and ten,

And Peter Simon was his name.

167B.12 My lord calld then a bow-man rare,

Whose active hands had gained fame,

A gentleman born in Yorkshire,

And William Horsly was his name.

167B.13 'Horsly,' quoth he, 'I must to sea,

To seek a traytor, with great speed;

Of a hundred bow-men brave,' quoth he,

'I have chosen thee to be the head.'

167B.14 'If you, my lord, have chosen me

Of a hundred men to be the head,

Upon the main-mast I'le hanged be,

If twelve-score I miss one shillings breadth.'

167B.15 Lord Howard then, of courage bold,

Went to the sea with pleasant chear,

Not curbd with winters piercing cold,

Though it was the stormy time of the year.

167B.16 Not long he had been on the sea,

No more in days then number three,

Till one Henry Hunt he there espied,  
A merchant of Newcastle was he.

167B.17 To him Lord Howard cald out amain,  
And strictly charged him to stand;  
Demanding then from whence he came,  
Or where he did intend to land.

167B.18 The merchant then made him answer soon,  
With heavy heart and careful mind,  
'My lord, my ship it doth belong  
Unto Newcastle upon Tine.'

167B.19 'Canst thou shew me,' the lord did say,  
'As thou didst sail by day and night,  
A Scottish rover on the sea,  
His name is Andrew Barton, knight?'

167B.20 Then to him the merchant sighd and said,  
With grieved mind and well a way,  
'But over well I know that wight,  
I was his prisoner but yesterday.

167B.21 'As I, my lord, did pass from France,  
A Burdeaux voyage to take so far,  
I met with Sir Andrew Barton thence,  
Who robd me of my merchant-ware.

167B.22 'And mickle debts, God knows, I owe,  
And every man did crave his own;  
And I am bound to London now,  
Of our gracious king to beg a boon.'

167B.23 'Shew me him,' said [Lord] Howard then,  
'Let me but once the villain see,



And one penny he hath from the tane,  
I'le double the same with shillings three.'

167B.24 'Now, God forbid,' the merchant said;

'I fear your aim that you will miss;  
God bless you from his tyranny,  
For little you know what man he is.

167B.25 'He is brass within and steel without,

His ship most huge and mighty strong,  
With eighteen pieces strong and stout,  
He carrieth on each side along.

167B.26 'With beams for his top-castle,

As also being huge and high,  
That neither English nor Portugal  
Can pass Sir Andrew Barton by.'

167B.27 'Hard news thou shewst,' then said the lord,

'To welcome strangers to the sea;  
But, as I said, I'le bring him aboard,  
Or into Scotland he shall carry me.'

167B.28 The merchant said, If you will do so,

Take counsel, then, I pray withal:  
Let no man to his top-castle go,  
Nor strive to let his beam[s] down fall.

167B.29 'Lend me seven pieces of ordnance then,

Of each side of my ship,' quoth he,  
'And to-morrow, my lord, twixt six and seven,  
Again I will Your Honour see.

167B.30 'A glass I'le set that may be seen

Whether you sail by day or night;

And to-morrow, be sure, before seven,  
You shall see Sir Andrew Barton, knight.'

167B.31 The merchant set my lord a glass,  
So well apparent in his sight  
That on the morrow, as his promise was,  
He saw Sir Andrew Barton, knight.

167B.32 The lord then swore a mighty oath,  
'Now by the heavens that be of might,  
By faith, believe me, and by troth,  
I think he is a worthy knight.

167B.33 'Fetch me my lyon out of hand,'  
Saith the lord, 'with rose and streamer high;  
Set up withal a willow-wand,  
That merchant-like I [may] pass by.'

167B.34 Thus bravely did Lord Howard pass,  
And did on anchor rise so high;  
No top-sail at all he cast,  
But as his foe he did him defie.

167B.35 Sir Andrew Barton seeing him  
Thus scornfully to pass by,  
As though he cared not a pin  
For him and all his company,

167B.36 Then called he his men amain,  
'Fetch back yon pedler now,' quoth he,  
'And against this way he comes again  
I'll teach him well his courtesie.'

167B.37 A piece of ordnance soon was shot  
By this proud pirate fiercely then

Into Lord Howards middle deck,  
Which cruel shot killd fourteen men.

167B.38 He calld then Peter Simon, he;  
‘Look now thy word do stand in stead,  
For thou shalt be hanged on main-mast  
If thou miss twelve score one penny breadth.’

167B.39 Then Peter Simon gave a shot  
Which did Sir Andrew mickle scare,  
In at his deck it came so hot,  
Killd fifteen of his men of war.

167B.40 ‘Alas!’ then said the pyrate stout,  
‘I am in danger now, I see;  
This is some lord, I greatly doubt,  
That is set on to conquer me.’

167B.41 Then Henry Hunt, with rigor hot,  
Came bravely on the other side,  
Who likewise shot in at his deck,  
And kild fifty of his men beside.

167B.42 Then ‘Out, alas!’ Sir Andrew cri’d,  
‘What may a man now think or say!  
Yon merchant thief that pierceth me,  
He was my prisoner yesterday.’

167B.43 Then did he on Gordion call,  
Unto top-castle for to go,  
And bid his beams he should let fall,  
‘For I greatly fear an overthrow.’

167B.44 The lord cald Horsly now in hast:  
‘Look that thy word stand now in stead,

For thou shalt be hanged on main-mast  
If thou miss twelve score one Shillings breadth.'

167B.45 Then up [the] mast-tree swarved he,  
This stout and mighty Gordion;  
But Horsly, he most happily  
Shot him under the collar-bone.

167B.46 Then calld he on his nephew then,  
Said, Sisters sons I have no mo;  
Three hundred pound I will give thee,  
If thou wilt to top-castle go.

167B.47 Then stoutly he began to climb,  
From off the mast scornd to depart;  
But Horsly soon prevented him,  
And deadly piercd him to the heart.

167B.48 His men being slain, then up amain  
Did this proud pyrate climb with speed,  
For armour of proof he had put on,  
And did not dint of arrow dread.

167B.49 'Come hither, Horsly,' said the lord,  
'See thine arrow aim aright;  
Great means to thee I will afford,  
And if you speed, I'le make you a knight.'

167B.50 Sir Andrew did climb up the tree,  
With right good will and all his main;  
Then upon the breast hit Horsly he,  
Till the arrow return again.

167B.51 Then Horsly spied a private place,  
With a perfect eye, in a secret part;

His arrow swiftly flew apace,  
And smote Sir Andrew to the heart.

167B.52 'Fight on, fight on, my merry men all,  
A little I am hurt, yet not slain;  
I'll but lie down and bleed a while,  
And come and fight with you again.

167B.53 'And do not,' he said, 'Fear English rogues,  
And of your foes stand not in awe,  
But stand fast by St Andrews cross,  
Until you hear my whistle blow.'

167B.54 They never heard his whistle blow,  
Which made them [all] sore afraid:  
Then Horsly said, My lord, aboard,  
For now Sir Andrew Barton's dead.

167B.55 Thus boarded they this gallant ship,  
With right good will and all their main,  
Eighteen score Scots alive in it,  
Besides as many more were slain.

167B.56 The lord went where Sir Andrew lay,  
And quickly thence cut off his head:  
'I should forsake England many a day,  
If thou wert alive as thou art dead.'

167B.57 Thus from the wars Lord Howard came,  
With mickle joy and triumphing;  
The pyrates head he brought along  
For to present unto our king:

167B.58 Who briefly then to him did say,  
Before he knew well what was done,

‘Where is the knight and pyrate gay?  
That I my self may give the doom.’

167B.59 ‘You may thank God,’ then said the lord,  
‘And four men in the ship,’ quoth he,  
‘That we are safely come ashore,  
Sith you had never such an enemy:

167B.60 ‘That is Henry Hunt, and Peter Simon,  
William Horsly, and Peters son;  
Therefore reward them for their pains,  
For they did service at their turn.’

167B.61 To the merchant then the king did say,  
‘In lue of what he hath from the tane,  
I give to the a noble a day,  
Sir Andrews whistle and his chain:

167B.62 ‘To Peter Simon a crown a day,  
And half-a-crown a day to Peters son,  
And that was for a shot so gay,  
Which bravely brought Sir Andrew down.

167B.63 ‘Horsly, I will make thee a knight,  
And in Yorkshire thou shalt dwell:  
Lord Howard shall Earl Bury hight,  
For this title he deserveth well.

167B.64 ‘Seven shillings to our English men,  
Who in this fight did stoutly stand,  
And twelve pence a-day to the Scots, till they  
Come to my brother kings high land.’