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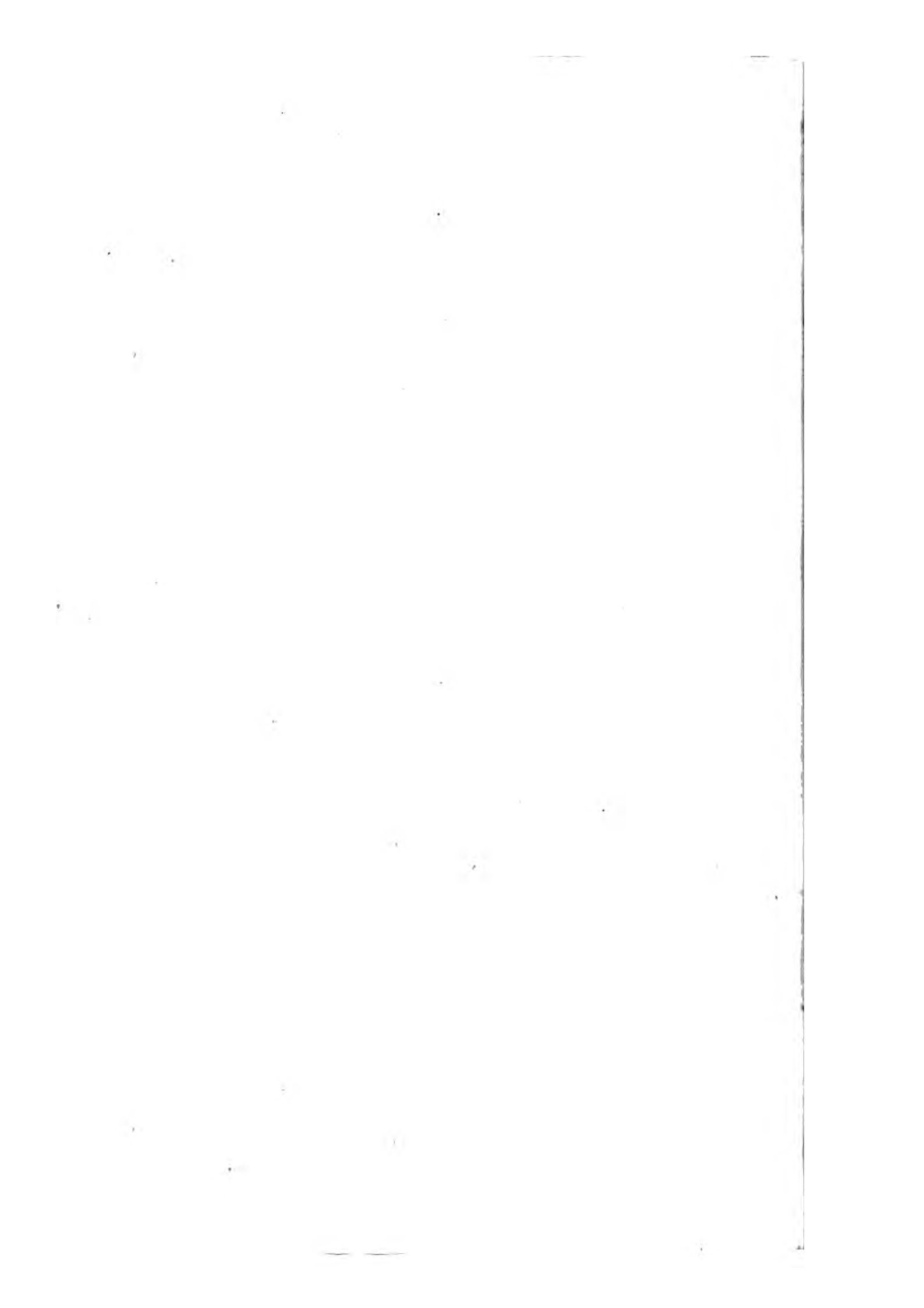
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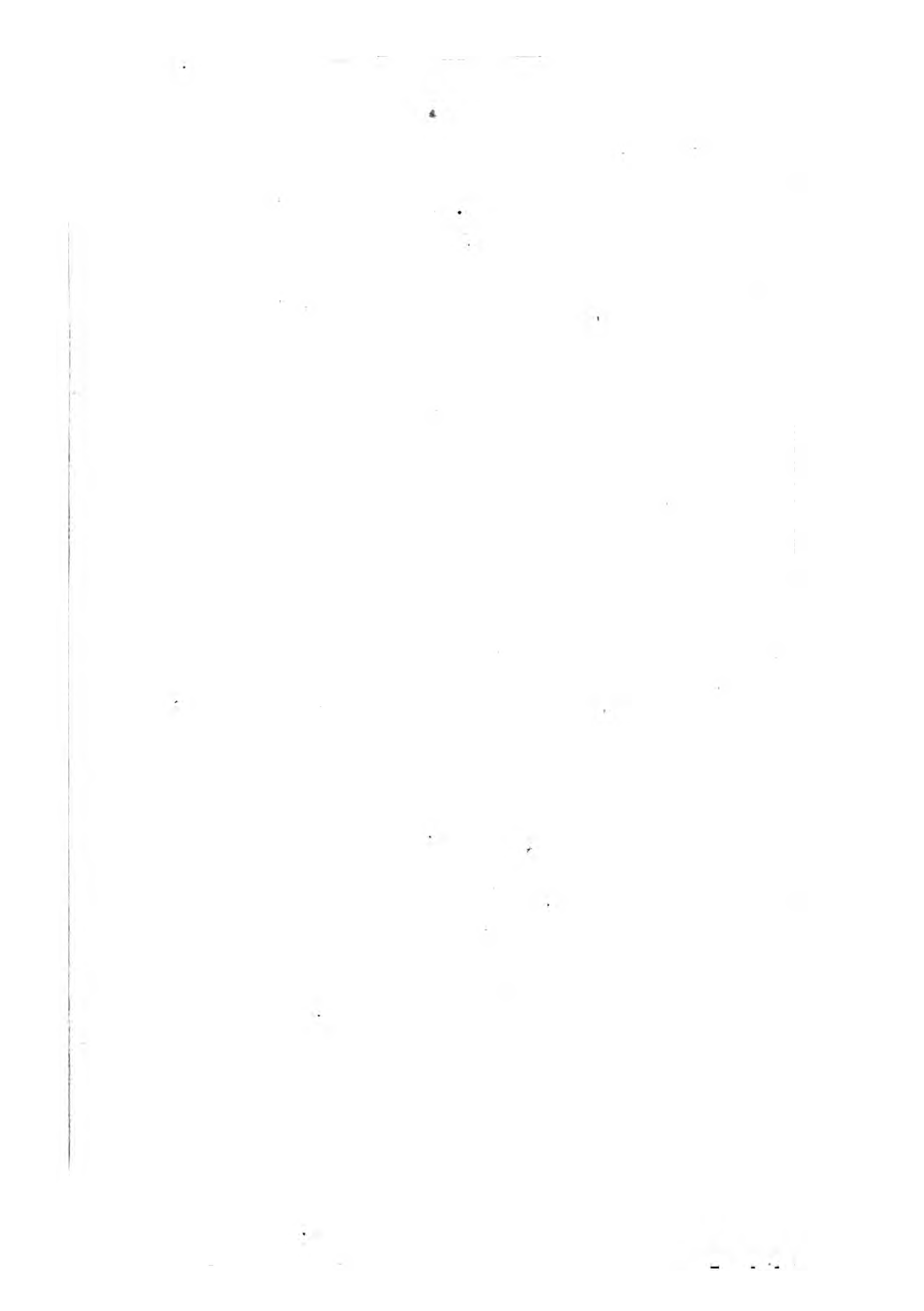




Presented by  
Professor Joseph Wright

July, 1914.





Percy Society.

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EARLY ENGLISH POETRY,  
BALLADS,  
AND POPULAR LITERATURE  
OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

EDITED FROM ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS  
AND SCARCE PUBLICATIONS.

VOL. II.



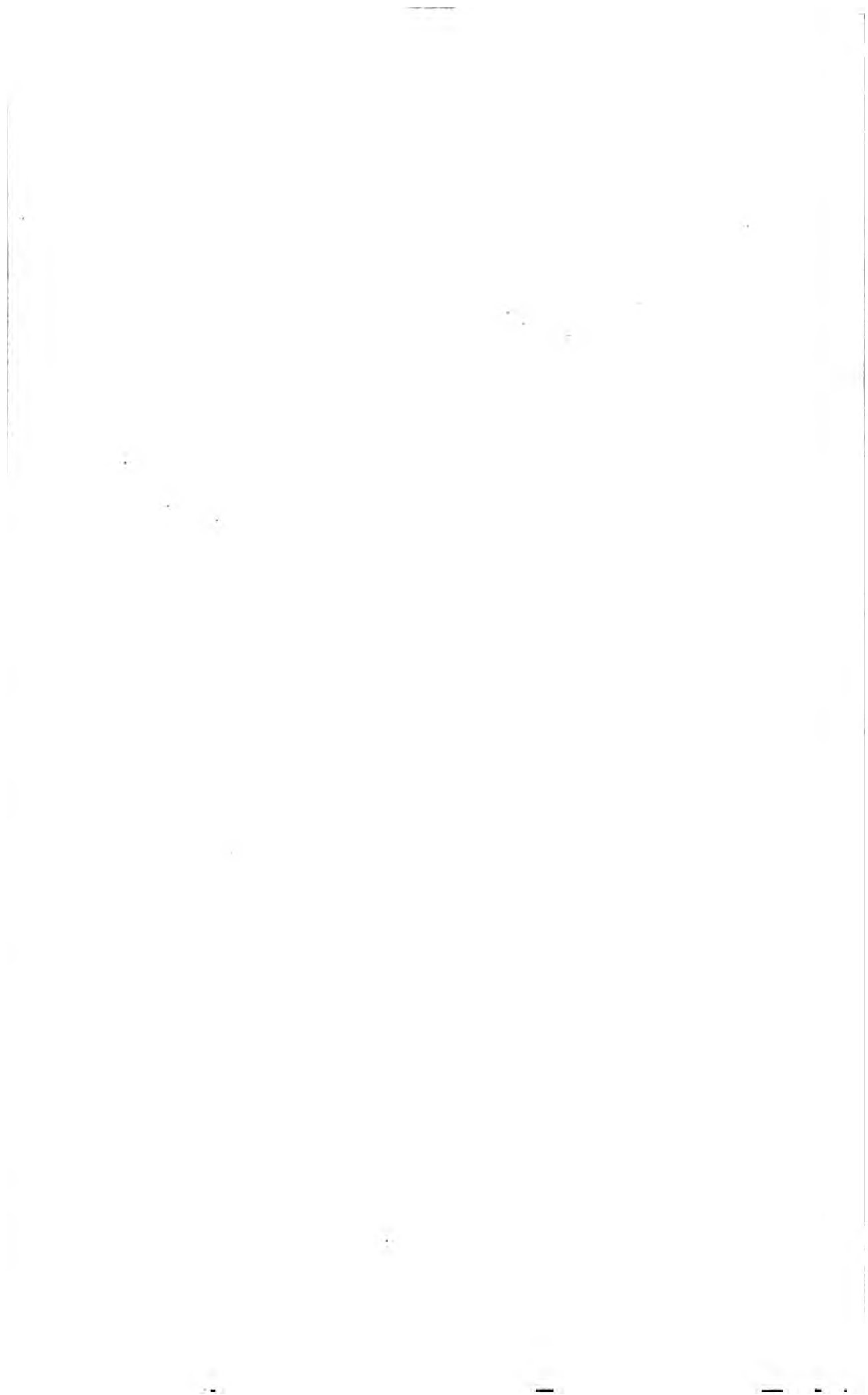
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M.DCCC.XL.





## CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

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### A SELECTION FROM THE MINOR POEMS OF LYDGATE.

EDITED BY J. O. HALLIWELL, ESQ. F.R.S., F.S.A. ETC.

### EARLY NAVAL BALLADS OF ENGLAND.

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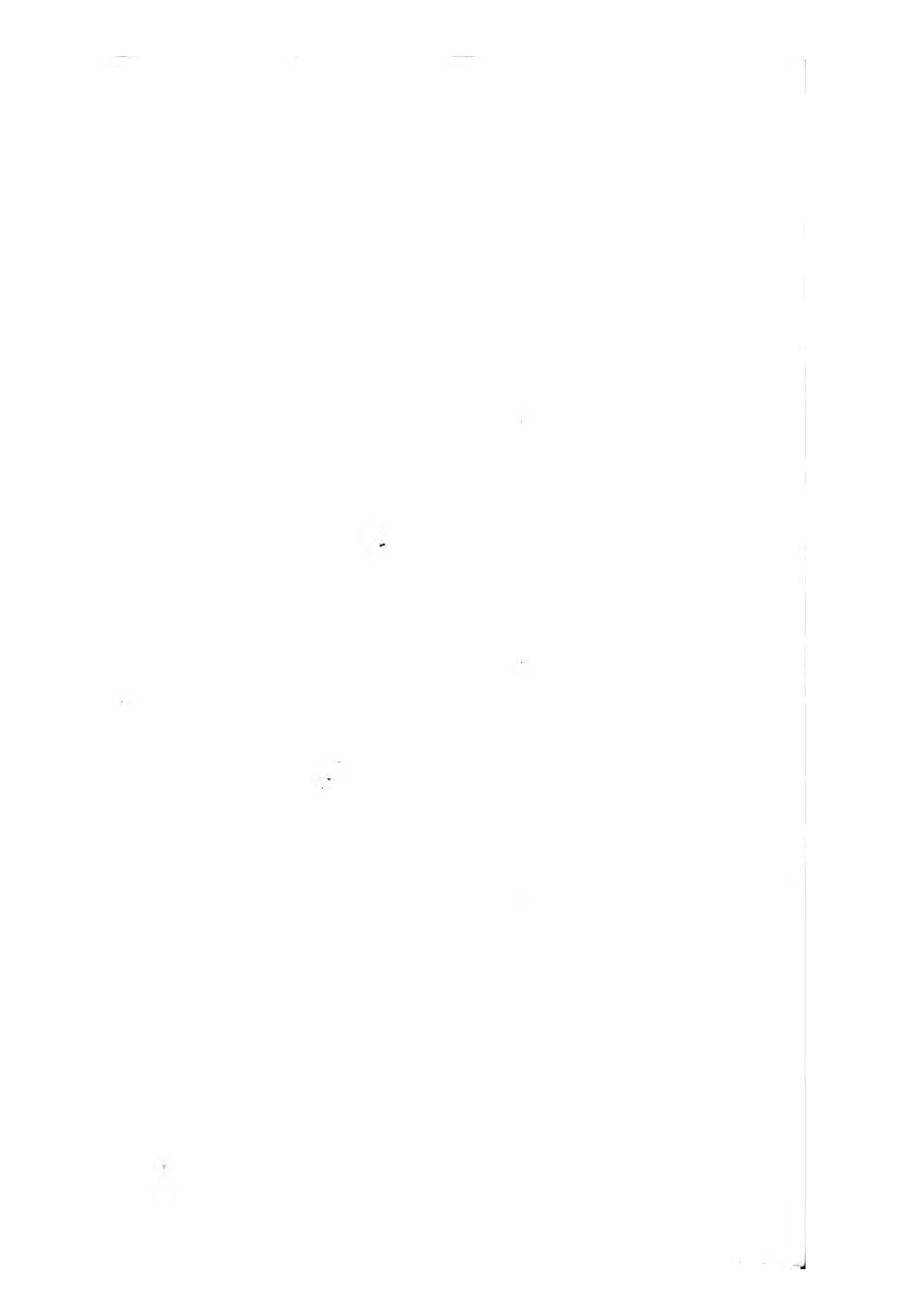
### A SEARCH FOR MONEY, BY WILLIAM ROWLEY.

EDITED BY J. PAYNE COLLIER, ESQ. F.S.A.

### THE MAD PRANKS AND MERRY JESTS OF ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

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MINOR POEMS,

ETC.



A SELECTION  
FROM THE  
MINOR POEMS  
OF  
DAN JOHN LYDGATE.

EDITED BY  
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---

“ O Mayster Lydgate ! the most dulcet sprynge  
Of famous rethoryke, wyth balade ryall  
The chefe orygynal.”

*The Pastyme of Plesure, by Stephen Hawes*

---

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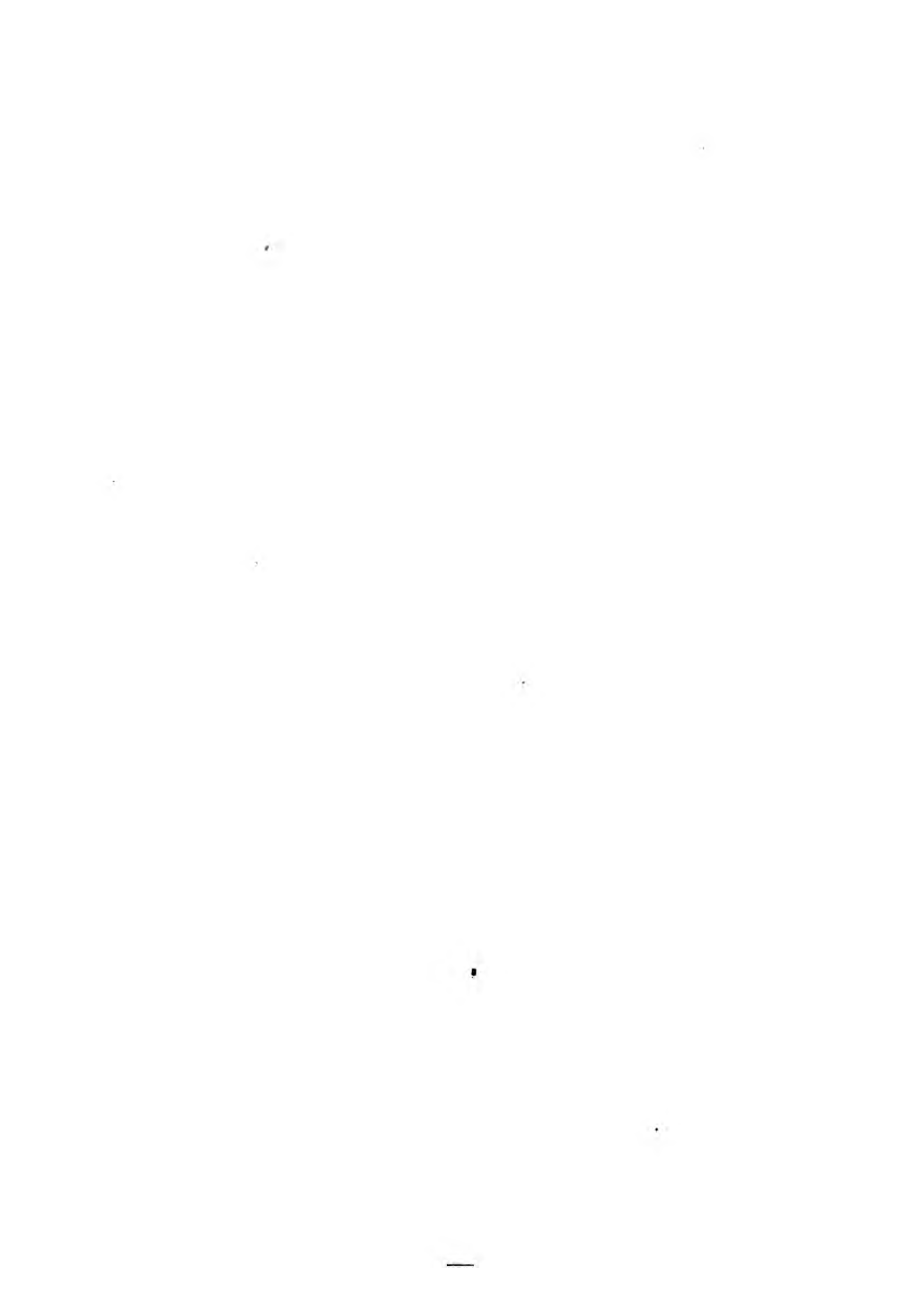
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## INTRODUCTION.

---

DAN JOHN LYDGATE, monk of Bury St. Edmund's, the immediate follower of Geoffrey Chaucer, was one of the most prolific writers this country has ever produced. Ritson, in his "*Bibliographia Poetica*," enumerates no less a number than *two hundred and fifty-one* pieces which acknowledge him for their author; and this list is far from being complete. To furnish, indeed, a correct catalogue of all his works would require more time than the editor of the present volume has had at his disposal, and he therefore contents himself with referring to Ritson's useful little work, and to Warton's "*History of English Poetry*," for particulars concerning the life and writings of our author.

Materials for an account of Lydgate's life are scanty; and his "*Testament*," although curious as an early specimen of autobiography, does not contain any direct facts. That he preferred play

to work when he was at school, and was fond of “telling cherrystones” and stealing apples, are perhaps to be considered more as characteristics of the age in which he lived, than of any peculiarities in his own taste. He was born, as he himself tells us,\* at Lidgate; and this fact appears to have escaped the notice of modern writers. It does not appear that any memorial of him is in our Record Offices.† We are even uncertain of the time of his death; but it is very improbable that he survived as long as the year 1482, although most writers place the date of his death in that year.‡ In the first place, he wrote a poem addressed to Abbat Curteys,§ “In myn oold dayes;” and this abbat died in 1446, which shows that he must have attained an advanced age then. Again, he was a friend of Chaucer’s, who died in 1400, and says that he composed one poem under his immediate directions. It is no proof of his surviving to the accession of Edward, because a stanza on that sovereign is found in the poet’s brief chronicle of the kings, in MS. Harl. 2251; for it is well known that such additions were often made by the tran-

\* “I was born in Lydegate.”—MS. Harl. 2251, fol. 283.

† MS. Birch, 4245, fol. 60.

‡ Ritson’s *Bibliographica Poetica*, p. 89.

§ MS. Harl. 2255, fol. 43.

scribers of manuscripts;\* and in MS. Bib. Reg. 18 D. ii, the same poem is continued to the reign of Henry VIII. From the MSS. which remain of his writings, I should be inclined to believe that he died before Edward's accession, and there appears to be every adjunct of external probability. In MS. Harl. 116, fol. 170, occurs the following epitaph, written probably soon after his death, and is probably the original inscription which graced his tomb:—

*Epitaphium Johannis Lidgate, monachi de Byri.*

“Lidgate Cristoticon Edmundum, Maro Brittanis,  
Boccasiousque viros psallit; et hic cinis est.

“Hæc tria præcipua opera fecit:—vij. libros de Christo; librum de vita Sancti Edmundi; et Boccasium de viris illustribus; cum multis aliis.”†

Ritson observes that it is highly probable that some of the minor poems ascribed to Lydgate, are not by him; and that, on the other hand, he may be the author of several pieces given anonymously in manuscripts. The style, indeed, is

\* So in a manuscript copy of Lydgate's life of St. Edmund at Oxford, MS. Ashm. 46, the prologue is accommodated to Edward IV.

† In the *Archæologia*, vol. iv. p. 131, is given the following epitaph:—

“Mortuus seculo, superis superstes,  
Hic jacet Lydgate tumulatus urna:  
Qui fuit quondam celebris Britannæ  
Fama poesis.”



scarcely sufficient to determine the authorship, unaided by contemporary rubrics. Benedict Burgh, it is well known, was his pupil, and has most closely imitated him. This latter writer finished Lydgate's translation of the *Secreta Secretorum*, which was left incomplete by the hand of death: "Here deyed this translatur, a nobil poete, and the yonge folowere gan his prologe on this wyse," which, as curious and serving for a comparison, I here insert:—

[From MS. Sloan. 2464, fol. 36-38.]

TENDIRNESSE of age and lak of elloquence,  
 This feerful matere savyng supportacioun,  
 Me hath constreyned to put in suspence,  
 From yow, my lord, to whom recomendacioun,  
 I mekly do sende with al subjeccioun,  
 The dulnesse of my penne yow besechyng t'enlumyne,  
 Which am nat aqueynted with the musys nyne.

Wher flour of knyghthood the bataylle doth refuse,  
 What shulde the dwerffe entre into the place?  
 Bareyn in sentence shulde hymself excuse,  
 And by presumpcyoun nat shewe out his face;  
 Off John Lydgate how shulde I the sotyl trace,  
 Folwe in secrees, celestial and dyvyne?  
 Sith I am nat aqueynted with the musys nyne.

Frenescys sent from the lady Nature,  
 For a conclusyoun hir journe to conveye,  
 As of Anthyclaudyan rehersyth the scripture,  
 Be sevene sustrys in her passage took the weye,  
 Gynnyng at grameer, as for lok and keye,  
 In ordre and proporsyoun folwyng the doctryne,  
 Which was wel aqueynted with the musys nyne.

These severe sustryn sovereyn and entieere,  
 Yif I my penne to this matere doo applye,  
 The nyne musys blame shal in maneere,  
 That they un labouryd stant on my partye,  
 I yaffe noon attendaunce, I may it nat denye,  
 How shulde I thanne my matere doo combyne,  
 Which am nat aqueynted with the musys nyne?

These sustrys cheyned in parfight unyté,  
 Departe may not by natural resoun,  
 Ech with othir hath eternité,  
 How shulde I thanne use persuasioun,  
 Of my purpoos to have conclusyoun,  
 In ech science fayllyng degre and signe,  
 For lak of aqueyntaunce of the musys nyne.

Yif I shulde talke in scyencys tryvyal,  
 Gynnyng at grameer, in signes and figurys,  
 Or of metrys the feet to make equal,  
 Be tyme and proporcioun kepyng my mesurys,  
 This lady lyst nat to parte the tresourys,  
 Of hire substaunce to my childhood incondigne,  
 Which am nat aqueynted with the musys nyne.

This mateer to conveye by trewe conclusyoun,  
 Veritees of logyk certys I must applye,  
 Wheer undir flourys restith the scorioun,  
 Which I fere to take for my partye,  
 Premysys congrew which can nat applye,  
 Of old philisoffres to folwe the doctryne,  
 Sith I am nat aqueynted with the musys nyne.

I have with Tully gadryd no fressh flours,  
 The chaar of Fronescis to paynte in dewe manere,  
 With Petir Petrarke of rethoryk no colours,  
 Of teermys ne sentence in my wrytyng doth appere,  
 Arismetryk nor musyk my dulnesse doo not clere,  
 How shulde I thanne by geometrye drawe ryght lyne,  
 Which am nat aqueynted with the musys nyne?

Off astronomye the secrees invisible,  
 Unknowe with Tholomye I faylle cognicioun,  
 Which by invencyoun to me be impossible,  
 Withoute doctours and expositioun ;  
 Or of this sevene to make a declaracioun,  
 Affir your entent this treetys to combyne,  
 Which am nat aqueynted with the musys nyne.

These thynges peysed myn hand make to quake,  
 Thre causys considred in especial,  
 First of this book the difficulté to take,  
 Secunde of the persone, the magnificence royal,  
 To whom I wryte into tremlyng cause me fal,  
 Of dirk ignoraunce feryng the engyne,  
 Which am nat aqueynted with the musys nyne.

The thrydde cause in the audight countable,  
 Entitled and rollyd of my remembraunce,  
 Is that detractours, odyous and detestable,  
 Unto Allecto knet be affyaunce,  
 With sotyl menys shal make perturbaunce,  
 Affermyng to my witt to moche that I enclyne,  
 The werk to a taste not knowyng the musys nyne.

Thus atwen tweyne pereel of the see,  
 Sylla and Karybdys put in desperacioun,  
 What to resceyve and which for to flee,  
 Constreyned I am to make dubytacioun,  
 The sharp corosye of fretyng detractioun,  
 First I feere to my partye shal enclyne,  
 Sith I am nat aqueynted with the musys nyne.

The secund pereel by computacioun,  
 In whiche I stande this is incertayn,  
 Feer and dreed of indignacioun,  
 Of youre lordship which doth nat dysdeyn,  
 Me to exhorte to wryte in termys pleyn,  
 A part of secrees celestial and divyne,  
 Lefft of John Lydgate wel knowyng the musys nyne.

Thus set in pereel fayl I my socour,  
 Me doth counforte a proverbe in myn entent,  
 Eche tale is endyd as it hath favour,  
 Wherefore to dreed no lengere I wyl assent,  
 But breeffly fulfille your comaundement,  
 In modir tounge this matere to combyne,  
 Which fauffe support knowe not the musys nyne.

The few notes which are added at the end of this volume have been selected from materials at hand, and without any attempt at continuous illustration, which, in a work of this nature, might be extended to any assignable length.

J. O. HALLIWELL.

35, *Alfred Place, London.*

*20th September, 1840.*



## CONTENTS.

---

	Page
1. The entry of Henry the Sixth into London after his coronation in France . . . . .	1
2. On the mutability of human affairs . . . . .	22
3. Advice to an old gentleman who wished for a young wife . . . . .	27
4. Ballad on the forked head-dresses of ladies . . . . .	46
5. Lydgate's application to the Duke of Gloucester for money . . . . .	49
6. The ballad of Jack Hare . . . . .	52
7. The inconsistency of men's actions . . . . .	55
8. A satirical ballad on the times . . . . .	58
9. A call to devotion . . . . .	60
10. The legend of Dan Joos . . . . .	62
11. Rules for preserving health . . . . .	66
12. The moral of the legend of Dido . . . . .	69
13. Legend of Wulfrike, a priest of Wiltshire . . . . .	72
14. Legend of a monk of Paris . . . . .	73
15. On the instability of human affairs . . . . .	74
16. Devotions of the fouls . . . . .	78
17. On moderation . . . . .	80
18. A poem against idleness, and the history of Sardanapalus . . . . .	84
19. The procession at the feast of Corpus Christi . . . . .	95
20. London Lackpenny . . . . .	103
21. The tale of the lady prioress and her three suitors . . . . .	107
22. Moral of the fable of the horse, the goose, and the sheep . . . . .	117
23. On the wretchedness of worldly affairs . . . . .	122
24. Bycorne and Chichevache . . . . .	129



25. The legend of St. Austin at Compton . . . . .	135
26. Advice to tittle-tattlers . . . . .	150
27. A poem against self-love . . . . .	156
28. The order of fools . . . . .	164
29. As straight as a ram's horn . . . . .	171
30. The concords of company . . . . .	173
31. St. Ursula and the eleven thousand virgins . . . . .	178
32. The chorle and the bird . . . . .	179
33. On the mutability of human affairs . . . . .	193
34. A satirical description of his lady . . . . .	199
35. A prayer to St. Leonard, made at York . . . . .	205
36. The deserts of thevish millers and bakers . . . . .	207
37. Measure is treasure . . . . .	208
38. Ballad on presenting an eagle to the king and queen on the day of their marriage . . . . .	213
39. The triumph of virtue . . . . .	216
40. A lover's complaint . . . . .	220
41. A ditty upon improvement . . . . .	222
42. Thank God for all things . . . . .	225
43. Make amendes . . . . .	228
44. Testament . . . . .	232
45. NOTES . . . . .	265

## LYDGATE'S MINOR POEMS.

---

### THE ENTRY OF HENRY THE SIXTH INTO LONDON AFTER HIS CORONATION IN FRANCE.

---

THE following poem gives a very minute description of the manner in which Henry the Sixth was received in London after his coronation, and of the pageant upon that occasion. Three copies of it exist in MS. in the British Museum, viz. MS. Harl. 565, fol. 114-124; MS. Cotton. Julius, B. ii. fol. 87-98; and MS. Cotton. Cleop. C. iv. fol. 38-48. From the two first of these MSS. an edition was printed by Sir Harris Nicolas (London Chronicle, p. 235-250); but the third MS. has entirely escaped the notice of antiquaries, and, as it presents a more complete text than the other two, we give it *verbatim*.

About one-third of this article, taken from MS. Harl. 565, is printed in Malcolm's "London," vol. ii. p. 89; but it conveys, as Sir H. Nicolas justly observes, "a very imperfect idea of the whole composition; for not only has the orthography of the extract been modernized, but the most interesting descriptions do not occur." The following extract from a continuation of the Brute Chronicle in MS. Harl. 3730, contains a brief account of the argument of our poem: "This same yere, the vj. day of Decembre, Kyng Henry the vj. was crowned Kyng of Fraunce at Paris in the church of oure Lady, with gret solempnité; there beyng present the Cardinale of Englund, the Duke of Bedford, and many other lordis of Fraunce and of Englund; and after this coronacion and grett fest holdyn at Parys, the Kyng retornyd from thens to Rone, and so toward Caleis. And ther, the ix. day of Feveryere, lounded at Dover, whom alle the comons of Kent mett at Beramdoun, between Canterbury and Dover, alle in rede

hodys. And so com forth tyll he com to the Blake-beth, where he was mett with the maier Jhon Welles, with alle the craftes of London, clad alle in white. And so thei brought hym to London the xxj. day of the same moneth." Now as Lydgate says that Henry entered London "on a thursday," and "toward the end of wyndy Februarie," the 21st of February, which fell on a Thursday, was doubtless the correct date at which the circumstance took place. We refer the reader also to the minute account of the ceremony given in Fabyan's Chronicle, (London, 1559, p. 423-7) in which will be found several of the verses used in the pageants. Another curious account of it is preserved in a manuscript at Lambeth Palace, and will be included in a volume I am now editing for the Camden Society. The "Rejoice to London" at the end of this poem, is also preserved in another of the Cottonian manuscripts, in a separate form.

---

PUR LE ROY.

TOWARD the ende of wyndy Februarie,  
 Whan Phebus whas in the ffysshe croune,  
 Out of the signe, wiche callyd is aquary,  
 New kalendys were enteryd and begone  
 Of Marchis komying, and the mery sone  
 Upon a Thursday sched his bemys bryght  
 Upon Londone, to make them glad and lyght.

The stormy reyne of alle ther highenes  
 Where passid away, and alle her old grevaunce,  
 For the vj.<sup>te</sup> Herry, roote of her gladnes,  
 Ther hertes joy, ther worldis suffisaunce,  
 Be trew dissent crowned Kyng of Fraunce ;  
 The hevyn rejoyseng the day of his repayre,  
 Made his komying the wedyr to be so ffayre.

A tyme, I trow, of God for him provyded,  
 In alle the hevenys ther whas no clowd seyne ;  
 From other dayes that day whas so devyded,  
 And ffraunchesid ffrom mystes and ffrom reyne ;  
 The ayre attempered, the wyndes smowth and playne,  
 The citezeins thorowouzt the citee,  
 Halewyd that day withe grete solempnyté.

And lyke for Davyd aftyr his victory  
 Reyjoyssed whas alle Jerusalem,  
 So this citee with lawde, preyse, and glorye,  
 For joy moustered lyke the sone beme,  
 To yeve ensample thorowouzt this reme ;  
 Alle of assent whoso cane conceyve,  
 Ther noble Kyng were glad to resseyve.

Ther clothing whas of colour fulle covenable ;  
 The noble Mayer clad in reed velewet,  
 The Schrevys, the Aldermen, fulle notable,  
 In ffurred clokys, the colour scarlett ;  
 In statly wise whan thei were mett,  
 Eche oone welle horsed, made no delay,  
 But withe her mayer rood forthe in her way.

The citezens eche one of the citee,  
 In her entent that thei were pure and clene ;  
 Chees hem of white a fulle fayre lyveré,  
 In every craft as it whas welle sene ;  
 To shew the trouthe that they did mene,  
 Toward the Kyng had made hem feithefully,  
 In sondery devise embroudered richely.

And for to remembre of other alyens,  
 Fyrst Jeneveyes, thoughe they were straungeris,  
 Florentynes, and Venycyens,  
 And Esterlinges, glad in her maneres,  
 Conveyed withe sergeauntes and other officeres,  
 Estatly horsed, aftyr the maier riding,  
 Passid the subbarbis to mete withe the Kyng.

To the Blak-hethe whan the did atteyne,  
 The meyer, of prudens in especialle,  
 Made hem hove in rengis twayne,  
 A strete betwene eche party lyke a walle,  
 Alle clad in white, and the most principalle  
 Afforne in reed, withe thaire mayre ryding,  
 Tyll tyme that he saughe [the Kyng] komyng.

Than withe his sporys he toke his horsse anone,  
 That to behold it whas a noble sighte,  
 How lyke a man he to the Kyng is gone,  
 Righte well cheryd of hert, glad, and lighte ;  
 Obeyeng to him, as him owght of righte :  
 And aftyr that he knonnyngly abbarayed,  
 And to the Kyng evyn thus he sayd ;

“ Sovereign lord and noble Kyng, 3e be welcome oute  
 of 3oure reame of Fraunce, into this blissed reme of  
 Englund, and in especialle unto your most notable Citee  
 of London, otherwyse callyd youre chambyr, We  
 thankyng God of the good and gracios arenyng of  
 yowre croune of Fraunce, beseching his mercyfull grace  
 to send yow prosperite and many 3eris, to the comfort  
 of alle youre lovyng peple.”

But for to tellyng alle the circumstaunces,  
 Of every thinge shewid in sentence,  
 Noble devices, diverse ordinances,  
 Conveyed be scripture withe fulle grete excellense ;  
 Alle to declare, I have noone eloquence ;  
 Wherefore I pray to alle that schalle it reede,  
 For to correcte where as thei see nede.

Fyrst whan he whas passid the Fabor,  
 Enteryng the brygge of this noble cité,  
 Ther whas a piler reysed lyke a toure,  
 And theron stood a sturdy champion,  
 Of looke and chere sterne as a lyon ;  
 His swerd upreryd, proudly gave manace,  
 Alle foren enmyes from the Kyng to enchase.

And in defence of his state rialle,  
 The geaunt wold abyde eche aventure,  
 And all assautis that were martialle  
 For his sake he proudly wold endure ;  
 In tokyn wherof he had a scripture  
 On outhere side declaryng his entent,  
 Wiche seyde thus, be good avisement :—

“ Alltho that bethe enmyes to the Kyng,  
 I schalle hem clothe withe confusione ;  
 Make him myghti be vertuos levyng,  
 His mortalle foon to oppressen and bere adoune,  
 And him to encresin as Cristis champion ;  
 Alle myscheffes from him to abrigge,  
 Withe the grace of God, att the entryng of the brygge.”



Twoo antelopis stondyng on outhur syde,  
 Withe the armys of Englund and of Fraunce,  
 In tokenyng that God schalle for him provide,  
 As he hathe title be juste enheritaunce,  
 To regne in pees, plenté, and plesaunce ;  
 Sasing of werre, that men mowghe ride and gonne,  
 As trewe liegis, ther hertis made bothe oone.

Ferthermore, so as the Kyng gan ride,  
 Midde of the brigge ther whas a toure over loft ;  
 The lord of lordis beyng ay his gyde,  
 As he hathe be and yet wolle be fulle ofte ;  
 The tour arrayed withe velwettes softe,  
 Clothis of gold, silke, and tapcery,  
 As apperteinethe to his regally.

And att his commyng, of excellent beauté,  
 Be[n]yng of port, most womanly of chere,  
 Ther yssed oute empresses thre,  
 Theire here displayed, as Phebus in her spere,  
 Withe crounettes of gold and stonys clere ;  
 Att whos outecomyng they gaff suche a lyghte,  
 That the beholders were stonyed in ther sighte.

The ffirst of hem callyd whas NATURE,  
 As sche that hathe under her demeyne  
 Man, best, and foule, and every creature,  
 Eke hevyn, and erthe, and every creature,  
 Withein the bondys of her goldyn cheyne,  
 This empresse of custum dothe embrace ;  
 And next her komythe hir suster callid GRACE.

Passing famos, and of the grete reverence,  
Most desired in all regiouns ;  
For where that ever schewithe her presence,  
Eche bryngithe gladnes to citees and tounnes.  
Of alle welfare sche haldithe the possessiouns,  
For, I dar say, prosperité in no place  
No while abidithe, but yef ther be grace.

In tokyn that grace schuld long conteneue,  
Unto the kyng sche schewd her full benigne ;  
And next her come the emperesse FORTUNE,  
To apperyng him with many a noble signe,  
And riall tokyns, to schew that he was digne,  
Of God disposid as grace list to ordeyne,  
Upon his heede to were crownys tweyne.

Thes thre ladyes, alle of one entent,  
Three gostly giffes, heavenly and devyne,  
Unto the kyng anone they did present,  
And to his highenes thei did anon enclyne,  
And what thei weryn pleynty to termyne ;  
Grace gaff him first at his comyng,  
Two riche giffis, sciens and connyng.

Nature gaff him eke strength, and fayrenes,  
For to be lovyd and dred of every wighte ;  
Fortune gaff him eke prosperité, and richesse,  
Withe scripture appering in ther sighte,  
To him applyed of verray dew righte,  
“ First understand and willfully procede,  
And long to reigne,” the scripture sayd indede.

This is to mene who so understond arighte,  
 Thow schalt be fortune have long prosperité ;  
 And be nature thou schalt have strenghte, and myghte,  
 Forthe to procede in long felicité ;  
 And grace also hathe graunted unto thé,  
 Vertuosly long in thi rialle citee,  
 Withe cepture and crouns to regne in equité.

On the righte hond of this empresse  
 Stode vij. maydens verray celestiale ;  
 Lyke Phebus bemys shone her goldyn tresses,  
 Uppon her hedis eche havyng a cornalle,  
 Of port and chere semyng inmortalle,  
 In sighte transendyng alle erthely creatures,  
 So aungelyk thei weryn of ther figures.

Alle clad in white, in tokyn of clennes,  
 Lyke pure virginis as in ther ententis,  
 Schewyng owghtewarde in heavenly ffresshe bryghtenes;  
 Stremyd with sonnes were alle her garmentis,  
 Afforne provyded for pur innocentis :  
 Most columbyne of chere and of lokyng,  
 Mekely roos up at comyne of the kyng.

They had on bawderykys alle of saffer hewe,  
 Goyng owtward gave the kyng salue,  
 Hym presentyng withe her gyftes newe,  
 Lyke as them thoghte it whas unto them dewe ;  
 Wiche gostely gyftes here in ordyr sewe,  
 Downe discendyng as sylver dewe from hevyn,  
 Alle grace include withein thes gyftes vij.

Thes rialle giffes been of verteu most  
 Gostly coragis, most sovereigly delyte,  
 Thes gyfftes callyd of the Holy Goste,  
 Outeward ffigured ben vij. dowys white,  
 Seyeng to hym, lyke as clerkes wryghte,  
 " God the ffulfyllle withe intelligence,  
 And withe a spyrut of goostly sapience.

God send also unto thy most vayle,  
 The to preserve ffrom alle hevynesse,  
 A spiryt, a strenghte, and of good counsaylle,  
 Of connyng, drede, pytee, and lownesse."  
 Thus thes ladies gan her gyftes dresse,  
 Grasciosly at ther owte comyng,  
 Be influence lighte upon the kyng.

Thes empresses hadd on ther left side  
 Other vij. virgenis, pure and clene,  
 Be attendaunt contynuelly to abyde,  
 Alle clad in white, smytt fulle of sterris schene ;  
 And to declare what thei wold mene,  
 Unto the kyng withe fulle grete reverence  
 Thes were thre giffes shortly in sentence :—

" God the endew withe a croune of glory ;  
 And withe septre of clenens and pitee,  
 And withe a swerd of myghte and victory,  
 And withe a mantelle of prudens clad thou be :  
 A scheld of feithe for to defende the,  
 An helme of helthe wroughte to thyne encreses,  
 Gyrt withe a gyrdelle of love and parfite pees."

Thes vij. virgens, of sighte most hevenly,  
 Withe hert, body, and handes rejoyseng,  
 And of ther cheris aperid murely,  
 For the kynges gracios home comyng ;  
 And ffor gladnes they began to syng,  
 Most aungelyk with hevenly armony,  
 This same roundelle wiche I schalle now specify.

“ Sovereigne lord, welcome to youre citee !  
 Welcome oure joye, and oure hertes plesaunce !  
 Welcome oure gladness, welcome oure suffisaunce !  
 Welcome ! welcome ! righte welcome mot ye be !  
 Singyng to fforn thi rialle majesté,  
 We say offte hert, withowte variaunce,  
 Sovereigne lord, welcome, welcome ye be !

“ Meire, citezins, and alle the comynalté,  
 Att youre home comyng now owghte of Fraunce,  
 Be grace relevyd of ther old grevaunce,  
 Sing this day, withe grete solempnité,  
 Sovereigne lord, welcome to youre citee ! ”

Thus resseyved, an esy pase riding,  
 The kyng is intered into this citee ;  
 And in Cornhille, anone at his comyng,  
 To do plesaunce to his majesté,  
 A tabernacle surmontyng of beauté  
 Ther was ordeyned, be fulle ffresshe entayle,  
 Richele arrayed withe rialle apparaylle.

This tabernacle of most magnyfycence  
 Whas of his byldyng verry imperialle,  
 Made for the lady dame Sapience,  
 To-fore whos face, most statly and rialle,  
 Were the vij. science callyd liberealle,  
 Round aboute as makyd is memory,  
 Wiche never departyd ffrom her consystory.

First ther whas Gramer, as I reherse cane,  
 Cheeff ffounderesse and roote of alle connyng,  
 Wiche had afore her old Precyane ;  
 And Logyk had afore her stonyng  
 Arestotylle most clerkly desputyng ;  
 And Retoryk had eke in her presence  
 Tulyus, callyd " Mirroure of Eloquence."

And Musik had, voyde of alle discord,  
 Boece her clerk, withe hevenly armony,  
 And instrumentes alle of oon accorde ;  
 For to practyse withe sugrid melody,  
 He and his scolers ther wittis did apply,  
 Withe touche of strengis, on organs eke pleyeng,  
 Ther craft to schew at comyng of the kyng.

And Arsmetryk, be castyng of nombrary,  
 Chees Pyktegoras for her parte,  
 Called chef clerk to governe her library,  
 Eucllyde toke mesures, be craft of Gemytré,  
 And alder-highest tooke Astronomye  
 Albmusard last withe her of sevyn,  
 With instrumentis that raught up into hevyn.

The cheef princes callid Sapience,  
 Had to-forn her writen this scripture,  
 "Kynges," quod sche, "most of excellense,—  
 By me they regne and most in joye endure,  
 For thorow my helpe and my besi cure,  
 To encrease ther glorye and hie renoune,  
 They schalle of wisdam have full possessione."

And, in the ffrount of this tabernacle,  
 Sapience a scripture gan devise,  
 Abylle to be red withowghte a spectacle,  
 As yong kynges seyeng in this wise,  
 "Understandith and lernythe of the wise,  
 On righte remembryng the highe lord to queme,  
 Sith 3e be jugis other folk to deme."

Ferthermore the mater dothe devise,  
 The kyng procedyng forthe upon his way,  
 Kome to the Condyte made in cercle wise,  
 Whom to resceyve ther whas made no delay.  
 And middes above, in ffulle riche aray,  
 Ther satt a child off beauté precellyng,  
 Middel of the trone, rayed lyke a kyng.

Whom to governe, ther were figured tweyne,  
 A lady Mercy satt on his righte side,  
 On his righte hond, yef I schuld not fayle,  
 A lady Trouthe his domys to provide,  
 The lady Clennes aloft did abyde,  
 Off God ordeigned in the same place,—  
 The kynges trone strongly to embrace.



For be the sentence of prudent Salaman,  
 Mercy and right kepyng every kyng,  
 And clemence kepte be reson,  
 His myghti trone ffrom myschef and fallyng ;  
 And makithe it strong withe long abydyng ;  
 For I dar say thees sayd ladyes thre  
 A kyng preserve in long prosperité.

Than stood also, afore the sayd kyng,  
 Two jugis withe full hihe noblesse,  
 Vij. sergeauntes, echon presentyng,  
 For comyn profite, dome, and rightewisnes,  
 Withe this scripture in every mannys sighte,  
 "Honor of kyng, wiche I schalle expresse,  
 Of comyn custome, lovithe equité and righte."

Kyng David wrote, the sawter berithe wittnes,  
 "Lord God," quod he, "thy dome yeve to the kyng,"  
 And yeff thy trouthe and rightewisnes ;  
 The kynges sone here in his levyng,  
 To us declaryng, as by ther wrytyng,  
 That kynges, princes, schuld abouzt hem drawe  
 Folk that be trew, and well expert in the lawe.

The kyng fforthe riding enterid into Chepe,  
 A lusty place, a place of alle delites,  
 Come to Condyte were, as cristall stoon,  
 The watyr ranne lyke wellis of Paradise,  
 The holsom lycor, fulle riche and of gret prise,  
 Lyke to the watyr of Archideclyne,  
 Wiche be meracle were turned into wyne.



Thetes wiche is of water chef Goddes,  
 Had of the welle pouer noone ne myghte,  
 For Bochous schewed ther his fulsomnes  
 Off holsome wyne to every maner wighte ;  
 For wyne of nature makithe hertes lyghte,  
 Wherfor Bachus, att reverence of the kyng,  
 Shedd out his plenté at his home comyng.

Wyne is a lycor of grete recreacioun,  
 That day presentyd in tokyn of alle gladnesse,  
 Unto the kyng of ffamous of highe renoun,  
 From texile alle maner hevinesse ;  
 For withe his comyng, the dede berithe witnessse,  
 Out of the lond he put away alle trobelle,  
 And made of newe oure joies to be dobelle.

Eke att thes wellys there were virginis thre,  
 Wiche drew of wyne up joye and of plesaunce,  
 Mercy and Grace, ther suster eke Pitee,  
 Mercy mynestered wyne of attemperaunce ;  
 Grace sched the lycour of good governance,  
 And Pitee proffered, withe ffulle good ffoyson,  
 Wynes of comfort and consolation.

The wyne of Mercy staunchithe be nature  
 The gredy thristis of cruelle hastynes,  
 Grace withe her lycour cristallyne and pure  
 Defferrithe vengeaunce off ffuriouse woodnes,  
 And Pité blemeshithe the swerd of rightewisne ;—  
 Covenable wellys most holsom of savour,  
 For to be tasted of every governour.

O, how these wellis, whoso take good hede,  
 Withe her lycoros most holsome to attaine,  
 Affore devised notabely indede  
 For to accordyne with the maiers name,\*  
 Wiche by report of his worthi fame,  
 That way whas besy in alle his governaunce,  
 Unto the Kyng for to do plesaunce.

Ther wher eke treen, withe levys ffresshe of hewe,  
 Alle tyme of yere, fulle of frutis lade,  
 Of colour hevenly, and ever i-liche newe,  
 Orengeis, almondis, and the pome-garnade,  
 Lymons, datez, ther colors ffresshe and glade,  
 Pipus, quinces, blaunderelle, to disport,  
 And the pome-cedre corageos to recomfort.

Eke the frutis wiche more comon be,  
 Quenynges, pechis, costardes, *etiam* wardons,  
 And other many fulle faire and ffresshe to see ;  
 The pome-watyr, and the gentylle ricardons ;  
 And ageyns hertis ffor mutigacions,  
 Damysyns wiche withe her taste delyte,  
 Fulle grete plenté bothe of blak and white.

And beside this graciose paradise,  
 And joy and gladnes for to multeplye,  
 Two old men, ffull circumspecte and wise,  
 Ther didd appere lyke ffolkes of ffayré,  
 The tone was Ennok, the toder whas Elye,  
 The kyng presentyng ther giftes ful notable,  
 That God conferme his state ay to be stabylle.

\* [John Welles.]

The first seyd, withe benigne chere,  
 Gretely desireng his prosperité,  
 That noon enmyes have in him powere,  
 Nor that no child be falce iniquité  
 Parturbed never his felicité ;  
 Thus old Ennok the processe gan welle telle,  
 And prayd for the kyng, os he rod be the welle.

Afftyr Elyas, withe his lokkes hore,  
 Seyd welle devoutly, lokyn on the kyng,  
 "God conserve the, and kepe the evermore,"  
 And make him blissed, here in erthe levying,  
 And preserve him in alle manner thing,  
 And specially amongis kyngis alle,  
 In enmyes handis that he nevir ffalle.

And att ffrountor of thees welles clere,  
 Ther whas a scripture commendying ther lycour,—  
 "3e schall draw wateris, withe good chere,  
 Oute of wellis of oure Saviour,  
 Wiche have vertu to curen alle langueres,  
 Be influence of her grete swettness,  
 Hertis avoydyng of alle ther hevyness."

Than ffrome these wellis of ffulsome abundaunce,  
 Withe ther lycoures, as eny cristalle clene,  
 The kyng rood forth, withe sober contenance,  
 Toward a castelle bylt of jasper grene,  
 Upon whos towris the sonne schone fulle schene,  
 The clerly schewed, be noble remembraunce,  
 This kynges title of Englond and of Fraunce.

Two grene treene there grewe uprighte,  
 Fro Seynt Edward and ffro Seynt Lowys,  
 The roote I take palpable to the sighte,  
 Conveyed be lynes be kynges of grete prise ;  
 Som bare leopardis, and som bare fflouredelice,  
 In nowther armes found whas ther no lak,  
 Wiche the vj.<sup>te</sup> Herry may now bere on his bak.

The degré be just successioun,  
 As trew cronycles trewly determyne,  
 Unto the kyng is now descended doune,  
 From ether parte righte as eny lyne ;  
 Upon whos hede now ffresshely dothe schyne  
 Two riche crounys most sovereing of plesaunce,  
 To bring in peese bitwene Englund and Fraunce.

Upon this castelle unto the thoder side  
 Ther whas a tree, wiche sprang ouzt of Jessé,  
 Ordeyned of God ffulle long to abyde,—  
 David crounyd ffirst for his humilité,  
 The braunchis conveyed, as men myght see,  
 Lyneally and in the genelogie,  
 To Crist Jhesu that whas born of Mary.

And why the Jessé whas sett on that party,  
 This whas the cause in especialle,  
 For next to Poullys, I dar welle specify,  
 Is the party most chef and principalle,  
 Called be Londone the chirche cathedrale,  
 Wiche ought of resone the devise to excuse,  
 To alle tho that wold ageyn it ffroune or musee.

And ffro that castelle the kyng fforthe gan him dresse  
 Towarde Poulys, chieff chirche of this citee,  
 And att Condite a lytelle and a lykenes,  
 In devisible made of the trinité,  
 A trone compassid of his rialle see,  
 Abowte wiche schortly to conclude,  
 Of hevenly aungelys were a grete multitude.

To whom whas yoven a precepte in scripture,  
 Wrote in the ffrountor of the highe stage,  
 That they schuld done their besy cure,  
 To kepe the kyng sure from alle damage,  
 In his liff here duryng alle his age,  
 His highe renoune to sprede and schine fferre,  
 And of these too remes to sesse the mortalle werre.

And last was wryten in the ffrontures,  
 "I schalle ffullefille him withe joy and habundaunce,  
 And withe lengthe of holsom yeris,  
 And I schalle schew him myne help withe alle ple-  
 And of his liegis ffeitheffulle obeisaunce, [saunce,  
 And multiplie and ecrese his lyne,  
 And make his noblesse thorowoute the world to schyne.

"Love of his people, ffavour of alle straungeris,  
 In bothe his remes pees, and rest, and unité,  
 Be influence of the ix. speris,  
 Long to contynew in his rialle see,  
 Grace to cherishe the mayr and the cité,  
 Long in his mynde to be conceyved,  
 Here God wolle that day he whas resseyved."

Comyng to Poulys, ther he lighte a doune,  
Entered the chirche ffulle demure of chere,  
And ther to mete him withe procession  
Whas the erchebisshope and the chauncellere,  
Lyncolne, and Bathe, of hoole hert and entire,  
Salisbury, Norwiche, and Ely,  
In pontificalle arrayed richely.

Ther whas the bisshope of Rouchester allso,  
The dene of Poulys, the chanons everychon,  
Of dew os thei oughte to doo,  
On procession withe the kyng to goon,  
And thoughe I canne not reherse hem on by oone,  
3et dar I sey, as in ther entent,  
To do theyre dever fulle treuly they ment.

Lyke ther estatis forthe thei gan procede,  
Withe observauncez longyng for a kyng,  
Solemplye gan him conveye in dede  
Up into the chirche withe fulle devoute singing ;  
And whan he had made his offeryng,  
The maier, the citizins, aboode and left him nou3t,  
Unto Westmynster tulle they had him brought.

Where alle the covent, in copys richely,  
Met withe him off custume as they oughte,  
The abbot afftyr most solemplye,  
Amonges the relykkes the septure ought he soughte  
Of Seynt Edward, and to the kyng it broughte,  
Thoughe it were long, large, and of grete wighte,  
Yet on his schulderis he bare it on heichte.

Into the mynsteris while alle the bellys rong,  
 Till he kome to the highe auter,  
 And fulle devoutly *Te Deum* ther whas song,  
 And the peple, glad of looke and chere,  
 Thanked God with alle her hertis entere,  
 To se their kyng withe two crownys schyne,  
 From two trewes trewly fet the lyne.

And aftyr that, this is the verray sothe,  
 Unto his paleys of kyngly apparaille,  
 Withe his lordis the kyng forthe gothe,  
 To take his rest after his travayle ;  
 And than of wisdom, wiche may so moche avayle,  
 The mayer, the citezins, wiche alle this did see,  
 Beth home repayred into her citee.

The schirevis, the aldermen in fere,  
 The Saterdag alther nexte sewyng,  
 Their meyer presentyd, withe alle ther hertis entere,  
 Goodly to be resceyved of the kyng ;  
 And att Westmynster confermed their askyng,  
 The meyre and thei withe fulle hoole entent,  
 Unto the kyng a giffit gan present.

The wiche gyfte they goodly han disposed,  
 Tooke an hampyr of gold that schene schone,  
 A M<sup>l</sup>. pound of gold therin closyd,  
 And ther withalle to the kyng they gone,  
 And ffylle on knees to-forne him everychone,  
 Fulle humblye the trouthe to devise,  
 And to the kyng the meier sayd on this wise :—



“ Most cristene prince and noble kyng, the good folke of youre most notable cité of Londone, other clepyd youre Chamber, beseching in her most lowly wise, thei mowe be recommaundyd unto youre highenes; and that it cane lyke unto youre noble grace to resceyve this litelle gift, geffen withe a good wille of trouthe and loughenes, as ever eny gyfft whas 3oven to eny erthely prince.”

Be glad, O Londone, be glad and make grete joy !  
 Citee of citees, of noblesse precellyng,  
 In thi begynneng callyd new Troy,  
 For worthinesse thank God of alle thing,  
 Wiche hast this day resceyved so thy kyng,  
 Withe many a signe and many an observaunce,  
 To encess thi name be newe remembraunce.

Suche joy whas nat in the consistori,  
 Made for the triumple withe alle the surpluage,  
 Whane Sesar Julius kom home withe his viciory,  
 Ne for the conquest of Sipion in Carthage,  
 As London made, in every maner age,  
 Oute of Fraunce att home komyng,  
 Into this citee of their noble kyng.

Of vij. thingis I prayse this cité,  
 Of trew menyng and ffeytheffulle observaunce,  
 Of rightewissnes, trouthe, and equité,  
 Off stabylnes, ay kept in lyegeaunce,  
 And ffor of vertu thou hast suche suffisaunce,  
 In this land here and other landes alle,  
 The kynges chamber of custum men it calle.



## L'ENVOYE.

O noble meyer, be it unto your plesaunce,  
 And to alle that duelle in this cité,  
 On my rudnesse and on myne ignorance,  
 Of grace and mercy for to have pitee,  
 My simple makyng for to take at gree,  
 Considre this that in most lowly wise,  
 My wille were good for to do yow servise.

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## ON THE MUTABILITY OF HUMAN AFFAIRS.

FROM MS. Q. F. 8, fol. 25, in the Library of Jesus College,  
 Cambridge. Other copies are in MS. Harl. 2251, fol. 15; MS.  
 Harl. 2255, fol. 3; and MS. Ashm. 59.

## ALL STANT IN CHAUNGE LIKE A MYDSOMER ROSE.

LAT no man bost of konning nor vertue,  
 Of tresoure, riches, nor of sapience,  
 Of worldly support; for all cometh of Jhesu—  
 Conseul, confort, discrecion, and prudence.  
 Provysion for sight and provydence,  
 Like as the Lorde of Grace list dispose;  
 Some man hath wisdom, some man hath eloquence:  
 All stant in chaunge like a mydsomer rose.

Holsom in smelling be the swete floures,  
 Full dilectable outwarde to the sight;  
 The thorne is sharp kevered with fresshe colours;  
 All is not golde that outward shewith bright.

A stokefisshe boon in dirkenes geveth a light ;  
 Twene fayre and foule, as God list to dispose ;  
 A difference betwix day and nyght :  
 All stant in chaunge like a mydsomer rose.

Floures open upon every grene,  
 When the larke, messengere of day,  
 Salveth the uprist of the sonne shene,  
 Most amerosly in April and in May.  
 And Aurora, ageyne, the morowe gray,  
 Causith the daysy hir croune to uncloze,  
 Worldly gladnes is melled with affray :  
 All stant in change like a mydsomer rose.

Atwene cokkowe and the nyghtingale  
 There is a maner of straunge difference ;  
 On fressh braunches syngith the wodwale ;  
 Jayes in musike have small experience ;  
 Clatering pyes, whan tha come in presence,  
 Most malapert there verdit to purpose ;  
 All thing hath favoure, breifly in sentence,  
 Of soft or sharpe, like a mydsomer rose.

The royall lyon lete call a perlement,  
 All beestes aboute hym every on ;  
 The wolf of malys, being ther present,  
 Upon the lambe compleynyng ageyn reson,—  
 Saide he maade his water unholysom,  
 His tender stomake to hinder and undispose,—  
 Ravynours reyng the innocent is borne downe :  
 All stant in chaunge like a mydsomer rose.

All worldly thing braidith upon tyme ;  
 The sonne chaungith, so doth the pale mone ;  
 The aureat noumbre in kalenders set for prime ;  
 Fortune is double, dooth favour for no boone.  
 And who that hath with that quene to doon,  
 Contraiously she will his chaunge dispose ;  
 Who sittith highest moost like to fall soon :  
 All stant in chaunge like a mydsomer rose.

The golden chayre of Phebus in the eyre  
 Chasith mistis blake, that thay dar not appere ;  
 At whos uprist mounteyns be maade so feyre,  
 As thei were newly gilt with his bemys clere.  
 The night doth folowe, appallith all his chere,  
 Whan Western wawis his stremys overclose ;  
 Reken all beauté, all fresshnes that is here,—  
 All stant in chaunge like a mydsomer rose.

Constreynt of colde makith floures dare  
 With winter frostes, that thei dar not appere ;  
 All clad in russet, the soil of grene is bare ;  
 Tellus and Ymo be dullid of their chere.  
 By revolucion and turnyng of the yere,  
 A gery march his stondis doth disclose ;      [clere,  
 Nowe reyne, nowe storme, nowe Phebus bright and  
 All stant in chaunge like a mydsomer rose.

Where is nowe David, the moost worthy kyng  
 Of Juda and Israel, moost famous and notable ?  
 And where is Salamon, moost sovereyn of kunning,  
 Richest of bylding, of tresoure incomperable ;

Face of Absolon, moost fayre, moost amable ?  
 Reken up ichoon, of trouth make no glose ;  
 Reken up Jonathas, of frenship immutable ;  
 All stant in chaunge like a mydsomer rose.

Where is Julius, proudest in his empire,  
 With his triumphes moost imperiall ?  
 Where is Pirrus, that was lord and sire  
 Of Ynd, in his estate royall ?  
 And where is Alexander, that conquerid all,  
 Failed laiser his testament to dispose ;  
 Nabigodonosor, or Sadociopall ?  
 All stant in chaunge like a mydsomer rose.

Where is Tullius with his sugrid tonge,  
 Or Crisostomus with his golden mouthe ?  
 The aureat dytees, that he rade and songe,  
 Of Omerus in Grece, both North and South ?  
 The tragidés divers and unkouth  
 Of morall Senec, the misteries to unclose,  
 By many example is full kouth ;  
 All stant on chaunge like a mydsomer rose.

Where been of Fraunce all the dozepiere,  
 Which in Gaule had the governaunce ;  
 Vowis of pecok, with all ther proude chere ;  
 The worthy nyne, with all ther high bobbaunce ;  
 Trojan knyghtes, grettest of allyaunce ;  
 The flees of golde conquerid in Colchos ;  
 Rome and Cartage, moost soverayn of puisaunce ?  
 All stant on chaunge like a mydsomer rose.

Put in a som all marciall policy !

Complete in Affrike and boundis of Cartage ;  
 The Theban legeon, exsample of Chyvalry,  
 At Rodomus ryver was expert there corage.  
 Ten thousand knyghtes, borne of grete parage,  
 The martirdome rade in metre and prose ;  
 The golden crownes maade in the hevenly stage  
 Fressher then lilies, or ony somer rose.

The remembraunce of every famous knyght,—

Ground considred bilt on rightwissnes ;  
 Rais oute iche quarell that is not bilt on right ;  
 Withoute trowth what vailith high noblesse ?  
 Laurear of martirs, foundid on holynes !  
 White was maade reede there triumphes to disclose ;  
 The white lillye was there chaast clennes ;  
 Theirre bloody sufferaunce was no somer rose.

It was the rose of the bloody felde ;

Rose of Jhericho that grue in Bedlem ;  
 The fyve rosis portraid in the shelde,  
 Splaid in the baner at Jherusalem.  
 The sonne was clips and dirke in every reme,  
 Whan Crist Jhesu five wellys list unclose,  
 Toward Paradise, callid the reede streme,  
 Of whos five woundes prynte in your herte a rose.

---

ADVICE TO AN OLD GENTLEMAN WHO WISHED  
FOR A YOUNG WIFE.

THE following poem is one of the best specimens of Lydgate's composition. It is taken from MS. Harl. 372, fol. 45-51; and is, I believe, the only copy of it known to exist. The subject is a very favourite one of the time, and a somewhat similar poem was printed by Wynkyn de Worde, under the title of "The Complaunte of them that ben to late maryed."

---

THE PROHEMY OF A MARIAGE BETWIX AN OLDE MAN  
AND A YONGE WIFE, AND THE COUNSAIL, &c.

A PHILOSOPHRE, a good clerk seculer,  
Had a frend that sumwhat was aged,  
In suche tymes as wyttes wex uncler,  
Whiche frend of his was at last encoraged,  
By flateres that by plesaunce hym faged,  
To have a wife, as happethe oftyne tyme,  
Where that requethe this fage this sory cryme.

And yet the man wolde his counsel take,  
Of his trewe frende, the clerk that I of tolde,  
Whiche was ful fayne feithful counsel to make,  
For he was scient, expert, and ful bolde;  
And spared nat the man thouhe he were olde,  
For he set not by his wrethe a whistel,  
But wrot to hym this esuyng epistel.

Myn olde dere frend, whi aske ye me counsaile?  
If ye shal wedde to plesaunce of your lif,

Fayne wolde ye wyte, if it were for availe  
 For you to have a goodly one to wyf,—  
 Yong, ffreshe, and fair, to stynt almaner strif,  
 To your semyng, and ye be ronne in age,  
 Which other men calle bondage and dotage.

Take good leyser or thou have mariage,  
 Be avised on Justynes counsail,  
 The long cart offte hath hevy cariage,  
 War placebo, leave hym for thine avail.  
 After the knot it helpeth nat to bewail,  
 Thanne is to late to sey, if I had wiste,  
 Thynk on the end thouhe never so muche the liste.

Remembre wele on olde January,  
 Whiche maister Chauuceres ful seriously descryveth,  
 And on fresshe May, and how Justyne did vary,  
 Fro placebo, but yet the olde man wyveth;  
 Thus sone he wexeth blynde, and than outhryveth  
 Fro worldly joye, for he sued bad doctryne;  
 Thenk on Damyan, Pluto, and Proserpyne.

Thenk wisely thus, I have but yeres fewe,  
 And feble I am, and febler shal bee;  
 If it me happe be coupled to a shrewe,  
 My dayes are done, I may not flyt ne flee;  
 To shorte my lif and make bonde that was free,  
 Become prentise and newe to go to scole;  
 Why shulde I so than, were I but a fole?



Thou seist to me that she is ful demure,  
 And for thi luf dothe moorne, weepe, and sihe ;  
 I say an hauke comethe oftyn unto lure,  
 Whan that a kyte atal wol not come nyghe ;  
 A curre berkethe and fleethe for he is slighe,  
 The tauht grehound may sone be ledde away,  
 Wepyng is wayt, vengeable this no nay.

Thou answerist me, thou maist none other do ;  
 I sey to the, thou myhtest if thou wolde ;  
 Thou seist ageyne, constreyned I am therto ;  
 And I sey efte, that many a coke is colde  
 Whiche is aged ; and many a cok is olde  
 On the dungehil, and mayntenethe al his flokke,  
 But alle oure eyren comen of the yong cokke.

Thou seist me thus, now in my tyme of age  
 I am feble, and need good help to have,  
 To keep my good ; I sey thou seist dotage,  
 Seest thou not ofte a wedowe wed a knave ;  
 And that the good man hadde that shal he have,  
 At least the yong that can hym well bestere,  
 Thus may thi man at thi pelouhe appere.

Is ther no man that thou may on truste  
 To keep thi good ? is no man trewe at al ?  
 Ful ofte a wife is a broken poste,  
 And he that lenethe may lihtly cache a fal :  
 One prively she lovethe in especial ;  
 Whan the man deiethe, ful often tyme is seene,  
 Riht sone aftyr, ho before loved hathe beene.



Bethenk on this the fal of thi colour,  
 Thy skyn sumtyme was ful, now is it slakke,  
 For eyen and nose the nedethe a mokadour,  
 Or sudary ; now coorbed is thi bakke ;  
 Or sone shal bene as pedeler to his pakke,  
 Thi chekes hangen, thyn eyene wax read as wyne,  
 And wel belyned with good read tartaryne.

Thy mone pynnes bene lyche old yvory,  
 Here are stumpes feble and her are none,  
 Holes and gappes ther are, I nowe for why,  
 The harpe discordethe for the pynnes are gone,  
 Two and thretty made of ful myhti bone,  
 Whiche thou haderst telle, weel and see what faillethe,  
 And loke aboute to wive if it availlethe.

Loke sone after a potent and spectacle,  
 Be not ashamed to take hem to thyn ease,  
 And than to wyving be thou nat racle,  
 Beware of hast thouhe she behest to please,  
 For whil she levethe thou lyvest but in disease,  
 And castethe one to chese to hir delite,  
 That may better astaunche hir appetite.

And where thou seist thou hast a stomak colde,  
 Therefore thou must have one to lig thertoo,  
 For to be sekyr, not to be cokolde,—  
 Hete thi pelow, this counsel I the to doo ;  
 And no invencle, for if thou say thus loo,  
 Yong womman may do more than fyere heet,  
 She thynketh thi colde for hir is nothing meet.

Thou tellest me ofte that thouhe thou aged be,  
 Thou hast gret lust and that thou felest wele.  
 Abated sone may it be, telle I the,  
 Sone hast thou done, it is not worthe a dele :  
 Ful esily thou may thi corage kele,  
 Be nat to hasty to venge the on thi foo,  
 Rise up, go walk, and than is al a goo.

Thou seist thou haddist in yong age wantonnesse,  
 Therefore in olde age the nedithe have trewe spousaille.  
 Canst thou no better come to holynesse,  
 Than lese thiself al for a tikeltaylle ?  
 Ful wery wil she be for hir avaylle,  
 For lust and good if summe better can pay,  
 Whereby she bidethe thi passage every day.

War the sicknesse that called is the pank,  
 A terme of court for the tide bitte no man,  
 A maladie called *male de flank*,  
 A bocche that nedeth a good cirurgian ;  
 And but he be, she wol have men that can,  
 That hathe the crafte and the kunnyng pure,  
 To make a parfytt and a redy cure.

Thou tolde me, frende, I herd it of thiselfe,  
 That thou kneuhest one, nameles of me as nowhe,  
 Unsatisfied a day in tymes twelfe,  
 Whan xij. plowmen ered at the plowhe  
 She had sikenesse, I wot not where nen houhe,  
 But thou calledest it the fevere of the crevil,  
 Nyne tyme a nyhte she had the wicked evyl.

Put nat the wyte of this tale upon me,  
 That I forged it upon my hed,  
 For I herd it first of al of the,  
 And than of othere ful ofte in many a steed.  
 Many an ave, and many an hooly beed,  
 Myht thou say, and praye for them may,  
 If thou myht wynne so fair a weddyng day.

Thi lusty leapes of thi coragious age,  
 Thei are agoo thi rennyng and thi trippes,  
 In thi forehed fele fridayes this no fage,  
 Farwele the rudde that was upon thi lippes ;  
 Unweldy wol thei be, bothe knees and hippes,  
 Fele wel thiself, and parceyve every dele,  
 For wommans eye al this parceyveth well.

Thei can ful wele aspye in every syde,  
 He berethe a name of godes and richesse,  
 Thouhe she be yong, yet wol she wele abide,  
 Uncoupled to a fresshe man of innesse,  
 And take a buffard riche of gret vilesse,  
 In hope that he shal sterve withynne a while,  
 After to have a yong one al bygyle.

Than is ther crafte, whan she begynne to feyne  
 As thowhe she loved the olde man al of herte,  
 Halsethe and kissethe and wol hym not with-seyne,  
 But flaterethe fast that goode now nat asterte ;  
 But she have al than, thouhe he be nat querte,  
 But turn up too and caste his clook away,  
 That is to sey she carethe nat thouhe he dey.

She wol the chastise, if thou love honesté ;  
 Voydyng slaundre, wyte the of gelousye ;  
 Doute nat than but rebuked shalt thou be,  
 She wol make men wonder on thi bodye ;  
 Liche confessoures thei wil rowne pryvelye  
 With other men, as it were gret counsail,  
 Long and often ; war than the countertaile.

Wenest thou nat ther wol be mekil stryve,  
 Who shal have maistrie and the sovereynté,  
 By trewe conquest betwix the and thi wife,  
 Who shal prevail ? for sothe it wol be she !  
 Elles pease and rest out of thine hous shal fle,  
 And mydnythe, matynes, evensong, prime, and houres,  
 She wol the syng and weepe, sharp are thoo shoures !

And yet summe wyves wol fallen to consent  
 Men to be maistres, so wommen have her wille ;  
 That must nede be, or elles harm shal be hent,  
 The husband must his wyves wille fulfille ;  
 And who so yevethe counsel but not ther-tille,  
 She makethe hym werer, for sume haten ful sore  
 Such as ther husbandes loven and no man more.

Ther was a wife that vii. husbandes hadde,  
 And for vj. she wepte nat whan thei deied ;  
 But for the sevent she wept and was ful sadde,  
 Wherefore hir neighbures merveyled, and hir preied  
 To telle the cause, and thus to hem she seied,—  
 “I may wele weep, and cause I have ther-to  
 To care and moorne, with me standethe so.

“ Of vj. husbandes whan thei were on bere,  
 Was never none that passed unto grave,  
 But I was purveied, whil he lyved here,  
 Of a newe one ; but now, so God me save !  
 I am onpurveyed, and wot never whom to have ;  
 Thus must I moorne, for I am destitute,  
 For now no man to me makethe ony sute ! ”

Lo! lo! my frend, take tent to this womman,  
 That sex tymes had such purveyaunce ;  
 Siker betymes, as many of them can,  
 And namely in this case of chevysaunce,  
 Make thou no doute but thou may leed the daunce  
 Of Makabre, and the mene-while thi wife  
 Is syker of suche as she loved in thi life.

She wol perhappous maken hir avowe,  
 That she wol take the mantle and the ryng,  
 Whil thou levest, whan she knowethe wel y-nowe,  
 Thou shalt be dede and have thi buryeng ;  
 But yet she takethe the man and eek the thyng,  
 And hir husband disceyveth, allas ! meschaunce !  
 Til she be syker of goode to hir pleasaunce.

Thi wif wol be ful wyly, douht it nouhte,  
 She lokethe aboute whil thou lyvest here,  
 Where hir acquytaunce is, it shal be souhte,  
 Most goodly persone, most leve and dere,  
 That hir best likethe ; and whan thou art on bere,  
 She thynkethe wel that one is yet alyve,  
 That she mowe truste wol have hir unto wyve.

Thus is she redy, whanever it shal befalle,  
 Ther is hir mynde til mariage be made.  
 Par case thi men in mynde she kepethe hem alle,  
 Perhappous one is loved that wol not fade ;  
 She cherisshethe hym, to hym hir hert is glade,  
 He bidethe, she bidethe, at last the knot is knyt,  
 Thei have thi good ; lewde man, wher is thi wytte ?

Puraventure thou hatest thi servaunt,  
 Puraventure thi wife she loveth hym best,  
 Puraventure with good she wol hym daunt,  
 And meryly he shal slepe in thy nest ;  
 Whan thou art dead, in thi bed shal he rest ;  
 And he and she shal have lond, fee, and foode :  
 Avaunt rebel of the sore gotten goode !

He is a persone, she thynkethe, of fair figure,—  
 A yong rotour, redy to hir pleasier,  
 Hyr eyen she fixethe on him, this is ful sure,  
 And lokkethe hym in hir herte hoote as fier,—  
 And seethe the olde, hir colde and cowherand syer ;  
 Thou gost thi ways into a fer cuntré,  
 Thi lewde servaunt thi successour shal be.

She wol ordeyne by menes ful dyvers,  
 That the kyng, or som gret lord, shal wryte  
 To hir lettres, hir hert ful sore to pers,  
 Coriously and craftly to endyte  
 For him, to whom was hir appetite,  
 Beforn yoven, peraventure, many a day,  
 Askauns she may nat to the lettres sey nay.

This is the wyle of the womman wyly,  
 For she wol have hir wille at al hir lust ;  
 Thou wenest wel but she is ful gyly,—  
 Thou art deceyved whanne thou best gynnest to trust ;  
 Thou thynkest hir pollished whan she is ful of rust,  
 Whil thou art here in hert she cherisshethe other,  
 As thouhe it were hir cosyn or hir brother.

But be wel ware of feyned cosynage,  
 And gossiprede, and myhte of mayntenaunce,  
 And lordes lettres, and ravisshyng, and rage,  
 For these are coloures and menes of myschaunce,  
 Wherby thi wif shal have to hir plesaunce  
 One or other, suche as she list to have  
 In dyverse wise, whan thou art gone to grave.

To make herof a confirmacioun,  
 Lo ! here a tale, and prynte it in thi mynde,  
 Of a riche man who, by commoun relacioun,  
 Had gret power and myhte, both lose and bynde,  
 In his cuntree ; yet, after cours of kynde,  
 He was aged, and drouhe unto dotage,  
 As olde men done that drawe to mariage.

At last ther was one aspired oute,  
 Goodly of port, that had experience  
 Wel of the world, that semed ful devoute,  
 Humble, sobre, nortured with reverence,—  
 A fair womman, save that indigence  
 She was sumdele, that is for to say,  
 She was nat riche and she was nat to gay.



This man was called Decembre of name,  
 And gan to feble moche as age it wolde,  
 But the woman kept hir out of blame,  
 Ful wilyly, riht lusty, and not olde ;  
 Hir name was July, hardly she was not colde,  
 By cause of age, and feat was hir array,  
 And after good she longed nyhte and day.

He had knowlage of hir bi his espyes,  
 And gat leiser to se hir prevylye,  
 And spak with hir y-nowhe onys or twyes,  
 And askid hir if she myht feithfullie  
 Luf him of herte, and, morover, fynallye  
 Become his wife, by spousayle fortunate,—  
 Notwithstandyng his richesse and estate.

And with that worde she fel ful humbely  
 Unto the grounde, and seid, “ wold God of myhte  
 “ I had be borne, by influence hevenly,  
 So fortunate, that I myhte of rihte  
 Do trewe servyce, as ancille ever in sihte  
 Unto hir lord, and spare for non age,  
 Whiche was never apt to suche a mariage !

“ For to be coupled to so hihe astate,  
 I am unable, I am not apt thereto,  
 So to presume, but that erly and late  
 It sittethe me wele in other wise to do ;  
 That if ye had a wife, yf it were so,  
 That gelosesye wold not me disdeyne,  
 I wolde hir serve and you and hir obeyne.”



Whan this was seide, his hert began to melt,  
 For veray sweme of this swemeful tale ;  
 Aboute his hert he thoughte he gan to swelt,  
 So loved he hir, he wex bothe colde and pale ;  
 And from his eyen the terys fel cleere and smale,  
 As aged men wol lightly weep for routhe,  
 And seid, "my luf, gramercy, up my trouthe.

" Save for iij. thynges that I am gylyt inne,  
 Shulde never erdely thyng maw make me lette,  
 But that I wolde our mariage begynne,  
 Which iij. thynges have me aside so sette,  
 Fro al spousail withe wheche never yet I mette,  
 So that as yet alle wedlok I denye,  
 For whiche iij. thynges I can no remedye."

" No remedy," quod she, " God it forbede,—  
 That were mervail and a wonder thyng,  
 Unto a sore with salve men must take hede,  
 And for sikenesse men medycyne must bryng.  
 I praye you, lorde, yf it be your likyng,  
 Telle me alle thre, and a confortatife  
 And remedye I shal make, up my life."

And with this worde he wex glad in his hert,  
 And wex mery and bolde to telle alle oute,  
 As Sampson did, whil he was hole and quert,  
 When Dalida compassed him aboute,  
 That Philistees ran in upon a route,  
 And for al strengthe that Gad yaf hym before,  
 Thei hym captived, whereby he was y-lore.

This man for trust of femynyne promysse,  
 Wolde telle out alle, in semblable wise,  
 "For sothe," quod he," ij. thynges ther been amysse  
 That I wol telle, bene of a sory syse,  
 I am sone wrothe and angry, this my guyse,  
 The secund is ful wrothe withoutyn cause,  
 These tweyne foul thynges are closid in a clause."

Quod she, "Good lorde, can ye no remedye  
 For these ij. poyntes, that bene easy and smale ;  
 In good feithe, sire, I cane ful sone aspye  
 Salve for suche sores ; she is a feble female, [tale  
 That talkethe suche read ; good lorde, telle on your  
 Of your thrid poynt, myn herte mery to make,  
 And up my soule I shal al undirtake."

"The thridde," quod he, "nay I may not for shame ;"  
 "Why sir," quod she, "seith on, upon my life."  
 "Forsothe," quod he, "as touchinge chambre game,  
 It were ful hard for me to have a wife ;  
 But I were able, we shuld ever stond in strife ;  
 And wel I wote that I am impotent,  
 Thus must I nedes, allas ! be contynent."

And with that worde she cauhte hym in hir armes,  
 And halsed hym and kissed hym ful swete ;  
 Lo ! suche bene the wyly womens charmes,  
 And with his berde he frusshed hir mouthe un-mete,  
 Thus sone ayen she fel doun at his fete,  
 And seide, "dere lorde, this is the laste of alle  
 Your seid iij. poyntes, that myht here aftyr falle."

“Ya,” quod he. “Ya, syr, upon my feithe,”  
 Quod she, “drede nat, I undertake these thre ;  
 Chiefly of alle for the third poynt,” she seithe,  
 “I make warant, for ful on-wise is she  
 That cannot counsel in suche juparté,  
 Myn owne dere lorde, take me unto your grace,  
 To stande in favoure of your weel favoured face.”

“Now than,” quod he, “in this condicion,  
 To you, dere herte, my veray trouthe I plihte  
 As to my spouse.” And, withoute more sermone,  
 Thei drouhe handes, as weddyng askethe of rihte ;  
 What shuld I lenger tary ? soone was dihte,  
 Al that wedlok askethe and spowsayles,  
 Al was redy to plesaunt apparailles.

The day was comen of the solempnyté ;  
 What shulde I speke of the feest and array ?  
 It were to gret a laboure unto me,  
 And my paper it conteyne ne may ;  
 But that at laste forthe passed was the day,  
 And nyht cam on, and eche man took his leve,  
 An unto bed them must whan it was eve.

The worthi man, as it cam hym of age,  
 He toke a slepe, al nyhte he was in rest  
 With wery bones, but his wife of corage  
 Wolde have be fed, as brid in the nest ;  
 She het his bak to halse hym thouhte hir best,  
 But al for nouhte was al hir contenance,  
 The man was of a gentle governaunce.

And a man of sadde religioun,  
 He kept the nyhte in peas and silence,  
 He brak no covenaut nen condicioun,  
 That he with hir made first by his prudence;  
 But sobrelly he kept his contynence,  
 I dare wel sey ther was no speke y-broke,  
 Nor wrestelyng wherby he was y-wroke.

But also pleyne was his bedde at the morwe,  
 As at even so was he nortured wele.  
 But the womman was woo, I dare be borwe,  
 For cherisshyng was withdrawe every dele;  
 She was hungry and wold have had hir mele,  
 As appetyt ran on in hir corage,  
 For she smelled flesshe, thouhe it was of age.

Whan it was day and lihte the chambre spradde,  
 She hir bethouhte and seide, "good syr, awake;"  
 She rogged on hym, and was nothyng a-dradde,  
 And badde hym turne hym for his wives sake,  
 "What, syr," quod she, "wol ye no merthes make  
 Of cherisshyng, as other men doon alle,  
 When suche neightes of mariage befalle?"

He turned hym and herd al hir entente,  
 Merveillyng that she suche mater meved,  
 Not disposed to ony turnemente,  
 He was agast, and in hert was agreved.  
 "What, wife!" quod he, "I wend I had beleved,  
 And myht have trusted to your iij. remedies,  
 And trewe covenawnt withoute flateryes."

"Flateries!" quod she, "nay, syr, not soo,  
 It is of earnest that I to you seid,  
 I wol you telle, or that ye ferther goo,  
 Al that I mente I am nothing dismayd;  
 I have you nat begyled nen betrayd,  
 As to your poyntes thre thynges spoken in fere,  
 I shal rehersen pleyntyly myne answer.

"Ye seide to me that ye wolde sone be wrothe,  
 I seide ageyn I cowde a remedye,  
 That is to sey, be ye never so lothe,  
 I wol myself be moche more angrye;  
 Sette one ayens anothe hardilye,  
 And se aboute of that that may you greve,  
 For I yef nat of al that wrethe may meve.

"And where ye sey ye wol be wrothe also,  
 Withouten cause, hardily it shal not nede;  
 Ye shal have cause y-nouhe where so ye go,  
 In thouhte and worde ye shal not faile indede!  
 How long agoo lerned ye, Crist crosse me spede!  
 Have ye no more lernyd of youre *a b c*,  
 Whan that ye list ye shal have cause plenté.

"To the thrid poynt of whiche ye gan to meve,  
 That was grettest to your jugement,  
 And me thouhte it, if ye wol me beleve,  
 It the leste of alle that were y-ment;  
 Of chambre werk we carped of assent,  
 And wel ye wote by holy chirches lawe,  
 Dette must be payd by othe, sothe is this sawe.

“ But good fayre sir, God hathe you endued  
 With gret richesse, silver, gold, and fee ;  
 That if payment of dette be so remewed,  
 For noun power that it wol not be,  
 Ye may, by godes of your prosperyté,  
 Hire one that may fulfille al that in dede ;  
 Thus shal we never lak help at aloure nede.”

“ Was this your wytte ? ” quod the cely man.  
 “ Ya, sir, ” quod she, “ theseoure remedies ;  
 Now also mot I thryve ; ” and the saide he than,  
 “ I can nat se, for alle wittes and espyes,  
 And craft and kunnyng, but that the male so wryes,  
 That no kunnyng may prevayl and appere,  
 Ayens a wommans wytt, and hir aunswere.”

“ Allas, ” quod he, “ this is an insolible ;  
 If I strogel, slaundred shal I be ;  
 To satisfye it is but impossible,—  
 It may not be parformed as for me,  
 What eyled me, lord, maryed for to be,  
 Or for to trust to promysse femynyne,  
 Sithe not is golde al that as golde dothe shyne.

“ Appeles and peres that semen very gode,  
 Ful ofte tyme are roten by the core ;  
 I myhte be ware, if I hadde not be wode,  
 Of Adam, Sampson, and other me before ;  
 Davyd, Salamon, in liche wise were y-lore ;  
 Eve, Dalida, beauteous Bersabé,  
 And concubynes they myhte have warned me.

" But now ther is no more to saye,  
 I se dame July must nedes haf hir wille !  
 If I dissente, and if I make affray,  
 I have the wers, thouhe I have rihte and skylle ;  
 I must hir wille ayens my wylle fulfille,  
 Evyr leve in shame, and that is al my woo,  
 Farewele, fortune, my joye is al agoo ! "

Nowe is this tale done, and brouhte to ende,  
 Of Januaris brother, and olde Decembre,  
 And of dame July ; wherefore, myn olde dere frende,  
 This counseil I, that ye you wol remembre,  
 That if ye mowe chastise your carnal membre,  
 For to leve soul and keep you contynent,  
 Ne weddeth not at al, be myn assent.

And as for yssu and heyres to youre goode,  
 Ther are y-nowe, thouhe ye have none at alle.  
 Selle youre godes for coigne that is to goode,  
 Do almesse dedes where nede is specialle ;  
 And elles, my frende, sey who is he that shalle  
 Make you yssu and begete you an heyr,  
 That ye your lif ne shorte nen yt appeyr.

And he that may not keep hym contynent,  
 As seith seynt Poule, lat him wedded be ;  
 For better is rather than to be brent  
 To be wedded, but, frend, I trowe that ye  
 Have no more nede to suche fragilité  
 In this youre age, if ye wel discerné,  
 Than hathe a blynde man of a brihte lanterne.



And ever thynk wel on this proverb trewe,  
 Remembryng on age by ony weye,  
 That veray dotage in olde age wol the sewe,  
 That the first yere wedlokk is called pleye,  
 The second dreye, and the thrid yere deye;  
 This is a mery lif to have amonge,  
 It is ful fayre, if ye abide so longe.

This is the ende of trewe relacioun,  
 If thou wol wedde, and to be sette amys,  
 If thou therto have gret temptacioun,  
 Lifte up thyn handes, and with thi fynGRES blysse  
 And praye to God, that thou mut thynk on this  
 Litel lessoun, and keepe it in thi mynde,  
 And hardly it shal away as wynde.

## L'ENVOYE.

Go pety quaier, and war where thou appere,  
 In aunter that thou tourne unto displesaunce,  
 Of joly bodies, that labouren fer and neer,  
 To bryng olde men to her mortal myschaunce;  
 To that entente that after variaunce,  
 Fro lif to dethe, withinne a litle stounde,  
 By sotyl crafte a morsel or pitaunce,  
 A rustiler shal sone be redy founde.

Thy wordes, quayer, ar trewe, this no dowte,  
 Wherbi wisemen, if thei wol, may be ware,



And for popholy and vyce loke wel aboute,  
 That rybaudy wol calle thi wordes bare ;  
 Laboure thiself for to kepe out of snare,  
 Cely dotardes, lat this be thyne entent ;  
 Farewel and worcke, as ferforthe as thou dare,  
 That life and godes take none abreggement.

---

BALLAD ON THE FORKED HEAD DRESSES  
 OF LADIES.

THIS Ballad has been printed by Sir Harris Nicolas, and in the "Reliquiæ Antiquæ;" but its curiosity demands its insertion in this collection. The present version is from MS. Oxon. Laud. D. 31. N. 683. Bernard, 798; other copies are in MS. Rawl. Oxon. C. 86; MS. Bib. Coll. Jes. Cantab. Q. F. 8, fol. 27; MS. Harl. 2255; MS. Voss. Lugd. 359; and the first four stanzas in MS. Harl. 2251.

---

HERE GYNNETH A DYTÉ OF WOMENHIS HORNYS.

OFF God and kynde procedith al bewté ;  
 Crafft may shewe a foreyn apparence ;  
 But nature ay must have the sovereynté.  
 Thyng countirfeet hath noon existence.  
 Tween gold and gossomer is greet dyfference ;  
 Trewe metalle requeryth noon allay ;  
 Unto purpos by cleer experyence,  
 Beuté wol shewe, thogh hornys wer away.

Ryche attyres of stonys and perré,  
 Charbonclys, rubyes of moost excellence,  
 Shewe in darknesse lyght where so they be,  
 By ther natural hevenly influence.

Doublettys of glass yeve a gret evydence,  
 Thyng counterfeet wol fayler at assay ;  
 On this mater concludyng in sentence,  
 Beuté wol shewe, thogh hornes were away.

Aleyn remembreth, his compleynt who lyst see,  
 In his book of famous elloquence ;  
 Clad al in flours and blosmes of a tre  
 He sauhe nature in hir moost excellence,  
 Upon hir hed a kerche of Valence,  
 Noon other richesse of counterfet array ;  
 T'exemplyfie by kyndely provydence,  
 Beuté wol shewe, thogh hornes were away.

Famous poetis of antyquyté,  
 In Grece and Troye renomede of prudence,  
 Wrot of Queen Heleyne and Penelope,  
 Of Pollycene, with hir chast innocence ;  
 For wyves trewe calle Lucrece to presence ;  
 That they wer faire ther can no man sey nay ;  
 Kynde wrouht hem with so gret dyllygence,  
 Ther beuté kouth hornys wer cast away.

Clerkys recorde, by gret auctoryté,  
 Hornes wer yove to bestys for dyffence ;  
 A thyng contrarye to femynyté,  
 To be maad sturdy of resystence.  
 But arche wives, egre in ther vyolence,  
 Fers as tygres for to make affray,  
 They have despit, and ageyn concyence,  
 Lyst nat of pryde, then hornes cast away.

## L'ENVOYE.

Noble princessis, this litel schort dyté,  
 Rudely compyled, lat it be noon offence  
 To your womanly mercifulle pyté,  
 Though it be rad in your audyence ;  
 Peysed every thyng in your just advertence,  
 So it be noon dysplesaunce to your pay ;  
 Under support of your pacyence,  
 Yeveth example hornes to cast away.

Grettest of vertues ys humylyté,  
 As Salamon seith, sonne of sapyence,  
 Most was accepted onto the Deyté,  
 Taketh heed herof, yevethe to his wordis credence,  
 How Maria, whiche hadde a premynence  
 Above alle women, in Bedlem whan she lay,  
 At Crystys birthe no cloth of gret dispence,  
 She wered a kovercheef, hornes wer cast away.

Off birthe she was hihest of degré,  
 To whom alle angellis dyd obedyence ;  
 Of Davidis lyne wich sprang out of Jessé,  
 In whom alle vertues by just conveyence,  
 Maad stable in God by gostly confydence,  
 This rose of Jericho, ther grewh non suyche in May,  
 Pore in spirit, parfit in pacyence,  
 In whom alle hornes of pride wer put away.

Modyr of Jhesu, myroure of chastyté,  
 In woord nor thouht that nevere dyd offence ;

Trewe examplire of virgynyte,  
 Hed spryng and welle of parfit contynence ;  
 Was never clerk by rethoryk nor scyence  
 Koude alle hir vertues reherse onto this day ;  
 Noble pryncessis of meek benyvolence,  
 Be example of hir your hornes cast away.

---

LYDGATE'S APPLICATION TO THE DUKE OF  
 GLOUCESTER FOR MONEY.

THREE copies of this poem are in the British Museum, MS. Harl. 2251 ; MS. Harl. 2255 ; and MS. Lansd. 699. The following is from the first of these MSS. It has been printed by Sir Harris Nicolas under a different title, and without any notice of what appears to have been the original cause of Lydgate's application.

---

LITERA DOMPNI JOHANNIS LYDGATE MONACHI MONASTERII  
 SANCTI EDMUNDI DE BURY, MISSA AD DUCEM GLOUCESTRIE  
 IN TEMPORE TRANSLACIONIS LIBRI BOCHASII PRO  
 OPORTUNITATE PECUNIE.

RIGHT myghty prince, and it be youre wille,  
 Condescende leyser for to take  
 To se th' entent of this litel bille,  
 Whiche whan I wrote my hand felt I quake.  
 Tokyn of mournyng I wered clothis blake,  
 Cause my purs was falle in grete rerage,  
 Lyneng outward, his guttis were out shake,  
 Only for lak of plate and of coyngnage.

I sought lechis for a restauratif,  
 In whom I fonde no counsolacioune  
 To a poticary for a confortatyf,  
 Dragge nor dya was none in Bury towne,

Bottum of his stomak was tourned up so downe,  
 A laxatif dide hym so grete outrage,  
 Made hym slendir by a consumptiounne,  
 Only for lak of plate and coyngnage.

Shippe was ther none, nor saile rod of hewe,  
 The wynd froward to make hym therto lond,  
 The floode was passed and sodainly of newe  
 A lowe ground ebbe was fast by the strond,  
 That no maryner durst take on hond  
 To cast an anker, for straytnes of passage ;  
 The custom skars, as folke may undrestond,  
 Only for lak of plate and of coyngnage.

There was no token sent downe from the towre,  
 As any gossomer the countrepase was light,  
 A fretyng etyk caused his langure  
 By a cotidian, whiche hield hym day and nyght.  
*Sol et luna* was clipped of hir light,  
 Ther was no crosse, ne prynte of no visage,  
 His lyneng derk, there were no platis bright,  
 Only for lak of plate and of coyngnage.

Harde to lyke hony out of a marble stone,  
 For there is nother lycour nor moysture,  
 An earnest grote whan it is drunk and gone,  
 Bargayne of merchauntis stant in adventure.  
 My purse and I be callid to the lure,  
 Of indigence oure stuff leyde in morgage,  
 But my lord may al my sorowe recure,  
 With a receyte of plate and of coyngnage.

Nat sugred made by the apotecarye,  
 Plate of light metal yevith a mery sowne ;  
 In Bokelesbury is no suche letuary,  
 Gold is a cordialle gladdest confeccioun.  
 Ageyne etikes of olde consumpcioun,  
 Aurum potabile, folk ferre ronne in age,  
 In quyntencense, best restauracioun,  
 With silver plate, enprinted with coyngnage.

THE AUCTOURE MAKITH A L'ENVOIE EXCUSYNG HYMSILFF  
 OF HIS WRITYNGE.

O sely bille, why artow nat ashamed,  
 So maleapert to shew out thy constraynt,  
 But povert hath so nygh thy toune atained,  
 That *nichil habet* is cause of thy compleynt.  
 A drye tysik makith old men ful feynt,  
 Rediest way to renewe theyr corage  
 Is a fressh dragge, of no spices meynt,  
 But of bright plate enprynted with coyngnage.

Thow mayst afferme, as for thyn excuse,  
 Thy bareyn saile is sike and solitarye,  
 Of crosse nor pile there is no recluse,  
 Prynte nor impressioun in all thy seyntwarye.  
 To conclude briefly and nat to tarye,  
 There is no noyse herd in thyne hermitage,  
 God send sone a gladder letuary,  
 With a clere sowne of plate and of coyngnage.

## THE BALLAD OF JACK HARE.

THE curious ballad of Jack Hare was printed from a very imperfect copy in the "Reliquiæ Antiquæ," i. 13. The following copy is taken from MS. Lansd. 699, fol. 88-89. Other copies are in MS. Bodl. Bernard. 798. Laud. 683; MS. Harl. 2251, fol. 14; and MS. Voss. inter MSS. Bibl. Lugd. C. 189.

---

 INCIPIT DESCRIPTIO GARCIONIS.

A FROWARD knave pleynty to discryve,  
 And a sluggard shortly to declare,  
 A precious knave that cast nevyr to thryve,  
 His mouth weel wett, his slevis rihte thredbare,  
 A turne-broche, a boy for hogge at Ware,  
 With loury face, noddying and slombryng,  
 Of new cristened and callid Jak Hare,  
 Which of a bolle can plukke out the lynying.

This boy N. ful stubborn of his bonys,  
 Sluggy on morwe his leemys up to dresse,  
 A gentil harlot chose out for the nonys,  
 Sone and cheeff heir to dame Idilnesse,  
 Cosyn to Wecok, brothir to Reklesnesse,  
 Which late at even and morwe at his risyng,  
 Ne hath no joie to do no besinesse,  
 Sauff of a tankarde to pluk out the lynying.

A boy Checrelik was his sworn brothir,  
 Of every disshe a lipet out to take,  
 And Fansiticoll also was anothis,  
 Off every brybe the cariage to make,



And he can weel warten on an oven cake,  
And of newe ale been at the clensyng,  
And of purpos his thrist for to slake,  
Can of a pichere pluk out the lynyng.

This knave bi leiser wil don his massage,  
And hold a tale with every maner wiht,  
Ful pale drunke, weel vernyssht of visage,  
Whoos tunge ay faileth whan it drawith to nyht ;  
Of cocandel wenyth too were liht ;  
As barkid ledir his face is shynyng,  
Glasy eyed wole cleyme of dewe riht,  
Out of a bolle to pluk out the lynyng.

He can a bedde an horscombe weel shake,  
Lik as he wold coraye his maystres hors,  
And with his one hand his maistres doublet take,  
And with the tothir pryveli cut his purs ;  
Al sich knavis shal have Cristis curs,  
Erly on morwe at his uprisyng,  
To fynde a boy I trowe ther be no wors,  
Out of a cuppe to plukke out the lynyng.

He may be sold upon warantise,  
As for a trowant that nothyng wole done,  
Selle his hors provendre is his cheeff marchaundise,  
And for a chevesane can pluk of his hors shoon,  
And at the dees pleyen his mony anoon,  
And with his wynnyngis he makith his offryng  
At ale stakis, sitting ageyn the moone,  
Out of a cuppe to plukke out the lynyng.



Now wesseil N. unto thi jousy pate,  
 Unthrift and thou to-gidre be mett,  
 Late at eve thou wolt unspere the gate,  
 And grope at morwe if riggis bak be wett,  
 And yiff the bak of Togace the ouht hett,  
 His hevvy noll at myd-morwe up lifyng,  
 With un-washe handis, nat lacid his doublett,  
 Out of a bolle to plukke out the lynyng.

Off all thi warde thou art made officeer,  
 That no man passe withoute licence of the,  
 Erly on morwe or than the day be cleer,  
 To cast thi cheenys redy wolt thou be ;  
 Thei be nat made of iren nor of tre,  
 Thyn ars cheeff smyth, on morwe at thi risyng,  
 Weel the bet thou maist thi chene lat flee,  
 For out of a bolle wele canst thou plukke the lynyng.

And whan thou hast weel vernyssht thi pate,  
 To take a sleepe in hast thou wolt the dresse,  
 But woo is he that nyht shal be thi mate,  
 Thi organys so hihe begynne to syng ther messe,  
 With treble meene and tenor discordyng as I gesse,  
 That al the hoggis that been aboute liggyng,  
 To sing with the thei gynne hem thidir dresse,  
 Which of a pott so wele canst plukke the lynyng.

Yet wassayl N. and thyne be thi thrift,  
 With al thyn organys and thi melodye,  
 Ful wele a cuppe of good ale canst thou lift,  
 And drynk it of, and leve the cuppe drye,

I wolde thi chenys had chenyd up the weye,  
 Between the cuppe whan thou art lifyng,  
 And thi mouth, for thou art evyr drye,  
 Out of a pott to plukk out the lynyng.

---

ON THE INCONSISTENCY OF MEN'S ACTIONS.

[From MS. Harl. 2251, fol. 26-27.]

IT MAY WELE RYME BUT IT ACCORDITH NOUGHT.

ALLE thyng in kynde desirith thyng i-like,  
 But the contrary hatis every thyng,  
 Save only mankynd can never wele lyke,  
 Without he have a volumus livyng,  
 Flesshely desire, and gostly norisshyng,  
 In oone persone can never be wrought,  
 Fuyre and water, togyder al brennyng,  
 It may wele ryme, but it accordith nought.

A man that usithe to serve lordis twayne,  
 The whiche holdith contrary to oone oppynioun,  
 To please hem bothe, and serve no disdayne,  
 And to be triewe, without touche of treasoun,  
 Now to talk with that oon, and with that other rowne,  
 To telle hym a thyng that never was wrought,  
 And to bryng this to a goode conclusioun,  
 It may wele ryme, but it accordith nought.

A myghti kyng, a poore regioun,  
 An hasty hede, a comunalté nat wise,  
 Mikel almes-dede and false extorcoun,  
 Knyghtly manhode, and shameful cowardise,

LYDGATE'S MINOR POEMS.

An hevenly hevene, a peyneful paradise,  
A chast doctryne withe a false thought,  
First don on heede, and sithen witte to wise,  
It may wele ryme, but it accordith nought.

Freely to spende and to folwe covetise,  
To se burgyons on a dede drye stok,  
A gay temple withoute divyne service,  
A byrdles cage, a key withouten lok,  
A tombe shyppe alway ridyng on a rok,  
A riche bisshop convauncyd with right nought ;  
And to bryng this to a goode . . . . .  
It may wele ryme, but it accordith nought,

To have a galle, and be clepid a douffe,  
To be my friend, and gyve me false counsaile,  
To breke myn hede, and yeve me an houffe,  
To ben a prist, and fight in eche bataile,  
To lye in bedde, and a strong castel to assaile,  
To be a merchaunt, where nothyng may be bought,  
To have a wyf with a fikel tayle,  
It may wele ryme, but it accordith nought.

A prowde hert in a beggers brest,  
A fowle visage with gay temples of atyre,  
Horrible othes with an holy prist,  
A justice of juges to selle and lete to hyre,  
A knave to comande and have an empire,  
To yeve a jugement of that never was wrought,  
To preche of pees and sette eche man on fyre,  
It may wele ryme, but it accordith nought.

A leche to thryve where none is sore ne sike,  
 An instrument of musyk withouten a sown,  
 A scorpion to be both mylde and meke,  
 A cloyster man ever rennyng in the towne,  
 First to kille and sithe to graunt pardoune,  
 To yeve a stone to hem that of brede the besought,  
 To make a shippard of a wielde lyoune,  
 It may wele ryme, but it accordith nought.

A lewde wretche to were a skarlet gowne,  
 Withe a blac lamb furre without purfile of sable,  
 A goode huswyfe alwey rennyng in towne,  
 A chield to thryve that is unchastisable,  
 But ever inconstaunte and lightly chaungeable,  
 To make moche of them that never wol be ught,  
 And take a rome renner without a lesyng fable,  
 It may wele ryme, but it accordith nought.

Religioune men alwey wonnyng in the court,  
 Also curatis evil ther children to love,  
 To be forsworn they hold it but a bord,  
 God to serve and with the fiende to beleve,  
 The riche man cherissith the poore to robbe and reve,  
 Hym to disseyyve that of trust the besought,  
 To hele dede men with gresse on the greve,  
 It may wele ryme, but it accordith nought.

To do reddour alwey without grace or mercy,  
 A powche ful of straw, a prowde purs penyles,  
 Trew tayled land ayenst the right to bye,  
 A blynde borne man to pley wele at chesse,

First to dyne, and after go to messe,  
 A chield without noryce to be upbrought,  
 To keep trewe weight and selle peper by gesse,  
 It may wele ryme, but it accordith nought.

Now almighti God, sith it is as thow wost,  
 Among mankynd made suche variaunce,  
 Send downe thy sonde from the Holi Gost,  
 And festen in us love and concordance ;  
 And with suche dedis, Lord, thow us avaunce,  
 That we be never streyned with worme nor mought,  
 And bryng us al to thyn enheritaunce,  
 Withe thi precious bloode, as thow us bought.

---

A SATIRICAL BALLAD ON THE TIMES.

[From MS. Harl. 2251, fol. 40.]

SO AS THE CRABBE GOTHE FORWARDE.

THIS world is ful of stabilnesse,  
 There is therein no variaunce,  
 But trowthe, feythe, and gentilnesse,  
 Secretnesse and assuraunce,  
 Plenté, joye, and plesaunce,  
 By example who can have rewarde,  
 Verraily by resemblaunce,  
 So as the crabbe gothe forwarde.

There is now founde no falsenes,  
 Right is so myghti in puissaunce,  
 Faithe hathe exiled doublenes,  
 Fortune chaungithe nat hir chaunce.

By heste abydithe in constaunce,  
Frendship is founde no cowarde,  
Light withe dirk hath accordaunce,  
So as the crab gothe forwarde.

Princis susteyne rightwisnesse,  
Knyghthod in trowthe hathe whet his launce,  
Lawe hathe put mede in grete distresse,  
And voyded is acqueyntaunce ;  
Is fledde byonde mount Godarde,  
Jurrours with trowth hathe allyaunce,  
So as the crabbe gothe forwarde.

Serjauntis, pleders of feythfulnesse,  
Han made on guerdon a defiaunce,  
Consistories for holynez,  
Atwene them and mede is great distaunce ;  
Flatterye hathe left his countenaunce,  
Plenté is founde no negarde,  
Skarsté is gon unto myschaunce,  
So as the crabbe gothe forwarde.

Iche man hathe y-noughe of richesse,  
Pore folk fele no grewaunce,  
Pristhode livethe in perfitenesse,  
And can in lytel have suffisaunce ;  
Religyoun hathe none attendaunce  
Unto the worlde, but al upwarde,  
To yeve example in substaunce,  
How that the crabbe gothe forwarde.

Take hede also bavisenesse,  
 Wymmen fro Cartage to Fraunce,  
 I-bannysshed have newfangelnesse,  
 And put in his place perseveraunce;  
 In clergye hathe perfite governaunce,  
 Mesure withe marchauntes is chief styward,  
 Juste weight halte justly the balaunce,  
 So as the crabbe gothe forwarde.

Pantifrasun to expresse  
 Matiers of longe continuaunce,  
 Entendement double is a maystresse,  
 Triew people to sette at distaunce,  
 To please al folk it is ful hard,  
 The hevenly signe makith demonstraunce,  
 How worldly thynges goo forwarde.

---

#### A CALL TO DEVOTION.

[From MS. Harl. 2251, fol. 9.]

#### LET DEVOUTE PEPLE KEPE OBSERVAUNCE.

YE devoute peple which kepe one observaunce,  
 Mekely in chirche to kysse stone or tree,  
 Erthe or iren, hathe in remembraunce  
 What they dothe meane and take the moralité;  
 Erthe is clere tokyn of the humanyté  
 Of Crist Jhesu, the stone, the sepulture,  
 The spere of stiele, the sharpe nayles thre  
 Causide his fyve woundis remembrid in scripture.



Thynk on the crosse made of iiij. dyvers trees,  
As clerkis sayne, cedre and of cipres,  
To hygh estates, to folk of lowe degrés,  
Crist brought inne pees, th'olyve berithe witesse,  
Namly whan vertu conservethe his grennes,  
Loke on these signes and have hem in memorye,  
How Cristis passion was grounded on mekenes,  
And how the palme figured his victory.

These iiij. figures, combyned into one,  
Sette on thy mynde for a memorial ;  
Erthe and iren, foure trees, and the stone,  
To make us fre, whereas we were thral ;  
Behold the banner, victorious and royal !  
Cristes crosse, a standard of most peyse ;  
Thynk how the thief for mercy dide calle,  
Taught by the tree the wey to paradise !

Yowre hertis ye lyft up into the est,  
And al your body and knees bowe a-downe,  
Whan the prist seyth *verbum caro factum est*,  
Withe al yowre inwarde contemplacioun,  
Yowre mowthe first crosse with hyghe devocioun,  
Kissyng the tokene rehersed here aforne,  
And ever have mynde on Cristis passioun,  
Whiche for thy sake wered a crowne of thorne.

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## THE LEGEND OF DANE JOOS.

[MS. Harl. 2251, fol. 71-73. This legend is taken from the  
"Speculum Historiale" of Vincent de Beauvais.]

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O WELLE of swetnes replete in every veyne,  
That al mankynd preserved hast fro dethe,  
And al oure joye fro langour didest restrayne,  
At thy nativité, O flour of Nazarethe !  
Whan the holi gost, with his swete brethe,  
Gan to espiren as for his chosen place,  
For love of man by influence of his grace,

And were inviolate a bright heavenly sterre,  
Monge celestynes reigneng withouten memorye,  
That be thyne emprise in this mortal werre,  
Of oure captivité gatest the ful victory ;  
Whan I beseche for thyn excelent glory,  
Som drope of thi grace adowne to me constille,  
In reverence of the this dyté to fulfille.

That only my rudenes thy miracle nat deface,  
Whiche whilom sendest in a devout abbeye,  
Of an holy monk thurght thy myght and grace,  
That of al pité berest both lok and keye,  
For, benyng lady, the soth of the to say,  
Ful wele thow aquyetest that don the love and  
serve,  
An hundred sithes better than they deserve.

Ensample of whiche here is in portreyture,  
 Withouten fable, right as it was indede,  
 O refuge and welthe to every creature,  
 Thy clerk to further help now at this nede,  
 For to my purpos I wil anon procede,  
 The trowthe to recorde I wil no lengger tary,  
 Right as it was a poynt I wil nat varye.

Vincencius in his *speculatif historialle*,  
 Of this saide monk makithe ful mencyoune,  
 Under the fourme to yow as I reherse shalle,  
 That be a gardyn as he romed up and downe,  
 He herde a bisshop of fame and grete renowne,  
 Sayeng fyve psalmys in honoure of that flour,  
 That bare Jhesu Crist oure alther redemptour.

In whiche psalmes stondyng eche in hir degré,  
 Who so lust take hede in synguler lettris fyve,  
 This blessid name MARIA, there may he see,  
 That first of alle our thraldom can deprive,  
 To the haven of dethe whan we gan to ryve,  
 And fro the wawes of this mortal see,  
 Made us t'escape from alle adversité.

Distinctly in Latyn here may ye rede echone,  
 Folowyng these baladis as for your plesaunce,  
 To whom the bisshop had seyde his meditacion,  
 The monke anon delitethe in his remembraunce,  
 And thought he wolde as his most affiaunce,  
 Cotidially withe hem only oure lady please,  
 That from alle grevaunce his sorwis myght appease.

And therwithalle he writethe hem in his mynde,  
 So stidefastly withe devoute and highe corage,  
 That never a day a word he forgate behynde,  
 But seyde hem entierly into his last age,  
 His olde gyltis bothe to a soft and swage,  
 After his matyns as was his appetite,  
 To seyn hem ever was his most delite.

Therto his diligence withe al his hert and mighte,  
 And forthe contynued in his devoute wise,  
 Til at the last it befille upon a nyghte,  
 The hole covent at midnyght gan arise,  
 As is her usage to don to God servise,  
 So whan they were assembled ther in generalle,  
 The suppriour beholdyng aboute overalle,

As is his office, that non of them were absent,  
 But of Dane Jose he cowde no wise espie,  
 He rose hym up and priveliche he is went  
 Into hys chambre, and there he fond hym lye,  
 Dede as a stone, and lowde he gan to crye,  
 " Help," quod he, " for the love of oure lady bright,  
 Dan Joos oure brother is sodainely [dede] to nyght."

The covent anon ganne renne half in drede,  
 Til they behielde whan passid was theyre affray,  
 Out of his mowthe a rose bothe sprynge and sprede,  
 Fresshe in his coloure as any floure in May,  
 And other tweyne out of his eyen gray,  
 Of his eris as many ful freshly flouryng,  
 That never yit in gardyn half so fayre gan spryng.

This ruddy rose they have so long behold,  
 That sprong fro his mowthe, til they han espyed,  
 Ful fayre i-graven, in lettris of bourned gold,  
 MARIA ful curiously, as it is specified  
 In bookis olde, and anon they have hym hyed  
 Unto the temple, with lowde solempnité,  
 Beryng the cors that al men myght it se.

Whiche they kept in royalté and perfeccioun,  
 Sevene dayes in the temple there beyng present,  
 Til thre Bisshoppes of fame and grete renowne  
 Weren comen thyder right with devout entent,  
 And many another clerk withe hem by on assent,  
 To sene this myracle of this Lady bright,  
 Sayeng in this wise withe al theyr hert and myght:—

“ Yowre blynde fantasies now in hertis weyve  
 Of childisse vanyté, and lete hem over slyde,  
 And lovith this Lady that can no wise disceyve,  
 She is so stidefast of hert in every syde,  
 That for youre nedis so wonderly can provyde,  
 And for youre poyesye these lettres v. ye take,  
 Of this name MARIA, only for hir sake,

“ That for youre travaile so wele wille you avaunce,  
 Nought as these wymmen on whiche ye don delite,  
 That fedithe yow al day withe feyned plesaunce,  
 Hid under treason withe many wordes white;  
 But bette than ye deserve she wil yow qwYTE,  
 And for ye schal nat labour al in veyne,  
 Ye shul have hevене; ther is no more to seyne.”

Whos passyng goodenes may nat be comprehendyd,  
 In mannes prudence fully to determyne,  
 She is so perfite she kan nat be amended,  
 That ay to mercy and pité dothe enclyne;  
 Now benyng Lady, that didest oure sorowes fyne,  
 In honoure of the that these psalmes rede,  
 As was Dane Joos, so quyte hem for hir mede! Amen.

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#### RULES FOR PRESERVING HEALTH.

THE following short poem is very common in manuscript, but several of the copies vary considerably from each other. It may be sufficient to refer to MS. Harl. 116, fol. 166; MS. Oxon. Bernard. 1479; MS. Rawl. Oxon. C. 86; MS. Arund. 168; MS. Sloan. 775; and MS. Sloan. 3534, which contains a Latin version. Ritson has inserted this in his list of Lydgate's works in two places, under Nos. 55 and 61. The present text is from MS. Harl. 2251, fol. 4-5.

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#### IF SO BE THAT LECHIS DONE THE FAILE.

FOR helth of body cover for cold thyn hede;  
 Ete no raw mete,—take goode heede therto;  
 Drynk holsom wyne; feede the on light brede;  
 Withe an appetite rise from thy mete also.  
 In thyn age, with wymmen have thow nat ado;  
 Upon thi slepe drynk nat of the cuppe;  
 Glad towards bedde and at morowe both to,  
 And use never late for to souppe.

And if it so be that lechis done the faile,  
 Thanne take goode [hede] and use thynges iij,—  
 Temperat dyete, temperat travaile,  
 Nat malicious for none adversité;

Meke in trouble, gladde in poverté ;  
 Riche with litel, content with suffisaunce,  
 Nat grucchyng, but mery like thi degré ;  
 If phesyk lak, make this thy governaunce.

To every tale, sone, yeve thow no credence ;  
 Be nat to hasty, nor sodainly vengeable ;  
 To poore folke do thow no violence ;  
 Curteys of language, in spendyng mesurable ;  
 On sundry mete nat gredy at the table ;  
 In fedyng gentil, prudent in daliaunce ;  
 Close of tunge, of word nat deceyvable,  
 To sey the best sette alwey thy plesaunce.

Have in hate mowthes that ben double ;  
 Suffre at thy table no distractioun ;  
 Have dispite of folkes that ben trouble,  
 Of false rowners and adulacioun ;  
 Withyn thy court, suffre no divisioun,  
 Whiche, in thi houshold, shal cause grete encrese  
 Of al welfare, prosperité, and foyson ;  
 With thy neyghburghs lyve in rest and peas.

Be clenly clad after thyn estate ;  
 Passe nat thy bowndis, kepe thy promyse blyth ;  
 With thre folkes thow be nat at debate :  
 First with thy bettir beware for to stryve ;  
 Ayenst thy felawe no quarrele thou contryve ;  
 With thy subject to stryve it were shame :  
 Wherfor I counsaile thow pursue al thy lyve,  
 To lyve in peas and gete the a goode name.

Fuyre at morowe, and towards bed at eve,  
 For mystis blake, and eyre of pestilence ;  
 Betime at masse, thow shalt the better preve,  
 First at thi risyng do to God reverence,  
 Visite the pore, with intyre diligence,  
 On al nedy have thow compassioun,  
 And God shal sende grace and influence,  
 To encrease the and thy possessioun.

Suffre no surfetis in thy house at nyght,  
 Ware of reresoupers, and of grete excesse,  
 Of noddying hedys and of candel light,  
 And slowth at morow, and slombering idelnes,  
 Whiche of al vices is chief porteresse ;  
 Voyde al drunklew, lyers, and lechours ;  
 Of al unthriftes exile the mastres,  
 That is to say, dyse, players, and haserdours.

After mete beware, make nat to longe slepe,  
 Hede, foote, and stomak preserve ay from cold ;  
 Be nat to pensyf of thought, take no kepe  
 After thy rent, mayntené thyn houshold,  
 Suffre in tyme, in thi right be bold ;  
 Swere none othis no man to begyle,  
 In thi yowth be lusty ; sad whan thow art olde.

Dyne nat at morwe aforne thyn appetite,  
 Clere eyre and walkyng makith goode digestioun,  
 Betwene meles drynk nat for no froward delite,  
 But thirst or travaile yeve the occasioun ;



Over salt mete doth grete oppressioun  
 To fieble stomakes, whan they can nat refreyne ;  
 For nothyng more contrary to theyr complexioun,  
 Of gredy handes the stomak hath grete peyne.

Thus in two thynges standith al the welthe  
 Of sowle and body, who so lust to sewe,  
 Moderat foode gevith to man his helthe,  
 And al surfetis doth from hym remeve,  
 And charité to the sowle is dewe ;  
 This ressayt is bought of no poticarye,  
 Of mayster Antony, nor of maister Hewe,  
 To al indifferent, richest diatorye.

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THE MORAL OF THE LEGEND OF DIDO.

[From MS. Harl. 2251, fol. 94-95.]

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L'ENVOY OF DYDO, QUENE OF CARTAGE.

O fayre Dido! most noble in constaunce!  
 Qwene of Cartage, myrrour of highe noblesse!  
 Reygneng in glory and vertuouse habundaunce,  
 Called in thy tyme chief sours of gentillesse,  
 In whom was never founde no doublenesse,  
 Ay of on herte, and so thow didest fyne,  
 With light of trowth al wydewes to enlumyne.

Chaste and unchaunged in perseveraunce,  
 And immutable founde in thy goodnesse,  
 Whiche never thougtest upon variaunce,  
 Force and prudence, wardeyns of thi fayrenesse,



No langage digne thy vertus to expresse,  
 By newe report so clierly they don shyne,  
 Withe light of trowth al wydewes to enlumyne.

Thy famous bounté to putte in remembraunce,  
 Thow sloughe thysel of innocent purenesse,  
 Lest that thi suerté shuld hang in balaunce,  
 Of suche as thought thi chastité oppresse,  
 Deth was ynoughe therof to bere witnessse,  
 Causyng thy beauté to al clennessse enclyne,  
 Withe light of hevne thy lyf to enlumyne.

O loode-sterre of al goode governaunce !  
 Alle vicious lustes by wisdom to repressse,  
 Thy grene yowthe flouryng with al plesaunce,  
 Diane hath demed so chastely thy clennessse,  
 How didest it brydel withe vertuuous sobrenesse,  
 Whilest thow were soole plainly to termyne,  
 Withe light of trowth al wydewes to enlumyne.

O noble matrouns, whiche have al suffisaunce  
 Of wommanhede, yowre wittes doth up dresse,  
 How that fortune list oft to turn hir chaunce,  
 Beth nat to rakel of sodayne hastynesse,  
 But ay providith in youre hastulesse,  
 That no such folye entre in your corage,  
 To folwe Dydo, that was qwene of Cartage.

Withe hir maners hath nat your acqueytaunce,  
 Putte out of mynde suche foltisshe wilfulnessse,  
 To sle youreself thynk it were grete penaunce,

God of his grace defende yow al and blesse,  
 And eke preserve youre variaunt brutilnesse,  
 So that youre trouthe ne falle in none outrage,  
 To folwe Dydo, that was qwene of Cartage.

Withe covert colour and sobre contenance,  
 Of feithful meanyng pretendithe a lyknesse,  
 Countrefeteth in speche and daliaunce,  
 Al thyng that sowneth into stidefastnesse,  
 Of grete prudence by youre avisenesse,  
 Youreself restreynith and of al age,  
 To folwe Dydo, that was qwene of Cartage.

Lete al youre porte be voyde of displesaunce,  
 To gete youre frendis doth ay youe besynesse,  
 And beth never without purviaunce,  
 So shal ye best encresen in richesse,  
 In oone allone may be no sykernesse,  
 Unto youre hertis beothe dyvers of langage,  
 Contrary to Dydo that was qwene of Cartage.

Holdith youre servauntis under obeysaunce,  
 Lete hem neyther fredam ne fraunchesse,  
 But under daunger don ther observaunce,  
 Dauntithe theyr pruyde and brydel hem with low-  
     nesse ;  
 And whan the serpent of newfangelnesse  
 Assailethe yow, dothe youre avauntage,  
 Contrarye to Dydo, that was qwene of Cartage.

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LEGEND OF WULFRIKE, A PRIEST OF  
WILTSHIRE.

[From MS. Harl. 2251, fol. 78.]

IN Wiltshire of Englonde two pristes ther were,  
Right famulyer in goode conversacioun,  
The tone was riche, that other somewhat bare,  
And both they were nygh on habitacioun ;  
The tone had ever right grete devocioun,  
Of requiem his masse to syng or say,  
And for alle Cristen soules ever to pray.

Whan God of his grete visitacioun,  
List out of this worlde for hym to sende,  
His rightes he had by goode deliberacioun,  
And to God his soule he highly did comend,  
And as a triew Cristen man here he made his ende,  
Aboute mydnyght, as we fynde and rede,  
His felaw unknowyng that he was dede.

Til erly on the mornyng whan he shulde gon,  
Unto the chirche his service for to say,  
Out of theyr graves he sawe many oon,  
Appere as children, in white array,  
“ Arise ! aryse ! ” they sayde, “ and lete us pray  
For Wulfryke oure prist, that no doth passe,  
That for us hathe sayde many a requiem masse.”

Devoutly they prayed, as to hym semed,  
And into theyr graves they tourned agayne,

He mervailed moche and inwardly demed,  
 That his felaw was past out of worldly peyn,  
 The trouthe for to knawe he was right fayn,  
 And homward he went hymself allone,  
 Hym fonde hym dede, wherfor he made grete mone.

Examples we fynde and rede many oone,  
 How we shulde synge and rede for to pray for other,  
 And specially for them that be past and goon,  
 Whiche on us only trust as brother on brother ;  
 Now pray we, Jhesu, and his blessed moder,  
 With help of al seyntes in hevене an hy,  
 On alle Cristen soulis to have pité and mercy.

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LEGEND OF A MONK OF PARIS.

[From MS. Harl. 2251, fol. 78.]

REMEMBRYD by scriptures we fynde and rede,  
 Holsum and holy it is to thynke and pray,  
 For al the sowles that be past in dede  
 Out of this wretchid world unto domesday,  
 Abidyng in purgatory with soruful lay,  
 Cryeng and callyng for mercy and pité,  
 Unto them in special that there friendis be.

There was a man right hooly and devoute,  
 Of Parase in Fraunce, that worthy cyté,  
 That daily wold sey in his chirche-yerde aboute,

For alle Cristen sowles, withe mercy and pité,  
*De profundis*, *Pater noster*, and *ave*,  
 This prayer he used contynuauly,  
 Til God purveyed for hym contynuauly.

It fil on a tyme, he was pursued  
 Of his mortal enemyes, withe grete violence,  
 He fledde for the best, and ther malice eschewed,  
 And toke the chircheyerde for his defence,  
 And sayde *De profundis* with entier diligence,  
 The bodyes arose out of theyr graves, [staves.  
 Somme appered withe gleyves, and somme withe

So grete a multitude assemblid to fight,  
 His enemyes gan fle and sore were agast,  
 He thankyd God of his grete myght,  
 And seyde *De profundis* whan they were past ;  
 His reward in heven he had at last.  
 Therfor it is holsom for to have in memory,  
 The soulis that ly in paynes of purgatory.

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ON THE INSTABILITY OF HUMAN AFFAIRS.

[From MS. Harl. 2251, fol. 38-39.]

IS THIS FORTUNE OR INFORTUNE ?

THE more I go, the further I am behynde ;  
 The further behynde, the nere the weyes ende ;  
 The more I seche, the wers can I fynde ;  
 The lighter leve, the lother for to wende ;

The lengger I serve, the more out of mynde ;  
Is this fortune, or is it infortune ?  
Though I go loose, I tyed am withe a lyne.

Drye in the see, and wete upon the stronde ;  
Brenne in water, in fuyre fresyng ;  
In reveris thurstlew, and moyst upon the londe ;  
Gladde in mornyng, in gladnes compleyneng ;  
The fuller wombe, the gredyer in etyng ;  
Is this fortune, or is it infortune ?  
Thoughe I go loose, I teyed am withe a luyne.

A wery pees, and pees amynd the werre ;  
The better felaw, the rathir at discorde ;  
The neere at hande, the sonner set a-ferre ;  
Accorde debatyng, debatyng at accorde ;  
Furthest fro court, grettest withe the lorde ;  
Is this fortune, or is it infortune ?  
Thoughe I go loose, I tyed am withe a lyne.

A wepyng laughter, a mery glad wepyng ;  
A fresy thowe, a meltyng fryse ;  
The slowar paas, the further in rennyng ;  
The more I renne, the more wey I lese ;  
The grettest losse whan I my chaunce do chese ;  
Is this fortune, or is it infortune ?  
Thoughe I go loose, I teyed am withe a lyne.

Weryles I walke ay in trouble and travaile,  
Ever travilyng witheout werynes ;  
In labour idel, wynnyng that may nat availe ;

A troubled joy, a joyeful hevynes ;  
 A sobbyng songe, a chierful distres ;  
 Is it fortune, or is it infortune?  
 Thoughe I go loose, I tyed am withe a lyne.

Wakyng a bedde, fastyng at the table ;  
 Riche with wysshis, pore of possessioun ;  
 Stable unassured, assured eke unstable ;  
 Hope dispeyred, a gwerdonles gwerdone ;  
 Trusty disceyte, feythful decepcioun ;  
 Is this fortune, or is it infortune ?  
 Thoughe I go loose, I tiede am wythe a lyne.

A mournyng myrthe, sobrenes savage,  
 Prudent foly, stidefast wildenesse ;  
 Providence conveyed ay withe rage ;  
 A dronken sadnesse, and a sad drunkenesse ;  
 A woode wisdom, and a wise woodenesse ;  
 Is this fortune, or is it infortune ?  
 Thoughe I go loose, I tyed am withe a lyne.

Unhappy everons fortune infortunat ;  
 An hertles thought, a thoughtlees remembraunce ;  
 Lo what avauntage ! and sodainly chekmate,  
 Now six, now synke, now deny for my chaunce ;  
 Thus al the worlde stant in variaunce :  
 Late men dispute, whethir this be fortune ?  
 No man so loose, but he is tied withe a luyne.

The world unsure, contrary al stablenesse,  
 Whos joy is meynt ay withe adversité ;  
 Now light, now hevy, now sorwe, now gladnes ;



Ebbe after floode of al prosperité.  
Set al asyde and lierne this of me,  
Trust upon fortune, defye false fortune,  
And al recleymes of hyr double luyne.

The gretter lorde, the lasse his assuraunce ;  
The sikerest lyffe is in glad poverté ;  
Bothe highe and loughe shal go on dethis daunce,  
Renne unto Powlis, beholde the Machabé ;  
Fraanchise of phisyk makithe no man go free ;  
Trust upon God, defye fals fortune,  
Ande al recleymes of hyr double luyne.

Lothest departyng where is grettest richesse ;  
Al worldly tresour gothe to the worlde agayne ;  
To kepe it longe may be no sikernesse,  
Of grete receytis grete rekenyng in certayne.  
Whan we gon hens al this shalbe but vayne ;  
Trust upon God, defye false fortune,  
That al recleymes of hir double luyne.

Nothyng more sure than al men shal deye,  
Late men aforne make theyr ordynaunce ;  
vij. dedis of mercy shal best for us purveye,  
And almesdede shal make achevisaunce,  
T'exclude by grace the rigour of vengeaunce ;  
For Cristis passionne maugré false fortune,  
Shal recleyme us to his merciabile luyne.

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## DEVOTIONS OF THE FOWLS.

[From MS. Harl. 2251, fol. 37-38.]

As I me lenyd unto a joyful place,  
 Lusty Phebus to supervive,  
 How God Almyghti of his grete grace,  
 Hath florished the erthe on every side,  
 The woodes and the medowes wyde,  
 Withe grete habundaunce of vyridité,  
 Whiche caused me so grete felicité,  
 That stille I stode in perplexité.

To Phebus my wittes gan refere,  
 And on this wise he sayde to me,  
 Abyde a while, and thow shalt here,  
 Hym commendid whiche dide conquere,  
 Thi soule from peynes perpetualle,  
 And of his blisse to make the paroyalle.

Than I herd a voyce celestiale,  
 Rejoysyng my spirites inwardly,  
 Of dyverse soules bothe grete and smalle,  
 Praisyng God with swete melody,  
 In al his werkis ful reverently,  
 With an hevenly ympne and an holsum,  
*Conditor alme siderum.*

The poppinjay allone gan syng,  
 And saide, this is my propirté,  
 With *ave* or *kirye* salute a kyng,

As Scripture makithe menciou of me,  
 In bookis of nature who list to se :  
 Wherfor me thynk I do nat amys,  
 To welcome the kyng of hevene blis ;

That from the seete of the hye Trynité,  
 Into a virgyns wombe immaculate,  
 Descendid this tyme of fre volunté,  
 And so becom man incarnate,  
 To restore hym to his first estate,  
 Wherfor I singe of his nativité,  
*A solis ortus cardine.*

The pellican sang withe mornyng chiere,  
 Of Cristes compassioun I do compleyne,  
 That mankynde hathe bought so deere,  
 With grevous hurtis and bytter peyne,  
 And yit man can nat love hym agayne,  
 Wherfore I synge as I was wont,  
*Vexilla regis prodeunt.*

The nyghtyngale lepe from boughe to boughe,  
 And on the pellican she made a crye,  
 And seyde, " pellican, why mournest thou now ?  
 Crist is risen from dethe triewly,  
 Mankynd withe hym to glorifye ;  
 Wherfor syng now as we do,  
*Consurgit Cristus tumulo.*"

The lark also ful naturally,  
 Cristes ascencioune in humanité  
 Commendyd withe song specially,

And seyde, "blissed be thow, Lorde of felicité,  
 That hast callid man to so highe degree,  
 That never deserved of equyté,"  
*Eterne rex altissime.*

The douffe also that is so white,  
 In hert bothe meke and beautevous,  
 Unto the erthe she toke hir flight,  
 And sang a song ful gracious,  
 Of al songes most vertuous ;  
 And as I perceyved, she songe thus,  
*Veni Creator Spiritus.*

The briddes present upon a tre,  
 Were gadred togydre as covenant was,  
 Praisyng oon God in Trynité,  
 That al this wyde world dothe embrace ;  
 And thus thay songe, both more and lasse,  
 This melodious ympne withe grete solas,  
*O lux beata Trinitas.*

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#### ON MODERATION.

[From MS. Harl. 2251, fol. 28-29.]

#### ALLE THYNGES IN MESURE.

By witte of man al thyng that is contryved,  
 Standithe in proporcioune plainly to conclude,  
 In olde auctours lyke as it is discryved,  
 Whether it be depnesse or longitude,

Cast out by compas of height or latitude,  
 By peyse, by nombre, tryed out by equité,  
 To voyde al errour fro folkis than ben rude,  
 Nothyng commendyd but it in mesure be.

Mesours of musyk bene the spieris nyne,  
 Mevid by mesure withe heavenly armony ;  
 Lower in erthe compas, squyer, and lyne,  
 Voyde al errors cause of geometrye ;  
 Sownyng of instrumentis, concorde of mynstreleye,  
 Sette fulle and hoole be perfite unité ;  
 Swetnesse of mesure causithe al melodye,  
 By perfit musyk if it in mesure be.

Without mesure may non artificere  
 In his wirkyng parfitely procede,  
 Peyntour, steynour, mason, nor carpentere,  
 Without mesure accomplishe nat in dede ;  
 Where mesure faylethe, wrong wrought is every dede,  
 Of thyng to longe the superfluité  
 Mesure cutte of, and thus who can take heede,  
 Iche thyng is praysed if it in mesure be.

Whan mesure failethe in dome or jugement,  
 Rightwisnes is tourned to woodenesse,  
 A rigurous juge, a foltishe president,  
 Withe hate and rancour dothe his vertu dresse ;  
 Vengeaunce by envye theyre reason doth oppresse ;  
 Whan they ben blynde and can no mesure se,  
 False rooted malice and cruel wilfulnesse,  
 Wil suffre no mesure in theyr court to be.

An olde proverbe, mesour is tresoure,  
 Where mesure failethe is disconnemence ;  
 In rethorik stant no parfite colour,  
 But if it be conveyed by cadence,  
 If mesure lak, what vailithe eloquence ?  
 Concludyng thus the soveranté,  
 Of every craft and of eche scyence,  
 Receyvithe his price, if it in mesure be.

Where mesure reygnithe, subgettis lyve in peas ;  
 Roote of discorde is froward tyrannye :  
 Favour in mesure causithe grete mires,  
 And out of mesure it causithe grete envye.  
 Men must by mesour rigour modifye,  
 Atwixt love and hate mesure dothe equityé ;  
 Wherfor late soverayns use this policye,  
 What ever they do late it in mesure be.

Lete men be mesure werk other travaile,  
 Mesoure biddithe men do none outrages ;  
 And he that ever of mesure takith counsaile,  
 Can nat shewe in one hoode two visages.  
 The coke by mesour sesonyth his potages,  
 A temperat hete egalle in oone degre,  
 By decoccioune to take theyr avauntages,  
 Aforne provyded that al in mesure be.

Disport withe labour among is necessary ;  
 Travaile requyrithe a recreacioune ;  
 Pees and werre ben thynges ful contrary :  
 Mesure of ereriche grauntithe his season ;

Chaunge and diversité of complexioun  
In sundry agees set adversité,  
Nat to glad ne to hevvy of condicioun,  
But al is wele so it in mesure be.

That is goode that causithe no damage,  
Honest disport that causithe none hyndryng.  
Blessid of God is also that langage,  
That kepithe his tunge fro froward bakbytyng ;  
And blessid is he that saithe wele of al thyng,  
And blissed is he whiche in his poverté,  
List thank God voyde al grucchyng,  
And dothe nothyng but it in mesure be.

Late every man wisely advertise,  
He shal agayne receyve suche mesoure,  
By egal peyse and in the same wise,  
So as he weyethe unto his neyghboure ;  
Be it of hate favour or rancoure.  
The gospel tellithe lerne this of me,  
So as thow weyest be mercy or rigoure,  
The mesure same shal be don to the.

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A POEM AGAINST IDLENESS, AND THE  
HISTORY OF SARDANAPALUS:

[From MS. Harl. 2251, fol. 95-100.]

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Two maner of folkes to put in remembraunce,  
Of vice and vertu to put a difference,  
The goode alwey have set theyr plesaunce  
In vertuous labour to done theyr diligence;  
And vicious peple in slouth and necligence;  
Of whiche the reporte of both is thus reserved,  
With lawde or lack, liche as they have deserved.

Men must of right the vertuous preferre,  
And triewly labour preyse and besynesse;  
And ageynwarde dispreyse folke that erre,  
Whiche have no joye but al in idelnesse;  
And to compare by a maner wyttesse,  
The vertuous folke I wille to mynde calle,  
In the rebukyng of the mysdoers alle.

The olde wise cleped Pictagoras,  
By the sowne of hamours, th'auctours specifye,  
Ensample toke, and chief mayster was,  
That fonde first al musyk and melodye;  
Yit of Thubal som bookis specifye,  
That hevy strokis of smythes there they stode  
Found out first musyk to-fore Noes floode.

The chieldren of Seth in story ye may se,  
Flowryng in vertu by longe successiouns,  
For to profite to theyr posteryté,  
Founde first the crafte of hevenly mocyouns,  
Of sundry sterris the revoluciouns,  
Byqwath theyr konnyng, for grete avauntage,  
To them that com after of theyr lynage.

For theyre vertu, God gaf hem grete konnyng,  
Touchyng natures ye bothe of erthe and hevене,  
And it remembrid sothly by writyng,  
To lasten ay for water and for levене;  
Generaciouns of hem were sevene,  
Whiche for vertue, without werre and stryff,  
Travailed in konnyng duryng al theyr lyf.

But for that Adam first dide prophecye  
That twyes this world shuld distroyed be,  
With water oonys stonde in jupartye,  
Next with the fuyre whiche no man may flee;  
But Seeth his chieldren al this did wele see,  
And made two pillers : wherein men myght grave,  
From fuyre and water the carectis for to save.

That oone was made of tyles ful harde y-bake,  
From touche of fuyre ay for to save scripture;  
Of hard marble they dide another make,  
Agenst water strongly for to endure,  
To save of lettris the prynte and the fygure;  
For theyr konnyng aforne gan so provide,  
For fuyre and water perpetually to abyde.

They demed theyr konnyng hadde ben al in veyne,  
 But if that folke with hem han ben partable ;  
 And for theyr labour shulde after be seene,  
 They it remembred by writyng ful notable,  
 Unto-fore God a thyng ful commendable,  
 To hem that folwe by scripture of writyng,  
 So that men dy departen theyr konnyng.

For in th' olde tyme men dyvers craftis first fonde,  
 In sundry wise, thurgh occupacioune ;  
 Vertu to cherisse and vices to confounde,  
 Theyre wittes they sette and theyr entencioune,  
 To putte theyr labour in execusioune,  
 And to outraye, this is the verray trowth,  
 For mannes lyff is necligence and slowth.

Olde Ennok, ful famous of vertu,  
 Duryng that age fonde fyrste of everychone,  
 Thurghe his prudence, the lettres of Ebrew,  
 Whiche in a piler were keped al of stone,  
 Til that the floode of Nooe was agone ;  
 And, after hym, Cham was the secunde,  
 By whom of Ebrew the lettres were first founde,

And Catarismus the first was that founde  
 Lettres also as of that langage ;  
 But lettres writen withe Goddis owne hand,  
 Moyses first toke most of his visage,  
 On Synay as he held his passage,  
 Whiche of carectis and names in sentence,  
 From other writyng had a grete difference.

Eke after this, as other bokes telle,  
 As seynt Jerom rehersiþe in his style,  
 That under th' empire of Zorobabelle  
 Esdras of Ebrew first lettres gan compile,  
 And Abraham gan sithe a grete while,  
 The first he was in bookis men may se,  
 That fonde lettres of Cirye and of Caldee.

Isys in Egipt fonde a diversité  
 Of sundry lettres parted in tweyne ;  
 First to pristres and to the comunalté,  
 Vulgar lettres he dide also ordeyne,  
 And Phenicis did theyr besy peyne  
 Lettres of Greke to fynde in theyr entent,  
 Whiche that Cadmus into Grece sent.

Of whiche the nombre fully was seventene ;  
 Whan that of Troy endid was the bataile,  
 Palamydes theyr langage to sustene,  
 Put thre theyrto whiche gretely dide avayle.  
 Pictagoras for prudent governayle,  
 Fonde first out .y. a figure to discerne,  
 Theyre lyff here short and lyff that is eterne.

First Latyn lettres of our .a.b.c.,  
 Carmentis fonde hem of ful highe prudence ;  
 Grete Omerus in Isodre ye may see,  
 Among Grekis fonde craft of eloquence ;  
 First in Rome, by soverayne excellence,  
 Of rethoriques Tullius fonde the floures,  
 Plee and defence of sotyl oratoures.

Calciatres a graver most notable,  
 Of white ivory he dide his besynesse,  
 His hande, his eye, so just was and stable,  
 Of an ampte to grave out the lyknesse,  
 Upon the grounde, as nature doth hym dresse,  
 This craft he fonde, as dide Sarnadapalle  
 Fonde ydelnes, moder to vices alle.

Murmychides, he made a chare also,  
 And a smal shyppe with al th' apparaile,  
 So that a by myght close hem both two,  
 Under his wynges, whiche is grete mervaile,  
 And nothyng seyn of al the hole entaile,  
 This crafte he fonde of vertuous besynesse,  
 To eschew the vice of froward idelnesse.

Perdix by compas fonde tryangle and lyne,  
 And Euclyte first fonde out geometrye,  
 And Phebus fonde out the craft of medicyne,  
 Albumazar fonde first Astronome ;  
 And Mynerva gan first charis to guye ;  
 Jason first sayled, in stōry it is tolde,  
 Toward Colchos to wynne the flees of golde.

Ceres the Goddes fond first the tilthe of londe ;  
 Dionysius fonde the tryumphes transitorye ;  
 And Bellona by force first he fonde,  
 Conquest by knyghthod and in the fielde victorye ;  
 And Martis soone, as put is in memory,  
 Called Etholus, fonde first speres sharp and kene,  
 To renne in werre in platis so bright and shene.

Also Aristeus fonde first the usage  
Of mylke, and cruddis, and of hony swote ;  
Peryodes, for grete avauntage,  
From flyntes smote fuyre, daryng in the roote ;  
And Pallas, whiche that may to gold do boote,  
Founde out first wevyng, this is verray sooth,  
Thurghe his prudence of al maner cloth.

And Fydo first fonde out the science  
Of the mesures and the proporciouns,  
And for marchauntes dide well his diligence,  
To fynde balauncis by just divisiouns,  
To avoyde al frawde in citees and in townes,  
On eyther partye plainly to compile,  
Of alle triewe weight that there were no gyle.

Compare in ordre clierly al these thynges,  
Founde of olde tyme by diligent travaile,  
To the plesaunce of princes and of kynges,  
To shewe how moche that konnyng may availe ;  
And wey ageynwardes the froward acquitayle,  
Contrariouly how Sarnadapalle  
Founde ydelnesse, the moder of vices alle.

Lette pryncis alle herof taken heede,  
What that availeth vertuous besynesse,  
And what damage the revers doth indeede,  
Vicious lyffe, slowthe, and ydelnesse ;  
And this ensample lete hem eke inpresse  
Amyddes theyr herte, and how Sarnadapalle  
Founde ydelnesse, moder of vices alle.

Of Assurye to rekne the kynges alle,  
 Whiche had that lond under subjeccioune,  
 Laste of echon ther was Sarnadapalle,  
 Most femynye of his condicioune ;  
 Wherfor fortune list to throwe hym downe,  
 And compleyneng most uggely of manere,  
 Next after Dydo to Bochas dide appere.

To vicyous lust his lyf he did enclyne,  
 Amonge the Assuriens whanne he regne began,  
 Of false usage he was so femynye,  
 That on the rok amonges wymmen he spanne,  
 In theyre habyte disguysed from a man,  
 And of frowarde fleshly insolence  
 Of any man fledde ay the presence.

First this kyng chase to be his guyde  
 The moder of vices callid Ydelnesse,  
 Whiche of custume hie vertue sette aside,  
 In every courte wher that she is maystresse,  
 Of sorow and myschief the first founderesse,  
 Whiche caused only this Sarnadapalle,  
 That to alle goodenes his wittes dide appalle.

He fonde up first ryot and dronkenesse,  
 Callid a fadir of lust and lecherye ;  
 Hateful of herte he was to sobrenesse,  
 Cherisshyng surfaytes wacche and gloteny,  
 Callid in his tyme a prince of bawdrye,  
 Fonde reresoupers and fetherbeddis softe,  
 To drynke late, and chaunge his wyne ofte.



The ayre of metis and of bawdy cookis,  
Whiche that of custom al day rost and seethe ;  
Savours of spices, ladils, and flesshookes,  
He loved wele and toke of hem goode hede ;  
And folke that drank more than it was nede,  
Of smellyng wyne for theyr grete excesse,  
Whiche hem to abyde was holly his gladnesse.

He thought also that it dide hym goode,  
To have aboute hym, ageyns skylle and right,  
Boystous bochers al bespreynt with bloode,  
And watry fisshers abode ay in his sight,  
Theyr cotes powdred with scalis silver bright,  
Demyng theyr odour duryng al his lyve,  
Was to his courage most preservatyve.

For ther nas herbe, spice, grasse, ne roote,  
To hym so lusty as was the bordel house,  
Ne no gardyne so holsom, ne so sweete,  
To his plesaunce, ne so delicious,  
As was the presence of folkes lecherous,  
And ever gladde to speke of ribawdye,  
And hem to cherisse that cowde wele flatere and lye.

Til at the last, God, of verray right,  
Displesed was with his condiciouns,  
Bycause he was in every mannes sight  
So femynyne in his affectiouns,  
And holly gaf his inclynaciouns,  
Duryng his lyf, to every vicyous thyng,  
To horrible to here, and namly of a kyng.

But as Bochas list put in mynde,  
 Whanne Arbachus a prince of grete renoune,  
 Sygh of his kyng the fleshly lustes blynde,  
 Made with the peple of that regioune  
 Agenst the kyng a conjuracioune,  
 And sent to hym, for his mysgovernaunce,  
 Of highe disdayne a ful playne defyaunce.

Bad hym beware and proudly to hym tolde,  
 That he hym cast his vicyous lyf t'assaile,  
 And in al hast also that he wolde,  
 Withynne a fielde mete hym in bataile.  
 Wherfor astonyed, his herte began to faile,  
 Where he with wymmen satte and made his gawdes,  
 No wight aboute hym but flaterers and bawdes.

And up he rose and gan hymself to avaunce,  
 No stuff with hym but folkes lecherous,  
 And toke the fielde withouten governaunce,  
 No man aboute hym but foolis ryotours,  
 Whos adversarye callid Arbachus,  
 Made hym proudly the fielde to forsake,  
 That liche a cowarde his castelle hathe he take.

And for his herte frowardly gan fayle,  
 Nought liche a knyght, but liche a losengeour,  
 His riche perré, his riche apparaile,  
 His golde, his jewells, vessels, and tresoure,  
 Was brought afore hym, downe out of a towre,  
 A-myddes his paleys, gaf his men in charge,  
 Of coole and fagot to make a fuyre large.

In whic[h]e he caste his tresoure and jewayles,  
 More bestial than liche a manly man,  
 And in myddes his stones and vessels,  
 Into the fuyre ful furiously he ran ;  
 This tryumphe this Sarnadapalle wanne,  
 Withe fuyre consumed for his fynal mede,  
 Brent al to ashes among the cooles reede.

To-fore his dethe he bad that men shulde write,  
 Upon his grave, the booke doth specifye,  
 Withe lettres large this rayson to endyte,  
 My cursed lyf, my froward ribawdye,  
 Myn ydelnes, myn hateful lecherye,  
 Have caused me, with many false desire,  
 In my last day to be consumed with fuyre.

This epitaff on his grave he sette,  
 To shewe how that he was in al his lyve  
 Ful besy ever to hyndren and to lette  
 Al maner of vertue, and there agayne to stryve.  
 Who foloweth his tracys is never liche to thryve,  
 For whiche the princis seethe for your availe,  
 Vengeaunce ay folwith the vyces at the tayle.

O noble prynces ! here ye may wele see,  
 As in a mirrour, a ful grete evydence,  
 By many ensample, mo thanne two or thre,  
 What harme folwith of slouthe and necligence ;  
 Depe enprintyng in your advertence,  
 How grete hyndryng doth wilful frowardnesse  
 To youre estate, thurghe wilful ydelnesse.

Whanne reason failithe, and sensualité  
 Holdeth the brydel of lecherous insolence,  
 And sobrenes hath lost his liberté,  
 And to false lust is done the reverence,  
 And vice of vertue hath an apparence,  
 Misedithe princis of wilful reklesnes,  
 To grete errour of froward ydelnes.

Ther may no slowthe no nother guerdoune bee,  
 Neyther no nother condigne recompense,  
 But sorow, myschief, and adversité,  
 Sodayne vengeaunce and unware violence ;  
 Whanne ye be frowarde in your magnificence,  
 To knowe the Lorde, and bow you by mekenesse,  
 T' obey his precepte and eschewe ydelnesse.

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#### THE PROCESSION AT THE FEAST OF CORPUS CHRISTI.

THE following poem is taken from MS. Harl. 2251, fol. 250-253, but unfortunately ends imperfectly with the following note of the transcriber: "Shirley kowde fynde no more for this copye."

Mr. Collier has referred to this piece of Lydgate's in his *History of Dramatic Poetry*, ii. 141, and adds, that the poem appears to him to be complete. It has nothing, as Mr. Collier observes, dramatic in its shape and conduct. Ritson, however, inserts "A procession of pageants from the creation" in his list of Lydgate's works; copying, perhaps, from Tanner, who has conjectured the Coventry series of miracle-plays to have been written by him; but not giving any reference to MS. Harl. 2255, as Mr. Collier intimates (i. 21), which belongs solely, though erroneously, to No. 153 of Ritson's list.

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PROCESSIONE OF CORPUS CRISTI.  

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THIS highe feste for to magnifye,  
Now fest of festis, most hevenly and devyne !  
In gostly gladnesse to governe us and guy,  
By whiche al grace dothe upone shyne ;  
For now this day al derknesse to enlumyne,  
In youre presence sette out of figure,  
Shal be declared by many an unkouthe signe,  
Gracious mysteries grounded in Scripture.

First that this fest may be the more magnified,  
Seothe and considrithe in yowre imagynatif,  
For Adam his synne how Crist was crucifyed,  
Upon a crosse to stynten al oure stryf ;  
Fruyt celestial hang on the tre of lyf,  
The fruyte of fruytes for short conclusioun,  
Oure helthe, oure foode, and oure restauratif,  
And chief repast of oure redempcioun.

Remembris the eke in yowre inward entent  
Melchisedech that offred brede and wyne,  
In figure only of the sacrament,  
Steyned in Bosra, on Calvarye made rede ;  
On Sherthursday to-fore that he was dede,  
For memoryal most soverayne and goode,  
Gaf his aposteles take herof goode heede,  
His blessid body and his precious bloode.

Chosen of God this patriark Abraham,  
 Example playne of hospitalité,  
 Recorde I take whan the Aungel cam,  
 To his householde which were in nombre thre;  
 In figure only of the Trynité,  
 Sette to hem brede withe ful glad chiere,  
 Of grete comfort a token who list se,  
 The sacrament that stondithe on the autier.

To Isaac God list his grace shewe,  
 Lyneally downe from that partye,  
 In erthes fatnes and in hevenly dewe,  
 From the Holy Gost descendyng to Marie,  
 That braunche of Jessé God list to glorifie,  
 This Rose of Jericho fresshest on lyve,  
 Blissid among wymmem Luc dothe specifie,  
 Whos name is figured here withe lettres fyve.

Jacob saughe aungels goyng up and downe  
 Upon a ladder, he slepyng certayne  
 Lowe on a stone for recreacioune,  
 The whete glene crowned above the greyne;  
 Forged of gold an host therein I seyne,  
 This Cristes brede delicious unto kynges,  
 Withe gostly gladnesse gracious and soverayne,  
 Geyne foreyn damage of al erthely thynges.

This noble duk, this prudent Moyses,  
 Withe golden hornes liche Phebus beames bright,  
 His ark so riche his viole for to encres,  
 Withe the manna to make our hertis light,

Fygyre and lyknesse who so looke aright,  
 This gostly manna beyng here present,  
 To us figurithe in oure inward sight,  
 A symilitude of the sacrement.

This chosen Aaron beryng a lyknesse,  
 In holy writ as it is clierly founde,  
 Of triewe priesthod and gostly perfitnesse,  
 This innocent, this lambe withe large wounde,  
 The fiende oure enemye outraye and confounde,  
 Is token and signe of Cristes passioune,  
 Spiritual gladnesse most for to habounde,  
 This day mynistred til oure reffeccioune.

Thow chose of God, David that sloughe Golye  
 Withe slyng and stoone, callid the Champioun  
 Of al Israel, as bookes specifye,  
 That sloughe the bere, that venqwysshed the lyoune,  
 Figure of Jesu that withe his passioune,  
 And verray victor withe his woundes fyve,  
 Brought the Philistes unto subjeccioune,  
 Whan Longius spere dide thurghe his hert ryve.

Ecclesiast, myrrour of sapyence,  
 Withe close castel besyde a clowde rede,  
 That same token be virgynal evydence,  
 Sette in Marie, flowryng of maydenhede ;  
 Whiche bare the fruyt, the celestial brede  
 Of oure comfort and consolacioune,  
 Into whos brest the Holy Gost, takethe heede,  
 Sent to Nazarethe graciously cam downe.



Beholde this prophete called Jeremye,  
 Be a visioun so hevenly and divyne,  
 Toke a chalice, and fast gan hym hye  
 To presse out licour out of the rede vyne ;  
 Greyne in the myddes, whiche, to make us dyne,  
 Was beete and bulted floure to make of brede,  
 A gracious fygure that a pure virgyne,  
 Should bere manna in whiche lay al oure speede.

This I saye in token of plenté,  
 A braunche of vynes most gracious and meete,  
 At a grete fest hym thought he dide se,  
 And therwithe al a gracious gleeve of whete ;  
 Token of joye from the hevenly seete,  
 Whan God above list from Jessyes lyne  
 To make his grace as gold dewe down to fleete,  
 To staunche oure venyme which was serpentyne.

Holy Helyas by grace that God hym sent,  
 The noble prophete benygne and honorable,  
 Made stronge in spirite fourty dayes went  
 In his journay, the brede made hym so stable ;  
 Cristallyne water to hym so comfortable,  
 Al his viage bothe in breede and lengthe,  
 A blessed figure verray comfortable,  
 Of the sacrament comythe oure gostly strengthe.

Zacarie holdyng there the fayre censyer,  
 Withe gostly fumes as any bawme so sweete,  
 That up ascendithe from the hertis roote,  
 Gostly tryacle and oure lyves boote,

Agenst the sorwes of worldly pestilence,  
Alle infecte ayres it puttithe under foote,  
Of hem that takithe this brede withe reverence,  
Be meditaciouns and grete prayer.

Blessid Baptist of clenness lok and key,  
Most devoutly gan marken and declare,  
Withe his fynger whan he sayde *Agnus Dei*,  
Shewed the lamb whiche caused oure welfare;  
On Goode Friday was on the crosse made bare,  
And offred up for our redempcioune,  
On Ester morwe to stynte al oure care,  
Agenst sikenes oure restauracioune.

This holy man, the evaungelist Seynt John,  
The Apocalips wrote, and eke dranke poysoune,  
In Cristes faithe as stable as the stone,  
Abode withe Jhesu in his passyounne,  
And for to make a declaracioune,  
On the chalice patyn, a chield yong of age,  
Shewed after there the consecraciounne,  
This brede is he that deyed for our outrage.

This blessid Mark resemblyng the lyounne,  
In his gospel, parfite, stable, and goode,  
Of brede and wyne for confirmaciounne,  
On Sherthursday remembrithe how it stoode,  
Sayde at his sowper, withe a blisful moode,  
To his disciples aforne or he aros,  
"This breede my body, this wyne it is my bloode,  
Whiche that for man deyed upon the crosse."

Holy Mathew, this elate gospeler,  
 Stable, parfite, and triewe in his entent,  
 He wrote and sayde of hole hert and entier,  
 Towching this blessid glorious sacrement ;  
 "This is the chalice of the Newe Testament,  
 That shal be shadde for many and nat for oon,  
 For Crist Jhesu was from his fader sent,  
 Excepcioune none, but deyed for echon."

Lucas confermythe of this holy bloode,  
 To avoyde alwey al ambyguité,  
 "This is my body that shal for man be dede,  
 Hym to delyver from infernal powsté,  
 To Jerusalem th' imperial citee,  
 Hym to conduyte eternaly to abyde,  
 Adam oure fader and his posterité,  
 By Crist that suffred a spere to perce his syde."

Paulus, doctor, writithe in his scripture,  
 The whiche affermythe and saythe us triewly,  
 Yif ther be founde any creature,  
 Whiche that this brede receyvithe unworthily,  
 He etithe his brede most dampnably,  
 For whiche I counsaile and playnly thus I meane,  
 Eche man be ware to kepe hym prudently,  
 Nat to resceyve it, but if he be clene.

He that is clepid "mayster of sentence,"  
 Sette in a clowde holde here a fresshe image,  
 Remembris the eke by grete excellence,  
 In this matier avoidyng al outrage,

Gyven to man here in oure pilgremage,  
 This sacrement after his doctryne,  
 Is Cristes body repast of our passage,  
 By the Holy Gost take of a pure virgyne.

The noble clerk the doctour ful famous,  
 Writethe and recordithe remembryng triewly,  
 Geyne heretykes hooly Jeronymus  
 How that this host is hole in eche partye ;  
 Bothe God and man Crist Jhesus verilye,  
 In eche particle hole and endevided,  
 This is oure beleeve and creaunce feithfully,  
 Out of oure hertis al errours circumsided.

Moral Gregore ful wele rehearse he can,  
 In his writyng and vertuouse doctryne,  
 How it is flesshe take of a pure virgyne,  
 Geyne al sikenes oure chief restoratif,  
 This sacrament, this blessid brede of lyf,  
 This glorious doctour, this parfite holy man,  
 Touchyng this brede do thus determyne.

Blessid Austyne rehersithe in sentence,  
 Whan Crist is ete or receyve in substaunce,  
 That lyf is eten of heavenly excellence,  
 Qwykenyng oure hert withe al gostly plesaunce,  
 Repast ay lasting, restoratyf eternal,  
 Oure force, oure myght, oure strengthe, oure sub-  
 stance,  
 And remedy agenst al oure olde grevaunce,  
 Brought in be bytyng of an appul smal.

Ambrosius withe sugred eloquence,  
 Writithe withe his penne and langage laureate,  
 Withe Cristes word substancial in sentence,  
 The sacrament is justly consecrate,  
 Oure daily foode renewyng oure estate,  
 Reconsilyng us whan we trespas or erre,  
 And makithe us myghti withe Sathan to debate,  
 To wynne tryumphe in al his mortal werre.

Maister of storyes, this doctour ful notable,  
 Holdyng a chalice here in a sonne cliere,  
 An host aloft glorious and comendable,  
 A pitee playneng withe a ful hevy chiere,  
 Withe face downe cast shewyng the manere,  
 Of hir compleynte withe hir pitous looke,  
 Elas ! she bought hir sones dethe to dere,  
 Whan he for man the raunsom on hym tooke.

This holy Thomas callid of Alqwyne,  
 Be highe myracle that saughe persones thre,  
 An ost ful rounde, a sonne about it shyne,  
 Joyned in oone by perfite unité,  
 A glorious liknesse of the Trynité  
 Gracious and digne for to be commendid,  
 Withe feythe, withe hope, withe perfite charité,  
 Al oure beleewe is therin comprehendid.

Withe there figures shewed in yowre presence,  
 By dyvers liknesse yow to do plesaunce,  
 Receyvithe hem withe devout reverence,  
 This brede of lyf ye kepe in remembraunce,

Oute of this Egipt of worldly grevaunce,  
 Yowre restoratyf celestial manna,  
 Of whiche God graunt eternal suffisaunce,  
 Where aungels syng everlastyng Osanna.

---

## LONDON LACKPENNY.

THIS is the best known of Lydgate's ballads, and has been frequently printed ; by Strutt, Pugh, Nicolas, and partly by Stowe. There are two copies in the British Museum, MSS. Harl. 367 and 542 : we take our text from the former and best of these copies, which differ considerably from each other.

---

To London once my stepps I bent,  
 Where trouth in no wyse should be faynt,  
 To Westmynster-ward I forthwith went,  
 To a man of law to make complaynt,  
 I sayd, " for Marys love, that holy saynt !  
 Pity the poore that wold proceede ;"  
 But for lack of mony I cold not spede.

And as I thrust the prese amonge,  
 By froward chaunce my hood was gone,  
 Yet for all that I stayd not longe,  
 Tyll to the kyngs bench I was come.  
 Before the judge I kneled anone,  
 And prayd hym for Gods sake to take heede ;  
 But for lack of mony I myght not speede.

Beneth them sat clarkes a great rout,  
Which fast dyd wryte by one assent,  
There stode up one and cryed about,  
Rychard, Robert, and John of Kent.  
I wyst not well what this man ment,  
He cryed so thycke there indede ;  
But he that lackt mony myght not spede.

Unto the common place I yode thoo,  
Where sat one with a sylken hoode ;  
I dyd hym reverence, for I ought to do so,  
And told my case as well as I coode,  
How my goods were defrauded me by falshood.  
I gat not a mum of his mouth for my meed,  
And for lack of mony I myght not spede.

Unto the Rolls I gat me from thence,  
Before the clarkes of the chauncerye,  
Where many I found earnyng of pence,  
But none at all once regarded mee.  
I gave them my playnt uppon my knee ;  
They lyked it well, when they had it reade :  
But lackyng money I could not be sped.

In Westmynster hall I found out one,  
Which went in a long gown of raye ;  
I crowched and kneled before hym anon,  
For Maryes love, of help I hym praye.  
“ I wot not what thou meanest,” gan he say :  
To get me thence he dyd me bede,  
For lack of mony I cold not speed.

---



Within this hall, nether rich nor yett poore  
Wold do for me ought, although I shold dye.  
Which seing, I gat me out of the doore,  
Where Flemynges began on me for to cry,  
“ Master, what will you copen or by ?  
Fyne felt hattes, or spectacles to reede ?  
Lay down your sylver, and here you may speede.”

Then to Westmynster-Gate I presently went,  
When the sonn was at hyghe pryme ;  
Cookees to me, they tooke good entente,  
And proferred me bread, with ale and wyne,  
Rybbs of befe, both fat and ful fyne.  
A fayre cloth they gan for to sprede ;  
But wantyng mony I myght not then speede.

Then unto London I dyd me hye,  
Of all the land it beareth the pryse :  
Hot pescodes, one began to crye,  
Strabery rype, and cheryes in the ryse ;  
One bad me come nere and by some spyce,  
Peper and safforne they gan me bede,  
But for lack of mony I myght not spede.

Then to the Chepe I began me drawne,  
Where mutch people I saw for to stande ;  
One ofred me velvet, sylke, and lawne,  
An other he taketh me by the hande,  
“ Here is Parys thred, the fynest in the land ;”  
I never was used to such thyngs indede,  
And wantyng mony I myght not spede.

Then went I forth by London stone,  
 Throughout all Canwyke streete ;  
 Drapers mutch cloth me offred anone ;  
 Then comes me one cryed hot shepes feete ;  
 One cryde make rell, ryster grene, an other gan greeete ;  
 On bad me by a hood to cover my héad,  
 But for want of mony I myght not be sped.

Then I hyed me into Est-Chepe ;  
 One cries rybbs of befe, and many a pye ;  
 Pewter pottes they clattered on a heape ;  
 There was harpe, pype, and mynstrelsy.  
 " Yea, by cock ! nay, by cock !" some began crye ;  
 Some songe of Jenken and Julyan for then mede ;  
 But for lack of mony I myght not spede.

Then into Corn-Hyl anon I yode,  
 Where was mutch stolen gere amonge ;  
 I saw where honge myne owne hoode,  
 That I had lost amonge the thronge :  
 To by my own hood I thought it wronge,  
 I knew it well as I dyd my crede,  
 But for lack of mony I could not spede.

The taverner took mee by the sleve,  
 " Sir," sayth he, " wyll you our wyne assay ?"  
 I answered, that can not mutch me greve,  
 A peny can do no more then it may,  
 I drank a pynt and for it dyd paye ;  
 Yet sone a hungerd from thence I yode,  
 And wantyng mony I cold not spede.

Then hyed I me to Belyngsgate ;  
 And one cryed, "hoo ! go we hence!"  
 I prayd a barge man, for God's sake,  
 That he wold spare me my expence.  
 "Thou scapst not here," quod he, "under ij. pence ;  
 I lyst not yet bestow any almes dede."  
 Thus lackyng mony I could not speede.

Then I convayd me into Kent ;  
 For of the law wold I meddle no more ;  
 Because no man to me tooke entent,  
 I dyght me to do as I dyd before.  
 Now Jesus, that in Bethlem was bore,  
 Save London, and send trew lawyers there mede !  
 For who so wantes mony with them shall not speede.

---

### THE TALE OF THE LADY PRIORESS AND HER THREE SUITORS.

THERE can be little doubt that this humorous story is translated from a French Fabliau, but we have not been able to discover that the original is known. It is here printed from MS. Harl. 78.

---

O GLORYUS God, oure governor, gladin alle this  
 gesttyng,  
 And gyfe them joye that wylle here whatt I shalle saye  
 or syng.  
 Me were lothe to be under non of them that byn not  
 connyng ;  
 Many maner of men there be that wylle meddylle of  
 every thyng,  
 Of resons x. or xij.

Dyverse mene fawttes wyllle fele,  
 That knowethe no more then doythe my hele,  
 That they thynke nothyng ys welle,  
 But yt do meve of themselfe.

But yt move of themselfe, for sothe they thynke yt  
 ryghte nowght ;  
 Many men ys so usyd, ther terme ys soen toughte.  
 Sympylle ys there consayet, when yt ys forthe broughte:  
 To meve you of a matter, forsothe, I am be thoughte,  
 To declare you of a case.  
 Make you mery alle and sone,  
 And I shalle telle you of a noone,  
 The fayryst creator under the sone,  
 Was pryorys of a plase.

The lady that was lovely, a lorddes dowter she was,  
 Full pewel and fulle precyous provyd in every plase;  
 Lordes and laymen and spryttualle her gave chase,  
 For her fayer beawté grette temtacyon she hase,  
 Her love for to wyne,  
 Grett gyftes to here they browzth ;  
 Many men lowythe here out hir softe ;  
 How here selfe myght from them wrowthe,  
 She wyst not how to begyene.

There wooyd a young knyght, a fresse lord and a fayer ;  
 And a parson of a paryche, aperelet wythouttyn pyre;  
 And a burges of a borrow ; lyst and ye shalle here  
 How they had layed ther love upon the lady dere,  
 And nooen of other wyst.

They goo and com ;  
 Desyryd of here louff soene,  
 They sware by son and mone  
 Of here to have there lyste.

The young knyghte for the ladys love narrow tornyd  
 and went,  
 Many bokkes and dooys to the lady he sent ;  
 The parson present her prevely hys matters to amend,  
 Bedds, brochys, and botelles of wyen he to the lady sent ;  
 The burges to her broght.  
 Thus they trobylyd thorow tene,  
 She wyst not how here selffe to mene,  
 For to kepe here soule clene,  
 Telle she her be-thought.

The young knyght be-thought hym mervelously wythe  
 lady for to melle ;  
 He flatteryd her wythe many a fabyll, fast hys toung  
 gan telle ;  
 Lessyngs lepyd out amonge, as sowend of a belle :  
 " Madam, but I have my lyst of you, I schalle my-  
 seleff quelle :  
 Youre lovfe unto me graunt.  
 In batylle bolde there abyde,  
 To make the Jues there heddes hyde,  
 With gret strokes and bloody syd,  
 And sle many a grette gyaunt.

" Alle ys for your love, madame, my lyfe wold I venter,  
 So that ye wylle graunt me, I have desyryd many a  
 wyntter,

Under nethe your comly cowle to have myn intent."  
 "Syr," she sayd, "ye be ower lord, ower patron, and  
 ower precedent ;

Your wylle must nedes be don.  
 So that ye wylle goo thys tyde  
 Downen to the chapylle under the wood syde,  
 And be rewlyd as I wylle ye gyde."  
 "Alle redy," sayde he thoo.

"Downen in the wode there ys a chapelle, ryght as I  
 you hyght lett ;  
 Therein must ye ly alle nyght, my love and ye wylle  
 gett ;

Ly there lyke a ded body sowyd in a shett,  
 Than shalle ye have my love, my nawen hony swett,  
 Unto morow that yt be lyght."

"Madame," he sayd, "for your love  
 Yt shalle be don, be God above !  
 Ho sayethe, naye, here ys me glove,  
 In that quarelle for to fyght."

That knyght kyssyd the lady gent, the bargen was made ;  
 Of no bargen syght he was borne was he never halfe  
 so glade.

He went to the chapelle, as the lady hym bad ;  
 He sowyd hymselfe in a shett, he was nothyng a-dred,  
 He thought apon no sorrow.

When he com there, he layed up ryght,  
 Wythe ij. tapers bornynge bryght,  
 There he thought to ly alle nyght,  
 To kys the lady on the morrow.

As soon as the knyght was gon, she sent for Sir John ;  
Welle I wott he was not long, he cam to her anon.

“Madam,” he sayd, “ what shalle I do ? ” She answeryd  
to him than,

Sche sayd, “ hyt schalle telle yow my conssell sone,  
Blowen yt ys so brode.

I have a cosyn of my blode,  
Lyethe ded in the chapylle wood ;  
For owyng of a som of good  
Hys beryng ys forbode.

“ We be not abyлле to pay the good that men do crave,  
Therefore we send for you, ouer worshype for to save :  
Say his dorge and masse, and laye hym in hys grave,  
Wythin a whyle after my love shalle you have,  
And truly kepe consell.”

Hys hartte hoppyd hys wyll to worke ;  
To do alle thys he undertoke,  
To say hys servys apon a boke  
He sware be hevyn and helle.

“ Do thy dever,” the lady sayd, “ as farforthe as thou may,  
Then shalt thou have thy wylle of me.” And serten  
to I the saye,

Sir John was as glad of thys as ever was fowle of daye ;  
Wyth a m[a]ttake and a shovylle to the chapylle he  
takythe the waye,

Where he lay in his shett.

When he cam ther, he made hys pett,  
And sayed hys dorge at his fett.

The knyght lyethe styлле, and dremyd hyt  
That my loffe whas hys swett.



As soen as the pryst was gon the yong knyght for to bery,  
She sent after the marchaunt; to her he cam full mery.

“Downen in the wode ther ys a chapell, ys fayer under  
a peré,

Therin lyethe a ded corse, thefore must ye stere ye,

To helpe us in ower ryght;

He owyth us a som of golde,

To forbyd hys beryng I am bolde;

A pryst ys theder, as yt ys me tolde,

To bery hym thys nyght.

“Yf the corse beryd be, and ower mony not payed,

Yt were a fowlle sham for us so for to be bytrayed;

And yf ye wyll do after me, the pryst shalle be afrayed;

In a develles garment ye shalle be arayed,

And stalke ye theder fulle styll.

When ye se the pryst styre,

To bery hym that lyeth on bere,

Lepe in at the quyer dore,

Like a fend of helle.”

“Madam, for your love, soen I shall be tyryd,

So that ye wylle graunt me that I have oft desyryd.”

“Syr,” she sayd, “ye shalle yt have, but fyrst I wyll be  
sewyred,

That ower counselle ye wylle kepe that they be not  
dyscuryd.

Tell to morow that yt be day.

Yf thou voyed, or ells flee,

For ever thou lesyst the love of me.”

“I graunt, madame,” sythe he,

And on wythe ys araye.

He dyght hym in a dyvelles garment, ffurthe gan he goo;  
 He cam in at the chrych dore, as the dyrge was doo,  
 Rynnyng, roryng, wythe hys rakyls, as devilles semyd  
 to doo.

The pryst brayed up as a boke, hys hartt was allemost goo,  
 He demyd hymselfe but ded,  
 He was afered he was to slowe;  
 He rose up he wyst not howe,  
 And brake out at a wyndow,  
 And brake fowle ys heed.

But he that bod all the brunt, how sherwly he was egged,  
 For to here hys dyrge do, and se hys pet deggyd.  
 "I trow I had my damys curse, I myght have byn  
 better beddyd;  
 For now I am but lost, the lyghtter but I be leggyd."  
 And up rose he then.  
 The devyll se the body rose;  
 Then hys hart began to gryse:  
 "I trow we be not alle wyse,"  
 And he began to ryen.

His ragys and hys rattelles clen be had forgett;  
 So had the yong knyght, that sowyed was in the shett.  
 The pryst demyd them devylles both, wyth them he  
 wolde not mett;  
 He sparyd nother hylle, nor holte, busche, gryne,  
 nor grett;  
 Lord! he was fowle scrapyd!

The other twayen was elle aferd,  
 They sparyd nethe style ne sherd,  
 They had lever then mydylle erd,  
 Ayther from other have scapyd.

The pryst toke a by pathe, wyth them he wolde not mett;  
 Y[i]t ys hed was fowle brokyn, the blod ran downen to  
 ys fett;

He ran in a fyrryd gowen, he cast of alle hys clothys,  
 alle his body gan reke.

To the bare breke

Because he wolde goo lyght.

He thought he harde the devylle loushe,

He start into a bryer boushe,

That al his skyen gan rowsshe

Of hys body quyt.

The knyth he ran into a wood, as fast as he myght  
 weend;

He felle apon a stake, and fowle his lege gan rentt;

Therefore he toke no care, he was aferd of the fend;

He thought yt was a longe waye to the pathes end.

But then cam alle hys care!

In at a gape as he glent

By the medylle he was hent,

Into a tre tope he went

In a bokes snarre.

The marchaunt ran apon a laund there where growyth  
 no thoren,

He felle apou a bollys bake, he causte hym apou hys  
hornys.

“ Out ! alas ! ” he sayd, “ that ever I was boren,  
For now I goo to the devylle bycause I dyd hym scoren,  
Unto the pytt of helle.”

The bolle ran into a myre,  
There he layed ower fayer syer,  
For alle the world he durst not stere,  
Tylle that he herde a belle.

On the morrow he was glad that he was so scapyd ;  
So was the pryst also, thoo he was body nakyd.  
The knyght was in the tre tope, for dred fere he quaked ;  
The best jowelle that he had fayne he wolde forsake,  
For to com dowene.

He caught the tre by the tope,  
Ye and eke the calle trope ;  
He felle and brake hys fore tope  
Apon the bare growend.

Thus they went from the game, beglyd and beglued ;  
Nether on other wyst, hom they went be-shrewyd ;  
The parson tolde the lady on the morrow, what mys-  
chyf ther was shewed,  
How that he had ronne for her love, hys merthys wer  
but lewed,

He was so sore dred of dethe.  
“ When I shuld have beryd the corse,  
The devylle cam in, the body rose,  
To se alle thys my hart grese,  
Alyffe I scapyd unnethe.”

"Remember," the lady saythe, "what myschyfe heron  
 goythe;  
 Had I never lover yet that ever dyed good dethe."  
 "Be that lord!" sayd the pryst, "that shope bothe ale  
 and mette!  
 Thow shaltte never be wooed for me, whylyst I have  
 speche or brethe,  
 Whyle I may se or here."  
 Thus they to mad ther bost;  
 Furthe he went wythout the corse.  
 Then com the knyght for hys purpos,  
 And told her of hys fare.

"Now I hope to have your love, that I have servyd  
 youre;  
 For bought I never love soo dere syth I was man i-bore."  
 "Hold thy pese!" the lady sayd, "therof speke thou  
 no more,  
 For by the newe bargen my love thou hast for-lore,  
 Alle thys hundrythe wynter."  
 She answered hym; he went hys way.  
 The marchaunt cam the same day,  
 He told her of hys grett afray,  
 And of hys hyght aventure.

"Tylle the corse shulde be beryd, be the bargen I abode;  
 When the body ded ryse, a grymly gost a-gleed,  
 Then was tyme me to stere, many a foyle I be-strood;  
 There was no hegge for me to hey, nor no watter to brod,  
 Of you to have my wylle."

The lady said, "pese, fulle blethe.  
 Neer," she said, "whylle thou art man on lyffe;  
 For I shalle shew yt to they wyff,  
 And alle the contré yt tylle.

And proclam ytte in the markyt towene, they care to  
 encrease,"

Therwyth he gave her xx. marke that she shold hold  
 her pese.

Thus the burges of the borrowe, after hys dyses,  
 He endewed into the place wyth dedes of good relese,  
 In fee for ever more.

Thus the lady ded fre,  
 She kepythe her vyrgenyté,  
 And indewed the place wyth ffee,  
 And salvyd them of ther soore.

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MORAL OF THE FABLE OF THE HORSE, THE  
 GOOSE, AND THE SHEEP.

COPIES of this moral tale are common in manuscript, and it has been printed by our early printers, Caxton and Wynkyn de Worde. See MS. Lansd. 699; MS. Lamb. 306; MS. Rawl. Oxon. C. 86; MS. Bodl. Laud. 598, Bern. 1475. I have thought it sufficient to give the moral from MS. Harl. 2251, fol. 314-316.

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THE MORALITÉ OF THE HORS, THE GOOSE, AND THE SHEEPE,  
 TRANSLATED BY DAN JOHNE LIDGATE.

OF this fable conteynethe this sentence,  
 At goode leyser dothe the matier see,  
 Whiche inportithe grete intelligence,  
 If ye list, take the moralité!

Profitable to every comunalté,  
 Whiche includithe in many sundry wise,  
 No man shuld, of highe or low degré,  
 For no prerogatif his neyghburghe to dispise,

Trappours of golde ordeyned were for stiedis,  
 Sheepe in theyr pasture to grace withe mekenes,  
 Yitte of theyr wullis bien wonder riche wedis,  
 Of smothe downe made pilwes for softnes,  
 Fether-beddis to sleepe on whan men hem dresse,  
 Toward Aurora ageyn til they rise,  
 Rolle up this problem, thynke it dothe expresse,  
 For no prerogatif his neyghburghe to dispise.

The inward meanes, aforne as it is told,  
 The hors is taken of marcial noblesse,  
 Withe his bellis and boosis brode of gold,  
 Estate of tirauntis the poraile dothe expresse.  
 The wolfe in fieldis the shepe dothe grete duresse,  
 Rukking in foldis for fere dar nat arise,  
 Ye that have power be ware in yowre highnesse,  
 For no prerogatif yowre subgettis to dispise.

As pronostatike clerks beren witnesse,  
 Be ware of Phebus that erly castithe hir light,  
 Of reyne, storme, or myst, or of derkenesse,  
 Shal after folowe long or it be nyght;      [flight,  
 Signe of grete wynter whan wielde gees take theyr  
 Nat highe nor lowe presumen of his myght,  
 For no prerogatif his neyghburghe to dispise.



Of many straunge unknowthe simylitude,  
 Poetis of olde fables han contryved,  
 Of sheepe, of hors, of gees, and bestis rude,  
 By whiche theyr witte was secretely approved,  
 Under covert termes tirauntes eke reproved,  
 Theyr oppressiouns and malice to chastice,  
 By example of reasen goodely to be meved,  
 For no prerogatif the poraile to dispise.

Fortunes course diversly is dressid,  
 By liknes of many another tale ;  
 Men, beste, and fowle, and fisses bien oppressed,  
 Of grete fisses devoured bien the smale,  
 In theyr nature bi female or bi male ;  
 Whiche in nature is a ful straunge guyse,  
 To sen a cukkow murther a nyghtyngale,  
 An innocent bridde of hatered to dispise.

Withe this processe who that be wrothe or woode,  
 Thynges outrage bien founde in every kynde,  
 A cherol of birthe hatithe gentil bloode ;  
 It were a monstre geyne nature, as I fynde,  
 That a grete mastyfe shuld a lyoun bynde ;  
 A perilous clymyng whan beggers up arise  
 To hye estate, marke this in yowre mynde,  
 By false prerogatif theyr neyghburghs to dispise.

False supplantyng, clymyng of foolis  
 Unto chayers of worldly dignité,  
 Looke of discrecioune sette jobbardis upon stoolis,  
 Whiche hathe distroyed many a comunalté,

Marchol to sitte in Salamons see,  
 What folwithe after no reason no justice,  
 Injuste promocioune and parcialité,  
 By false prerogatyf theyr neyghburghs to dispise.

Atwene riche and poore, what is the difference,  
 Whan dethe approachithe, in every creature?  
 Sauf a gay tumbé fresshe of apparence,  
 The riche is shitte withe colours and picture,  
 To hide his careyne stuffid withe foule ordure,  
 The poore lithe lowe after the comune guyse,  
 To techon al prowde men of reason and nature,  
 For no prerogatif his neyghburghe to dispise.

Ther was a kyng whilom as I rede,  
 As is remembred, of not ful yoore agon,  
 Whiche cast away crowne and purpur wede,  
 Bicause that he knew nat boon from boon;  
 Of poore ne riche hym tempte they were aloon,  
 Refused his corowne and gan to advertise,  
 Princis buryed in glasse ane precious stone,  
 Shuld of no pompe theyr subgettis to dispise.

This thyng was done in Alisaundre tyme,  
 Bothe authentique and historialle,  
 Bode nat til nyghte left his estate at pryme,  
 His purpul mantel his garnementis royalle,  
 To exemplifie in especial,  
 To emperial power that perol is to rise,  
 Who clymbythe hiest most dredfulle is his falle,  
 Eche man be ware his neyghburghe to dispise.

Highe and lowe were made of oo nature,  
Of erthe we cam to erthe we shal ageyne,  
Withe theyr victories and triumphes incertayne,  
In charis of gold lete hem have no disdayne,  
Thoughe they eche day of newe hemselfe disguyse,  
Fortune is false his sonne is meynt withe reyne,  
Beware ye princis youre subgettis to dispise.

Hede and feete bien necessary bothe,  
Feete bere up alle and heedis shal provide,  
Hors, sheepe, and gees whi shul they be wrothe,  
For theyr comodités to abrayden up pride ;  
Nature theyr yiftes dothe dyversly divide ;  
Whos power lastithe from Cartage unto Pise,  
He hastithe wele that wisely gan abide,  
For any prerogatif his neyghburghe to dispise.

To best and fowle nature hathe sette a lawe,  
Ordeyned stiedis in justes for the knyght,  
In cart and ploughe horsis for to draw,  
Sheepe in theyr pasture to grase day and nyght,  
Gees to swymme, among to take theyr flight ;  
Of God and kynde taken al theyr fraunchise,  
Yevynge ensample that no maner wight  
For no prerogatif his neyghburghe shal dispice.

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ON THE WRETCHEDNESS OF WORLDLY  
AFFAIRS.

[From MS. Harl. 2251, fol. 272-275.]

THIS WORLD IS A THURGHEFARE FUL OF WOO.

LYFT up the ieen of your advertence,  
Ye that bethe blynde withe worldly vanyté,  
No better myrrour than experience,  
For to declare his mutabilité.  
Lo! now withe joye, now withe adversité,  
To erthely pilgrymes that passen to and froo,  
Fortune shewithe ay, by chaungyng hir see,  
How this world is a thurghefare ful of woo.

Boys in his booke of Consolacioune,  
Writethe and rehersithe fortunes variaunce,  
And makithe there a playne discripcioune,  
To trust on hir ther is none assuraunce ;  
For who til hir, lo ! hathe attendaunce,  
Is liche a pilgryme passyng to and froo,  
To shewe to us withe sugred false plesaunce,  
How this world is a thurghefare ful of woo.

In this world here is none abidyng place,  
But that it is by processe remuable :  
For who had ever in erthe suche a grace,  
To make fortune for to abide stable :  
Hir double face is so variable,  
Seethe by these pilgrymes that passen to and fro,  
To prudent folkes an ymage acceptable,  
How this worlde is a thurghefare ful of woo.

Nis nat this world liche a pilgrymage,  
 Wher highe ne lowe no while may abyde?  
 Liche a fayre peynture sette on a stage,  
 That sodainly is oft so cast aside?  
 Fy on pompe, and fy on worldly pride,  
 Whiche bien but pilgrymes passynge to and froo,  
 To shewe plainly, who that can provide,  
 How this world is a thurghfare ful of woo.

Oure fader Adam bygan withe sore travaile,  
 Whan he was flemed out of Paradice.  
 Lord! what myght than gentillesse availe,  
 The first stokke of labour toke his price;  
 Adam in the tilthe whilom was holden wyse,  
 And Eve in spynnyng prudent was also,  
 For to declere as be myn advise,  
 How this world is a thurghfare ful of woo.

Is nat the cart and the laborious ploughe,  
 Of lordes riches and of theyr haboundaunce  
 Roote and grounde, if they kowde have i-nowghe,  
 And hold hem content withe fortunes chaunce.  
 But covetise oppressithe souffisaunce,  
 In worldly pilgrymes passyng to and froo,  
 To shewen allas and maken demonstraunce,  
 How this world is a thurghfare ful of woo.

And for to telle plainly and nat to spare,  
 Whiche bien the worthy surmountyng noblesse,  
 That han betymes passid this thurghfare,  
 And kowde therin fynde no surenesse,

For to abyde but chaunge and doublenesse,  
 What was ther fyne whan that they shuld goo,  
 Redithe the cronycles and trouthe shal expresse,  
 How this world is a thurghfare ful of woo.

Who was more knyghtly than was Josué,  
 Whiche hyng up kynges there at Gabaon?  
 Or more manly than Judas Machabé,  
 Meker than David, wiser than Salamon?  
 Or fayrer founde than was Absolon?  
 Icheon but pilgrymes passyng to and froo;  
 Takyng ensample also by Sampson,  
 How this world is a thurghfare ful of woo.

Hector was slayne also of Achilles,  
 As he hym mette unwarly in bataile,  
 And Julius was murthred in the prese,  
 Whan senatours at Rome hym dide assaile.  
 What myght the conquest of Alisaundre availe?  
 Al ner but pilgrymes passing to and froo,  
 Plainly to declare to riche and to the poraile,  
 How this world is a thurghfare full of woo.

Remembrishe how that many a riche realme,  
 Hathe bien to-forn cast downe and overthrowe,  
 Prynces of provynces whilom Jerusalem,  
 Was for his synne somtyme brought ful lowe,  
 Seede of discorde also that was sowe,  
 Among the Trojans in myddes of theyr mortal woo,  
 Gyvithe evidence to make men to knowe,  
 How this world is a thurghfare ful of woo.

Of Babyloyne the grete Balthasar,  
 Whan he sat hiest in his estate royal,  
 Ful sodainly, or he list be ware,  
 Had from his crowne a ful dredeful fal ;  
*Mane techel phares* writen on the walle,  
 Taught hym plainly what wey he shuld go,  
 To us concludyng in especial,  
 How this world is a thurghfare ful of woo.

Betwene Pompey and Cesar Julius,  
 Was grounde and cause why that Rome towne  
 Destroyed was, cronycles tellen us ;  
 Cesar slayne by Brutus Cassius,  
 Makyng th' empire unto declyne to goo,  
 For to reporte plainly unto us,  
 How this world is a thurghfare ful of woo.

Hertis devided have caused mochel wrake :  
 Recorde on Fraunce and Parys the fayre citee,  
 Betwene Burgoynonne and hateful Armynake,  
 Gynnyng and roote of grete mortalité,  
 Shedyng of bloode, slaughter, and adversité,  
 As Martis chaunce torned to and froo,  
 To yeve ensample if men kowde se,  
 How this world is a thurghfare ful of woo.

The fyft Henry, the myghti conquerour,  
 To sette rest atwene Inglaund and Fraunce,  
 Dide his peyne and diligent labour,  
 As he wele kydde by knyghtly governaunce,



\* \* \* \* \*

To grete hyndryng of these reames twoo,  
Toke hym away, to shewe us in substaunce,  
How this world is a thurghfare ful of woo.

Clarence the Duk, ensample of gentillesse,  
Of fredam callid the verray exemplayre ;  
The Duk of Excestre, ful famous of prowesse,  
Thoughe he were knyghtly, he was eke debonayre ;  
But for al that fortune was yit contrayre :  
To bothe these Dukes, allas ! why dide she so ?  
But for hir list to shewe by mortal chaunce,  
How this world is a thurghfare ful of woo.

Of Salusbury the manly Montagw,  
Thoughe he was preved in armys a goode knyght,  
The fatal day yit might he nat eschewe,  
Whan that he dyed for his kynges right,  
And Parchas sustren list preve ther yvel myght,  
Of his paradise, whan it come therto,  
To make a myrrour how we may have a sight,  
How this world is a thurghfare ful of woo.

Stabilnesse is founde in nothyng,  
In worldly honour who so lokithe wele ;  
For dethe ne sparithe emperour ne kyng,  
Thoughe they be armed in plates made of steele :  
He castithe downe princes from fortunes wheele,  
As hir spokes rounde about goo,  
To exemplifye, who that markithe wele,  
How this world is a thurghfare ful of woo.

God sent aforne ful oft his officers,  
 To dukes, erles, barouns of estate,  
 Sommonethe also by his mynisters  
 Surquidous people, pompous and elate,  
 Ageyns whos somons they dare make no debate,  
 Obey his preceptis and may nat go ther fro,  
 To signefie to pope and to prelate,  
 How this world is a thurghfare ful of woo.

Of his bedils the names to expresse,  
 And of his sergeauntis, as I can endite,  
 To somowne he sendithe langour and sikenesse,  
 And som withe povert hym list to visite;  
 To iche estate so wele he can hym qwyte,  
 Markyng his servauntis withe tokens where they goo,  
 To shewe hem plainly as I dare wele write,  
 How this world is a thurghfare ful of woo.

Whom that he lovithe, the Lord forgethe hym nought,  
 I meane the children of his heritage,  
 He gyvithe hem leverey of golde ne perle i-wrought;  
 The prente whiche he bare in his pilgremage,  
 Scorne and rebuke cast in his visage,  
 He pacient and sayde nothyng therto,  
 But gaf ensample to every maner of age,  
 How this world is a thurghfare ful of woo.

Thankithe God withe humble paciencie,  
 Whan he yow visitethe withe suche adversité,  
 Heven nys nat wonne with worldly influence,  
 Withe golde ne tresour ne grete prosperité,

But withe suffraunce and withe humylité,  
For this lyf heere, take goode heede therto,  
Faiethe ay at nede wherby ye may se,  
How this world is a thurghfare ful of woo.

Kynges, princis, most soverayne of renoune,  
For al theyr power, theyr myght, theyr excellence,  
Nor philosophers of every regioune,  
Nor the prophetes preferred by science,  
Were nat fraunchised to make resistance,  
But liche pilgrymes whan it cam therto,  
To shewe ensample and playn evidence,  
How this world is a thurghfare ful of woo.

Reken up the realmes and the monarchyes,  
Of erthely princes, reigneng in theyr glorye,  
Withe theyre sceptres and theyr regalyes,  
Withe theyr tryumphes conquerid bi victorye,  
Theyr marcial actes entitled by memorye,  
And to remembre whan that al this is doo,  
They doo but shewe a shadow transitorye,  
How this world is a thurghfare ful of woo.

O, ye maysters, that cast shal yowre looke  
Upon this dyté made in wordis playne,  
Remembre sothely that I the refreyn tooke,  
Of hym that was in makyng soverayne,  
My maister Chaucier, chief poete of Bretayne,  
Whiche in his tragedyes made ful yore agoo,  
Declared triewly and list nat for to seyne,  
How this world is a thurghfare ful of woo.

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## BYCORNE AND CHICHEVACHE.

THE legend of these two "strange beasts" was widely spread during the fifteenth century. The names are both French, Chichefache, or Chinchefache, which signifies literally "melancholy," or "sour visage," was the more famous of the two, and is oftener introduced alone. In one of the Mysteries of St. Geneviève, edited by M. Jubinal, (Paris, 1837) a townsman is made to say sneeringly to the Saint :

"Gardez-vous de la Chicheface,  
El vous mordra s'el vous rencontre."—vol. i. p. 248.

In the notes at the end of that volume, M. Jubinal has printed, from a MS. in the Royal Library of Paris, a very curious poem, descriptive of the Chichefache. Lydgate's poem was printed by Dodsley, in his *Old Plays*, vol. xii. p. 302. See the note at the end of the present volume. My text is taken from MS. Harl. 2251, fol. 270-272.

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*First ther shal stonde an ymage in Poete wise, seyeng  
these iij balades.*

O PRUDENT folkes takithe heede,  
And remembrithe in youre lyves,  
How this story dothe procede,  
Of the husbandes and theyr wyfes,  
Of theyr accorde and theyr stryves,  
Withe lyf or dethe whiche to derayne  
Is graunted to these bestes twayne.

*Than shal be portreyed two bestis, oon fatte, another leene.*

For this Bycorne of his nature  
Wil nonother maner foode,  
But pacient husks never in his pasture,

And Chichevache etithe wymmen goode :  
 And bothe these bestes, by the roode !  
 Be fatte or leene, it may nat faile,  
 Like lak or plenté of theyr vitaile.

Of Chychevache and of Bycorne  
 Tretithe holy this matere,  
 Whos story hathe taught us beforne,  
 Howe these bestes bothe in feere  
 Have ther pasture, as ye shal here,  
 Of men and wymmen in sentence,  
 Thurghe suffraunce or thurghe impacience.

*Than shal be portrayed a fatte beste callid Bycorne, of the  
 cuntrey of Bycornoyes, and seyn these thre baladis folowyng.*

Of Bycornoyes I am Bycorne,  
 Ful fatte and rounde here as I stonde,  
 And in mariage bounde and sworne  
 To Chivache, as hir husbonde,  
 Whiche wil nat eete, on see nor londe,  
 But pacient wyfes debonayre,  
 Whiche to her husbondes be nat contrayre.

Ful scarce, God wote ! is hir vitaile,  
 Humble wyfes she fynt so fewe,  
 For always at the countre-taile  
 Theyr tunge clappithe and dothe hewe ;  
 Suche meke wyfes I be-shrewe,  
 That neyther can at bedde ne boorde  
 Theyr husbondes nat forbere oon woorde.

But my foode and my cherisshynge,  
 To telle plainly and nat to varye,  
 Is of suche folke whiche theyr livynge  
 Dare to theyr wyfes be nat contrarye,  
 Ne from theyr lustis dare nat varye,  
 Nor withe hem holde no champartye,  
 Al suche my stomack wil defye.

*Than shal be portrayed a company of men comyng towardis  
 this beste Bycorne, and sey these foure baladis.*

Felawes, takethe heede, and ye may see  
 How Bycorne castithe hym to devoure  
 Alle humble men, bothe yow and me,  
 Ther is no gayne may us socoure :  
 Woo be therfor, in halle and boure,  
 To al these husbandes whiche theyr lives  
 Maken maystresses of theyr wyfes.

Who that so dothe, this is the lawe,  
 That this Bycorne wil hym oppresse,  
 And devouren in his mawe,  
 That of his wife makithe his maystresse ;  
 This wil us bryng in grete distresse,  
 For we, for oure humylité,  
 Of Bycorne shal devoured be.

We stonden plainly in suche case,  
 That they to us maystressis be ;  
 We may wele syng, and seyn, allas !

That we gaf hem the soveranté ;  
 For we ben thralle and they be free ;  
 Wherfor Bycorn, this cruel beste,  
 Wil us devouren at the lest.

But who that can be soverayne,  
 And his wife teche and chastise,  
 That she dare nat a worde gayn-seyn,  
 Nor disobeye in no manner wise ;  
 Of suche a man I can devise,  
 He stant under protectioun,  
 From Bycornes jurisdiccione.

*Than shal ther be a womman devoured in the mowthe of  
 Chichevache, cryeng to alle wyfes, and sey these balad :*

O noble wyves, bethe wele ware,  
 Takithe ensample now by me ;  
 Or ellis afferme wele I dare,  
 Ye shal be ded, ye shal nat flee ;  
 Bethe crabbed, voydithe humylité,  
 Or Chichevache ne wil nat faile  
 Yow for to swolow in his entraile.

*Than shal ther be portrayed a long horned beste, sklendre and  
 leene, with sharp tethe, and on his body nothyng  
 sauf skyn and boon.*

Chichevache this is my name,  
 Hungry, megre, sklendre, and leene,



To shewe my body I have grete shame ;  
For hunger I feele so grete teene,  
On me no fatnesse wil be seene,  
By cause that pasture I fynde none,  
Therfor I am but skyn and boon.

For my fedying in existence  
Is of wymmen that ben meke,  
And liche Gresield in pacience,  
Or more theyr bounté for to eeke ;  
But I ful longe may gon and seeke,  
Or I can fynde a good repast,  
A morwe to breke with my fast.

I trowe ther be a deere yeere  
Of pacient wymmen now these dayes ;  
Who grevithe hem withe word or chere,  
Lete hym be ware of suche assayes,  
For it is more than thritty mayes,  
That I have sought from lond to lond,  
But yit oon Gresield never I fond.

I fonde but oon in al my lyve,  
And she was ded ago ful yoore.  
For more pasture I will nat stryve,  
Nor seche for my foode no more,  
Ne for vitaile me to restore ;  
Wymmen bien woxen so prudent,  
They wil no more be pacient.

*Than shal be portrayed after Chivache, an olde man withe a  
baston on his bake, manasyng the best for devouring  
of his wyfe.*

My wife, alas ! devoured is,  
Most pacient and most pesible,  
She never sayde to me anysse,  
Whom hathe nowe slayn this best horrible,  
And for it is an impossible  
To fynde ever suche a wyfe,  
I wil live sowle duryng my lyfe.

For now of newe for theyr prow,  
The wyfes of ful highe prudence  
Have of assent made ther avow,  
For to exile for ever pacience,  
And cryed wolfes hede obedience,  
To make Chichevache faile  
Of hem to fyde more vitaile.

Now Chichevache may fast longe,  
And dye for al hir crueltee,  
Wymmen hav made hemself so stronge  
For to outraye humylité.  
O cely husbondes, wo been yee !  
Suche as can have no pacience  
Ageyns yowre wyfes violence.

If that ye suffre, ye be but ded,  
This Bycorne awaitethe yow so sore ;

Eeke of yowre wyfes ye stand in drede,  
 Yif ye geyn-seyn hem any more;  
 And thus ye stonde and have don yore,  
 Of lyfe and dethe betwixt coveyne,  
 Lynkelde in a double cheyne.

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THE LEGEND OF ST. AUSTIN AT COMPTON.

[From MS. Harl. 2255, fol. 24-32.]

OFFRE UP YOWRE DYMES.

LYK as the Bible makith mencioune,  
 The original ground of devout offryng,  
 Callyd of clerkys just decimacioun,  
 In pleyn Ynglisshe trewe and just tithyng;  
 Abel began innocent of lyving,  
 Oonly to God for to do plesaunce,  
 Of frut, of beestys, reknyd every thyng,  
 Gaff God his part, tethe of his substaunce.

Melchisedech, bisshop, preest, and kyng,  
 To Abraham, a prynce of gret puissaunce,  
 For his victorye at his hoom comyng,  
 Whan Amelech was brouhte unto uttraunce,  
 Offryd bred and wyn with devout obeisaunce,  
 Of alle oblaciouns figurys out to serche;  
 On bred and wyn, by roial suffisaunce,  
 The feith is groundid of al hooly cherche.

Of good greyn sowe growith up good wheete,  
 With gret labour plantyd is the vyne,  
 The tenthe part is to our lord moost meete,  
 To whos preceptis, hevenly and divyne,  
 We muste our heedys meekly doun enclyne,  
 Paye our dymes by his comaundementis,  
 Moyses lawe and eek bi the doctryne,  
 Foure Evangelistis and too Testamentis.

Fro Melchisedeche doun to Abraham,  
 To sette of tithes a fundacioun,  
 Th'encrees of frute and al that therof cam  
 They trewly made ther oblacioun;  
 Whan Jacob sauhe in his avisioun,  
 Tyme that he slepte upon the cold stoon,  
 Sauhe on a laddere goon angells up and doun,  
 To God above made his avowhe auoon.

This was his vowhe, with gret humylité,  
 Lik his entent in ful pleyn language.  
 "Lord, yif thou list to conduite me,  
 Of thy grace, fortune my passage,  
 To retourne hoom to myn herytage,  
 My fadris hous come therto bytymes,  
 Of good and tresour, with al the surplusage,  
 I shal to the offren up the dymes."

Among al frutys in especial,  
 By a prerogatif excellent and notable,  
 In worthynesse verray imperial,  
 Of reverence condigne and honourable,

By antiquité in templys custumable,  
 In hooly writ remembryd ofte sithes,  
 Wyn, oyle, and wheete, frutis moost acceptable,  
 To God above were offryd up for tythes.

The patriark of antiquyté,  
 Callyd Isaak next by successioun,  
 To Abraham which with thes frutys thre  
 Gaff to Jacob his benedictioun :  
 The which thre in comparisoun,  
 Of the moralité who so takith heed,  
 To preesthood first and kynges of renoun,  
 Gret mysteries in oyle wyn and breed.

Breed and wyn to bisshopis apparteene,  
 Oyle longith for to anoynte kynges,  
 Offryng is maad of frutys ripe and greene,  
 Of foul and beeste and of al othir thynges ;  
 Breefly conclude alle folke in there livynges,  
 That trewly tithe with glad herte and face,  
 Patriarkis, prophetis in ther writynges,  
 Shal evere encrease with fortune, hap, and grace.

And who fro God with-halte his dewté,  
 Lat hym knowe for pleyn conclusioun,  
 Of warantise he shal nevir the,  
 Lakke grace and vertuous foysoun ;  
 Of ther tresour discrete in eche sesoun,  
 To hooly chirche that wil nat pay hys dyme,  
 Lat hym advertte and have inspeccioun,  
 What ther befyl in Awstynes tyme.

I meene Austyn that was fro Rome sent,  
 By Seyn Gregory into this regioun,  
 Graciously arryved up in Kent,  
 Famous in vertu, of gret perfeccioun;  
 His liff was lyk his predicacioun,  
 As he tauhte, sothely so he wrouhte :  
 By his moost hooly conversacioun,  
 Into this lond the feith of Crist he brouhte.

Thoruhe al the parties and provynces of the lond,  
 Of Cristis gospel he gan the seee to sowe,  
 Unkouth myracles wrouhte with hys hond,  
 Worshipped he was bothe of hihe and lowe ;  
 Withe-uten pompe grace hath his horn so blowe,  
 Thoruhe his merites that the heavenly soun,  
 He callid was as it is wel knowe,  
 Cristes apostil in Brutis Albioun.

He was Aurora whan Phebus sholde arise,  
 With his brihte beemys on that lond to shyne,  
 Callyd day sterre moost glorious to devise ;  
 Our feith was dirkid undir the ecliptik lyne ;  
 Our mysbeleeve he did first enlumyne,  
 Whan he out sprad the brihte beemys cleere,  
 Of Cristes lawe by his parfit doctryne,  
 Thoruhe al this land to make his lihte appeere.

This was doon by grace or we wer war,  
 Of th'Oly-goost by the influence,  
 Whan foure steedys of Phebus goldene chare,  
 List in this regioun holde residence ;

Who droff the chare to conclude in sentence,  
 By goostly favour of the nyne speerys,  
 Tyl blissed Austyn, by goostly elloquence,  
 Was trewe Auriga of foure gospelleeris.

Or Austyn cam, we slombryd in dirknesse,  
 Lyk ydolastres blyndid in our sihte,  
 Of Cristes feith was curteyned the cleernesse,  
 Tyl *Sol justicie* list shewe his beemys brihte ;  
 Of his mercy to clarefye the lihte,  
 Chace away our cloudy ignoraunce,  
 The lord of lordys of moost imperial myhte,  
 T'avoyde away our froward mescreaunce.

First fro the Pope that callid was Gregory,  
 Awstyn was sent, who that liste adverte,  
 Tyme and date be put in memory,  
 To Cristes feith whan he did us converte,  
 Our goostly woundys felte as tho gret smerte ;  
 Deed was our soule, our boody eek despised,  
 Tyl Awstyn made us cast of cloth and sherte,  
 In coold watir by hym we wer baptised.

Kyng Ethelbert regnyng that tyme in Kent,  
 Touchyng the date whan Awstyn cam first doun,  
 Noumbryd the tyme whan that he was sent,  
 By Pope Gregory into this regioun,  
 Yeer of our Lord by computacioun,  
 Compleet five hundryd fourty and eke nine,  
 As cronyclers make mencion,  
 In ther bookys fully determyne.



Thus he began by grace of Goddis hond,  
 Wher God list werche may be noon obstacle,  
 By his labour was cristened at this lond,  
 Feith of our lord wex moor cleer than spectacle ;  
 Whan th'Oly-goost made his habitacle  
 In tho personys that wern in woord and deede,  
 By Awstyn tournyd, God wrouhte a gret myracle,  
 To make hem stable in articles of the creede.

But to resorte ageyn to my mateere,  
 With th'Oly-goost Austyn sett a-fire,  
 Gan preche and teche devoutly the maneere  
 Of Cristes lawe abroad in every shire :  
 Grace of our Lord did hym so inspire,  
 To enlwyne al this regioun,  
 Of aventure his herte gan desire  
 To entre a village that callid was Comptoun.

The parissch preest of the same place,  
 A-forn provided in ful humble wyse,  
 Besouhte hym meekly that he wolde of grace  
 Here his compleynt as he shal devise :  
 In pleyn language told hym al the guyse,  
 Lord of that thorpe requeryd ofte-sithes,  
 He ay contrayre t'obeye to th'emprise,  
 Of hooly chirche list nat pay his tithes.

“ Entretid hym lik to his estat,  
 First secrely next afforn the toun,  
 But al for nouhte I fond hym obstynat,  
 Moost indurat in his oppynyoun ;

Toold hym the custom groundid on resoun,  
 He was bounde by lawe of oold writyng,  
 To paye his dymes, and for rebelloun  
 I cursyd hym, cause of fals tithyng.

“This mateer hool ye must of rihte redresse ;  
 Requeryng you of your goodly heede,  
 By your discrecioun to do rihtwisnesse,  
 Peysen al the cas and prudently take heede  
 That hooly chirche have no wrong in deede ;  
 Al thyng commytted and weyed in ballaunce,  
 Ye to be juge, and lyk as ye proceede  
 We shal obeye to youre ordynaunce.”

Hooly Awstyn, sad and wel avised,  
 Kneuhe by signes this compleynt was no fable,  
 And in maneer was of the caas agrised,  
 Fond that the lord was in that poynt coupable ;  
 To reduce hym and mak hym moor tretable,  
 As the lawe ordeyned hath of rihte,  
 Blissid Awstyn, in Cristes feith moost stable,  
 Took hym apart, seyde unto this knyghte.

“How may this be that thou art froward  
 To hooly chirche to pay thy dewtee,  
 Lyk thy desert thou shalt have thy reward ;  
 Thyнк that thou art bounde of trouble and equitee,  
 To paye thy tithes ; and lerne this of mee,  
 The tenthe part fro God yif thou withdrawe,  
 Thou muste incurre, of necessité,  
 To been accursyd by rigour of the lawe.”

The knyht, astonyd somewhat of his cheer,  
 "Sire," quod he, "I wol wel that ye knowe,  
 My labour is ay from yeer to yeer  
 By revolucion that the lond be sowe,  
 Afore this peple stondyng heer a-rowe,  
 By evidence to maken an open preef,  
 What maner boost that ony man list blowe,  
 I with the nynthe wil have the tenth cheef.

"Sey what ye list, I wyl have no lasse."  
 This was the answeere pleyntly of the knyhte;  
 Hooly Austyn dispoosid hym to masse,  
 Ful devoutly and in the peeplys sihte,  
 Tornyd his face, comaundith anoon rihte,  
 Eche cursyd man that wer out of grace  
 Tyme of his masse that every maneer wihte  
 That stood accursyd, voyde shulde his place.

Present that tyme many creature,  
 Witheout abood or any long taryeng,  
 Ther roos up oon out of his sepulture,  
 Terrible of face, the peple beholdyng,  
 A great paas the chirche-yeerd passyng,  
 The seyntuarye bood ther a greet whyle,  
 Al the space the masse was seyeng,  
 Feerfully afore the chirche style.

Withoute meevyng alway, stille he stood,  
 The peple feerful in ther oppynyoun,  
 Almost for dreed they gan to wexen wood,  
 Afftir masse alle of assent cam down,

To hooly Austyn made relacioun,  
 Of al this caas righte as it was falle,  
 Gaff hem a spirit of consolatioun,  
 Ful sobirely spak unto them alle.

Sad and discreet in his advertence,  
 Sauhe by ther poort that they stood in dreede,  
 First of alle with ful devout reverence,  
 Cros and hooly watir he made aforne proceede ;  
 The crucifix their baner was in deede,  
 Blissid Austyn the careyn gan compelle,  
 " In Jhesu name, that lyst for man to bleede,  
 What that thou art trewly for to telle."

" Disobeisaunt my tithes for to paye,  
 Of yoore agoon I was lord of this toun,  
 My dewtees I did alwey delaye,  
 Stood accursyd for my rebellioun,  
 Made in my liffe no restitucioun,  
 Geyn thy bidding I myhte no socour have ;  
 My cursed careyn, ful of corrupcioun,  
 By Goddis angel wast cast out of my grave.

" Thy precept was upon eche aside,  
 Beyng at masse whil thou were in presence,  
 No stynkyng flesshe myht in the poorche abyde,  
 I was take up, lad forth by violence ;  
 On me was yove so dreedful a sentence  
 Of curs, allas ! which to my diffame,  
 Now as ye seen, for disobedience  
 Disclaundrid is perpetually my name.

" Tyme whan Britouns wer lordis of this lond,  
 Hadde the lordship and domynacioun,  
 The same tyme as ye shal undirstond,  
 Of this village in sothe I was patroun ;  
 To hooly chirche hadde no devocioun,  
 Offte-sithe steryd of my curat  
 To paye my dymes, hadde indignacioun,  
 Was ay contrayre, froward, and obstinat.

" This hundryd yeer I have enduryd peyne,  
 And fifty ovir by computacioun,  
 Greet cause have I to moorne and to compleyne,  
 In a dirk prisoun of desolacioun,  
 Mong firy flawmys, voyd of remissioun."  
 And whil that he this wooful tale toold,  
 Hooly Austyn with the peple enviroun,  
 Wepte of compassioun, as they to watir woold.

Austyn gan muse in his oppynyoun,  
 To fynde a mene the sowle for to save,  
 Of this terrible doolful inspeccioun  
 The peeplis hertys gretly gan abave,  
 Whom to behoolde they cowde no coumfort have,  
 Al the while the careyn was in ther presence,  
 Austin axith yif he knew the grave,  
 Of thilke preest that gaf un hym sentence.

" So longe afor for thy fals tythyng,  
 As we have herd the mateere in substaunce."  
 " Sothely," quod he, " ther shal be no taryeng,  
 But ye shal have a reconysaunce,

So ye wil digge and doon youre observaunce,  
 To delvyn up his boonys dul and rude,  
 Loo ! heer he lithe, cheef cause of my grevaunce,  
 So fel a curs he did on me conclude."

Austyn fulfilled of grace and al vertu,  
 As ony pileer in our feith moost stable,  
 The deed preest, in name of Crist Jhesu,  
 He bad arise with woordys ful trefable ;  
 Requeryd hym, by tokenys ful notable,  
 Yif he hadde sithe tyme that he was born  
 Seyn that owgly careyn lamentable,  
 The deed body that stood hem befor

" Sothely," quod he, " and that me rewithe soore,  
 That evir I knewhe hym for his frowardnesse,  
 I gaf hym counseil, daily moore and moore,  
 To paye his tithes, the pereil did expresse ;  
 He took noon heed his surfetys to redresse ;  
 I warnyd hym many divers tymes,  
 But al for nouhte, I can weel bere witnessse,  
 Deyed accursyd, rebel to paye his dymes."

Whan the preest hath toold every deel,  
 With evy cheer and voys moost lamentable ;  
 Quod Seyn Austyn, " brothir, thou knowest weel,  
 Think he that bouht us is evir merciabile,  
 By whoos exaumple we must be trefable,  
 As the Gospel pleyedly doth reoordde,  
 And for thy part be nat thu vengable,  
 So that with rigour mercy may accoordde.

" Think how Jhesus bouhte us with his blood,  
   Only of mercy suffryd passioun,  
 For mannys sake was nayled on the rood,  
   Rive to the herte for our redempcioun ;  
 Remembre how thu dist execucioun  
   Upon this penaunt ploungid in greet peyne,  
 Withdrawe thy sentence and do remissioun,  
   Fro purgatorye his trowblys to restreyne.

" On hym thu leydist a ful dreedful bond,  
   To the it longith the same bond to unbynde ;  
 Tak this flagelle devoutly in thy hond,  
   On Cristes passion in this mateer have mynde,  
 Many exauple to purpoos thu mayst fynde,  
   Of trespasours relesyd of ther peyne,  
 Of Petir, Poule, and Sein Thomas of Ynde,  
   Of Egipsiacha, and Mary Mawdeleyne.

" Took to mercy for ther greet repentaunce,  
   Ther was noon othir mediacioun,  
 Thu must of rihte yeve hym is penaunce,  
   With this flagelle of equité and resoun ;  
 Sette on this careyn a castigacioun,  
   As he requerith kneelyng afor thy face,  
 Best restoratif next Cristes passioun,  
   Is thyn assoylyng for his gret trespace."

Al this was doon by the comaundement  
   Of Seyn Austyn, the careyn ther knelyng,  
 Lord of that village was also ther present,  
   Al the peple moost pitously sobbyng ;



From ther eyen the teerys distyllyng ;  
 The last preest reised from his grave,  
 The tothir corps with bittir fel scorgyng,  
 Assoyled hym his soule for to save.

Oo ded man assoiled hath anothir,  
 An unkouth caas merveilous t'expresse ;  
 Oon knelith doun, requerith of the tothir,  
 Pleyn remissioun of oold cursidnesse,  
 Bete with a scorge, took it with meeknesse,  
 Hopyng that Jhesus shuld his soule save.  
 Seyn Austyn bad hym in hast he shuld hym dresse,  
 Thankyng our Lord, ageyn unto his grave.

Circumstauncis in ordre to accounte,  
 Of this myracle peised every thyng,  
 Mercy of our Lord doth every thyng surmounte,  
 To save and dampne he is lord and kyng ;  
 Hevene and helle obeye to his biddyng,  
 By many exauple expert in this mateer,  
 Trajan the Emperour for his just deemyng,  
 I-savid was by meene and the prayeer.

Of Seyn Gregory . . . . of Rome toun,  
 Cause in his doomys he did so gret rihte,  
 Rigour was medlyd with remyssioun,  
 For he that is of moost imperial myhte,  
 List advertise in his celestial sihte,  
 Tween rihte and favour, rigour and pité,  
 By doom and sentence of every maneer wihte,  
 Mercy of vertues hathe the sovereynté.

Unto the preest aforne that I you toold,  
 Seyn Austyn made a straunge questioun,  
 To cheese of tweyne whedir that he woold,  
 To goon with hym thoruhe this regioun,  
 The feith of Crist by predicacioun,  
 For his part groundid on Scripture,  
 To doon his deveer of hool affectioun,  
 Or to resoorte ageyn to his sepulture.

“Fadir,” quod he, “with supportacioun,  
 Of your benygne fadirly pité,  
 I you requeere to graunte me pardoun,  
 Unto my grave I may restooryd be ;  
 This world is ful of mutabilité,  
 Ful of trouble, chaung, and varyaunce,  
 And for this tyme I pray you suffrithe me,  
 T’abyde in reste from worldly perturbaunce.

“I reste in pees and take of nothyng keep,  
 Rejoisshe in quiete and contemplacioun,  
 Voyd of al trouble, celestial is my sleep,  
 And by the meene of Cristes passioun,  
 Feith, hoope, and charité, with hool affectioun,  
 Been pilwes foure to reste upon by grace,  
 Day of the general resurrectioun,  
 Whan Gabriel callith t’appeere aforne his face.”

“O brothir myn, this choys is for thy beste,  
 Contemplatiff fulfilled of al plesaunce,  
 I pray to God sende the good reste,  
 Of goostly gladneese, sovereyn suffisaunce ;

Pray for us and have in remembraunce,  
 Al hooly chirche in quiete to be crownyd,  
 That Christ Jhesus dispoose so the ballaunce,  
 That Petris ship be with no tempest drownyd.

“ I meene as thus that noon heresy  
 Ryse in thes dayes, nor noon that was beforne,  
 Nor no darnel growe nor multeplye,  
 Nor no fals cokkyl be medlyd with good corn ;  
 Cheese we the roosys, cast away the thorn,  
 Crist bouthe us alle with his precious bloode,  
 To that he bouhte us lat no thyng be lorn,  
 For our redempcioun he starf upon the rood.”

The knyghte present lord of the same toun,  
 Thes myracles whan he did se,  
 Austyn axith of hym this questioun,  
 “ Wilt thou,” quod he, “ paye thy dewté ?”  
 He grauntith his axing, and fyl doun on his kne,  
 Moost repentaunt for-sook the world as blyve,  
 With devout herte and al humylité,  
 Folwith Seyn Austyn duryng al his live.

## L'ENVOYE.

Go litil tretys, void of presumpcioun !  
 Prese nat to ferre, nor be nat to bold ;  
 This labour stant undir correctioun,  
 Of this myracle remembryd many fold,  
 In many shire and many cité toold,  
 To yon echon to whom I it directe,  
 By cause I am of wittis dul and old,  
 Doth your deveer this processe to corecte.

## ADVICE TO TITTLE-TATTLERS.

[From MS. Harl. 2255, fol. 131-135.]

SUM man goth stille of wysdam and resoun,  
 A-forn provided, can keep weel scilence,  
 Ful ofte it noyeth, be record of Catoun,  
 Large language concludyng off no sentence;  
 Speche is but fooly and sugryd elloquence,  
 Medlyd with language wheer man have noght to don ;  
 An old proverbe groundid on sapience,  
 Alle goo we stille, the cok hath lowe shoon.

To thynke mochyl and seyn but smal,  
 Yiff thow art feerfulle to ottre thy language,  
 It is no wisdam a man to seyn out al,  
 Sum bird can synge merily in his cage ;  
 The stare wyl chatre and speke of long usage,  
 Though in his speche ther be no greet resoun.  
 Kepe ay thy tounge fro surffeet and outrage ;  
 Alle go we stille, the cok hath lowe shoon.

Unavised speke no thyng to-forn,  
 Nor of thy tounge be nat rekkelees,  
 Uttre nevir no darnel with good corn,  
 Begyn no trouble whan men trete of pees.  
 Scilence is good and in every prees,  
 Which of debate yevith noon occasyoun,  
 Pacience preysed of prudent Socratees ;  
 Alle go we stille, the cok hath lowe shoon.

Comoun astrologeer, as folk expert weel knowe,  
 To kepe the howrys and tydis of the nyght,  
 Sumtyme hihe and sumtyme he syngith lowe,  
 Dam Pertelot sit with hir brood doun right ;  
 The fox comyth neer withoute candellyght,  
 To trete of pees menyng no tresoun,  
 To avoyde al gile and fraude he hath behight ;  
 Alle go we stille, the cok hath lowe shoon.

Undir fals pees ther may be covert fraude,  
 Good cheer outward with face of innocence,  
 Feyned flaterye with language of greet laude ;  
 But what is wers than shynyng apparence,  
 Whan it is prevyd fals in existence ?  
 Al is dul shadwe, whan Phebus is doun goon,  
 Berkyng behynde, fawnyng in presence ;  
 Alle go we stille, the cok hath lowe shoon.

The royalle egle with his fetherys dunne,  
 Of nature so hihe takith his flyght,  
 No bakke of kynde may looke ageyn the sunne,  
 Of frowardnesse yit wyl he fleen be nyght,  
 And quenche laumpys, though they brenne bright.  
 Thynges contrarye may nevir accorde in oon,  
 A fowle gloowerm in dirknesse shewith a lyght ;  
 Alle go we stille, the cok hath lowe shoon.

The wourld is tournyd almoost up so doun :  
 Under prynces ther dar noon officeer  
 Peyne of his lyff do noon extorcioun ;  
 Freerys dar nat flatere nor no pardowneer,

Where evir he walke al the longe yeer,  
 Awtyntyk his seelys everychoon,  
 Up peyne of cursyng I dar remembre heer ;  
 Alle goo we stille, the cok hath lowe shoon.

I saughe a kevell, corpulent of stature,  
 Lyk amateras redlyd was his coote,  
 And theron was sowyd this scripture,  
 " A good be stille is weel worth a groote ;"  
 It costith nat mekyl to be hoothe,  
 And paye ryght nought whan the feyre is doon,  
 Suych labourerys synge may be roote,  
 Alle goo we stille, the cok hath lowe shoon.

Atwen a shipe with a large seyl,  
 And a cokboot that goth in Tempse lowe,  
 The toon hath oorys to his greet avayl,  
 To spede his passage whan the wynd doth blowe ;  
 A blynd maryneer that doth no sterre knowe,  
 His loodmaunage to conveye doun,  
 A fresshe comparisoun, a goshawk and a crowe ;  
 Alle go we stille, the cok hath lowe shoon.

The royalle egle with his fetherys dunne,  
 Whoos eyen been so cleer and so bryght,  
 Off nature he perce may the sunne,  
 The owgly bakke wyl gladly fleen be nyght ;  
 Dirk cressetys and laumpys that been lyght,  
 The egle aloffte, the snayl goth lowe doun,  
 Daryth in his shelle, yit may he se no sight ;  
 Alle go we stille, the cok hath lowe shoon.

The pecok hath fetherys bryght and shene,  
 The cormeraunt wyl daryn in the lake,  
 Popyngayes froo paradys comyn al grene,  
 Nyghtynggales al nyght syngen and wake,  
 For long absence and wantyng of his make :  
 Withoute avys make no comparysoun,  
 Atween a laumperey and a shynyng snake ;  
 Alle go we stille, the cok hath lowe shoon.

There is also a thing incomparable,  
 By cleer rapoort in al the wourld thorough right ;  
 The ryche preferryd, the poore is ay cowpable,  
 In ony quarelle gold hath ay moost myght ;  
 Evir in dirknesse the owle takith his flight,  
 It were a straunge unkouth devisyoun,  
 Terfites wrecchyd Ector moost wourthy knyght ;  
 Alle goo we stille, the cok hath lowe shoon.

Is noon so proude, pompous in dignyté,  
 As he that is so sodeynly preferryd  
 To hihe estaat, and out of poverté,  
*Draco volans* on nyght his tayl is sterryd ?  
*Stelle eraticce*, nat fixed for they been erryd,  
 Stable in the eyr is noon inpressioun,  
 This wourld wer stable, yif it were nat werryd ;  
 Alle goo we stille, the cok hath lowe shoon.

Among estatys whoo hath moost quiete,  
 Hihe lordshipes be vexid with bataylle,  
 Tylthe of ploughemen ther labour wyl nat lete,  
 Geyn Phebus uprist syngen wyl the quaylle ;



The amerous larke of nature wyl nat faylle,  
 Ageyn Aurora synge with hire mery sown,  
 No laboureer wyl nat for his travaylle ;  
 Alle goo we stille, the cok hath lowe shoon.

Foo unto hevys and enemy is the drane,  
 Men with a tabour may lyghtly catche an hare,  
 Bosard with botirflyes makith beytis for a crane,  
 Brechelees beerys be betyn on the bare ;  
 Houndys for favour wyl nat spare,  
 To pynche his pylche with greet noyse and soun,  
 Slepith he merye that slombryth with greet care ;  
 Alle goo we stille, the cok hath lowe shoon.

I sauhe a krevys with his klawes longe,  
 Pursewe a snayl poore and impotent,  
 Hows of this snayl the wallys wer nat stronge,  
 A slender shelle the sydes al to rent ;  
 Whoo hath no goold his tresoure soone spent,  
 The snayl is castel but a sklender coote,  
 Whoo seith trouthe offte he shalle be shent ;  
 A good be stille is offte weel wourth a groote.

Whoo hath noon hors, on a staff may ryde ;  
 Whoo hath no bed, may slepyn in his hood ;  
 Whoo hath no dyneer, at leyser must abyde,  
 To staunche his hungir abyde upon his food ;  
 A beggers appetight is alwey fressh and good,  
 With voyde walet whan al his stuff is doon,  
 For fawte of vitaylle may knele afore the rood ;  
 Alle goo we stille, the cok hath lowe shoon.

The ryche man sit stuffyd at his stable,  
 The poore man stant hungry at the gate,  
 Of remossaylles he wolde be partable,  
 The awmeneer seyth he cam to late ;  
 Off poore men doolys is no sekir date,  
 Smal or ryght nought whan the feeste is doon,  
 He may weel grucche and with his tounge prate ;  
 Alle goo we stille, the cok hath lowe shoon.

A good be stille is weel wourth a groote,  
 Large language causith repentaunce,  
 The kevel wroot in his redlyd coote,  
 But with al this marke in your rememhraunce ;  
 Whoo cast his journé in Yngelond or in Fraunce,  
 With gallyd hakeneyes, whan men have moost to doon,  
 A fool presumptuous to cat che hym acqueyntaunce;  
 Alle goo we stille, the cok hath lowe shoon.

Whoo that is hungry and hath no thyng but boonys,  
 To staunche his apetyght is a froward foode,  
 Among an hundryd oon chose out for the noonys,  
 To dygestioun repastys be nat goode ;  
 To chese such vitaylles ther braynes wer to woode,  
 That lyoun is gredy that stranglith goos or capoun,  
 Fox and fulmard, togidre whan they stoode,  
 Sang, be style, the cok hath lowe shoon.

Here al thyng and kepe thy pacience,  
 Take no quarelle, thynk mekyl and sey nought,  
 A good be stille with discreet scilence,  
 For a good grote may not wel be bought ;

Keep cloos thy tounge, men sey that free is thought,  
 A thyng seid oonys outhir late or soon,  
 Tyl it be loost stoole thyng is nat sought;  
 Alle goo we stille, the cok hath lowe shoon.

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A POEM AGAINST SELF-LOVE.

[From MS. Harl. 2255, fol. 7-11. Another copy is in MS. Rawl. Oxon. C. 86. It was printed by Wynkyn de Worde.]

TOWARD the eende of froosty Januarye,  
 Whan watry Phebus had his purpoos take  
 For a sesoun to sojourne in Aquarye,  
 And Capricorn hadde uttirly forsake,  
 Toward Aurora a-morwe as I gan wake  
 A feldefare ful eerly took hir flihte,  
 To fore my study sang with hir fetheris blake;  
 Look in thy merour and deeme noon othir wihte.

Thouhe the pecok have wengys brihte and sheene,  
 Grauntyd be nature to his gret avayl,  
 With gold and azour and emeroudis grene,  
 And Argus eyen portrayed in his tayl;  
 Berthe up his fethrys displayed like a sayl,  
 Toward his feet whan he cast doun his sighte,  
 T'abate his pryde ther is no bet counsaylle;—  
 Look in thy merour and deeme noon othir wihte.

The kyng of foulys moost imperyal,  
Which with his look percithe the fervent sonne,  
The egle, as cheef of nature moost roial,  
As oolde clerkys weel devise konne ;  
To Phebus paleys by flighte whan he hath wonne,  
What folwith aftir for al his gret myght,  
Bit men remembre upon his fetherys donne ;  
Look in thy merour and deeme noon othir wihte.

In large lakys and riveers fresshe rennyng,  
The yelwe swan famous and aggreable,  
Ageyn his dethe melodyously syngyng,  
His fatal notys pitous and lamentable ;  
Pleynty declare in erthe is no thyng stable,  
His byl, his feet, who look arihte,  
In tokne of moornyng be of colour sable ;  
Look in thy myroure and deeme noon othir wihte.

The hardy lioun, of beestys lord and kyng,  
Whan he sit crownyd as prynce of wyldirnesse,  
Alle othir beestys obeye at his biddyng,  
As kynde hath tauhte hem, ther lady and maistresse ;  
But natwithstandyng his bestial sturdynesse,  
Whan he is moost furyous in his myhte,  
Ther comyth a quarteyn, seith in his gret accesse,  
Look in thy myroure and deeme noon othir wihte.

The tigre of nature excellith of swiftnesse,  
The lynx with lookyng percith a stoon wal,  
The unycorn, by musical swetnesse,  
Atween too maydenys is take and hath a fal ;

Al worldly thyng turneth as a bal,  
 The hert, the roo, been of ther cours ful lihte,  
 By ther prerogatives, but noon allone hath al ;  
 Look in thy myroure and deeme noon othir wihte.

Among alle bestys the leoun is moost strong,  
 Of nature the lamb hath gret meeknesse,  
 The wolf dispoosid by raveyn to do wrong,  
 The sleihty fox smal polayl doth oppreese ;  
 To fisse in watir the otir doth duresse,  
 Greet difference atwix day and nyht,  
 Lak of discrecioun causeth gret blyndenesse,  
 Look in thy myroure and deem noon othir wihte.

Thouhe thu have poweer, oppresse nat the porail,  
 Of o mateer was maad eche creature,  
 Pryde of a tyraunt a sesoun may prevayl,  
 A cherle to regne is contrary to nature ;  
 No vengable herte shal no while endure,  
 Extort power nor fals usurpyd myhte,  
 Lyst for no doctryne nor techyng of Scripture,  
 Look in ther myroure and deeme noon othir wihte.

Reyse up a beggere that cam up of nouhte,  
 Set in a chayer of wordly dignité,  
 Whan fals presumpcioun is entryd in his thouhte,  
 Hath cleene forgete his stat of poverté ;  
 An asse, up reysed unto the roial see  
 Off a leoun, knowithe nat day fro nyht ;  
 A fool lyst nat, in his prosperyté,  
 Look in his myroure and deem noon othir wihte.

Thus by a maner of simylytude,  
 Tirauntys lyknyd to beestis ravynous,  
 Folk that be humble pleynly to concludē,  
 Resemble beestys meek and vertuuous ;  
 Som folk pesible, som contrarious,  
 Stonedemel now hevy and now lihte,  
 Oon is froward, anothis is gracious,  
 Look in thy myroure and deeme noon othis wihte.

Som man of herte disposed to pryde,  
 By disposicioun of froward surquedye,  
 Som man may suffre and long tyme abyde,  
 Som man vengable of cold malencolye ;  
 Som man consumyd with hate and fals envye,  
 To hold a quareel whethir it be wrong or rihte,  
 But unto purpos this mateer to applye,  
 Look in thy myroure and deeme noon othis wihte.

No man is cleer witeoute som trespace,  
 Blissed is he that nevir did offence,  
 O man is meeke, anothis doth manace,  
 Som man is fers, som man hath paciēce ;  
 Oon is rebel, anothis doth reverence,  
 Som man coorbyd, som man goth uprihte ;  
 Lat eche man cerche his owne conscience,  
 Look in thy myroure and deeme noon othis wihte.

Thynges contrary be nat accordyng,  
 A poore man proud is nat comendable,  
 Nor a fayr saphir set in a copir ryng,  
 A beggers thret with mouth to be vengable ;

Nor fayr behestys of purpoos varyable ;  
 A lordis herte, a purs that peiseth lihte ;  
 Outward gay speche, in meenyng disseyvable ;  
 Look in thy myrour and deeme noon othir wihte.

Som yeve no fors for to be forsworn,  
 Only for lucre abraydyng on falsnesse ;  
 Som can dissymele and blowe the bukkys horn,  
 By apparence of feyned kyndenesse ;  
 Undir floures of fraudulent fressshenesse,  
 The serpent darethe with his scalys brihte,  
 Galle undir sugre hath doubyl bittirnesse,  
 Look in thy myrour and deeme noon othir wihte.

Cure nat thy conceyt with no feyned glosys,  
 Som goldene floures have a bittir roote,  
 Sharp thornys hyd sometyme undir roosys,  
 Fowl heyr oppressyd with synamomys soote ;  
 Lat fals presumpcioun pley bal undir foote,  
 Torchis comparyd to Phebus beemys brihte ;  
 What doth cleer perle on a bawdy boote ?  
 Look in thy mirroure and deeme noon othir wihte.

Kynde in hir werkys can hyndre and preferre,  
 Set differencys many moo than oon,  
 Attwen Phebus and a litel sterre,  
 Twen a flynt and a precious stoon ;  
 Twen a dul masoun and Pigmalioun,  
 Twen Tercites and Hector a good knyhte,  
 Lat everey man gnawe on his own boon,  
 Look in his myrour and deeme noon othir wihte.



Som man is strong berys for to bynde,  
 Anothir feeble preferryd with prudence ;  
 Oon swyft to renne, anothir comyth behynde ;  
 Oon hath slewthe, anothir dilligence :  
 Som man hath konnyng, lakkith elloquence ;  
 Som hath force, yit they dar nat fihte ;  
 Pees most profiteth with this experience,  
 Look in thy myrour and deem noon othir wihte.

Som man hath bewté, anothir hath goodnesse ;  
 Oon hath joye, anothir adversité ;  
 Som man fortune and plenteuous richesse,  
 Som man content and glad with poverté ;  
 Som oon hath helthe, anothir infirmyté ;  
 What evyr God sent, thank hym with al thy myhte ;  
 Grucche nat ageyn, and lerne oon thyng of me,  
 Look in thy myrour and deeme noon othir wihte.

There is no gardeyn so ful of fresshe flouris,  
 But that ther been among som weedys' seene ;  
 The holsome roser for al his soote odouris,  
 Growith on thornys prykyng sharp and keene ;  
 Alcestis flower, with white, with red and greene,  
 Displaieth hir crown geyn Phebus bemys brihte,  
 In stormys dreepithe, conseyyve what I meene,  
 Look in thy myrour and deeme noon othir wihte.

The somerys day is nevyr or seelden seyn,  
 With som cleer hayr, but that ther is som skye ;  
 Nor no man erthely so vertuous in certeyn,  
 But that he may been hyndred by envye ;

A voys distwnyd troublith al melodye,  
 As seyn musiciens which knowe that craft a-rihte ;  
 On trewe accoord stant al melodye ;  
 Look in thy myroure and deeme noon othir wihte.

Comparysouns conceyved in nature,  
 By a moralité of vertuous lyknesse,  
 Lat every man doon his besy cure,  
 To race out pride and sette in first meeknesse,  
 Geyn covetise compassioun and almesse ;  
 Fro poore peple lat no man turne his sihte ;  
 Geyn fleshly lust, chastité and clenness,  
 Look in thy myroure and deeme noon othir wihte.

Off every man, by repoort of language,  
 Affile thy tunge of trewe affectioun,  
 Of hast nor rancour with mouth do no damage,  
 Restreyne thy corage fro fals detractioun,  
 Fro flatrye and adulacioun ;  
 Withstond' wrong, susteyne trewthe and rihte,  
 Fle doubilnesse, fraud, and collusioun,  
 Look in thy myroure and deeme noon othir wihte.

No man of kynde is moore suspicious,  
 Than he that is moost vicious and coupable,  
 By cause he haltethe and is nat vertuous,  
 He wold eche man to hym were resemblable ;  
 A gallyd hors wyl wyncen in a stable,  
 For noyse of sadlys, hevy outhir lihte ;  
 A fool that is by repoort repreevable,  
 Shuld look yn his myroure and deeme noon othir wihte.

That man for vertu may were a dyademe,  
 With stoonys xij. remembryd by auctours,  
 And as a kyng weel crowned he may beene,  
 That hath no weed growyng among his flours ;  
 Thouhe Aprille have many soote shours,  
 Fro Jubiter an unwar thundir lihte,  
 Seith with an hayl fro Sagittaries tours,  
 Look in thy myrour and deeme noon othir wihte.

With vertuous pité and just compasssioun,  
 Rewe on thy neihebour whan he is coupable,  
 Lat mercy modifie rigerous correccioun,  
 Alle we be synneres thouhe God be nat vengable ;  
 We myhte nat lyve but he wer merciable,  
 That his pacience peysed a-doun his rihte ;  
 Affore your doomys, ye juges moost notable,  
 Look in your meroures or ye deeme any wihte.

Set a myrour of hihe discrecioun  
 To-fore youre face by polityk governaunce ;  
 Farith faire with them that han contricioun,  
 And for ther surffetys in herte have repentaunce ;  
 Lat nat youre swerd be whet to do vengauce,  
 Twen flat and egge thouhe shapnesse tokne lihte,  
 The flat of mercy preent in youre remembraunce,  
 Look weel your myrour or ye deeme any wihte.

## L'ENVOYE.

Go litel bille withoute title or date,  
 And of hool herte recomaund me,  
 Which that am callyd Johne Lydgate,  
 To alle tho folk which lyst to have pité

On them that suffre trouble and adversité,  
 Beseche hem alle that the shal reede a-rihte,  
 Mercy to medle with trouthe and equyté,  
 Look weel youre myroures and deeme noon othir wihte.

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THE ORDER OF FOOLS.

[From MS. Harl. 2251, fol. 303-305. Other copies are in MS. Laud. 683, Bern. 798; and MS. Cotton. Nero, A. vj.]

A TALE OF THRESCORE FOLYS AND THRE.

THE order of foles ful yore ago bigonne,  
 Newly professid encresith the covent,  
 Bachus and Juno hath set a-broche the tonne,  
 And brought theyr braynes unto exigent,  
 Marchol theyr founder, patron, and precident;  
 Nombre of this frary is lx. and iij.,  
 Echeon registred bi grete avisement,  
 Endosed theyr patent that they shul never the.

The chief of foolis, as men in bokis redithe,  
 And able in his foly to hold residence,  
 Is he that nowther lovithe God ne dredithe,  
 Nor to his chirche hathe none advertence,  
 Ne to his seyntes dothe no reverence,  
 To fader and moder dothe no benyvolence,  
 And also hathe disdayn to folke in poverté,  
 Enrolle up his patent, for he shal never the.

The vj. foole this frary to begynne,  
 More than a foole braynles, madde, and woode,  
 Is he that never wil forsake his synne,  
 Nor he that never wil lere no goode ;  
 Nor he that hathe twoo faces in oon hoode,  
 May be enrolled in this fraternyté,  
 Cherol of condicions and born of gentil bloode,  
 May clayme of right that he shal never the.

The x. foole may hoppe on the ryng,  
 Foote al afor and lede of right the daunce,  
 He that al yevithe and kepythe hymself nothyng,  
 A double hert withe fayre feyned countenance,  
 And a pretence face trouble in his daliaunce,  
 Tunge spreynt withe sugre, the galle kept secret,  
 A perilous mowthe is worse than spere or launce,  
 Thoughe they be cherished, God lete hem never the !

Of this fraternité there is mo than oon,  
 A proverbe sayde in ful old langage,  
 That tendre browyce made with a mary-boon  
 For fieble stomakes is holsum in potage ;  
 The mary is goode, the boon dothe but damage,  
 In symulacioune is false duplicité,  
 Who levithe the mary braydithe on dotage,  
 And chesithe the boon, God let hym never the !

A face unstable, gasyng Est and Sowth,  
 Withe lowde laughtres uttrithe langage,  
 Gapithe as a rooke, abrode gothe jow and mowthe,  
 Like a jay jangelyng in his cage,

Malepert of chiere and of visage,  
 And comythe to counseil or he callid be,  
 Of eche thyng medlithe, his thrift lithe to morgage,  
 Avaunt a knave ! for he shal never the.

In the booke of prudent Cipioune,  
 Which callid is " a gardyn of floures,"  
 He seythe a pulter that sellithe a fat swan,  
 For a goselyng that grasithe on bareyn clowris,  
 And he that castithe away his cloke in showris,  
 Out of the tempest whan he may nat flee,  
 Or whan that spado lovithe paramouris,  
 Is oon of theym that shal never the.

And he also that holt hymself so wise,  
 Whiche in workyng hathe none experience,  
 Whos chaunce gothe neyther on synk nor sice,  
 But withe *ambes aas* encresithe his dispence,  
 A foltissh face and rude of eloquence,  
 Bosters withe boreas and at a brout will flee,  
 Betwene wulle and gossomer is a gret difference,  
 Stuf for a chapman that is nat like to the.

I rede also of other fooles two,  
 Thyng to chalaunge to whiche he hathe no right;  
 And he in trowthe is a more foole also,  
 Whiche al requyrithe that comythe in his sight;  
 And he is a foole, whiche to every wight  
 Tellithe his counsail and his privité,  
 Who sekithe werre, and hathe hymself no myght,  
 It were grete wounder that ever he shuld the.

Another foole withe countrefete visage,  
 Is he that falsly wil flater and feyne,  
 Whether that he be olde or yong of age,  
 Seythe he is sike, and felithe no maner peyne ;  
 And he that dothe his owne wif disdeyne,  
 And holdithe another, of what estate he be,  
 Withe other foolis embrace hym in a cheyne,  
 For warantise that he shal never the.

Of this frary moo foolis to expresse,  
 He that is to every man contrary,  
 And he that bostithe of his cursidnesse,  
 And he also that dothe prolong and tarye  
 Withe fayre behestis, and from his promyse varie,  
 Briefly to telle, I can non nother see,  
 He is like a fugitif that rennythe to seyntwarye  
 For drede of hangyng, and yit shal he never the.

He is a foole eke, as Senek seythe,  
 That long delayethe his purpos to spede,  
 A gretter foole is he that brekithe his feythe,  
 And he that hotithe and failithe his friend at neede ;  
 And he is a foole that no shame dothe drede,  
 Whos promyse braydithe upon duplicité ;  
 An hardy mowse, that is bold to breede  
 In cattis eeris, that breede shal never the.

And he is a foole that yevithe also credence  
 To newe rumours and every foltisshe fable,  
 A dronken foole that sparithe for no dispence  
 To drynk ataunt til he slepe at table ;



Amonge al foolis that foole is most culpable,  
 That is cursed and hathe therof deynté ;  
 A poore begger, to be vengeable  
 Withe purs penyles, may never the.

And he that holdithe a quarel agayn right,  
 Holdyng his purpos stiburn ageyn reason ;  
 And he is a foole that is ay glad to fight,  
 And to debate sekithe occasioun ;  
 Abydithe so longe til he be betyn doune,  
 Dronk and lame that he may not flee ;  
 And who so requyrithe to sojourne in prisoune,  
 Enrolle hym up, for he shal never the.

A lusti galaunt that weddithe an olde wiche,  
 For grete tresoure, bicause his purs is bare ;  
 An hungry huntor that houndithe on a biche,  
 Nemel of mowthe for to murder an hare ;  
 Night motoners that wil no warnyn spare,  
 Without licence or liberté,  
 Til sodayn perel bryng hem in the snare,  
 A preparatif that they shul never the.

Who dothe amysse and laughithe hymselfe to skorne,  
 Or com to counseil or that he be callid,  
 Or lowde laughyng whan that he shuld mourne,  
 Amonge al foolis of right he may be stallid ;  
 That purposithe his viage whan his hors is gallid,  
 And plukithe of his shone toward his journé,  
 Who forsakithe wyne and drynkithe ale pallid,  
 Suche foltisse foolis, God lete hem never the !

And he that is a riatour al his lyf,  
 And hathe his felaw and neyghburghe in dispite,  
 And woundithe hymself withe his owne knyf,  
 And of oo candel wenythe twoo were light;  
 Slepithe on the day and wacchith al the nyght,  
 That al masses be don long or he redy be,  
 Suche oon may clayme, bi verray title of right,  
 To be a brother of theym that shal never the.

Who holdithe it tresour that that he wysshithe,  
 And gadrithe hym gossomer to pak it for wulle,  
 And he is a foole to-fore the nette dothe wisshithe,  
 And he is a foole that dothe fethers pulle  
 Of fat capons up mewed to the fulle,  
 And hathe nothyng but bones for his fee,  
 Nullatenses ensealed hathe his bulle  
 To al suche, that non of hem shal the.

Whan the gander grasithe on the grene,  
 The sleyghti fox dothe hir brode biholde,  
 He takithe the fat and cast away the leene,  
 And sigrums chief wardeyn of the folde,  
 Takithe to his larder at what price he wold,  
 Of gretter lambren, j., ij., or thre,  
 In wynter nyghtis frostis bien so colde,  
 The sheppard slepithe, God lete hym never the !

A foreyn liknesse whiche shal no man displease,  
 By a straunge uncowthe comparisoune,  
 Whan the belwether grasithe at his ease,  
 Thoughe al the flokke hathe but smal foyssoune,

He slepith at leysor, makithe noyse none nor sowne,  
 And carithe for no more so he have plenté ;  
 Al tho that make suche a particioune  
 Amonge theyr subjettis, God lete theyn never the !

Withe ful wombe they preche of abstynence,  
 Theyr botel filled withe fresshe wyne or ale,  
 Love rownyng, lowtyng, and reverence,  
 Newe false report, withe many a glosyng tale ;  
 The jay more cherished than the nyghtyngale,  
 Tabourers withe theyr mokkes and false dupplicité  
 Please more these dayes, whan stuffid is theyr male,  
 Withe farced flateryng, God lete hem never the !

Paterfamilias, wise and expert of olde,  
 Shulde sette botraille atwene derk and lighte,  
 So prudently governe theyr housholde,  
 To knowe a flight draake from a sterre bright,  
 Owlis and battis of reasoun flee bi nyght,  
 Late pluk theyr fethers that they mow nat flee,  
 For false nyght rowners han hyndred many a wight,  
 Al suche benche whistelers, God lete hem never the !

Late Janus bifrons have none interesse,  
 Whitche in oon hoode can shewe a double face ;  
 Voyde camelyon, whiche of newfangelnesse,  
 Eche colour seyn, the same he dothe embrace ;  
 And salamandra most felly dothe manace,  
 Withe his crikettis, lierne this of me,  
 Where they abide or breede in any place,  
 Lord of that housholde is never like to the.

Swiche a frary requyrithe Goddis curs,  
 And I be shrewe al suche counsaillours,  
 Can kisse withe Judas and kut a mans purs,  
 Further a netle and cast out rose floures,  
 Withe bury dokkes strowid bien theyr boures,  
 Theyr hoked arawis dothe ever bakward flee,  
 Suche false erwygges, suche covert losengeours,  
 Enseale up theyr patent, for they shul never the.

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AS STRAIGHT AS A RAM'S HORN.

[Addressed probably to Henry VI. From MS. Harl. 172, fol. 71-72. There is another copy in MS. Harl. 4011.]

CONVEYEDE BY LYNE RYGHTE AS A RAMMYS HORNE.

ALLE ryghtwysnes now dothe procede,  
 Sytte crownede lyke an emperesse,  
 Lawe hathe defyed guerdon and alle mede,  
 Sett up trouthe on heyght as a goddesse:  
 Good feythe hathe contraryede dowblenes,  
 And prudence seethe alle thynges aforne,  
 Kepyng the ordre of parfithe stablynes,  
 Conveyede by lyne ryght as a rammes horne.

Prynces of custome meyntene ryght in dede,  
 And prelatys lyvethe in parfytnesse,  
 Knyghthode wolle suffre no falsehede,  
 And presthode hathe refusyde al rychesse ;

Relygyous of veraye holynesse

With vertuous bene on heyght up borne,  
 Envye in cloystres hathe none entresse,  
 Conveyede by lyne ryght as a rammes horne.

Marchandys of lucre takethe nowe none hede,

And usurye lyethe fetrede in dystresse,  
 And, for to speke and wryte of womanhede,  
 They banysshed have from hem newfangelnes;  
 And labourers done trewlye here busynesse,  
 That of the daye they wolle none houre be lorne,  
 With swete and travayle avoydyng ydelnesse,  
 Conveyede be lyne ryght as a rammys horne.

Pore folkes pleyne them for noo nede,

That ryche men dothe so grete almes,  
 Plenté eche daye dothe the hungrye fede,  
 Clothe the nakyde in here wrecchidnes;  
 And charyté ys nowe a cheffe maystresse, [thorne,  
 Sclaundre from hys tunge hathe plucked out the  
 Detraccyon hys langage dothe repressse,  
 Conveyed by lyne ryght as a rammes horne.

Ypocrysie chaungede hathe hys wede,

Take an habyte of vertues gladnesse,  
 Deceyte dare not abrode hys wynges sprede,  
 Nor dyssymlynge out hornes dresse;  
 For trouthe of kynde wolle shewe hys bryghtnes,  
 Without eclipsyng, thow falnes had hit sworne,  
 To afferme thys dyté trewlye by processe,  
 Hit ys conveyed ryght as a rammes horne.

Oute of thys lande, and ellys God forbede !  
 Feynyng outelawede and alsoo falseness,  
 Flaterye ys fledde for verraye shame and drede,  
 Ryche and pore have chose hem to sadnessc ;  
 Wymmene lefte pride and take hem to mekenes,  
 Whoos pacyens ys newe waat and shorne,  
 Ther tunges have no carage of sharpenes,  
 Conveyede by lyne, ryghte as a rammys horne.

Prynce! remembre, and prudently take hede,  
 Howe vertue is of vices a duchesse,  
 Oure feithe not haltithe but lenythe on hys crede,  
 Thorghte ryght beleve the dede berythe witnes,  
 Heretykys have lefte there frowadnes,  
 Wedyde the cokkelle frome the puryd corne,  
 Thus eche astate ys governede in sothenes,  
 Conveyed by lyne ryght as a rammes horne.

*Quod John Ludgate.*

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### THE CONCORDS OF COMPANY.

CONSULO QUISQUIS ERIS, QUI PACIS FEDERA QUERIS,  
 CONSONUS ESTO LUPIS, CUM QUIBUS ESSE CUPIS.

[From MS. Harl. 2255, fol. 1-3.]

LYKE THE AUDIENCE SO UTTIR THY LANGUAGE.

I CONSEYL what so evyr thou be,  
 Off policye, forsighte, and prudence ;  
 Yiff thou wilt lyve in pees and unité,  
 Conforme thysylff and thynk on this sentence,

Whersoevere thou hoold residence,  
 Among wolvys be wolvysse of corage,  
 Leoun with leouns, a lamb for innocence,  
 Lyke the audience so uttir thy language.

The unycorn is cauhe with maydenys song,  
 By dispocicioun, record of scripture ;  
 With cormerawntys make thy nekke long,  
 In pondys deepe thy prayes to recure ;  
 Among ffoxis be foxisse of nature,  
 Mong ravynours thynk for avauntage,  
 With empty hand men may noon haukys lure,  
 And lyke the audience so uttir the language.

With hooly men speke of hoolynesse,  
 And with a glotone be delicat of thy ffare,  
 With dronke men do surfetys by excesse,  
 And among wastours no spendyng that thou spare ;  
 With woodecokkys lerne for to dare,  
 And sharpe thy knyff with pilours for pilage ;  
 Lyke the market so preyse thy chaffare,  
 And lyke the audience so uttre thy language.

With an otir spare ryveer noon nor ponde,  
 With them that ferett robbe conyngerys ;  
 A bloodhound with bowe and arwe in hond,  
 Mawgre the wache of fosterys and parkerys ;  
 Lyke thy felaship spare no daungerys,  
 For lyf nor dethe thy lyff put in morgage,  
 Mong knyhtes, squyers, chanouns, monkes, fryers,  
 Lyke the audience uttir thy language.



Danyel lay a prophete ful notable,  
 Of God preservyd in prysoun with lyouns ;  
 Where God lyst spare, a tygre is nat vengable,  
 No cruel beestys, berys, nor gryffouns ;  
 And yif thou be in caves with dragouns,  
 Remembre how Abacuk brought the potage  
 So feere to Danyel, to many regiouns,  
 As caas requerith so uttre thy language.

With wyse men talke of sapience,  
 With philosophres speke of philosophie,  
 With shipmen, seyleng that have experience,  
 In troublly seis how they shal hem guye ;  
 And with poetys talke of poetrye ;  
 Be nat to presumptuous of cheer nor of visage,  
 But where thou comyst in ony companye,  
 Lyke the audience so uttir thy language.

This litel ditee concludithe in menyng,  
 Who that caste hym this rewle for to kepe,  
 Mot conforme hym lyke in every thyng,  
 Wher he shal byde unto the felashipe ;  
 With wachemen wake ; with sloggy folkes sleepe ;  
 With wood men wood ; with frentyk folke savage ;  
 Renne with beestys ; with wilde wormys creepe ;  
 And like the audience uttir thy language.

## VERBA TRANSLATORUM.

Mong alle thes I counceyl yit take heed,  
 Wher thou abydest or reste in any place,  
 In cheef love God, and with thy love ha dreed,  
 And be feerful ageyn hym to trespae ;

With vertuous men encrece shalle thy grace,  
 And vicious folk arn cause of gret damage,  
 In every ffelaship so for thysilf purchase,  
 Where vertu regnyth, ther uttir thy language.

Be paied with litel, content with suffisaunce,  
 Clymb nat to hihe, thus biddith Socrates;  
 Glad povert is of tresours moost substaunce,  
 And Catoun seith is noon so greet encess  
 Off wordly tresour, as for to live in pees,  
 Which among vertues hath the vasselage:  
 I take record of Diogenees,  
 Which to Alisaundre had this language.

His paleys was a litel poore tonne,  
 Which on a wheel with hym he gan carye,  
 Bad this Emperour ride out of his sonne,  
 Which dempt hymself richer than kyng Darye,  
 Kept with his vessel fro wyndis moost contrarye,  
 Wherin he made daily his passage,  
 This philosophre with pryncys lyst nat tarye,  
 Nor in ther presence to uttre no language.

Attwen thes tweyne a greet comparysoun,  
 Kyng Alisaunder he conqueryd al,  
 Diogenes lay in a smal dongoun;  
 Lyke sondry wedrys which turnyd as a bal,  
 Fortune to Alisaundir gaff a sodeyn fal;  
 The philosophre disposed his coignage,  
 He thoughte vertu was moor imperial  
 Than his acqueyntaunce, with al his proud language.

Antonye and Poule dispised al richesse,  
 Lyved in desert of wilful poverté ;  
 Cesar and Pompey of marcial woodnesse,  
 By ther envious compassyd cruelté,  
 Twen Germanye and Affryk was gret enmyté ;  
 No comparisoun twen good greyn and forage ;  
 Preise every thyng like to his degré ;  
 And lyke the audience so uttir thy language.

I fond a lyknesse depict upon a wal,  
 Armed in vertues, as I walk up and doun,  
 The hed of thre ful solempne and roial,  
 Intellectus, memorye, and resoun ;  
 With eyen and erys of cleer discrecioun,  
 Mouth and tonge avoiden al outrage,  
 Ageyn the vice of fals detraccioun,  
 To do no surfet in woord nor in language.

Hand and armys with this discrecioun,  
 Wher so man have force or febilnesse,  
 Trewly to meene in his affeccioun,  
 For fraude or favour to folwe rihtewisnesse ;  
 Entrailes inward devocioun with meeknesse,  
 Passyng Pigmalioun which graved his ymage ;  
 Preyd to Venus, of lovers cheef goddessse,  
 To graunt it lyff and quyknesse of language.

Of hool entent pray we to Crist Jhesu,  
 To quyke a figure in oure conscience,  
 Reson as hed, with membris of vertu,  
 Aforh rehearsed breeffly in sentence ;

Undir support of his magnificence,  
 Crist so lyst governe our wordly pilgrymage,  
 Tween vice and vertu to sette a difference,  
 To his plesaunce to uttren our language.

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ST. URSULA AND THE ELEVEN THOUSAND  
 VIRGINS.

[From MS. Harl. 2255, fol. 116.]

YE Britoun martirs, famous in parfitnesse,  
 Of herte avowyd in your tendir age,  
 To persevere in virginal clennesses,  
 Free from the yok and bond of mariage,  
 Lyk hooly angelis hevenly of corage,  
 Stable as a stoon groundid on vertu,  
 Perpetuelly to your gret avauntage,  
 Knet to your spouse callid Crist Jhesu,

O ye maidenys of thousandys ful hellevene!  
 Rad in the gospel with five that wer wyse,  
 Regnyng with Crist above the sterrys sevene,  
 Your launpis lihte for tryumphal emprise,  
 Upon your hed your stoory doth devise,  
 For martirdam crownyd with roosys reede,  
 Medlyd with lilies for conquest in such wise,  
 Fresshe undiffadid, tokne of your maydenheede.

Graunt us, Jhesu, of merciful pité,  
 Geyn our trespas gracious indulgence,  
 Nat lik our meritis peised the qualité,  
 Disespeyred of our owne offence,  
 Ner that good hoope with thy pacience,  
 With help of Ursula and hir sustris alle,  
 Shal be meenys to thy magnificence,  
 Us to socoure, Lord, whan we to the calle.

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#### THE CHORLE AND THE BIRD.

THE "paunflet" from which this poem professes to be translated, was probably the old French Fabliau which is printed by Barbazan, (ed. Méon, iii. 114) under the title of "Le Lais de l'Oiselet." The original of the story is found in the Latin "Disciplina clericalis" of Petrus Alfonsi (fab. xx. Quidam habuit virgultum, &c.) The Fabliau is only an enlargement of the tale from the different old French metrical versions of the Disciplina Clericalis, known by the title of "Chastoiement," or "Castoiement," where it has the title "Du Vilein et de l'Oiselet." See the "Chastoiement" published by the Société des Bibliophiles Français, ii. 130, and that printed by Barbazan, ii. 140. The following English version is taken from MS. Harl. 116, fol. 146-152. It is mentioned as a piece of Lydgate's by Stephen Hawes, in his "Pastime of Pleasure." It was at that time very popular, and was printed successively by Caxton, Wynkyn de Worde, and Coplande.

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PROBLEMYS of olde likenese and figures,  
 Whiche proved been fructuous of sentence,  
 And hath auctorité grownded in scriptures,  
 By resemblaunces of nobille apparence,  
 Withe moralités concluding of prudence,  
 Like as the Bibylle rehersithe by writing,  
 How trees somtyme chase hemself a kyng.

First in their choise thay named the olive,  
 To reigne amonge hem, *Judicum* dothe expresse,  
 But he hym dide excuse blithe,  
 He myght not forsake his fatnesse,  
 Ner the figge tree his amorows swettnes,  
 Ner the vyne his holsom fressh tarage,  
 Whiche yeveth comforte to al maner age.

And semlably Poetis Laureate,  
 By dyrke parables ful convenient,  
 Feyne that birddis and bests of estate,  
 As royalle egles and lyons be assent,  
 Sent out writtes to olde a parliament,  
 And made decrees brefly for to saye,  
 Some for to have lordshippe and some for obeye.

Egles in the heyre highest to take hir flighte,  
 Power of lyouns on the grounde is sene,  
 Cedre among trees highest of sight,  
 And the laurealle of nature is ay grene,  
 Of flowres also Flora goddes and quene,  
 Thus of al thing ther beene diversités,  
 Some of estate and some of lowe degrés.

Poetes writin wonderfulle liknesses,  
 And under covert kepe hemself ful closse ;  
 They take bestis and fowles to witesse,  
 Of whos feyninges fabilles first arosse.  
 And here I cast unto my purpose,  
 Out of the Frenssh a tale to translate,  
 Whiche in a paunflet I redde and saw but late.

This tale whiche I make of mencioun,  
In gros rehersethe playnly to declare,  
Thre proverbis payed for raunsoun,  
Of a faire birdde that was take out of a snare,  
Wondir desirous to scape out of hir care,  
Of my autour folwyng the processe,  
So as it fel, in order I shal expresse.

Whilom ther was in a smal village,  
As myn autor makethe rehersayle,  
A chorle whiche hadde lust and a grete corage,  
Within hymself be diligent travayle,  
To array his gardeyn withe notable apparayle,  
Of lengthe and brede yeliche square and longe,  
Hegged and dyked to make it sure and strong.

Alle the aleis were made playne with sond,  
The benches turned with newe turvis grene,  
Sote herbers, withe condite at the honde,  
That wellid up agayne the sonne shene,  
Lyke silver stremes as any cristalle clene,  
The burbly wawes in up boyling,  
Rounde as byralle ther beamys out shynyng.

Amyddis the gardeyn stode a fressh lawrer,  
Theron a bird syngyng bothe day and nyghte,  
With shynnyng fedres brightar than the golde weere,  
Whiche with hir song made hevly hertes lighte,  
That to beholde it was an hevenly sighte,  
How toward evyn and in the dawning,  
She ded her payne most amourously to synge.



Esperus enforced hir corage,  
 Toward evyn whan Phebus gan to west,  
 And the braunches to hir avauntage,  
 To syng hir complyn and than go to rest ;  
 And at the rying of the quene Alcest,  
 To synge agayne, as was hir due,  
 Erly on morowe the day sterre to salue.

It was a verray hevenly melodye,  
 Evyne and morowe to here the byrddis songe,  
 And the soote sugred armonye,  
 Of uncouthe varblys and tunys drawen on longe,  
 That al the gardeyne of the noyse rong,  
 Til on a morwe, whan Tytan shone ful clere,  
 The birdd was trapped and kaute with a pantere.

The chorle was gladde that he this birdde hadde take,  
 Mery of chere, of looke, and of visage,  
 And in al haste he cast for to make,  
 Within his house a pratie litelle cage,  
 And with hir songe to rejoise his corage,  
 Til at the last the sely birdde abrayed,  
 And sobirly unto the chorle she sayde.

“I am now take and stand undir daunger,  
 Holde straitte that I may not fle,  
 Adieu, my songe and alle notes clere,  
 Now that I have lost my liberté,  
 Now am I thralle that somtyme was fre,  
 And trust while I stand in distresse,  
 I canne not synge ner make gladnesse.

“ And thowe my cage forged were with golde,  
And the pynacles of birrale and cristale,  
I remembre a proverd said of olde,  
Who lesethe his fredam, in faith ! he loseth all,  
For I hadd levyr upon a braunche smale,  
Mekely to singe amonge the wodes grene,  
Than in a cage of silver brighte and shene.

“ Songe and prison have noon accordaunce,  
Trowest thou I wolle syng in prisoun ?  
Song procedethe of joy and of plesaunce,  
And prison causethe dethe and destruccioun ;  
Rynging of fetires makethe no mery sounde,  
Or how shuld he be gladde or jocounde  
Agayne his wylle, that ligthe in chaynes bounde.

“ What avaylethe it a lyon to be kyng  
Of bestes, alle shette in a towre of stone,  
Or an egle, undir strayte kepyng,  
Called also king of fowles everichone ;  
Fy on lordshippe whan libert  is gone,  
Answer herto and lat it not asterte,  
Who syngeth merily that syngeth not of herte ?

“ But if thou wilte rejoise of my syngyng,  
Lat me go flye free from al daunger,  
And every day in the mornyng,  
I shall repayre unto thi lawrer,  
And freshly syng withe lusty notes clere,  
Undir thy chambire or afore thyne halle,  
Every season whane thou list me calle.

" To be shett up and pynned undir drede,  
 No thing accordethe unto my nature,  
 Thouhe I were fedde with mylke and wastelbrede,  
 And soote cruddes browte unto my pasture,  
 Yet had I lever to do my besy cure,  
 Herly in the morowe to shrapyn in the vale,  
 To fynde my dyner amonge the wormes smale.

" The laborare is gladdare at his ploughe,  
 Herly on morne to fede hym withe bacon,  
 Than som man is that hathe tresoure i-noughe,  
 And of alle deyntés plenté and foison,  
 And no fredom with his possessioun,  
 To go at large, but as bere to stake,  
 To passe his boundis but if he leve take.

" Take this aunswere for full conclusion,  
 To synge in prison thou shalt me not constrayne,  
 Till I have fredom in wodis up and downe,  
 To flien at large on boughes rouhe and playne ;  
 And of resoun thou shuldest not disdayne,  
 Of my desire laugh and have game  
 But who is a chorle wolde eche a man were the same."

" Wele," quod the chorle, " syth it will not be  
 That I desire as be thy talkyng,  
 Magry thi will thou shalt chese on of thre,  
 Withinne a cage merily to synge,  
 Or to the kechen I shal thy body bringe,  
 Pulle thi fedris that bene so brighte and clere,  
 And aftir the rooste and baake to my dyner."

"Than," quod the birdde, "to reson saye not nay,  
 Towching my songe a fulle aunswer thou haste,  
 And when my fedres pulled been away,  
 Yf I be rosted, outhere bake in paste,  
 Thou shalt of me have a fulle smal repaste;  
 But yf thou wilt werke by my counseille,  
 Thou mayest by me have passing gret availe.

"Yf thou wilt unto my rede assent,  
 And suffre me go frely fro prisoun,  
 Without raunsoun or ony other rent,  
 I shal the yeve a notable gret gwerdoun,  
 Thre grete wysdoms according to resoun,  
 More of walewe, take hede what I do profre,  
 Thane al the golde that is shet in thi cofre.

"Trust me wele I shal the not disceyve."  
 "Wele," quod the chorle, "telle oon, anone let se."  
 "Nay," quod the byrdde, "thou must afore conceyve,  
 Who that shal teche must of reason go free,  
 It sittethe a maister to have his libert e,  
 And at large to teche his lesson,  
 Have me not suspecte I mene no tresone."

"Well," quod the chorle, "I holde me content,  
 I trust the promys which thou hast made to me."  
 The birdde fley forthe, the chorle was of assent;  
 And toke hir flighte upon the lawreer tre,  
 Than thought he thus, "now I stand fre,  
 With snares panters I cast not al my lyve,  
 Ner withe no lyme-twygges ony more to stryve.

“ He is a fole that scaped is daunger,  
And broken his fedres and fled is fro prisoun,  
For to resorte, for brent childe dredethe fire ;  
Eche a man beware of wisdom and resoun,  
Of sugre strowed that hydethe fals poyson,  
Ther is no venome so parlious in sharpnes,  
Os whan it hathe of treacle a lyknes.

“ Who dredeth no parelle, in parelle he shal falle ;  
Smothe waters ben ofte sithes depe ;  
The quayle pype can moste falsly calle,  
Till the quayle undir the net doth crepe ;  
A blery-eed fowler trust not though he wepe,  
Eschewe his thombe, of weping take noon hede,  
That smale birddes can nype be the hede.

“ And now that I such daungeres am escaped,  
I wil be ware and afore provide,  
That of no fowler I wil no more be japed,  
From their lyme-twygges I will flee fer asyde ;  
Where perell is, gret perelle is to abyde.—  
Come nere, thou chorle, take hede to my speche,  
Of thre wisdoms that I shal the teche.

“ Yeve not of wisdom to hasty credence  
To every tale nor to eche tyding ;  
But considre of resoun and prudence,  
Among many talis is many gret lesyng ;  
Hasty credence hathe caused gret hyndring ;  
Reporte of talis, and tydinges broute up newe,  
Makethe many a man to beholde untrew.

“ For oon partie take this for thy raunsoun :  
 Lerne the secund grownded in scripture,  
 Desire thou nott be no condicioun,  
 Thing which is impossible to recure ;  
 Wordly desires stand alle in aventure,  
 And who desire to clymbe highe on lofte,  
 By soden torne felethe ofte his fal unsofte.

“ The thirdd is this ; beware bothe even and morowe,  
 Forgete it not, but lerne this of me ;  
 For tresoure loste maketh never to gret sorowe,  
 Which in no wise may not recovered be ;  
 For who takethe sorowe for losse in that degré,  
 Reknethe first his losse and aftir rekyn his peyne,  
 And of oon sorowe makethe he sorowes tweyne.”

Aftir this lessone the hirdde begane a songe,  
 Of hir escape gretly rejoysing,  
 And she remembryng also the wronge  
 Don by the chorle first at hir takynge,  
 Of hir affray and hir enprisonyng ;  
 Gladde that she was at large and out of drede,  
 Said unto hym, hovyng above his hedde :

“ Thou were,” quod she, “ a very naturall fole,  
 To suffre me departe, of thy lewdnesse ;  
 Thou owghtest oft to complayne and make dole,  
 And in thyne herte to have gret hevynesse,  
 That thou hast loste so passing gret richesse,  
 Whiche myght suffice, by valewe in rekenyng,  
 To pay the raunsoum of a myghty kyng.

“ There is a stone whiche called is jagounce,  
 Of olde engendred withinne myne entrayle,  
 Whiche of fyne golde peyssethe a gret unce,  
 Cytryne of colour, lyke garnettes of entayle,  
 Which maketh men victorious in batayle,  
 And so ever bere on hym this stone  
 Is fully assured agayne his mortal foone.

“ Who hathe this stone in possession,  
 Shal suffre no povert, ner no indigence,  
 But of al tresour have plenté and foysoun,  
 And every man shal do hym reverence ;  
 And no ennemy shal do hym offence.  
 But from thyne handis now that I am gone,  
 Pleyne if thou wilt, for thi parte is none.

“ It causethe love, it makethe men more gracious,  
 And favorable in every mannys sighte ;  
 It makethe acorde betwne folke envyous,  
 Comforteth sorowfull, and maketh hevly herttes lighte,  
 Lyke topasion of colours sonnyssh bright ;  
 I am a foole to telle al at ones,  
 Or to teche a chorle the price of precious stones.

“ Men shuld not put a precious margarite,  
 As rubies, sapphires, or othir stones hynde,  
 Emeraudes ner rounde perles whight,  
 To-fore rude swyne that loven daffe of kynde ;  
 For a sowe delightethe, as I fynde,  
 More in foule draffe hir pigges for to glade,  
 That in al the perré that comethe out of Garnade.



"Eche thing draueth unto his semblable,  
 Fysshes on the see, bestes on the stronde,  
 The eyere for fowllis of nature is convenable,  
 To a ploughe man to tille the lande,  
 And a chorle a mokeforke in his hande ;  
 I lese my tyme ony more to tarye,  
 To telle a bowen of the lapidarye.

"That thou haddest, thou gettest never agayne ;  
 Thi lym-twigges and panteris I defye :  
 To lete me go thou ware foule over sayne,  
 To lese thi richesse only of foly.  
 I am now fre to syng, and to flye  
 Where that me lust, and he is a foole at alle,  
 That gothe at large and makethe hymselff thralle.

"To here a wisdom thyn eres been half deaf,  
 Lyke an asse that listithe on an harppe,  
 Thou mayst go pype in an yve-leffe ;  
 Better is to me to synge on thornes sharppe,  
 Than in a cage withe a chorle to carppe :  
 For it was saide of folkes yore a gone,  
 A chorles chorle is ofte wo begone."

The chorle felt his hert parte in twayne,  
 For verray sorowe, and a-sondire ryve ;  
 "Allas !" quod he, "I may wele wepe and playne,  
 As a wreche never leke to thryve,  
 But for to endure in poverte al my live ;  
 For of foly and of wilfulnesse,  
 I have now lost al holy my richesse.

"I was a lorde, I crye out of fortune,  
 And hadde gret tresoure late in my keping,  
 Whiche myghte have made me long to contynue,  
 Withe that stone to have lyved leke a kyng ;  
 Yf that I hadde sett it in a ryng,  
 Borne it on me, I hadde had goode i-nowe,  
 And never more have neded to goon to the ploughe."

Whan the birdde sawe the chorle thus morne,  
 And houghe that he was hevy of his chere,  
 She toke hir flighte and gayn a-gayne retorne  
 Towards hym, and said as ye shal here ;—  
 " O dul chorle wysdoms for to lere !  
 That I the taughte, al is lefte behynde,  
 Raked away and clene out of mynde.

"Taughte I the not thies wisdam in sentence,  
 To every tale broughte to the of newe  
 Not hastily to yeve therto credence,  
 Into tyme thou knew that it were trewe ;  
 Al is not golde that shynethe goldisse hewe,  
 Nor stonys al by nature, as I fynde,  
 Be not saphires that shewethe colour Ynde.

In this doctryne I loste my laboure,  
 To teche the suche proverbis of substaunce,  
 Now mayst thou se thyn owne blynde errorr,  
 For al my body peyssed in balaunce,  
 Weieth not an unce ; rude is thi remembraunce,  
 I to have more payce clos in myne entrayle,  
 Than al my body set for the countirvayle !

“ Al my bodey weyeth not an unce,  
Hough myght I than have in me a stone,  
That peyssith more, as dothe a gret jagounce ;  
Thy brayne is dul, thy witte is almoste gone ;  
Of thre wisdoms thou hast forgoteneoon,  
Thou shuldest not aftir my sentence,  
To every tale yeve hastily credence.

“ I badde also be ware bothe even and morowe,  
For thing lost of soden aventure,  
Thou shuld not make to mekelle sorowe,  
Whan thou seest thou mayst not it recure ;  
Here thou faylest, which doste thi busy cure,  
In thi snare to kache me agayne,  
Thou art a fole, thi labour is in vayne.

“ In the thirdd also thou doste rave :  
I badde thou shuldest, in no maner wyse,  
Coveyte thing whiche thou maist not have,  
In whiche thou hast forgotten myne empryse ;  
That I may sey playnly to devyse,  
Thou hast of madnesse forgotten al thre  
Notable wysdoms that I taught the.

“ It ware but foly withe the more to carpe,  
Or to preche of wysdoms more or lasse ;  
I holde hym madde that bryngeth forth his harppe,  
Therone to teche a rude for-dulle asse ;  
And madde is he that syngeth a fole a masse ;  
And he is moste madde that dothe his besynesse,  
To teche a chorle termys of gentilnesse.

“ And semlably in Apprille and in May,  
 Whan gentille birddes most maketh melodie,  
 The cokkowe syng can than but oon lay,  
 In othir tymes she hathe no fantasye ;  
 Thus every thing, as clerks specifye,  
 As frute and trees, and folke of every degré,  
 Fro whens they come thei take a tarage.

“ The vintere tretethe of his holsom wyne,  
 Of gentille frute bostethe the gardener,  
 The fyssher casteth his hokes and his lynes  
 To kache fyssh in every fressh rever,  
 Of tilthe of lande tretethe the boueer,  
 The chorle delitethe to speke of rybaudye,  
 The hunter also to speke of venerye.

“ Al oon to the a ffaucion and a kyghte,  
 As goode an howle as a poppingaye,  
 A downghille doke as deynté as a snyghte ;  
 Who servethe a chorle hathe many a carfull day.  
 Adewe ! sir chorle, farwele ! I flye my way.  
 O caste me never aftir my lyfe enduring  
 A-fore a chorle any more to syng.”

Ye folke that shal here this fable, see or rede,  
 Now forged talis I counsaile you to fle,  
 For losse of goode takethe not to gret hede,  
 Bethe not malicious for noon adversité,  
 Coveitethe no thing that may not be ;  
 And remembre, wherever that ye goone,  
 A chorles chorle is woo begone.

Unto purpos this proverd is full ryfe,  
 Rade and reported by olde remembraunce.  
 A childes birrde and a knavis wyfe  
 Have often siethe gret sorowe and myschaunce.  
 Who hathe fredom hathe al suffisaunce ;  
 Bettir is fredom withe litelle in gladnesse,  
 Than to be thralle withe al worldly richesse.

Go, gentille quayer ! and recommaunde me  
 Unto my maister with humble effection ;  
 Beseke hym lowly, of mercy and pité,  
 Of this rude makyng to have compassion ;  
 And as touching the translacioun  
 Oute of Frenshe, hough ever the Englisshe be,  
 Al thing is saide undir correctioun,  
 With supportacion of your benignité.

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#### ON THE MUTABILITY OF HUMAN AFFAIRS.

FROM MS. Harl. 2255, fol. 14-17. Other copies occur in MS. Harl. 2251 ; MS. Rawl. Oxon. C. 86 ; and MS. Bib. Coll. Jes. Cantab. Q. F. 8. See Madden's "Introduction to Sir Gawayne," p. 65. In MS. Harl. 7333, is the first stanza of this ballad, together with the opening verse of another of Lydgate's poems, with the following rubric: "Halsam squiere made thes ij. balades." These latter have been printed in the "Reliquiæ Antiquæ," i. 234 ; but there is certainly no sufficient reason to assign either one or the other to the worthy "squire."

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THE world so wyd, the hair so remeable,  
 The cely man so litel of stature,  
 The greve and the ground of clothyng so mutable,  
 The fyr so hoot and sotil of nature,

The watir nevir in oon, what creature  
 Maad of thes foure that been thus flettyng,  
 Mihte of reson perseveren by any cure,  
 Or stedfast been heer in his livyng.

Man hath of erthe slowthe and hevynesse,  
 Flux and reflux by watir made unstable,  
 Kyndly of hayr he hath also swiftnesse,  
 By fyr maad hasty, wood, and nat trefable ;  
 To erthe ageyn by processe corumpable,  
 Seelde or nevir in o point abydyng,  
 Now glad, now hevvy, now froward, now trefable,  
 How shuld he than be stedfast of lyvyng?

Off erthe he hath joyntes, flesshe, and boonys,  
 And of watir ful manyfold humoures,  
 Hayr in his arteres dispoosyd for the noonys,  
 Fir in his herte, by record of auctoures ;  
 Complexionat of sondryfold coloures,  
 Now brihte as Phebus, now reyn, and now shynyng,  
 Now silver dewhe, now fresshe with April floures,  
 How shuld man than be stedfast of lyvyng?

With Ver he hath drynesse and moisture,  
 Attwen bothe bamaner attemperaunce,  
 In which tweyne deliteth hym nature,  
 Yiff could nat put hym in distemperaunce ;  
 Thus meynt with dreed is mannys governaunce,  
 Ay in inuncerteyn, by record of writyng,  
 Now wood, now sobre, now prudent in daliaunce,  
 How shuld man than be stedfast in livyng?

Man hath with somyr drynesse and heete,  
 In ther bookys as auctoures lyst expresse,  
 Whan Phebus entrith in the Ariete,  
 Digest humoures upward doon hem dresse,  
 Poorys opnyng, that sesoun of swetnesse!  
 With exalaciouns and mystis descendyng,  
 Titan to erly whan he his cours doth dresse,  
 Of his brihte shynyng no stedfast abyding.

Autumpne to Ver foundyn is contrary,  
 Galien seith in al ther qualitees,  
 Disposyng man that sesoun doth so vary,  
 To many unkouth straunge infirmytees,  
 Of canyculer dayes takyng the propirtees,  
 By revolucioun of manyfold chaungyng,  
 In spiritual state temporal comowneeres,  
 How shuld he than be stedfast of livyng?

Man hath with with wyntir in this present lyff,  
 By disposicioun cold and humydité,  
 Which sesoun is to flewme nutritiff,  
 Spolet h tre and herbe of al ther fresshe bewté ;  
 The dayes-eye drepith, leesith hir liberté,  
 Poores constreyned no roseer out shewyng,  
 Fresshnesse of corages that sesoun makith ffle,  
 How shuld man than be stedfast of livyng?

Fyr resolveth the erthe by watry,  
 And watry thynges fyr turneth into hayr,  
 Makith hard thyng neisshe and also naturally,  
 Neisshe thyng hard by his sodeyn repair ;



Tho withe hard yis that shoon as cristal fayr,  
 Which element hathe in man ful greet werkyng,  
 Feith, hope, and charité shal outraye al dispayr,  
 Thouhe alle men be nat stedfast of lyvyng,

Ayer of nature yevith inspiracioun,  
 To manns herte thyng moost temperatiff,  
 Off kyndly heete gevyth respiracioun,  
 Sotil, rare, and a gret mytigatiff,  
 To tempre the spiritis by vertu vegetatiff;  
 And sithe that hayr in man is thus meevyng,  
 By manyfoold sawt he troubyld in his liff,  
 How shuld man than be stedfast in livyng?

Watir somwhile is congelyd to cristalle,  
 Coold and moist, as of his nature,  
 Now ebbithe, flowithe, which, in especiale,  
 Mihte of the moone doth hire course recure;  
 And sith that element, by record of Scripture,  
 Was oon of foure compact in our making,  
 I wold enqueere what maneer creature  
 Maad of thes foure were stedfast of livyng?

The sanguelyn man of blood hath hardynesse,  
 Wrouhte to be lovyng, large of his dispence,  
 The flewmatyk slowhe, oppressyd with dolnesse,  
 Whit of visage, rude of elloquence;  
 And sithe ther is in man suche difference  
 Off complexiouns dyversly werkyng,  
 Answer heerto concludyng in sentence,  
 How that he myghte be stable of his livyng.

The coleryk man sotil and deceyvable,  
 Slendir, leene, and citryn of colour,  
 Wroth sodeynly, wood and nat tretable,  
 Ay ful of yre, of malys, and rancour,  
 Drye and adust and a gret wastour,  
 And disposyd to many sondry thyng,  
 Withe pompe and boost hasty to do rigour,  
 Been such men stable heer in ther livyng ?

Malencolik of his complexloun,  
 Dispoosid of kynde for to be fraudelent,  
 Malicious, froward, and by decepcioun,  
 Which thynges peysed by good avisement,  
 Forgyng discordes double of his entent ;  
 I dar conclude as to my feelyng,  
 By confirmacioun as in sentement,  
 Fewe men be stable heer in ther livyng.

Satourn disposith to malencolye,  
 Jubiter reiseth men to hihe noblesse,  
 And sturdy Mars to striff, werre, and envye,  
 Phebus to wysdam and to hihe prowesse,  
 Mercurius to chaung and doubilnesse,  
 The moone mutable, now glad, and now drepyng,  
 And gery Venus, ful of newfangilnesse,  
 Makith man unstable heer in this livyng.

The world unsuyr, fortune transmutable,  
 Trust on lordshipe a feynt sekirnesse ;  
 Eche sesoun varieth frenship oft unstable,  
 Now glad, now hevvy, now helthe, now syknesse ;

An ebbe of povert next floodys of richesse,  
 Al staunt on chaung, now los and now wynnynge;  
 Tempest on se, and wyndes sturdynesse  
 Make men unstable and feerful of livyng.

Titan somwhile fresshly dothe appeere,  
 Than comyth a storm and doth his lihte difface,  
 The soyl in somyr with floures glad of cheere,  
 Wyntris rasour doth al away arrace;  
 Al erthely thyng sodeynly doth pace,  
 Which may have heer no siker abydyng,  
 Eek alle estatys fals fortune doth manace;  
 How shuld man than be stedfast of lyvyng?

Considre and see the transmutacioun,  
 How the sesoun of greene lusty age,  
 Force of juvenus, hardy as lioun,  
 Tyme of manhood, wisdom, sad corage,  
 And how decrepitus turneth to dotage,  
 Al cast in ballaunce, be war, forget nothyng,  
 And thu shalt fynde this lyff a pilgrymage,  
 In which ther is no stedfast abydyng.

Man! left up thyn eye to the hevne,  
 And pray the Lord, which is eternal!  
 That sitt so ferre above the sterrys sevene,  
 In his paleys moost Imperyal!  
 To graunt the grace heer in this liff mortal,  
 Contricioun, shriff, hoosyl at thy partyng,  
 And, or thu passe, remyssioun fynal,  
 Toward that lyf wher joye is ay lastyng!

## A SATIRICAL DESCRIPTION OF HIS LADY.

[From MS. Harl. 2255, fol. 153-156.]

WHAN SHE HATH ON HIRE HOOD OF GRENE.

My fayr lady, so fressh of hewe,  
 Good thryft come to your goodly face,  
 Of colourys like the noble newe,  
 As bryght as bugyl or ellys bolace;  
 So weel were he that myght purchase  
 At good leyser with hire to been,  
 Hire semly cors for to embrace,  
 Whan she hath on hire hood of green.

For yif I shuld hire al discrye,  
 Fro the heed to the novyl, and so forth down,  
 I trowe there is noon such alyve.  
 For to begynne at hire motle crown,  
 The whyght flekkyd with the brown,  
 Shoorn as a sheep with sherys keen,  
 There is noon so fayr in al our town,  
 Whan she hath on hire hood of green.

The kyrspe skyn of hyr forheed,  
 Is drawyn up and on trustily bownde,  
 Of colowrys dunne, yelewe, pale, and reed,  
 And therwithal hire cheekys been rownde;  
 A reynbowe hew so fayr she is fownde,  
 For whan the sunne shyneth sheen,  
 Allas! she gevith myn herte a wownde,  
 Whan she hath on hire hood of green.

Here smothe browys blake and fyn,  
 Arn soft and tendir for to fele,  
 As been the bruskelys of a swyn ;  
 Here jowys been rownde as purs or bele ;  
 That though hire herte were made of stele,  
 And I ne myght hire nevir seen,  
 Yit must I love hire evir wele,  
 Whan she hath on hire hood of green.

Here greet shulderys, square and brood ;  
 Here breestys up bere, hire bely so large,  
 For upon hire is a greet carte lood,  
 She is no bot, she is a barge ;  
 A stouhte that no man may charge,  
 Whoos boody may not suffysed been,  
 And evir abroad she beryth hire tarage,  
 Undir hire daggyd hood of green.

This fair floure of womanheed  
 Hath too pappys also smalle,  
 Bolsteryd out of length and breed,  
 Lyche a large campyng balle ;  
 There is no bagpipe halff so talle,  
 Nor no cormyse, for sothe as I ween,  
 Whan they been ful of wynde at alle,  
 And she have on hire hood of green.

And forth to speke of hire entraylle,  
 Liche a cow hire wombe is gert,  
 Rympled liche a nunnys veylle,  
 And smothe berdyd liche a gete.

Hire teeth been whight as ony jete,  
 And lych a seergecloth hire nekke is clene,  
 And for to kepe hire from the heete,  
 She weryth a daggyd hood of grene.

Hire skyn is tendyr for to towche,  
 As of an hownd-fyssh or of an hake,  
 Whoos tewhyng hath coost many a crowche,  
 Hire pylche souple for to make ;  
 Wheer ovir many an hed hath ake,  
 In skorn whan she lyth on the splene,  
 And yit she shal hym clene out shake,  
 Undir hire daggid hood of grene.

Hire buttokys ar not lowe sunke,  
 But brood as is a Spaynych stede,  
 For febylness she is nat shrunke,  
 Men may that se thorough out hire wede ;  
 Hire crowpe doth the semys shrede,  
 Whan they so streyght lasyd been ;  
 Now good thryfft have he for hys mede,  
 That best can shakyn hire hood of green.

Hire lemys not smal but liche a spere,  
 But jumbelyd but lyke as is an olyvaunt,  
 The greet clocher up for to bere,  
 A belfrey for the bodyfaunt ;  
 Or ellys for to pley at the,  
 Or for an hasard of heightene,  
 So weel were he that had a graunt  
 To towche hire daggyd hood of grene.

This is the lady that I serve,  
 That hath so many men on honde ;  
 For of hire can no man thank deserve,  
 That trottyth on the drye londe,  
 But on them she wyl have a bonde,  
 As weel of bayard as of brende,  
 And yit for sorelle she wyl stonde,  
 Though men hire daggyd hood wolde rende.

In cherysshying of the yemanry,  
 She hath weykyd many a bowe,  
 But moost she lovith specially,  
 Hym that can shote bothe styffe and lowe ;  
 And but the deer be ovir-throwe,  
 The arwe was nat fyled kene,  
 And to the deth she can weel blowe,  
 Whan she hath on hire hood of grene.

Hire watir lyme is maad ful weel,  
 Bothe for the cormeraunt and the snyte,  
 The botoore that etith the greet eel,  
 Is cause yif he wyl his rochys byte ;  
 The semewe with his fetherys whyte,  
 Nor the caldmawe, nouthir fat nor lene,  
 Gooth not from hire panteer quyght,  
 Whan she hath on hire hood of grene.

Of huntynge she beryth the greet pryse,  
 For buk or doo, bothe hert and hynde ;  
 But whan she dotyth and wyl be nyse,  
 Maale deer to chaase and to fynde,



That can hym feede on bark or rynde,  
And in hire park pasturyd been,  
That weel can beere with a tynde,  
Undir hire daggyd hood of green.

This sovereyn lady moost enteer,  
On hobyng whan she lyst to fare,  
With hire brood serkelys hire behynde,  
To make the larke for to dare,  
That fro hir gravys and hir snare,  
Goth not away that comyth between,  
The thruschylcok nor the feldfare,  
Whan she hath on hire hood of green.

It is deynty of this flowyr,  
That is so boold upon hire braunche,  
And wyl abyde every schowyr,  
Whoos thruste may noo stormys staunche ;  
But the flood wyl ovir launche,  
That no man may wade, it is so kene,  
It wyl not palle in hire haunche,  
Whan she hath on hire hood of grene.

Now what she beryth I wyl yow telle,  
Although I can not armys blase,  
Nor to the fulle rynges hire belle,  
That is so wrymplyd as a mase ;  
So longe a man may loke and gase,  
To telle what shuld hire baggys been,  
Whoos fenestralle were hard to glase,  
Whan she hath on hire hood of green.

Hire cote armure is duskyd reed,  
 With a boordure as blak as sabyl,  
 A pavys or a terget for a sperys heed,  
 Wyde as a chirche that hath a gabyl;  
 For who shalle justyn in that stabyl,  
 But he be shodde he is not sene,  
 Litel Morelle were not abyl,  
 Whan she hath on hire hood of grene.

Hire cote armure though it be rente,  
 Yit hernyd she nevir the bak,  
 Though many a robe hath be shente  
 On hire sarpelere and on hire sak;  
 Evir moore she stood for al the wrak,  
 And for shot she lyst not to fleen,  
 A castyng dart took no tak,  
 Undir hire daggyd hood of green.

Now fareweel hert and have good dey,  
 Of yow me lyst nat moore to endight,  
 Colowryd lyche a rotyn eey,  
 In morwe among your pylwys whight;  
 The blak crowe moote yow byght,  
 Your byl clothyd thirke and on clene,  
 A froward velym upon to wryt,  
 Whan she hath on hire hood of grene.

Now fareweel fayr and fressh so cleer!  
 For whom I may noo mone take,  
 Thowh I se yow not of alle this yeere,  
 I can not moorne for your sake,

Tyl every foul chesyth hys make,  
 And the nytynggale that syngeth so sheen,  
 And that the cokkow me awake,  
 To looke upon your hood of green.

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A PRAYER TO ST. LEONARD, MADE AT YORK.

[From MS. Harl. 2255, fol. 114.]

RESTE and refuge to folk disconsolat,  
 Fadir of pité and consolacioun,  
 Callyd recoumfort to folk desolat,  
 Sovereyn socour in tribulacioun,  
 Vertuous visitour to folkys in prisoun,  
 Blissid Leonard ! graunt of thy goodnesse,  
 To pray Jhesu with hool affectioun,  
 To save thy servauntis fro myscheef and distresse.

Remembre on hem that lyn in cheynes bounde,  
 On folk exiled ferre from ther contré,  
 On swych as lyn with many grevous wounde  
 Fetryd in prisoun and have no liberté ;  
 Forgete hem nouhte that pleyne in poverté,  
 For thrust and hungir constreyned with siknesse ;  
 Pray to Jhesu of merciful pité,  
 To save alle tho that calle the in distresse.

Lat thy prayeer and thy grace availle,  
 To alle tho that calle the in ther neede,  
 And specially to women that travaille,  
 To ache of boonys and goutys that do spreede ;

Helpe staunche veynes which cesse nat to bleede,  
 Help feverous folk that tremble in ther accesse,  
 And have in mynde of mercy and tak heede,  
 To pray for alle that calle the in distresse.

Sobre and appeese suche folk as falle in furye,  
 To trist and hevy do mytigacioun,  
 Suche as be pensyff make hem glad and murye,  
 Distrauhthe in thouhte refourme hem to resoun;  
 Releeve the porail fro fals oppressioun  
 Of tyrannye, and extort brotilnesse,  
 Take hem of mercy in thy proteccioun,  
 And save thy servauntis fro myscheef and distresse.

Thes signes groundid on parfite charité,  
 In thy persone encresyng ay by grace,  
 O glorious Leonard! pray Jhesu on thy kne,  
 For thy servauntis resortyng to this place,  
 That they may have leyseer, tyme, and space,  
 Al cold surfetys to refourme and redresse,  
 Hosyl and shrifte, or they hens pace,  
 With the to regne in eternal gladnesse.

Merciful Leonard! gracious and benigne!  
 Shew to thy servauntis som palpable sygne,  
 Passyng this vale of wordly wrecehydnesse,  
 With the to regne in eternal gladnesse,  
 Ther to be fed with celestial manna,  
 Wher angelis ar wont to syngen Osanna!

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THE DESERTS OF THEEVISH MILLERS AND  
BAKERS.

THESE curious stanzas are taken from MS. Harl. 2255, fol. 157 ; but the ditty is unfortunately imperfect at the commencement. Sir Harris Nicolas has printed them at the end of his "Chronicle of London."

PUT out his hed lyst nat for to dare,  
But lyk a man upon that tour to abyde,  
For cast of eggys wil not oonys spare,  
Tyl he be quaylled, body, bak, and syde ;  
His heed endooryd, and of verray pryde,  
Put out his armys, shewith abroad his face,  
The fenestrallys be made for hym so wyde,  
Clemyth to been a capteyn of that place.

The bastyle longith of verray dewe ryght,—  
To fals bakerys it is trewe herytage,  
Severelle to them, this knoweth every wyght,  
Be kynde assyngned for ther sittynge stage,  
Wheer they may freely shewe out ther visage,  
Whan they take oonys there possessioun,  
Owthir in youthe, or in myddyl age ;  
Men doon hem wrong, yif they take hym doun.

Let mellerys and bakerys gadre hem a gilde,  
And alle of assent make a fraternité,  
Undir the pillory a litil chapelle bylde,  
The place amorteyse, and purchase liberté ;  
For alle thoo that of ther noumbre be,  
What evir it coost aftir that they wende,  
They may cleyme be just auctorité,  
Upon that bastile to make an ende.

## MEASURE IS TREASURE.

[From MS. Harl. 2255, fol. 143-146.]

MEN wryte of oold how mesour is tresour,  
 And of al grace ground moost principalle,  
 Of vertuous lyfe suppoort and eek favour,  
 Mesour conveyeth and governith alle,—  
 Trewe examplayr and orygynalle,  
 To estaatys of hyhe and lowe degree,  
 In ther dewe ordre, for, in especialle,  
 Alle thyng is weel so it in mesure be.

Mesure is roote of al good policye,  
 Sustir-germayn unto discrecioun,  
 Of poopys, prelatys, it beryth up the partye,  
 Them to conduce in hyhe perfeccioun,  
 To leve in preyour and in devocioun,  
 Yeve good exaample of pees and unité,  
 That al ther werkys, for shoort conclusioun,  
 With trewe mesure may commendid be.

Al theyr doctryne, nor alle ther hoolynesse,  
 Kunnyng, language, wisdom, nor science,  
 Studye on bookys, in prechyng besynesse,  
 Almesse dede, fastyng, nor abstinence;  
 Clothe the nakyd with cost and dispence,  
 Rekne alle these vertues, compassioun, and pité,  
 Avayllith nought, pleynly in sentence,  
 But there be mesure and parfight charité.

Myghty emperours, noble wourthy kynges,  
 Pryncis, dukys, erlys, and barounnys,  
 Ther greet conquestys, ther surquedous rydynges,  
 But ther be mesure in ther condicyounnys,  
 That attemperaunce conveye ther renownys,  
 Rekne up the noblesse of every conquerour,  
 What avallith al ther processiounnys,  
 But ther ende conclude in just mesure.

Kyng Alisaundre, that gat al myddyl erthe,  
 Affryk, Asye, Europe, and eek Ynde,  
 And slowh Porrus with his dreedful swerde,  
 Yit in his conquest mesure was set behynde;  
 For which, ye lordys, lefit up yoer eyen blynde!  
 The stoon of paradys was fyn of his labour,  
 In al his conquest, have ye wel in mynde,  
 Was sett ferre bak for lak of just mesure.

Knyghthood in Grece and Troye the cité  
 Took hys principlys, and next in Rome toun,  
 And in Cartage, a famous greet cuntré,  
 Recoord of Hannybal and wourthy Scipioun;  
 The greete debaatys and the divisioun  
 Among these kyngdaunnys by marcial labour,  
 Fynal cause of ther destruccioun,  
 Was fawte of vertu and lakkyng of mesure.

To knyghthood longith the chirche to suppoorte,  
 Wydewys, and maydenys, and poore folke to diffende,  
 Men in ther ryght knyghtly to recoumfoorte,  
 To comoun profight nyght and day entende,



Ther lyff the good manly to dispende,  
 To punysse extorcioun, raveyne, and eche robbour,  
 And brynge alle unto correccioun,  
 That be froward unto the just mesour.

Trewe juges and sergeantis of the lawe,  
 For hate or frenshippe they shal ther doomys dresse,  
 Withoute excepcioun, and ther band withdrawe,  
 Fro meede and yiffes alle surffetys to repressse;  
 Holde trouthe and sustene rightwisnesse,  
 Mercy preferre alwey to-for rigour,  
 That fals for-sweryng have there noon interesse,  
 For lak of trouthe and lak of just mesour.

So egally ther doomys to avaunce,  
 Of God and trouthe alwey to takyn hede,  
 And Cambises to have in remembraunce,  
 That was slayn because that he took meede  
 Of poore folk, the causys they shalle speede,  
 To moordre nor theffte they shal doo no favour,  
 In al ther doomys of conscience to dreede,  
 That right goo not bak, equityé, nor mesour.

Meyris, sherevys, aldirmen, cunstablys,  
 . Which that governe bourghes and citees,  
 Kepith your fraunchise and statutys profitablys,  
 That moost avaylle may to the comountees;  
 In no wise lese nought your libertees,  
 Accorde eche man with his trewe neyhbour,  
 As ye ar hounde to hihe and lowhe degrees,  
 That peys and wheyghte be kept, and just mesour.

Among yoursilf suffre noon extorcioun,  
 Let no wrong be doo unto the poraylle,  
 On theffte and manslaughte doo execucioun,  
 Beth weel provided for stuff and for vitaylle;  
 Let no devisioun, Salamon doth counsaylle,  
 Withinne yoursilf hold no secour;  
 And for a tresour which greetly may avaylle,  
 Among alle thyng kepe peys and just mesour.

Famous marchauntys, that ferre cuntrees ryde,  
 With al ther greete rychesse and wynnynge,  
 And artificerys, that at hom abyde,  
 So ferre castyng in many sundry thynges,  
 And been expert in wondirful konnynges,  
 Of dyvers craftys t'avoyden al errour;  
 What may avaylle al your ymagynynges,  
 Withoute proporciouns of weyghte and just mesour?

Reken up hesyk with alle ther lectuaryes,  
 Grocerys, mercerys, with ther greet habundaunce,  
 Expert surgeyns, prudent potecaryes,  
 And alle ther weygthes peysed in ballaunce,  
 Masouns, carpenterys, of Yngelond and of Fraunce,  
 Bakerys, browsterys, vyntenerys, with fressh lycour,  
 Alle set at nought to rekne in substaunce,  
 Yiff peys or weyghte doo lakke, or just mesour.

Ploughmen, carterys, with othir laborerys,  
 Dichers, delveryes, that greet travaylle endure,  
 Which bern up alle, and have doon many yeerys,  
 The staatis alle set here in portrature,

On Goddys wylle and also by nature,  
 Alle oon ymage divers in ther degre,  
 Shulde be alle oon by recoord of Scripture,  
 Be large mesour of parfight charyté.

Fro yeer to yeer th'experience is seyn,  
 Ne were the plough no staat myght endure,  
 The large feeldys shulde be bareyn,  
 No corn up growe nor greyn in his verdure,  
 Man to suppoorte, nor beeste in his nature,  
 For which we shulde of trouthe for our socour  
 Wourshippe the plough, sithe every creature  
 Hath of the ploughman his lyffloode be mesour.

So as the shepperde wacchith upon ther sheep,  
 The hote somyr, the coold wynterys nyght,  
 Spiritual heerdys shulde take keep  
 In Crystes foold, with al ther ful myght,  
 By vertuous doctryne as they ar holde of ryght,  
 To save ther sogettys fro wolvys felle rygour,  
 That heretikys quenche nat the lyght  
 Of Crystes feith nor of just mesour.

Heerdys with sheep shul walke in good pasture,  
 And toward nyght sewrly sette a foolde,  
 Of Isaak and Jacob a ful pleyn figure,  
 That wer shepperdys whyloom be dayes oolde  
 Which lyk prelatys and bysshoppes as I toolde,  
 Th'estaatys here sett in charyté shal governe,  
 By good exaample in heete and froostys coolde,  
 That ryght and mesure shal holde up the lanterne.

Strong as Hercules of manhood and of myght,  
 I am set here to stondyn at dyffence,  
 Wrong to repress, and to suppoorte rgyht.  
 With this burdoun of sturdy violence ;  
 But unto alle that wyl doo reverence,  
 To alle the staatys sett here in portrature,  
 I shall to hem make no resistence,  
 That be governyd justly be mesure.

Among boarys, beerys, and leounnys,  
 Myn offic is to walke in wyldirnesse,  
 Reste a-nyght in cavys and dongeounnys,  
 Tyl Phebus shewe a-morwen his bryghtnesse ;  
 Now stonde I here to kepe in sekirnesse  
 This hows in sewyrté wlt h al my besy cure,  
 To letyn in folk that of gentilnesse  
 Lyst hem governe justly be mesure.

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BALLAD ON PRESENTING AN EAGLE TO THE  
 KING AND QUEEN ON THE DAY OF  
 THEIR MARRIAGE.

[From MS. Harl. 2251, fol. 275.]

THIS hardy fowle, this bridde victorious,  
 This stately fowle most imperial,  
 Of his nature fiers and corageous,  
 Callid in Scripture the fowle celestial,  
 This yeeris day to youre estate royal  
 Lowly presentith, to encrease of youre glorye,  
 Honour and knyghthod ! conquest and victorye !

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This statly bridde dothe ful highe sore,  
 Percyng the beames of the highe sonne,  
 And of his kynde excellithe evermore,  
 In soryng up above the skynnes donne ;  
 And for this bridde hath the crowne wonne,  
 Above briddes alle, presentithe to your glorie,  
 Honour of knyghthode ! conquest and victory !

This fowle is sacred unto Jupiter,  
 The lord of briddis in the highe heven,  
 Wele willyng planete beholdyng from so ferre,  
 Above the paleys of the sterris seven,  
 Alle constellaciouns that any man can neven,  
 This same fowle presentithe to youre glorie,  
 Honour of knyghthode ! conquest and victorye !

This is the fowle, as clerkis telle can,  
 Whiche leete downe falle in the nativyté  
 Of Crist Jhesu unto Octovyan  
 The grene olyve of pees and unité ;  
 Whan the high lord toke oure humanyté,  
 This royal egle sendithe to youre glorie  
 Honour of knyghthode ! conquest and victorye !

This is the fowle whiche Ezechiel,  
 In his avisioun, saugh ful yoore agon,  
 He saugh foure bestis tornyng on a whele,  
 Amonges whiche this royal bridde was oon,  
 Callid in Scripture th' Evangelist seynt John,  
 This yeeris day presentyng to youre glorie  
 Honour of knyghthode ! conquest and victorye !

This royal bridde most persaunt of hir sight, [sheene,  
Ageyn Phebus streames most shynyng, fresshe, and  
Blenchithe never for al the cliere light ;  
Presentith also unto the noble qwene,  
That sittith now here ful gracious unto seene,  
This yeeris day downe from that hevenly see,  
Helthe and welfare, joy and prosperité !

This fowle also, by title of hir nature,  
Of fowles alle is qwene and emperesse,  
Flyeth hiest and longest may endure,  
Batyng hir wynges witheoute werynesse ;  
To Junoes castel in heven a grete goddessse,  
Sendith to you, pryncesse, her sittyng in youre see,  
Helthe and welfare, joy and prosperité !

He sendithe also unto youre noblesse,  
Of al vertues fulsom habundaunce,  
Fredam, bounté, honour, and gentillesse,  
Whiche we the meane by gracious allyaunce  
To sette in pees England and Fraunce,  
To whos hyghnesse downe from the hevenly see,  
Helthe and welfare and prosperité.

This bridde in armes of emperours is born,  
Whiche in the tyme of Cesar Julius,  
In Rome apperyng, whan Crist Jhesu was born  
Of a mayde most clene and vertuous ;  
Wherfore, O pryncesse ! happy and gracious,  
To yow presentithe this egle, as he dothe flee,  
Helthe and welfare, joy and prosperité !



This fowle withe briddes hathe hold his parlement,  
 Where as the lady whiche is callid Nature  
 Satte in hir see liche a president,  
 And al ichon they dide hir besy cure,  
 To sende to yow goode happe, goode aventure,  
 Al youre desires accomplisshed for to be,  
 Helthe and welfare, joye and prosperité !

Most noble prince ! whiche, in especial,  
 Excelle al other, as maked is memory,  
 This day be gyf unto youre estate royal,  
 As I sayd erst, honour, conquest, victory,  
 Liche as this egle hath presented to youre glorye,  
 And to yow princesse he wil also ther be  
 Helthe and welfare, joye and prosperyté.

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### THE TRIUMPH OF VIRTUE.

[From MS. Harl. 2255, fol. 12-14. Other copies are in MS. Rawl. Oxon. C. 86, and MS. Bib. Coll. Jes. Cantab. Q. F. 8.]

#### LET MEN VERTU LEERE.

As of hony men gadren out swetnesse,  
 Of wyn and spices is maad good ypocras,  
 Fro silver wellys that boyle up with fresshenesse  
 Cometh cristal watir rennyng a gret pas ;  
 So as Phebus perceth thoruhe the glas,  
 With brihte beemys, shynyng in his speere,  
 Byforn our dayes this proverb provid was,—  
 Of prudent folk men may vertu leere.



Quyk lusty sprynges, that boile up in the welle,  
Do gret refresshyng and coumfort to the sihte,  
Mong holsom herbys in vertu that excelle,  
What folwith aftir makith hertis glad and lihte;  
Good haire a morwe aftir the dirke nyhte,  
Passyng holsom al sesouns of the yeere,  
Concludyng thus of verray trouthe and rihte,—  
Wo sueth vertu, vertu he shal leere.

Frut fet fro fer tarageth of the tre,  
Wyn takith his pris of the holsom vyne,  
Of puryd flour maad holsom breed pardé,  
As clerkys wyse is holsom the doctryne;  
The wyntres nyhte is glad whan sterrys shyne,  
Somer toward whan buddys first appeere,  
And the May-dewhe round lik perlys fyne,—  
Who sueth vertu, vertu he shal leere.

Eche thyng of kynde drawith to his nature,  
Som to profite in wysdam and science,  
Som also to studyen in Scripture,  
A fool is dullyd of slouth and necligence;  
Konnyng conquestyd with long experyence,  
Which noble tresour may nat be bouhte to deere,  
And who that doth his enteer dilligence,—  
Vertu to sewe, vertu he shal leere.

A yong braunche wol soone wexe wrong,  
Dispoosyd of kynde for to been a crook,  
The ffyr of nature wyl growe up rihte and long,  
Hoot fir and smoke makith many an angry cook;

The fische for beit goth to the angil hook,  
 The larke with song is Phebus massageer,  
 A thryvyng scoler rihte eerly to his book,—  
 Who sewith vertu, vertu he shal leere.

Off rethoryciens men lerne fresshe language,  
 Of hooly seyntes procedith parfitnesse,  
 Of furyon folk debate and gret outrage,  
 Of marcial pryncis vertuouus hihe noblesse,  
 Of wise wisdam, of gentil gentillesse ;  
 For lyk hymself kynd wyl ay appeare,  
 A cherl of nature wil brayde on rewdnesse,—  
 Who seweth vertu, vertu he shal leere.

Lusty hertys in gladnesse them delite,  
 Set al ther study on occupacioun,  
 In joye and myrthe, rihte as an ypocrite  
 Rejoysith hymself in symylacioun ;  
 And bakbiteres in fals detractioun,  
 To hurt wers than boymbyl, busk, or breere,  
 Contrary to vertu of condicioun,—  
 Who sueth vertu, vertu he shal leere.

Off knyhtis knythhood expert in pees and werre ;  
 Marchauntys by travayle gadre greet richesse ;  
 Be nedle and stoon and by the lood-sterre,  
 Maryneres ay ther cours they dresse ;  
 And massageres with watche and gret swiftnesse,  
 T' expleyte the journé al tymes of the yeere,  
 Ther grettest foo is slouthe and ydilnesse,—  
 To alle tho that vertu list to leere.

Love hooly chirche, do therto reverence,  
 Do no man wrong, mayntene rihtewisnesse ;  
 Thouhe thu be strong, do no violence,  
 Specially no poore-man oppresse ;  
 With glad herte parte thyn almesse ;  
 In prosperité be nat to proud of cheere ;  
 In adversité be pacient with meeknesse ;  
 Sewe aftir vertu, and vertu thu shalt leere.

Touchyng also thyn occupacioun,  
 Departe thy tyme prudently on thre,  
 First in prayer and in orison,  
 Travayl among is profitable to the ;  
 Reede in bookys of antiquyté,  
 Of oold stooryes be glad good thyng to heere,  
 And it shal tourne to gret comodité,—  
 Sewe aftir vertu, and vertu thu shalt leere.

Be no sloggard, fle from ydilnesse ;  
 Connyng conquer by vertuous dilligence ;  
 Slouthe of vices is cheef porteresse,  
 And a step-moodir to wysdam and science ;  
 Labour cheef guyde to profit in prudence,  
 With vertuous lyff take heed of this mateere,  
 Withdrawe thyn hand from froward negligence ;  
 Sewe aftir vertu, and vertu thu shalt leere.

Sith thu were wrouhte to be celestial,  
 Lat reson brydle thy sensualité,  
 Geyn froward lustys fleshly and bestial,  
 Ageyn al wordly disordinat vanyté ;

With fortunys fals mutabilité,  
 Peysed how short tyme thu shalt abyden heere,  
 Pray Crist Jhesu, of mercy and pitée,  
 Or thu parle hens, vertu so to leere.

With tyme and space and goostly remembrauce,  
 Of oold surfetys to have contricioun,  
 Shrift, and hosyl, ad | hooly repentaunce,  
 With a cleer mynde of Crystes passioun,  
 His v. woundys and blood that railleth doun,  
 Upon the cros he bouhte the so deere,  
 Cleyme of his mercy to have possessioun,  
 With hym to dwelle above the sterrys cleere.

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A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

[From MS. Harl. 2251, fol. 276.]

ALLAS! I woful creature,  
 Lyveng betwene hope and drede,  
 How myght I the woo endure,  
 In tendrenesse of wommanheede?  
 In languor ay my lyf to leede,  
 And sette myn hert in suche a plaee,  
 Wher as I, be lyklehede,  
 Am ever unlyke to stonde in grace.

There is so grete a difference  
 Twene his manhede and my symplesse,  
 That daungier by grete violence  
 Hath me brought in grete distresse;

And yit in verray sikernesse,  
    Thoughe my desire I never atteyne,  
Yit without doublenesse  
    To love hym best I shal nat feyne.

For whan we were tendre of yeeris,  
    Flouring both in oure chieldheede,  
We sette to nothyng oure desires,  
    Sauf to pley, and toke none heede:  
And gadred flowris in the meede,  
    Of yowth this was oure most plesaunce,  
And love tho gaf me for my mede  
    A knot in hert of remembraunce.

Whiche that never may be unbounde,  
    It is so stidefast and so triewe,  
For alwey oon I wil be founde,  
    His womman, and chaunge for no newe!  
Wolde God the sothe that he knewe,  
    How oft I sighe for his sake,  
And he me list nat oonys rewe,  
    Ne gyvithe no force, what ivel I make.

His port, his chiere, and his fygure,  
    Bien ever present in my sighte,  
In whos absence eeke I ensure,  
    I can never be glad ne light:  
For he is my chosen knyght,  
    Thoughe it to hym ne be nat kowthe,  
And so hathe he ben bothe day and nyght,  
    Trievely fro my tendre yowthe.

Emprinted in myn inward thoughte,  
 And alwey shal til that I dye,  
 Out of myn hert he partith nought,  
 Ne never shal, I dare well sey ;  
 His love so sore me dothe werrey,  
 God graunt it tourne for the best !  
 For I shal never, I dare well sey,  
 Without his love lyve in rest.

A trowthe in tendre age goune,  
 Of love withe longe perseveraunce,  
 In my persone so sore is rounne,  
 That ther may be no variaunce ;  
 For al myn hertis suffisaunce  
 Is, whether that I wake or wynke,  
 To have holy my remembraunce  
 On his persone, so mochil I thynk !

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A DITTY UPON IMPROVEMENT.

[From MS. Cotton. Calig. A. ij., fol. 65.]

FOR THE BETTER ABYDE.

I SEE a rybaun ryche and newe,  
 Wythe stones and perles ryally pyghte,  
 Regalles, rubies, saffyres blewe,  
 The grownde was alle of brent golde bryghte ;

Wythe dyamandes fulle derely dyghte,  
Ryche saladynez sette on every syde,  
Wheron was wrytyn a resoun fulle ryghte,  
And alle was 'for the better abyde.'

Uppoun that resoun I studyed that tyde,  
And ther to toke I good entent,  
How kynde wytte setteth sorow besyde,  
Wythe eche a moun ther he ys lent;  
Good suffraunce ys fulle syldene schent,  
Whene weyle and woo a way schun glyde,  
Hasty mene often tymes harmes hent,  
Whene they were better to abyde.

I have harde sungun with a harpe,  
That haste mene sholde wante no woo,  
They koun notte shylde hem fro showres scharpe,  
Nayther kene here freende from here foo;  
Sume mene seys that hyt ys soo,  
Who so kone suffer heyle and hyde,  
May have hys wylle ofte tyme y-doo,  
And he wylle for the better abyde.

He that wylle not drede no schame,  
Ys putte owte of mone and oneste place,  
Lette nevere thy tonge defowele thy name,  
But be kynde and trewe in every case;  
And pray to God to gyffe the grace,  
In londe wheres'ere thow goo or ryde,  
Alle wyked werdes away to chase,  
And ever more for the better abyde.



And thy luffe be yn a place,  
Have hyt in mynde and holde the styll,  
A foles bolt ys sone schote in cace,  
Whoo spekethe mykylle sum he most spylle ;  
Lette never thy luffe be on an hylle,  
Rere thy councele at the crosse be cryde,  
Lette but fewe mene wytte thy wylle,  
And ever more for the better abyde.

For the best thou holde the styll,  
And for the better thy speche thou spende,  
Thoughe thou have not to day thy wylle,  
Thy wylle to morowe God may the sende ;  
Grucche not agayne hym, y dedefende,  
Fore poverte or sekenes in any tyde,  
Godde wylle soe tyme and hyt amende,  
And ever more for the better abyde.

I have wyste mene in prysoun be caste,  
And lyve therin sex yere or sevene,  
And 3yt be holpen owte at the laste,  
For ofte mene at un sette stevene ;  
Wythe freend and foo God makes evene,  
That for us suffered woundes wyde,  
And brynge us to the blysse of hevene,  
For the better ther evere to abyde !

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## THANK GOD FOR ALL THINGS.

[From MS. Cotton. Calig. A. ij. fol. 66.]

## THONKE GOD OF ALLE.

By a wey wandryng as y wente,  
Welle sore I sorowede, for sykyng sad,  
Of harde happes that I hadde hent,  
Mornyng me made almost mad,  
Tylle a lettre alle one me lad,  
That welle was wrytyn on a walle,  
A blysfulle word that on I rad,  
That alwey seyde "thonke God of alle."

And 3yt I rad fordermore,  
Fulle good entent I toke ther tylle,  
Cryst may welle your state restore,  
Now3t ys to stryve agayns his wylle ;  
He may us spare and also spylle,  
Think ry3th welle we ben his thralle,  
What sorow we soffre, lowde or stylle,  
Alwey thonk God of alle !

They thou be bothe blynd and lame,  
Or ony sekenesse be on the sette,  
Thou thenke ry3t welle hit ys no shame,  
The grace of God hit hath the gret ;  
In sorow or care thow3 3e be knyht,  
And worldes wele be fro the falle,  
I kan not say thou myst do bet,  
Bot alwey thonk God of alle.

They thou welde this worlds good,  
 And ryally lede thy lyf in reste,  
 Welle I shape of bon and blod,  
 Noone the lyke by est ny west;  
 Thank God the sent as hym lest,  
 Rychesse torneth as a balle,  
 In alle maner hit ys the best  
 Alwey to thonke God of alle.

3yf thy good bygynnyth to passe,  
 And thou wexe a pore mon,  
 Take good comfort and bere good face,  
 And thenk on hym that al good wan;  
 Crist hymself for sothe bygan,  
 He may rene bothe bowre and halle,  
 No better counseyl I ne kan,  
 Bote alwey thonke God of alle.

Thenk on Job that was so ryche,  
 He wax pore fro day to day,  
 His bestys dyeden in yche dyche,  
 His katelle wanshed alle away;  
 He was put in pore aray,  
 Nother in purpure, nother in palle,  
 But in sympul wede, as clerkes say,  
 And alwey he thonked God of alle.

For Cristes love so do wee,  
 He may bothe 3yve and take,  
 In what myschef that we in be,  
 He ys my3ty y-now3 oure sorow to slake;

Fulle good amendes he wolle us make,  
And we to hym crye or calle,  
What gref or woo that do the thralle,  
3yt alwey thonke God of alle.

They thou be in pryson cast,  
Or any destresse men do the bede,  
For Crystes love 3yt be stedfast,  
And ever have mynde on thy crede;  
Think he faylethe us never at nede,  
The dereworth duke that deme us shalle,  
Whan thou art sorry, thereof take hede,  
And alwey thonke God of alle.

They thy frendes fro the fayle,  
And deth by rene hend here lyf,  
Why sholdest thou thanne wepe or wayle,  
Hit ys now3t agayn God to stryve;  
Hymself maked bothe man and wyf,  
To his blysse he brynge us alle,  
How ever thou thole ore thryfe,  
Alwey thonk God of alle.

What dyvers sonde that God the sende,  
Here or in any other place,  
Take hit with good entente,  
The sonnere God wolle send his grace;  
Thow3 thy body be brow3t fulle bas,  
Lat not thy hert a-down falle,  
But think that God ys ther he was,  
And alwey thonk God of alle.

They thy ney3bour have worlde at wylle,  
 And thou farest not so welle as he,  
 Be not so madde to thynke hym ylle,  
 For his whelthe envous to be ;  
 The kyng of heven hymself can se,  
 Hoo takes his sonde gret ore smalle,  
 Thus eche mon in his degré,  
 I rede thonke God of alle.

For Cristes love be not so wylde,  
 But rewle the by resoun within and withowte,  
 And take in good herte and mynde  
 The sonde that God sent al abowte ;  
 Than dare I say withowtyn dowte,  
 That in heven ys made thy stalle,  
 Ryche and pore that lowe wylle lowte,  
 Alway think God of alle !

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MAKE AMENDES.

[From MS. Cotton. Calig. A. ij. fol. 67.]

By a wylde wodes syde  
 As I walked myself alone,  
 A blysse of bryddes me bad abyde,  
 For cause there song mo then one ;

Among thes bryddes everych one,  
Full gret hede y gan take,  
How he gon syng with rewfully mone,  
" Mon, y rede the, amendes make."

" Make amende trewely ;"  
Than song that bryd with federes gray,  
In myne hert fulle woo was y,  
Whan " make amendes " he gan to say ;  
I stode and studyede alle that day,  
Thes word made me alle nyȝth to wake,  
Than fond I by good schyle, in fay,  
Why he sede " amendes make."

The furst schyle that y gan fynde,  
As hit semed in my wytte,  
Oo thynk ther ys that cometh of kynde,  
That every man shalle have a pytte,  
When top or to of the ys knytte,  
The world I well fro the ys shake,  
Avyse the welle ere thou be dutt,  
And fond ere thou go amendes to make.

The secounde schyle ys that thou shalle dye,  
Bote ȝyt what tyme thou woste never,  
For ȝyt thou wistest sykurlly,  
Thou woldest fle thy deth for fere,  
Thy laste bowr shalle be a bere,  
ȝyf that thy frendes mowe the take,  
Owt take thy pytte as I sayde ere,  
And therefore fond amendes make.

The thrydde schyle shalle do the wo,  
 3yf thou thenke theton, y-wys,  
 For whan thy lyf shalle the fro,  
 Thou ny woste whether to ball or blys;  
 I fynde no clerke can telle me thys,  
 Therefore my wo bygynnythe to wake,  
 Whan thou thenkest to do amys,  
 I rede the "amendes make."

They thou be kyng and crowne bere,  
 And all the world stond at thy wylle,  
 Thou shalle be pore as thou were ere,  
 This mayst thou knowe be propur schyle;  
 Owt take a shete the with to hell,  
 To kever in the fro shames sake;  
 Repente ye, mon, thou hast do ylle,  
 And fonde to amendes make.

When thou art fryke and in thy flowres,  
 Thou werest purpure, perreye, ore palle,  
 In churche at matyns ny at owrus,  
 Thou kepest not come withinne the walle;  
 For ther thy savour ys fulle smalle,  
 This wyldernesse the gan awake,  
 Bote in on day thou shalt lese alle,  
 Therefore fonde amendes to make.

A sample we mow se al day,  
 That God sent amonges us alle,  
 To day thaw; thou be stowt add gay,  
 A-morow thou lyst by the walle;



Mercy then to crye ore calle,  
Hit ys to late, thy leve ys take :  
Therefore thou mon, are that thou falle,  
I rede the amendes make.

3yf thou have don a dedly synne,  
Where thorow thy sowle may be shent,  
Alle the 3ere thou wylt lye therinne,  
And 3orne ther ontylle hit be lent ;  
Then a frere wollt thou hent,  
And fore shame thy parysh prest forsake,  
Of suche dedes verrement,  
I rede the amendes make.

I rede the mon bere the evene,  
Whether thou be lord, serjaunt, ore mayre,  
For ofte men meten at un set steven,  
Coveyte thou no pore mon to payre ;  
This worlde ys but a chyrye feyre,  
Whan 3e be heyest 3e mowe aslake,  
To day thou art lord, to morow thyne eyre,  
And therefore fond amendes make.

They thou be rychere mon then he,  
Whylle thou lyvest here on erthe,  
God made hym as welle as the,  
And bouzt alle y-lyche dere ;  
They he be not thy worldes pere,  
Do hym no wrong fore synnes sake,  
To nouzt shalle turne thy prowde chere,  
And therfor fond amendes make.

God that was of Mary bore,  
 And deth suffred on rode tre,  
 Lette us never byfore lore,  
 Jhesu, 3yf thy wylle be ;  
 Comely quene, that art so fre,  
 Pray thy sone fore oure sake,  
 In heven a sy3th of 3ou to se,  
 And here to amendes make. Amen.

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#### LYDGATE'S TESTAMENT.

THE biographical importance of the following poem was first noticed by Mr. Collier, in his "Catalogue of the Library at Bridgewater House." It was printed by Pynson, in a tract now extremely rare, of twelve leaves, and of which the only copies known are at Cambridge, Bridgewater House, and the British Museum. Our text is from MS. Harl. 2255, fol. 47-66. Other copies are in MS. Harl. 218; MS. Coll. Jes. Cantab. Q. F. 8, &c.

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#### TESTAMENTUM JOHANNIS LIDGATE NOBILIS POETE.

O HOW holsom and glad is the memorye  
 Of Crist Jhesu ! surmountyng al swetnesse,  
 Name of conquest, of tryumphe, and victorye,  
 Th' assaut of Sathan to venquysshen and oppresse !  
 To which name Seyn Poule berith witnessse,  
 Of hevене, and erthe, and infernal poosté,  
 Alle creaturys of rihte and dewe humblesse,  
 And of hool herte, bowe shal there kne !

No song so swete unto the audience  
As is Jhesus, now so ful of plesaunce,  
Ageyn al enmyes sheeld, pavys, and diffence,  
To hevye hertys cheef comfort in substaunce !  
Of goostly gladnesse moost sovereyn suffisaunce,  
Cheef directorye to hevne-ward the cité,  
Gladdest resoort of spiritual remembraunce,  
To whom al creaturys bowe shal ther kne !

To alle folkys that stonden in repentaunce,  
With hert contryt maad ther confessioun,  
Of wyl and thouhte accomplysshed ther penaunce,  
And to ther poweer doon satisfacioun ;  
That cleyme be mene of Cristis passioun,  
Markyd with Tau. T. for moor suerté,  
To them Jhesu shall graunt ful pardoun,  
To axe hym mercy whan they knele on ther kne.

In this name moost sovereyn of vertu,  
Stant hool our hoope and al our assuraunce,  
For wher that evir namyd is Jhesu,  
Geyn gostly trouble men fynden allegeaunce ;  
Who trustith in Jhesu may feele no grevaunce,  
Which from al thraldam brouht us to liberté,  
Out of al servage he made an acquytaunce,  
To alle that knele to Jhesu on ther kne.

In amerous hertys brennyng of kyndenesse,  
This name of Jhesu moost profoundly doth myne,  
Martir Ignacius can bern heerof witnesse,  
Amid whoos herte, by grace which is divyne,

With aureat lettrys, as gold that did shyne,  
 His herte was grave, men may his legende se,  
 To teche al Cristene ther heedys to enclyne  
 To blissed Jhesu, and bowe adoun ther kne.

This is the name that chaceth away the clips  
 Of foreyn dirkenesse, as clerkys determyne,  
 By John remembryd, in th' Apocalips,  
 How liche a lamb his heed he did enclyne;  
 Whos blood doun ran rihte as any lyne,  
 To wasshe the orduris of our iniquité,  
 Medlyd with watir cleer and cristallyne,  
 Which from his herte doun railed by his kne.

By blood Jhesus made our redempcioun,  
 With watir of bapty m fro felthe wessh us cleene,  
 And from his herte too licours there ran doun,  
 On Calvary the trouthe was wel seene,  
 Whan Longius with a spere keene  
 Percyd his herte upon the roode [tre];  
 O man unkynde! thynk what this doth meene,  
 And on to Jhesu bowe adoun thy kne.

Ther is no speche nor language can remembre,  
 Lettir, sillable, nor worc that may expresse,  
 Thouh in too tungys were turnyd every membre,  
 Of man to telle th' excellent noblesse  
 Of blessid Jhesu, which, of his gret meeknesse,  
 List suffre deth to make his servaunt fre;  
 Now merciful Jhesu, for thyn hihe goodnesse,  
 Have mercy on alle that bowe to the ther kne!

The prince was slayn, the servaunt went at large,  
 And to delyver his soget fro prisoun,  
 The lord took on hym for to bere the charge,  
 To quyte mankynde by obligacioun;  
 Seelyd with fyve woundys he payed our raunsoum,  
 Man to restoore to paradys, his cité.  
 Is man nat bounde—I axe this questioun—  
 To blissed Jhesu for to bowe his kne?

Six hundryd tyme with sixty toold by noumbre,  
 In Poulys pistlys Jhesu men may reede,  
 Multitude of feendys to encombre,  
 To paye our raunsoum his blood he did sheede;  
 Nat a smal part, but al he did out bleede,  
 For Adamys appyl plukkyd from the tre,  
 Jhesu deyed for shame, man tak heede,  
 Gyf thank to Jhesu and bowe to hym thy kne!

Alle thes thynges considred that I tolde,  
 Man, wher evir thu holdist thy passage,  
 Toward Jhesu alwey that thu beholde,  
 With eye fyx looke on his visage;  
 Crownyd with thorn for our gret outrage,  
 Have this in mynde and lerne o thing of me,  
 That day noon enemy shal doon us noon damage,  
 Whan we to Jhesu devoutly bowe our kne.

Witheyne my closet and in my litil couche,  
 O blissid Jhesu! and by my beddys syde,  
 That noon enemy nor no feend shal me touche,  
 The name of Jhesu with me shal evir abyde!

My loode-sterre, and my sovereyn guyde,  
 In this world heer bothe on lond and se,  
 O Jhesu! Jhesu! for al tho folk provyde,  
 Which to thy name devoutly bowe ther kne!

With Maria callyd Mawdeleyne,  
 Erly eche morwe whil that my liffe may dure,  
 Fro slouthe and slombre mysilf I shal restreyne,  
 To seke Jhesu at his sepulture;  
 Whom for to fynde yif that I may recure,  
 To have pocioun of hym at liberté,  
 Ther were in erthe no richere creature,  
 To whom al creaturys bowe shal ther kne.

In merciful Jhesu, to putte a verrey preef  
 Of his mercy, that no man disespeyre,  
 Upon the cros gafe graunt unto the theef,  
 To paradys with hym for to repayre;  
 Took out of helle soulys many a peyre,  
 Mawgré Cerberus and al his cruelté,  
 O gracious Jhesu! benygne and debonayre,  
 Have mercy on alle that bowe to the ther kne!

The name of Jhesu! swetest of namys alle!  
 Geyn goostly venyms, holsomest tryacle,  
 For whosoevir unto this name calle,  
 Of cankryd surfetys fynt reles by myracle,  
 To eyen blynde lihte, lanterne, and spectacle,  
 And bryttest myroure of al felicité,  
 Support and sheeld, diffence and cheef obstacle,  
 To alle that kneele to Jhesu on ther kne.

This roial name, moost sovereyn of renoun,  
 This name Jhesus, victorious in batail,  
 Of hevenly tryumphis the laureat guerdoun,  
 The spiritual palme of goostly apparail,  
 Celestial prowessse, which may moost avail,  
 To sitte with angelis in ther eternal se,  
 Th'emperial conquest nat gett with plate or mayl,  
 But with meeke kneelyng to Jhesu on our kne.

Patriarkes and prophetis oon by oon,  
 Thre Ierarchyes and al the ordris nyne,  
 Twelve apostlys and martirs everychoon,  
 Hooly confessours and every pur virgyne,  
 To blissed Jhesu moost meekly shal enclyne,  
 Foulys, beestys, and fisses of the se,  
 Kynde hath tauhte hem hy natural disciplyne,  
 Meekly to Jhesu to bowe adoun ther kne.

Ther is no love parfitly i-groundid,  
 But it of Jhesu took his original,  
 For upon Jhesu al parfitnesse is foundid,  
 Our tour, our castel geyn poweers infernal ;  
 Our poortcolys, our bolewerk, and our wal,  
 Our sheeld, our pavys, geyn al adversité,  
 Our herytage, our guerdoun eternal,  
 To whom alle creaturys bowe shal ther kne.

Condigne laude nor comendacioun,  
 Youe to this name ther can no tonge telle,  
 Of goostly foode, richest refeccioun,  
 Hedspryng of grace, of lyffe conduyt and welle;



Jhesu namyd, ther dar no dragon dwelle,  
 Blissidest bawme of our felicité,  
 Alle cancryd soorys and poysons to repelle,  
 From them to Jhesu that knele on ther kne.

This name Jhesus, by interpretacioun,  
 Is for to seyne our blyssid Saviour,  
 Our strong Sampson that stranglyd the lioun,  
 Our lord, our maker, and our creatour ;  
 And by his passioun fro deth our redemptour,  
 Our Orpheus that fro captyvyté  
 Feit Erudice to his celestial tour,  
 To whom alle creaturys bowe shal ther kne.

At wellys five licour I shal drawe,  
 To wasshe the rust of my synnys blyve,  
 Wheer al mysteryes of the oold and newe lawe  
 Took orygynal morally to descryve ;  
 I meene the wellys of Cristis woundys five,  
 Wherby we cleyme of merciful pité,  
 Thoruhe helpe of Jhesu, at gracious poort t'aryve,  
 Ther to have mercy kneelyng on our kne.

J. in Jhesu set for *jocunditas*,  
 Gynnyng and ground of al goostly gladnesse ;  
 E. next in ordre is *eternitas*,  
 Tokne and signe of eternal brihtnesse ;  
 S. set for *sanitas*, socour ageyn syknesse,  
 U. for *ubertas*, of spiritual plenté ;  
 S. for *suavitas*, from whom comyth al swetnesse  
 To them that kneele to Jhesu on ther kne.

J. in Jhesu is joye that nevir shal eende ;  
E. signifieth evirlastyng suffisaunce ;  
S. our Savacioun, whan we shal hens weende ;  
V. his five voundys that made us aquytaunce ;  
Fro Sathanys myhte thoruhe his meeke suffraunce,  
S. for the sacrament which ech day we may se,  
In fourme of breed to save us fro myschaunce,  
Whan we devoutly receyve it on our kne.

J. fro Jacob ; H. from Abraham  
The lyne descendyng by generacioun ;  
C. stant for Crist, that from hevenc cam,  
Born of a mayde for our redempcioun,  
The sharpe titel tokne of his passioun,  
Whan he was nayled upon the roode tre,  
O blissed Jhesu ! do remissioun  
To alle that axe mercy on ther kne !

Do mercy Jhesu ! or that we hens pace,  
Out of this pereillous dreedful pilgrymage,  
Beset with brygauntys leyd wayt in every place,  
With mortal sawt to lettynoure passage ;  
Among othre I that am falle in age,  
Gretly feblished of oold infirmytè,  
Crye unto Jhesu for my synful outrages,  
Rihte of hool herte thus kneelyng on my kne !

Lat nat be lost that thu hast bouhte so deere,  
With gold nor silver, but with thy precious blood,  
Our flessch is freel, but short abydyng heere,  
The oold serpent malicious and wood ;

The world unstable, now ebbe, now is flood,  
 Eche thyng concludyng on mutabilité,  
 Geyn whos daungeers I hold this consayl good,  
 To prey for mercy to Jhesu on our kne.

And undir suppoort, Jhesu, of thy favour,  
 Or I passe hens, this hoolly myn entent,  
 To make Jhesu to be cheef surveyour,  
 Of my laste wyl set in my Testament;  
 Which of mysilfe am insufficient,  
 To rekne or counte but mercy and pité,  
 Be preferryd or thu do jugement,  
 To alle that calle to Jhesu on ther kne.

Age is crope in, callith me to my grave,  
 To make reknyng how I my tyme have spent,  
 Bareyn of vertu, allas! who shal me save  
 Fro feendys daunger, t'acounte for my talent?  
 But Jhesu be my staff and my potent,  
 Ovir streyt audit is lik t'encoumbre me,  
 Or doom be yove but mercy be present,  
 To alle that kneele to Jhesu on ther kne.

Now in the name of my lord Jhesus,  
 Of rihte hool herte in al my best entent,  
 My lyffe remembryng froward and vicious,  
 Ay contrary to the comaundement  
 Of Crist Jhesu, now with avisement,  
 The lord besechyng to have mercy and pité.  
 My youthe, myn age, how that I have myspent,  
 With this woord seyde kneelyng on my kne.

O Jhesu ! mercy, with support of thy grace,  
 For thy meek passioun remembre on my compleynt,  
 Duryng my lyf with many gret trespace,  
 By many wrong path wher I have mys-went ;  
 I now purpose, by thy grace influent,  
 To write a tretys of surfetys doon to the,  
 And callyn it my last Testament,  
 With Jhesu mercy ! kneelyng on my kne !

## TESTAMENTUM IN NOMINE JHESU.

The yeeris passyd of my tendir youthe,  
 Off my fresshe age seryd the grennesse,  
 Lust appallyd, th'experience is cowthe,  
 The unweeldy joyntes starkyd with rudnesse,  
 The cloudy sihte mystyd with dirknesse,  
 Withoute redres, recure, or amendys,  
 Lo me of deth han brouhte in the kalendys.

Of myspent tyme a fool may weel compleyne,  
 Thyng impossible ageyn for to recure,  
 Dayes lost in ydil no man may restreyne,  
 Them to refourme by noon aventure ;  
 Eche mortal man is callid to the lure  
 Of dethe, alas ! uncerteyn the passage,  
 Whoos cheef maryneer is callyd crokyd age.

Oon of his bedellys, namyd febilnesse,  
 Cam with his potent instede of a maas,  
 Somowned me, and aftir cam syknesse,  
 Malencolyk, erthely, ad pale of faas ;  
 With ther waraunt thes tweyne gan manaas,  
 How deth of me his dew dette souhte,  
 And to a bed of langour they me brouhte.

Wher unto me anoon ther did appeere,  
 Whyl that I lay compleynyng in a traunce,  
 Clad in a mantyl a woman sad of cheere,  
 Blak was hir habite, sobre was hir contenance,  
 Straunge of hir poort, froward of daliaunce,  
 Castyng hir look to me-ward in certeyn,  
 Lych as of me she had disdeyn.

This sayd woman was callyd remembraunce  
 Of myspent tyme in youthys lustynesse,  
 Which to recorde did me gret grevaunce;  
 Than cam hir sustir namyd pensiffnesse  
 For olde surfetys, and gan unto me dresse,  
 A wooful bille which brouhte unto my mynde,  
 My grete outrages of long tyme left behynde.

Lyggyng allone I gan to ymagyne,  
 How with foure tymes departyd is the yeer,  
 First how in Ver the soyl t'enlumyne,  
 Buddys gynne opne ageyn the sonne cleer,  
 The bawme up-reysed, moost sovereyn and enteer,  
 Oute of the roote doth naturally ascende,  
 With newe lyveree the bareyn soyle t'amende.

The honysoucle, the froisshe prymerollys,  
 Ther levys splaye at Phebus up-rysyng,  
 The amerous fowlys with motetys and carollys,  
 Salwe that sesoun every morwenyng,  
 Whan Aurora, hir licour distillyng,  
 Sent on herbys the peerly dropys sheene,  
 Of silvir dewys t'enlumyne with the greene.

This tyme Ver is namyd of grennesse,  
Tyme of joye, of gladnesse, and dispoort,  
Tyme of growyng, cheef moodir of fresshenesse,  
Tyme of rejoisshyng, ordeyned for coumfoort ;  
Tyme whan tyme makithe his resoort,  
In gerysshe Marche toward the ariete,  
Our Emysperye to gladen with his hete.

Whiche sesoun prykethe fresshe corages,  
Rejoisshethe beestys walkyng in ther pasture,  
Causith briddys to syngen in ther cages,  
Whan blood renewyth in every creature,  
Som observauñce doyng to nature,  
Which is of Ver callyd cheef pryncesse,  
And undyr God ther worldly emperesse.

And for this lusty sesoun agreable,  
Of gladnesse hath so gret avauntage,  
By convenyent resouns ful notable,  
Therto ful weel resemblith childdishe age,  
Quyke, greene, fresshe, and delyvere of corage ;  
For rihte as Ver ay moreth in grennesse,  
So doth childhood in amerows lustynesse

This quykyng sesoun, nuturityff, and good,  
Of his nature hath tweyne qualitees,  
Of hoot and moyst whiche longe also to blood,  
In ther ascensioun upward by degrees,  
Of kyndly rihte, the which propirtees,  
By natural heete and temperat moisture,  
Reknyd in childhod fourtene yeer doth endure.



Thus in sixe thynges by ordre men may seen,  
 Notable accoord and just convenience,  
 Blood, eyr, an Ver, southe and merydien,  
 And age of childhood by natural assistence,  
 Which whil they stonde in ther fresse premynence,  
 Heete and moysture directyth ther passages,  
 With greene fervence t'affore yong corages.

First Zephirus with his blastys soote,  
 Enspireth Ver with newe buddys greene,  
 The bawme ascendith out of every roote,  
 Causyng with flourys ageyn the sonne sheene,  
 May among moneths sitte lyk a queene,  
 Hir sustir April wattryng hir gardynes,  
 With holsom shoures shad in the tendyr vynes.

This tyme of Ver, Flora doth hir cure,  
 With pleyn motles passyng fresshe and gaye,  
 Purpil colours wrouhte by dame nature,  
 Mounteyns, valys, and meedewys for t'araye,  
 Hir warderobe open list nat to delaye,  
 Large mesour to shewe out and to sheede,  
 Tresours of fayrye which she doth poosseede.

This sesoun Ver moost plesaunt to childhood,  
 With hire chapirlettys greene, whit, and reede,  
 In which tyme the newe yonge blood,  
 Hoot and moyst, ascendith up in deede,  
 Rejoisshyng hertys as it abroad doth spreede,  
 Weenyng this sesoun among there merthis alle,  
 Shuld nevir discreesen nor appalle.



The variaunt sesoun of this stormy age  
 Abraydeth evere on newfangilnesse,  
 Now frownyng cheer, now fressh of visage,  
 Now glad, now lihte, now trouble and hevynesse,  
 Wyld as an hert now moornyng for sadnesse,  
 Stormysshe as Marche, with chaungis ful sodeyne,  
 Aftir cleer shynyng to tourne and make it reyne.

Off this sesoun lust halt reyne and brydil,  
 Seelde or nevir abydyng in o poynt,  
 Now passyng besy, now dissolut, now ydil,  
 Now a good felawe, now al out of joynt,  
 Now smothe, now stark, now lyk an hard purpoynt,  
 Now as the peys of a dyal goth,  
 Now gerysshe glad and anoon aftir wrothe.

Lych as in Ver men gretly them delite  
 To beholde the bewté sovereyne  
 Of thes blosmys, som blew, rede, and white,  
 To whos fresshnesse no colour may atteyne,  
 But than unwarly comyth a wynd sodeyne,  
 For no favour list nat for to spare  
 Fresshnesse of braunchys, for to make hem bare.

This sesoun Ver stant evir in nouncerteyne,  
 For som oon hour, thouhe Phebus fresshely shyne,  
 In Marchys wedrys it sodeynly wil reyne,  
 Which of the day al dirknesse doth declyne;  
 And semblably a lyknesse to diffyne,  
 Men seen childre, of berthe yong and greene,  
 Buryed witheyne the yeerys of fifteene,

Whan Ver is freshest of blosmys and of flourys,  
An unwar storm his fresshnesse may apayre.  
Who may withstonde the sterne sharp shourys  
Of dethys power, wher hym list repayre?  
Thouhe the feturis fresshe, angelik and fayre,  
Shewe out in childhood, as any cristal cleer,  
Dethe can difface hem witheyne fyfteene yeere.

Ver is sesoun doth but a while abyde,  
Skarsly thre monethys he holdith heer sojour,  
The age of childhood rekne on the tothir syde,  
In his encrees up-growyng as a flour;  
But whan that deth manacithe with his shour,  
In such caas he can no moor diffence,  
Than crokyd age in his moost impotence.

Ver and ech sesoun mot by processe fade,  
In Ver of age may be no sekirnesse,  
Eche hath his hourys, hevy and eek glade,  
Ther sesouns meynt with joye and hevynesse,  
Now fayr, now foul, now helthe, now siknesse,  
To shewe a maner lyknesse and ymage,  
Our dwellyng heere is but a pilgrymage.

And for my part I can remembre weel,  
Whan I gladdest in that fresshe sesoun,  
Lyk brotyl glas, nat stable, nor lyk steel,  
Fere out of arrest, wylde of condicioun,  
Savagyne voyd of al resoun,  
Lyk a phane ay tornyng to and froo,  
Or lyk an horloge whan the peys is goo.

Yove to unthrift and dissolucioun,  
 Stood unbrydlyd of al good governaunce,  
 Which remembryd by meek confessioun,  
 Now with my potent to fynden allegeaunce,  
 Of oold surfetys contryt, with repentaunce,  
 To the Jhesu I make my passage,  
 Rehersyng trespacys doon in my tendir age.

But to directe by grace my mateere,  
 Meekly kneelyng Jhesu in thy presence,  
 I me purpose to gynne with prayeere,  
 Undir thy merciful fructuous influence,  
 So thu, Jhesu, of thy benyvolence,  
 To my requestys by merciful attendaunce,  
 Graunt or I deye shrift, hosyl, repentaunce!

My wrecchyd lyfe t'amenden and correcte,  
 I me purpose with suppoort of thy grace,  
 Thy deth, thy passioun, thy cros ✝, shal me directe,  
 Which suffredist deeth, Jhesu, for our trespac;e;  
 I wecche unworthy to looke upon thy face,  
 Thy feet embracyng fro whiche I shal nat twynne,  
 Mercy requeeryng, thus I wyl begynne.

ORATIO PER VIA HUMILITER CONFITENTIS.

"O myhty lord, of power myhtiest,  
 Withoute whom al force is febilnesse,  
 Bountevous Jhesu, of good goodliest,  
 Mercy thy bedel or thu thy doomys dresse,

Delayest rigour to punysshē my wikkydnesse,  
 Lengest abydyng, lothest to do vengauce,  
 O blyssed Jhesu ! of thyn hihe goodnesse,  
 Graunt, or I deye, shrift, hosyl, repentaunce !

“Thouhe thu be myhety, thu art eek merciabile  
 To alle folkys that meekly hem repente,  
 I a wrecche contagious and coupable,  
 To alle outrages reedy for t' assente,  
 But of hool herte and wyl in myn entente,  
 Of oolde and newe, al vicious governaunce,  
 Of youthe, of age, and of mystyme spente,  
 Graunt, or I deye, shrift, hosyl, repentaunce.

“ Off my confessioun receyve the sacrefise,  
 By my tonge up offryd unto the,  
 That I may seyn in al my best guyse  
 Meekly with David, “ have mercy upon me ;”  
 Sauf al my soorys that they nat cankryd be  
 With noon old rust of disesperaunce,  
 Which of hool herte crye upon my kne,  
 Graunt, or I deye, shrift, hosyl, repentaunce.

“ O Jhesu ! Jhesu ! heere myn orisoun,  
 Brydle myn outrage undir thy disciplyne,  
 Fetre sensualité, enlumyne my resoun,  
 To folwe the tracys of spiritual doctryne ;  
 Lat thy grace leede me rihte as lyne,  
 With humble herte to live to thy plesaunce,  
 And blissed Jhesu, or I this liffe shal fyne,  
 Graunt of thy mercy shrift, hosyl, repentaunce.

“ Suffre me to have savour nor swetnesse,  
But in thy name that callid is Jhesu,  
Al foreyn thyng to me mak bittirnesse,  
Sauf oonly Jhesu, moost sovereyn of vertu !  
To my professioun accordyng and moost dew,  
Evere to be preentyd in my remembraunce,  
At myn eende to graunte me this issu,  
To-for my deth shrift, hosil, repentaunce.

“ No lord bnt Jhesu, moost merciabile and benygne,  
Which of mercy took our humanyté,  
And, of love to shewe a sovereyn signe,  
Suffredist passioun upon the roode tre ;  
Oonly to fraunchise our mortalité,  
Which stood in daunger of Sathanys encoumbraunce ;  
Or I passe hens, Jhesu, graunt unto me,  
To-for my deth, shrift, hosil, repentaunce.

“ I am excited and meevyd of nature,  
This name of Jhesu sovereynly to preyse,  
Name comendid moost hihely in Scripture,  
Whiche name hath poweer dede men to reise  
To liff eternal, whos vertu doth so peyse,  
Ageyn my synnes weyed in ballaunce,  
That grace and mercy shal so counterpeyse,  
Graunt, or I deye, shrift, hosyl, repentaunce.

“ Lat me nat reste nor have no quyete,  
Occupy my soule with spiritual travayl,  
To syng and seyn “ O mercy, Jhesu swete ! ”  
My proteccioun geyn frendys in batayl,

Sette asyde al othir apparayl,  
 And in Jhesu put hool myn affiaunce,  
 Tresour of tresoures, that me moost avayl,  
 Graunt, or I deye, shrift, hosyl, repentaunce.

“Myn feith, myn hoope, to the, Jhesu, doth calle,  
 Which glorious name shal nevir out of mynde ;  
 I shal the seeke, what hap that evyr befall,  
 By grace and mercy in trust I shal the fynde !  
 And but I did, trewly I were unkynde,  
 Which for my sake wer percyd with a launce,  
 Unto the herte, Jhesu, leff nat behynde,  
 Graunt, or I deye, shrift, hosyl, repentaunce.

“Ther is no God but thu, Jhesu, allone !  
 Sovereynest and eek most merciful,  
 Fayrest of faire, erly, late, and soone,  
 Stable and moost strong, pitous and rihteful,  
 Refourmyng synners that been in vertu dul,  
 Dawntyng the proude, meeknesse to enhaunce,  
 Thy toune of mercy is evir i-liche ful,  
 Graunt, or I deye, shrift, hosyl, repentaunce.

“Suffre of mercy I may to the speke,  
 O blissed Jhesu ! and goodly do advert,  
 Who shal yeve me leiser out to breke,  
 That thu Jhesu mayst entren in myn herte,  
 Ther t' abyde moor neere than my sherte,  
 With aureat lettris grave ther in substaunce,  
 Provide for me and lat it nat asterte,  
 Graunt, or I deye, shrift, hosyl, repentaunce.



“ Sey to my soule, Jhesu, thou art myn helthe,  
Heeryng this voys aftir I shal purswe,  
Skore that place from al goostly felthe,  
And vice alle fro thens do remwe,  
Thyn Hooly Goost close in that lital mwe,  
Part nat lihtely, mak such chevisaunce,  
T' encrease in vertu and vices to eschewe,  
And, or I deye, shrift, hosyl, repentaunce.

“ Shew glad thy face, and thy lihte doun sheede,  
The merciful lihte of thyn eyen tweyne,  
On me thy servaunt which hath so mooche neede,  
For his synnes to weepen and compleyne;  
And blissid Jhesu ! of mercy nat disdeyne,  
Thy gracious shourys lat reyne in habundaunce,  
Upon myn herte t' adewen every veyne,  
And, or I deye, shrift, hosyl, repentaunce.

“ Save me thy servaunt, O lord ! in thy mercy,  
For lak of whiche lat me nat be confoundid,  
For in the, Jhesu, myn hoope stant fynally,  
And al my trust in the, Jhesu, is groundid ;  
For my synnes thynk, Jhesu, thou were woundid  
Nakid on the roode, by mortal gret penaunce,  
By which the power of Sathan was confoundid,  
Graunt, or I deye, shrift, hosyl, repentaunce.

“ Thou art, Jhesu, my socoure and refuge,  
Geyn every tempest and turbulacioun,  
That worldly wawes with there mortal deluge,  
Ne drowne me nat in ther dreedful dongoun ;



Wher karibdys hath domynacioun,  
 And Circes syngeth songis of disturbaunce,  
 To passe that daunger be my proteccioun,  
 Graunt, or I deye, shrift, hosyl, repentaunce.

“ Who shal give me lych to myn entent ?  
 That thu, Jhesu, maist make thyn herbergage,  
 By receyvyng of th' ooly sacrament,  
 Into myn herte, which is to myn oold age  
 Repast eternal geyn al foreyn damage,  
 Dewly receyved with devout observaunce,  
 Celestial guerdoun, eende of my pilgrymage,  
 Is shrift, hosyl, and hertly repentaunce.

“ I feele myn herte brotel and ruynous,  
 Nat purified, Jhesu, therin to reste ;  
 But as a carpenteer comyth to a broken hous,  
 Or an artificeer reparith a riven cheste,  
 So thu, Jhesu, of crafty men the beste,  
 Repare my thouhte broke with mysgovernaunce,  
 Visite my soule, myn herte of steel thu breste,  
 Graunt, or I deye, shryft, hosyl, repentaunce.

“ With wepyng eyen and a contryt cheere,  
 Accepte me, Jhesu, and my compleynt conceyve,  
 As moost unwurthy t' apeere at thyn awteer,  
 Whiche in mysilfe no vertu apparceyve ;  
 But yif thy mercy by grace me receyve,  
 By synful lyvyng brouhte unto uttraunce,  
 Preye with good hoope which may me nat deceyve,  
 Graunt, or I deye, shrift, hosyl, repentaunce.

“Cryeng to the that deydest on the rood,  
Which with thy blood wer steyned and maad reed,  
And on sheerthursday gafe us to oure food  
Thy blissid boody, Jhesu, in foorme of breed ;  
To me moost synful graunt or I be deed,  
To cleyne by mercy for myn enheritaunce,  
That with sharp thorn wer crownyd on thyn heed,  
Or I passe hens, shryfft, hosyl, repentaunce.

“And oon requeste in especial,  
Graunt me Jhesu whyl I am heer alyve,  
Evir have enprentyd in my memorial,  
The remembraunce of thy woundys five,  
Nayles with the spere that did thyn herte ryve,  
Thy crown of thorn, which was no smal penaunce,  
Language and tonge me dewly for to shryve,  
The hooly unctioun, shrift, hosyl, repentaunce.

“Alle the toknys of thy passioun,  
I pray the, Jhesu, grave hem in my memorye  
Dewly marke myd centre of my resoun,  
On Calvary thy tryumphal victorye,  
Man to restoore to thyn eternal glorye,  
By mediacioun of thy meeke suffraunce,  
Out of this exil unswre and transitorye,  
And whan I passe, shrift, hosyl, repentaunce.

“Of thy mercy requeryng the to myne,  
Of my mynde the myd poynt moost profounde,  
This woord, Jhesu, my fyve wittys t' enlumyne,  
In lengthe and breede, lyk a large wounde,

Al ydel thouhtis t'avoyde hem and confounde,  
 Thy cros, thy scorgis, thy garnement cast at chaunce,  
 The rope, the pilere to which thu wer bounde,  
 Graunt, or I deye, shrift, hosil, repentaunce.

“Of this prayeer meekly I make an eende,  
 Undir thy merciful supportacioun,  
 O gracious Jhesu ! graunt whereevir I weende,  
 To have memory upon thy passioun,  
 Testimonial of my redempcioun,  
 In my Testament set for allegaunce,  
 This clause last of my peticioun,  
 Graunt, or I deye, shrift, hosil, repentaunce.”

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Duryng the tyme of this sesoun Ver,  
 I meene the sesoun of my yeerys greene,  
 Gynnyng fro childhood stretchithe up so fere,  
 To the yeerys accountyd ful fifteene,  
 B' experience, as it was weel seene,  
 The gerisshe sesoun straunge of condiciouns,  
 Disposyd to many unbridlyd passiouns.

Voyd of resoun, yove to wilfulnesse,  
 Froward to vertu, of thrift gafe lital heede,  
 Loth to lerne, lovid no besynesse,  
 Sauf pley or merthe, straunge to spelle or reede,  
 Folwyng al appetites longyng to childheede,  
 Lihly tournyng, wylde and seelde sad,  
 Weepyng for nouhte and anoon afftir glad.

For litil wroth to stryve with my felawe,  
 As my passious did my bridil leede,  
 Of the yeerde somtyme I stood in awe,  
 To be scooryd that was al my dreede,—  
 Loth toward scole, lost my tyme indeede,  
 Lik a yong colt that ran withowte brydil,  
 Made my freendys ther good to spende in ydil.

I hadde in custom to come to scole late,  
 Nat for to lerne but for a contenance,  
 With my felawys reedy to debate,  
 To jangle and jape was set al my plesaunce,  
 Wherof rebukyd this was my chevisaunce,  
 To forge a lesyng and therupon to muse,  
 Whan I trespasyd mysilven to excuse.

To my bettre did no reverence,  
 Of my sovereyns gafe no fors at al,  
 Wex obstynat by inobedience,  
 Ran into gardyns, applys ther I stal;  
 To gadre frutys sparyd hegg nor wal,  
 To plukke grapys in othir mennys vynes,  
 Was moor reedy than for to seyn matynes.

My lust was al to scorne folke and jape,  
 Shrewde tornys evir among to use,  
 To skoffe and mowe lyk a wantoun ape,  
 Whan I did evil othre I did accuse;  
 My wittys five in wast I did abuse,  
 Rediere chirstoonys for to telle,  
 Than gon to chirche or heere the sacry belle.

Loth to ryse, lother to bedde at eve,  
 With unwassh handys reedy to dyneer,  
 My pater noster, my crede, or my beleeve,  
 Cast at the cok, loo! this was my maneere;  
 Wavid with eche wynd, as doth a reed speere,  
 Snybbyd of my frendys such techechys for t'amende,  
 Made deffe ere lyst nat to them attende.

A child resemblyng which was nat lyk to thryve,  
 Froward to God, reklees in his servise,  
 Loth to correccioun, slouhe mysylfe to shryve,  
 Al good thewys reedy to despise;  
 Cheef bellewedir of feyned trwaundise;  
 This is to meene mysilf I cowde feyne,  
 Syk lyk a trwaunt, felte no maneere peyne.

My poort, my pas, my foot alwey unstable,  
 My look, myn eyen, unswre and vagabounde,  
 In al my werkys sodeynly chaungable,  
 To al good thewys contrary I was founde;  
 Now ovir sad, now moornyng, now jocounde,  
 Wilful rekles, mad stertyng as an hare,  
 To folwe my lust for no man wold I spare.

Entryng this tyme into religioun,  
 Unto the plouhe I putte forth myn hoond,  
 A yeer compleet made my professioun,  
 Considryng lital charg of thilke boond;  
 Of perfectioun ful good exaample I foond,  
 The techyng good in me was al the lak,  
 With Lootys wyff I lookyd ofte bak.

Tauhte of my maistris by vertuous disciplyne,  
My look restreyne and keepe clos my sihte,  
Of blyssed Benyt to folwe the doctryne,  
And ber me lowly to every maneere wihte;  
By the advertence of myn inward sihte,  
Cast to God-ward of hool affectioun,  
To folwe th'emprises of my professioun.

His hooly rewle was unto me rad,  
And expownd in ful notable wise,  
By vertuous men religious and sad,  
Ful weel expert, discreet, prudent, and wise,  
And observauncys of many goostly emprise;  
I herd al weel, but touchyng to the deede  
Of that they tauhte, I took but litil heede.

Of religioun I weryd a blak habite,  
Only outward as by apparence,  
To folwe that charge savouryd but ful lite,  
Sauf by a maneer countirfet pretence,  
But in effect ther was noon existence,  
Lyk the ymage of Pygmalioon,  
Shewyd liffly and was nat but of stoon.

Upon the laddere with stavys thryes thre,  
The nyne degrees of vertuous meeknesse,  
Callyd in the rewle grees of humylité,  
Wheron t'ascende, my feet me lyst nat dresse,  
But by a maneer feyned fals humblesse,  
So covertly whan folkys wer present,  
Oon to shewe outward, anothir in my entent.

First wher as I forsook myn owne wil,  
Shett with a lok of obedyence,  
T'obeye my sovereyns, as it was rihte and skil,  
To folwe the scoole of parfihite paciencie,  
To my eynes doon worship and reverence,  
Folwyng the revers, took al anothir weye,  
What I was bodyn, I cowde wel disobeye.

With tonge at large and brotil conscience,  
Ful of woordys, disordynat of language,  
Rekles to keepe my lippys in silence,  
Mouth, eye, and eerys, tooke ther avauntage,  
To have ther cours unbrydlid by outrage,  
Out of the reynes of attemperance,  
To sensualité gaff al the governaunce.

Watche out of tyme, ryot and dronkenesse,  
Unfructuous talkyng, imtemperat diete,  
To veyn fablys I did myn eerys dresse,  
Fals detractioun among was to me swete ;  
To talke of vertu me thouht it was not mete  
To my corage nor my complectioun,  
Nor nouht that sownyd toward perfectioun.

Oon with the firste to take my dispoort,  
Last that aroos to come to the queer,  
In contemplacioun I fond but smal coumfoort,  
Hooly historyes did to me no cheer ;  
I savouryd mor in good wyn that was cleer,  
And every hour my passage for to dresse,  
As I seide erst, to ryot or excesse.



Rowde grucche and fond no cause why,  
 Causelees ofte compleyned on my fare,  
 Geyn my correcciouns answeyrd frowardly,  
 Withoute reverence lyst no man to spare ;  
 Of al vertu and pacience I was bare,  
 Of reklees youthe lyst noon heed to take,  
 What Crist Jhesu suffryd for my sake.

Which now remembryng in my latter age,  
 Tyme of my childhood, as I reherse shal,  
 Witheyne fifteene holdyng my passage,  
 Mid of a cloistre depict upon a wal ;  
 I sauhe a crucifix, whos woundys were nat smal,  
 With this woord *VIDE* writen ther besyde,  
 " Behold my meeknesse, O child, and lefe thy pride."

The which woord whan I did undirstonde,  
 In my last age takyng the sentence,  
 Theron remembryng my penne I took in honde,  
 Gan to write with humble reverence,  
 On this woord *vide* of humble dilligence,  
 In remembraunce of Cristis passioun,  
 This litil dité, this compilacioun.

LYK A LAMBE OFFRYD IN SACRIFICE.

Behoold, O man, left up thyn eye and see,  
 What mortal peyne I suffryd for thy trespace,  
 With pitous voys I crye and sey to the,  
 Behoold my woundys ! behoold my bloody face !  
 Behold the rebukys that do me so menace,  
 Behold myn enmyes that do me so despise,  
 And how that I, to refourme the to grace,  
 Was lik a lamb offryd in sacrificise !

Behold the paynemys of whom I was take!

Behold the cordys with which that I was bounde!

Behold the armwrys which made myn herte quake!

Behold the gardyn in which that I was founde!

Behold how Judas took thrytty penyes rounde!

Behoold his tresour! behold his covetise!

Behold how I, with many a mortal wounde,

Was lyk a lamb offryd in sacrificise!

See my disciple which that hath me sold,

And see his feyned fals salutacioun,

And see the mony which that he hath told,

And see his kissing of fals decepcioun;

Behold also the compassyd fals tresour,

Take as a thief with lanternys in there guyse,

And aftirward for mannys redempcioun,

Was like a lamb offryd in sacrificise.

Behold to Caiphas how I was presentyd,

Behold how Pilat list geve me no respyt,

Behold how bisshopis wer to my deth assentyd,

And se how Herowd had me in despit,

And lik a fool how I was clad in whit,

Drawen as a feloun in moost cruel wyse,

And last of alle I, aftir ther delit,

Was lik a lamb offryd in sacrificise.

Behold the mynystrys which had me in keepyng,

Behold the piler and the roopis stronge,

Wher I was bounde my sides doun bleedyng,

Moost felly beete with ther scoorgis longe;

Behold the batail that I did undirfonge,  
The bront abydyng of there mortal emprise,  
Thoruhe ther accusyng and ther sclaudrys wronge,  
Was lik a lamb offryd in sacrificise.

Behold and see the hatful wrecchidnesse  
Put ageyn me, to my confusioun,  
Myn eyen hyd and blyndid with derknesse,  
Bete and eek bobbid by fals illusioun,  
Salwed in scorn by ther fals knelyng down,  
Behold al this, and se the mortal guyse,  
How I oonly, for mannys savacioun,  
Was lik a lamb offrid in sacrificise.

See the witnessis by whom I was deceyved!  
Behold the jugis that gafe my jugement!  
Behold the cros that was for me devised!  
Behold my boody with betyng al to rent.  
Behold the peple which, of fals entent,  
Causelees did ageyns me rise,  
Which lik a lamb of malys innocent,  
Was for mankynde offrid in sacrificise.

Behold the women that folwyd me aferre,  
That sore wepte whan I thus was assailed,  
Behold the Jewys which, by there cruel werre,  
Han my body unto a cros i-nayled;  
Behold my tormentys moost sharply apparaild,  
Attween too thevys put to my . . .  
Beholde how moche my deth hath eek avayled,  
That was for man offrid in sacrificise.

Behold the spere moost sharply grounde and whet,  
 Myn herte woundid upon the rihte syde,  
 Behold the reed speer, galle, and eysel fett,  
 Behold the scornynge which that I did abyde,  
 And my five woundys that were maad so wyde,  
 Which no man lyst of routh to advertise,  
 And thus I was of meeknesse ageyn pryde,  
 To mannys offence offrid in sacrificise !

See my disciplis how they ha me forsake,  
 And fro me fled almoost everychon,  
 See how thei sleepte and list nat with me wake,  
 Of mortal dreed they lefft me al allon,  
 Except my moodir and my cosyn Seyn John,  
 My deth compleynyng in moost doolful wise,  
 See fro my cros they wolde nevir gon,  
 Fro mannys offence whan I did sacrificise.

See how that I was jugid to the deth,  
 See Baraban goon at his liberté,  
 See with a speere how Longius me sleth,  
 Behold too licoures distyllyng doun fro me,  
 See blood and watir, by merciful plenté,  
 Rayle by my sides which auhte I nouhe suffise,  
 To man whan I upon the roode tre,  
 Was lik a lamb offrid in sacrificise.

Behold the knyhtis which, by ther froward chaunce,  
 Sat for my clothys at the dees to pleye !  
 Behold my moodir swownyng for grevaunce,  
 Upon the cros whan she sauhe me deye !

Behold the sepulcre in which my boonys leye,  
Kept with strong watche tyl I did arrise !  
Of helle gatys see how I brak the keye,  
And gaf for man my blood in sacrificise !

Ageyn thy pryde, behold my gret meeknesse !  
Geyn thyn envye, behold my charité !  
Geyn thy lecherye, behold my chaast clennesses !  
Geyn thy covetise, behold my poverté !  
Attween too theevys nayled to a tre,  
Railed with reed blood, they list me so disguyse,  
Behold, O man ! al this I did for the,  
Meek as a lamb offrid in sacrificise !

Behold my love, and gife me thyn ageyn,  
Behold I deyed thy raunsoun for to paye,  
See how myn herte is open, brood, and pleyn,  
Thy goostly enmyes oonly to affraye,  
An hardere batayl no man myhte assaye,  
Of alle tryumphes the grettest hihe emprise,  
Wherfor, O man ! no lenger the dismaye,  
I gaffe my blood for the in sacrificise !

Turne hoom ageyn, thy synne do forsake,  
Behold and see yif ouhte be lefft behynde,  
How I to mercy am redy the to take,  
Gyff me thyn herte and be no mor unkynde ;  
Thy love and myn togidre do hem bynde,  
And let hem nevir parte in no wyse,  
Whan thou wer lost thy soule ageyn to fynde,  
My blood I offryd for the in sacrificise.

Enprente this thynges in thyn inward thouhte,  
And grave hem deepe in thy remembraunce,  
Think on hem weel and forgete hem nouhte,  
Al this I suffryd to do the allegaunce;  
And with my seyntis to yeve the suffisaunce,  
In the hevenly court for the I do devise,  
A place eternal of al plesaunce,  
For which my blood I gaff in sacrificise.

And mor my mercy to putten at a preeff,  
To every synnere that noon ne shal it mys,  
Kemembre how I gafe mercy to the theeff,  
Which had so long trespacyd and doon amys,  
Went he nat freely with me to paradys;  
Ha this in mynde, how it is my guyse,  
Alle repentaunt to bryng hem to my blys,  
For whom my blood I gaf in sacrificise.

Tarye no lenger toward thyn heritage,  
Hast on thy weye and be of rihte good cheere,  
Go ech day onward on thy pilgrimage,  
Think how short tyme thu shalt abyde heer!  
Thy place is biggyd above the sterrys cleer,  
Noon erthely paleys wrouhte in so statly wyse,  
Com on my freend, my brothir moost enteer,  
For the I offryd my blood in sacrificise.

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## NOTES.

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P. 2, l. 11.—“Lambeth Palace.” The number of the manuscript to which I allude is VII, which contains a very curious account, in Latin, of the pageants upon this occasion.

P. 2, l. 27.—“Crowned Kyng of Fraunce.” So in our author’s poem on the Kings, we have :

“ In his regne, the viij. ȝere,  
He was crownyd att Westmynstir ;  
In the x. yere, by and by,  
He was crownyd in Parys trewly.”

MS. Harl. 78, fol. 72.

P. 5, l. 11.—“A sturdy champion.” “Whan the King was commyn to the bridge, there was devysed a myghty gyaunt standynge with a swerde drawyn.”—*Fabian’s Chronicle*, edited by Ellis, p. 603.

P. 11, l. 10.—“Precyane.” That is, Priscian.

P. 11, l. 16.—“Boece.” Boetius was the standing authority for music throughout the middle ages. “Multum vero auxit Boëthii auctoritatem his seculis, quod de arte musica scripserit.”—*Bruckeri Hist. Phil.* tom. iii. p. 566.

P. 11, l. 20.—“Withe touche of strengis.” So in the epigram of the Emperor Julian, Anthol. Gr. iii. 111 :

‘Οιδ’ ἀπαλὸν σκιρτῶντες ἀποθλίβουσιν ἀοιδήν.

P. 11, l. 23.—“Chees Pyktegoras.” Pythagoras, as the inventor of the multiplication table, is often referred to as the head of arithmetical science.



P. 11, l. 27. "Albumusard." Aboumasar, an Arabian astronomer of the tenth century.

P. 15, l. 26.—"The tone was Enok, the toder whas Elye." These two holy men were supposed to be the guardians of Paradise; in the poem on "Cocaygne," edited by Wright in the "Altdeutsche Blätter," i. 396, is the following curious satirical notice of this general belief:

"Thogh paradis be miri and bright,  
Cokaygn is of fairir sigt.  
What is ther in paradis  
Bot grasse and flure and grene ris?  
Thog ther be joi and gret dute,  
Ther nis mete bote frute;  
Ther nis halle, bure no bench;  
Bot watir manis thirst to quench.  
Beth ther no men bot two,  
Hely and Enok also:  
Elinglich may hi go,  
Whar ther wonith men no mon."

P. 22, l. 14.—"Let no man bost." This song is an illustration of the old proverb,

"As seas do eb and flo,  
So riches cum and go."

MS. Sloan. 1, fol. 312.

P. 23, l. 21.—"The royall lyon." It is scarcely necessary to observe that Lydgate refers here to the well-known Æsopian fable.

P. 30, l. 12.—"Two and thretty." Compare the following lines from MS. Rawl. Oxon. Poet. 32, fol. ult.

"xxxij. tethe that bethe full kene,  
cc. bonys and nyntene,  
ccc. vaynys syxty and fyve,  
Every man hathe that is alyve."

P. 46, l. 17.—"Here gynneth," &c. Another copy of this ballad is in MS. Ashm. 59.

P. 52.—**JACK HARE.** The original of this is an Anglo-Norman poem of the 13th century, in MS. Digb. Oxon. 86, fol. 94, entitled “De Maimound mal esquier.”

P. 58.—**SATIRICAL BALLAD.** Another copy of this ballad is in MS. Fairfax, Oxon. 16, Bern. 3896.

P. 60.—**A CALL TO DEVOTION.** Another copy of this poem is in MS. Ashm. 59.

P. 66.—**RULES FOR PRESERVING HEALTH.** Other copies are in MS. Harl. 2252; MS. Bodl. 638; MS. Rawl. Poet. 35; MS. Cotton. Calig. A. ij.; MS. Rawl. A. 653; MS. Harl. 941; and MS. Addit. 10,099,—which last copy has the signature of one Thomas Burtone attached to it. Care must be taken not to confuse this poem with the “Doctryne of Pestilence,” by the same author. Lydgate seems to have used the very opposite principles to those inculcated by Dr. John Nevylle, physician to Henry the Eighth, and whose rule of conduct is preserved in MS. Sloan. 1, fol. 312:

“ If fortune chaunce to froune one the,  
And spoyle the of thy store;  
Then cleve to him which fisicke hathe,  
A salve for every sore.”

P. 85, l. 19.—“Made two pillers.” See the account of this legend in my “History of Freemasonry.”

P. 87, l. 14.—“That Cadmus into Grece sent.” Compare *Vergilius de inventoribus rerum*, lib. i. cap. 6. Most of the inventions recited in this poem of Lydgate’s are dubious; and, as it has been remarked long since, the attribution of almost every invention is doubtful.—*Pitcarnii Opera*, ii. 86.

P. 87, l. 17.—“Palamydes.” Palamedes is generally stated to have added the *four* letters  $\theta$ ,  $\xi$ ,  $\chi$ , and  $\phi$ , during the Trojan wars; and not *three*, as stated by Lydgate. Cf. *Pol. Vergilium*, lib. i. cap. 6.

P. 88, l. 1, 8.—“Calceatres,” “Murmucides.” “Myr-

mecides, cujus quadrigam cum agitatore cooperuit alis musca ; et Callicrates, cujus formicarum pedes atque alia membra pervidere non est.”—*Plinii Hist. Nat.* xxxvi. 5. Ælian says of them : τέθριππα μὲν ἐποίησαν ὑπὸ μυίας καλυπτόμενα.—*Var. Hist.* i. 17. Cf. *Varro de Lingua Latina*, lib. vi.

P. 88, l. 15.—“Perdix.” Son of the sister of Dædalus, the celebrated mechanist. He is said to have invented the saw. His uncle, jealous of his rising fame, threw him down from the top of a tower, when he was changed into the bird which bears his name.

P. 88, l. 17.—“Phebus.” Cf. *Ovid. Met.* i. 521 :

“Inventum medicina meum est ; opiferque per orbem  
Dicor ; et herbarum subjecta potentia nobis.  
Hei mihi, quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis !”

P. 88, l. 23.—“Dionysius.” Bacchus “triumphum invenit.”—*Plin. Hist. Nat.* vii. 56.

P. 88, l. 27.—“Etholus.” Cf. *Plin. ib.*

P. 89, l. 1.—“Aristæus.” Ovid attributes the first use of honey to Bacchus ; but, according to others, Aristæus was the first who taught the use of bees, honey, and milk, to mankind. Cf. *Virgiliti Georg.* lib. iv.

P. 89, l. 3.—“Peryodes.” “Ignem e cilice Pyrodes Cilicis filius.”—*Plin. H. N.* vii. 56. In the metrical translation of Bocchus and Sydrake, MS. Harl. 4294, we read :

“Smythes crafte was the first that cam,  
Aftre the making of Adam ;  
And therfor it is lorde of alle,  
For nothing that schal to man falle.”

P. 89, l. 8.—“Fydo.” Phidon of Argos, who died B.C. 854, according to Strabo, μέτρα ἐξεῦρε καὶ σταθμούς. Cf. *Plin. Hist. Nat.* vii. 56.

P. 102, l. 9.—“Maister of storyes.” This is Peter Comestor ; see MS. Harl. 1704.

P. 103.—LONDON LACKPENNY. I have ventured to make a slight alteration in the title of this ballad. Grose, indeed, classes *London lickpenny* among his "local proverbs," at the end of his Provincial glossary; which, I suppose, is taken in the sense of London *licking up* all the pence. I think, however, the burden of the ballad is quite a sufficient reason for my title.

P. 105, l. 17.—"Hot pescodes." So the well-known nursery rhyme:

"Piping hot! smoking hot!  
What have I got?  
You have not:  
Hot grey pease, hot! hot! hot!"

"There is more music in this song," says a writer of the last century, "on a cold frosty night, than ever the syrens were possessed of who captivated Ulysses, and the effects stick closer to the ribs." About fifty years ago, there used to be a cry in the metropolis of "hot grey pease and a suck of bacon!" The "suck of bacon" was extracted by the "little unwashed" from a piece of that article securely fastened by a string, to obtain a "relish" for the pease! I have this from an unquestionable authority.

P. 105, l. 18.—"Cheryes in the ryse." That is, on the branch.

P. 106, l. 2.—"Canwyke street." See Stowe's *Survey of London*, ii. 182, where this very poem is mentioned.

P. 106, l. 12.—"By cock." This is merely a vulgar corruption for a profane oath.

P. 107.—TALE OF THE LADY PRIORESS. This has been printed by Jamieson, but very incorrectly.

P. 122, l. 8.—"Boys in his booke." This refers to the work of Boetius *De Consolatione Philosophiæ*.

P. 125, l. 24.—"The fyft Henry." This sovereign had

been a good patron to Lydgate, and the grateful poet seizes every opportunity to adulate his deceased and regretted master.

P. 129.—BYCORNE AND CHICHEVACHE. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for July 1834, Mr. Wright communicated a curious notice of a copy of this poem in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, which has the following rubric: "Loo, sirs, the devise of a peynted or desteyned clothe for an halle, a parlour, or a chaumbre, devysed by Johan Lidegate, at the request of a worthy citesyn of London." Mr. Wright adds: "Any one who may be desirous of seeing the design of such a 'peynted or disteyned clothe,' will find a fair specimen in a large woodcut, covering a folio broadside, printed, if I remember rightly, in the reign of Elizabeth, and preserved among the volumes of proclamations in the library of the Society of Antiquaries. It is entitled, *Fill-gut, and Pinch-belly: one being fat with eating good men, the other leane for want of good women.*" One would naturally look to the East for the origin of such a misogynic fable; but I have never met with any allusions to it in Oriental writings.

P. 164.—THE ORDER OF FOOLS. Other copies are in MS. Bodl. Oxon. 648, Bern. 2291; and MS. Laud. 683, Bern. 798. The latter commences as follows: "Here begynethe a tale of thre skore ffolys and thre, wiche ar lyk never ffor to the."

P. 171.—THE RAM'S HORN. Other copies of this are in MS. Ashm. 61; MS. Harl. 1706; MS. Bodl. 686, Bern. 2527; MS. Lansd. 409; and an imperfect one in MS. Harl. 2251.

P. 173.—THE CONCORDS OF COMPANY. Another copy of this poem is in MS. Harl. 2251.

P. 179.—THE CHORLE AND THE BIRD. Copies of this poem in MS. are not numerous; one may be found in MS. Cotton. Calig. A. ij.

P. 189, l. 9.—“*Panters.*” That is, traps. See Wright’s *Political Songs*, p. 400.

P. 199.—A SATIRICAL DESCRIPTION OF HIS LADY. Let the reader peruse the following lines from MS. Addit. 10,336, fol. 4 :

“ To saie you are not fayre, I shall belye you ;  
 And yf I praise your beautie, then I floute you.  
 Yf I desire your love, you say I doe but trie you ;  
 Speake faire or foule, I am sure to goe without you.”

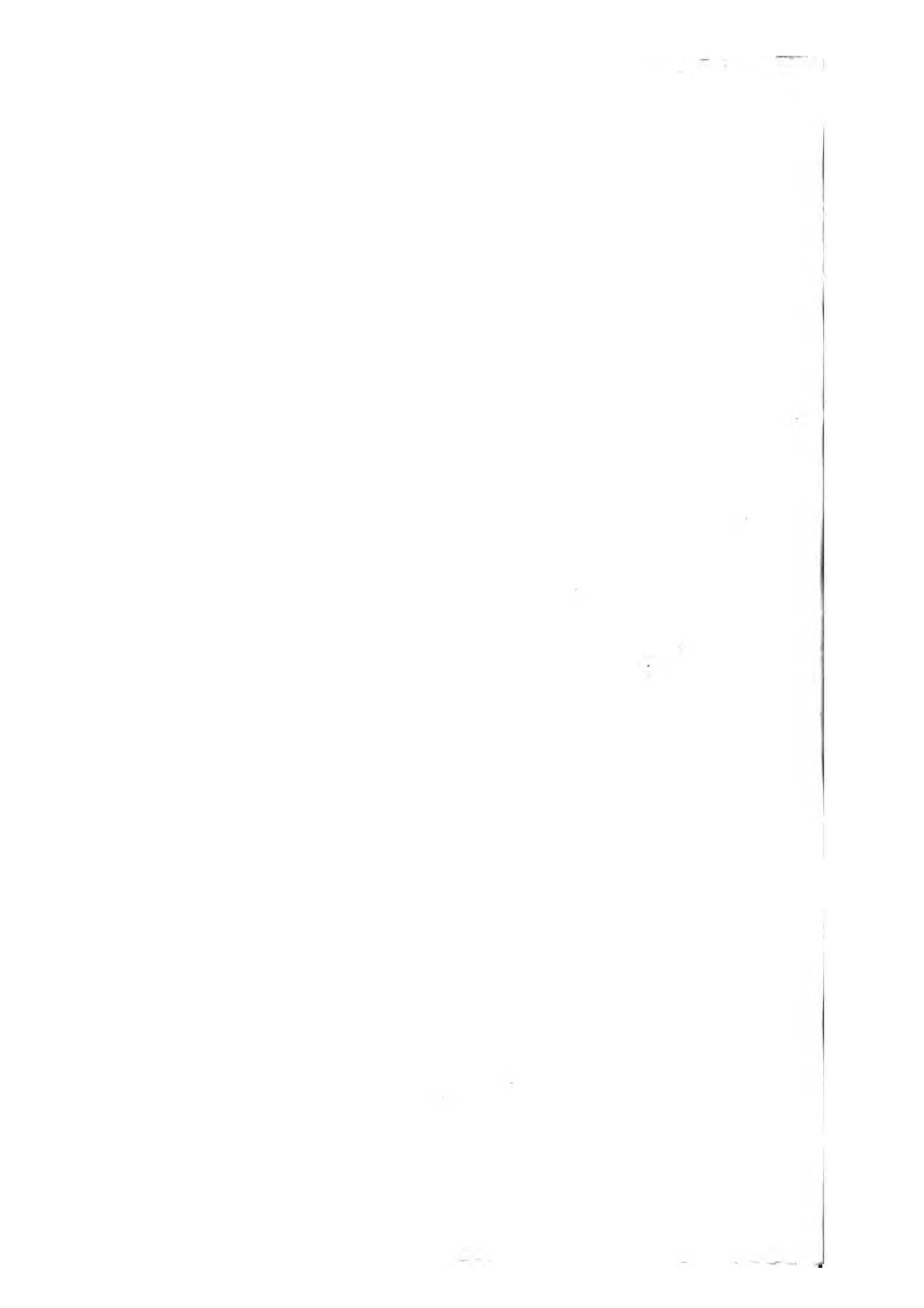
P. 205.—PRAYER TO ST. LEONARD.—Another copy of this in MS. Laud. 683, Bern. 798.

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The following stanza is ascribed to Lydgate in one manuscript, and is very often found in MSS. Copies are in MS. Sloan. 1825 ; MS. Oxon. Hatton. 73 (94) ; MS. Douce, 45, fol. 116 ; MS. Oxon. Fairfax, 16.

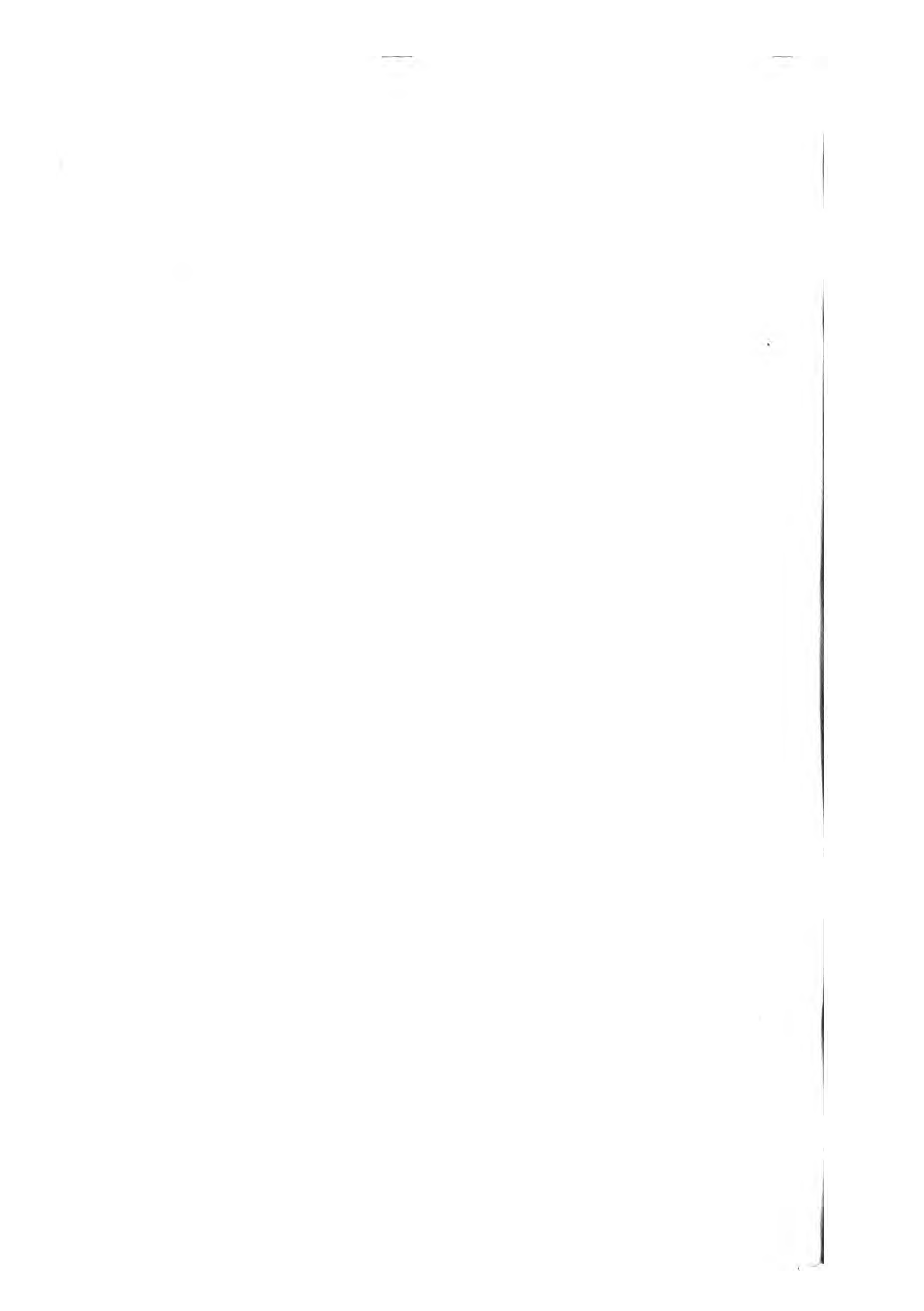
“ Disceite disceyythe, and shalle be disceyved,  
 For by disceyte who ys disceyvable?  
 Though his disceyte be not oute perceyved,  
 To a disceyvour disceyte ys retornable ;  
 Fraude quit with fraude is guerdon convenable ;  
 For who with fraude, fraudelent ys found ?  
 To a defraudere fraude wolle aye rebound !”

FINIS.





**EARLY NAVAL BALLADS.**



THE  
EARLY NAVAL BALLADS  
OF  
ENGLAND.

COLLECTED AND EDITED BY

JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, ESQ.  
F.R.S. F.S.A. F.R.A.S.

CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETIES OF  
EDINBURGH, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, OXFORD,  
PARIS, COPENHAGEN, ETC. ETC.

---

Queen of the sea,  
All hail to thee!  
Here shall my home for ever be.

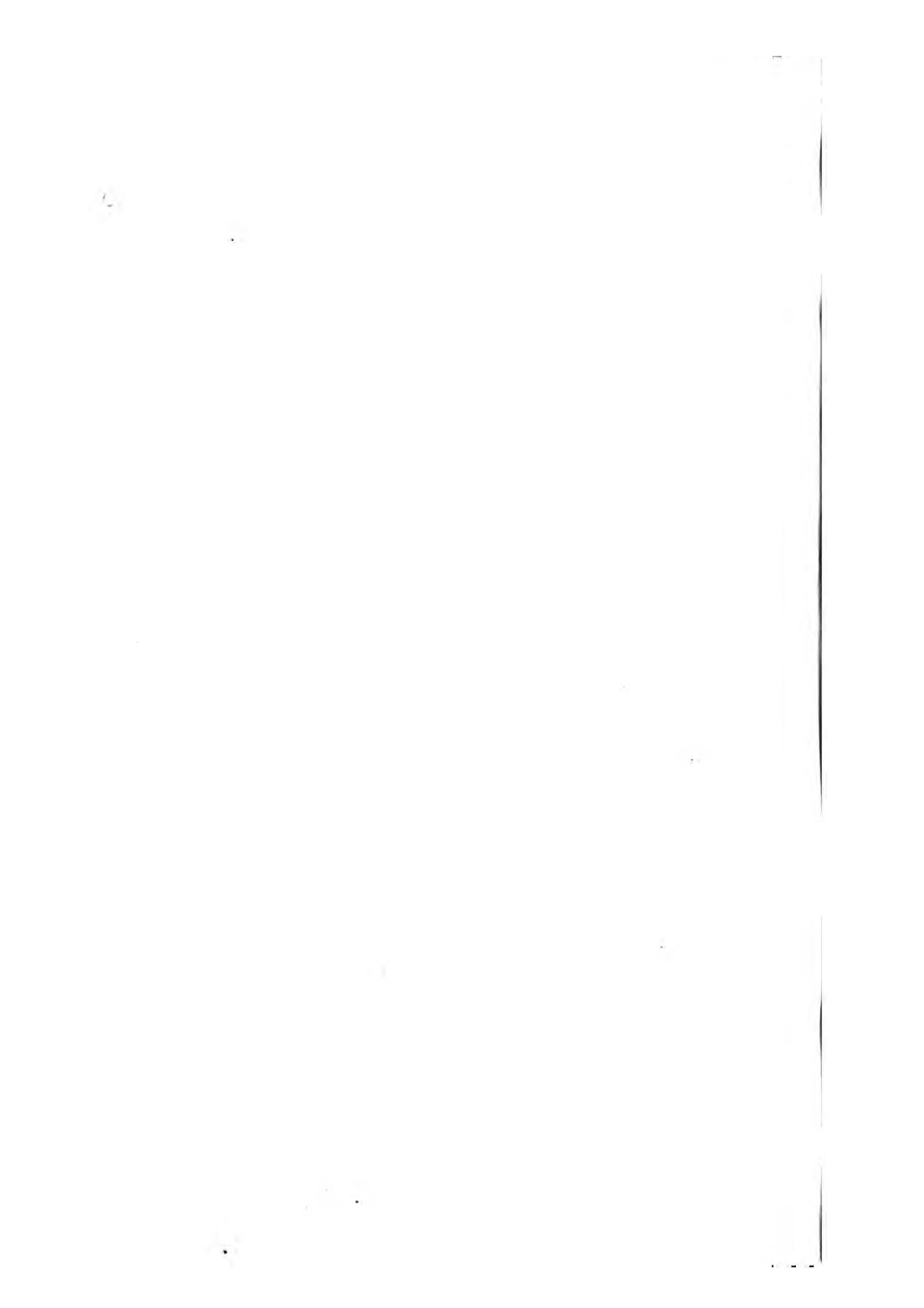
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LONDON :  
PRINTED FOR THE PERCY SOCIETY,  
BY C. RICHARDS, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

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MDCCCXLI.



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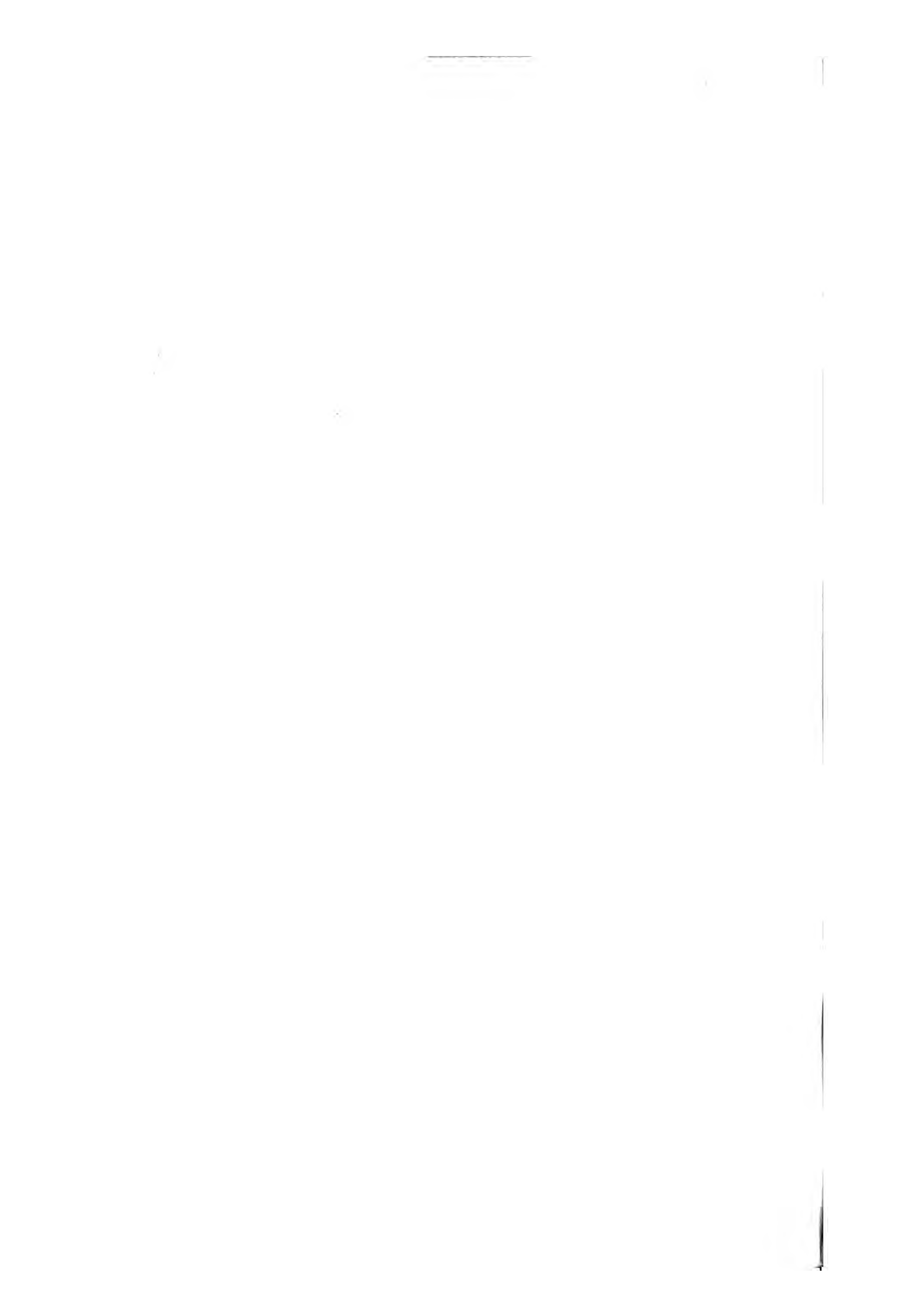
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## PREFACE.

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IN offering the accompanying little volume to the members of the Percy Society, the Editor is anxious to avail himself of the introductory leaves to apologise for the incompleteness of its chronological arrangement—an error which may perhaps be considered by no means a light one by the exact antiquary. The fact is that a few curious ballads were discovered after the first sheets were worked off, which properly ought to have been included in them; and the necessity of inserting these out of their proper places induced the Editor, in preference to forming an appendix, to follow no order whatever in the subsequent part, and thus to preclude the possibility of a casual reference to the book being interrupted by any specified order of the dates of the several ballads.

Of the collection itself it is not necessary to speak, further than to remark that instead of a *selection* of the best ballads on naval subjects, which would have been comprised in a very brief

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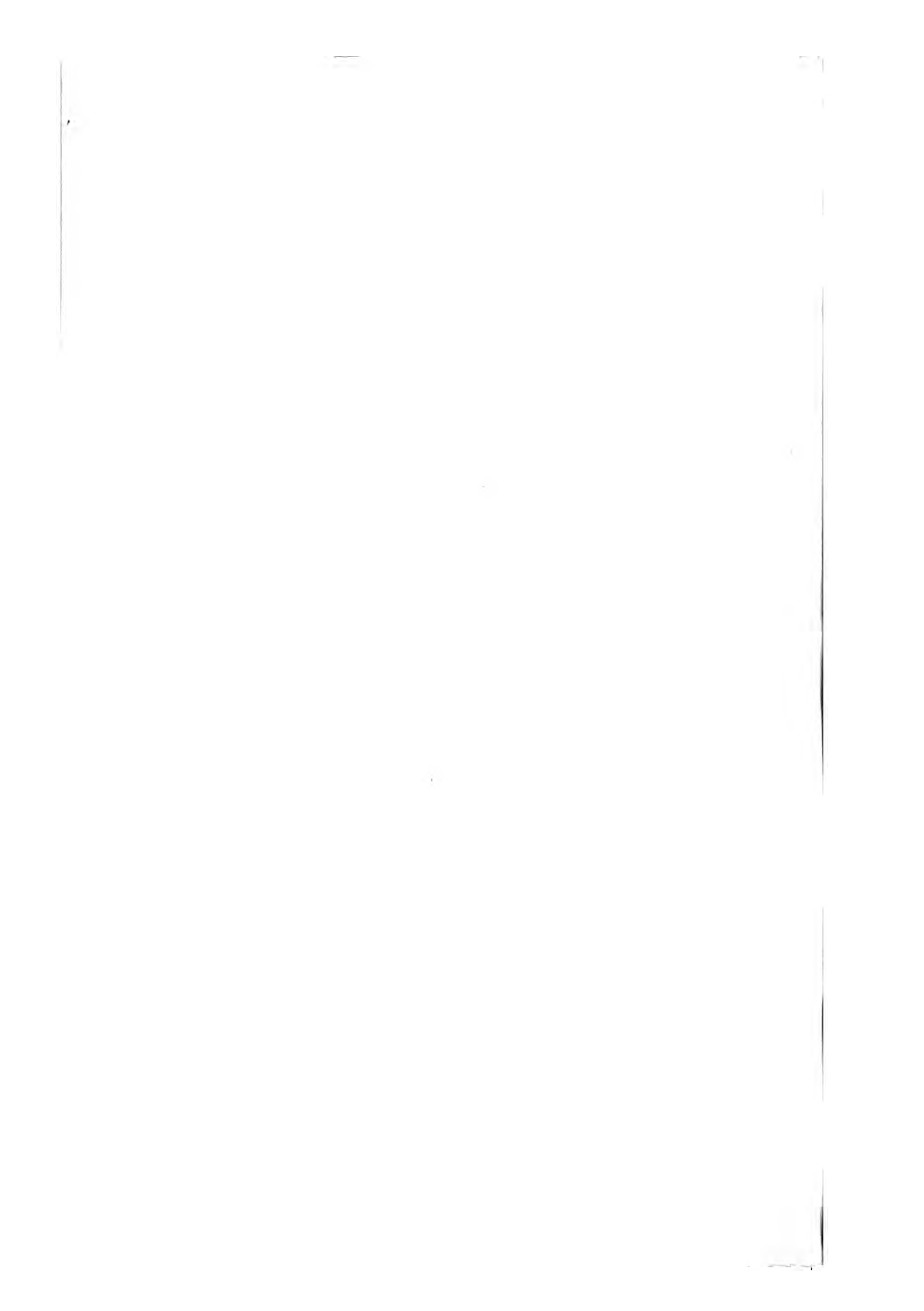
compass, the Editor has found it expedient to insert every one that he could discover which could possibly be included in his collection, and the reader will perceive that this plan has not been the means of forming a volume by any means commensurate in size with the national interest of the subject.

If, however, a thought worthy of the British tars of old should ever by these means be generated on the wide ocean in the breast of a modern disciple of Neptune, the Editor apprehends that the purpose of those who suggested the idea of such a publication, and carried it into execution, will be fully answered. At all events, the triumphs of our marine power cannot be too frequently recalled to our memories, and a novelty in time may produce a corresponding change in the directions of the thoughts so induced.

The Editor has found it necessary to omit a few ballads of the sea, which might have been introduced, owing to their occasional grossness. He is aware that this fault is not generally considered sufficiently valid to exclude documents of any value, but daily experience convinces him of the necessity of making some attempt to restore that Platonic respect which is due to literature, and the immediate progenitors of its influences. Those principles of utili-

tarianism which are so universally adopted at the present day, when applied to subjects of historical interest and curiosity, will readily seize hold of any apparent defect in the system, and will be used as an argument against the value of any collateral researches.

The Editor's thanks are preeminently due to Mr. E. F. Rimbault, the zealous Secretary of the Percy Society, who has supplied him with several of the ballads here printed, and other important communications. The Editor having been absent from London while this little volume was passing through the press, Mr. Rimbault has also kindly executed the task of correcting the proof-sheets, and collating the ballads with the original copies.



## CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE
1. The Earliest Sea Song . . . . .	1
2. The Life and Death of Sir Andrew Barton . . . . .	4
3. In Prais of Seafaring Men . . . . .	14
4. Another of Seafardingers . . . . .	16
5. The Spanish Armada . . . . .	17
6. Sir Francis Drake : or, Eighty-eight . . . . .	18
7. Another version of the same . . . . .	20
8. Ode, sitting and drinking in a Chair made out of Sir Francis Drake's Ship . . . . .	21
9. Sir Francis Drake and Queen Elizabeth . . . . .	24
10. The Fame of Sir Francis Drake . . . . .	25
11. The Triumph of Sir Francis Drake . . . . .	25
12. On the Signall Victory obtained in a Sea-Fight, by his Ma- jesty of Great Brittain's Fleet, over the Dutch . . . . .	27
13. The Valiant Sailors . . . . .	34
14. A Song of the Seamen and Land-Soldiers . . . . .	36
15. The Mariner's Chorus . . . . .	37
16. Admiral Benbow . . . . .	38
17. The Royal Triumph . . . . .	39
18. The Fair Maid's Choice . . . . .	42
19. A Commendation of Martin Frobisher . . . . .	45
20. The Seaman's Victory . . . . .	47
21. The Seaman's Compass . . . . .	49
22. A famous Sea-Fight between Captain Ward and the Rainbow . . . . .	55
23. The Song of Dansekar the Dutchman . . . . .	58
24. A Song on the Duke's glorious Success over the Dutch . . . . .	62
25. The Englishmen's Victory over the Spaniards . . . . .	64
26. Neptune to England . . . . .	68
27. The Duke of Ormond . . . . .	69

28.	A Song on the Victory over the Turks	-	-	-	71
29.	The Young Seaman's Misfortune	-	-	-	73
30.	The Gallant Seaman's Return from the Indies	-	-	-	76
31.	The Dangers of the Seas	-	-	-	79
32.	The Mariner's Misfortune	-	-	-	81
33.	A pleasant new Song betwixt a Saylor and his Love	-	-	-	85
34.	A Ballad by the late Lord Dorset, when at Sea	-	-	-	90
35.	The Jolly Sailor's Resolution	-	-	-	93
36.	With full double Cups	-	-	-	96
37.	The Royal Triumph of Britain's Monarch	-	-	-	99
38.	England's Triumph at Sea	-	-	-	100
39.	Admiral Russel's Scowering the French Fleet	-	-	-	102
40.	The Saylor's Song	-	-	-	104
41.	Admiral Keppel Triumphant	-	-	-	105
42.	The Sailor's Complaint	-	-	-	107
43.	The Seaman's Happy Return	-	-	-	109
44.	Admiral Hosier's Ghost	-	-	-	114
45.	Admiral Vernon's Answer	-	-	-	118
46.	Captain Death	-	-	-	120
47.	The Death of Admiral Benbow	-	-	-	122
48.	The Winning of Calès	-	-	-	124
49.	The Shadwell Tar's Farewell	-	-	-	129
50.	Neptune's Resignation	-	-	-	131
51.	Hawke's Triumph over the mighty Brest Fleet	-	-	-	134
52.	The Sailor's Resolution	-	-	-	135
53.	The British Sailor's Loyal Toast	-	-	-	136
54.	A new Song, addressed to the Crew of the Prince Edward	-	-	-	138
55.	Sailor's Song during the War	-	-	-	139
56.	The Sailor's Departure from England	-	-	-	141
57.	The Song of Liberty	-	-	-	142

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## EARLY NAVAL BALLADS.

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### THE EARLIEST SEA SONG.

THE following curious ballad, which is by far the earliest yet discovered on this subject, was first pointed out by Mr. Wright, in a manuscript of the time of Henry VI. in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, R. iii. 19. The key to the subject of it may be found in a singular letter printed in Sir Henry Ellis's *Original Letters*, Second Series, vol. i. p. 110, from which it appears that ships were every year fitted out from different ports, with cargoes of pilgrims, to the shrine of St. James of Compostella; for, strange as it may seem, pilgrims at this time were really, as Sir Henry Ellis observes, articles of exportation.

---

MEN may leve all gamys,  
That saylen to Seynt Jamys ;  
For many a man hit gramys ;  
When they begyn to sayle.

For when they have take the see,  
At Sandwyche, or at Wynchylsee,  
At Brystow, or where that hit bee,  
Theyr herts begyn to fayle.

Anone the mastyr commaundeth fast  
To hys shyp-men in all the hast,  
To dresse hem sone about the mast,  
Theyr takelyng to make.

With "howe ! hissa !" then they cry,  
 "What, howte ! mate, thow stondyst to ny,  
 Thy felow may nat hale the by ;"  
 Thus they begyn to crake.

A boy or tweyne anone up-styen,  
 And overthwarte the sayle-yerde lyen ;—  
 "Y how ! taylia !" the remenaunte cryen,  
 And pull with all theyr myght.

"Bestowe the boote, bote-swayne, anon,  
 That our pylgryms may pley thereon ;  
 For som ar lyke to cowgh and grone,  
 Or hit be full mydnyght."

"Hale the bowelyne ! now, vere the shete !—  
 Cooke, make redy anoone our mete,  
 Our pylgryms have no lust to ete,  
 I pray God yeve him rest."

"Go to the helm ! what, howe ! no nere ?  
 Steward, felow ! a pot of bere !"  
 "Ye shall have, sir, with good chere,  
 Anone all of the best."

"Y howe ! trussa ! hale in the brayles !  
 Thow halyst nat, be God, thow fayles,  
 O se howe well owre good shyp sayles !"  
 And thus they say among.



“Hale in the wartake !” “Hit shall be done.”  
 “Steward ! cover the boorde anone,  
 And set bred and salt thereone,  
 And tarry nat to long.”

Then cometh oone and seyth, “be mery;  
 Ye shall have a storme or a pery.”  
 “Holde thow thy pese ! thow canst no whery,  
 Thow medlyst wondyr sore.”

Thys menewhyle the pylgryms ly,  
 And have theyr bowlys fast theym by,  
 And cry afthyr hote malvesy,  
 “Thow helpe for to restore.”

And som wold have a saltyd tost,  
 For they myght ete neyther sode ne rost ;  
 A man myght sone pay for theyr cost,  
 As for oo day or twayne.

Som layde theyr bookys on theyr kne,  
 And rad so long they myght nat se ;—  
 “Allas ! myne hede woll cleve on thre !”  
 Thus seyth another certayne.

Then commeth owre owner lyke a lorde,  
 And speketh many a royall worde,  
 And dresseth hym to the hygh borde,  
 To see all thyng be well.

Anone he calleth a carpentere,  
 And biddyth hym bryng with hym hys gere,  
 To make the cabans here and there,  
 With many a febyl cell.

A sak of strawe were there ryght good,  
 For som must lyg theym in theyr hood ;  
 I had as lefe be in the wood,  
 Without mete or drynk.

For when that we shall go to bedde,  
 The pumpe was nygh our bedde hede,  
 A man were as good to be dede,  
 As smell thereof the styнк.

---

A TRUE RELATION OF THE LIFE AND DEATH  
 OF SIR ANDREW BARTON, A PYRATE  
 AND ROVER ON THE SEAS.

THE present text of the following ballad, which has been printed by Percy and others, is taken from an original black-letter copy preserved in the British Museum. It will be seen that the several versions vary considerably from each other.

*Tune*—"Come, follow my love," &c.

---

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,

King Henry would a hunting ride,  
    over the river Thames passed he,  
Unto a mountain-top also  
    did walk, some pleasure for to see :

Where forty merchants he espy'd,  
    with fifty sail came towards him,  
Who then no sooner were arriv'd,  
    but on their knees did thus complain :  
“ 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 marchant ware.”

Vext was the King, and turning him,  
    Said to the Lords of high degree,  
“ Have I ne'er a Lord within my realm,  
    dare fetch that traytor unto me ?”  
To him reply'd, Charles Lord Howard,  
    “ I will, my liege, with heart and hand ;  
If it will please you grant me leave,” he said,  
    “ I will perform what you command.”

To him then spoke 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 :  
The Scotch knight I vow to seek,  
    in what place soever he be,  
And bring ashore with all his might,  
    or into Scotland he shall carry me.”

“ 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 :  
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.”

Lord Howard call'd a gunner then,  
who was the best in all the realm,  
His age was threescore years and ten,  
and Peter Simon was his name :  
My Lord call'd then a bow-man rare,  
whose active hands had gain'd fame,  
A gentleman born in Yorkshire,  
and William Horsely was his name.

“ Horsely,” quoth he, “ I must to sea  
to seek a traitor, with good speed ;  
Of a hundred bow-men brave,” quoth he,  
“ I have chosen thee to be the head.”  
“ If you, my Lord, have chosen me  
of a hundred men to be the head,  
Upon the main mast I'll hanged be,  
if twelve score I miss one shilling's breadth.”

Lord Howard then of courage bold,  
went to the sea with pleasant cheer,  
Not curb'd with winter's piercing cold,  
tho' it was the stormy time of year ;

Not long had he been on sea,  
more in days than number three,  
But one Henry Hunt there he espy'd,  
a merchant of New-castle was he ;

To him Lord Howard call'd out amain,  
and strictly charged him to stand,  
Demanding then from whence he came,  
or where he did intend to land :  
The merchant then made answer soon,  
with heavy heart and careful mind,  
" My Lord, my ship it doth belong  
unto New-castle upon Tine."

" 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?"  
Then the merchant sigh'd and said,  
with grieved mind, and well away,  
" But over well I know that wight,  
I was his prisoner yesterday :

" As I, my Lord, did sail from France,  
a Burdeave voyage to take so far,  
I met with Sir Andrew Barton thence,  
who rob'd me of my merchant ware :  
And mickle debts God knows I owe,  
and every man doth crave his own ;  
And I am bound to London now,  
of our gracious King to beg a boon."

“ Show me him,” said Lord Howard then,  
“ let me once the villain see,  
And ev’ry penny he hath from thee ta’en,  
I’ll double the same with shillings three.”  
“ Now God forbid,” the merchant said,  
“ I fear your aim that you will miss :  
God bless you from his tyranny,  
for little you think what man he is.

“ He is brass within and steel without,  
his ship most huge and mighty strong,  
With eighteen pieces of ordnance  
he carrieth on each side along :  
With beams for his top-castle,  
as also being huge and high,  
That neither English nor Portugal  
can Sir Andrew Barton pass by.”

“ Hard news thou shew’st,” then said the Lord,  
“ to welcome stranger to the sea :  
But as I said, I’ll bring him aboard,  
or into Scotland he shall carry me.”  
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 beams down fall.”

“ Lend me seven pieces of ordnance then  
of each side of my ship,” said he,  
“ And to morrow, my Lord,  
again I will your honour see :

A glass I set as may be seen,  
whether you sail by day or night ;  
And to morrow be sure before seven,  
you shall see Sir Andrew Barton, knight."

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 ;  
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."

Sir Andrew Barton seeing him  
thus scornfully to pass by,  
As tho' he cared not a pin  
for him and his company ;  
Then called he his men amain,  
" Fetch back yon pedlar now," quoth he,  
" And ere this way he comes again,  
I'll teach him well his courtesie."

" 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."  
Thus bravely did Lord Howard pass,  
and on anchor rise so high ;  
No top-sail at last he cast,  
but as a foe did him defie.



A piece of ordnance soon was shot,  
by this proud pirate fiercely then,  
Into Lord Howard's middle deck,  
which cruel shot killed fourteen men.  
He called then Peter Simon, he :  
" Look how thy word do stand instead,  
For thou shalt be hanged on main-mast,  
if thou miss twelve score one penny breath."

Then Peter Simon gave a shot,  
which did Sir Andrew mickle scare,  
In at his deck it came so hot,  
kill'd fifteen of his men of war ;  
" Alas," then said the Pirate stout,  
" I am in danger now I see ;  
This is some lord I greatly fear,  
that is set on to conquer me."

Then Henry Hunt, with rigour hot,  
came bravely on the other side,  
Who likewise shot in at his deck,  
and killed fifty of his men beside :  
Then, " Out, alas," Sir Andrew cry'd,  
" What may a man now think or say,  
Yon merchant-thief that pierceth me,  
he was my prisoner yesterday."

Then did he on Gordion call,  
unto the top-castle for to go,  
And bid his beams he should let fall,  
for he greatly fear'd an overthrow.

The Lord call'd Horsley, now in haste,  
"Look that thy word stand instead,  
For thou shalt be hanged on main-mast,  
If thou miss twelve score a shilling's breath."

Then up mast-tree swerved he,  
this stout and mighty Gordion ;  
But Horsley he most happily  
shot him under his collar-bone :  
Then call'd he on his nephew then,  
said, " Sister's sons I have no mo,  
Three hundred pound I will give thee,  
if thou wilt to top-castle go."

Then stoutly he began to climb,  
from off the mast scorn'd to depart :  
But Horsley soon prevented him,  
and deadly pierc'd him to the heart.  
His men being slain, then up amain  
did this proud pirate climb with speed,  
For armour of proof he had put on,  
and did not dint of arrows dread :

" Come hither, Horsley," said the Lord,  
" see thou thy arrows aim aright ;  
Great means to thee I will afford,  
and if thou speedst, I'll make thee knight :"  
Sir Andrew did climb up the tree,  
with right good will and all his main ;  
Then upon the breast hit Horsley he,  
till the arrow did return again :

Then Horsley 'spied a private place,  
with a perfect eye in a secret part,  
His arrow swiftly flew apace,  
and smote Sir Andrew to the heart :  
“ Fight on, fight on, my merry men all,  
a little I am hurt, yet not slain ;  
I'll but lie down and bleed awhile,  
and come and fight you again :

“ And do not,” said he, “ fear English rogues,  
and of your foes stand not in awe,  
But stand fast by St. Andrew's crosse,  
until you hear my whistle blow.”  
They never heard his whistle blow,  
which made them all full sore afraid.  
Then Horsley said, “ My Lord aboard,  
for now Sir Andrew Barton's dead ;”

Thus boarded they this gallant ship,  
with right good will and all their main,  
Eighteen score Scots alive in it,  
besides as many more was slain.  
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.”

Thus from the wars Lord Howard came,  
with mickle joy and triumphing ;  
The pirate's head he brought along  
for to present unto our King :

Who briefly unto him did say,  
before he knew well what was done,  
“Where is the knight and pirate gay,  
that I myself may give the doom?”

“You may thank God,” then said the Lord,  
“and four men in the ship,” quoth he,  
“That we are safely come ashore,  
sith you never had such an enemy :  
That is, Henry Hunt, and Peter Simon,  
William Horsely and Peter’s son ;  
Therefore reward them for their pains,  
for they did service at their turn.”

To the merchant therefore the King he said,  
“In lieu of what he hath from thee tane,  
I give thee a noble a-day ;  
Sir Andrew’s whistle and his chain :  
To Peter Simon a crown a day ;  
and half-a-crown a-day to Peter’s son.  
And that was for a shot so gay,  
which bravely brought Sir Andrew down :

Horsely, I will make thee a knight,  
and in Yorkshire thou shalt dwell :  
Lord Howard shall Earl Bury hight,  
for this act he deserveth well :  
Ninety pound 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 king’s high land.

IN PRAIS OF SEAFARINGE MEN, IN HOPE OF  
GOOD FORTUNE.

THE two following ballads are taken from MS. Sloane, 2497, fol. 47, a manuscript in the British Museum of the time of Queen Elizabeth. The note at the end of this ballad enables us to determine its date, for it can scarcely refer to any other "farewell" than that of Sir Richard Greenville, who fitted out a squadron for foreign discovery in the spring of the year 1585. As usual in the manuscript documents of the time of Queen Elizabeth, the orthography of the gallant officer's name is strangely metamorphosed; and, were I induced to follow the example of many writers of the present day, I might reasonably take to myself the credit of having discovered the proper mode of writing it, and be the first to commence an innovation, which, on account of its novelty alone, would be certain of meeting with a numerous body of supporters.

---

WHOE siekes the waie to win renowne,  
Or flies with whinges of hie desarte,  
Whoe seikes to wear the lawrea crouen,  
Or hath the mind that would espire,  
Lett him his native soylle eschew,  
Lett him go rainge and seeke a newe.

Eche hawtie harte is well contente,  
With everie chance that shal betyde ;  
No hap can hinder his entente ;  
He steadfast standes, though fortune slide.  
The sunn, quoth he, doth shine as well  
Abrod, as earst where I did dwell.

In chaynge of streames each fish can live,  
Eche foule content with everie ayre,  
Eche hautie hart remainethe still,  
And not be dround in depe dispaire :  
Wherfor I judg all landes alicke,  
To hautie hartes whom fortune sicke.

Too pas the seaes som thinkes a toille,  
Sum thinkes it strange abrod to rome,  
Sum thinkes it a grefe to leave their soylle,  
Their parents, cynfolke, and their whome.  
Thinke soe who list, I like it nott ;  
I must abrod to trie my lott.

Whoe list at whome at carte to drudge,  
And carke and care for worldlie trishe,  
With buckled sheoes let him goe trudge,  
Instead of launce a whip to slishe ;  
A mynd that base his kind will show,  
Of caronn sweete to feed a crowe.

If Jasonn of that mynd had bine,  
The Gresions when thay cam to Troye,  
Had never so the Trogian's foylde,  
Nor never put them to such anoye :  
Wherfore who lust to live at whome,  
To purchas fame I will go rome.

Finis, Sur Richard Grinfilldes farewell.

---

ANOTHER OF SEAFARDINGERS, DESCRIBING  
EVILL FORTUNE.

[MS. Sloane, 2497, fol. 47.]

WHAT pen can well reporte the plighte  
Of those that travell on the seaes ?  
To pas the werie winters nighte  
With stormie cloudes wisshinge for daie,  
With waves that toss them to and fro,—  
Thair pore estate is hard to show.

When boistering windes begins to blowe  
On cruell costes, from haven wee,  
The foggie mysts soe dimes the shore,  
The rocks and sandes we maie not see,  
Nor have no rome on seas to trie,  
But praie to God and yeld to die.

When shauldes and sandie bankes appears,  
What pillot can direct his course ?  
When fominge tides draueth us so nere,  
Alas ! what forteun can be worse ?  
Then ankers haald must be our staie,  
Or ellce we falle into decaye.

We wander still from loffe to lie,  
And findes no steadfast wind to blow ;  
We still remaine in jeopardie,  
Each perelos poynt is hard to showe ;  
In time we hope to find redresse,  
That longe have lived in hevines.



O pinching, werie, lothsome lyfe,  
 That travell still in far exsulle,  
 The dangers great on sease be ryfe,  
 Whose recompence doth yeld but toylle !  
 O Fortune, graunte me mie desire,—  
 A hapie end I doe require.

When freats and states have had their fill,  
 And gentill calm the cost will clere,  
 Then hautie hartes shall have their will,  
 That longe hast wept with morning cheere ;  
 And leave the seaes with thair anoy,  
 At home at ease to live in joy.

---

### THE SPANISH ARMADA.

THE following, which appears, says Mr. Chappell, to have been written at the time of the threatened invasion of the Spanish Armada, is taken from a manuscript in the possession of Mr. Pearsall, bearing the date of 1588. The music of the song is given by Mr. Chappell.

---

FROM mercilesse invaders,  
 From wicked men's device,  
 O God ! arise and helpe us,  
 To quele owre enemies.

Sinke deepe their potent navies,  
 Their strength and corage breake,  
 O God ! arise and arm us,  
 For Jesus Christ, his sake.

Though cruel Spain and Parma  
 With heathene legions come,  
 O God ! arise and arm us,  
 We'll dye for owre home !

We will not change owre Credo  
 For Pope, nor boke, nor bell ;  
 And yf the Devil come himself,  
 We'll hounde him back to hell.

---

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE: OR, EIGHTY-EIGHT.

[From MS. Harl. 791, fol. 59.]

IN eyghtye-eyght, ere I was borne,  
 As I can well remember,  
 In August was a fleete prepar'd,  
 The moneth before September.

Spayne, with Biscayne, Portugall,  
 Toledo and Granado,  
 All these did meete, and made a fleete,  
 And call'd it the Armado.

Where they had gott provision,  
 As mustard, pease, and bacon,  
 Some say two shipps were full of whippis,  
 But I thinke they were mistaken.

There was a litle man of Spaine,  
That shott well in a gunn-a,  
Don Pedro hight, as good a knight  
As the Knight of the Sun-a.

King Phillip made him Admirall,  
And charged him not to stay-a,  
But to destroy both man and boy,  
And then to runn away-a.

The King of Spayne did freet amayne,  
And to doe yet more harme-a,  
He sent along, to make him strong,  
The famous prince of Parma.

When they had sayl'd along the seas,  
And anchor'd uppon Dover,  
Our Englishmen did bourd them then,  
And cast the Spaniards over.

Our Queene was then att Tilbury,  
What could you more desire-a ?  
For whose sweete sake, Sir Francis Drake  
Did sett them all on fyre-a.

But let them looke about themselves,  
For if they come againe-a,  
They shall be serv'd with that same sauce,  
As they weere, I know when-a.

## SIR FRANCIS DRAKE: OR, EIGHTY-EIGHT.

THE following is another version of the foregoing ballad, and is taken from "Wit and Mirth, or Pills to Purge Melancholy," vol. ii. p. 37. The tune is also given by D'Urfey. Another copy is given in the "Westminster Drollery," 12mo. Lond. 1671.

To the tune of Eighty-eight.

---

SOME years of late, in Eighty eight,  
As I do well remember-a,  
It was, some say, on the ninth of May,  
And some say in September-a.

The Spanish train launch'd forth a-main,  
With many a fine bravado,  
Whereas they thought, but it prov'd nought,  
The Invincible Armado.

There was a little man that dwelt in Spain,  
That shot well in a gun-a,  
Don Pedro hight, as black a wight,  
As the Knight of the Sun-a.

King Philip made him Admiral,  
And bad him not to stay-a,  
But to destroy both man and boy,  
And so to come away-a.

The Queen was then at Tilbury,  
What could we more desire-a?  
Sir Francis Drake, for her sweet sake,  
Did set 'em all on fire-a.

Away they ran by sea and land,  
So that one man slew three score-a,  
And had not they all run away,  
O my soul, we had killed more-a.

Then let them neither brag nor boast,  
For if they come again-a,  
Let them take heed they do not speed,  
As they did they know when-a.

---

ODE.

SITTING AND DRINKING IN A CHAIR MADE OUT OF THE  
RELIQUES OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE'S SHIP.

FROM a rare collection of "Choyce Poems," printed at London  
in the seventeenth century, a copy of which is preserved in the  
British Museum.

---

CHEAR up, my mates ! the wind doth fairly blow,  
Clap on more sails, and never spare,  
Farewel all land ! for now we are  
In the wide sea of drink, and merrily we go.  
Bless me ! 'tis hot, another bowl of wine,  
And we shall cut the burning line !  
Hey, boys ! she sends it away, and by my head I know  
We round the world are sailing now.  
What dull men are those who tarry at home,  
When abroad they might wantonly roam ?

And gain such experience ; and spie too  
 Such countries and wonders as I do ?  
 But prithee, good pilot, take heed what you do,  
 And fail not to touch at Peru,  
 With gold there the vessel to store,  
 And never, and never be poor,  
 And never be poor any more.

What do I mean ? What thoughts do me misguide ?  
 As well upon a staffe may witches ride  
 Their fancied journeys in the air,  
 As I sail round the world in a chair ;  
 'Tis true, but yet this chair which here you see,  
 For all its quiet now and gravity,  
 Has wand'red and has travell'd more  
 Then ever beast, or fish, or bird, or ever tree before ;  
 In every air, in every sea 'tas been,  
 'Tis compasst all the earth, and all the heaven 'tas seen,  
 Let not the pope's itself with this compare,  
 This is the only universal chair.

The pious wandrers fleet, sav'd from the flame  
 (Which still the reliques did of Troy pursue,  
 And took them for its due)  
 A squadron of immortal nymphs became,  
 Still with their arms they row'd about the seas,  
 And still made new and greater voyages :  
 Nor has the first poetique ship of Greece,  
 Though now a star, she so triumphant show,  
 And guides her sailing successors below,  
 (Bright as her antient freight, the shining fleece)

Yet to this day a quiet harbour found,  
 The tide of heaven still carries her around ;  
 Only Drake's sacred vessel (which before  
 Had done, and had seen more  
 Than those have done or seen,  
 Even since they goddesses, and this a star has been,)  
 As a reward for all her labours past,  
 Is made the seat of rest at last.

Let the case now quite altered be ;  
 And as thou went'st abroad the world to see,  
 Let the world now come to see thee.

The world will do't for curiosity,  
 Does no lesse than devotion pilgrims make,  
 And I myself, who now love quiet too,  
 As much almost as any chair can do,  
 Would yet a journey take  
 An old wheel of that charriot to see ;  
 Which Phæton so rashly brake, [Drake ?  
 Yet what could that say more then these remains of  
 Great relique ! thou too in this port-of-ease  
 Hast still one way of making voyages.  
 The breath of fame, like an auspicious gale  
 (The great trade wind which nere does fail)  
 Still with full trimme, and spreading sail,  
 Shall drive thee round the world, and thou shalt run  
 As long around it as the sun.  
 The straights of time too narrow are for thee,  
 Launch forth into an undiscovered sea,  
 And steer the endless course of vast eternity.  
 Take for thy sail this verse, and for thy pilot me.



## SIR FRANCIS DRAKE AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.

THE following is taken from "Wit and Drollery," 12mo. Lond. 1656. Another copy is preserved in MS. No. 36, in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, fol. 296.

---

Sir Francis, Sir Francis, Sir Francis his son,  
 Sir Robert, and eke Sir William did come,  
 And eke the good Earle of Southampton,  
 Marcht on his way most gallantly ;  
 And then the Queen began to speak :  
 You are welcome home Sir Francis Drake ;  
 Then came my L. Chamberlain, and with his white staffe,  
 And all the people began for to laugh.

## THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

Gallants all of British blood,  
 Why do not ye saile on th' ocean flood ?  
 I protest ye are not all worth a philberd,  
 Compared with Sir Humphry Gilberd.

## THE QUEEN'S REASON.

For he walkt forth in a rainy day,  
 To the New-found-land he took his way,  
 With many a gallant fresh and green ;  
 He never come home again. God bless the Queen.

---

## THE FAME OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

FROM a little duodecimo volume, printed at London in the year 1641, under the title of "Witt's Recreations, augmented with ingenious conceites for the Wittie, and merrie medicines for the Melancholie."

---

SIR DRAKE, whom well the world's end knew,  
Which thou did compasse round,  
And whom both poles of heaven once saw,  
Which north and south do bound.

The starres above would make thee knowne,  
If men here silent were ;  
The sun himselfe cannot forget  
His fellow-traveller.

## THE TRIUMPH OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

IT is probably a chimerical idea, but I cannot help thinking that there is some similarity between this song and one of the airy rhymes of the White Lady of Avenel. It is taken from the well-known opera of "Sir Francis Drake."

---

*Steersman.* ALOOF ! and aloof ! and steady I steer !  
'Tis a boat to our wish,  
And she slides like a fish  
When chearily stem'd, and when you row clear.  
She now has her trimme !  
Away let her swim,  
Mackrels are swift in the shine of the moon ;  
And herrings in gales when they wind us,  
But, timeing our oars, so smoothly we run  
That we leave them in shoals behind us.

*Chorus.* Then cry, one and all !

Amain ! for Whitehall.

The Diegos wee'l board to rummidge their hould,  
And drawing our steel they must draw out their gold.

*Steersman.* Our master and's mate, with bacon and pease,

In cabins keep aboard ;

Each as warm as a lord :

No queen, lying-in, lies more at her ease.

Whilst we lie in wait

For reals of eight,

And for some gold quoits, which fortune must send :

But, alas, how their ears will tingle,

When finding, though still like Hectors we spend,

Yet still all our pockets shall jingle.

*Chorus.* Then cry, one and all !

Amain, &c.

*Steersman.* Oh, how the purser shortly will wonder,

When he sums in his book

All the wealth we have took,

And finds that wee'l give him none of the plunder ;

He means to abate

The tyth for the state ;

Then for our owners some part he'l discount :

But his fingers are pitcht together ;

Where so much will stick, that little will mount,

When he reckons the shares of either.

*Chorus.* Then cry, one and all !

Amain, &c.

*Steersman.* At sight of our gold the boatswain will bristle,  
But not finding his part,  
He will break his proud heart,  
And hang himself strait i'th'chain of his whistle.  
Abaft and afore !  
Make way to the shore !  
Softly as fishes which slip through the stream,  
That we may catch their sentries napping.  
Poor little Diegos, they now little dream  
Of us the brave warriors of Wapping.  
*Chorus.* Then cry, one and all !  
Amain, &c.

---

ON THE SIGNALL VICTORY OBTAINED IN A  
SEA-FIGHT BY HIS MAJESTY OF GREAT  
BRITTAİN'S FLEET OVER THE DUTCH.

[From MS. Burney, 390, fol. 60.]

LET the vast tritons summon once againe  
The numerous subjects of the curled maine;  
And lett their Neptune lay down his command,  
To take new laws from this great victor's hand :  
Now must great Charles bee monarch of the sea,  
Whose kingdom once the Rodian laws did sway.  
'Tis he whose hands stretch out ore sea and land,  
Threatens revenge to those that dare withstand,  
Whilst that Olympus, like his head on high,  
Far above clouds and storms secure doth ly.

Was't not our Drake whose voyage first of all  
Did girdle round the world's terrestrial ball?  
Whilst scorning nature should his sight confine,  
Or to his triumphs place or laws enjoyne,  
Thro' rocks and seas unknown a way did pierce,  
Seeking new empires round the universe;  
Lett forraign powers divide the world from hence,  
They have the center, we the circumference.

Why then dares Holland 'gainst our navies fight,  
Both arm'd with force and priviledg'd with right?  
Must not those rebell states his laws obey,  
Whose pow'r is made as boundless as the sea?  
But let them come, to plead our king's defence  
We need no other than that warlick prince,  
Rupert, the lyon rampant of this nation,  
Slighting his own to seek its preservation;  
And now his birth in time of wars, we find,  
Did but foretell his valour to mankind,  
While he grew up to be the world's wonder,  
Born, Bacchus-like, in midst of clouds and thunder;  
'Tis he thro' thousand terrors dare to sayle,  
And 'gainst whole shours of bullets, thicke as haile,  
Secure, like Alexander, us'd to flee,  
Scorning suggestions of mortality.

And yet, as if his hand could not suffice  
Alone to manage this great enterprize,  
A new St. George England att last doth find,  
At once the love and terror of mankind,  
That universall Stator, whose command  
Can calme the tempest both of sea and land;

'Tis he who all the arts of states hath known,  
And better then our politicians shown  
What 'tis to moddle empires, and can soon  
The discords of tumultuous kingdoms tune :  
'Tis hee who still'd three nations, and knew why  
Their different voices made up harmony.  
Thus did our English colours quitt the shore,  
Under their joynt command, as heretofore  
The Roman ensigns, by two consuls led,  
Display'd like egles with a double head :  
But what ill-boding, will not Dutch seamen fear  
When Castor and Pollux att once for us appear.  
And yet no sooner had we sent our fleet,  
But Hollanders with fresh recruits they meet,  
Who to encourage all their men to fight,  
Preface their actions with some seeming right ;  
And now decoy whole nations, who flock thither  
To club and twist their interests together.  
But the hasty French, not dareing to withstand  
That valour, which they oft have felt by land,  
Soon chang'd their nature, and began to doubt  
What their share be in this general rout ;  
And after serious counsell thought it best  
To threaten but att home secure to rest.

Thus while we scourg one nation, still we bring  
Terror to all the world, who knows our king  
Might if he pleas'd engross the trade at sea,  
And make all kingdoms to him tribute pay :  
Yet he but strives to makes those waters free,  
As nature ment that element should bee :

Not comett-like, sparkling but threating rays,  
 But with a gentler influence rules the seas :  
 Thus generous princes, who 'gainst rebells fight,  
 Defend their title but do not use their might.

Then let them with our dreadfull navies joyne,  
 Arm'd with dispaire, and doubl'd strength with wine,  
 Their cannons roare about the trembling maine,  
 Till Jove in thunder eccoed back againe ;  
 And numerous sparks in clouds of smoke doe stray,  
 Clouding at once and bringing back the day :  
 Th' amazed waves lippe up the noyse to heare,  
 And then sinke downe and bed themselve for fear.

Thus they but beat the airs, but when we fire  
 Thunder and lightning issue from each lyre ;  
 And fire-winged bullets, while from us they fly,  
 Send back the loud reports of victory :  
 Some ships we sink, others being sett on fire,  
 To us prove bone-fires, to them a fun'rall pyre,  
 And, as if sinking now would not suffice,  
 Unless that some were burnt for sacrifice ;  
 Those elements (which nere yet friends were known)  
 Must now conspire to bring two deaths in one.  
 Those that escap'd distracted all with fear,  
 Fly from that vengeance which they saw so near.  
 'Twas then brave Rupert, whom those rebells drove  
 With thunder not unlik to that of Jove,  
 But that this difference was onely known,—  
 Jove has his Vulcan, he can make his own,  
 And, like those Parthian kings, would nere refuse  
 To make those weapons which himself might use.



For, as Italian pictures, often known  
To represent two various shapes in one,  
So his capacious head att once hath been  
The kingdom's council and its magazine.  
Then let De Ruyter with his fleet go boast,  
Prisoners at home, and banisht to their coasts ;  
Let him and Trump, to quit themselves from shame,  
Try on each other how to lay the blame ;  
And which are to be praised is all the doubt,  
Those that first ran or those that longest fought,  
While all the people from their shore each day  
May see our fleet beseige their land by sea.  
Their marchant men att home no harbour find,  
But onely are secure from seas and wind ;  
We sent our fire-ships in amongst them thither,  
And saw them flaming half a league together.  
Beacons in vain communicate their fears,  
While that whole towns are fired about their eares ;  
While flames, sad ushers of our destroying hand,  
And, turning all to ashes, make their land,  
Anticipate that universall doome  
Of fire, which must nature herself consume ;  
Of fire, I say, which nere shall cease from spoyle  
Till all the world be its own fun'all pyle.

Well then may high and mighty states beware,  
Amphibious sort of men, whose houses are  
But floating arks ; of which scarce one in ten  
But fraught with more religions then with men.  
Ther's no religion all the world around,  
But in their Amsterdam it may be found ;

While each from other in their churches vary,  
And every sin there finds a sanctuary.  
But yet, of all religions, they can't lett  
Their people all turn Turks, lest Mahomet  
The juicy grape might banish from their land,  
And all their courage spoyle by one command :  
Thus should they loose their wine and valour too,  
And of themselves might make that maxime true  
Which Bellarmine of Christians falsly spake,  
That their religion did them cowards make.  
But artificiall strenth can't now suffice,  
W'have conquer'd them and made their wine our prize :  
Victorious ore their courage, some are slaine,  
And those escap'd dare not appear again.  
Well did our learned Platonists prefix  
Wondrous events to the year of sixty-six,  
And now the world's climaterick fear,—  
But sure I am 'tis no Platonick year.  
For nere was itt, nor nere again must bee  
A parellell to this grand victory.  
And now th' amazed world at last must find  
England to be the empire of mankind ;  
For when that nature did us first divide,  
From all the vaster parts of earth beside,  
What did she then intend us for to bee,  
But as the greater world's epitome,  
And that no forraign power beyond the sea  
Should ere the British prowess oversway?  
'Tis mighty Charles can dread and terror spake,  
And with his nod at once three kingdoms shake ;

The world's and faith's defender, and if wee  
Admitt a god to rule the seas, 'tis hee.

Let him send forth blasts of his breath each way,  
More powerfull than the blustering winds, the sea  
Shall belch and vomitt out its precious foame,  
And send it for a present to his home,  
While storms and tempests rays'd about the maine  
Shake down the clouds, and make them fall in raine,  
Clere watery mountains, rowling ore and ore,  
Hastening for to embrace trembling shore,  
Shall undermine those hills whose heads are high  
Involv'd in clouds and swimming in the sky:  
Thus can he make the ocean overflown,  
Deluge whole kingdoms to enlarge his own ;  
Or let him smile, and dart a glorious ray  
To guild those places which nere knew the day,  
Their cristall rocks of ice shall disappear,  
Hastening to melt, and run away for fear ;  
The frozen ocean lock'd att lenth shall bee,  
And know no bounds when he has made it free.

Then let us all awhile astonish'd stand  
To see such wonders wrought by sea and land.  
Yet but a mortall pow'r who onely can  
Doe less than Gods, and yet far more then man :  
Then henceforth let these two in one agree,  
And hee nor god nor man but both shall bee.

Finis. FRAN. MUNDY, JUN. Fellow of New Coledge.

## THE VALIANT SAILORS.

A FAVOURITE SEA SONG.

THIS is taken from a broadside in the British Museum. It appears to be a modern version of an old ballad by Martin Parker, entitled "Saylers for my Money;" a copy of which is in the Pepysian Collection. In Ritson's "English Songs," vol. ii. p. 130, there is a much longer version of the present ballad.—E. F. R.

---

You gentlemen of England  
 Who live at home at ease,  
 How little do you think  
 On the dangers of the seas ;  
 While pleasure does surround you,  
 Our cares you cannot know,  
 Or the pain on the main,  
 When the stormy winds do blow.  
 Or the pain &c.

The sailor must have courage,  
 No danger he must shun ;  
 In every kind of weather  
 His course he still must run :  
 Now mounted on the top-mast,  
 How dreadful 'tis below.  
 Then we ride as the tide,  
 When the stormy winds do blow.

Proud France again insulting  
 Does British valour dare,  
 Our flag we must support now  
 And thunder in the war:

To humble them come on lads,  
And lay their lillies low,  
Clear the way, for the fray,  
Tho' the stormy winds do blow.

Old Neptune shakes his trident,  
The billows mount on high ;  
Their shells the tritons sounding,  
The flashing lightnings fly :  
The wat'ry grave now opens  
All dreadful from below,  
When the waves move the seas,  
And the stormy winds do blow.

But when the danger's over,  
And safe we come on shore ;  
The horrors of the tempest,  
We think of then no more ;  
The flowing bowl invites us,  
And joyfully we go,  
All the day drink away,  
Tho' the stormy winds do blow.

---

## A SONG OF THE SEAMEN AND LAND SOLDIERS.

From "Wit and Drollery," 12mo. Lond. 1656.

WE seamen are the bonny boyes,  
That feare no stormes nor rocks-a ;  
Whose musick is the canon's noise,  
Whose sporting is with knocks-a.

Mars has no children of his owne,  
But we that fight on land-a ;  
Land-soldiers kingdomes up have blowne,  
Yet they unshaken stand-a.

'Tis brave to see a tall ship saile,  
With all her trim gear on-a ;  
As though the devill were in her taile,  
She for the winde will run-a.

Our maine battalia when it moves,  
There's no such glorious thing-a ;  
Where leaders, like so many Joves,  
Abroad their thunder fling-a.

Come let us reckon what ships are our's,  
The Gorgon and the Dragon ;  
The Lyon that in fight is bold,  
The Bull with bloody flag on.

Come let us reckon what workes are our's,  
 Forts, bulwarks, barricadoes,  
 Mounts, gabions, parrapits, countermurs,  
 Casemates and pallisadoes.

The bear, the dog, the fox, the kite,  
 That stood fast on the Rover ;  
 They chas'd the Turk in a day and night,  
 From Scandaroon to Dover.

Field-pieces, muskets, groves of pikes,  
 Carbines and canoneers-a ;  
 Squadrons, half moons, with rankes and files,  
 And fronts, and vans, and reers-a.

A health to brave land-soldiers all,  
 Let cans a piece goe round-a ;  
 Pell-mell let's to the battaile fall,  
 And lofty musick sound-a.

---

### THE MARINER'S CHORUS.

THE following is taken from an opera, printed at London in 1659,  
 and entitled "The History of Sir Francis Drake."

---

WINDS may whistle and waves dance to 'em,  
 Whilst merchants cry out such sport will undo 'em,  
 And the master aloud bids, "Lee the helm, lee !"  
 But we shall now fear nor the rocks nor the sand,  
 Whilst calmly we follow our plunder at land,  
 When others in storms seek prizes at sea.



## ADMIRAL BENBOW.

THIS favourite old sea song is in a collection of penny song books, formerly belonging to Ritson, and, with music, in Dale's Collection. See Chappell's National Airs, p. 97. The ballad is not strictly accurate in its details.

---

O, we sail'd to Virginia, and thence to Fayal,  
 Where we water'd our shipping, and then we weigh'd all ;  
 Full in view of the seas, boys, seven sails we did espy ;  
 O, we manned our capstan, and weigh'd speedily.

The first we came up with was a brigantine sloop,  
 And we ask'd if the others were big as they look'd ;  
 But turning to windward as near as we could lie,  
 We found there were ten men of war cruizing by.

Oh ! we drew up our squadron in very nice line,  
 And boldly we fought them for full four hours' time ;  
 But the day being spent, boys, and the night coming on,  
 We let them alone till the very next morn.

The very next morning the engagement prov'd hot,  
 And brave Admiral Benbow receiv'd a chain shot ;  
 And when he was wounded, to his merry men he did say,  
 " Take me up in your arms, boys, and carry me away."

Oh ! the guns they did rattle, and the bullets did fly,  
 But Admiral Benbow for help would not cry ;  
 Take me down to the cockpit, there is ease for my-smarts,  
 If my merry men see me it will sure break their hearts.

The very next morning, by break of the day,  
 They hoisted their top sails, and so bore away ;  
 We bore to Port Royal, where the people flocked much,  
 To see Admiral Benbow carried to Kingston Church.

Come all you brave fellows, wherever you've been,  
 Let us drink to the health of our king and our queen,  
 And another good health to the girls that we know,  
 And a third in remembrance of brave Admiral Benbow.

---

THE ROYAL TRIUMPH :

OR, THE UNSPEAKABLE JOY OF THE THREE KINGDOMS, FOR THE  
 GLORIOUS VICTORY OVER THE FRENCH, BY THE ENGLISH  
 AND DUTCH FLEETS ; TO THE JOY AND COMFORT  
 OF ALL TRUE SUBJECTS.

Tune is, Let the soldiers rejoyce.

---

THIS is taken from a printed copy preserved in the Bagford Collection of Ballads, in the British Museum. It may be well to mention here, in case the reader may wish to examine the original, that I refer to three volumes of ballads under the press-mark 643 M, which, as I am informed by Mr. Rimbault, were collected by Bagford, the celebrated typographer and collector of title-pages.

---

VALIANT Protestant boys,  
 Here's millions of joys,  
 And triumph now brought from the ocean ;  
 For the French mighty fleet,  
 Now is shatter'd and beat,  
 And destruction, destruction, boys, will be their portion.

Here's the Jacobite crew,  
Now believe me, 'tis true,  
Invited the French to this nation ;  
Who was crossing the seas,  
With the Teague Rapparees,  
True cut-throats, true cut-throats, upon my salvation.

But alas they did find  
A true Protestant wind,  
Which five weeks or longer it lasted ;  
Till the most royal fleet  
And the Dutch both compleat,  
They with thunder, with thunder, this project soon  
blasted.

On the nineteenth of May,  
The French fleet made way,  
To make of our courage a tryal ;  
They suppos'd we'd ne'r fight,  
But they won't in the right,  
For we show'd them, we show'd them, we were true and  
loyal.

Our Admiral's bold,  
With their brave hearts of gold,  
They fell on like brave sons of thunder ;  
And their chain-shot let fly,  
As the fleet they drew nigh,  
Where they tore them, and rent them, and tore them  
asunder.

Our squadron true-blew,  
Fought their way through and through,  
At length in Lob's Pound, boys, we got 'um ;  
Where we gave the proud French  
Such a fiery drench,  
That we sent them, we sent them, straight down to the  
bottom.

Such a slaughter we made,  
While the loud cannons play'd,  
Which laid the poor Monsieurs a bleeding ;  
Nay, their chief admirall,  
We did bitterly maul,  
And have taught him, have taught him, I hope, better  
breeding.

Our brave Admiral,  
Being stout Dellaval,  
Whose actions all men may admire ;  
For the French Rising Sun,  
Was not able to run,  
Which with seven, with seven more ships he did fire.

Valiant Rook sail'd straightway  
Where a French squadron lay,  
Close amongst the rocks then for shelter ;  
But we fell on Gillore,  
And we fir'd twelve more,  
Thus we fir'd and burn'd the French fleet helter-skelter.

Being sunk, took, and burn'd  
 'There's not many return'd,  
 Was this not a wofull disaster?  
 How they far'd on our coast,  
 Let 'em sail home and boast,  
 To old Lewis, to old Lewis, their fistula master.

When he hears how they speed,  
 It will strike him near dead,  
 Losing what he long has been getting;  
 But we'll have him to know,  
 'That we'll still keep him low,  
 He shall never, shall never, boys, conquer Great Britain.

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Buck.

---

THE FAIR MAID'S CHOICE: OR, THE SEAMAN'S  
 RENOWN.

Being a pleasant song made of a sailor,  
 Who excells a miller, weaver, and a taylor,  
 Likewise brave gallants that goes fine and rare,  
 None of them with a seaman can compare.

By T. L.

To the tune of Shrewsbury for me.

---

[From Bagford's Collection.]

---

As I through Sandwich town passed along,  
 I heard a brave damsel singing of this song,  
 In the praise of a sailor she sung gallantly,  
 Of all sorts of tradesmen a seaman for me.

I gave good attention unto her new ditty,  
My thoughts it was wondrous gallant and pretty,  
With a voice sweet and pleasant most sweetly sung she,  
Of all sorts of tradesmen a seaman for me.

## THE FAIR MAID'S SONG IN PRAISE OF A SEAMAN.

Come all you fair maidens in country and town,  
Lend your attention to what is penn'd down;  
And let your opinions with mine both agree,  
Of all sorts of tradesmen a sailor for me.

The gallant brave seaman God bless him, I say,  
He is a great pains-taker both night and day,  
When he's on the ocean so hard worketh he,  
Then of all, &c.

Of all sorts of gallants so gaudy and fine,  
That with gold and silver so bravely doth shine,  
The seaman doth out pass them in each degree,  
Then of all, &c.

For a seaman will venture his life and his blood,  
For the sake of his king and his countri's good,  
He is valiant and gallant in every degree,  
Then of all, &c.

He ventures for traffique upon the salt seas,  
To pleasure our gentry which lives at ease,  
Through many dangerous places pass he,  
Then of all, &c.

Amongst all your tradesmen and merchants so brave,  
I can't set my fancy none of them to have,  
But a seaman I will have my husband to be,  
Then of all sorts of tradesmen a seaman for me.

With a thievish miller I never will deal,  
Because out of a bushel a peck he will steal,  
I will have no society with such knaves as he,  
But of all sorts of tradesmen a seaman for me.

Likewise a pimping taylor, and a lowsie weaver,  
To steal cloth and yarn they do their endeavour,  
Such fellows are not for my company,  
But of all, &c.

Also the carpenter and the shoemaker,  
The blacksmith, the brewer, and likewise the baker,  
Some of them use knavery, and some honesty,  
But of all, &c.

For I love a seaman as I love my life,  
And I am resolv'd to be a seaman's wife,  
No man else in England my husband shall be,  
Then of all, &c.

And I'll tell why I love a seaman so dear,  
I have to my sweet-heart a seaman most rare,  
He is a stout proper lad as you shall see,  
Then of all, &c.



If that I were worth a whole ship-load of gold,  
 My love should possess it, and with it make bold,  
 I would make him master of every penny,  
 Then of all, &c.

Through fire and water I would go I swear,  
 For the sake of my true love whom I love so dear,  
 If I might have an earl I'de forsake him for he;  
 Then of all, &c.

Here's a health to my dear, come pledge me who please,  
 To all gallant seamen that sail on the seas,  
 Pray God bless and keep them from all dangers free,  
 So of all sorts of tradesmen a seaman for me,

FINIS.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.

---

#### A COMMENDATION OF MARTIN FROBISHER.

FROM a contemporary manuscript, in the Ashmolean Library, at Oxford, No. 208. From a note in the same handwriting as the manuscript, the poem appears to have been written by John Kirkham.

---

YOUE muses guid my quivering quille,  
 Caliope drawe neare,  
 Sicilian nymphes accord my suet,  
 And to mv hesteş give ear.

Your sacred hyd a wyll I crave,  
My shivering sence to staye,  
Such hewt exploits I take in hand,  
That men to me maye saye;

Thy ragged rims and rurall verse  
Cannot ascend soe hye,  
To touch the tape of Martin's prayes,  
Which fleth the hiest skie.

Wher whirlinge sphers doe hit resound,  
And dewshe stares contain,  
What thundringe tromps of goulden fame,  
In azure aper so plaine.

Whose hewtie acts not heavens allon  
Contented ar to have,  
But earth and skyes, the surging seas,  
And silvan's eccoughes brave,

Do all resound, with tuned stringe  
Of silver harmonye,  
Howe Frobisher in every cost,  
With flickering fame dothe flye.

A mercial knight adventures,  
Whose valure great was suche ;  
That hazard hard and light estem'd,  
His countrie to enriche.

---

## THE SEAMAN'S VICTORY :

OR, ADMIRAL KILLIGREW'S GLORIOUS CONQUEST OVER THE FRENCH FLEET IN THE STREIGHTS, AS THEY WERE COMING FROM THOULON TOWARDS BREST ; WITH THE MANNER OF TAKING THREE OF THEIR FRENCH MEN-OF-WAR, AND SINKING TWO MORE : ALTHOUGH THE FRENCH ADMIRAL VAINLY BOASTED HE WOULD RECOVER BREST OR PARADICE, YET HE SHAMEFULLY RUN FROM THE ENGLISH FLEET.

THE following ballad is taken from the Bagford Collection, where it is directed to be sung "To the Tune of the Spinning-wheel."

---

HERE'S joyfull newes came late from sea,  
'Tis of a gallant victory,  
Which o'er the French we did obtain,  
Upon the throbbing ocean main,  
As soon as e'er they found our rage,  
The rogues was glad to disengage.

The French fleet sailing from Thoulon,  
As we by letters understand,  
To join with those that lay at Brest,  
As some of them have since confest ;  
But our brave fleet with them did meet,  
And made the Frenchmen soon retreat.

Five ships, with others, did advance,  
Being the very pride of France ;  
The Lewis, Dauphin, and the Sun,  
With others which were forc'd to run,  
As by this ditty you shall hear,  
Brave English boys the coast did clear.

The French at first did brag and boast,  
But we so wisely rul'd the roast,  
Under our Admiral Killegrew,  
That we engag'd and beat them too:  
Declaring that we did not fear  
The haughty rage of proud Mounsiour.

Our admiral bore up amain,  
Resolving that he would maintain  
A sharp and bloody fight with those  
Who dare King William's crown oppose;  
Then broad-sides streight began to roar,  
Which laid the French in reeking gore.

Right valiant seamen, fierce and bold,  
Courageous noble hearts of gold,  
All with a resolution bent,  
Whole showers of shot to them they sent,  
By which the French in hundreds fell,  
Our guns did ring their passing-bell.

We pour'd our shot on ev'ry side,  
'Tis bravely done, the captains cry'd,  
Though sharp and bloody be the fray,  
The French are beat, we have the day:  
True English boys, 'twas bravely done,  
See how the Frenchmen run, they run.

Now while we did maintain the fight,  
Two French ships there we sunk down right,

And likewise have we taken three,  
 This crown'd our work with victory;  
 The noble valiant Killegrew,  
 After the rest do's still pursue.

The Frenchmen they did retreat,  
 They were a shatter'd torn fleet;  
 But if he shall them overtake,  
 A prize of all the rest he'll make;  
 Courageous boys are sail'd with him,  
 Who freely ventures life and limb.

Under the admiral's command,  
 For to defend the native land:  
 May Heaven prosper still and bless  
 Our valiant soldiers good success,  
 Then we hereafter may advance,  
 To shake the very crown of France.

Printed for P. Brooks, by J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Back.

---

THE SEAMAN'S COMPASS :

OR,

A dainty new ditty composed and pen'd,  
 The deeds of brave seamen to praise and commend;  
 'Twas made by a maid that to Gravesend did pass.  
 Now mark, and you quickly shall hear how it was.

To the Tune of The tyrant hath stolen.

[From Bagford's Collection.]

As lately I travelled  
 towards Gravsend,

E

I heard a fair damsel  
a seaman commend,  
And as in a tilt boat  
we passed along,  
In praise of brave sea-men  
she sung this new song:  
Come tradesmen or merchant,  
whoever he be,  
There's none but a seaman  
shall marry with me.

A sea-man in promise  
is faithful and just,  
Honest in carriage,  
and true to his trust:  
Kinde in behaviour  
and constant in love,  
Is firm in affection  
as the turtle dove,  
Valiant in action  
in every degree,  
There's none, &c.

The sea-men adventures  
their lives at the seas,  
Whilst land-men on shore  
takes pleasure and ease:  
The sea-men at all times  
their business must ply,  
In winter and summer,  
in wet and in dry,

From toyl and pains-taking  
they seldom are free,  
There's none but a seaman  
shall marry with me.

Moreover I'de have you  
for to understand  
That sea-men bring treasure  
and profit to land,  
Above and beneath ground,  
for wealth they have sought,  
And when they have found it  
to England 'tis brought,  
With hazard of lives  
by experience we see,  
There's none but a sea-man  
shall marry with me.

Seamen from beyond seas  
bring silver and gold,  
With pearls and rich jewels  
most rare to behold,  
With silks and rich velvets  
their credits to save,  
Or else you gay ladies  
could not go so brave,  
This makes my heart merry,  
as merry may be,  
There's none but a sea-man  
shall marry with me.



The sea-men bring spices  
and sugar so fine,  
Which serve the brave gallants  
to drink with their wine,  
With lemmons and oranges  
all of the best,  
To relish their pallats  
when they make a feast;  
Sweet figs, prunes, and raysins,  
by them brought home be.  
There's none, &c.

To comfort poor people  
the seamen do strive,  
And brings in maintenance  
to keep them alive,  
As raw silk and cotton wool  
to card and to spin,  
And so by their labours  
their livings comes in;  
Most men are beholding  
to sea-men we see,  
With none but a sea-man  
I married will be.

The mercer's beholding  
we know well enough,  
For holland, lawn, cambrick,  
and other gay stuff,  
That's brought from beyond-seas  
by sea-men so bold,

The rarest that ever  
men's eyes did behold,  
God prosper the sea-men  
where ever they be,  
There's none, &c.

The merchants themselves  
are beholding also  
To honest sea-men  
that on purpose do go  
To bring them home profit  
from other strange lands,  
Or else their fine daughters  
must work with their hands,  
The nobles and gentry  
in every degree,  
Are also beholding, &c.

Thus for rich or poor men  
the seamen does good,  
And sometimes comes off with  
loss of much blood ;  
If they were not a guard  
and a defence for our land,  
Our enemies soon will get  
the upper hand,  
And then in a woful case  
straight should we be,  
There's none but a seaman  
shall marry with me.

To draw to conclusion,  
and so make an end,  
I hope that great Neptune  
my love will befriend,  
And send him home safely  
with health and with life,  
Then shall I with joyfulness  
soon be his wife ;  
You maids, wives, and widdowes  
that sea-men's loves be,  
With hearts and with voices  
joyn prayers with me.

God blesse all brave seamen  
from quicksands and rocks,  
From losse of their blood,  
and from enemies knocks,  
From lightning and thunder  
and tempests so strong,  
From shipwrack and drownin,  
and all other wrong ;  
And they that to these words  
will not say Amen,  
'Tis pittie that they should ever  
speak word agen.

L. P.

A FAMOUS SEA-FIGHT BETWEEN CAPTAIN  
WARD AND THE RAINBOW.

To the Tune of Captain Ward, &c.

[From the British Museum Collection of Old Ballads.]

STRIKE up, you lusty gallants,  
with musick and sound of drum,  
For we have descryed a rover  
upon the sea is come,  
His name is Captain Ward,  
right well it doth appear,  
There has not been such a rover  
found out this thousand year.

For he hath sent unto the King,  
the sixth of January,  
Desiring that he might come in  
with all his company :  
And if your King will let me come,  
till I my tale have told,  
I will bestow for my ransome  
full thirty tun of gold.

O nay, O nay, then said our King,  
O nay, this may not be,  
To yield to such a rover,  
myself will not agree ;  
He hath deceiv'd the Frenchman,  
likewise the King of Spain ;  
And how can he be true to me,  
that hath been false to twain ?

With that our King provided  
a ship of worthy fame,  
Rainbow is she called,  
if you would know her name ;  
Now the gallant Rainbow  
she roves upon the sea,  
Five hundred gallant seamen  
to bear her company.

The Dutchman and the Spaniard,  
she made them for to flye,  
Also the bonny Frenchman,  
as she met him on the sea.  
When as this gallant Rainbow  
did come where Ward did lye,  
Where is the captain of this ship?  
this gallant Rainbow did cry.

O that am I, says Captain Ward,  
there's no man bids me lye ;  
And if thou art the King's fair ship,  
thou art welcome unto me.  
I'll tell thee what, says Rainbow,  
our King is in great grief,  
That thou shouldst lye upon the sea,  
and play the arrant thief,

And will not let our merchant's ships  
pass as they did before ;  
Such tidings to our King is come,  
which grieves his heart full sore.

With that this gallant Rainbow  
she shot out of her pride,  
Full fifty gallant brass pieces,  
charged on every side.

And yet these gallant shooters  
prevailed not a pin ;  
Though they were brass on the outside,  
brave Ward was steel within :  
Shoot on, shoot on, says Captain Ward,  
your sport well pleaseth me,  
And he that first gives over  
shall yield unto the sea.

I never wrong'd an English ship,  
but Turk and King of Spain,  
And the jovial Dutchman,  
as I met on the main.  
If I had known your King  
but one two years before,  
I would have sav'd brave Essex life,  
whose death did grieve me sore.

Go tell the King of England,  
go tell him thus from me,  
If he reign King of all the land,  
I will reign King at sea.  
With that the gallant Rainbow shot,  
and shot, and shot in vain,  
And left the rover's company,  
and return'd home again.

Our royal King of England,  
 your ship's return'd again,  
 For Ward's ship is so strong  
 it never will be tane.  
 O everlasting, says our King,  
 I have lost jewels three,  
 Which would have gone unto the seas,  
 and brought proud Ward to me !

The first was Lord Clifford,  
 Earl of Cumberland ;  
 The second was Lord Mountjoy,  
 as you shall understand ;  
 The third was brave Essex,  
 from field would never flee,  
 Which would a gone unto the seas,  
 and brought proud Ward to me.

Licensed and entered.

London : Printed by and for W. Onley, and are to be Sold by the  
 Booksellers.

---

#### THE SONG OF DANSEKAR THE DUTCHMAN.

FROM an old black-letter copy, preserved in Anthony à Wood's Collection, at Oxford, No. 401. Another copy is in the Pepysian, at Cambridge; and another, in vol. 402, of Wood's Collection, which is "printed for F. Coles, J. Wright, T. Vere, and W. Gilbertson." It was sung to the tune of "The king's going to Bulloign."

---

SING we seamen now and than  
 Of Dansekar the Dutchman,  
 Whose gallant mind hath won him great renown ;



To live on land he counts it base,  
But seeks to purchase greater grace  
By roving on the ocean up and down.

His heart is so aspiring,  
That now his chief desiring  
Is for to win himself a worthy name ;  
The land hath far too little ground,  
The sea is of a larger bound,  
And of a greater dignity and fame.

Now many a worthy gallant,  
Of courage now most valiant,  
With him hath put their fortunes to the sea ;  
All the world about have heard  
Of Dansekar and English Ward,  
And of their proud adventures every day.

There is not any kingdom,  
In Turkey or in Christendom,  
But by these pyrates have received loss ;  
Merchantmen of every land,  
Do daily in great danger stand,  
And fear do much the ocean main to cross.

They make children fatherless,  
Woful widows in distresse,  
In shedding blood they took too much delight ;  
Fathers they bereave of sons,  
Regarding neither cries nor moans,  
So much they joy to see a bloody fight.

They count it gallant bearing,  
To hear the cannons roaring,  
    And musket-shot to rattle in the sky ;  
Their glories would be at the highest,  
To fight against the foes of Crist,  
    And such as do our Cristian faith deny.

But their cursed villanies,  
And their bloody pyracies,  
    Are chiefly bent against our Christian friends ;  
Some Christians so delight in evils,  
That they become the sons of divels,  
    And for the same have many shameful ends.

England suffers danger,  
As well as any stranger,  
    Nations are alike unto this company ;  
Many English merchantmen,  
And of London now and then,  
    Have tasted of their vile extremity.

London's Elizabeth,  
Of late these rovers taken have,  
    A ship well laden with rich merchandize ;  
The nimble Pearl and Charity,  
All ships of gallant bravery,  
    Are by these pyrates made a lawful prize.

The Trojan of London,  
With other ships many a one,  
    Hath stooped sail, and yielded out of hand,

These pyrates that they have shed their bloods,  
And the Turks have bought their goods,  
Being all too weak their power to withstand.

Of Hull the Bonaventer,  
Which was a great frequenter,  
And passer of the straits to Barbary ;  
Both ship and men late taken were,  
By pyrates Ward and Dansekar,  
And brought by them into captivity.

English Ward and Dansekar,  
Begin greatly now to jar,  
About dividing their goods ;  
Both ships and soldiers gather head,  
Dansekar from Ward is fled,  
So full of pride and malice are their bloods.

Ward doth only promise  
To keep about rich Tunis,  
And be comander of those Turkish seas ;  
But valiant Dutch-land Dansekar,  
Doth hover neer unto Argier,  
And there his threat'ning colours now displays.

These pyrates thus divided,  
By God is soon provided,  
In secret sort to work each other's woe ;  
Such wicked courses cannot stand,  
The divel thus puts in his hand,  
And God will give them soon an overthrow.

A SONG ON THE DUKE'S LATE GLORIOUS  
SUCCESS OVER THE DUTCH.

FROM a broadside in the possession of Mr. Rimbault. It was evidently written soon after a most obstinate engagement, which took place in Southwold Bay, on the 20th May, 1672, between the combined fleets of England and France on the one side, and that of the Dutch on the other.—E. F. R.

---

ONE day, as I was sitting still,  
Upon the side of Dunwich-hill,  
And looking on the ocean,  
By chance I saw De Ruyter's fleet  
With royal James's squadron meet;  
In sooth it was a noble treat  
To see that brave commotion.

I cannot stay to name the names  
Of all the ships that fought with James,  
Their number or their tonnage;  
But this I say, the noble host  
Right gallantly did take its post,  
And covered all the hollow coast  
From Walderswyck to Dunwich.

The French, who should have join'd the Duke,  
Full far astern did lag and look,  
Although their hulls were lighter;

But nobly faced the Duke of York,  
Tho' some may wink and some may talk,  
Right stoutly did his vessel stalk,  
To buffet with De Ruyter.

Well might you hear their guns, I guess,  
From Sizewell-gap to Easton Ness,  
The show was rare and sightly :  
They batter'd without let or stay  
Until the evening of that day,—  
'Twas then the Dutchmen run away,  
The Duke had beat them tightly.

Of all the battles gain'd at sea,  
This was the rarest victory  
Since Philip's grand armado.  
I will not name the rebel Blake,  
He fought for horson Cromwell's sake,  
And yet was forced three days to take,  
To quell the Dutch bravado.

So now we've seen them take to flight,  
This way, and that, where'er they might,  
To windard or to leeward ;  
Here's to King Charles, and here's to James,  
And here's to all the captains' names,  
And here's to all the Suffolk dames,  
And here's to the house of Stuart.

---

THE ENGLISHMEN'S VICTORY OVER THE  
SPANIARDS.

RELATING HOW FIVE ENGLISH FRIGATES, VIZ. THE HENRY,  
RUBY, ANTELOPE, GREYHOUND, AND BRYAN, BURNT ALL  
THE SPANISH SHIPS IN THEIR HARBOUR, AT MALAGO: BAT-  
TERED DOWN THEIR CHURCHES AND THEIR HOUSES ABOUT  
THEIR EARS, KILL'D ABUNDANCE OF THEIR MEN, AND  
OBTAINED AN HONOURABLE VICTORY.

Whereever English seamen goes  
They are a terror to their foes.

To the tune of Five sail of frigats bound for Malago, &c.

[From the British Museum Collection of Old Ballads.]

---

COME all you brave sailors  
that sails on the main,  
I'll tell you of a fight  
that was lately in Spain,  
And of five sail of frigats  
bound to Malago,  
For to fight the proud Spaniards,  
our orders was so."

There was the Henry and Ruby,  
and the Antelope also,  
The Grey-hound, and the Bryan,  
for fire-ships must go ;  
But so bravely we weighed,  
and played our parts,  
That we made the proud Spaniards  
to quake in their hearts.

Then we came to an anchor  
so nigh to the mould,  
Methinks you proud English  
do grow very bold:  
But we came to an anchor  
so near to the town,  
That some of their churches  
we soon battered down.

They hung out their flag of truce,  
for to know our intent,  
And they sent out their long-boat,  
to know what we meant:  
But our captain he answered  
them bravely, it is so,  
For to burn all your shipping  
before we do go.

For to burn all your shipping  
you must us excuse,  
'Tis not five sail of frigats  
shall make us to muse.  
But we burnt all their shipping,  
and their gallies also,  
And we left in the city  
full many a widow.

Come, then says our captain,  
let's fire at the church;  
And down came their belfrey,  
which grieved them much;



And down came the steeple,  
which standeth so high,  
Which made the proud Spaniards  
to the nunnery flye.

So great a confusion  
we made in the town,  
That their lofty buildings  
came tumbling down :  
Their wives and their children  
for help they did cry,  
But none could relieve them,  
though danger was nigh.

The flames and the smoak,  
so increased their woe,  
That they knew not whither  
to run nor to go ;  
Some to shun the fire,  
leapt into the flood,  
And there they did perish  
in water and mud.

Our guns we kept firing,  
still shooting amain,  
Whilst many a proud Spaniard  
was on the place slain :  
The rest being amazed,  
for succour did cry,  
But all was in vain,  
they had no where to flye.

At length being forced,  
they thought it most fit  
Unto the brave Englishmen  
for to submit :  
And so a conclusion  
at last we did make,  
Upon such conditions  
as was fit to take.

The Spanish armado  
did England no harm,  
'Twas but a bravado  
To give us alarm ;  
But with our five frigats  
we did them bumbast,  
And made them of Englishmen's  
valour to taste.

When this noble victory  
we did obtain,  
Then home we returned  
to England again ;  
Where we were received  
with welcomes of joy,  
Because with five frigats  
we did them destroy.

London : Printed by and for W. O., and are to be sold by J. Dea[n].

## NEPTUNE TO ENGLAND.

[From MS. Sloane, 1514, fol. 40.]

OF thee, great state, the god of waves  
 In equall wrongs, assistance craves,  
                                 defend thyselfe and mee :  
 For if ore seas there be no sway,  
 My godhead cleane is tane away,  
                                 the scepter pluckt from thee.  
 Such as ore seas all sovereigntie oppose,  
 Though seeming friends, to both are truly foes.

If little Venice brings alone  
 Such waves to her subjection,  
                                 as in the gulfe doe stirre ;  
 What then should great Britannia please,  
 But rule as ladie ore all seas,  
                                 and thou as queen of her.  
 For sea-dominion may as well bee gain'd  
 By new acquests, as by descent maintain'd.

Goe on, great state, and make it knowne,  
 Thou never wilt forsake thine owne,  
                                 nor from thy purpose start :  
 But that thou wilt thy power dilate,  
 Since narrow seas are found too straight  
                                 for thy capacious heart.  
 So shall thy rule, and mine, have large extent :  
 Yet not so large, as just and permanent.

## THE DUKE OF ORMOND.

THE following song is taken from "Wit and Mirth, or Pills to Purge Melancholy," vol. iii. p. 95. The tune, "set by Mr. Church," is also given by D'Urfey. It was sung by sailors, as well as soldiers.

---

YE brave boys and tars,  
That design for the wars,  
Remember the action at Vigo ;  
And where Ormond commands,  
Let us all joyn our hands,  
And where he goes, may you go, and I go.

Let conquest and fame,  
The honour proclaim,  
Great Ormond has gotten at Vigo :  
Let the trumpets now sound,  
And the echoes around,  
Where he goes, may you go, and I go.

Let the glories be sung,  
Which the Ormonds have won,  
Long before this great action at Vigo :  
They're so loyal and just,  
And so true to their trust,  
That where he goes, may you go, and I go.

Old records of fame,  
Of the Ormond's great name,  
Their actions like these were of Vigo ;

And since this prince exceeds  
In his forefather's deed,  
Then where he goes, may you go, and I go.

'Tis the praise of our crown,  
That such men of renown,  
Shou'd lead on the van, as at Vigo :  
Where such lives and estates,  
Are expos'd for our sakes,  
Then where he goes, may you go, and I go.

'Twas the whole nation's voice,  
And we all did rejoyce,  
When we heard he commanded for Vigo :  
To Anna so true,  
All her foes to pursue,  
Then where he goes, may you go, and I go.

'Tis the voice of the town,  
And our zeal for the crown,  
To serve Ormond to France, Spain, or Vigo :  
So noble and brave,  
Both to conquer and save,  
Then where he goes, may you go, and I go.

To the soldiers so kind,  
And so humbly inclin'd,  
To wave his applause gain'd at Vigo :  
Yet so kind and so true,  
He gave all men their due,  
Then where he goes, may you go, and I go.

We justly do own,  
 All the honour that's won,  
 In Flanders as well as at Vigo :  
 But our subject and theme,  
 Is of Ormond's great name,  
 And where he goes, may you go, and I go.

Then take off the bowl,  
 To that generous soul,  
 That commanded so bravely at Vigo :  
 And may Anna approve,  
 Of our duty and love,  
 And where he goes, may you go, and I go.

---

A SONG ON THE VICTORY OVER THE TURKS.

From D'Urfey's "Wit and Mirth," vol. i. p. 44. The music is  
 also given.

---

HARK the thund'ring cannons roar,  
 Echoing from the German shore,  
 And the joyful news comes o'er ;  
 The Turks are all confounded !  
 Lorrain comes, they run, they run,  
 Charge your horse thro' the grand half moon,  
 We'll quarter give none,  
 Since Starembourg is wounded.

Close your ranks, and each brave soul  
Take a lusty flowing bowl,  
A grand carouse to the royal Pole,  
The empire's brave defender ;  
No man leave his post by stealth,  
But drink a helmet-full to th' health  
Of the second Alexander.

Mahomet was a sober dog,  
A small-beer, drowsy, senseless rogue,  
The juice of grape, so much in vogue,  
To forbid to those adore him ;  
Had he but allowed the vine,  
Given 'em leave to carouse in wine,  
The Turk had safely past the Rhine,  
And conquer'd all before him.

With dull tea they fought in vain,  
Hopeless vict'ry to obtain ;  
Where sprightly wine fills ev'ry vein,  
Success must needs attend him.  
Our brains (like our cannons) warm,  
With often-firing feels no harm,  
While the sober sot flies the alarm,  
No lawrel can befriend him.

Christians thus with conquest crown'd,  
Conquest with the glass goes round,  
Weak coffee can't keep its ground  
Against the force of claret :



Whilst we give them thus the foil,  
And the pagan troops recoyl,  
The valiant Poles divide the spoil,  
And in brisk nectar share it.

Infidels are now o'ercome,  
But the most Christian Turks at home,  
Watching the fate of Christendom;  
But all his hopes are shallow,  
Since the Poles have led the dance;  
Let English Cæsar now advance,  
And if he sends a fleet to France,  
He's a whig that will not follow.

---

THE YOUNG SEAMAN'S MISFORTUNE: OR, THE  
FALSE-HEARTED LASS OF LIMEHOUSE.

From the Pepys Collection, and reprinted by Evans (Old Ballads,  
edit. 1810, vol. i. p. 213).

To the tune of the Spinning-wheel.

---

You loyal lovers far and near,  
That live and reign in Cupid's court,  
I'd have you freely lend an ear,  
While I my sorrows do report:  
She that I lov'd has left me o'er;  
I'll never trust a woman more.

In her I plac'd my chief delight,  
And was her captive night and day ;  
For why ? her charming beauty bright  
Had clearly stole my heart away :  
But she will not my joys restore ;  
I'll never trust a woman more.

On board of ship I chanc'd to go,  
To serve our good and gracious king :  
Now when she found it must be so,  
She did her hands in sorrow wring,  
Yet wedded when I left the shore ;  
I'll never trust a woman more.

My dearest love, she often cry'd,  
Forbear to sail the ocean sea ;  
If fortune shall us now divide,  
Alas ! what will become of me ?  
This she repeated ten times o'er !—  
I'll never trust a woman more.

A thousand solemn vows I made,  
And she return'd the like again,  
That no one should our hearts invade,  
But both in loyal love remain ;  
Yet she another had in store !  
I'll never trust a woman more.

I was obliged to leave the land,  
And ready to go hoist up sail,  
At which tears in her eyes did stand,

And bitterly she did bewail ;  
Yet she another had in store !  
I'll never trust a woman more.

I gave her then a ring of gold,  
To keep in token of true love,  
And said, my dearest dear, behold !  
I evermore will loyal prove.  
She married when I left the shore !  
I'll never trust a woman more.

Five months I ploughed the ocean main,  
With courage void of dread and fear :  
At length with joy return'd again  
To the embraces of my dear.  
But she another had in store !  
I'll never trust a woman more.

Constancy doth torture me,  
And make my sorrows most severe ;  
Like a keen dart, it pierc'd my heart,  
For why ? I did the tydings hear  
As soon as e'er I came on shore !  
I'll never trust a woman more.

Now must I wander in despair,  
I find it is the fates' decree ;  
My grief is more than I can bear,  
I can love none alive but she :  
Farewell, farewell, my native shore !  
I'll never trust a woman more.

THE GALLANT SEAMAN'S RETURN FROM THE  
INDIES: OR THE HAPPY MEETING OF  
TWO FAITHFUL LOVERS.

WHEREIN IS SHEWED THE LOYAL CONSTANCY OF A SEAMAN  
TO HIS LOVE, WITH HER KIND SALUTATION UNTO HIM  
FOR HIS WELCOME HOME.

Observe this song, which is both neat and pretty,  
'Tis on a seaman in his praise of Betty.

To the tune of Five sail of frigots, or Shrewsbury.

[From the Bagford Collection of Old Ballads.]

I AM a stout seaman and newly come on shore,  
I have been a long voyage where I near was before ;  
But now I am returned, I'me resolved to see  
My own dearest honey, whose name is Betty.

I have been absent from her full many a day,  
But yet I was constant in every way ;  
Though many a beautiful dame I did see,  
Yet none pleased me so well as Betty.

Now I am intended, whatever betide,  
For to go and see her and make her my bride ;  
If that she and I can together agree,  
I never will love none but pretty Betty.

THE GALLANT SEAMAN'S SONG AT HIS MEETING OF  
BETTY.

Well met, pretty Betty, my joy and my dear,  
I now am returned thy heart for to chear ;

Though long I have been absent, yet I thought on thee,  
O my heart it was always with pretty Betty.

Then come, my own dearest, to tavern let's go,  
Whereas we'll be merry for any hour or two ;  
Lovingly together we both will agree,  
And I'll drink a good health to my pretty Betty.

And when we have done, to the church we will hy,  
Whereas wee'll be joynd in matrymony ;  
And alwayes I'll be a kind husband to thee,  
If that thou wilt be my wife, pretty Betty.

I will kiss thee and hug thee all night in my arms,  
I'll be careful of thee and keep thee from harms,  
I will love thee dearly in every degree,  
For my heart it is fixed on pretty Betty.

For thee I will rove and sail far and near,  
The dangerous rough sea shall not put me in fear ;  
If I do get treasure I'll bring it to thee,  
And I'll venter my life for my pretty Betty.

And more than all this, I'll tell thee my dear,  
I will bring thee home rich jewels for to wear,  
And many new fashions I will provide thee,  
So that none shall compare with pretty Betty.

Then come, my own dearest, and grant me thy love  
Both loyal and constant to thee I will prove ;  
If that thou wilt put trust and belief in me,  
I vow near to love none but pretty Betty.

## THE SECOND PART.

To the same tune.

Betty's reply, wherein she shows her love,  
Promising him alwayes constant to prove.

---

O WELCOME, my dearest, welcome to shore,  
Thy absence so long hath troubled me sore ;  
But since thou art returned, this I'll assure thee,  
It is thou art the man that my husband shall be.

Although that some maids now-a-dayes prove untrue,  
Yet I'll never change my old love for a new ;  
My promise I'll keep while life remains in me,  
For thou art the man that my husband shall be.

I have been courted by many a proper youth,  
If thou wilt believe me, I'll tell thee the truth ;  
But all my affections I have set on thee,  
For thou art the man that my husband shall be.

Then, dearest, be not discontented in mind,  
For to thee I'll always prove loving and kind ;  
No lord nor knight I'll have, if they would have me,  
For 'tis thou art the man that my husband shall be.

If that I might gain a whole ship-load of money,  
I would not forsake my true love and honey ;  
No wealth nor yet riches shall force to tempt me,  
To forsake him who ever my true love shall be.

This lusty brave seaman and his dearest dear  
Was married full speedily, as I did hear ;  
Now they both together do live happily,  
And he vows to love his pretty Betty.

He is overjoy'd now he has gain'd his mate,  
They do love and live without strife and debate ;  
He is kind unto her in every degree,  
So I wish him well to enjoy pretty Betty.

Al you young men and maidens, pray learn by my song,  
To be true to your sweet-hearts and do them no wrong ;  
Prove constant and just, and not false hearted be,  
And so I will now conclude my ditty.

By L. L.

FINIS.

---

### THE DANGERS OF THE SEAS.

FROM an old manuscript, now in the possession of Mr. C. H. Wright, of Manchester, who has very kindly favoured me with a transcript of it. I have had no opportunity of examining the manuscript, and am therefore unable to give the date of it.

---

I RUE to see the raging of the seas,  
When nothing may King Eolus' wrath appease.  
Boreas' blastes asunder rendes our sayles :  
Our tacklings breake, our ankers likewise fayles.



The surging seas, they battred have my shippe,  
And eke mine oares avayle me not a chippe.  
The ropes are slackte, the mast standes nothing strong :  
Thus am I tost the surging seas along.  
The waves beate in, my barke to overflowe ;  
The rugged seas my ship will overthrowe.  
Yea, driven I am, sometimes against a rocke,  
Sometimes againe a whale his backe I locke.  
When Neptune thus, and Eol falles to stryfe,  
Then stand I most in daunger of my lyfe.  
And when the winde beginneth moste to rage,  
Then out I caste (my barke for to asswage)  
Each thing of waight, and then if sea at will  
I chaunce to have, I lesse regard mine ill.  
If shipwrack once I suffer in my lyfe,  
Farewell my goodes, farewell my gentle wife :  
Adewe my friends, adewe my children all,  
For nought prevayles, though on your helpe I call.  
First goe I to the bottome of the seas,  
And thrice I rise, but nothing for mine ease.  
For why? at length, when last of all I fall,  
My winde doth fayle, wherewith I burst my gall.  
My body then, so full as it may be  
With water store, then may each men me see  
All borne aloft amid the fomyng froth,  
And dryven to lande, if Neptune waxeth wrothe.  
But yet, if so I cunnyng have to swimme,  
When first I fall into the water brimme,  
With streaking armes, and eke with playing feete,  
My parte I play, the water flouddes to grete.

And then, perchance, some shippe comes sayling by,  
 Whiche saves my life, if me they doe espie.  
 Perchance, likewise, I drowne before they come,  
 Perchance the crampe my feet it maketh numme:  
 If so it dothe, then sure I am to die,  
 In this distresse the sea will ayde denie.  
 Wherefore I wishe, who well may live by land,  
 And him forbid the sea to take in hande.

---

THE MARINER'S MISFORTUNE: OR, THE UNFOR-  
 TUNATE VOYAGE OF TWO CONSTANT LOVERS.

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF A FAITHFUL SEAMAN, WHO GOING TO  
 TAKE HIS FAREWEL OF HIS SWEETHEART, SHE RESOLVED,  
 COME LIFE OR COME DEATH, TO SAIL WITH HIM; AND  
 PUTTING HERSELF IN MAN'S APPAREL, WENT THE VOYAGE  
 WITH HIM, BUT BY DISTRESS OF WEATHER, COMING HOME  
 WERE CAST AWAY; THE CONSTANT SEAMAN HAVING NO  
 OTHER HELP, BETOOK HIMSELF TO SWIMMING, AND HAVING  
 GOT HIS SWEETHEART UPON HIS BACK, SWAM TILL HE WAS  
 ALMOST TYRED, BUT WAS AT LAST TAKEN UP BY AN AL-  
 GERINE, WHO CARRIED THEM TO ALGIERS, WHERE BEING  
 BROUGHT BEFORE THE GOVERNOUR, SHE CONFESSED HER-  
 SELF TO BE A FEMALE, WHICH SO ASTONISHED THE GO-  
 VERNOUR, THAT HE IN REQUITAL OF HER CONSTANCY, SET  
 THEM BOTH FREE, WHO ARE HAPPILY ARRIVED IN ENGLAND  
 AGAIN.

[From the Bagford Collection of Old Ballads.]

Tune of The Souldier's Departure.

A seaman lov'd a maiden pretty,  
 and esteem'd her as his life;

She was beauteous, fair, and witty,  
whom he vow'd should be his wife :  
He was minded, and designed  
for to leave the Brittish shore,  
And sail again unto the main,  
as he had often done before.

So he kindly came unto her,  
and his mind did thus express :  
Dearest, of my love be sure,  
in thee is all my happiness,  
And yet must I immediately  
be forc'd to leave thee on the shore,  
When I again come from the main,  
I swear I'le never leave thee more.

These his words her mind did trouble,  
and did pierce her tender heart ;  
Then her sorrows they grew double,  
and increas'd her deadly smart :  
She replyed, if she dyed,  
to the main with him she'd go.  
Quoth he, my dear, I greatly fear  
hardship thou canst not undergo.

I am loath for to forsake thee,  
yet I constant will remain,  
And my faithful wife will make thee  
when I home return again :

He did protest he did not jest,  
but yet she constantly did cry,  
I do not fear, my only dear,  
for with thee I will live and dye.

I'm resolv'd, in spight of danger,  
that I will thy mesmate be ;  
Through the world I'll be a ranger,  
for my love's dear company :  
By joynt consent, to sea they went,  
to satisfy her hearts desire ;  
This was not known to any one,  
for she was drest in man's attire.

To the ocean then they sailed ;  
little did the captain know  
That a female with him sailed  
and sometimes in the long-boat row.  
She did behave her self so brave  
that none could this her trick discern,  
Industriously this damsel she  
did navigation strive to learn.

Do but mark how fickle fortune  
did their comforts all destroy ;  
She doth often prove uncertain  
and eclipse true lover's joy :  
For blust'ring wind, too oft we find  
do work poor seamen's overthrow,  
And so were they all cast away,  
great pitty 'twas it should be so.

In this distress these faithful lovers  
both were like for to be lost;  
Surgins seas did wash them over,  
they on mighty waves were tost:  
In this distress, most pittiless  
care for his love he did not lack,  
With weary limbs long time he swims  
While his true love was on his back.

But he at last was almost tyred,  
past hopes of finding some relief;  
Tho' fortune smiles they oft desired,  
for to ease them of their grief:  
An Algerine, at that same time,  
did happen to come sayling by,  
So straitway he most earnestly  
aloud to them for help did cry.

They took them up into their ship;  
that they were Turks they quickly found,—  
At first their hearts for joy did leap,  
at last they were with sorrow drown'd:  
For Algier then they sailed agen,  
not knowing who they had for prize,  
For none bewray'd it was a maid  
whose echo's then did pierce the skies.

Before the governor they came,  
and then the truth she did reveal;  
She freely did confess the same  
which long before she did conceal:

So presently her constancy  
 most mightily he did commend,  
 And back again, he o're the main  
 did both these faithful lovers send.

Printed for J. Blare, at the "Looking-Glass," on London Bridge.

---

A PLEASANT NEW SONG BETWIXT A SAYLOR  
 AND HIS LOVE.

FROM the Bagford Collection of Old Ballads. It is directed to be sung to the favourite old tune called "Dulcina;" the original ballad of which is given by Percy. "The Merry Pranks of Robin Goodfellow," to the same tune, has been reprinted by Percy, Ritson, and others.—E. F. R.

---

WHAT doth ayl my love so sadly,  
 in such heavy dumps to stand?  
 Doth she grieve or take unkindly  
 that I am so near at hand?  
 Or doth she vow,  
 she will not know,  
 Nor speak to me when I do come?  
 If that be so,  
 away Ile go,  
 First kiss and bid me welcome home.

Had I ever thee forsaken,  
 putting thee out of my mind,

Then thou might'st have justly spoken  
that I to thee was unkind :  
or should I take  
some other mate,  
Then might thou have a cause to mourn ;  
but let me dye,  
before that I  
Do so; then bid me welcome home.

Sooner shall the grass leave growing,  
from the hare the hound shall run ;  
Husbandmen shall leave their sowing,  
floods shall run the land upon ;  
the fish shall flye,  
the sea run dry,  
The birds shall sing no more, but mourn.  
ere I of thee  
unmindful be :  
Then kiss and bid me welcome home.

Smile on me, be not offended,  
pardon grant for my amiss ;  
Let thy favour so befriend me,  
as to seal it with a kiss :  
To me, I swear,  
thou art so dear,  
That for thy sake Ile fancy none ;  
then do not frown,  
but sit thee down,  
Sweet, kiss and bid me welcome home.



If thou hast proved chaste Diana,  
    since from thee I did depart,  
I have as constant been unto thee,  
    for on thee fixed was my heart :  
        no, not for she  
        Jupiter see,  
Diana in her tower alone  
    should me intice,  
        no, Ile be nice,  
Then kiss and bid me welcome home.

No, nor Venus, Cupid's mother,  
    nor the fairest wife of Jove,  
Should Lucretia, or some other,  
    seek by gifts to win my love ;  
        should Hellen fair  
        to me compare,  
And unto me for love make moan,  
    yet none of these  
    my mind shall please,  
Then kiss and bid me welcome home.

From thy sight tho' I were banisht,  
    yet I always was to thee  
Far more kinder than Ulisses  
    to his chaste Penelope :  
        for why, away  
        he once did stay  
Ten years, and left her all alone ;

but I from thee  
 have not been three,  
 Sweet, kiss and bid me welcome home.

Come, sweetheart, and sit down by me,  
 let thy lap my pillow be,  
 While sweet sleep my mind beguileth,  
 and all my dreams shall be of thee.  
 I pray thee stay,  
 steal not away,  
 Let lullaby be all thy song ;  
 with kisses sweet  
 lull me asleep,  
 Sweet, kiss and bid me welcome home.

THE WOMAN'S ANSWER.

I have been sad to see how from me,  
 thou from me so long did stay,  
 Yet now I more rejoice to see thee  
 happily arriv'd this way :  
 thou from our shore  
 shalt go no more,  
 To wander thus abroad alone ;  
 but thou shalt stay  
 with me away.  
 And here's my hand, thou'rt welcome home.

I have prov'd Diana to thee  
 since from me thou went'st away ;  
 I have suitors well-nigh twenty,  
 and much ado I had to stay :

but I deny'd,  
when they reply'd,  
And sent them all away with scorn ;  
for I had sworn  
to live forlorn,  
Until that I see thee come home.

Seeing thou art home returned,  
thou shalt not go from home in haste,  
But lovingly come sit down by me,  
let my arms embrace thy wast :  
farewell annoy,  
welcome my joy,  
Now lullaby shall be the song ;  
for now my heart  
seems loath to part,  
Then kiss and bid me welcome home.

Since, sweetheart, thou dost befriend me,  
thus to take me to thy love,  
Never more will I offend thee,  
but will ever constant prove :  
thou hast my heart  
not to depart,  
But ever constant to remain ;  
and thou art mine,  
and I am thine,  
Then let us kiss and welcome home.

FINIS.

A BALLAD, BY THE LATE LORD DORSET,  
WHEN AT SEA.

FROM D'Urfey's "Wit and Mirth, or Pills to Purge Melancholy," vol. v. p. 168. It is said to have been written at sea by the Earl of Dorset, in the first Dutch war, 1664. Pepys, in his Diary, Jan. 2, 1665, after stating that he went to dine with Lord Broncker, in Covent Garden, says:—"I occasioned much mirth with a ballet I brought with me, made from the seamen at sea to their ladies in town." The original tune may be seen in D'Urfey's work.—E. F. R.

---

To you fair ladys now on land,  
We men at sea indite ;  
But first wou'd have you understand  
How hard it is to write.

The muses, now, and Neptune, too,  
We must implore to write to you ;  
With a fa la, la, la, la.

The muses, now, and Neptune, too,  
We must implore to write to you ;  
With a fa la, la, la, la.

But, tho' the muses shou'd be kind,  
And fill our empty brain ;  
Yet, if rough Neptune cause the wind  
To rouse the azure main,  
Our paper, pens, and ink, and we  
Rowl up and down our ships at sea,  
With a fa la.

Then, if we write not by each post,  
Think not that we're unkind ;  
Nor yet conclude that we're lost,  
By Dutch, by French, or wind:  
Our grief shall find a speedier way,  
The tide shall bring them twice a-day,  
With a fa la.

The King, with wonder and surprise,  
Will think the seas grown bold ;  
For that the tide does higher rise  
Then e'er it did of old :  
But let him know, that 'tis our tears  
Sends floods of grief to White-hall stairs,  
With a fa la.

Shou'd Count Thoulouse but come to know  
Our sad and dismal story ;  
The French wou'd scorn so weak a foe,  
Where they can get no glory:  
For what resistance can they find  
From men as left their hearts behind,  
With a fa la.

To pass the tedious time away,  
We throw the merry main ;  
Or else at serious ombra play ;  
But why should we in vain  
Each other's ruin thus pursue ?  
We were undone when we left you,  
With a fa la.

When any mournful tune you hear,  
That dyes in ev'ry note ;  
As if it sigh'd for each man's care,  
For being so remote :  
Think then how often love we've made  
To you, while all those tunes were play'd,  
With a fa la.

Let wind and weather do its worst,  
Be you to us but kind ;  
Let French men vapour, Dutch men curse,  
No sorrow we shall find :  
'Tis then no matter how things goe,  
Nor who's our friend, nor who our foe,  
With a fa la.

Thus having told you all our loves,  
And likewise all our fears ;  
In hopes this declaration moves,  
Some pity to our tears :  
Let's hear of no inconstancy,  
We have too much of that at sea,  
With a fa la.

---

## THE JOLLY SAILOR'S RESOLUTION.

From the sixth volume of D'Urfey's "Wit and Mirth, or Pills to Purge Melancholy," p. 40. The tune is also given.

---

As I am a sailor, 'tis very well known,  
And I've never as yet had a wife of my own ;  
But now I've resolved for to marry if I can,  
To show myself a jolly, jolly brisk young man,  
    man, man,  
To show myself a jolly, jolly brisk young man.

Abroad I have been, and since home I am come,  
My wages I have took, 'tis a delicate sum ;  
And now mistress hostess begins to flatter me,  
But I have not forgot her former cruelty,  
    ty, ty,  
But I have not forgot her former cruelty.

Near Limehouse she liv'd, where I formerly us'd,  
I'll show you in brief how I once was abus'd,  
After in her house I had quite consum'd my store,  
But kick me if I ever, ever feast her more,  
    more, more,  
But kick me if I ever, ever feast her more.

I came to her once with abundance of gold,  
And as she that beautiful sight did behold,  
She said with a kiss thou art welcome, John, to me,  
For I have shed a thousand, thousand tears for thee,  
    thee, thee,  
For I have shed a thousand, thousand tears for thee.



Her flattering words I was apt to believe,  
And then at my hands she did freely receive  
A ring which she said she would keep for Johnny's sake.  
She wept for joy as if her very heart would break,  
    break, break,  
She wept for joy as if her very heart would break.

We feasted on dainties and drank of the best,  
Though I with my friends I am happily blest,  
For punch, beer, and brandy, they night and day did call,  
And I was honest Johnny, Johnny pay for all,  
    all, all,  
And I was honest Johnny, Johnny pay for all.

They ply'd me so warm that in troth I may say,  
That I scarce in a month knew the night from the day,  
My hostess I kiss'd tho' her husband he was by,  
For while my gold and silver lasted, who but I,  
    I, I,  
For while my gold and silver lasted, who but I.

They said I should marry their dear daughter Kate,  
And in token of love I presented her strait,  
With a chain of gold, and a rich and costly head,  
Thus Johnny, Johnny, Johnny by the nose was lead,  
    lead, lead,  
Thus Johnny, Johnny, Johnny by the nose was lead.

This life I did lead for a month and a day,  
And then all my glory begun to decay,

My mony was gone, I quite consum'd my store,  
My hostess told me in a word, she would not score,  
    score, score,  
My hostess told me in a word she would not score.

She frown'd like a fury, and Kate she was coy,  
A kiss or a smile I no more must enjoy ;  
Nay, if that I called but for a mug of beer,  
My hostess she was very deaf, and could not hear,  
    hear, hear,  
My hostess she was very deaf, and could not hear.

But that which concerned me more then the rest,  
My money was gone, and she'd needs have me prest  
Aboard of the fleet ; then I in a passion flew,  
And ever since I do abhor the canting crew,  
    crew, crew,  
And ever since I do abhor the canting crew.

Now, having replenish'd my stock once again,  
My hostess and daughter I vow to refrain  
Their company quite, and betake myself to a wife ;  
With whom I hope to live a sober life,  
    life, life,  
With whom I hope to live a sober life.

Then in came a damsel, as fresh as a rose,  
He gave her a kiss, and begun for to close  
In courting, and said, canst thou love an honest tar,

Who for these six or seven years has travell'd so far,  
     far, far,  
 Who for these six or seven years has travell'd so far.

His offer was noble, his guineas was good,  
 And therefore the innocent maid never stood  
 To make a denial, but granted his request ;  
 And now she's with a jolly sailor, sailor blest,  
     blest, blest,  
 And now she's with a jolly sailor, sailor blest.

---

WITH FULL DOUBLE CUPS.

From D'Urfey's "Wit and Mirth, or Pills to Purge Melancholy,"  
 edit. 1719, vol. iii. p. 304. The tune is "by Mr. Barincloth."

---

ALL hands up aloft,  
 Swab the coach fore and aft,  
 For the punch clubbers straight will be sitting ;  
 For fear the ship rowl  
 Sling off a full bowl,  
 For our honour let all things be fitting :  
 In an ocean of punch  
 We to-night will all sail,  
 I'th' bowl we're in sea-room  
 Enough, we ne'er fear :  
 Here's to thee, messmate.

Thanks, honest Tom,  
 'Tis a health to the king,  
 Whilst the larboard-man drinks,  
 Let the starboard-man sing.  
     With full double cups  
     We'll liquor our chops,  
     And then we'll turn out  
     With a Who up, who, who ;  
     But let's drink e'er we go,  
     But let's drink e'er we go.

The wind's veering aft,  
 Then loose ev'ry sail,  
 She'll bear all her topsails a-trip ;  
     Heave the logg from the poop,  
     It blows a fresh gale,  
 And a just account on the board keep ;  
     She runs the eight knots,  
 And eight cups, to my thinking,  
     That's a cup for each knot,  
 Must be fill'd for our drinking.  
     Here's to thee, skipper.  
 Thanks, honest John,  
 'Tis a health to the king,  
 Whilst the one is a drinking,  
 The other shall fill.  
     With full double cups,  
     We'll liquor our chops, &c.

The quartier must cun,  
 Whilst the foremast-man steers,

Here's a health to each port where e'er bound ;

Who delays, 'tis a bumper,

Shall be drub'd at the geers,

The depth of each cup therefore sound :

To our noble commander,

To his honour and wealth ;

May he drown and be damn'd

That refuses the health.

Here's to thee, honest Harry.

Thanks, honest Will,

Old true penny still ;

Whilst the one is a drinking,

The other shall fill.

With full double cups,

We'll liquor our chops, &c.

What news on the deck, ho ?

It blows a meer storm ;

She lies a try under her mizon,—

Why, what tho' she does ?

Will it do any harm ?

If a bumper more does us all reason :

The bowl must be fill'd, boys,

In spite of the weather ;

Yea, yea, huzza let's howl all together.

Here's to thee, Peter.

Thanks, honest Joe,

About let it go ;

In the bowl still a calm is,

Where e'er the winds blow.

With full double cups,

We'll liquor our chops, &c.

## THE ROYAL TRIUMPH OF BRITAIN'S MONARCH.

From "Wit and Mirth, or Pills to Purge Melancholy,"  
vol. vi. p. 98. The tune is also given by D'Urfey.

NEW pyramids raise,  
Bring the poplar and bayes,  
To crown our triumphant commander ;  
The French, too, shall run,  
As the Irish have done,  
Like the Persians, the Persians ;  
Like the Persians, the Persians ;  
Like the Persians before Alexander.

· Had the Rubicon been  
Such a stream as the Boyn,  
Not Cæsar, not Cæsar himself had gon on ;  
King William exceeds great Cæsar in deeds,  
More than he did great Pompey before.

Though born in a state,  
Fore-told was his fate,  
That he should be a monarch ador'd ;  
One globe was too small  
To contain such a soul,—  
New worlds must submit to his sword.

So great and benign  
Is our sov'reign Queen,  
Made to share his empire and bed ;  
May she still fill his arms  
With her lovely soft charms,  
And a race of King Williams succeed.

## ENGLAND'S TRIUMPH AT SEA.

FROM MS. Harl. 7526, fol. 65. At the end of the ballad is the following note:—"To Mr. Harley, at one of the Commissioners of Accounts, in Buckingham Street, York Buildings." Another copy is in MS. addit. 2715, fol. 79. It was written on the fleet, in 1691.—E. F. R.

---

A MIGHTY great fleet, the like was nere seen  
Since the reign of K. W. and Mary his queen,  
Design'd the destruction of France to have been,  
which nobody can deny.

This fleet was compos'd of English and Dutch,  
For ships, guns, and men, there never were such,  
Nor so little done when expected so much,  
which nobody can deny.

Eighty-six ships of war, which we capitall call,  
Besides frigats and tenders, and yachts that are small,  
Sayl'd out and did little or nothing at all,  
which nobody can deny.

Thirty-nine thousand and five hundred brave men,  
Had they chanc'd to have met the French fleet, O then,  
As they beat 'em last year, they'd have beat 'em agen,  
which nobody can deny.

Six thousand great guns, and seventy-eight more,  
As great and as good as ever did roar,  
It had been the same thing had they left 'em ashore,  
which nobody can deny.



Torrington now must command 'em no more,  
For we try'd what mettal he was made on before,  
And 'tis better for him on land for to whore,  
which nobody can deny.

For a bullet, perhaps, from a rude cannon's breach,  
Which makes no distinction betwixt poor and rich,  
Instead of his dog might have tane off his bitch,  
which nobody can deny.

But Russell, the cherry-cheekt Russell, is chose  
His fine self and his fleet at sea to expose ;  
But he will take care how he meets with his foes,  
which nobody can deny.

We had sea-collonells o'th' nature of otter,  
Which either might serve by land or by water,  
Tho' of what they have done we hear no great matter,  
which nobody can deny,

In the midst of May last they sail'd on the mayn,  
And in September are come back again,  
With the loss of some ships, but in battle none slain,  
which nobody can deny.

---

ADMIRAL RUSSEL'S SCOWERING THE FRENCH  
FLEET: OR, THE BATTLE AT SEA.

FROM a small collection of songs, entitled "The Midshipman's Garland," bound up in one of Bagford's volumes, in the British Museum. The first four verses have been reprinted in Evans's "Old Ballads," vol. iii. p. 215, edit. 1810; and in Ritson's "English Songs," vol. ii. p. 197, edit. Park. The great naval victory, intended to be celebrated by the following old song, was determined after a running action of several days, off Cape La Hogue, on the coast of Normandy, the 22nd of May 1692.—E. F. R.

---

THURSDAY in the morn, the ides of May,  
 recorded for ever the famous ninety-two,  
 Brave Russel did discern by dawn of day,  
 the lofty sails of France advancing, now:  
 All hands aloft, aloft, let English valour shine,  
 Let fly a culvering, the signal of the line;  
 let ev'ry hand supply his gun:  
 Follow me, and you'll see  
 that the battle will be soon begun.

Turvil o'er the main triumphant rowl'd,  
 to meet the gallant Russel in combat on the deep;  
 He led a noble train of heroes bold,  
 to sink the English admiral at his feet.  
 Now every valiant mind to victory does aspire,  
 The bloody fight's began, the sea it fell on fire;  
 and mighty fate stood looking on;  
 Whilst a flood, all of blood,  
 fill'd the port-holes of the Royal Sun.

Sulphur, smoak, and fire, disturb'd the air,  
with thunder and wonder to fright the Gallick shore ;  
Their regulated bands stood trembling near,  
to see their lofty streamers, now no more.  
At six a-clock the red, the smiling victor led,  
To give a second blow, their total overthrow ;  
now death and horror equal reign,  
How they cry, run or dye,  
British colours ride the vanquisht main.

See, they run amaz'd thro' rocks on sand,  
one danger they grasp at, to shun a greater fate ;  
In vain they crie for aid to weeping lands,  
the nimphs and sea-gods mourn their lost estate ;  
For evermore adieu, thou dazling Royal Sun,  
From thy untimely end thy master's fate begun :  
Enough, thou mighty god of war !  
Now we sing, bless the Queen,  
let us drink to ev'ry English tar.

Come, jolly seamen all, with Russel go,  
to sail on the main proud mounsieur for to greet,  
And give our enemy a second blow,  
and fight Turvil, if that he dare to meet.  
Come, brother tar, what cheer? Let each supply,  
And thump 'em off this year, or make mounsier to fly,  
while we do range the ocean round,  
Day or night we will fight,  
when our enemy is to be found.

Let it ne'er be said that English boys  
 should e'er stay behind when their Admiral goes ;  
 But let each honest lad crie with one voice,  
 brave Russel, lead us on to fight the foes :  
 We'd give them gun for gun, some sink, and others burn,  
 Broad-sides we'll give 'em too, till monsieur cry's morblew!  
 des Enleteer will kill us all !  
 Whilst they scower, we will pour,  
 thick as hail, amongst them cannon-ball.

Licensed according to Order.

---

### THE SAYLOR'S SONG.

FROM "Wit and Mirth," vol. iv. p. 170. It is called "The Saylor's Song in the Subscription Musick, sett by Mr. Weldon, sung by Mr. Dogget." The concerts in York-buildings were sometimes called "The Subscription Musick," and it was probably for them that Mr. Weldon composed the following song.—E. F. R.

---

Just coming from sea, our spouses and we,  
 We punch it, we punch it, we punch it ;  
 We punch it, we punch it a board with couragio,  
 We sing, laugh, and cling, and in hammocks we swing :  
 And hay, hay, hay, hay, hay, my brave boys, bonviagio,  
 We sing, laugh, and cling, and in hammocks we swing ;  
 We sing, laugh, and cling, and in hammocks we swing,  
 And hay, hay, hay, hay, hay, my brave boys, bonviagio.

## ADMIRAL KEPPEL TRIUMPHANT.

FROM Dr. Burney's Collection of English Songs, in the British Museum, vol. ix. p. 110. It is there stated that "the words and music" are by "J. Timms of Dartford." Mr. Timms' name, in spite of his loyalty, has not obtained a place in our poetical or musical biography.—E. F. R.

---

YE brave British tars, come attend to my muse,  
 Be jovial and hearty, in wine let's carouse ;  
 Ye brave &c.  
 For Keppell from the accusation is clear,  
 That was brought against him by Sir Hugh Palliser.  
 For Keppel &c.

One morning, last July, at break of the day,  
 The French was descry'd in battle array ;  
 Brave Keppel, impatient to fight proud Monsieur,  
 Directed his course and unto them drew near.

The French fleet to windward first gave a broad side,  
 Augustus undaunted their great guns defy'd ;  
 His fleet being mann'd with compleat British tars,  
 Appal'd the Monsieur with the thunder of Mars.

Aghast the pale French in dismay bore away,  
 Our ships being cripl'd oblig'd us to stay,  
 Main sails, gallant royals, stay sails to repair,  
 That we might again reattack the Monsieur.

This done, our commander the signal did make  
 For the ships to the Lee to come in his wake ;  
 Regardless of order Sir Hugh Palliser,  
 Refus'd to obey and kept back in the rear.

This gave the French time to retreat into Brest,  
But observe the sequel which is a meer jest,  
As guilt is always companion of fear,  
So mind the dark plan of Sir Hugh Palliser.

Assisted by Beelzebub, Prince of old Stykes,  
His infernal sire (the weapon he strikes,)  
Himself to exculpate the shaft he lets fly,  
Intending a sacrifice Keppel should die.

The plan was laid down, then the charge it was made,  
Augustus accused of being afraid,  
To fight the Monsieurs, and of running away,  
And leaving the French fleet triumphant at sea.

But justice and Montague there did preside,  
They found out the falsehood, his errors descry'd;  
The jury withdrew, for they all saw the cheat,  
Acquitted Augustus because he was great.

This true Son of Neptune couragious and bold,  
Will fight for his King, and by him be control'd;  
To minions in power he'll not be a slave,  
The French he'll chastize with a heart free and brave.

So now brother sailors let us reunite,  
To serve under Keppel, the French for to fight;  
His name, like the gold from the furnace, shall shine  
In Old England's annals, to Time's latest time.

Then fill up your glasses, and let them not stand,  
A health to the hero that doth us command;  
May each British heart and voice say without fear,  
A fig for the French and Sir Hugh Palliser.

## THE SAILOR'S COMPLAINT.

AN old sea song, called "Come and listen to my ditty, or the Sailor's Complaint," is to be found in the British Musical Miscellany, published by Walsh. It was to this air that Stevens wrote the song "Cease, rude Boreas," by which title it is now better known. Other songs have also been adapted to the same tune. See Chappell's National Airs, p. 35.

---

COME and listen to my ditty,  
All ye jolly hearts of gold ;  
Lend a brother tar your pity,  
Who was once so stout and bold.  
But the arrows of Cupid,  
Alas ! have made me rue ;  
Sure true love was ne'er so treated,  
As I am by scornful Sue.

When I landed first at Dover,  
She appear'd a goddess bright ;  
From foreign parts I was just come over,  
And was struck with so fair a sight.  
On the shore pretty Sukey walk'd,  
Near to where our frigate lay,  
And, although so near the landing,  
I, alas ! was cast away.

When first I hail'd my pretty creature,  
The delight of land and sea,  
No man ever saw a sweeter,  
I'd have kept her company ;



I'd have fain made her my true love,  
For better or for worse ;  
But, alas ! I cou'd not compass her,  
For to steer the marriage course.

Once, no greater joy and pleasure  
Could have come into my mind,  
Than to see the bold **DEFIANCE**  
Sailing right before the wind ;  
O'er the white waves as she danced,  
And her colours daily flew,  
But that was not half so charming  
As the trim of lovely Sue.

On a rocky coast I've driven,  
Where the stormy winds do rise,  
Where the rolling mountain billows  
Lift a vessel to the skies :  
But from land, or from the ocean,  
Little dread I ever knew,  
When compared to the dangers  
In the frowns of scornful Sue.

Long I wonder'd why my jewel  
Had the heart to use me so ;  
Till I found, by often sounding,  
She'd another love in tow :  
So farewell, hard-hearted Sukey,  
I'll my fortune seek at sea,  
And try a more friendly latitude,  
Since in your's I cannot be.

## THE SEAMAN'S HAPPY RETURN.

FROM a volume of black-letter ballads, in Wood's Collection, at Oxford, vol. E. 25. It is there entitled "The Valiant Seaman's Happy Return to his Love, after a long Seven Years' Absence," and directed to be sung to the tune of "I am so deep in love;" or, "Through the cool shady woods."

---

WHEN Sol did cast no light,  
being darken'd over,  
And the dark time of night  
did the skies cover,  
Running a river by,  
there were ships sailing,  
A maid most fair I spy'd,  
crying and wailing.

Unto this maid I stept,  
asking what griev'd her,  
She answer'd me and wept,  
fates had deceiv'd her :  
My love is prest, quoth she,  
to cross the ocean,  
Proud waves to make the ship  
ever in motion.

We lov'd seven years and more,  
both being sure,  
But I am left on shore,  
grief to endure.

He promis'd back to turn,  
if life was spar'd him,  
With grief I dayly mourn  
death hath debar'd him.

Straight a brisk lad she spy'd,  
made her admire,  
A present she receiv'd  
pleas'd her desire.  
Is my love safe, quoth she,  
will he come near me?  
The young man answer made,  
Virgin, pray hear me.

Under one banner bright,  
for England's glory,  
Your love and I did fight—  
mark well my story :  
By an unhappy shot  
we two were parted ;  
His death's wound then he got,  
though valiant-hearted.

All this I witness can,  
for I stood by him,  
For courage, I must say,  
none did outvye him :  
He still would foremost be,  
striving for honour ;  
But Fortune is a whore,—  
vengeance upon her !

But ere he was quite dead,  
or his heart broken,  
To me these words he said,  
pray give this token  
To my love, for there is  
then she no fairer ;  
Tell her she must be kind  
and love the bearer.

Intomb'd he now doth lye  
in stately manner,  
'Cause he fought valiantly  
for love and honour.  
That right he had in you,  
to me he gave it :  
Now since it is my due,  
pray let me have it.

She, raging, flung away  
like one distracted,  
Not knowing what to say,  
nor what she acted.  
So last she curst her fate,  
and shew'd her anger,  
Saying, friend, you come too late,  
I'll have no stranger.

To your own house return,  
I am best pleased  
Here for my love to mourn,  
since he's deceased.

In sable weeds I'll go,  
let who will jear me ;  
Since death has served me so,  
none shall come near me.

The chaste Penelope  
mourn'd for Ulisses,  
I have more grief than she,  
rob'd of my blisses.  
I'll ne'r love man again,  
therefore pray hear me ;  
I'll slight you with disdain  
if you come near me.

I know he lov'd me well,  
for when we parted,  
None did in grief excell,—  
both were true-hearted.  
Those promises we made  
ne'r shall be broken ;  
Those words that then he said  
Ne'r shall be spoken.

He hearing what she said,  
made his love stronger,  
Off his disguise he laid,  
and staid no longer.  
When her dear love she knew,  
in wanton fashion  
Into his arms she flew,—  
such is love's passion !

He ask'd her how she lik'd  
his counterfeiting,  
Whether she was well pleas'd  
with such like greeting?  
You are well vers'd, quoth she,  
in several speeches,  
Could you coyn money so  
you might get riches.

O happy gale of wind  
that waft thee over,  
May heaven preserve that ship  
that brought my lover.  
Come kiss me now, my sweet,  
true love's no slander;  
Thou shalt my hero be,  
I thy Leander.

Dido of Carthage queen  
lov'd stout Æneas,  
But my true love is found  
more true than he was.  
Venus ne'r fonder was  
of younger Adonis,  
Then I will be of thee,  
since thy love her own is.

Then hand in hand they walk,  
with mirth and pleasure,  
They laugh, they kiss, they talk—  
love knows no measure.

Now both do sit and sing—  
 but she sings clearest ;  
 Like nightingale in Spring,  
 Welcome my dearest !

Finis. Printed for P. B. and E. O., and are to be sold at their shops, in West Smithfield, and on Snow Hill.

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#### ADMIRAL HOSIER'S GHOST.

THE following well-known song was written by Glover, the author of "Leonidas," in the year 1739. The case of Hosier was briefly this:—In April 1726 he was sent with a strong fleet to the Spanish West Indies, to block up the galleons in the ports of that country ; but being restricted by his orders from obeying the dictates of his courage, he lay inactive on that station, until he became the jest of the Spaniards. He afterwards removed to Carthagena, and continued cruizing in those seas, till far the greater part of his crews perished by the diseases of that unhealthy climate. This brave man, seeing his officers and men thus daily swept away, his ships exposed to inevitable destruction, and himself made the sport of the enemy, is said to have died of a broken heart.—E. F. R.

Tune,—“ Come and listen to my ditty.”

---

As near Porto-Bello lying  
 On the gently-swelling flood,  
 At midnight, with streamers flying,  
 Our triumphant navy rode ;  
 There while Vernon sate all-glorious  
 From the Spaniards' late defeat :  
 And his crews, with shouts victorious,  
 Drank success to England's fleet ;



On a sudden, shrilly sounding,  
Hideous yells and shrieks were heard;  
Then, each heart with fear confounding,  
A sad troop of ghosts appear'd ;  
All in dreary hammocks shrouded,  
Which for winding-sheets they wore,  
And, with looks by sorrow clouded,  
Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleam'd the moon's wan lustre,  
When the shade of Hosier brave  
His pale bands was seen to muster,  
Rising from their wat'ry grave :  
O'er the glimmering wave he hied him,  
Where the Burford rear'd her sail,  
With three thousand ghosts beside him,  
And in groans did Vernon hail.

Heed, oh ! heed our fatal story ;  
I am Hosier's injur'd ghost ;  
You who now have purchas'd glory  
At this place where I was lost,  
Tho' in Porto-Bello's ruin  
You now triumph, free from fears,  
When you think of my undoing,  
You will mix your joys with tears.

See these mournful spectres, sweeping  
Ghastly o'er this hated wave,  
Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping,  
These were English captains brave :

Mark those numbers, pale and horrid,  
Who were once my sailors bold ;  
Lo ! each hangs his drooping forehead,  
While his dismal tale is told.

I, by twenty sail attended,  
Did this Spanish town affright,  
Nothing then its wealth defended,  
But my orders, not to fight.  
Oh ! that in this rolling ocean  
I had cast them with disdain,  
And obey'd my heart's warm motion  
To have quell'd the pride of Spain.

For resistance I could fear none,  
But with twenty ships had done  
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,  
Hast atchiev'd with six alone.  
Then the Bastimentos never  
Had our foul dishonour seen,  
Nor the sea the sad receiver  
Of this gallant train had been.

Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,  
And her galleons leading home,  
Though, condemn'd for disobeying,  
I had met a traitor's doom ;  
To have fall'n, my country crying  
He has play'd an English part,  
Had been better far than dying  
Of a griev'd and broken heart.

Unrepining at thy glory,  
Thy successful arms we hail ;  
But remember our sad story,  
And let Hosier's wrongs prevail.  
Sent in this foul clime to languish,  
Think what thousands fell in vain,  
Wasted with disease and anguish,  
Not in glorious battle slain.

Hence with all my train attending  
From their oozy tombs below,  
Through the hoary foam ascending,  
Here I feed my constant woe :  
Here the Bastimentos viewing,  
We recall our shameful doom,  
And, our plaintive cries renewing,  
Wander through the midnight gloom.

O'er these waves, for ever mourning,  
Shall we roam, depriv'd of rest,  
If, to Britain's shores returning,  
You neglect my just request :  
After this proud foe subduing,  
When your patriot friends you see,  
Think on vengeance for my ruin,  
And for England—sham'd in me.

---

ADMIRAL VERNON'S ANSWER TO ADMIRAL  
HOSIER'S GHOST.

THE following ballad is taken from a small broadside, printed at Salisbury. It is stated in the "Suffolk Garland," 8vo. Ipswich, 1828, that its author was one John Price, a land-waiter in the port of Poole. The taking of Porto Bello from the Spaniards, in 1739, appears to have afforded ample scope for the ballad writing generation. In the following year was issued from their press a collection, entitled "Vernon's Glory: containing fifteen new Songs, occasioned by the taking of Porto Bello and Fort Chagre."—E.F.R.

Tune,—“Cease, rude Boreas.”

---

HOSIER! with indignant sorrow  
 I have heard thy mournful tale;  
 And, if heaven permit, to-morrow  
 Hence our warlike fleet shall sail.  
 O'er these hostile waves wide roaming,  
 We will urge our bold design;  
 With the blood of thousands foaming,  
 For our country's wrongs, and thine.

On that day, when each brave fellow  
 Who now triumphs here with me,  
 Storm'd and plunder'd Porto Bello,  
 All my thoughts were full of thee.  
 Thy disastrous fate alarm'd me;  
 Fierce thy image glar'd on high!  
 And with gen'rous ardour warm'd me  
 To revenge thy fall, or die!

From their lofty ships descending,  
Thro' the flood in firm array,  
To the destin'd city bending  
My lov'd sailors work'd their way :  
Straight the foe, with horror trembling,  
Quit in haste their batter'd walls ;  
And in accents undissembling,  
As he flies, for mercy calls !

Carthagena, tow'ring wonder !  
At the daring deed dismay'd,  
Shall, ere long, by Britain's thunder,  
Smoaking in the dust be laid.  
You, and these pale spectres, sweeping  
Restless o'er this wat'ry round,  
Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping,  
Pleas'd shall listen to the sound.

Still rememb'ring thy sad story,  
To thy injur'd Ghost I swear,  
By my future hopes of glory,  
War shall be my constant care ;  
And I ne'er will cease pursuing  
Spain's proud sons, from sea to sea,  
With just vengeance for thy ruin,  
And for England, sham'd in thee !

---

## CAPTAIN DEATH.

THE following ballad records a most remarkable instance of desperate courage, which was exerted on December 23rd, 1757, by the officers and crew of an English privateer, called the *Terrible*, equipped with twenty-six guns, and manned with two hundred men, under the command of Captain William Death. It is supposed to have been written by one of the surviving crew.—E. F. R.

---

THE muse and the hero together are fir'd,  
 The same noble views have their bosoms inspir'd ;  
 As freedom they love, and for glory contend,  
 The muse o'er the hero still mourns as a friend :  
 And here let the muse her poor tribute bequeath  
 To one British hero,—'tis brave Captain Death !

His ship was the *Terrible*,—dreadful to see !  
 His crew were as brave and as gallant as he ;  
 Two hundred, or more, was their good complement,  
 And sure braver fellows to sea never went :  
 Each man was determin'd to spend his last breath  
 In fighting for Britain, and brave Captain Death.

A prize they had taken diminish'd their force,  
 And soon the good prize-ship was lost in her course :  
 The French privateer and the *Terrible* met ;—  
 The battle begun,—all with horror beset :  
 No heart was dismay'd,—each as bold as Macbeth ;—  
 They fought for Old England, and brave Captain Death.

Fire, thunder, balls, bullets, were seen, heard and felt ;  
A sight that the heart of Bellona would melt !  
The shrouds were all torn, and the decks fill'd with blood,  
And scores of dead bodies were thrown in the flood :—  
The flood, from the days of old Noah and Seth,  
Ne'er saw such a man as our brave Captain Death.

At last the dread bullet came wing'd with his fate,  
Our brave captain dropp'd—and soon after his mate ;—  
Each officer fell, and a carnage was seen,  
That soon dyed the waves to a crimson, from green :  
And Neptune rose up, and he took off his wreath,  
And gave it a Triton to crown Captain Death.

Thus fell the strong Terrible, bravely and bold ;  
But sixteen survivors the tale can unfold ;  
The French were the victors—though much to their  
cost,—  
For many brave French were with Englishmen lost.  
And thus says Old Time, From good queen Elizabeth,  
I ne'er saw the fellow of brave Captain Death.

---



## THE DEATH OF ADMIRAL BENBOW.

## THE BROTHER TARS' SONG.

FROM a broadside, printed at Salisbury, by Fowler, a noted ballad printer of the last century. See p. 38 of the present collection for another ballad upon the same subject. Admiral Benbow rose into distinction soon after the Revolution, and was rewarded by King William with a flag. Some curious particulars respecting him, may be found in a pamphlet, printed in 1702 (the year of his death), entitled "The Present Condition of the English Navy." During the life-time of the admiral, his sister presented his picture to the corporation of Shrewsbury, who caused it to be hung up in their town-hall, where it still remains, as a testimony of the regard his countrymen had for this worthy officer and true patriot.—E. F. R.

---

COME all you sailors bold,  
 Lend an ear, lend an ear,  
 Come all you sailors bold, lend an ear :  
 'Tis of our admiral's fame,  
 Brave Benbow called by name,  
 How he fought on the main  
 You shall hear, you shall hear.

Brave Benbow he set sail  
 For to fight, for to fight,  
 Brave Benbow he set sail for to fight :  
 Brave Benbow he set sail,  
 With a fine and pleasant gale,  
 But his captains they turn'd tail  
 In a fight, in a fight.

Says Kirby unto Wade  
 I will run, I will run,  
 Says Kirby unto Wade I will run :  
 I value not disgrace,  
 Nor the losing of my place,  
 My enemies I'll not face  
 With a gun, with a gun.

'Twas the Ruby and Noah's Ark  
 Fought the French, fought the French,  
 'Twas the Ruby and Noah's Ark fought the French :  
 And there was ten in all,  
 Poor souls they fought them all,  
 They valued them not at all,  
 Nor their noise, nor their noise.

It was our admiral's lot,  
 With a chain-shot, with a chain-shot,  
 It was our admiral's lot, with a chain-shot :  
 Our admiral lost his legs,  
 And to his men he begs,  
 Fight on, my brave boys, he says,  
 'Tis my lot, 'tis my lot.

While the surgeon dress'd his wounds,  
 Thus he said, thus he said,  
 While the surgeon dress'd his wounds, thus he said :  
 Let my cradle now in haste,  
 On the quarter-deck be placed,  
 That my enemies I may face  
 Till I'm dead, till I'm dead.

And there bold Benbow lay  
 Crying out, crying out,  
 And there bold Benbow lay crying out ;  
 Let us tack once more,  
 We'll drive them to their own shore,  
 I value not half a score,  
 Nor their noise, nor their noise.

---

AN EXCELLENT SONG, ON THE WINNING OF  
 CALES BY THE ENGLISH.

THE following ballad is taken from "The Garland of Goodwill," by Thomas Delone. It has been printed by Percy, from the celebrated folio MS. but with many variations from the present copy. The city of Cadiz (corruptly *Cales*) was taken on June 21, 1596, under the command of Lord Howard, admiral, and the Earl of Essex, general. The ballad was, no doubt, sung "to the tune of the New Tantara," although not so stated in the old copy.—E.F.R.

---

LONG had the proud Spaniard  
 advanced to conquer us,  
 Threatening our country  
 with fire and sword ;  
 Often preparing  
 their navy most sumptuous,  
 With all the provision  
 that Spain could afford.  
 Dub a-dub, dub,  
 thus strike the drums ;  
 Tan-ta-ra, ta-ra-ra,  
 English men comes !

To the seas presently  
    went our Lord Admiral,  
With knights couragious  
    and captains full good :  
The Earl of Essex,  
    a prosperous general,  
With him prepared  
    to pass the salt flood.  
Dub a-dub, dub,  
    thus strike the drums :  
Tan-ta-ra, ta-ra-ra,  
    English men comes !

At Plymouth speedily,  
    took they ships valiantly ;  
Braver ships never  
    were seen under sail ;  
With their fair colours spread,  
    and streamers o'er their head,  
Now bragging Spaniards  
    take heed of your tail.  
Dub a-dub, &c.

Unto Cales cunningly,  
    came we most happily,  
Where the king's navy  
    did securely ride ;  
Bring upon their backs,  
    piercing their butts of sack,  
Ere that the Spaniard  
    our coming descry'd.

Tan-ta-ra, ta-ra-ra,  
English men comes ;  
Bounce a-bounce, bounce a-bounce,  
off went the guns.

Great was the crying,  
running and riding,  
Which at that season  
was made at that place ;  
Then beacons were fired,  
as need was required ;  
To hide their great treasure  
they had little space,  
As they cried,  
English men comes !

There you might see the ships,  
how they were fired first,  
And how the men drowned  
themselves in the sea ;  
That you might hear them cry,  
wail, and weep piteously,  
When as they saw no shift  
to escape thence away.  
Dub a-dub, &c.

The great Saint Philip,  
the pride of the Spaniards,  
Was burnt to the bottom  
and sunk into the sea ;

But the Saint Andrew,  
and eke the Saint Matthew,  
We took in fight manfully,  
and brought them away.  
Dub a-dub, &c.

The Earl of Essex,  
most valiant and hardy,  
With horse-men and feet-men  
march'd towards the town.  
The enemies which saw them,  
full greatly affrighted,  
Did fly for their safeguard,  
and durst not come down.  
Dub a-dub, &c.

Now, quoth the noble earl,  
courage my soldiers all,  
Fight and be valiant,  
the spoil you shall have ;  
And well rewarded all,  
from the great to the small,  
But look to the women  
and children you save.  
Dub a-dub, &c.

The Spaniards at that sight,  
saw 'twas in vain to fight,  
Hung up their flags of truce,  
yielding up the town.

We marched in presently,  
    decking the walls on high  
With our English colours,  
    which purchased renown.  
Dub a-dub, &c.

Ent'ring the houses then  
    of the richest men,  
For gold and treasure  
    we searched each day :  
In some places we did find  
    pye baking in the oven,  
Meat at the fire roasting,  
    and men ran away.  
Dub a-dub, &c.

Full of rich merchandize  
    every shop we did see,  
Damask and sattins  
    and velvet full fair ;  
Which soldiers measure out  
    by the length of their swords  
Of all commodities,  
    and each one hath a share.  
Dub a-dub, &c.

'Thus Cales was taken,  
    and our brave general  
March'd to the market-place,  
    there he did stand.



There many prisoners  
 of good account were took ;  
 Many crav'd mercy,  
 and mercy they found.  
 Dub a-dub, &c.

When as our general  
 saw they delay'd time,  
 And would not ransom  
 the town as they said,  
 With their fair wainscots,  
 their presses and bedsteads,  
 Their joint-stools and tables,  
 a fire we made.  
 And when the town burnt in a flame,  
 With tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra-rara,  
 from thence we came.

---

### THE SHADWELL TAR'S FAREWELL.

WHEN GOING, UNDER THE BRAVE SIR EDWARD HAWKE,  
 AGAINST THE FRENCH, NOW THREATENING AN INVASION.

THE following ballad is taken from a broadside, printed with the music. It is stated to have been written by Mr. Lockman, and "sung by Mr. Atkins, at Sadler's Wells."

---

WHEN we, dearest Nell ! shall be parted,  
 O think not that ill can betide ;  
 'Tis death thus to see thee sad-hearted,  
 Tho' I fear not a French broadside.

We're going to plough the rough ocean,  
In search of a treacherous foe ;  
Resolv'd, when his fleet is in motion,  
To give it a terrible blow.  
With cannon, by fate well directed,  
We'll curb the proud navy of France ;  
Defeat the invasion projected,  
And teach the Mounseers a new dance.

Near Mile-End, when robbers surrounded,  
This stick, cut from tough British oak,  
Their clubs and their pistols confounded,  
And fell'd two thieves at a stroke.  
This brave oaken trowel so trusty,  
Which could such mean villains withstand,  
Will surely deal blows stout and lusty,  
On those who would ravage our land.  
With cannon, &c.

How blithe lives the bold British sailor !  
Good flip and good punch his delight ;  
He dreads not on board a stern gaoler,  
But sings on from morning till night.  
Whilst Frenchmen in gallies are sighing,  
Condemn'd to the oar and the chain,  
Their officers heed not their crying,  
But lash them the more they complain.  
With cannon, &c.

But hark ! Stepney bells are a-ringing,  
The gale wafts the sweet music nigher :

Methinks I to battle am springing,  
 Mid thunder and whirlwinds of fire !  
 Ring louder, ye bells ! O ! ring louder,  
 And victory must be our own ;  
 Whilst Frenchmen, exhausting their powder,  
 Their signal defeat shall bemoan.  
 With cannon, &c.

One kiss, dearest Nell ! and I leave you ;  
 Take care of our Dickey and Nan :  
 By Neptune, I'll never deceive you,  
 But toast you in every cann.  
 When I in my hammock am rolling,  
 I'll dream of my Nelly, my dove ;  
 Abroad, never once go a-strolling,  
 But come back quite brimful of love.  
 With cannon, &c.

---

#### NEPTUNE'S RESIGNATION.

WRITTEN on the naval victory obtained by Sir Edward Hawke, Nov. 20, 1759, over the French, off Belleisle. From a broadside, printed by Fowler, of Salisbury. It will, perhaps, be unnecessary to remind the reader that Admiral Hawke's splendid victory was gained during the raging of a tremendous storm.—E. F. R.

---

THE wat'ry God, great Neptune, lay,  
 In dalliance soft, and amorous play,  
 On Amphitrite's breast ;

When Uproar rear'd its horrid head,  
The Tritons shrunk, the Neriads fled,  
And all their fear confess'd.

Loud thunder shook the vast domain,  
The liquid world was wrapt in flame,  
The god amazed spoke!  
“Ye winds, go forth, and make it known,  
Who dares to shake my coral throne,  
And fill my realms with smoke!”

The Winds, obsequious at his word,  
Sprung strongly up, t' obey their lord,  
And saw two fleets a-weigh;  
The one, victorious Hawke, was thine;  
The other, Conflans' wretched line,  
In terror and dismay.

Appal'd, they view Britannia's sons,  
Deal death and slaughter from their guns,  
And strike the deadly blow!  
Which caus'd ill-fated Gallic slaves  
To find a tomb in briny waves,  
And sink to shades below.

With speed they fly, and tell their chief,  
That France was ruin'd past relief,  
And Hawke triumphant rode:  
“Hawke! (cry'd the fair) pray who is he  
That dare usurp this pow'r at sea,  
And thus insult a god?”

The Winds reply, " In distant lands,  
There reigns a King, who Hawke commands ;  
    He scorns all foreign force ;  
And, when his floating castles roll  
From sea to sea, from pole to pole,  
    Great Hawke directs their course :

" Or, when his winged bullets fly,  
To punish fraud and perfidy,  
    Or scourge a guilty land,  
Then gallant Hawke, serenely great,  
Tho' death and horror round him wait,  
    Performs his dread command !"

Neptune with wonder heard the story  
Of George's sway, and Britain's glory,  
    Which time shall ne'er subdue ;  
Boscawen's deeds, and Saunders' fame,  
Join'd with brave Wolfe's immortal name,  
    Then cry'd, " Can this be true ?

" A King ! he sure must be a god !  
Who has such heroes at his nod,  
    To govern earth and sea !  
I yield my trident and my crown,  
A tribute due to such renown !  
    Great George shall rule for me !"

---

HAWKE'S TRIUMPH OVER THE MIGHTY BREST  
FLEET, COMMANDED BY M. CONFLANS,  
NOVEMBER 20, 1759.

SUNG IN CHARACTER OF A FRENCH OFFICER.

FROM a broadside, printed by Fowler, of Salisbury. For the loan of Fowler's broadsides, reprinted in the present collection, I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. F. W. Fairholt.—E. F. R.

VAT mean you, Shon Englis, to make dis great poder,  
Wit your beef and puthen, your dis, dat, and toder?  
Pray vat do you mean to hit de French in the teef,  
With your beef and your puthen, your puthen and  
beef?

Derry down, &c.

Vat tho' we've no beef, nor yet puthen to eat;  
We have de fine frogs, dat be very cood meat;  
We make de frigasee wit bon soup and sallat,  
Vich very well suits wit de grand Frenchman's pallat.

You say dat your beef make you no fear de gon;  
But remember, Shon Englis, we make you to run  
After us at Blenheim, and Malplaquet battle,  
Where de guns dey did roar, and drums dey did rattle.

But now we must tell you, wit much complaisance,  
We intended to pay you von visit from France;  
And if Monsieur Hawke would have let us come over,  
In our flat-bottom'd boats we'd have landed at Dover.

But de De'il pick de Hawke, he wou'd not fly away,  
 But in de Brest harbour oblig'd us to stay ;  
 Came squinting and peeping, and play'd his mad frolic,  
 Which gave our poor sailors von fit of de cholic.

But now we must tell you vat came by and by ;  
 Our Admiral take out his glass for to 'spy :  
 He shouted, Truss up, boys, dere's nothing to fear ;  
 Shon Englis be gone, and de coast it be clear.

Den we sail'd out amain, and thought to do something,  
 But de dogs came again, wid balls big as pumkins ;  
 Did pounce us, and pelt us, and make such a clatter,  
 Dat two or three of our ships fell down in the vater.

Den Monsieur Conflans vas in very great passion,  
 And thought he'd do something to honour his nation ;  
 He boldly commanded, " Without more delay,  
 You dogs lift your heels, and let's ALL run away."

---

### THE SAILOR'S RESOLUTION.

[From " Calliope, or the Musical Miscellany," 8vo. Edinb. 1788.]

How little do the landmen know  
 Of what we sailors feel ;  
 When waves do mount and winds do blow ;  
 But we have hearts of steel.



No danger can affright us,  
 No enemy shall flout ;  
 We'll make the Monsieurs right us,  
 So toss the cann about.

Stick stout to orders, messmates,  
 We'll plunder, burn, and sink :  
 Then, France, have at your first-rates,  
 For Britons never shrink.  
 We'll rummage all we fancy ;  
 We'll bring them in by scores ;  
 And Moll, and Kate, and Nancy,  
 Shall roll in Louis d'ors.

Whilst here at Deal we're lying,  
 With our noble commodore,  
 We'll spend our wages freely, boys,  
 And then to sea for more.  
 In peace we'll drink and sing, boys,  
 In war we'll never fly.  
 Here's a health to George our king, boys,  
 And the royal family.

---

#### THE BRITISH SAILOR'S LOYAL TOAST.

FROM a curious collection of one hundred songs, with the music, entitled "Orpheus Britannicus ;" the whole engraved upon copper, with curious head-pieces, by Benjamin Cole. For the transcript of this and the following song, I am indebted to Mr. Joseph Warren.—E. F. R.

---

CAN time be spent better than over good wine,  
 By a gang of brave lads on a loyal design ?

We've been serving great George all the day, and  
at night,  
To indulge with a bumper or two is but right.  
Here's his Majesty's health, and confusion to those  
Who harbour a thought to disturb his repose.

What are French Gasconades to such fellows as these,  
Whose courage is such they can do as they please,  
Who will speak to Monsieur in such thundering notes,  
That you'll never hear more of their flat-bottom boats ;  
Who start at no danger, who fear no rebuke !  
So here's to Prince George, and his Highness, the  
Duke.

Tho' Brittons do each kind of artifice slight,  
Altho' we can't lie, they shall find we can fight :  
In a very small time, my lads, let us not fear,  
But to give good account of the sneaking Perrier.  
The French are but magpies, their province is talk,  
So we'll take off our glasses to Holbourn and Hawke.

Bold Frankland and Boscowan, Brett, Vernon, and  
Knowles,  
Are terrible names to papistical souls ;  
Let him but appear, and away fly the craft,  
For Frenchmen won't stay to be rak'd fore and aft.  
Here's success to our arms, both by land and by sea,  
And may England for ever be happy and free.

---

## A NEW SONG,

ADDRESSED TO THE CREW OF THE PRINCE EDWARD, PRIVATE  
SHIP OF WAR.

[From the same Collection.]

Now, my boys, the ship floats,  
Let us rattle our throats  
To the praise of our worthy commander ;  
With hearts, lads, and hands,  
Let us toss off our canns,  
To the success of Prince Edward,  
And to the Prince Edward's success.

While our ship remains stout,  
Let us stand the last bout,  
To honour our British commander ;  
Tho' our fleets they may fail,  
Yet we'll boldly assail,  
In the defence of Prince Edward, &c.

Thus arm'd for the deep,  
Should the French dare to peep  
From their ports, with pride to attack us ;  
Those dastards of France  
Shall be taught a new dance,  
From the revenge of Prince Edward, &c.

When our ancestors fought,  
This great lesson was taught,  
" Have your country's glory at heart, boys !"

May a true martial fire  
Ev'ry bosom inspire,  
That is engaged in Prince Edward, &c.

Remember, brave boys,  
That the soul of our joy  
Depend on our courage and duty ;  
May no cowardly name  
With malignity stain  
The noble command of Prince Edward, &c.

Should the fates kind decree  
Us success on the sea,  
Under Morecock our valiant commander ;  
In praises we'll sing,  
To heaven's high King,  
Who has preserv'd the Prince Edward,  
Who has the Prince Edward preserv'd.

---

THE SAILOR'S SONG DURING THE WAR.

[From "Calliope, or the Musical Miscellany," 8vo. Edinb. 1788.]

COME on, my brave tars,  
Let's away to the wars,  
To honour and glory advance ;  
For now we've beat Spain,  
Let us try this campaign,  
To humble the pride of old France,  
My brave boys, &c.

See William, brave prince,  
 A true blue ev'ry inch,  
 Who will honour the illustrious name :  
 May he conqueror be  
 O'er our empire, the sea,  
 And transmit British laurels to fame,  
 My brave boys, &c.

There heroes combined,  
 When the Dons they could find,  
 Vied who should be foremost in battle :  
 By no lee-shore affrighted,  
 Altho' they're benighted,  
 They made British thunder to rattle,  
 Brave boys, &c.

See Dalrymple, Prevost,  
 Gallant Harrington too,  
 And Farmer, who gloriously fell ;  
 With brave Pearson, all knew,  
 That the hearts of true blue,  
 Once rous'd, not the world could excel,  
 My brave boys, &c.

With such heroes as those,  
 Tho' we've numberless foes,  
 British valour resplendent shall shine ;  
 And we still hope to show  
 That their pride will be low  
 In eighty, as fam'd fifty-nine,  
 My brave boys, &c.

Then brave boys enter here,  
And partake of our cheer,  
You shall feast and be merry and sing :  
With the grog at our nose,  
Drink success to true blues,  
Huzza ! and say God save the king,  
My brave boys, &c.

---

## THE SAILOR'S DEPARTURE FROM ENGLAND.

[From "Calliope, or the Musical Miscellany," 8vo. Edinb. 1788.]

COME, come, my jolly lads,  
The wind's abaft,  
Brisk gales our sails shall crowd ;  
Come bustle, bustle, bustle, boys,  
Haul the boat,  
The boatswain pipes aloud.  
The ship's unmoor'd,  
All hands on board,  
The rising gale  
Fills every sail,  
The ship's well mann'd and stored :  
Then fling the flowing bowl !  
Fond hopes arise,  
The girl we prize  
Shall bless each jovial soul :  
The cann, boys, bring,  
We'll drink and sing,  
While foaming billows roll.

Tho' to the Spanish coast  
We're bound to steer,  
We'll still our rights maintain;  
Then bear a hand, be steady, boys;  
Soon we'll see  
Old England once again.  
From shore to shore,  
While cannons roar,  
Our tars shall show  
The haughty foe  
Britannia rules the main.  
Then fling the, &c.

---

### THE SONG OF LIBERTY.

[ From Burney's Collection of Old Songs, in the British Museum,  
vol. ix. The music is given in the original.]

YE hardy sons of honor's land,  
Where Freedom Magna Charta plann'd,  
Ye sov'reigns of the sea;  
On ev'ry shore where salt tides roll,  
From east to west, from pole to pole,  
Fair Conquest celebrates your name,  
Witness'd aloud by wond'ring Fame,  
When will you be free?



Mistake me not, my hearts of oak,  
I scorn with Liberty to joke,  
    Ye sov'reigns of the sea ;  
No right I blame, I praise no wrong,  
But sing an independant song ;  
Since ministers must be withstood,  
And patriots are but flesh and blood,  
    I dare with both be free.

While strange told tales from scribbler's pen,  
Disturb the heads of honest men,  
    Ye sov'reigns of the sea ;  
The trash of temporising slaves,  
Who earn their daily bread as knaves,  
Heedless which side may rise or fall,  
The ready money that's their all,  
    Such fellows can't be free.

We meet for mirth, we meet to sing,  
And jolly join, God save the King,  
    Ye sov'reigns of the sea ;  
As honest instinct points the way,  
Our king, our country, we obey ;  
Yet pay to neither side our court,  
But liberty in both support,  
    As men who should be free.

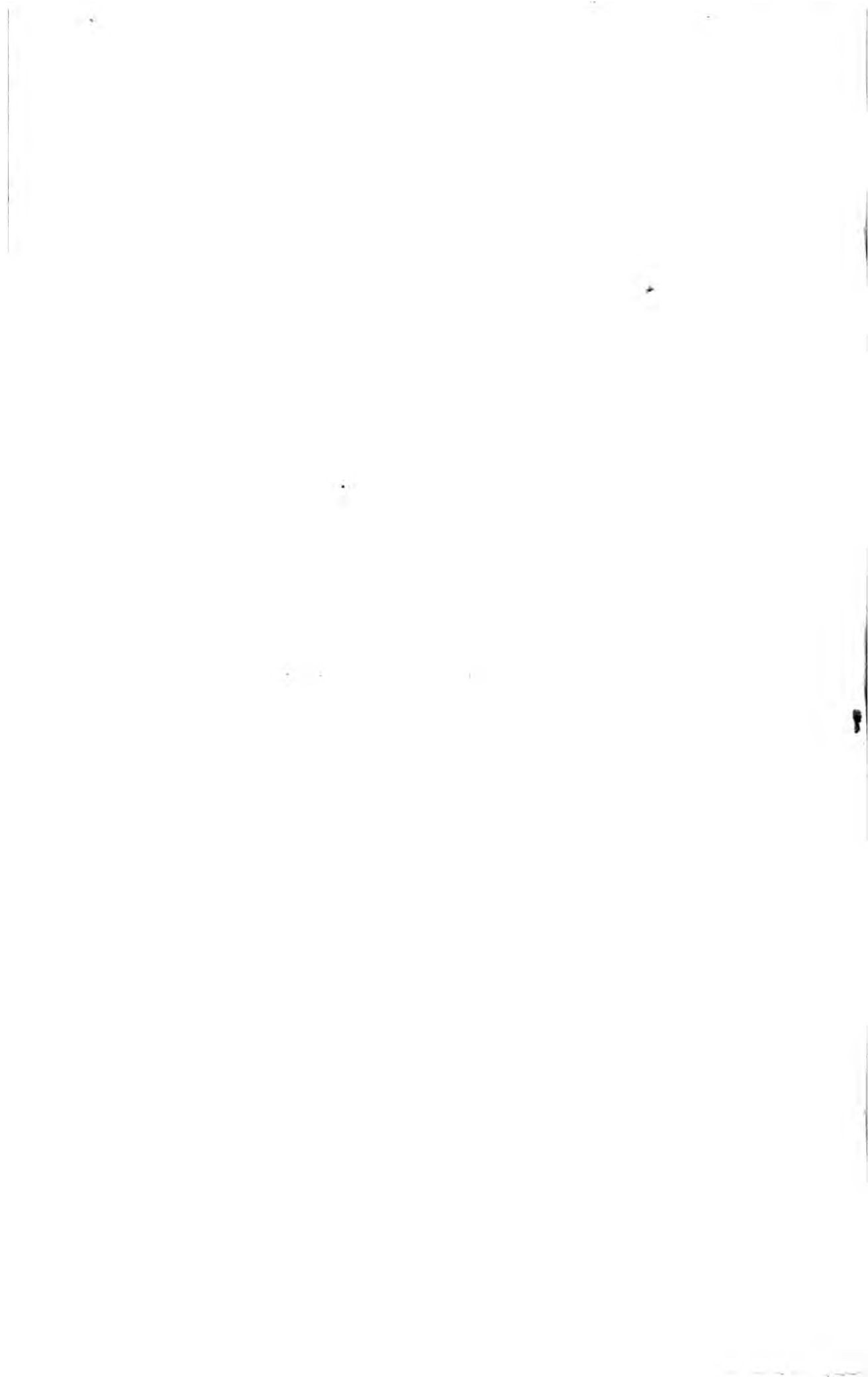
Assist, uphold your church and state,  
See great men good, and good men great ;  
    Ye sov'reigns of the sea ;

Shun party, that unwelcome guest,  
No tenant for a Briton's breast,  
Forget, forgive, in faction's spite,  
Awe all abroad, at home unite,  
Then, then, my friends, you're free.

Ye sov'reigns of wide ocean's waves,  
To heroes long enshrined in graves,  
A requiem let us sing ;  
I Alfred, Henry, Edward name ;—  
Then William, our deliverer, came ;—  
May future ages Brunswick own  
Perpetual heir to England's throne,  
So here's God save the King !

FINIS.

**A SEARCH FOR MONEY.**



A

SEARCH FOR MONEY :

OR

THE LAMENTABLE COMPLAINT  
FOR THE LOSS OF THE WANDERING KNIGHT,  
MONSIEUR L'ARGENT.

*From the original Edition of 1609.*

---

WRITTEN BY

WILLIAM ROWLEY, DRAMATIST.

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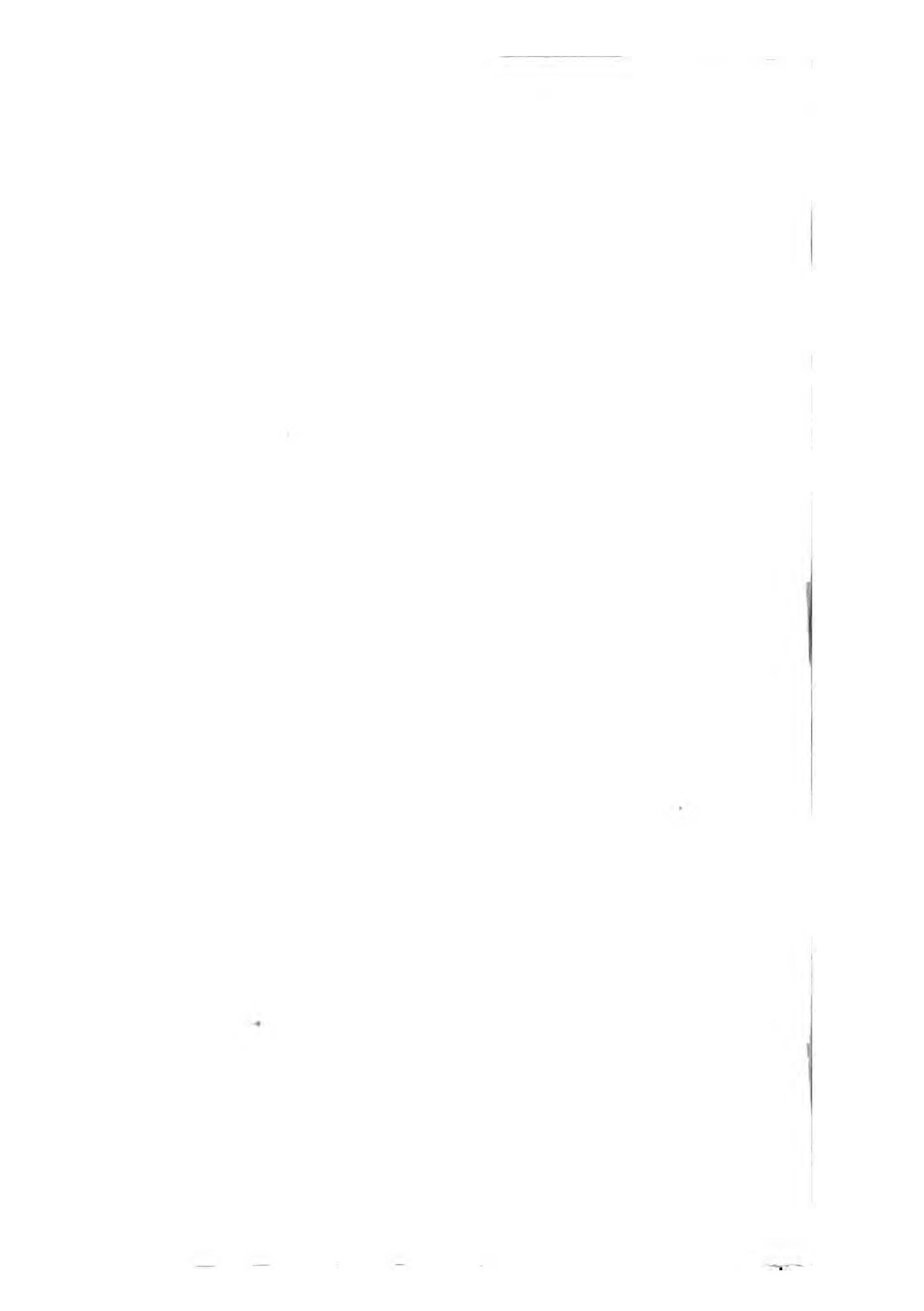
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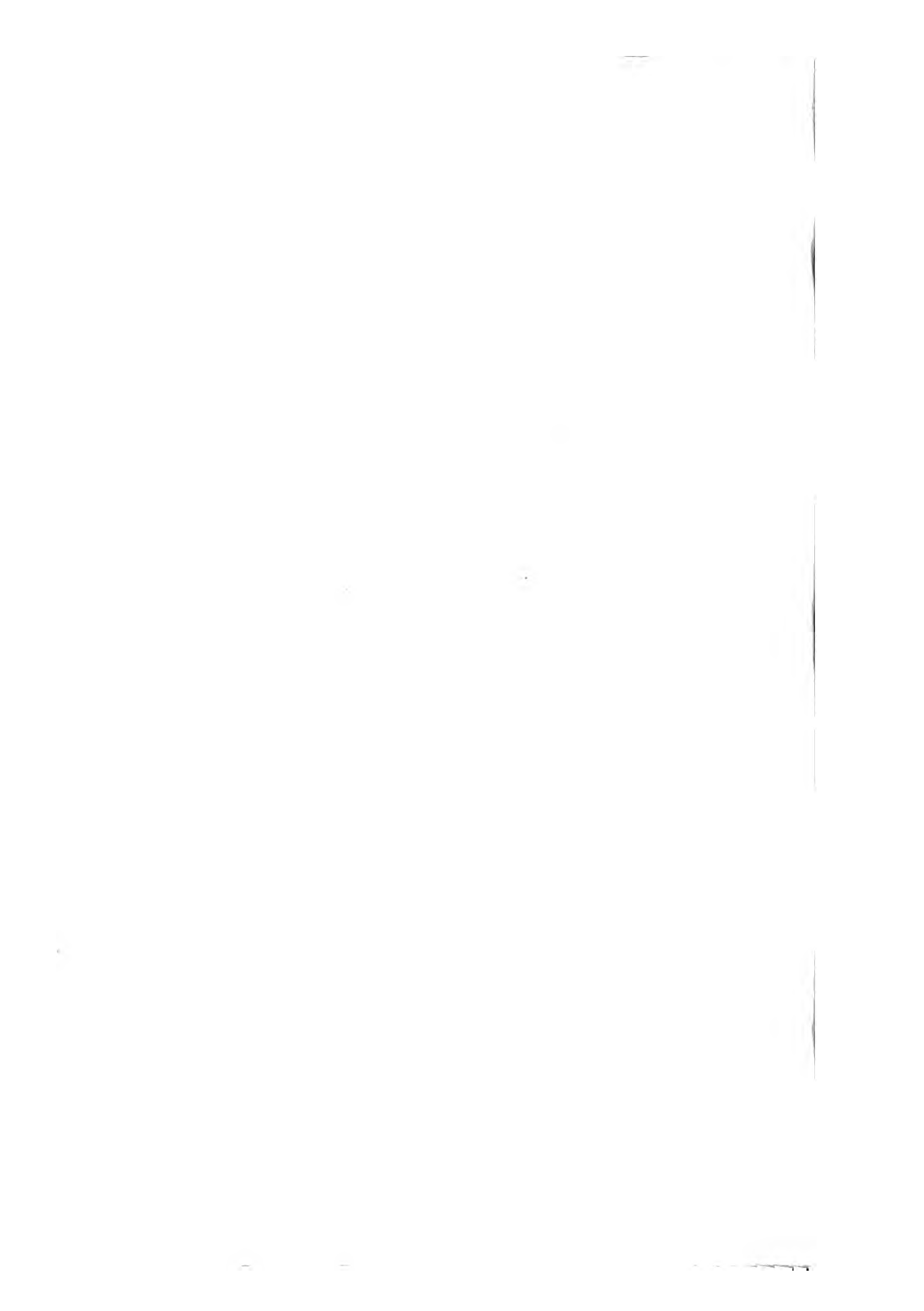
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## INTRODUCTION.

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THE extraordinary rarity of the black-letter tract from which the following reprint has been made, was not the principal recommendation of it to that distinction. It is a lively, fanciful, minute, and amusing picture of manners; and it includes some curious topographical details, chiefly regarding London and its suburbs. The author supposes himself and some other disbanded soldiers to go in search of Money, personified under the figure of "the wandering knight." This quest leads them through various parts of the metropolis and among different classes of society, which are described with humour, spirit, and fidelity. This circumstance renders the production peculiarly valuable, independently of the fact that no copy, excepting that which we have employed, and another formerly in the possession of Isaac Reed, appears to exist either in public or private libraries.

Of the author, William Rowley, very little is

known. He was an actor as well as a dramatic poet of some celebrity, and a list of the plays in which he was concerned, either solely or in conjunction with others, may be seen in the *Biographia Dramatica*. The *Search for Money* is his only extant production not intended for theatrical representation, if we except an epitaph upon Hugh Attwell, a fellow-comedian, who died in 1621, which may be found in Collier's *History of English Dramatic Poetry and the Stage*, I. 423. We first hear of William Rowley early in the reign of James I, as an actor under Philip Henslowe and Edward Alleyn; and he was probably still living at or near the breaking out of the Civil Wars. Whether he were any and what relation to Samuel Rowley, a contemporary dramatist, is uncertain, but at one time they belonged to the same company of performers—that of the Prince of Wales.

The succeeding pamphlet, it will be observed, is dedicated to Thomas Hobbs, who is not, of course, to be confounded with “the philosopher of Malmesbury.” An actor of the name of Thomas Hobbs was a member of the theatrical association to which William Rowley was attached, and no doubt it is he who is addressed as his “entire and dear-esteemed friend.” In 1629, Thomas Hobbs had become one of the King's

Players, and he continued so in 1636. After this date we have no tidings regarding him.

The epistle “to all those that lack money,” which follows the dedication, contains several remarkable allusions—one of them to Kemp’s (the actor) Morris-dance from London to Norwich: the Rev. A. Dyce quoted it, from the copy of the tract we have used on the present occasion, for his reprint of *Kemp’s Nine Days’ Wonder*, under the auspices of the Camden Society. He very carefully and curiously illustrated the relic in his introduction and notes, but he omitted one important reference, which is to be found in “Ayres, or Phantasticke Sprites for three Voices, made and newly published by Thomas Weelkes, Gentleman of his Majestie’s Chappell, Batchelar of Musicke,” &c. 4to. 1608. It shews that Kemp afterwards made a similar expedition into France, and runs as follows:—

“ Since Robin Hood, maid Marian,  
 And little John are gone a,  
 The hobby-horse was quite forgot,  
 When Kempe did dance alone a.  
 He did labour after the tabor  
 For to dance: then into France  
 He took pains  
 To skip it.  
 In hopes of gains  
 He will trip it  
 On the toe,” &c.

Of Kemp's enterprise to dance a Morris into France we hear only upon this authority. The last part of the above quotation would prove that Kemp was still living when it was written.

Of "the travel to Rome with the return in certain days," of "the fellow's going backward to Berwick," and of "another hopping from York to London," nothing is now known; but "the transforming of the top of Paul's into a stable," alludes to the exploit of Banks, mentioned by many writers, when he led his horse, Marocco, to the top of St. Paul's church. Banks and his horse were of sufficient celebrity to be introduced by Sir Walter Raleigh into his *History of the World* (book I. ch. 2, § 6), where he prognosticates the fate that afterwards befel them. Banks travelled to Rome in order to exhibit the almost preternatural abilities of his beast, and there, according to the evidence of the author of *Don Zara del Fogo*, p. 114, both were burned for witchcraft. This work was printed in 1656, but it is believed to have been written many years earlier. It has hitherto been supposed that Banks and Marocco were burned at Lisbon.

A  
Search for Money.

*Or*

The lamentable complaint for the  
losse of the wandring Knight,  
*Mounsieur l'Argent.*

Or

Come along with me, I know  
*thou louest Money.*

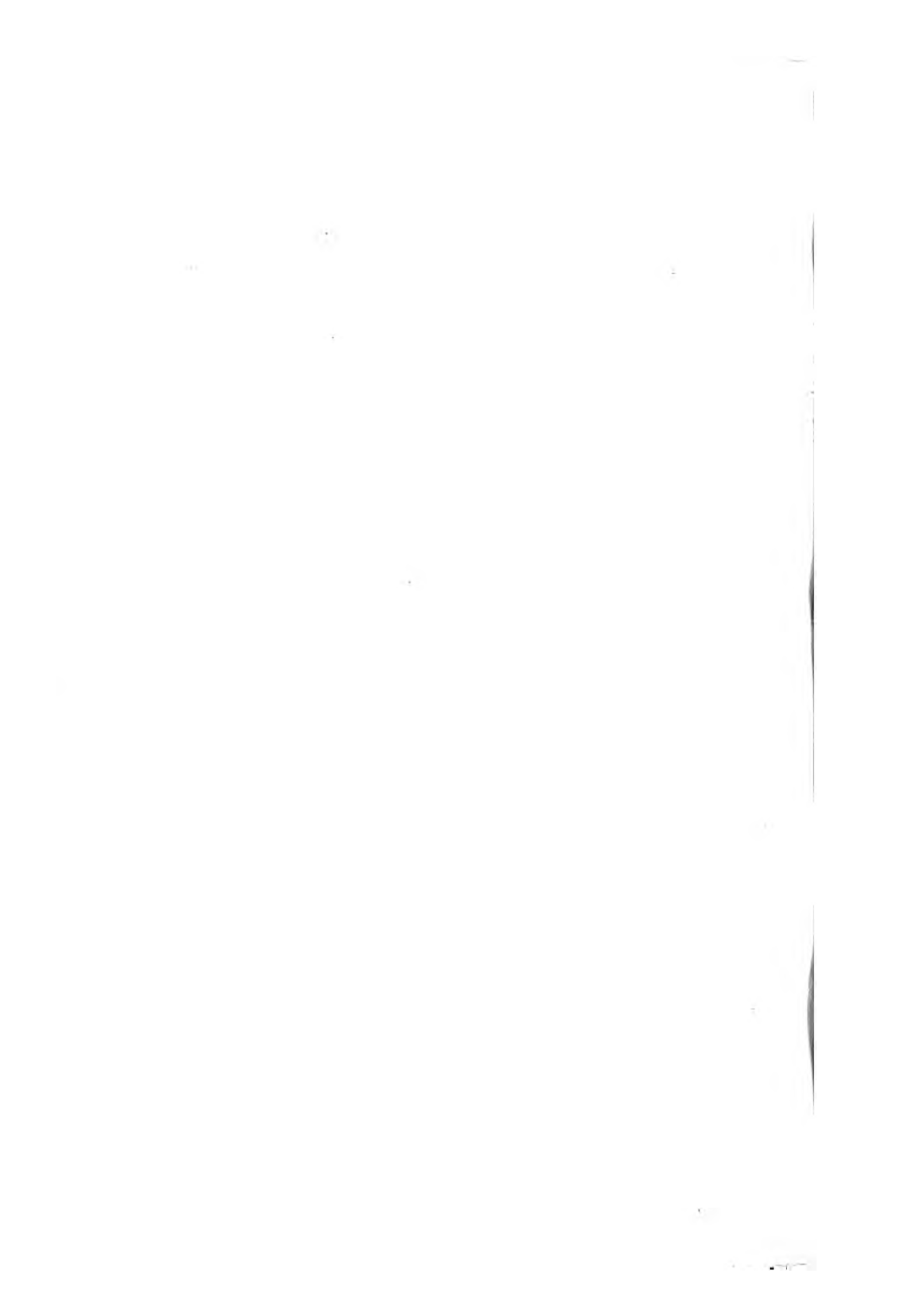
Dedicated to all those that  
lack Money.

*Frangere nucis tegmen, si cupis esse nucem.*

BY WILLIAM ROWLEY.

Imprinted at London for *Ioseph Hunt*, and are  
to be solde at Newgate Market, neere  
Christ Church gate.

1609.





TO HIS ENTIRE AND DEARE-ESTEEMED  
FRIEND, MAISTER THOMAS HOBBS.

HEALTH ON EARTH TEMPORALL, AND HIGHER  
HAPPINESSE ETERNALL.

---

IT is but a toy (deare friend) that I present you with, but if you accept it not, I shall lay the proverbe to your charge, (*qui parvum contemnit, indignus est magno*) hee that refuseth a little kindnesse is unworthy of a greater ; but I question it not, nor would I have you over affect it for the title sake, for that it is a *Searcher of Money* : perhaps you would have beene willingly one of this inquisition, but you shall not neede ; onely over-view this, and take my opinion where he is, and that is where, I trust, you shall never goe to seeke him. I would define to you these two prepositions, *of* and *in* : that you are in the world (though you must out of it) 'tis certeine ; but be not of the world, (though you beare earth

about yee,) for then you are a wordling, and have affinitie with *Money*, whose best part is but earth, whose (too much worshipt) greatnesse, in my judgment, is but as a bare-legd passage through many acres of briers, for a handfull of rushes on the other side, (being found, not worth half the toile) ; but use his companie as I do, and that's as I weare my gloves, some-time on, some-time of, and many times leese them quite : take this to refuse it. The next search I make (God willing) shall bee for wisdome, and then, if you will go along with me, weele pace together :  
till then, farewell.

Yours,

WILLIAM ROWLEY.

## TO ALL THOSE THAT LACK MONEY.

---

*Gentlemen, for so much you may be that want money, and more they cannot bee that have it, (bee that your comfort,) yee are indeed the onlie Mæcenesses and patrons of poesie, for to your weake purses there are alwaies joyned willing hearts, and (if not deedes) at the least, good wordes, (similis simili guadet) I joye (most respected benefactors) in your fellowshippe. From me yee are like to receive nothing but good words: will yee now undertake an equall travell with me (I know not yet whither) and let the destinies (if they will) reward our paines? I know the walkes in Paules are stale to yee; yee could tell extemporally, I am sure, how many paces t'were betweene the quire and the West dore, or (like a Suffolke man) answer at the second question dead sure: there hath beene many of yee seene measuring the longitude and latitude of Morefields any time this two yeares and upwards, (all but in the hard season of the great frost) and then yee slid away the time upon the Thames. Yee have been either eare-or-eye-witnesses, or both, to many madde voiajes made of late yeares, both by sea and*

*land—as the travell to Rome with the return in certain daies, the wild morrise to Norrige, the fellows going back-ward to Barwick, another hopping from Yorke to London, and the transforming of the top of Paules into a stable. To these, and many more, ad one more : what oddes with him now that will bring yee to the place where your lost and long wisht friend Mounsier Money is within two houres ? me thinkes yee smile now ; but you would laugh if it were so indeede. You thinke it not possible now, you having searcht so diligentlie and are yet without him ; but pluck up a good hart : hire but this hackney, and (vita pro vita) hee will bring yee to the place for the prise of a peck of oates. 'Tis no great charge : along with him, but pace him not too fast for feare of stumbling. If yee dislike this voiage, returne to my stable againe ; if I horse yee not for better profit, turne from a Gentile to a Jew and spit at me. There has beene time and labor (a little of both) to bring him to this small groweth.*

*Vale : frustra nihil.*

*Your joynt friend in  
estate,*

WILLIAM ROWLEY.

## A SEARCH FOR MONEY.

---

COME, my maisters, all you that will bee of this privie search to finde this wandring knight, (Monsieur Money) lay by your armes, and take your legges and follow me. Nay, stay, stay ; come not so fast : I call not all those that would find him, (there would be left then scarce so many behinde as there was undrown'd at the deluge) but some of those as are fittest and most at leisure to search, as some score of idle souldiers : these are men that are experienc't to walke the round, for walke yee must resolve ere yee finde him : he shifts his lodging so oft, or else he lyes so obscure, he wil hardly be spoke with. Wel, I doubt not but yee will be painfull in the quest, onely your censures which way first to begin as the likelyest to finde the nearest way (being the very nominative case first to finde the construction), and then have with yee. Lets first question his descent. Is it from earth (of our owne kindred) ? I would he were not so neere to us in kindred, then sure he would be neerer in kindnesse, and then we must conclude (coming from earth) that thither he must returne, and therefore is now on earth. There may a doubt arise from hence, too ; for being here canonized, nay deified

and made a God, (for therein we must needs confesse our impure idolatry) it may be he has tane his glorious flight to heaven already. That cannot bee neither: sure, Peter has bard the gates against him, for he that would not sell heaven to Monie on earth, 'tis most likely he will not sell heaven, now once possest of it. Think ye then he hangs (like a dejected spirit) in the ayre? no, hee is too massie; or if he were, we have Danaes inough to bring him showring downe. In the fire thinke yee? neither; I know them that have run through fire and water too, and yet have not found him: the sea is lunatique too, and mad folkes keepe no money; he would sinke if he were there. Is he damned by the curses of the poore, and so gone to hell? if hee bee, wee rake hell but weele finde him: no, the Divell builds (they say) to enlarge his kingdome, and builders commonly are without money. Well then, we must return to our first proposition, that hee bides in his first element, that's earth: conclude there to search for him then; set up the staffe which way to begin, and *convenimus omnes*. 'Tis falne to the cittie: a hopefull way at first. Enter the gates before there be any opposition. Have with yee.

Let us be carefull in our inquisition: omit no (halfe suspected) place; therefore let us enquire at the tailors shop (for that stood next the gate) if the beloved Mounsieur Money had not there taken up his lodging? the braverie of the time makes a suspect, therefore enquire of him. The motion was no sooner made to two or three crosse-legd journeyman, but they swore by

the bread they then eate (and they seemed to relish their oathes with a good stomacke too) that there hee was not. There he should have beene indeed, and many bills of authoritie they had sent foorth to fetch him, but come hee would not, nor could they tell where he lay. Well, on we goe. The next enquirie we made at a painted lattice, having (as we supposd) some hope there to finde him; but alas, *nihil ad propositum*, as wee found the sequell. We boldly (and officers like) entered the house, where we spyed a more lamentable spectacle then Amintas mourning for his Phillis: an olde woman (being the sicke minded hostess) dejected and throwne into such a perplexitie, as you would have thought her owne traiterous sighes would have blowne her up; her hand (like a despairing lover) bouldstering her cheeke, yet with a faint intergatorie, she askt us what wee lackt? we tolde her Money. Shee, something gathering her womanish spirits about her, told us hastily that she had paid her brewer a month agoe, and that we did her wrong to demand it. But upon our further and well considerd replye, shee was satisfied that we came about no such matter, onely to know if such a traveller lay in her house? Then with a sorrowfull shaking of her head, her griefe was redoubled: Oh no, oh no, oh no, thrise, as if shee would have conjured him thither presently, and began to plant her face for a most passionate reply. You see this roome here; I have others well and thriftily furnished with household-stuffe, but in this is containd my whole substance, which, ere we goe any further, you shall heare describ'd.



The battlements, which had been white and innocent, were now sullied with uncapable characters of (as I may so terme it) candle-graphie: all the sides, both walles and posts, showed like a firmament without a sunne, all full of pale and sickly prodegies, which shee, with a heart as colde as Æneas recounting the tale of Troy, in this manner unfolded to us:—These longer sort (quoth she) which stood like white streamers, are the least harmfull por-  
traiting, (as it were) but even penny-worths of mishaps: these other demi-lunes or halfe moonnes, and with that she vented another volley of sighes, which are thrise double the mischief of the rest; but these round ones (quoth shee) like full moonnes, (and indeed, not altogether uneffectual) for then 'twas full sea, and the water, stretcht a little beyond her bounds. From forth the hollow caves of her eyes issued fountaines, which walking downe the furrowed pathes of her face, and venterouslie meaning (as it were) to passe the gulfe of her mouth in quietnesse, bound her tongue for a certaine space to peace, which afterward being releast, shee went forwarde to tell us a strange metamorphosis, and one indeede that Ovid had quite forgotten;—how that all her ale was transform'd into those fatall meteors which was indeede chalke: 'twas strange, but not so strange as true. Money, sayes shee, was either fledde or a sleepe, for he was not stirring. Shee added, with-  
all, the report of her better fortunes; how shee had a swifter and more profitable mutation of her ale in former time, how that first her ale was ale, and then it was langtoe, and then it was ale againe. Wee were

presently (at the hearing of this) importunate, to have the morral of this misterie, what this langtoe was? Faith saith shee, the English phrase is a little too broad, and comparisons are odious, else I would tell you by the way of comparison; but (a little corrupting the word) shee would tell us by a simile; for even as the salt-sea-water being taken out of the sea and purg'd in the clouds and ayre, yet at length returnes to sea againe, and becomes perfect sea-water againe; so ale, though kept awhile in the clouds of the body, yet may againe perfectly and providently returne to the fatte, and so re-returne to the body, as yee may observe in the course of things, how grasse turnes to hay, and the seedes of hays make grasse againe. At this wee were all rewmatique, and spit at the apprehension of it, concluded and tolde her plainly, that we could not pittie her, for we did imagine she had poison'd her guests, and they in due revenge had chokt her. *Sed quid hoc ad nos?* what's this to our purpose? this is the generall folly of the time, when we are once got into an ale-house, we never finde the way out againe: but on, on!

What if we enquir'd at the shoo-makers over the way? wee did, but in vaine: the maister himselfe was not within, and all the rest lay sicke of Mercuries boone, (cruell Mercurie, to deale so with good fellowes,) yet they were labouring their hides, and singing like carelesse travellers *coram latrone*. As wee were but asking the question, steps mee from over the way (overlistning us) a news-searcher, viz., a barbar: he, hoping to attaine some

discourse for his next patient, left his banner of basons swinging in the ayre, and closely eave-drops our conference. The saucie treble-tongu'd knave would insert some-what of his knowledge: (treble-tongu'd I call him, and thus I prove 't: hee has a reasonable mother-tongue, his barber-surgions tongue, and a tongue betweene two of his fingers, and from thence proceeds his wit, and tis a snapping wit too.) Well sir, he (before he was askt the question) told us that the wandring knight sure was not farre off; for on Saterdag-night he was faine to watch till morning to trim some of his followers, and its morning they went away from him betimes. Hee swore hee never clos'd his eyes till hee came to church, and then he slept all sermon-time; but certainly hee is not farre afore, and at yonder taverne (showing us the bush) I doe imagine he has tane a chamber.

We went somewhat hopefull now, having so faire a likelihood. Thither wee came, whereat the entrie wee heare a confused noise, (like a blacke sanctus, or a house haunted with spirits), such hollowing, shouting, dauncing, and clinking of pots, thatsure now wee suppos'd wee had found, for all this revelling could not be without Moun-sieur Mony had beene on of the crew. We had the salute (of Welcome gentlemen) presently: Wilt please ye see a chamber? it was our pleasure (as we answered the apron-man) to see, or be very neare the roome where all that noise was. We were admitted, and usherd presently into a neighbor chamber, where, by the joynt observance both of our eyes and eares, wec might be acquainted who

they were, whom when we had well overviewed: wee might truly perceive there was no such man there as Mounsieur Mony; and that you may the better beleve us, weele describe the assembly. There was (to begin with the worthiest) two or three of our own faculty and familiar acquaintance, swaggering souldiers: a paire (amongst many) of thred-bare poets, men that want mony more then wit: four or five flag-falne plaiers, poore harmlesse merrie knaves, that were now neither lords nor ladies, but honestly wore their owne clothes (if they were paid for): amongst these were two or three gun-makers, and they lookt like an almanack dated in eighty-eight; and toward the lower end of the table, which indeed we could well distinguish by neither bread nor salt, for there was neither, except two or three small biskets, which (I dare say) nere a souldier there durst venter to breake; but by the condition of the men we gest it so, (who were indeed a noise of musitions) those that I have scene at the tables side (for manners sake) scraping *manibus pedibusque*, yet now admitted a place at table. And good reason too at this time, (as you shall understand) the reckoning was cald for, and within a while brought in. A mist then (with two pipes of tobacco) was cast before our eyes, but we perceived how it went: sixe shillinges dropt from the consort at lower end, which, God wot, they had that morning scrapt out at an embassadors window. Little els was visible, onelie some of them whispered the drawer in the eare (but hung neere a jewell in it): he shooke his head and went

away, three partes discontent yet faintlie pronounst, Yee are welcome, gentlemen. Upon this the companie departed.

Wee thought wee had staid too long, for wee might sweare he that we sought for was not there. We sent one backe to the barbar to tell him he was an asse to gesse so like a foole, and on we travaile. We had not measured three cinque-paces, but we met with one that came a far greater pace towards us, and had now reacht us—a gallant (as we tearme them) who (as we afterwards understood) had narrowlie escaped the hands of a shoulderclapper. We spur'd our question to him, who pantingly, yet out of breath, swore, as God judge him, he had not seene him this fort-night, but seeke him and finde him hee must, or it would goe worse with him. We requested his company: he told us that way wee went he durst not returne, nor did he thinke hee lay that way, for the last time he parted and shooke hands with him was in the suburbes, and if thither we would walke with him, he would bring us to the house where he left him. We, loath to leese any hope, agreed, and went with him. He brought us to a house where at the very entrance I did distrust we were yet mistaken: there was but three roomes, one crowning still the toppe of the other, and little bigger then so many of Diogenes his tubs, where two could scarcely be at once, but one must be on the top of the other. Other countries (for they are common in all countries) call these mansions bordelloes, or brothells; but in our familliar phrase it is commonly



called a house of iniquity, or some-time a *subaudi domus*. Our conductor was but setting his foote over the threshold, but he was repulst by head and shoulders by an old Laplander and her mate, with a face like a leane tripe unwasht; but behinde her stood trembling two or three of Venus her nimphes, very prompt and serviceable, which the beldams stood garding like the fire-spitting bulles that garded the Colchos fleece, bellowing, roring and railing against our leader, that hee had carried her best retainer, nay, her verie maintainer from her house, (Mounsieur Money) and unlesse hee went and brought him along with him, hee should have no entrance there; and so doing, hee should be as welcome as ever he was. Hee swore, as before hee had done, that there he left him, and saw him not since: she vied and revied othes to the contrary that it was not so.

This matter could not be decided, till one of our company (having before been familliar with one of the nimphes) had privately enquired if hee were there or no? She had swore to him that hee had not beene there since the tearme, and then that gentleman had left him there. Marry, it was more then her old patronesse knew of: shee kept him obscurely a while, but not long, and from thence hee went to the doctors, where shee thought hee yet was. Wee, considering the circumstance, thought it not unlikely, and went to pursue him this way. This was a good sent, and we were loath to loose it. Well, towards the mountebank doctor wee go, and at length there we arrive, where

we finde him turning over his stale bookes, and poring in his prospective, some-times graveld in the gravell, some-time sweating and chafing to find whether 'twere a burning feaver or no. Him at his convenient leisure we greeted, who very reverent and courteously resaluted us, thinking by our meagre lookes we had beene some patients; but, alas, our disease was such as he had no phisique to cure. We propounded our former inquisition to know if such a gentleman lay not in his house? he presently tied his reverence to an oth that there he was not: hee had deserv'd (hee sayd) to have his companie, but could not obtaine it, and for his unkindnesse he wisht the pox or some other villanous disease would catch him, and then hee should bee sure of his companie for a month or so (if not longer) till he were recovered againe. Well, (after the ceremony of departing) wee had our answer, and away wee went. Wee had no sooner descended the staires, but at the doore, wee examined a paire of porters, (men of great carriage) yet having no such burdens lying on their necks they both answered (*una voce*) that they were now come out of the city, and had bin there to seeke him, but could not finde him; nor did they thinke that hee was there, but rather that hee was ridde into the countrie this hard yeare to buy wheate, and meant to turne farmer.

This replie did on the suddaine astonish us which way to turne, but beeing now in the cittie, we concluded (*sit fas aut nefas*) to end our enquirie there, ere wee past it; and at the instant (as wee were againe



entring) we spied a streete on the left hand (the verie hand that hell standes on,) all adorned like a most famous infamous wardrope, for there were executed and hung (some by the necke, some by the heeles) many innocent garments, whose first owners themselves were hung (most of them) on the other side of the citty; and now the garments (for their maisters crime) suffered the second place of paine, and were there tortur'd to bee purged in the ayre of some infections that yet either run or crept upon them.

We did immagine that our lost Mounsier had been there at the receipt thereof, but sure he would not lodge nor abide amongst such a tribe of Jewish brokers; yet having opportunity to aske, for then met us one that had newly ransomed a long executed sute, and had of purpose chose it to see if it could conduct him the same way the former owner was gone, (for indeed he meant to weare it to the prooffe,) of him we askt who might bee the patron and furnisher of this large wardrope? he answered us that the furnisher of that place was as mad a hangman as any was about the towne; nay, there was none like him. His name was Don Carnifexius Crackonecko Dericko, a rare fellow, (for there was none such) and it was doubtfull whether he were a magician or no, for he used to ride in the ayre of Pacoletts wooden horse. Marrie, he was a clowne in one thing, he never ridde with bridle, but a base halter alwaies, and that was but to shew hee could raine his mare without a bit: and a mare it was by approbation, for shee cast many colts, and that was

with his unmercifull backing of her so neere her teéming time. Nay, (saies heé) hée is a very Alexander, for none but himselfe dares mount his Bucephalus, but is in daunger of death ere hee comes to the ground; nay, his owne servant (by credible report) that had well broke and often managed her, for offering to gett uppe the wrong way was throwne and broke his neck.

This merry description made us leese a little time, yet now wée were sated with this, (having other businesse in hand) therefore we (some-what unmannerly) tooke his tale out of his mouth, and desired him (for hasts sake) to tell us if such a lost gentleman as wée sought might not bée found in that lane, (*nodum in scirpo querimus*). Hée durst sweare, and did sweare without any further premeditation, that there hee could not possibly beé, for all that pendant treasury that wee saw, were but baites [to] allure him thither, yet all and more not sufficient to bring him. Therefore returne if yeé be wise, you fall into the ditch els, and enter the cittie againe, for if there hee be not, he is a verie extravagant, and has no abiding.

This counsell wée once againe accepted, and againe we enter the gates, where we found much serviceable industry to intise the gentleman to this house and that house, and indeede to everie house, but (that wee could perceiv) he entered into no house. The scriveners had drawne and hanged out very faire bonds and indentures to lap him in, but we were very doubtfull he would not be bound prentise (at these

yeares) to them or any one: the milliners threw out perfumes to catch him by the nose, and so (like a beare) to lead him to the stake, sweete gloves to fit his hand of what size soever, but they could not come to take him by the handes: the drapers wondered that having kept so many men before times, (and beeing so well able to keepe them too) that hee bought no new liveries; therefore they could not imagine, but that hee had beene at dice and lost his revenewes, so broke and was faine to live retired with himselfe and his page a while, which was in our opinions a likely conjecture, being himselfe so great a personage. Well, this obscure place must we finde or els we returne (*sine fructibus laborum*) and openlie hee cannot bee, unlesse hee stop his eares and will not, but hee must needs heare proclamations for himselfe, as costermongers cry out for him, offering him good holsome windebreaking pippins, russetings, apple-Johns, and divers sorts, al which tempt him not; but could they bring along Eve with the interdicted apple of damnation, it would sooner be received at his adored hands. In like manner cry out your fish-wives, oister-wives, oringes, lemmans, but none can penetrate his obdurate eares: so generall is the cry, and indeed lamentation, to finde out this concealed Mounsieur, as if Troy were now in her present destruction; yet must not wee (with the Greekes) lay a straw there and go no further, but (*usque ad inferos*) till we finde him.

Upon the necke of this meditation wee fell upon a yet more hopefull accident. Wee approached a post-

garded dore beset round with many petitionary attendants, that waited the turning of the key that yet stood the wrong way, and was indeed the mansion or rather kennell of a most dogged usurer, (so much wee gest) and so it fell out, for those attendants, (with whom wee joyned our obedient service) in the interrim while the lockes were set at libertie, told us wee had happened right if wee sought such a gentleman, for sure there hee was by great presumptions, or els hee had no beeing. Marrie, whether hee would be spoake withall or no, that they could not tell, for (quoth one) the maister of the house is a man that loves that Mounsieur (you enquire for) more then any man I know. Nay, to say the truth, better then his child, his owne life; nay, (I should not lie to say) better then his soule, (if he have any) and great reason therefore he should be where he is so well beloved. Marrie, there is great doubt of his concealing, for hee cannot abide him out of his sight, unlesse perhaps some of his great friends (and great they must bee, howsoever friends) chance to request his company for a time to take viewe and possession of a purchase, or to the erecting of some new edifice, and then are they on the other part bound in worse bondes and manacles then the Turkes galli-slaves to bring him in at such a day, or they fall into the devouring mercillesse jawes of prison, where no man but Mounsieur Money can redeeme them, and hee then will not come at them.

This description of him scarce finisht, but wee were even readie to have eye-prooffe of what wee had heard.

We might now heare the tonguelesse staires tell us (by force of an oppressive footing), that there was somebodie descending, which was better verified by a rewmaticque disposition of the descender, for (with small interims) now and then we might hear on hawking and vomiting the best part of his corruption, that was his fleame; for there was no part of him lesse harming (yet that noisom eynough). Anon his gouty footmanship had reacht the dore, where after the quest of, who was there, and our most humble answeare, the locks and bolts were set at liberty, and so much of the dore was opened as we see the compasse of a baker's purgatory or pillory, for even so showed his head forth the dores; but as ill a head in forme (and worse in condition) then ever held a spout of lead in his mouth at the corner of a church: an old moth-eaten cap buttoned under his chinne, his visage (or vizard) like the artificiall Jewe of Maltae's nose, the wormes, fearing his bodie would have gone along with his soule, came to take, and indeed had taken possession, where they peept out still at certaine loope holes to see who came neere their habitation; upon which nose, two casements were built, through which his eyes had a little ken of us. The fore part of his doublet was greasie sattin, stil to put him in minde of his patron Satan, the back part eight penny canvas, a thing (worse than comparison) that loves not halfe himselfe: his heart made of the palmes of foure felt makers hands; his soule not so bigge as an attome, and that's lung-growne to his conscience, which conscience is the true forme of a



hedge-hog that gards herself round with sharpe prickles, that who so touches is in danger to bleed for it: his industrie is to maintaine his scalpe in a warme cap, his stinking feete in socks, his nose in sacke, his guts in capons, and his braines in mischief.

To this lumpe of iniquity, this living carrion, this house-kept fox that's only preserved to stinke (and the headach, which hee was not good for) wee (to show our humillitie) bent ith' hammes, and gave him the worshippingfull salute: he receiv'd it, and grumblingly proceeded to know what wee would with him? wee, with a little smooth preface, as being afraide at first to fright him with our embassy, tolde him wee were men that had undertaken a voyage, which, if wee return'd with the performance, would trebble a wealthy estate for us all; and on the contrary, if wee fail'd in the enterprise, we were undone, to give the banckrout's phrase (and the most common forme of a tapsters head) broke, or like the olde gunnepowder-house blowne up. All this appear'd to him (as it was indeed) circumstance; therefore hee desired to goe a nearer way to it, and show the very subject of the matter. Faith, wee told him that we sought a wandering conceald traveller, and that wee had receiv'd certaine notice that he had taken up his lodging at his house. This was pitch throwne upon burning toe, and oyle upon that to quench it withall: that face that was wilde-fire before, was now hell-fire, raging and boyling as if the poore harmlesse wormes should then have suffered torment: some flew out with feare, others were murthred even in their cabbins, that the blood ranne

about his guiltie nose with the very suddaine screwing of his face ; yet after coller had procured a foaming vent, he randed out these sentences—Money ? vengeance and hell so soone as Money ! he will not bide with mee ; he answers not my love with his company : he has promis'd me increase, but hee returnes not himselfe. I have parchment indeed, which is rotten sheepe-skinnes, I have inke which is gall to me, I have paper which is rags and trash, I have waxe, but no honnie, no money, no money, no honney ! I let him forth a galley-slave to banckrouts, and now hee's sold to the Turke or the Divell. I would I were with him, wher-ever : I could hang my selfe to learne witte. Had not he wit, thinke yee, that govern'd forty madde folkes ? and he hangd himselfe. Why should not I ? and you come, to keepe my torment in action, to enquire for him. I have bills, and bonds, and scroules, and waxe, but no honnie, no honnie, no monie, no money ! With that in a great rage hee clapt to the doores, charg'd the locks to keepe the doores, and went up the staires (I hope) to hang himselfe.

This was cold comfort still : wee were now no neerer then when we first set forward ; all that we knew by what was past was that wee knew many places where he was not : many places wee seeke, but that place was (as report sayes) the enchanted Iland : when wee suppose wee are neare, it is still further off, that now wee feared it would be *Terra Incognita*.

Tanti moles erant Romanam condere gentem.

Yet at length it was built, and why should we doubt



then but at length to accomplish our undertaken taske? if the Libian club-man had receiv'd (by his envious step-mother) this, as his first labour (and the age in joynt correspondencie with this,) he had never liv'd to number such a jurie of his wonders. Well then, let fame pricke us on, that if we pursue and bring to good passe this labour, it shall live upon our tombes (so that wee bury no treasure with us, and therefore be digg'd up againe) while the brasse and stones can agree together.

We had now shifted our ground, and were come to the Rialto, where wee heare round about us the confusion of another Babell, (for languages, I meane, not for presumption): at this place often arrives the newes from many lands, amongst the which might be (as wee hop'd) some tidings of our lost traveller. Faith, wee by helpe of action and interpretation had quickly made our inquisition knowne amongst them all; but straight, like honest men all agreeing in one tale, they returnd this reply, that they had received no newes from any countrey of such a traveller; more-over, added that all their meeting and discourse was but to seeke and bring home the man we mist, to further which they had sent ships out to sea, that if they scap't the pirates, rocks, flats, and other sea dangers, would no doubt in time happily arrive in our coast. They confirm'd by another reason, which indeed sounded more credibly then the former: marry, it was tolde in private, and therefore I am loth to be found a blab of my tongue. They laide some, I, a great deale of blame on their wives, but (for quietnesse sake) I would not have them know so much:

they told us, that they themselves had often brought many of Mounsieur Moneys followers home to their houses with great hope (in the end) to attaine the companie of his compleate selfe, but their wives (came he never so privately) would finde him out, and then (disdaining any such inmates to lodge in their houses) sent him out of doores; and whether they went to conjurers to performe it or no, they knew not, but straight he was transform'd into chaines, jewels, bracelets, tyres, ruffes of the fashion, which still were no longer liv'd then a wonder, nine days: then it was stale, and they must have a new, and (for firme approbation of what wee say) looke but on our wives, and you will say we have tolde the truth, and we (to please them, and seeme gracious in their eyes) must follow the fashion too. I know not by what clause in lawe it is remoov'd, but the burthen that lay upon their bumms is now pla'st on our shoulders: wee have verdingales to beare up our bands, as they had to support their loose britches.

This we deliver to yee in private, and you may use herein a friendly concealment: we promist what wee have not now perform'd; so did we as long as wee could, and that's as much as any man or woman can doe. This was our answer, and wee were bound to beleeve it. Well, then wee change our walke, and from the Change we goe, where we had no sooner regreeted the streetes, but we might behold a comely troope of white headed senators, (such as sometime adorn'd Romes Capitoll, when she swayed the world in a single monarchy,) such as were habited to custome and comlinessse, not to fancie and immitation, by whose

grave advise this cittie did support her name, which else would quickly have turn'd into a wilderness, like flowers growing in the unbarbed field for want of due polishing turne wilde and loose their sweetnesse. These gardners, or guardians, of this their little viceroyship, were now approached us, whom (with a halfe amaz'd humilitie) we saluted, and remembring the proverbe (spare to speake, and spare to speed) went forward to this milde inquisition.

Reverend, honorable, and worthy gentlemen, we are poore petitioners to your patience, both for audience and answer of one singular demand: (*verbum molle frangit iram,*) though they might have punisht our presumption, yet they give us leave to proceed, to whom relating our aforesaid tasque, some part of the paines we had already taken, we as briefe (as we could) let them understand our cause, and remain'd still attendant on their answer, which we staide not long for, but one voice answerd for all in this manner.

Truly, gentlemen, yee have undertaken a great tasque, if yee have tyed your selves to the performance of it, for here 'mongst us yee have certainly mist him, (a hard case, and a mad world indeed, when all complaine for money): and surely yee prosecute your course farre contrary to the purpose; for thinke yee to catch fishe with an unbaited hooke, or take a whale with a pursenet, then may yee retourne with a bare hooke, and an emptie purse. No, yee must baite your angle if ye will come home loden. I must needs confesse we have had, and have yet some acquaintance with that gentleman yee seeke

for, but he will not bide with us. I tell ye he is a wilie fellow, not woone with good words, for then would schollers have more nap on their gownes; nor with valor, for then you would happily bee more happy in his acquaintance; nor with feature, for then so many proper men should not want him; nor with knockes, for then would fencers be more fluent, but some æquivalent goodnesse, which is an equall balance to him-selfe, or he wil not stir else. It seemes you know not his company, that are no better acquainted with his qualities: I tell yee, besides, that he is an obstinat wilfull fellow, for since this idolatrous adoration given to him here by men, he has kept the scepter in his owne hand, and commands every man; which rebellious man now seeing (or rather indeed obedient too him) inclines to all his hests, yields no subscription nor will he be commanded by any other power. He is besides a carelesse and ruinous defacer of all vertuous and necessary antiquities: so him-selfe lie sleeping in yron bard chests, what cares he what runs to desolation? if men undertake (as indeed we of late have done) but some good and necessary peece of worke, as the re-edifying of a decaied gate, built new places for the profitable sweetness of the city, hee flies away (as ye have perhaps sometimes noted) with more dexterity, then a needy debptor hath fled the hands of any of those our officers. Therefore, truly, lette this confine your answer, that amongst us he is not to be found, only there are a few followers of his the better to direct and guid yee in your determined travaile. With that

we gratefully accepted some few of his attendants, and they rid on.

We still prosecuted our now halfe hopelesse journey. From thence with few paces we had reacht a faire and sumptuous streete, a place that if a man had only liv'd to please his sight, he would continually have made that his horrizon; or if every conjurer had such a prospective glasse of his owne, they would never deale so much with the Divell as they doe. Here lay plate, both gold and silver, jewels rich and orient lay in heapes; here only wanted that god (by man created) Money. Here we made a dilligent inquirie, but straight were we turn'd with *non est inventus*: all those (as they truly answered us) alluring temptations were but to intreat the company of the adored gentleman thether, which if we could procure with full and perfect progresse wee might command al we sawe, wee should be able to furnish with plate Marke Antonies feast thrise trebled: marry, otherwise

Si nihil attuleris ibis, Homere, foras.

This, though it a little dismayed our present busines, yet it spurd us on with a more fervent desire to seeke, knowing what infinits followed having once attained his respected worthiness with us. We were now come to the place where the records of all ages were kept since the creation. There we turned over many leaves, but few to our purpose: never was such a search made. Many taught by quintessences and alcumisticall extracts to make a new substance of this essence, but they were most made beggars that undertooke it.



This walke we had soon walkt through ; now wee were entred the Temple : to finde him there we had not such an unhallowed thought, for there the pillars were hung with poore mens petitions, some walking there, that if they praied as well as fasted, did very well and sincerely ; nay, the very Temple it selfe (in bare humility) stood without his cap, and so had stood many years : many good folkes had spoke for him because he could not speake for himselfe, and somewhat had been gathered in his behalfe, but not halfe enough to supply his necessity. Here could be little hope to find him that so much wanted him : we soone turnd our backes on this place, and had as soone espied many haberdashers that had felts of many fashions, but none that would fit this foresaid bare-headed tall man : marry, for Mounsieur Mony, if he came himselfe, (for so they answered us at the enquiry after him) he should have choise of any felts of what fashion or blocke it might be his pleasure to weare.

Little comfort we felt by all this, but yet we must not sound retreat : forward we go still, many hopefull places we passe, yet after our delivered message we were never the neare. Many honorable gates we left unentred and the houses unsearcht, because we wanted some of the Mounsieurs kindred to open the admittance ; yet we might heare of their complaint of defect, and therefore could conclude of his non residence there. At length we passe by that gracious and soverainly inhabited pallace, where by the dues of reason this adored idoll should be a servile messenger ; and no doubt

he is, for there might we behold the princely messengers from many severall countries guerdond and presented with heapes of treasure. But this runnagate (whom folly and ignorance adore as they do stockes and stones) could here have no place of authority nor abiding, but as a mercinary bond-slave. Whether go we now? Faith, now have with you to Westminster: and what to do there? shall we take a chamber and rest ourselves a while? no, nor buttry neither. Weele to the hall first, thats certaine: well, away then, and take this for a note by the way too, if ye here the tongues walke apase the Mounsieur is there; if not, al's a sleepe.

We have now with moderate paces attained the entrance. Lets not be unmannerly; knocke first, or call him by his name; perhaps he will answer if he be there. Ho! Mounsieur Mony! me thinkes I here him answer like a sententious tapster, I cannot be here and there too. Here was a busie house the while; such canvassing of cases, that our case could not yet be heard: here were two brothers at buffets with angells in their fists about the thatch that blew off his house into the others garden, and so spoild a hartichoke: here two neighbours together by the purses; the good man Nabuloes goose had laid an eg in good man Corridons barne, and he pleaded possession and the trespasse of the goose that had committed burglary to come in the wrong way: this had bin long in sute, and yet was no date to the end, onely it was thought the goose should die fort and be shar'd betweene them: then one knave was in sute for calling another by his owne name. So



busie they were about these and many other such cases, that we could get ne're an atturney to deale for us, so that at length we concluded to be our own heralds, and proclaime our busines our selves. So choosing the strongest voyce amongst us, began our outcry—If any man (women there were none), child, towne or country of what degree, quality, discretion, either wise or ignorant, or howsoever, in this place could tell tidings of a wandring knight, cloth'd in armors of prooffe of two especiall coates, either in totall Argent or totall Aurum, his horse trapt sometimes in leather, sometimes in velvet, and sometime embrodery, let him bring certaine notice where he lives, either at liberty or in prison, and he shal have for his paines a thousand duckegs. And this causd a general silence over all the house: ther's never an one, either attorney or clyent, that could tell what to say till wee came to a more familiar examination.

And first we began with the clyents: they swore (as I thinke without perjury they might) that hee was gone from them. They came riding up with him at the beginning of the Tearme, and that he did take the paines to accompany us to the Hall, and here hee was; but he is now gon, and be slipt away from us, we know not how. It may be he is yet amongst the crowd. If he think you inquire for him to his indammagement, perhaps hee will shroud himselfe from this discovery (and yee cannot blame him neither to seek his safety). If you could warily observe, I think you should find him hid hereabouts. This sufficeth for the poore clients answer: we now addres our selves to others

where our message was stopt up in the mid-way, with *non est nobis argentum*. Wee have sent out executions for his body, but he is not yet come in : some fragments (wee must confesse) we have of his ; marrie, for the substantiall, angelicall, and most dearely beloved Moun-sieur him-selfe, they had no acquaintance with him, nor hee residence with them. This (*contra voluntatem*) must serve for an answer ; necessity (being but a petti-fogger) has no law, law hadde no eares. We had ne bels, what shall we now doe ? *Desistere victos ?* No, not yet ; wee'll yet try further,

In adversis rebus melius sperare supersis.

Whither now ? ther's yet a part of over-sea citty to search ? Shall wee a boord, and thither ere we see the country ? many different opinions were held amongst our selves about this. Some said there was a beastly buffeting about him already ; fight dog, fight beare, the uncharitable whipping of the blind, the old ape riding post, lackied by the muzled dog, and the buls horne-mad to have his company ; but it could not bee. Some said there were others that offered to suffer the Ger-main strappado for his sake, and to daunce in the aire upon a hempen cloud, nay, wonders (both masculine and feminine) yet his presence will not be obtain'd. Some others said it might be possible he was there, for there were many hard handed men that laboured sore for him, and they perhaps might attaine his worthinesse. That was presently confuted by another, with this objection, that there were too many caps used for felt

makers to thrive; that was Monmouth caps, Wantige caps, round caps, Mother-red-caps, and fudling caps, and none could (but bad church-wardens) beare the bell away. All this (by the helpe of some more comforted spirits) could not dissmay us, but to sea-ward wee goe, praying for a faire wind weather, and happy successe; but here was the fright before we came to the water. Wee were no sooner come within the ken of flood, but we were onset with such a company of Carons, howling, hallowing, and calling for passengers, as if al the hags in hel had bin imprisoned and begging at the grate; fiends and furies that (God be thanked) could vex the soule but not torment it; yet indeed their most power was over the body, for here an audatious mouth-ing-randing-impudent-scellery-wastecoat-and-bodied rascal would have hail'd a penny from us for his sculler-ship: an other paire of water-pandars would pul a double fee for his (wh) oares, and we should ride like gentlemen, (or rather almost empty hoshheads) a tilt for it. But such hayling, howling and pulling there was that wee durst not venter the flood, the wharfe being so dangerous; and further questioning the condition of the sea-monsters, 'twas told us they did but howlingly sing for Mounsieur Monie that we sought for: for us, the treacherous leviathans had not car'd to have overwhelm'd us, had they once boarded us. Well it was, that it was so: now, hey for the country we had past.

We have passed the citty as good counsell passes the eares of a negligent auditor, in at the one side and out

at the other, and done no good within: hey for the country another while:

*Quod non in Gallia forsitan in India.*

Many daies we travaild, and many miles we measured ere we relish any place (having the citty still in our eyes of apprehension) where we might enquire for our departed friend and not be laught at for our labours. We were many times in a wood, and indeed seldome out, yet it may be this sir dealt like a lapwing with us, and cryed furthest of the nest: though the citty might promise faire show, yet in the country might remaine his being. We, therefore, without further question stept to a farmers house, where we intended to use the authority of our inquisition. His dog first saluted us with a full mouth, which likewise served for alarum bell to tell them within that one or more was entred the gates; upon which summons, the goodman of the house came to the doore—a jolly chuffe, a good formall russetcoate, and a reasonable stature for a juryman. We were about to encounter him at first sight with our busines, but were prevented by his former salutes, for in a plaine country greeting he invited us to drinke and eate with him such cates as the house afforded. Good stomaches are soon invited: we had scarce the maydes manners to say nay and take it, but to take before we say nay. In we were brought, where we had cates to please five several nations: we had the Duchmans delight, butter and bacon: we might have made toasts to our butter, and varied it to another

place as proper. We had roots for the Frenchman, a pippin pye for your Irishman, and a peéce of cheese for the Cambro-Brittane : al these differences each one made a shift to draw to one head ; once we had small beere which pleased no nation.

This matter being reasonable well canvassed we fell to another discourse. The good man was, or would be if he might (as was his owne phrase) so bold as to enquire whence we came and whither we would? we answered him we could resolve him whence we came ; but whether we would we knew not, for that we had undertaken a thing worse then the conquest of the Indies, at which he shewed us his gums, and was very pleasantly importunate to know what it was. Ifaith, as we had made no bones of his meate, we did not of our message, told him such an one wee had long sought and him wee must seeke till we find (*usque ad necem*) : with all we requested to know if he had not alighted at his house, for it was a generall report in the citty that this hard yeare he had taken his leave of them and came into the country to buy corne. He premeditated no reply, but told us briefly there he was not, nor could it stand with reason why he should. No, no, sayes he, hee never visits us in the country unlesse it bee in some contagious pestilent time, when he is so infected that we dare not receive him, and then he comes downe. Marry, he lies without doers for his labor : nay, he that will not see us in prosperity let him keepe away in misery. Alacke, alacke ! he now scornes our flock-beds : if we but meete with him at the market, we



can scarce intreat his company home ; our great landlords bespake him with lofty rents, with fines, and pretoes and I know not what. Deare yeares, quoth ye ? tis not we that thrive by deare yeares : they are deare to us ; our graine is in the usurers graner ere it be growne : if we can keepe but the plowgh at the oxe taile, and spare one to fat against Christmas, our care is taken. Marry, for the gentleman you seeke for, he is so seldome in sight with us, that he is almost out of mind.

*A Scilla in Charibdin*: this geere went to worke, (as rope makers do) backward : what reply could we make but a faint farwel ? what could now our meditation be, but amazement ? shall we yet proceed where their's no hope of conquest ? lets take the hardy soldiers moteto, *Dum spiro spero* : wee yet breath, though almost out of breath ; therefore lets forward. On wee goe, but still no midwife could be found to deliver us of our travaile ; many daies labour we cut of, but still (like Hidraes heads) more came in the places, as weldly and invincible as the other. Wee past by a tanners doore, and hee confest hee had broke the statute by antedating his hides, and taking the leane lether from the fat before the time, and all for the love of Mounsieur Mony, yet he could not winne his company. Many tradesmen swore they had (like knights of the post) foreswore them-selves, all for his sake, and yet went without him. The tapster had froth'd halfe way, but whether the Divell had let it out a nights or no, he knew not, but he could not thrive by

it. Indeed, generally honest men, millers, and all estates did complaine and lament the absence of this their deare friend; in the observance of al which, time and travell had now brought us in kenne of a very pleasantly scituated towne, faire and sumptuously builded, partly (though not equally) devided with a sweet currant streame, which both brought sweetness with it selfe and bore away the annoyance of the towne, with no more prejudice to it selfe then as a drop of poyson throwne in the ocean, whose undiscovered greatnes kills the opperation, where meeting one that could resolve us, we questioned the name and quality of it; who wondered we knew it not, being one of the two sisters (being no more in the land but two) from whom as from two everflowing fountaines, wisdom and doctrine continually did abound. We had little to examine further of either wisdom or learning, but Mony we enquire for, and of him we desired to know, if that we thought he might not be ther resident? Faith, no; by many presumptions there hee could not bee: hee guest him (though he were a great traveller) yet he was but a small student, for otherwise he would not keepe company so much with fooles; nor any ascending degree there he could not take, for that he had attained more worship and adoration already, then they could allow any title for; and for the inhabitants which were all painefull labourers after the quest of wisdom and understanding, and harboured not so much as a thought to bring him into their companie, their commons was too short for him, their habits



too civill, and their arguments too quarrelsome. Alas! Sir Money has no fellowship with them: they are rather (be it no disparagement for them, to have themselves so term'd) liberalites beads-men, and the sonnes of wisdom. These faire foundations were raisde in former ages, when this close sojourning knight you seeke for ridde a horse-backe in open view, without a coach, or a vizard before his face: 'twas Money that builded all these (gentlemen.) Marrie, hee was forst to it by the great great grand-fathers to these that now keepe him back. Then was England's whole yeare but a Saint Georges day: then had a noble man a hundred or two continually about him; but this question, gentlemen, will drive mee too far in contemplation: therefore Ile take leave of troubling yee any further. I wish yee were in a better way, for sure yee are now out of the way quite.

Wee now stuck fast, and knew no way out, and thought better to scramble out the way we came, then throw ourselves into some irrevocable place. Wee, thus resolv'd, turn'd back, and in a rage bad the Divell goe with him, for wee would seeke no further. The Divell was no sooner in our mouthes, but he helpt us to another project in our mindes: we now (sauns feare) would goe the neerest way, and know where he was quickly, and concluded certainly that his residence was not on earth. What then? shall wee give over the quest? no; to hell first. Agreed, agreed! every man choose his sworne brother (every Theseus his Pirithous) and lets along. But who knowes the way?

and whither there be such a locall kingdome or no? Oh yes, there's one could tell that had read Policro-nicon how many mile it was to it downe-wards; that was three thousand, two hundreth, five and fortie mile and almost a halfe. This seem'd a tedious descent, without a good paire of staires, and wee durst not undertake it: it was better considered to cut of a great deale of the journey, and to go headlong, and bee there quickly, and that way was assoone found, viz. we should returne back to the suburban bordello, (before mentioned) and there to hire hackneis would hurry us to hell and damnation suddenly. What shall wee not do for so great a friend as Mounsieur Money? come, take horse and away!

The conclusion was put to most voices, which upon better consideration was given on the contrary; for, saies one (that it seemed was well read in the quallities of them) it were a farre easier (though very painefull and not so speedie) journey by land, for this way yee ride through merclesse fire and water: 'tis hell all the way to hell, and if yee will give the hearing, Ile give yee a part of their carактер: yet I am loath to foule the sweet ayre I draw and extinguish with so polluted a rehearsall. They are faire outsides of sinne, but like deceitful bogges our-hid with snow, which melted off. (*Vah, vah! per Stigia vehor*) I am now in hell in apprehension; yet if the satirist would take this out of my tongue to give trophée too, hee must confesse it were pittie that beauty and brasse-browed impudence so unhappely met. There are lipping tongues to entise,

songs to provoke, teares extemporall hienna-like to beguile, othes to summon an earth-quake and moove the marble geometrie of Heaven, and suddainely to bring downe the pendant prodegies that over-hang the zenith of iniquity; and to those othes their quantity in lies, (oths and lies being indeede inseparable companions). These raw-rosted-fire-proved golden apples of damnation are the very common beaten pathes to hell, (I must confesse) (*nam meretrix est janua mortis*) but the way is so foule and daungerous, yee were better goe further about.

In the neck of controversie which way to take, whither the Divill had a further hand or no, (I know not) and meant to take some more pittie on us a little to ease our journey, but wee had begotten the happiest and healthfulest way could be devised to speake with his diabolical blacknesse. We would go to a conjurer, or as some say a wise man; but I thinke to conclude him a conjurer and no wiseman were the best moderation, for I holde them meere antipathies. This was allowd a perfect and briefe way, (for we were now almost tyred). The Divell had sure over-heard us, (what skill he has in musique I know not, but he has a good eare) for presently was sent to us a man (as after wee proov'd) for the purpose: a leane meagre fellow, lookt as if he had beene lately frighted with his owne patron; a poore black serge sute (scarce worth the naming) that, if it had beene artificially flamed and burnisht yee would have thought it had beene one of Lucifers cast sutes. Why should a man serve the

Devil and get nothing by it? but sure it is, God can keepe them poore that the Devil makes rich.

But whats hid from the Devill himselfe, when one of his poore rascalls can come and prevent us and tell us what we sought? we wondred at it, but desir'd him, since he so well knew our intents, to further our purpose with his best art. Hee (for a little fee) quickly condescended, and promist (if wee would) to bring the Devill face to face, to answer our demand in whatsoever, whether he himselfe were the jaylor to this lost traveller or if he knew any of his confederates on earth that did detaine him? To the one wee agreed, that either himselfe should talke with him, or wee would if he were not too terrible: eyther was sufficient, and that following night wee should summon him to a parle. The interim while then, hee bestowd in preparing his incantations, exorcismes, characters, and what dues and properties belongd else to his Cimerian art.

But to the purpose: the night was come, we were come to the place, where wee were set a loofe off with a valiant charge to feare nothing. Our hardie leader himselfe, that fearde not the Devill, fell roundlie to his businesse with his circle round about him, where with some ceremonies, and a triple invocation of great Beel-cephon, the ground (not so hardy as the conjurer) began to tremble, that we all shooke for feare. Anone (as if a whole legion of them had beene then taking tobacco, and even of such a sophisticated sent) issued forth such a cloud of smoake that wee could scarce discern our artist: after that, a noise so confused as if

hell had beene a fire and the bells of Barathrum had beene rung back-wards. After this storme it began anon to be a little more calme, and then we might perceive a fellow (for sure he had more fellowes) appear to us in the shape of a miller in apparell, but as swartly as a chimney-sweeper. To him our valiant orator propounded the question, whether such a wandring knight as Mounsieur Money was not traveled into hell or no? he answered, no.

The Divill (like a brave maunder) was rid a begging himselfe, and wanted Money; (whither the Divill had bin a souldier or no, I know not) but our hardie spoakesman was so bold as to give him the lie, and bad him tell him the truth or he would force him; for he knew that he was in hell, because he was not to be found on earth. He answered then a little nearer the matter, and told him, that his maister had put him to sojorne in certaine usurers and extortioners houses, (very friends of his maisters) and that the day of his returne was not yet come, but ere long hee would be there againe. This seemed somewhat likely, but our arts-man, better knowing his qualities then we did, was not yet sufficed; but the second time gave him the lie, and layd another *conjuro te* or two upon his shoulders, to tell him the truth, or he would binde him to his good behaviour for a thousand yeares. Then out came all: he then confest that he was in hell, for the most part: many spirits had him under lock and key, and he was like never to bee set at libertie againe, and the reason was the Divill had so many children fathered on him

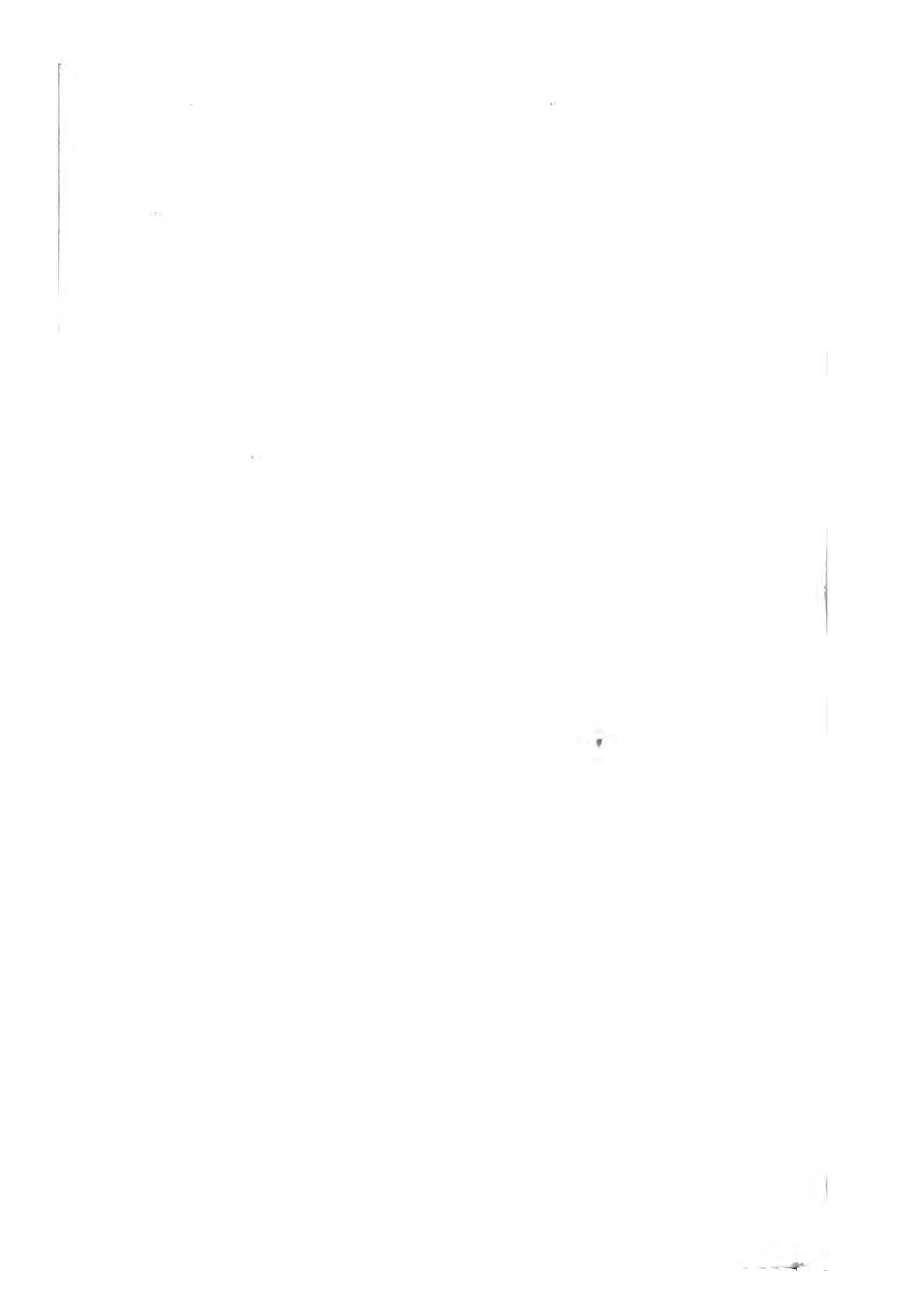
that he never begat, and so many of his owne, that hee had no other dowry to bestow on them. The earth was daylie more and more taken from him, as India, Virginia, and many continents, that hee thought hee should have no lands for them to inherit if doomesday came not quickly: therefore Mony by any meanes he would not part with. Many usurers, and others of his loving friends, cried out against him for it, but he was resolved never to give him liberty. This sufficed for an answer: the Divill went home againe, and the conjurer came to us, where he received his reward of us according to our abillities. We bad the Divil keepe his saint, for we would seeke him no more.

The next voyage we vowed to make for wisdome, and then we should have more wit (then to seeke for Money) whom if we mist on earth, we knew where to seeke her without a conjurer. It grewe now  
 breake of day, and wee broake  
 uppe our search. *Dixi.*

Take it as it is.

Tam male nill cusum quod nullum prosit ad usum.

FINIS.





## NOTES.

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Page 5.—“ I would he were not so neere to us in kindred, then, sure, he would be neerer in kindnesse.” This was proverbial: see the note on the line in *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 2.

“ A little more than kin, and less than kind,”

which it may serve to explain; and some explanation seems required, considering the needless confusion introduced by the conflicting remarks of the commentators on the passage.

P. 7.—“ The next inquirie we made at a painted lattice,” *i. e.* at a public-house, of which a painted lattice, as it was then called, was a general sign: it is not yet discontinued, though under a different appellation.

P. 8.—“ And, indeed, not altogether uneffectual.” Here, *uneffectual* is used in the same plain sense as in *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 5.

“ And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.”

On which Steevens observes:—“ Uneffectual fire, I believe, rather means fire that is no longer seen when the light of the morning approaches.” This remark shows either that he did not understand the line, or that he tried to understand more than could be made of it: the word *pale* refers to the lessening of the brightness of the glow-worm as the day breaks; and the word *uneffectual*, to the absence of heat in the fire the insect displays.

P. 10.—“Left his banner of basons swinging in the ayre.” Formerly, barbers not only hung out poles, (as they still do in a few places in London, and frequently in the country) but they ornamented these poles by hanging their basins upon them.

P. 10.—“And *its* morning they went away from him be-times.” This is an obvious misprint in the original copy for “And *i’ th’* morning,” &c.

P. 10.—“At the entrie wee heare a confused noise, (like a blacke sanctus, or a house haunted with spirits) such hollowing,” &c. In a note upon Chapman’s “Widow’s Tears,” (Dodsley’s Old Plays, vi. 177, edit. 1825) Reed informs us that “the black sanctus was a hymn to Saint Satan, written in ridicule of monkish luxury.” It is thus mentioned in Tarlton’s “News out of Purgatory,” which was twice printed, once without date “for Edward White,” and again in 1630: both editions correspond precisely, and the following is quoted from the last; it is in “the Tale of Pope Boniface,” p. 6:—“And upon this there was a generall mourning through all Rome: the cardinals wept, the abbots howled, the monks rored, the fryers cried, the nuns puled, the curtizans lamented, the bells rang, and the tapers were lighted, that such a blacke sanctus was not seene a long time afore in Rome.”

P. 11.—“Four or five flag-falne plaiers, poore harmlesse merrie knaves, that were neither lords nor ladies, but honestly wore their owne clothes.” It was very natural for Rowley to speak well both of poets and players, he being distinguished, like various others of about that date, in both capacities. He calls them “flag-fallen players,” in reference to their having then no employment, for it was usual to have a flag flying on the tops of the public theatres, when any performance was going on in them. W. Parkes, in his *Curtain-drawer of the World*, 4to. 1612, has this passage, p. 47:—“Each playhouse

advanceth his flag in the air, whither, quickly, at the waving thereof, are summoned whole troops of men, women, and children."

P. 11.—"Amongst these were two or three gun-makers, and they lookt like an almanack dated in eighty-eight," *i. e.* 1588, the year of the defeat of the Spanish Armada. Perhaps the almanacks of that year were ornamented with representations of guns and other weapons.

P. 12.—"For the last time he parted and shooke hands with him was in the suburbes;" alluding, probably, to the stews in Southwark, and in the other suburbs of London, to which such curious reference is made in *Cock Lorell's Bote*, printed by Wynkyn de Worde. A pardoner there says,—

"Syr, this pardon is new founde  
 By syde London brydge in a holy grounde,  
 Late called the stewesbanke.  
 Ye know well all, that there was  
 Some relygyous women in that place  
 To whom men offered many a franke,  
 And by cause they were so kynde and lyberall,  
 A marveyulous aventure there is befall;  
 If ye list to here how.  
 There came suche a wynde fro Wynchester  
 That blewe these women over the ryver,  
 In wherye, as I wyll you tell.  
 Some at saynt Kateryns stroke a grounde,  
 And many in Holborne were founde;  
 Some at saynt Gyles, I trowe,  
 Also in Ave Maria aly, and at Westmenster,  
 And some in Shoredyche drewe theder  
 With grete lamentatyon.  
 And by cause they have lost that fayre place,  
 They wyll bylde at Colman hedge in space  
 A nother noble mansyon,  
 Fayrer and ever the halfe strete was,  
 For every howse new pavd is with gras."

Hence we find that Colman-street, before this date, (about 1506) had a hedge opposite the row of houses. On the authority of Fabian, Stowe informs us (*Survey of London*, edit. 1599, p. 332) that "the stewe-houses in Southwark were, *for a season*, inhibited" in 21 Henry VII, on the interposition of the Bishop of Winchester, who had a palace near the foot of London Bridge; and this is "the wind from Winchester" alluded to in *Cock Lorell's Bote*. Stowe adds that "the stews in Southwark were put down by the king's commandment," in 37 Henry VIII, but many authorities might be quoted to show that the suppression was not effectual nor permanent.

P. 15.—"His name was Don Carnefixius Crackonecko Dericko." Derrick was the name of the Jack Ketch or public hangman, at the time this tract was printed. What follows the above quotation is a revival of a very old joke, by which those who were hanged were supposed to ride a three-legged mare. Of the execution of Derrick's servant, for some crime committed by him, no other mention appears to be made.

P. 16.—"Therefore returne if yee be wise, you fall into the ditch els." Probably Tower-ditch, which was then open, and ran not far from Rosemary Lane, where the Searchers for Money are now to be supposed.

P. 19.—"His visage (or vizard) like the artificiall Jew of Maltaes nose." This is an early allusion to Marlowe's celebrated play *The Rich Jew of Malta*, which was not printed until 1633. There is, however, a still earlier mention of it in Thomas Dekker's *News from Hell*, 4to. 1606, where he calls one of the persons introduced, "my rich Jew of Malta." The play was written before 1593. As to the nose, it was usual in the time of Shakespeare, to furnish Jews and usurers on the stage with artificial noses, and so Shylock was probably originally represented by Richard Burbage.

P. 22.—"We had now shifted our ground, and were come

to the Rialto;" that is, the Royal Exchange, or Change, as Rowley afterwards (p. 23) calls it:—" Well, then we change our walke, and from the *Change* we goe," &c.

P. 22.—" They laide some, I, a great deale of blame on their wives," &c. It was most common at this date to write and print *aye* with a capital I, and such is the case in this passage, which does not mean that the author laid " a great deal of blame," &c.

P. 25.—" If men undertake (as indeed we of late have done) but some good and necessary peece of worke, as the re-edifying of a decaied gate, built new places for the profitable sweetnesse of the city," &c. The Lord Mayor and Aldermen had done much for the improvement of the city, and the " decayed gate" which had been " re-edified," was probably Newgate; of which Stowe, in his *Survey of London*, edit. 1599, p. 33, thus speaks:—" All which so remayned until the yeare 1586, the 28 of Queen Elizabeth, when the same gate, being sore decayed, was clean taken down, the prisoners in the meane time remaying in the large south-east quadrant to the same gate adjoyning, and the same yeare the whole gate was newly and beautifully builded, with images of Lud and others as afore on the east side, and the picture of her Majestie, Queene Elizabeth, on the west side." By " picture," Stowe means statue, the two words being often in his time and afterwards confounded.

P. 26.—" From thence with fewe paces wee had reacht a faire and sumptuous streete," &c. Lombard Street, or perhaps Goldsmith's Row, Cornhill.

P. 27.—" Now wee were entred the Temple." The pillars of the Temple " hung with poore men's petitions," is a curious feature of the time. What Rowley says about the Temple " standing without his cap, and so had stood many years,"

and about an insufficient collection for the repair of the buildings, is not very intelligible in our day.

P. 30.—“ We had *ne bels*, what shall we now doe?” There is probably some misprint here, the correction of which must be left to the reader’s ingenuity.

P. 30.—“ Fight dog, fight beare, the uncharitable whipping of the blind, the old ape riding post,” &c. This passage alludes to the ordinary entertainments at Paris Garden, on the Southwark side of the water, where, from a very early date, it was the custom to bait bears, horses with monkees upon their backs, bulls, &c. (Vide Collier’s Hist. of Dram. Poetry and the Stage, iii. 278.) In Lyson’s *Environs*, i. 92, may be seen a copy of an advertisement from Henslowe and Alleyn, issued about the year 1608, and ending thus: “ and for their better content shall have pleasant sport with the horse and ape, and whipping of the blind bear,” which is just what is alluded to in our tract. In 1608, was published, by Thomas Weelkes, “ Batchelar of Musicke,” a work called “ Ayres or Phantas-ticke Sprites for three Voices,” &c. which, among others, contains the following lines, set to music:—

“ The Ape, the Monkey, and Baboon did meet,  
And breaking of their fast in Friday Street;  
Two of them sware together solemnly  
In their three natures was a sympathy.  
Nay, quoth Baboon, I do deny that strain,  
I have more knavery in me than you twain.

“ Why, quoth the Ape, I have a horse at will  
In Paris Garden, for to ride on still,  
And there show tricks. Tush! quoth the Monkey, I  
For better tricks in great mens houses lie.  
Tush! quoth Baboon; when men do know I come,  
For sport from town and country they will run.”

P. 31.—“ Well it was, that it was so: now, hey for the country we had past.” It may be suspected that the words



“wee had past,” after “country,” are surplusage; and that the printer by mistake inserted them, as the next paragraph begins “we have passed,” &c. The sense is quite complete at “now, hey for the country.”

P. 32.—“Yet it may be this, sir, dealt like a lapwing with us, and cryed furthest from the nest.” This unfortunate simile has been used by perhaps hundreds of writers, particularly by those of the latter end of the reign of Elizabeth, and James I. It is to be found in Shakespeare, and more instances than enough are collected in a note to Dodsley’s *Old Plays*, II. 111. Edit. 1825.

P. 32.—“And a reasonable stature for a juryman.” It stands in the original edition thus:—“and a reasonable stature for a *ury Jman*,” the letter j having been put in the wrong place. Why a juryman should be of any particular “stature,” it is not easy to explain.

P. 32.—“We had scarce the maydes manners to say nay and take it.” This proverb occurs twice in Shakespeare, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, act I. sc. 2; and in *Richard the Third*, act III. sc. 7.

“Play the maid’s part; still answer nay, and take it.”

It would be easy to multiply instances from other writers.

P. 34.—“Like knights of the post.” These were persons who were hired to swear and forswear themselves, and are frequently mentioned in old writers, and one of them thus describes himself in Nash’s “*Pierce Penilesse his Supplication to the Divell*,” p. 4, first edit. 1592—there were three in the same year: “A knight of the post, quoth he, for so I am tearmed: a fellow that will sweare you any thing for twelve pence; but indeede I am a spirite in nature and essence that take uppon mee this humaine shape, onely to set men together by the eares, and send soules by millions to hell.” I quote from this tract the more readily, because Rowley’s “*Search for*



Money" is in many respects an imitation of the manner and style of Nash. Take the subsequent paragraph (p. 3) as a specimen. "Without more circumstance thether [to Westminster Hall] came I, and thrusting my selfe (as the manner is) amongst the confusion of languages, I askt (as before) whether he were there extant or no? but from one to another *non novi dæmonem* was all the answer I could get. At length (as fortune servde) I lighted upon an olde straddling usurer, clad in a damaske cassocke, edgde with fox-furre; a paire of trunke slops sagging downe like a shoemakers wallet, and a short thrid-bare gown on his backe fac't with moatheaten budge: upon his head he wore a filthy course biggin, and next it a garnish of nightcaps, with a sage butten cap of the forme of a cow sheard, overspred verie orderly. A fat chuffe it was (I remember) with a grey beard cut short to the stumps, as though it were grymde, and a huge worme-eaten nose, like a cluster of grapes, hanging downwards. Of him I demaunded if hee could tell me anie tidings of the partie I sought for?" Compare this with Rowley's description of the usurer, p. 19.

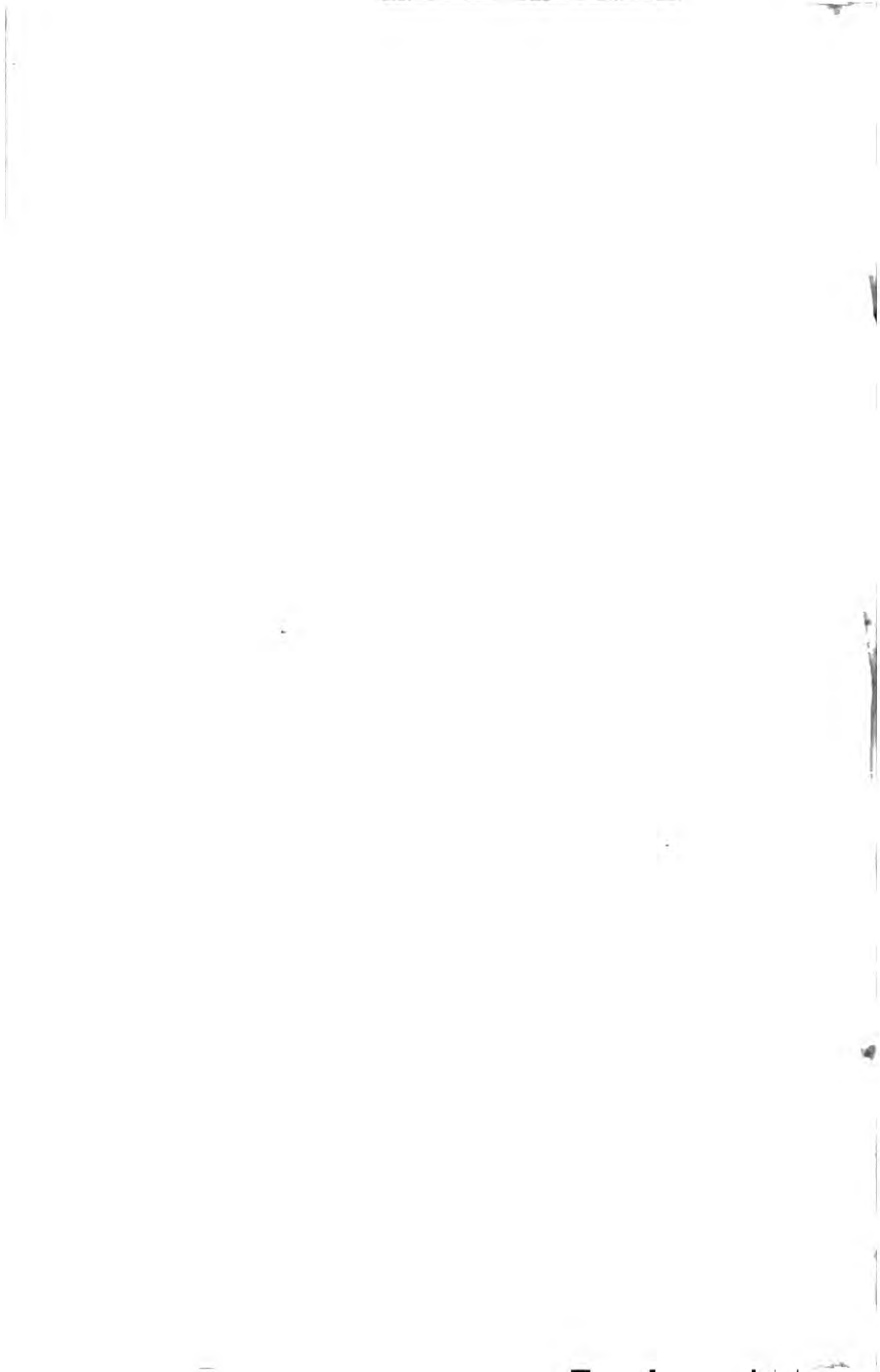
P. 38.—"A poore black serge sute—that if it had beene artificially flamed and burnisht, yee would have thought it had beene one of Lucifers cast sutes." One of the modes of dressing the devil in some of the old plays was in a black suit, painted with flames, and made to shine. At other times, and at an earlier date, he wore a hairy dress like a wild beast.

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THE  
**Mad Pranks and Merry Jest**  
OF  
ROBIN GOODFELLOW :

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Reprinted from the Edition of 1628.

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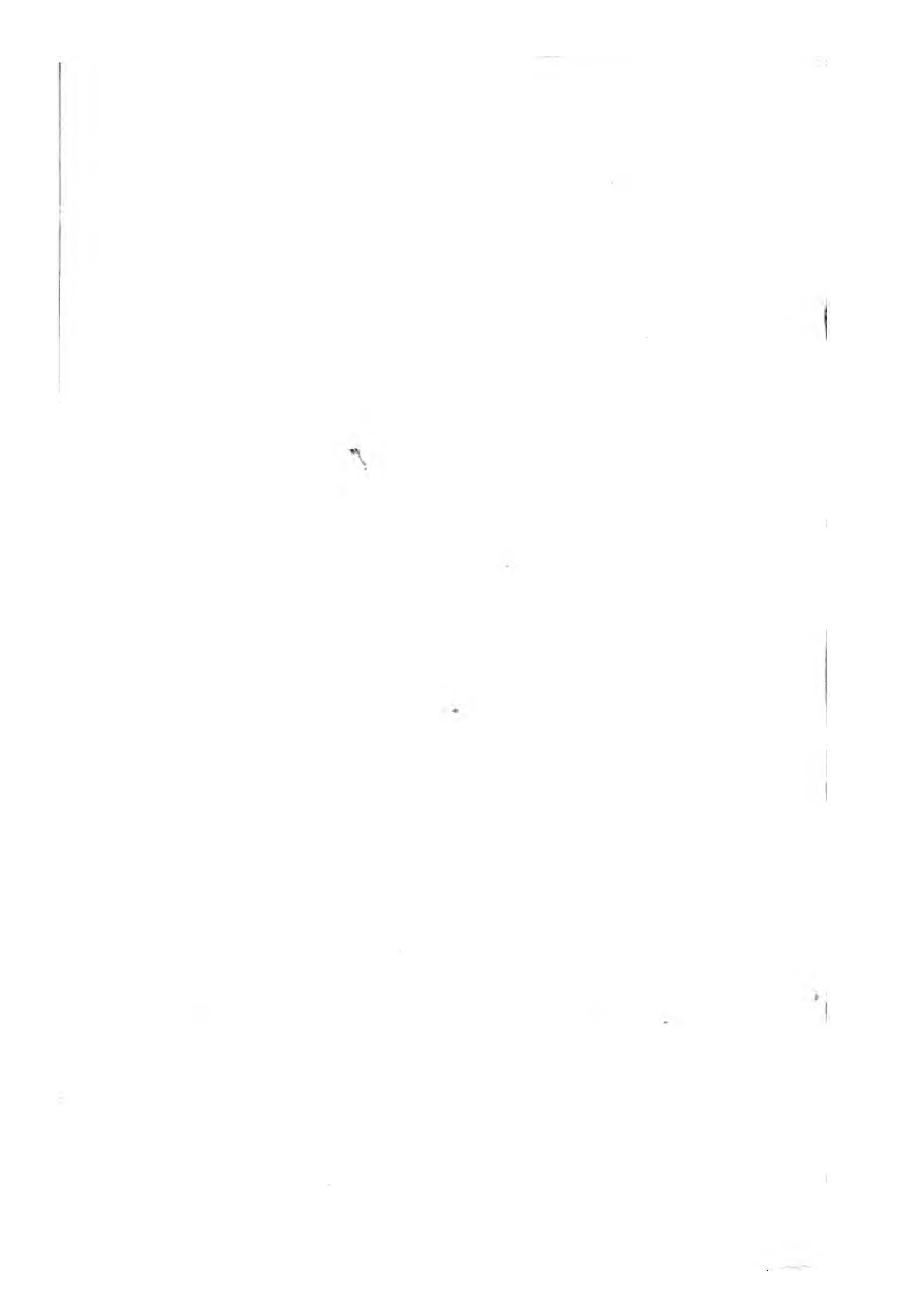
WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY  
J. PAYNE COLLIER, ESQ. F.S.A.

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LONDON :  
REPRINTED FOR THE PERCY SOCIETY,  
BY C. RICHARDS, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

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MDCCCXLI.



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1875



## INTRODUCTION.

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THE following republication is made from the oldest known edition of the tract: the original is in the library of Lord Francis Egerton, M.P., who, with the liberality which ought to belong to every possessor of such productions, has permitted it to be reprinted for the use of the members of the Percy Society. No other copy of the impression of 1628 is known, but one of a considerably later date, 1639, is in the hands of a collector: he purchased it at Mr. Heber's sale for a sum very little short of £40; and hence the uninitiated in book-rarities may be able to form some opinion, as to the scarcity and pecuniary value of the earlier edition.

It is one of those extremely popular productions, of which many editions must have appeared at the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries; but the very circumstance of their popularity, and the numerous hands through which they passed, necessarily led to the destruction of them. The consequence is, that books of no class are of such uncommon occurrence as those which were addressed to a multi-

plicity of readers. The more frequent the copies originally in circulation, the fewer generally are those which have come down to us.

There is little or no doubt that "Robin Goodfellow, his mad Prankes and merry Jests," was first printed before 1588. Tarlton, the celebrated comic actor, died late in that year, and just after his decease (as is abundantly established by internal evidence, though the work has no date) came out in a tract called "Tarlton's Newes out of Purgatorie, &c. Published by an old Companion of his, Robin Goodfellow;" and on sign. A 3 we find it asserted that Robin Goodfellow was "famozed in every old wives chronicle for his mad merrye prankes," as if at that time the incidents detailed in the succeeding pages were well known, and had been frequently related. Four years earlier Robin Goodfellow had been mentioned by Anthony Munday in his comedy of "The Two Italian Gentlemen," printed in 1584, and there his other familiar name of Hob-goblin is also assigned to him. (Vide Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage, iii. 241.) Again, we find him introduced into a very rare anonymous collection of epigrams and satires, published in 1598, under the title of "Skialtheia, or a Shadowe of Truth," where the property of interminable change, bestowed upon him by his fairy-

father, Oberon, or Obreon, (as related on p. 9 and 10 of our reprint) is attributed to him :

“ No ; let's esteeme Opinion as she is,  
 Foole's bawble, innovation's mistris,  
*The Proteus, Robin-good-fellow of change,*” &c.  
*Sat. VI. sign. D, 8b.*

In the Foreign Quarterly Review, No. 35, Mr. Wright published a very amusing essay on fairy mythology, in which he traced Robin Good-fellow from the thirteenth century, if not earlier ; but our object has been merely to establish the antiquity of the production, consisting of two parts, which we here present to the members of the Percy Society.

Shakespeare's “Midsummer Night's Dream,” in which Robin Good-fellow figures under the name of Puck (although his other designations are all given) was first printed in 1600, and probably it was not acted much before that year : at whatever date it was brought out, it is evident that Shakespeare was acquainted with the tract entitled “Robin Good-fellow his mad Prankes and merry Jests.” As might be supposed, it will be found to contain some amusing and interesting illustrations of Shakespeare's drama.

There are two entries in Henslowe's Diary, not noticed by Malone, which are curious in relation to this subject. They establish that Henry

Chettle was writing, and perhaps wrote, a play upon the story of Robin Goodfellow, in September 1602, two years after "Midsummer Night's Dream" had been published. They run thus :

"Lent unto hary Chettell the 7 of Septmbr 1602,	}	<sup>s</sup> x
at the apoyntment, to lend in earenest of a tragedie called Robin hoodfellowe, some of		
"Lent unto hary chettell the 9 of Septembr 1602	}	<sup>s</sup> x
in pt of payment of a playe called Robingoodfellowe, some of		

In the first entry, which is confusedly worded, "tragedie" has been struck out, and no other word substituted for it; but in the second entry "playe" was interlined, "tragedie" having been erased. It seems pretty evident that Henslowe had in his mind some confused notion of a connexion between Robin Hood and Robin Goodfellow, but it must have been purely accidental on his part: whether there were really any such connexion may form a curious point for speculation.

An account of "Robin Good-fellow, his mad Prankes and merry Jests" is inserted in the Catalogue of some of the rare English works preserved at Bridgewater House, which was prepared, and privately printed, by direction of Lord Francis Egerton, in 1837.

With the ballad in Percy's "Reliques" (iii. 254, Edit. 1812) entitled "The merry Prankes of Robin Goodfellow," no doubt most of our

readers are well acquainted; but another production of a similar description will, we apprehend, be new to them. It is a *unique* black-letter history in verse, printed early in the seventeenth century as a chap-book. It was originally illustrated by a wood-cut upon the title-page, (repeated in the body of the ballad) not of the most decent description, and this circumstance led to the tearing away of nearly the whole of it: with the wood-cut, part of the letter-press has unfortunately disappeared. The vacancies thus occasioned were supplied by conjecture, and twenty-five copies of it were struck off by the Editor, some years ago, merely for distribution among his friends. As it is not only connected in subject, but evidently founded upon "Robin Good-fellow, his mad Prankes and merry Jestes," we do not hesitate to subjoin it at length. The small portions added, for the purpose of completing the deficient text, are inserted between brackets.

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THE MERRY PRANKS OF ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW:  
 · VERY PLEASANT AND WITTY.

CHAPTER I.

Shewing his birth, and whose sonne he was.

HERE doe begin the merry iests  
 of Robin Good-fellow;

I'de wish you for to reade this booke,  
 if you his Pranks would know.  
 But first I will declare his birth,  
 and what his Mother was,  
 And then how Robin merrily  
 did bring his knacks to passe.

In time of old, when Fayries us'd  
 to wander in the night,  
 And through key-holes swiftly glide,  
 Now marke my story right,  
 Among these pretty fairy Elves  
 Was Oberon, their King,  
 Who us'd to keepe them company  
 still at their revelling.

And sundry houses they did use,  
 but one, above the rest,  
 Wherein a comely Lasse did dwell  
 that pleas'd King Oberon best.  
 This lovely Damsell, neat and faire,  
 so courteous, meek, and mild,  
 As sayes my booke, by Oberon  
 she was begot with child.

She knew not who the Father was ;  
 but thus to all would say—  
 In night time he to her still came,  
 and went away ere day.  
 The midwife having better skill  
 than had this new made mother,  
 Quoth she, surely some Fairy 'twas,  
 for it can be no other.

And so the old wife rightly judg'd,  
 For it was so indeed.  
 This Fairy shew'd himself most kind,  
 and helpt his love at need ;

For store of linnen he provides,  
 and brings her for her baby,  
 With dainty cates and choised fare,  
 he serv'd her like a Lady.

The Christening time then being [come,  
 most merry they [did pass ;  
 The Gossips dra[ined a cheerful cup  
 as then provided was.  
 And Robin was [the infant call'd,  
 so named the [Gossips by :  
 What pranks [he played both day and night  
 I'll tell you cer[tainly.

---

CHAPTER II.

Shewing how Robin Good-fellow carried himselfe, and how he run  
 away from his Mother.

[WHILE yet he was a little la]d  
 [and of a tender age,]  
 He us'd much waggish tricks to men,  
 as they at him would rage.  
 Unto his Mother they complain'd,  
 which grieved her to heare,  
 And for these Pranks she threatned him  
 he should have whipping cheare,  
 If that he did not leave his tricks,  
 his jeering mocks and mowes :  
 Quoth she, thou vile untutor'd youth,  
 these Prankes no breeding shewes :  
 I cannot to the market goe,  
 but ere I backe returne,  
 Thou scofst my neighbours in such sort,  
 which makes my heart to mourne.



But I will make you to repent  
 these things ere I have done :  
 I will no favour have on thee,  
 although thou beest my sonne.  
 Robin was griev'd to heare these words,  
 which she to him did say,  
 But to prevent his punishment,  
 from her he run away.

And travelling long upon the way,  
 his hunger being great,  
 Unto a Taylor's house he came,  
 and did entreat some meat :  
 The Taylor tooke compassion then  
 upon this pretty youth,  
 And tooke him for his Prentice straight,  
 as I have heard in truth.

---

### CHAPTER III.

How Robin Good-fellow left his Master, and also how Oberon told him  
 he should be turned into what shape he could wish or desire.

Now Robin Good-fellow, being plac't  
 with a Taylor, as you heare,  
 He grew a workman in short space,  
 so well he ply'd his geare.  
 He had a gowne which must be made,  
 even with all haste and speed ;  
 The Maid must have 't against next day  
 to be her wedding weed.

The Taylor he did labour hard  
 till twelve a clock at night ;  
 Betweene him and his servant then  
 they finished aright

The gowne, but putting on the sleeves :  
 quoth he unto his man,  
 Ile goe to bed : whip on the sleeves  
 as fast as ere you can.

So Robin straightway takes the gowne  
 and hangs it on a pin,  
 Then takes the sleeves and whips the gowne ;  
 till day he nere did lin.  
 His Master rising in the morne,  
 and seeing what he did,  
 Begun to chide ; quoth Robin then,  
 I doe as I was bid.

His Master then the gowne did take  
 and to his worke did fall :  
 By that time he had done the same  
 the Maid for it did call.  
 Quoth he to Robin, goe thy wayes  
 and fetch the remnants hither,  
 That yesterday we left, said he,  
 wee'l breake our fasts together.

Then Robin hies him up the staires  
 and brings the remnants downe,  
 Which he did know his Master sav'd  
 out of the woman's gowne.  
 The Taylor he was vext at this ;  
 he meant remnants of meat,  
 That this good woman, ere she went,  
 might there her breakfast eate.

Quoth she, this is a breakfast good  
 I tell you, friend, indeed ;  
 And to requite your love I will  
 send for some drinke with speed :

And Robin he must goe for it  
 with all the speed he may :  
 He takes the pot and money too,  
 and runnes from thence away.

When he had wandred all the day,  
 a good way from the Towne,  
 Unto a forest then he came :  
 to sleepe he laid him downe.  
 Then Oberon came, with all his Elves,  
 and danc'd about his sonne,  
 With musick pleasing to the eare ;  
 and, when that it was done,

King Oberon layes a scroule by him,  
 that he might understand  
 Whose sonne he was, and how hee'd grant  
 whate'er he did demand :  
 To any forme that he did please  
 himselfe he would translate ;  
 And how one day hee'd send for him  
 to see his fairy State.

Then Robin longs to know the truth  
 of this mysterious skill,  
 And turnes himselfe into what shape  
 he thinks upon or will.  
 Sometimes a neighing horse was he,  
 sometimes a gruntling hog,  
 Sometimes a bird, sometimes a crow,  
 sometimes a snarling dog.

---

## CHAPTER IV.

How Robin Good-fellow was merry at the Bridehouse.

Now Robin having got this art,  
 he oft would make good sport,  
 And hearing of a wedding day,  
 he makes him ready for't.  
 Most like a joviall Fidler then  
 he drest himselfe most gay,  
 And goes unto the wedding house,  
 there on his crowd to play.

He welcome was unto this feast,  
 and merry they were all ;  
 He play'd and sung sweet songs all day,  
 at night to sports did fall.  
 He first did put the candles out,  
 and being in the dark,  
 Some would he strike and some would pinch,  
 and then sing like a lark.

The candles being light againe,  
 and things well and quiet,  
 A goodly posset was brought in  
 to mend their former diet.  
 Then Robin for to have the same  
 did turne him to a Beare :  
 Straight at that sight the people all  
 did run away for feare.

Then Robin did the posset eate,  
 and having serv'd them so,  
 Away goes Robin with all haste,  
 then laughing hoe, hoe, hoe !

---

## CHAPTER V.

Declaring how Robin Good-fellow serv'd an old lecherous man.

THERE was an old man had a Neece,  
a very beauteous maid ;  
To wicked lust her Unkle sought  
This faire one to perswade.

But she a young man lov'd too deare  
to give consent thereto ;  
'Twas Robin's chance upon a time  
to heare their grievous woe ;  
Content your selfe, then Robin saies,  
and I will ease your grieffe,  
I have found out an excellent way  
that will yeeld you reliefe.

He sends them to be married straight,  
and he, in her disguise,  
Hies home with all the speed he may  
to blind her Uncle's eyes :  
And there he plyes his work amaine,  
doing more in one houre,  
Such was his skill and workmanship,  
than she could doe in foure.

The old man wondred for to see  
the worke goe on so fast,  
And there withall more worke doth he  
unto good Robin cast.  
Then Robin said to his old man,  
good Uncle, if you please  
To grant me but one ten pound  
I'll yeeld your love-suit ease.

Ten pounds, quoth he, I will give thee,  
sweet Neece, with all my heart,

So thou wilt grant to me thy love,  
 to ease my troubled heart.  
 Then let me a writing have, quoth he,  
 from your owne hand with speed,  
 That I may marry my sweet-heart  
 when I have done this deed.

The old man he did give consent  
 that he these things should have,  
 Thinking that it had bin his Neece  
 that did this bargain crave ;  
 And unto Robin then quoth he,  
 my gentle N[eece, behold,  
 Goe thou into [thy chamber soone,  
 and I'll goe [bring the gold.

When he into [the chamber came,  
 thinking in[deed to play,  
 Straight Robin [upon him doth fall,  
 and carries h[im away  
 Into the chamb[er where the two  
 faire Lovers [did abide,  
 And gives to th[em their Unkle old,  
 I, and the g[old beside.

The old man [vainly Robin sought,  
 so manly shapes he tries ;  
 Someti[mes he was a hare or hound,  
 som[etimes like bird he flies.  
 The [more he strove the less he sped,  
 th[e Lovers all did see ;  
 And [thus did Robin favour them  
 full [kind and merrilie.

[Thus Robin lived a merry life  
 as any could enjoy,  
 'Mongst country farms he did resort  
 and oft would folks annoy :]

But if the maids doe call to him,  
 he still away will goe  
 In knavish sort, and to himselfe  
 he'd laugh out hoe, hoe, hoe !

He oft would beg and crave an almes,  
 but take nought that they'd give:  
 In severall shapes he'd gull the world,  
 thus madly did he live.  
 Sometimes a cripple he would seeme,  
 sometimes a souldier brave :  
 Sometimes a fox, sometimes a hare ;  
 brave pastimes would he have.

Sometimes an owle he'd seeme to be,  
 sometimes a skipping frog ;  
 Sometimes a kirne, in Irish shape,  
 to leape ore mire or bog :  
 Sometime he'd counterfeit a voyce,  
 and travellers call astray,  
 Sometimes a walking fire he'd be,  
 and lead them from their way.

Some call him Robin Good-fellow,  
 Hob goblin, or mad Crisp,  
 And some againe doe tearme him oft  
 by name of Will the Wispe ;  
 But call him by what name you list,  
 I have studied on my pillow,  
 I think the best name he deserves  
 is Robin the Good Fellow.

At last upon a summer's night  
 King Oberon found him out,  
 And with his Elves in dancing wise  
 straight circled him about.



The Fairies danc't, and little Tom Thumb  
 on his bag-pipe did play,  
 And thus they danc't their fairy round  
 till almost break of day.

Then Phebus he most gloriously  
 begins to grace the aire,  
 When Oberon with his fairy traine  
 begins to make repaire,  
 With speed unto the Fairy land,  
 they swiftly tooke their way,  
 And I out of my dreame awak't,  
 and so 'twas perfect day.

Thus having told my dreame at full  
 I'll bid you all farewell.  
 If you applaud mad Robin's pranks,  
 may be ere long I'll tell  
 Some other stories to your eares,  
 which shall contentment give :  
 To gaine your favours I will seeke  
 The longest day I live.

FINIS.

---

It will be seen that the father of Robin Good-fellow in the foregoing history is called Oberon, whereas in the succeeding tract he is named Obreon. R. Greene, in his "James the Fourth," 1598, gives the "King of Fayeries" the appellation of Oboram ; but he had been Auberon in an Entertainment before Elizabeth in 1591, which comes

very near to Shakespeare's Oberon, the name which the ballad-writer, not long after him, adopted.

It is only necessary to subjoin, that the tract belonging to Lord Francis Egerton has two coarse (in every sense of the word) wood-cuts, one upon the title-page of "the first part," and the other upon the title-page of "the second part." The first represents Robin Good-fellow like a satyr, with horns on his head, a broom on his shoulder, and a torch in his hand, dancing in a ring of pigmies, while Tom Thumb performs on his pipe in the right-hand corner, and a black cat sits on its haunches in the left-hand corner. The second wood-cut was merely inserted to fill up the title-page: it represents a wild huntsman, with his horn and spear, and is to be found at the top of several ballads printed early and late in the seventeenth century.

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ROBIN  
GOOD-FELLOW;  
HIS MAD PRANKES, AND  
MERRY JESTS.

FULL OF HONEST MIRTH, AND IS A FIT  
MEDICINE FOR MELANCHOLY.

---

*LONDON,*  
PRINTED FOR F. GROVE, DWELLING ON  
SNOW-HILL OVER AGAINST THE  
SARASENS HEAD.

1628.



## ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW; HIS MADE PRANKS, AND MERRY JESTS.

---

Not omitting that antient forme of beginning tales, *Once upon a time* it was my chance to travaile into that noble county of Kent. The weather beeing wet, and my two-leg'd horse being almost tyred (for indeede my owne leggs were all the supporters that my body had) I went dropping into an alehouse: there found I, first a kinde wellcome, next good lyquor, then kinde strangers (which made good company), then an honest hoast, whose love to good liquor was written in red characters both in his nose, cheekes and forehead: an hoastesse I found there too, a woman of very good carriage; and though she had not so much colour (for what she had done) as her rich husband had, yet all beholders might perceive by the roundness of her belly, that she was able to draw a pot dry at a draught, and ne're unlace for the matter.

Well, to the fire I went, where I dryed my outside and wet my inside. The ale being good, and I in good company, I lapt in so much of this nappy liquor, that it begot in mee a boldnesse to talke, and desire of them to know what was the reason that the people of that country were called Long-tayles. The hoast sayd, all the reason

that ever he could heare was, because the people of that country formerly did use to goe in side skirted coates. There is (sayd an old man that sat by) another reason that I have heard: that is this. In the time of the Saxons conquest of England there were divers of our countrymen slaine by treachery, which made those that survived more carefull in dealing with their enemies, as you shall heare.

After many overthrowes that our countrymen had received by the Saxons, they dispersed themselves into divers companies into the woods, and so did much damage by their suddaine assaults to the Saxons, that Hengist, their king, hearing the damage that they did (and not knowing how to subdue them by force), used this policy. Hee sent to a company of them, and gave them his word for their liberty and safe returne, if they would come unarmed and speake with him. This they seemed to grant unto, but for their more security (knowing how little hee esteemed oathes or promises) they went every one of them armed with a shorte sword, hanging just behind under their garments, so that the Saxons thought not of any weapons they had: but it proved otherwise; for when Hengist his men (that were placed to cut them off) fell all upon them, they found such unlooked a resistance, that most of the Saxons were slaine, and they that escaped, wond'ring how they could doe that hurt, having no weapons (as they saw), reported that they stricke downe men like lyons with their tayles; and so they ever after were called Kentish Long-tayles.

I told him this was strange, if true, and that their countries honor bound them more to beleeve in this, then it did me.

Truly, sir, sayd my hoastesse, I thinke we are called Long-tayles, by reason our tales are long, that we use to passe the time withall, and make our selves merry. Now, good hoastesse, sayd I, let me entreat from you one of those tales. You shall (sayd shee), and that shall not be a common one neither, for it is a long tale, a merry tale, and a sweete tale; and thus it beginnes.

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THE HOASTESSE TALE OF THE BIRTH OF ROBIN  
GOOD-FELLOW.

ONCE upon a time, a great while agoe, when men did eate more and drinke lesse,—then men were more honest, that knew no knavery then some now are, that confesse the knowledge and deny the practise—about that time (when so ere it was) there was wont to walke many harmlesse spirits called fayries, dancing in brave order in fayry rings on greene hills with sweete musicke (sometime invisible) in divers shapes: many mad pranks would they play, as pinching of sluts black and blue, and misplacing things in ill-ordered houses; but lovingly would they use wenches that cleanly were, giving them silver and other pretty toyes, which they would leave for them, sometimes in their shooes, other times in their pockets, sometimes in bright basons and other cleane vessels.



Amongst these fayries was there a hee fayrie : whether he was their king or no I know not, but surely he had great government and commaund in that country, as you shall heare. This same hee fayry did love a proper young wench, for every night would hee with other fayries come to the house, and there dance in her chamber; and oftentimes shee was forced to dance with him, and at his departure would hee leave her silver and jewels, to expresse his love unto her. At last this mayde was with childe, and being asked who was the father of it, she answered a man that nightly came to visit her, but earely in the morning he would go his way, whither she knew not, he went so suddainly.

Many old women, that then had more wit than those that are now living and have lesse, sayd that a fayry had gotten her with childe; and they bid her be of good comfort, for the childe must needes be fortunate that had so noble a father as a fayry was, and should worke many strange wonders. To be short, her time grew on, and she was delivered of a man childe, who (it should seeme) so rejoyced his father's heart, that every night his mother was supplied with necessary things that are befitting a woman in child-birth, so that in no meane manner neither; for there had shee rich imbroidered cushions, stooles, carpits, coverlets, delicate linnen: then for meate shee had capons, chickins, mutton, lambe, phesant, snite, woodcocke, partridge, quaile. The gossips liked this fare so well, that she never wanted company: wine had shee of all sorts, as muskadine, sacke, malmsie, clarret, white

and bastard: this pleased her neighbours well, so that few that came to see her, but they had home with them a medicine for the fleaes. Sweet meates too had they in such aboundance, that some of their teeth are rotten to this day; and for musicke shee wanted not, or any other thing she desired.

All praysed this honest fayry for his care, and the childe for his beauty, and the mother for a happy woman. In briefe, christened hee was, at the which all this good cheare was doubled, which made most of the women so wise, that they forgot to make themselves unready, and so lay in their cloathes; and none of them next day could remember the child's name, but the clarke, and hee may thanke his booke for it, or else it had been utterly lost. So much for the birth of little Robin.

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OF ROBIN GOOD-FELLOWE'S BEHAVIOUR WHEN HE  
WAS YOUNG.

WHEN Robin was growne to sixe yeares of age, hee was so knavish that all the neighbours did complaine of him; for no sooner was his mother's backe turned, but hee was in one knavish action or other, so that his mother was constraigned (to avoyde the complaints) to take him with her to market, or wheresoever shee went or rid. But this helped little or nothing, for if hee rid before her, then would he make mouthes and ill-favoured faces at those hee met: if hee rid behind her, then would hee clap his hand on his tayle; so that his

mother was weary of the many complaints that came against him, yet knew she not how to beat him justly for it, because she never saw him doe that which was worthy blowes. The complaints were daily so renewed that his mother promised him a whipping. Robin did not like that cheere, and therefore, to avoyde it, hee ranne away, and left his mother a heavy woman for him.

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#### HOW ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW DWELT WITH A TAYLOR.

AFTER that Robin Good-fellow had gone a great way from his mother's house hee began to bee a hungry, and going to a taylor's house, hee asked something for God's sake. The taylor gave him meate, and understanding that he was masterlesse, hee tooke him for his man, and Robin so plyed his worke that he got his master's love.

On a time his master had a gowne to make for a woman, and it was to bee done that night: they both sate up late so that they had done all but setting on the sleeves by twelve a clocke. This master then being sleepy sayd, Robin whip thou on the sleeves, and then come thou to bed: I will goe to bed before. I will, sayd Robin. So, soone as his master was gone, Robin hung up the gowne, and taking both sleeves in his handes, hee whipt and lashed them on the gowne. So stood he till the morning that his master came downe: his master seeing him stand in that fashion, asked him what he did? Why, quoth hee, as you bid mee, whip on the sleeves. Thou rogue, sayd his master, I did meane that

thou shouldest have set them on quickly and slightly. I would you had sayd so, sayd Robin, for then had I not lost all this sleepe. To bee shorte, his master was faine to do the worke, but ere hee had made an end of it, the woman came for it, and with a loud voyce chafed for her gowne. The taylor, thinking to please her, bid Robin fetch the remnants that they left yesterday (meaning thereby meate that was left); but Robin, to crosse his master the more, brought downe the remnants of the cloath that was left of the gowne. At the sight of this, his master looked pale, but the woman was glad, saying, I like this breakefast so well, that I will give you a pint of wine to it. She sent Robin for the wine, but he never returned againe to his master.

---

WHAT HAPNED TO ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW AFTER HE  
WENT FROM THE TAYLOR.

AFTER Robin had travailed a good dayes journey from his masters house hee sate downe, and beeing weary hee fell a sleepe. No sooner had slumber tooken full possession of him, and closed his long opened eye-lids, but hee thought he saw many goodly proper personages in anticke measures tripping about him, and withall hee heard such musicke, as he thought that Orpheus, that famous Greeke fidler (had hee beene alive), compared to one of these had beene as infamous as a Welch-harper that playes for cheese and onions. As delights commonly last not long, so did those end

sooner then hee would willingly they should have done; and for very grieffe he awaked, and found by him lying a scroule, wherein was written these lines following in golden letters.

Robin, my only sonne and heire,  
 How to live take thou no care:  
 By nature thou hast cunning shifts,  
 Which Ile increase with other gifts.  
 Wish what thou wilt, thou shalt it have ;  
 And for to vex both foole and knave,  
 Thou hast the power to change thy shape,  
 To horse, to hog, to dog, to ape.  
 Transformed thus, by any meanes  
 Seen none thou harm'st but knaves and queanes;  
 But love thou those that honest be,  
 And helpe them in necessity.  
 Doe thus, and all the world shall know  
 The pranks of Robin Good-fellow ;  
 For by that name thou cald shalt be  
 To ages last posterity.  
 If thou observe my just command,  
 One day thou shalt see Fayry Land.  
 This more I give: who tels thy pranks  
 From those that heare them shall have thanks.

Robin having read this was very joyfull, yet longed he to know whether he had this power or not, and to try it hee wished for some meate: presently it was before him. Then wished hee for beere and wine: he straightway had it. This liked him well, and because he was weary, he wished himselfe a horse: no sooner was his wish ended, but he was transformed, and seemed a horse of twenty pound price, and leaped and curveted as nimble as if he had beene in stable

at racke and manger a full moneth. Then wished he himselfe a dog, and was so: then a tree, and was so: so from one thing to another, till hee was certaine and well assured that hee could change himselfe to any thing whatsoever.

---

HOW ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW SERVED A  
CLOWNISH FELLOW.

ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW going over a field met with a clownish fellow, to whom he spake in this manner: Friend (quoth he) what is a clocke? A thing (answered the clowne) that shewes the time of the day. Why then (sayd Robin Good-fellow) bee thou a clocke, and tell me what time of the day it is. I owe thee not so much service (answered hee againe), but because thou shalt thinke thy selfe beholding to mee, know that it is the same time of the day, as it was yesterday at this time.

These crosse answers vext Robin Good-fellow, so that in himselfe hee vowed to be revenged of him, which he did in this manner.

Robin Good-fellow turned himselfe into a bird, and followed this fellow, who was going into a field a little from that place to catch a horse that was at grasse. The horse being wilde ran over dike and hedge, and the fellow after, but to little purpose, for the horse was too swift for him. Robin was glad of this occasion, for now or never was the time to put his revenge in action.



Presently Robin shaped himselfe like to the horse that the fellow followed, and so stood before the fellow: presently the fellow tooke hold of him and got on his backe, but long had he not rid, but with a stumble he hurld this churlish clowne to the ground, that he almost broke his necke; yet tooke he not this for a sufficient revenge for the crosse answers he had received, but stood still and let the fellow mount him once more.

In the way the fellow was to ride was a great plash of water of a good depth: thorow this must he of necessity ride. No sooner was hee in the midst of it, but Robin Good-fellow left him with nothing but a pack-saddle betwixt his leggs, and in the shape of a fish swomme to the shore, and ran away laughing, *ho, ho, hoh!* leaving the poore fellow almost drowned.

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HOW ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW HELPED TWO LOVERS  
AND DECEIVED AN OLD MAN.

ROBIN going by a woode heard two lovers make great lamentation, because they were hindred from injoying each other by a cruell old leacher, who would not suffer this loving couple to marry. Robin, pittying them, went to them and sayd: I have heard your complaints, and do pitty you: be ruled by me, and I will see that you shall have both your hearts content, and that suddainly if you please. After some amazement the maiden sayd, Alas! sir, how can that be? my uncle, because I will not grant to his lust, is so



streight over me, and so oppresseth me with worke night and day, that I have not so much time as to drinke or speake with this young man, whom I love above all men living. If your worke bee all that hindreth you (sayd Robin), I will see that done: aske mee not how, nor make any doubt of the performance; I will doe it. Go you with your love: for 24 houres I will free you. In that time marry or doe what you will. If you refuse my proffered kindnesse never looke to enjoy your wished for happinesse. I love true lovers, honest men, good fellowes, good huswives, good meate, good drinke, and all things that good is, but nothing that is ill; for my name is Robin Good-fellow, and that you shall see that I have power to performe what I have undertooke, see what I can do. Presently he turned himselfe into a horse, and away he ran: at the sight of which they were both amazed, but better considering with themselves, they both determined to make good use of their time, and presently they went to an old fryer, who presently married them. They payd him, and went their way. Where they supped and lay, I know not, but surely they liked their lodging well the next day.

Robin, when that he came neare the old man's house, turned himselfe into the shape of the young maide, and entred the house, where, after much chiding, he fell to the worke that the mayde had to do, which hee did in halfe the time that another could do it in. The old man, seeing the speede he made, thought that she had some meeting that night (for

he tooke Robin Good-fellow for his neece): therefore he gave him order for other worke, that was too much for any one to do in one night: Robin did that in a trise, and playd many mad pranks beside ere the day appeared.

In the morning hee went to the two lovers to their bed-side, and bid God give them joy, and told them all things went well, and that ere night he would bring them 10 pounds of her uncles to beginne the world with. They both thanked him, which was all the requital that he looked for, and beeing therewith well contented hee went his way laughing.

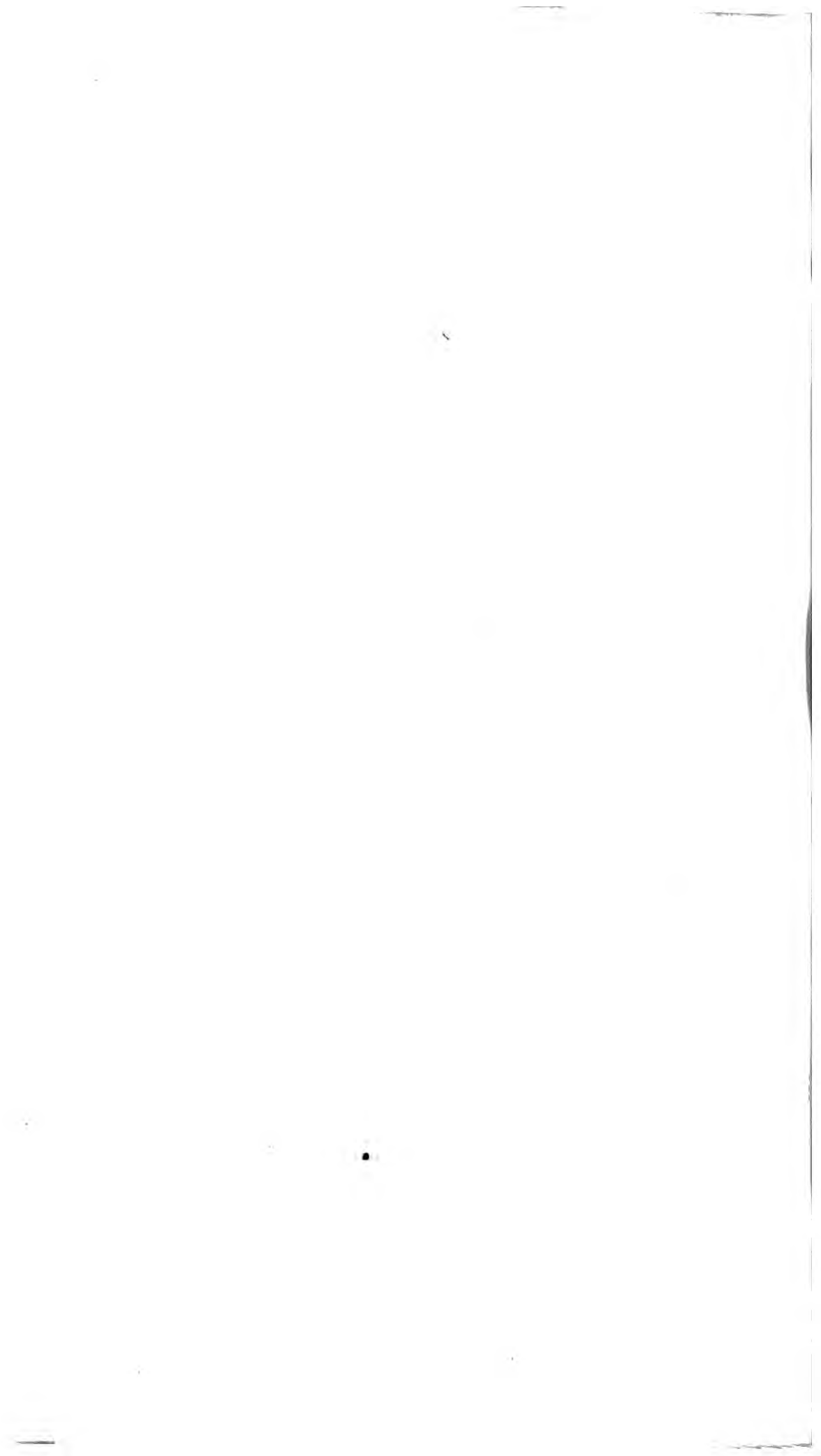
Home went he to the old man, who then was by, and marveled how the worke was done so soone. Robin, seeing that, sayd: Sir, I pray marvaile not, for a greater wonder then that this night hath happened to me. Good neece, what is that? (sayd the old man) This, Sir; but I shame to speake it, yet I will: weary with worke, I slept, and did dreame that I consented to that which you have so often desired of me (you know what it is I meane), and me thought you gave me as a reward 10 pounds, with your consent to marry that young man that I have loved so long. Diddest thou dreame so? thy dreame I will make good, for under my hand wrighting I give my free consent to marry him, or whom thou doest please to marry (and withall writ) and for the 10 pounds, goe but into the out barne, and I will bring it thee presently. How sayst thou (sayd the old leacher), wilt thou? Robin with silence did seeme to grant, and

went toward the barne. The old man made haste, told out his money, and followed.

Being come thither, he hurled the money on the ground, saying, This is the most pleasing bargaine that ever I made; and going to embrace Robin, Robin tooke him up in his armes and carried him foorth; first drew him thorow a pond to coole his hot blood, then did he carry him where the young married couple were, and said, Here is your uncle's consent under his hand; then, here is the 10 pounds he gave you and there is your uncle : let him deny it if hee can.

The old man, for feare of worse usage, said all was true. Then am I as good as my word, said Robin, and so went away laughing. The old man knew himselfe duly punished, and turned his hatred into love, and thought afterward as well of them, as if shee had beene his owne. The second part shall shew many incredible things done by Robin Good-fellow (or otherwise called Hob-goblin) and his companions, by turning himselfe into divers sundry shapes.

FINIS.

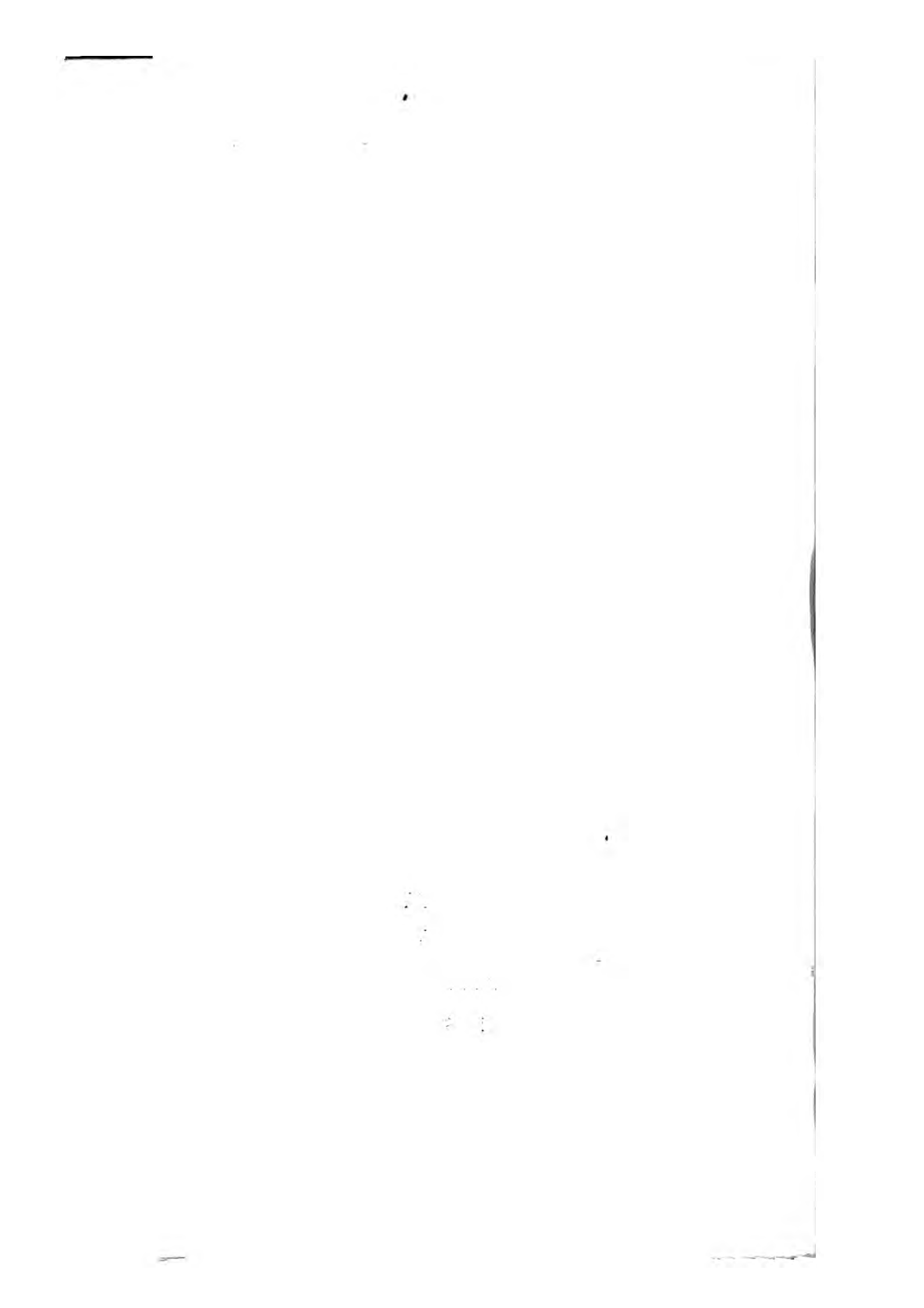


THE SECOND PART  
OF  
ROBIN  
GOOD-FELLOW,  
COMMONLY CALLED HOB-GOBLIN: WITH  
HIS MAD PRANKES, AND  
MERRY JESTS.

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*LONDON,*  
PRINTED FOR F. GROVE, DWELLING ON  
SNOW-HILL OVER AGAINST THE  
SARAZENS HEAD.

1628.



THE SECOND PART OF ROBIN GOOD-  
FELLOW, COMMONLY CALLED  
HOB-GOBLIN.

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HOW ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW HELPED A MAYDE TO WORKE.

ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW oftentimes would in the night visite farmers houses, and helpe the maydes to breake hempe, to bowlt, to dresse flaxe, and to spin and do other workes, for hee was excellent in every thing. One night hee comes to a farmers house, where there was a goode handsome mayde: this mayde having much worke to do, Robin one night did helpe her, and in sixe houres did bowlt more than she could have done in twelve houres. The mayde wondred the next day how her worke came, and to know the doer, shee watched the next night that did follow. About twelve of the clocke in came Robin, and fell to breaking of hempe, and for to delight himselfe he sung this mad song.

And can the physitian make sicke men well?  
And can the magician a fortune devine?  
Without lilly, germander and sops in wine?  
    With sweet-bryer  
    And bon-fire,  
    And straw-berry wyer,  
    And collumbine.



Within and out, in and out, round as a ball,  
 With hither and thither, as straight as a line,  
 With lilly, germander and sops in wine.

With sweet-bryer,  
 And bon-fire,  
 And straw-berry wyer,  
 And collumbine.

When Saturne did live, there lived no poore,  
 The king and the beggar with rootes did dine,  
 With lilly, germander, and sops in wine.

With sweet-bryer,  
 And bon-fire,  
 And straw-berry wyer,  
 And collumbine.

The mayde, seeing him bare in clothes, pittied him,  
 and against the next night provided him a wast-coate.  
 Robin comming the next night to worke, as he did  
 before, espied the wast-coate, whereat he started and  
 said:—

Because thou lay'st me himpen, hampen,  
 I will neither bolt nor stampen:  
 'Tis not your garments new or old  
 That Robin loves: I feele no cold.  
 Had you left me milke or creame,  
 You should have had a pleasing dreame:  
 Because you left no drop or crum,  
 Robin never more will come.

So went hee away laughing *ho, ho, hoh!* The mayde  
 was much grieved and discontented at his anger: for  
 ever after she was faine to do her worke herselfe with-  
 out the helpe of Robin Good-fellow.

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HOW ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW LED A COMPANY OF  
FELLOWES OUT OF THEIR WAY.

A COMPANY of young men having beene making merry with their sweet hearts, were at their comming home to come over a heath. Robin Good-fellow, knowing of it, met them, and to make some pastime, hee led them up and downe the heath a whole night, so that they could not get out of it; for hee went before them in the shape of a walking fire, which they all saw and followed till the day did appeare: then Robin left them, and at his departure spake these words:—

Get you home, you merry lads:  
Tell your mammies and your dads,  
And all those that newes desire,  
How you saw a walking fire.  
Wenches, that doe smile and lispe  
Use to call me Willy Wispe.  
If that you but weary be,  
It is sport alone for me.  
Away: unto your houses goe  
And I'll goe laughing *ho, ho, hoh!*

The fellowes were glad that he was gone, for they were all in a great feare that hee would have done them some mischief.

---

HOW ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW SERVED A LEACHEROUS  
GALLANT.

ROBIN alwayes did helpe those that suffered wrong, and never would hurt any but those that did wrong to

others. It was his chance one day to goe thorow a field where he heard one call for helpe : hee, going neere where he heard the cry, saw a lusty gallant that would have forced a young maiden to his lust; but the mayden in no wise would yeelde, which made her cry for helpe. Robin Good-fellow, seeing of this, turned himselfe into the shape of a hare, and so ranne betweene the lustfull gallants legges. This gallant, thinking to have taken him, hee presently turned himselfe into a horse, and so perforce carried away this gallant on his backe. The gentleman cryed out for helpe, for he thought that the devill had bin come to fetch him for his wickednesse ; but his crying was in vaine, for Robin did carry him into a thicke hedge, and there left him so prickt and scratched, that hee more desired a playster for his paine, then a wench for his pleasure. Thus the poore mayde was freed from this ruffin, and Robin Good-fellow, to see this gallant so tame, went away laughing, *ho, ho, hoh !*

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HOW ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW TURNED A MISERABLE  
USURER TO A GOOD HOUSE-KEEPER.

IN this country of ours there was a rich man dwelled, who to get wealth together was so sparing that hee could not find in his heart to give his belly foode enough. In the winter hee never would make so much fire as would roast a blacke-pudding, for hee found it more profitable to sit by other means. His apparell was of the fashion that none did weare ; for it

was such as did hang at a brokers stall, till it was as weather-beaten as an old signe. This man for his covetousnesse was so hated of all his neighbours, that there was not one that gave him a good word. Robin Good-fellow grieved to see a man of such wealth doe so little good, and therefore practised to better him in this manner.

One night the usurer being in bed, Robin in the shape of a night-raven came to the window, and there did beate with his wings, and croaked in such manner that this old usurer thought hee should have presently dyed for feare. This was but a preparation to what he did intend; for presently after hee appeared before him at his bed's feete, in the shape of a ghost, with a torch in his hand. At the sight of this the old usurer would have risen out of his bed, and have leaped out of the window, but he was stayed by Robin Good-fellow, who spake to him thus.

If thou dost stirre out of thy bed,  
 I doo vow to strike thee dead.  
 I doe come to doe thee good ;  
 Recall thy wits and starkled blood.  
 The mony which thou up dost store  
 In soule and body makes thee poore.  
 Doe good with mony while you may ;  
 Thou hast not long on earth to stay.  
 Doe good, I say, or day and night  
 I hourelly thus will thee afright.  
 Thinke on my words, and so farewell,  
 For being bad I live in hell.

Having said thus he vanished away and left this usurer in great terror of mind; and for feare of being

frighted againe with this ghost, hee turned very libe-  
rall, and lived amongst his neighbours as an honest man  
should doe.

---

HOW ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW LOVED A WEAVERS WIFE,  
AND HOW THE WEAVER WOULD HAVE  
DROWNED HIM.

ONE day Robin Good-fellow walking thorow the streete  
found at a doore sitting a pretty woman: this woman  
was wife to the weaver, and was a winding of quilts for  
her husband. Robin liked her so well, that for her  
sake he became servant to her husband, and did daily  
worke at the loome; but all the kindnesse that hee  
shewed was but lost, for his mistres would shew him  
no favour, which made him many times to exclame  
against the whole sex in satyricall songs; and one day  
being at worke he sung this, to the tune of *Rejoyce  
Bag-pipes*.

Why should my love now waxe  
Unconstant, wavering, fickle, unstayd?  
With nought can she me taxe:  
I ne're recanted what I once said.  
I now doe see, as nature fades,  
And all her workes decay,  
So women all, wives, widdowes, maydes,  
From bad to worse doe stray.

As hearbs, trees, rootes, and plants  
In strength and growth are daily lesse,  
So all things have their wants:  
The heavenly signes moove and digresse;

And honesty in womens hearts  
 Hath not her former being:  
 Their thoughts are ill, like other parts,  
 Nought else in them's agreeing.

I sooner thought thunder  
 Had power o're the laurell wreath,  
 Then shee, women's wonder,  
 Such perjur'd thoughts should live to breathe.  
 They all hyena-like will weepe,  
 When that they would deceive:  
 Deceit in them doth lurke and sleepe,  
 Which makes me thus to grieve.

Young mans delight, farewell;  
 Wine, women, game, pleasure, adieu:  
 Content with me shall dwell;  
 I'le nothing trust but what is true.  
 Though she were false, for her I'le pray;  
 Her false-hood made me blest:  
 I will renew from this good day  
 My life by sinne opprest.

Moved with this song and other complaints of his, shee at last did fancy him, so that the weaver did not like that Robin should bee so saucy with his wife, and therefore gave him warning to be gone, for hee would keepe him no longer. This grieved this loving couple to parte one from the other, which made them to make use of the time that they had. The weaver one day comming in, found them a kissing: at this hee said [nothing] but vowed in himselfe to bee revenged of his man that night following. Night being come, the weaver went to Robin's bed, and tooke him out of it (as hee then thought) and ran apace to the river side to

hurle Robin in ; but the weaver was deceived, for Robin, instead of himselfe, had laid in his bed a sack full of yarne: it was that that the weaver carried to drowne. The weaver standing by the river side said:—Now will I coole your hot blood, Master Robert, and if you cannot swimme the better; you shall sincke and drowne. With that he hurled the sack in, thinking that it had bin Robin Good-fellow. Robin, standing behind him, said:—

For this your kindnesse, master, I you thanke:  
Go swimme yourselfe ; I'le stay upon the banke.

With that Robin pushed him in, and went laughing away, *ho, ho, hoh!*

---

HOW ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW WENT IN THE SHAPE OF A  
FIDLER TO A WEDDING, AND OF THE SPORT  
THAT HE HAD THERE.

ON a time there was a great wedding, to which there went many young lusty lads and pretty lasses. Robin Good-fellow longing not to be out of action, shaped himselfe like unto a fidler, and with his crowd under his arme went amongst them, and was a very welcome man. There played hee whilst they danced, and tooke as much delight in seeing them, as they did in hearing him. At dinner he was desired to sing a song, which hee did, to the tune of *Watton Towne's End*.



## THE SONG.

It was a country lad  
 That fashions strange would see,  
 And he came to a valting schoole,  
 Where tumblers use to be:  
 He lik't his sport so well,  
 That from it he'd not part:  
 His doxey to him still did cry,  
 Come, busse thine owne sweet heart.

They lik't his gold so well,  
 That they were both content,  
 That he that night with his sweet heart  
 Should passe in merry-ment.  
 To bed they then did goe ;  
 Full well he knew his part,  
 Where he with words, and eke with deedes,  
 Did busse his owne sweet heart.

Long were they not in bed,  
 But one knockt at the doore,  
 And said, Up, rise, and let me in:  
 This vext both knave and whore.  
 He being sore perplext  
 From bed did lightly start ;  
 No longer then could he indure  
 To busse his owne sweet heart.

With tender steps he trod,  
 To see if he could spye  
 The man that did him so molest ;  
 Which he with heavy eye  
 Had soone beheld, and said,  
 Alas! my owne sweet heart,  
 I now doe doubt, if e're we busse,  
 It must be in a cart.

At last the bawd arose,  
 And opened the doore,  
 And saw Discretion cloth'd in rug,  
 Whose office hates a whore.

He mounted up the stayres,  
 Being cunning in his arte:  
 With little search at last he found  
 My youth and his sweete heart.

He having wit at will,  
 Unto them both did say,  
 I will not heare them speake one word;  
 Watchmen, with them away!  
 And cause they lov'd so well,  
 'Tis pittie they should part.  
 Away with them to new Bride-well;  
 There busse your own sweet heart.

His will it was fulfild,  
 And there they had the law;  
 And whilst that they did nimble spin,  
 The hempe he needs must taw.  
 He grownd, he thump't, he grew  
 So cunning in his arte,  
 He learnt the trade of beating hempe  
 By bussing his sweet heart.

But yet, he still would say,  
 If I could get release  
 To see strange fashions I'll give o're,  
 And henceforth live in peace,  
 The towne where I was bred,  
 And thinke by my desert  
 To come no more into this place  
 For bussing my sweet heart.

They all liked his song very well, and said that the young man had but ill lucke. Thus continued hee playing and singing songs till candle-light: then hee beganne to play his merry trickes in this manner. First, hee put out the candles, and then beeing darke, hee stricke the men good boxes on the eares: they,

thinking it had beene those that did sit next them, fell a fighting one with the other; so that there was not one of them but had either a broken head or a bloody nose. At this Robin laughed heartily. The women did not scape him, for the handsomest he kissed; the other he pinched, and made them scratch one the other, as if they had beene cats. Candles being lighted againe, they all were friends, and fell againe to dancing, and after to supper.

Supper beeing ended, a great posset was brought forth: at this Robin Good-fellowes teeth did water, for it looked so lovely that hee could not keepe from it. To attaine to his wish, he did turne himselfe into a beare: both men and women (seeing a beare amongst them) ranne away, and left the whole posset to Robin Good-fellow. He quickly made an end of it, and went away without his money; for the sport hee had was better to him then any money whatsoever. The feare that the guests were in did cause such a smell, that the Bride-groome did call for perfumes; and in stead of a posset, he was faine to make use of cold beere.

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HOW ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW SERVED A TAPSTER FOR  
NICKING HIS POTS.

THERE was a tapster, that with his pots smalnesse, and with frothing of his drinke, had got a good summe of money together. This nicking of the pots he would never leave, yet divers times he had been under

the hand of authority, but what money soever hee had [to pay] for his abuses, hee would be sure (as they all doe) to get it out of the poore mans pot againe. Robin Goodfellow, hating such knavery, put a tricke upon him in this manner.

Robin shaped himselfe like to the tapsters brewer, and came and demaunded twenty pounds which was due to him from the tapster. The tapster, thinking it had beene his brewer, payd him the money, which money Robin gave to the poore of that parish before the tapster's face. The tapster prayed his charity very much, and sayd that God would blesse him the better for such good deedes: so, after they had drank one with the other, they parted.

Some foure dayes after the brewer himselfe came for his money: the tapster told him that it was payd, and that he had a quittance from him to shew. Hereat the brewer did wonder, and desired to see the quittance. The tapster fetched him a writing, which Robin Good-fellow had given him in stead of a quittance, wherein was written as followeth, which the brewer read to him.

I, Robin Good-fellow, true man and honest man, doe acknowledge to have received of Nicke and Froth, the cheating tapster, the summe of twenty pound, which money I have bestowed (to the tapsters content) amongst the poore of the parish, out of whose pockets this aforesayd tapster had picked the aforesaid summe, not after the manner of foisting, but after his excellent skill of bombasting, or a pint for a peny.

If now thou wilt goe hang thy selfe,  
Then take thy apron-strings.

It doth me good when such foule birds  
Upon the gallowes sings.

*Per me* ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW.

At this the tapster swore Walsingham; but for all his swearing, the brewer made him pay him his twenty pound.

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HOW KING OBREON CALLED ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW  
TO DANCE.

KING OBREON, seeing Robin Good-fellow doe so many honest and merry trickes, called him one night out of his bed with these words, saying :

Robin, my sonne, come quickly, rise:  
First stretch, then yawne, and rub your eyes;  
For thou must goe with me to night,  
To see, and taste of my delight.  
Quickly come, my wanton sonne;  
Twere time our sports were now begunne.

Robin, hearing this, rose and went to him. There were with King Obreon a many fayries, all attyred in greene silke: all these, with King Obreon, did welcome Robin Good-fellow into their company. Obreon tooke Robin by the hand and led him a dance: their musician was little Tom Thumb; for hee had an excellent bag-pipe made of a wrens quill, and the skin of a Greenland louse: this pipe was so shrill, and so sweete, that a Scottish pipe compared to it, it would no more come neere it, then a Jewes-trump doth to an Irish harpe.

After they had danced, King Obreon spake to his sonne, Robin Good-fellow, in this manner:

When ere you heare my piper blow,  
 From thy bed see that thou goe ;  
 For nightly you must with us dance,  
 When we in circles round doe prance.  
 I love thee, sonne, and by the hand  
 I carry thee to Fairy Land,  
 Where thou shalt see what no man knowes:  
 Such love thee King Obreon owes.

So marched they in good manner (with their piper before) to the Fairy Land: there did King Obreon shew Robin Good-fellow many secrets, which hee never did open to the world.

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HOW ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW WAS WONT TO WALLE  
 IN THE NIGHT.

ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW would many times walke in the night with a broome on his shoulder, and cry chimney sweepe, but when any one did call him, then would he runne away laughing *ho, ho, hoh!* Somtime hee would counterfeit a begger, begging very pitifully, but when they came to give him an almes, he would runne away, laughing as his manner was. Sometimes would hee knocke at mens doores, and when the servants came, he would blow out the candle, if they were men; but if they were women, hee would not onely put out their light, but kisse them full sweetly, and then go away as his fashion was, *ho, ho, hoh!* Oftentimes would he sing at a doore like a singing man, and when they

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did come to give him his reward, he would turne his backe and laugh. In these humors of his hee had many pretty songs, which I will sing as perfect as I can. For his chimney-sweepers humors he had these songs: the first is to the tune of, *I have beene a fiddler these fifteene yeeres.*

Blacke I am from head to foote,  
And all doth come by chimney soote:  
Then, maydens, come and cherrish him  
That makes your chimnies neat and trim.

Hornes have I store, but all at my backe ;  
My head no ornament doth lacke:  
I give my hornes to other men,  
And ne're require them againe.

Then come away, you wanton wives,  
That love your pleasures as your lives:  
To each good woman Ile give two,  
Or more, if she thinke them too few.

Then would he change his note and sing this following, to the tune of *What care I how faire she be ?*

Be she blacker then the stocke,  
If that thou wilt make her faire,  
Put her in a cambricke smocke,  
Buy her painte and flaxen haire.

One your carrier brings to towne  
Will put downe your city bred ;  
Put her on a brokers gowne,  
That will sell her mayden-head.

Comes your Spaniard, proud in minde,  
Heele have the first cut, or else none:  
The meeke Italian comes behind,  
And your French-man pickes the bone.



Still she trades with Dutch and Scot,  
 Irish, and the Germaine tall,  
 Till she get the thing you wot ;  
 Then her ends an hospitall.

A song to the tune of *The Spanish Pavin.*

When Vertue was a country maide,  
 And had no skill to set up trade,  
 She came up with a carriers jade,  
 And lay at racke and manger.  
 She whift her pipe, she drunke her can,  
 The pot was nere out of her span ;  
 She married a tobacco man,  
 A stranger, a stranger.

They set up shop in Hunney Lane,  
 And thither flyes did swarme amaine,  
 Some from France, some from Spaine,  
 Traind in by scurvy panders.  
 At last this hunney pot grew dry,  
 Then both were forced for to fly  
 To Flanders, to Flanders.

Another to the tune of *The Coranto.*

I peeped in at the Wool sacke,  
 O, what a goodly sight did I  
 Behold at mid-night chyme!  
 The wenches were drinking of muld sacke ;  
 Each youth on his knee, that then did want  
 A yeere and a halfe of his time.  
 They leaped and skipped,  
 They kissed and they clipped,  
 And yet it was counted no crime.

The grocers chiefe servant brought sugar,  
 And out of his leather pocket he puld,  
 And kuld some pound and a halfe ;

For which he was sufferd to smacke her  
 That was his sweet-heart, and would not depart,  
 But turn'd and lickt the calfe.  
     He rung her, and he flung her,  
     He kist her, and he swung her,  
     And yet she did nothing but laugh.

Thus would he sing about cities and townes, and  
 when any one called him, he would change his shape,  
 and go laughing *ho, ho, hoh!* For his humors of  
 begging he used this song, to the tune of *The Jovial*  
*Tinker.*

Good people of this mansion,  
     Unto the poore be pleased  
 To doe some good, and give some food,  
     That hunger may be eased.  
 My limbes with fire are burned,  
     My goods and lands defaced ;  
 Of wife and child I am beguild,  
     So much am I debased.  
 Oh, give the poore some bread, cheese, or butter,  
     Bacon, hempe, or flaxe ;  
 Some pudding bring, or other thing:  
     My need doth make me aske.

I am no common begger,  
     Nor am I skild in canting:  
 You nere shall see a wench with me,  
     Such trickes in me are wanting.  
 I curse not if you give not,  
     But still I pray and blesse you,  
 Still wishing joy, and that annoy  
     May never more possesse you.  
 Oh, give the poore some bread, cheese or butter,  
     Bacon, hempe or flaxe ;  
 Some pudding bring, or other thing,  
     My neede doth make me aske.

When any came to releve him, then would he change himselfe into some other shape, and runne laughing, *ho, ho, hoh!* Then would hee shape himselfe like to a singing man; and at mens windowes and doores sing civil and vertuous songs, one of which I will sing to the tune of *Broome*.

If thou wilt lead a blest and happy life,  
 I will describe the perfect way:  
 First must thou shun all cause of mortall strife,  
 Against thy lusts continually to pray.  
 Attend unto Gods word:  
 Great comfort 'twill afford;  
 'Twill keepe thee from discord.  
 Then trust in God, the Lord,  
     for ever,  
     for ever;  
 And see in this thou persever.

So soone as day appeareth in the east  
 Give thanks to him, and mercy crave;  
 So in this life thou shalt be surely blest,  
 And mercy shalt thou find in grave.  
 The conscience that is cleere  
 No horror doth it feare;  
 'Tis voyd of mortall care,  
 And never doth despaire;  
     but ever,  
     but ever  
 Doth in the word of God persever.

Thus living, when thou drawest to thy end  
 Thy joyes they shall much more encrease,  
 For then thy soule, thy true and loving friend,  
 By death shall find a wisht release  
 From all that caused sinne,  
 In which it lived in;

For then it doth beginne  
 Those blessed joyes to win,  
     for ever,  
     for ever,  
 For there is nothing can them sever.

Those blessed joyes which then thou shalt possesse,  
 No mortall tongue can them declare:  
 All earthly joyes, compar'd with this, are lesse  
 Then smallest mote to the world so faire.  
 Then is not that man blest  
 That must injoy this rest?  
 Full happy is that guest  
 Invited to this feast,  
     that ever,  
     that ever  
 Indureth, and is ended never.

When they opened the window or doore, then  
 would he runne away laughing *ho, ho, hoh!* Some-  
 times would he goe like a Belman in the night, and  
 with many pretty verses delight the eares of those  
 that waked at his bell ringing: his verses were these.

Maydes in your smockes,  
 Looke well to your lockes,  
 And your tinder boxe,  
 Your wheelles and your rockes,  
 Your hens and your cockes,  
 Your coves and your oxe,  
 And beware of the foxe.  
 When the Bell-man knockes,  
 Put out your fire and candle light,  
 So they shall not you affright:  
 May you dreame of your delights,  
 In your sleeps see pleasing sights.  
 Good rest to all, both old and young:  
 The Bell-man now hath done his song.

Then would he goe laughing *ho, ho, hoh!* as his use was. Thus would he continually practise himselfe in honest mirth, never doing hurt to any that were cleanly and honest minded.

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HOW THE FAIRYES CALLED ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW TO  
DANCE WITH THEM, AND HOW THEY SHEWED  
HIM THEIR SEVERALL CONDITIONS.

ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW being walking one night heard the excellent musicke of Tom Thumbs brave bag-pipe: he, remembering the sound (according to the command of King Obreon) went toward them. They, for joy that he was come, did circle him in, and in a ring did dance round about him. Robin Good-fellow, seeing their love to him, danced in the midst of them, and sung them this song to the tune of *To him Bun.*

THE SONG.

Round about, little ones, quick and nimble,  
In and out wheele about, run, hop, or amble.  
Joyne your hands lovingly: well done, musition!  
Mirth keepeth man in health like a phisition.  
Elves, urchins, goblins all, and little fairyes  
That doe fillch, blacke, and pinch mayds of the dairyes;  
Make a ring on the grasse with your quicke measures,  
Tom shall play, and Ile sing for all your pleasures.

Pinch and Patch, Gull and Grim,  
Goe you together,  
For you can change your shapes  
Like to the weather.

Sib and Tib, Licke and Lull,  
 You all have trickes, too ;  
 Little Tom Thumb that pipes  
 Shall goe betwixt you.  
 Tom, tickle up thy pipes  
 Till they be weary :  
 I will laugh, *ho, ho, hoh !*  
 And make me merry.  
 Make a ring on this grasse  
 With your quicke measures :  
 Tom shall play, I will sing  
 For all your pleasures.

The moone shines faire and bright,  
 And the owle hollows,  
 Mortals now take their rests  
 Upon their pillows :  
 The bats abroad likewise,  
 And the night raven,  
 Which doth use for to call  
 Men to Deaths haven.  
 Now the mice peepe abroad,  
 And the cats take them,  
 Now doe young wenches sleepe,  
 Till their dreames wake them.  
 Make a ring on the grasse  
 With your quicke measures :  
 Tom shall play, I will sing  
 For all your pleasures.

Thus danced they a good space : at last they left and sat downe upon the grasse ; and to requite Robin Good-fellowes kindnesse, they promised to tell to him all the exploits that they were accustomed to doe : Robin thanked them and listned to them, and one begun to tell his trickes in this manner.

## THE TRICKES OF THE FAYRY CALLED PINCH.

AFTER that wee have danced in this manner as you have beheld, I, that am called Pinch, do goe about from house to house: sometimes I find the dores of the house open; that negligent servant that left them so, I doe so nip him or her, that with my pinches their bodyes are as many colors as a mackrels backe. Then take I them, and lay I them in the doore, naked or unnaked I care not whether: there they lye, many times till broad day, ere they waken; and many times, against their wills, they shew some parts about them, that they would not have openly scene.

Sometimes I find a slut sleeping in the chimney corner, when she should be washing of her dishes, or doing something else which she hath left undone: her I pinch about the armes, for not laying her armes to her labor. Some I find in their bed snorting and sleeping, and their houses lying as cleane as a nasty doggs kennell; in one corner bones, in another eg-shells, behind the doore a heap of dust, the dishes under feet, and the cat in the cubbord: all these sluttish trickes I doe reward with blue legges, and blue armes. I find some slovens too, as well as sluts: they pay for their beastliness too, as well as the women-kind; for if they uncase a sloven and not unty their points, I so pay their armes that they cannot sometimes untye them, if they would. Those that leave foule shooes, or goe into their beds with their stockings on, I use them as I did



the former, and never leave them till they have left their beastlinesse.

But to the good I doe no harme,  
 But cover them, and keepe them warme:  
 Sluts and slovens I doe pinch,  
 And make them in their beds to winch.  
 This is my practice, and my trade;  
 Many have I cleanly made.

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THE TRICKES OF THE FAYRY CALLED PACH.

ABOUT mid-night do I walke, and for the trickes I play they call me Pach. When I find a slut asleepe, I smuch her face if it be cleane; but if it be durty, I wash it in the next pisse-pot that I can finde: the balls I use to wash such sluts withal is a sows pan-cake, or a pilgrimes salve. Those that I find with their heads nitty and scabby, for want of combing, I am their barbers, and cut their hayre as close as an apes taylor; or else clap so much pitch on it, that they must cut it off themselves to their great shame. Slovens also that neglect their masters businesse, they doe not escape. Some I find that spoyle their masters horses for want of currying: those I doe daube with grease and soote, that they are faine to curry themselves ere they can get cleane. Others that for laysinesse will give the poore beasts no meate, I oftentimes so punish them with blowes, that they cannot feed themselves they are so sore.

Thus many trickes I, Pach, can doe,  
 But to the good I ne'ere was foe:  
 The bad I hate and will doe ever,  
 Till they from ill themselves doe sever.  
 To helpe the good Ile run and goe,  
 The bad no good from me shall know.

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THE TRICKS OF THE FAIRY CALLED GULL.

WHEN mortals keep their beds I walke abroad, and for my pranks am called by the name of Gull. I with a fayned voyce doe often deceive many men, to their great amazement. Many times I get on men and women, and so lye on their stomackes, that I cause their great paine, for which they call me by the name of Hagge, or Night-mare. Tis I that doe steale children, and in the place of them leave changelings. Sometime I also steale milke and creame, and then with my brothers Patch, Pinch, and Grim, and sisters Sib, Tib, Licke, and Lull, I feast with my stolne goods: our little piper hath his share in all our spoyles, but hee nor our women fayries doe ever put themselves in danger to doe any great exploit.

What Gull can doe, I have you showne;  
 I am inferior unto none.  
 Command me, Robin, thou shalt know,  
 That I for thee will ride or goe:  
 I can doe greater things than these  
 Upon the land, and on the seas.

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## THE TRICKES OF THE FAIRY CALD GRIM.

I WALKE with the owle, and make many to cry as loud as she doth hollow. Sometimes I doe affright many simple people, for which some have termed me the Blacke Dog of New-gate. At the meetings of young men and maydes I many times am, and when they are in the midst of all their good cheare, I come in, in some feareful shape, and affright them, and then carry away their good cheare, and eate it with my fellow fayries. Tis I that do, like a skritch-owle, cry at sicke mens windowes, which makes the hearers so fearefull, that they say, that the sicke person cannot live. Many other wayes have I to fright the simple, but the understanding man I cannot moove to feare, because he knowes I have no power to do hurt.

My nightly businesse I have told,  
 To play these trickes I use of old:  
 When candles burne both blue and dim,  
 Old folkes will say, Here's fairy Grim.  
 More trickes then these I use to doe:  
 Hcreat cry'd Robin, *Ho, ho, hoh!*

## THE TRICKES OF THE WOMEN FAYRIES TOLD BY SIB.

To walke nightly, as do the men fayries, we use not; but now and then we goe together, and at good hus-wives fires we warme and dresse our fayry children.

If wee find cleane water and cleane towels, wee leave them money, either in their basons or in their shooes ; but if wee find no cleane water in their houses, we wash our children in their pottage, milke, or beere, or what-ere we finde : for the sluts that leave not such things fitting, wee wash their faces and hands with a gilded childs clout, or els carry them to some river, and ducke them over head and eares. We often use to dwell in some great hill, and from thence we doe lend money to any poore man, or woman that hath need ; but if they bring it not againe at the day appointed, we doe not only punish them with pinching, but also in their goods, so that they never thrive till they have payd us.

Tib and I the chiefest are,  
 And for all things doe take care.  
 Licke is cooke and dresseth meate,  
 And fetcheth all things that we eat:  
 Lull is nurse and tends the cradle,  
 And the babes doth dresse and swadle.  
 This little fellow, cald Tom Thumb,  
 That is no bigger then a plumb,  
 He is the porter to our gate,  
 For he doth let all in thereat,  
 And makes us merry with his play,  
 And merrily we spend the day.

Shee having spoken, Tom Thumb stood up on tip-toe and shewed himselfe, saying,

My actions all in volumes two are wrote,  
 The least of which will never be forgot.

He had no sooner ended his two lines, but a shepheard (that was watching in the field all night) blew up a bag-pipe: this so frighted Tom, that he could not tell what to doe for the present time. The fayries seeing Tom Thumbe in such a feare, punisht the shepheard with his pipes losse, so that the shepherds pipe presently brake in his hand, to his great amazement. Hereat did Robin Good-fellow laugh, *ho, ho, hoh!* Morning beeing come, they all hasted to Fayry Land, where I thinke they yet remaine.

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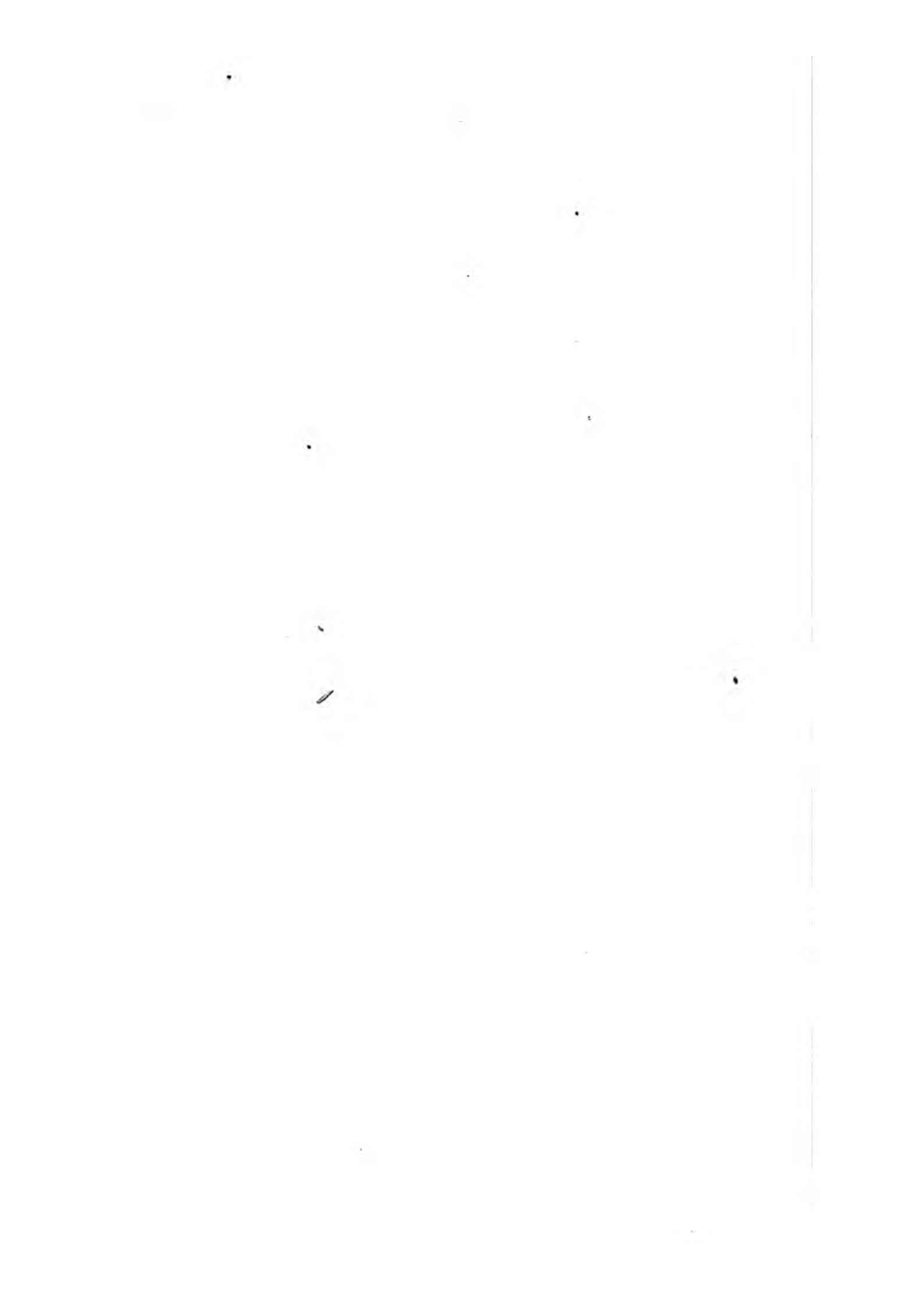
My hostesse asked me how I liked this tale? I said, it was long enough, and good enough to passe time that might be worsers spent. I, seeing her dry, called for two pots: she emptied one of them at a draught, and never breathed for the matter: I emptied the other at leasure; and being late I went to bed, and did dreame of this which I had heard.

FINIS.





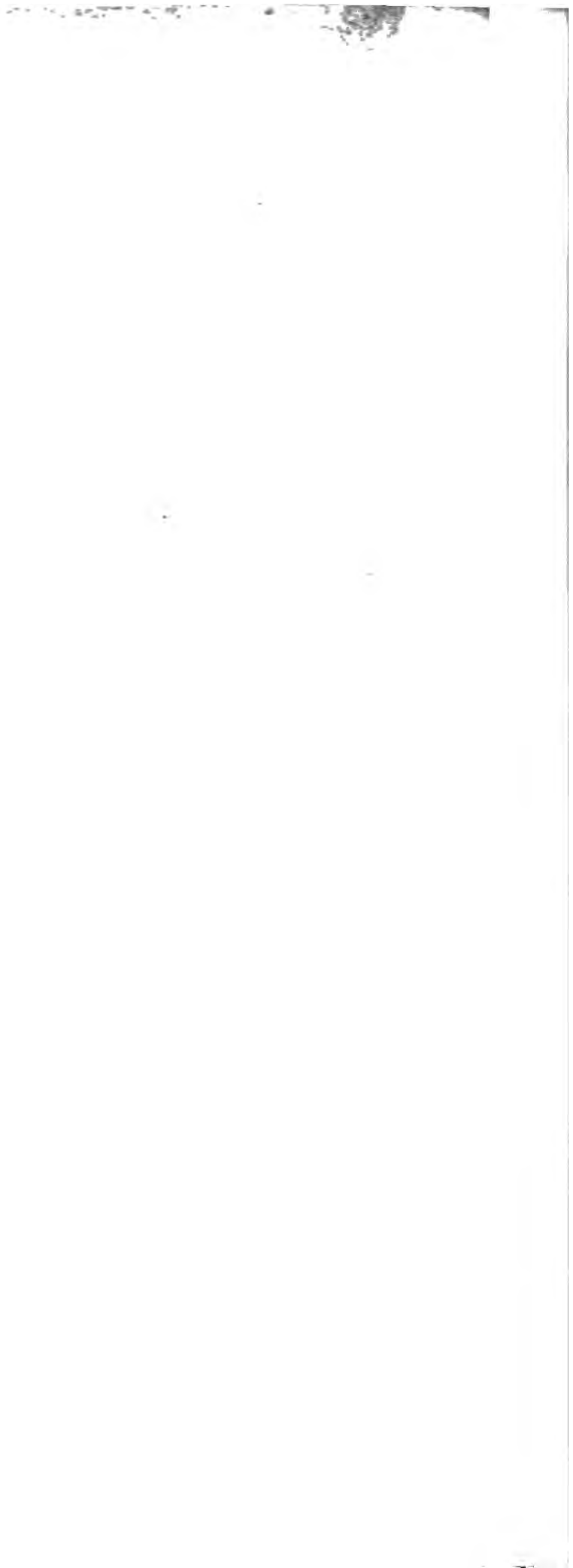












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