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**Bishop Percy's**  
**Folio Manuscript.**

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**Ballads and Romances.**

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EDITED BY



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LONDON  
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NEW-STREET SQUARE

**Dedicated**

TO

**PROFESSOR FRANCIS JAMES CHILD**

OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY, MASSACHUSETTS, U. S.

AT WHOSE INSTIGATION,

AND TO RELIEVE ENGLISH ANTIQUARIANS FROM WHOSE REPROACHES

(TOO WELL DESERVED,)

**This Work**

WAS FIRST UNDERTAKEN.

*Easter 1867.*



## TEMPORARY NOTICE.

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THE PREFACE, and the General Introduction by Mr. Hales, will appear with the Glossary and Indexes, after the whole MS. is printed.

The Introductions in this volume are all by Mr. Hales, except that to *Mary Aumbree*—which is reprinted from Percy's *Reliques*—and those to *Merline* and *King Arthur's Death*, with that on "Arthur," which are by Mr. Furnivall. To the "Arthur" is prefixed a valuable statement of the evidence for that hero's historic existence, for which the Editors are indebted to Mr. C. H. Pearson, Fellow of Oriel, author of *The Early and Middle Ages of England*. The Introductions are intended to afford a reader coming fresh to each poem such information about it as he would wish to get together for himself in order to understand the belongings of it.

The text of the poems has been left as it stands in the MS., with the exception of 1. the few corrections marked by [ ], or noticed in the notes signed F., and 2. the expansions of contractions in italics. The Editors resolved at first, without any hesitation, not to attempt to make the best text possible out of



the MS., as that would have often involved restoring the copy of 1620 A.D., or later, to its original of 1420 A.D., or earlier, thus destroying the very copy which it was their sole purpose to give. Emendations have therefore been introduced into the text with a very sparing hand, and have been sometimes confined to the notes. Mr. Furnivall is, in the main, responsible for the text, the proofs and revises of which have been read thrice with the MS.

It has been thought due to Bishop Percy's work and memory to print all the notes and readings that he wrote in the margin of the MS.—whether the Editors agree with them or not—except where the readings were only clearer copies of the words of the MS., and meant to assist an inexperienced reader. All such notes and readings are marked by a —P. The contractions used by Percy are chiefly those of the Glossaries to Gawain Douglas and Urry's edition of Chaucer.

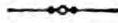
The Editors tender their thanks to Professor Child, Mr. Wm. Chappell, Dr. Robson, Mr. C. H. Pearson, Mr. David Laing, Mr. D. W. Nash, Mr. Thomas Wright, Mr. Pattrick, and the Rev. W. W. Skeat, for their help.

*April 20, 1867.*

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## FOREWORDS.

(By F. J. FURNIVALL.)

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|---|--|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. <i>Cause of the publication.</i></li> <li>2. <i>Groans about it, and gains by it.</i></li> <li>3. <i>Description of the MS.</i></li> <li>4. <i>Date and dialect of it.</i></li> <li>5. <i>Supposed writer of it.</i></li> <li>6. <i>Pieces printed from it since the Reliques.</i></li> </ul> | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>7. <i>Percy's handling of his MS.</i></li> <li>8. <i>Proportion of pieces from it in the Reliques.</i></li> <li>9. <i>Our handling of the MS.</i></li> <li>10. <i>Our Introductions and helpers.</i></li> <li>11. <i>Work ahead. Print the other Ballad Collections.</i></li> </ul> |
|---|--|

1. The cause of the printing of Percy's MS., of the publication of this book, was the insistence, time after time, by Professor Child, that it was the duty of English antiquarian men of letters to print this foundation document of English balladry, the basis of that structure which Percy raised, so fair to the eyes of all English-speaking men throughout the world. Above a hundred years had gone since first the *Reliques* met men's view, a Percy Society had been born and died, but still the Percy Manuscript lay hid in Ecton Hall, and no one was allowed to know how the owner who made his fame by it had dealt with it, whether his treatment was foul or fair. No list even of its contents could be obtained. Dibdin and Madden, and many a man less known, had tried their hands, but still the MS. was kept back, and this generation had made up its mind that it was not to see the desired original in type. One of that nation, however, whose greatest man since Washington proclaimed its way of getting things done, by his homely phrase "keep pegging away," pegged away at this MS., and the result is before the reader.



As an Englishman one could not but feel it a disgrace that an American should take more interest in an English MS. than oneself, and the more a disgrace that in this case the genuineness or falsity of the text of a score of our best ballads was involved. Was one to acknowledge that the old Sidney spirit had taken flight from its native land, and found a new home even in that noble North which had at last gone "thorough" for the slave, fighting the worthiest fight one's life had seen? Hardly; much as one admired that home. So, though the Percy MS. was long after the time of my section of Early English work, though my hands were otherwise more than full, I tried to get access to the MS. some half-dozen years ago. Repulsed, I tried again when starting the Early English Text Society. Repulsed again, I tried again at a later date, but with the like result. Not rebuffed by this, Professor Child added his offer of 50*l.* to mine of 100*l.* through Mr. Thurstan Holland, a friend of his own and of the owners of the MS., and this last attempt succeeded. We obtained the right to hold the MS. for six months, and make and print one copy of it. This six months the owners kindly extended from time to time to thirteen, to enable all the proofs and revises to be read with the MS. before it was returned to them—for sale, as we afterwards heard, to the British Museum.

2. Of the value of the work, others must judge. The long delays and the trials of temper involved in it, the large money-risk still impending,<sup>1</sup> the unsatisfactoriness of being able to give only half-hours of hardly-earned pause from other work to points that needed a week's leisure to study, the great annoyance by which one subscriber has answered our efforts in the cause,—these things have dulled one's pleasure in the book, have lowered one's estimate of the usefulness of it. Still, to say the least, it is the getting done a thing which ought not to have

<sup>1</sup> The debt on the book is over 800*l.*

been left undone, the ridding ourselves of a well-deserved reproach. It is something to have helped to secure the MS. for the nation, something that ballads like *The Child of Elle*, *Sir Cawline*, *Sir Andrew Bartton* (iii. 403), *Old Robin of Portingale* (i. 235), can be read without Percy's tawdry touches, something that "Robin Hood and Randle Erle of Chestre" get fresh clearness to our view, that a new Sir Lionell (i. 74) lives for us, and *Balowe* (iii. 518) is restored to its English home.

It is more that we have now for the first time *Eger & Grime* in its earlier state, *Sir Lambewell* (i. 142) besides, the *Cavilere's* praise of his hawking (iii. 369), the complete version of *Scottish Feilde* (i. 199), and *Kinge Arthur's Death* (i. 487), the fullest of *Flodden Feilde* (i. 313), and the verse *Merline* (i. 417), the *Earle of Westmorlande* (i. 292), *Bosworth Feilde* (iii. 233), the curious poem of *John de Reeve* (ii. 550), and the fine alliterative one of *Death and Liffe* (iii. 56), with its gracious picture of Lady dame Life, awakening life and love in grass and tree, in bird and man, as she speeds to her conquest over Death.

Real gains to our literature are among these. Let any one contrast the contents of this Percy MS. with those of the other great Ballad-Book of our day, the volume of purloined Helmingham ballads, selected by Mr. Daniel, and bought (and rightly and generously printed) by Mr. Huth, but not containing even one third-rate work, and he will then have a better notion of the value he should put on the pieces that are good in our book. Some are for all time; others witness only that the neglect they have met with is more or less deserved. Yet of them even may be repeated what has been said elsewhere of

one of the romances or novels of our ancestors "made, al trew louers for to glade" . . . Though we may often be tempted to smile at the plots and incidents of the books of its class, we must yet remember that those who once delighted in them were men

of Noble birth,  
 Valiant and Vertuous, full of haughtie Courage,  
 Such as were growne to credit by the warres :  
 Not fearing Death, nor shrinking for Distresse,  
 But always resolute, in most extreames.

Written, as the present poem was, in the sixth Henry's time, Talbot himself may have seen it; he, "the great Alcides of the field," perchance enjoyed it with his boy, "the Sonne of Chivalrie;" and though it lacks somewhat, as well the fire as the simple pathos, of stories of an earlier day, yet there is no need to ask for it a favouring ear from those who, with M. Hippeau, know "ce n'est jamais sans profit que l'on recueille quelques-uns des nombreux anneaux de la chaîne qui permet de suivre à travers les âges toutes les transformations que subissent les mots d'une langue et les idées d'un peuple." (*Messire Gauvain*, Preface, p. xxxiv, in *A Royal Historie of the excellent Knight Generides*, p. xv.)

3. The Manuscript itself is a "scrubby, shabby, paper" book,—about fifteen and a half inches long by five and a half wide, and about two inches thick,—which has lost some of its pages both at the beginning and end. Percy found it "lying dirty on the floor under a Bureau in y<sup>e</sup> Parlour" of his friend Humphrey Pitt of Shiffnal in Shropshire, "being used by the maids to light the fire." He begged it of Mr. Pitt, and kept it unbound and torn till he was going to lend it to Dr. Johnson. Then he had it bound in half-calf by a binder who pared off some of the top and bottom lines in different parts of the volume.

4. The handwriting was put by Sir F. Madden at after 1650 A.D.; by two authorities at the Record Office whom I consulted, in the reign of James I. rather than that of Charles I.; but as the volume contains, among other late pieces, one on the siege of Newark in Charles I.'s time (ii. 33), another on the taking of Banbury in 1642 (ii. 39), and a third, *The King enioyes his rights againe*, which contains a passage<sup>1</sup> that (as

<sup>1</sup> ffull 40 yeeres his royall crowne  
 hath beene his fathers and his owne.  
 (ii. 25/17-18).

Mr. Chappell observes in *Pop. Mus.* ii. 438, note 2,) fixes the date of the song to the year 1643, we must make the date about 1650, though rather before than after, so far as I can judge. I should keep it in Charles I.'s reign, and he died Jan. 30, 1649; but within a quarter of a century one can hardly determine. The change of the shape of the *c*, from the accented foreigner's shape *ç* to a big *Q* (ii. 559, note 2), and that of the shape of the *x* from a form like the MS. & to the modern one (iii. 342/558, note 6), which occurs towards the end of the volume, may help some future and more learned writer to settle the date more closely than I can.

The dialect of the copier of the MS. seems to have been Lancashire, as is shown by the frequent use of the final *st*, *thoust* for *thou shalt* (see i. 20/28, note 4, ii. 218, &c., and *-st* in the Glossary), *Ist* for *I will* (ii. 218/2, 219/30, 223/145, &c.), *youst* for *you will* (ii. 219/47), *unbethought* for "unbethought" (i. 76/35, 177/62, &c.), and the occurrence of northern terms like *strang* (ii. 571/332), *gange* (ii. 572/343), &c. &c. Moreover, the strong local feeling shown by the copier in favour of Lancashire and Cheshire and the Stanleys, in his choice of *Flodden Feilde* (i. 313), *Bosworth Feilde* (iii. 233), *Earles off Chester* (i. 258), *Ladye Bessiye* (iii. 319) confirms the probability that he was from one of the counties named. That much, if not all, of the MS. was written from dictation, and hurriedly, is almost certain from the continual miswriting of *they* for *the*, *rought* for *wrought*, *Knighit* for *night* (once), *me fancy* for *my fancy* (ii. 30/8), *justine* for *justing* (ii. 103/673), &c. These mistakes have been left in the text, as after a little practice they do not mislead the reader, and the *they* and *the* may point to a peculiarity of pronunciation which Mr. Alexander J. Ellis, or some successor of his, may value.

5. Percy suggests that the copier of the MS. was Thomas



Blount, author of the *Jocular Tenures* (1679), *Boscobel* (1660), *Academie of Eloquence* (1654), *Glossographia* (1656), a *Law Dictionary* (1670), *Journey to Jerusalem, &c.*, a native of Bardesley, Worcestershire, and a barrister of the Middle Temple, whose date is 1618–79 (Alibone). The Keeper of the MSS. in the British Museum could not find any of Blount's writing to compare with that of the MS. ; but if any one can believe that a man of Blount's training copied this MS. when he was in full power, at the age of 30 or 32, I cannot. The photolithograph of *Bell my Wiffe* represents the copier's hand, though coarsened, as in all such cases, by the giving of the soft paper when pressure was put on its back to transfer the photograph to the stone. The ink-spots from the writing on the other side, which all the pages of the MS. show, are not represented in the photolithograph, as they came out as deep in tint as the letters of *Bell* itself, and made the page so blotchy that it could hardly be read. Percy's little notes are seen in the margin.

6. Since Percy and his nephew printed their fourth edition of the *Reliques* from the MS. in 1794, no one has printed any piece from it except Robert Jamieson,<sup>1</sup>—to whom Percy supplied a copy of *Child Maurice* and *Robin Hood & the Old Man* (or *Robin Hood, a Beggar, & the Three Squires*, as we call it,

<sup>1</sup> To the original editor of the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* I owe the very curious copy of "Child Maurice,"\* and the fragment of "Robin Hood and the Old Man."† Nothing could be more liberal than the conduct of the present possessor of the Folio MS. from which these fragments are extracted; and if this miscellany has been enriched with fewer pieces from that valuable repository than was at first expected,‡ the

world have no reason to be sorry for it, as the Rev. Dr. Percy of St. John's College, Oxford, the editor of the last edition of the *Reliques*,§ is collecting for a fourth volume of that work. *Popular Ballads and Songs, &c.*, by Robert Jamieson, Edin., 1806, v. i. p. vi.–vii. In 1800, Percy gave an account of *Eger & Grime* for Walter Scott's use. See i. 342 here.

\* Jamieson, i. 8–15.

† *ib.* ii. 49.

‡ See a notice of him in Nichols's *Literary Anecdotes*, viii., 147–8, notes: "He was the ostensible Editor of the fourth Edition of the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*." On this see i. xxxix. and ii. 264, note, here.

§ See Jamieson's letter to Percy in Nichols's *Illustr.*, viii. 337–41: "Those which I am at present more solicitous to have are the

'Fragments of Robin Hood and the Beggar,' and any other Sherwood ballads that may be found in it worth preserving; and the fragments of the 'Child of Elle.' Every person that I have met with, fond of such things, has expressed a wish that you had done yourself the justice to publish the scraps of that beautiful ballad."

(For Percy's answer see p. lvii. below.)

i. 13) for his *Popular Ballads and Songs* (1806),—and Sir Frederic Madden, who was allowed—by one of Percy's daughters, Mrs. Isted, I believe—to print<sup>1</sup> *The Grene Knight, The Carle of Carlisle, and The Turke and Gowin*, in his *Syr Gawayne* for the Bannatyne Club, 1839. The reason given for refusing all other applicants was, I am told, that some member of the family might some day like to edit the book himself. But a glimpse of its contents was given to the public by Dr. Dibdin, who copied from Percy's list the first 72 entries, and would undoubtedly have finished the whole—says my informant—had he not been stopt as soon as his entertainers found out what he was up to. His account is given in a note to his *Decameron*, as follows:

It was in the winter of 1815, when I visited, for the second time, the worthy and hospitable owners of *Ecton Hall*, in Northamptonshire: Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Isted: the lady of the mansion being the eldest daughter of the old-poetry-loving Prelate of whom we are discoursing. The snow was on the ground: the heavens were turbid; the air was sharp and biting, and the hours of daylight were necessarily few. At such a season, and in such a mansion, what *could* be more delightful and congenial, than, sitting by the side of a blazing fire, the inspection of the VERY MS. which formed the basis of the Bishop's celebrated "RELIQUES," published for the first time in 1765, in three crown octavo volumes?! But what was there in *this MS.* so wondrously fascinating? I will tell thee, good-natured, and by this time, I trust, thoroughly-composed reader. The Bishop's work was no sooner *out*, than the critics "roared aloud" for a sight of THE MS. ! and among these "roarers" (more vociferous than Bottom's "nightingale" or "sucking-dove") no one opened his mouth so widely, or sent forth a more hideous yell, than the late JOSEPH RITSON: who at once, in imitation of Alexander the Great, drew his tremendous sabre, and cut the Gordian knot—by *denying the existence of the MS.*, and thereby implying that Dr. Percy had foisted a lie upon the public! In spite of assurances and demonstrations to the contrary, and in defiance of the Doctor's acknowledged respectability of character, Ritson went on, "roaring

<sup>1</sup> Whether Sir Frederic had the MS. in his custody for any time I do not know.

away," almost to the end of his life, a sceptic as to the existence of this MS. : . . of which here ensueth a most faithful and particular description: for it is not, gentle reader, as that dexterous artist, Sir Joshua Reynolds, hath represented it, in his fine portrait of the Bishop—most picturesquely curling at the corners, of a proportionate small folio—but—as you shall immediately read.

The MS. in question is a narrow, half-bound book, with blue-paper sides, and brown leather back. It is 15 inches and five-eighths in length, by about 5 and six eighths in width. Every page has a margin, to the left, of about an inch and a half in width—marked by a perpendicular line: the poetry uniformly occupying the right side of the margin. The book may be about an inch in thickness. We have the following introductory prefix, in an ancient hand: "*Curious Old Ballads wch. occasionally I have met with,*" &c., as on the page facing p. 1 here. Dibdin adds engravings of Percy's signatures and the writing of the headings and lines of the Ballads, and also

the titles of somewhat more than the *first half hundred* of the ballads contained in this curious and very interesting volume: premising that those ballads, which are objectionable on the score of indelicacy, have been *crossed through* by the Bishop's own hand.

He starts with "Page 21, No. iii., Robine Hoode his death," and stops at "p. 200, No. lviii., How ffayre shee be."

7. On Percy's handling of his MS. perhaps enough has been said in these volumes at i. 132-3, i. 174, i. 235, ii. xvii, xviii, xxii, xxiv, iii. 2, &c.

Before he learnt to reverence it, as he says, he scribbled notes over its margins and put brackets for suggested omissions in its texts. After he revered it, he tore out of it the two leaves containing its best ballad, *King Estmere*, which he had evidently touched up largely himself (ii. 600). As to the text, he looked on it as a young woman from the country with unkempt locks, whom he had to fit for fashionable society. She did not look like "an apple stuck on the point of a small skewer," as she ought to have done. (*London Magazine*, 1767, in Fairholt's *Costume*, 312.) Percy gave her the correct appearance. She had no "false

locks to supply deficiency of native hair," no "pomatum in profusion," no "greasy wool to bolster up the adopted locks, and grey powder to conceal dust." But all these fashionable requirements Percy supplied. He puffed out the 39 lines of the *Child of Ell* to 200; he pomatumed the *Heir of Lin* till it shone again; he stuffed bits of wool into *Sir Cawline*, *Sir Aldingar*; he powdered everything.<sup>1</sup> The desired result was produced; his young woman was accepted by Polite Society, taken to the bosom of a Countess, and rewarded her chaperon with a mitre. No one objected to the change in the damsel's appearance save one cantankerous attorney.<sup>2</sup> He demanded loudly the restoration of

<sup>1</sup> See the Rev. W. S. Blackley's article on the Percy Folio in the *Contemporary Review*, Nov. 1867.

<sup>2</sup> Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, 1790, p. xix.: "This MS. is doubtless the most singular thing of the kind that was ever known to exist. How such a multifarious collection could possibly have been formed so late as the year 1650, of compositions from the ages prior to Chaucer, most, if not all of which had never been printed, is scarcely to be conceived by those versed in ancient MSS., a similar instance perhaps not being to be found in any library public or private. This MS., to increase its singularity, no other writer has ever pretended to have seen. The late Mr. Tyrwhitt, an excellent judge and diligent peruser of old compositions, and an intimate friend of the owner, never saw it. It is stated by Dr. Percy to have been a present from Humphrey Pitt, Esquire, of Priors Lee in Shropshire. An acquaintance of Dr. Percy's has been heard to say that he rescued it from a maid servant at a country inn, who made use of it in lighting the fire. And it is remarkable, that scarcely anything is published from it, not being to be found elsewhere, without our being told of the defects and mutilation of the MS."

p. xxi. "Many other instances might be noticed, where the learned collector has preferred his ingenuity to his fidelity, without the least intimation to the reader.

"It follows, from the manner in which this celebrated collection is avowedly published, even allowing the MS. to be genuine, and to contain what it is said to do, that no confidence can be placed in any of the "old Minstrel ballads" inserted in that collection and not to be found elsewhere."

After Percy had answered Ritson's challenge by exhibiting the Folio, Ritson returned to the charge with the following words in his *Ancient English Metrical Romances*, ed. 1803, i. cviii-cxlii and note:

"Certainly this is a most extraordinary, as well as unfortunate, book, and the labour of the right reverend editour in correcting, refining, improving, completeing, and enlargeing, the orthography, grammar, text, stile, and supplying the chasms and hiatuses, *valdè defenda!* must have equal'd that of Hercules in cleanseing the Augean stable: so that a parcel of old rags and tatters were thus ingeniously and happily converted into an elegant new suit.

"The existence and authenticity of this famous MS. in its present mutilated and miserable condition is no longer to be deny'd or dispute'd; at the same time, it is a certain and positive fact, that, in the elegant and refined work it gave occasion to, there is scarcely one single poem, song or ballad, fairly or honestly printed, either from the above fragment or other



the girl's head to its pristine state. Reviews abused him, friends

alledge'd authoritys, from the begining to the end; many pieceës, allso, being inserted, as ancient and authentick, which there is every reason to believe, never existed before its publication. To correct the obvious errorrs of an illiterate transcriber, to supply irremediable defects, and to make sense of nonsense, are certainly essential dutys of an editour of ancient poetry; provideëd he act with integrity and publicty; but secretly to suppress the original text, and insert his own fabrications for the sake of provideing more refine'd entertainment for readers of taste and genius, is no proof of either judgement, candour, or integrity.

"In what manner this ingenious editour conducted himself in this patch'd up publication, will be evident from the following parallel, which may be useful to future manufacturers in this line:"

[Ritson then prints the original, and Percy's version, opposite one another; and as you turn over the leaves, and see the blank pages of the original opposite Percy's fillings-in and alterations, and (in one case) a blank page of Percy's p. cxli. where he has left out a great piece of the original, you can hardly help smiling. It is a joke.]

"This mode of publishing ancient poetry displays, it must be confess'd, considerable talent and genius, but savours strongly, at the same time, of unfairness and dishonesty. Here are numerous stanzas inserted which are not in the original, and others omitted which are there. The purchaseërs and peruseërs of such a collection are deceive'd and impose'd upon; the pleasure they receive is derive'd from the idea of antiquity, which, in fact, is perfect illusion. If the ingenious editour had publish'd all his imperfect poems by correcting the blunders of puerility or inattention, and supplying the defects of barbarian ignorance, with proper distinction of type (as, in one instance, he actually has done), it would not onely have gratify'd the austereëst antiquary, but allso provideëd refine'd entertain-

ment 'for every reader of taste and genius.' He would have acted fairly and honorably, and giveën every sort complete satisfaction. Authenticity would have been uniteëd with improvement, and all would have gone wel; whereas, in the present editions, it is firmly believe'd, not one article has been ingenuously or faithfully printed from the begining to the end: nor did the late eminent Thomas Tyrwhitt, so ardent a researcher into ancient poetry, and an intimate friend of the possessour, ever see this curious, though tatter'd, fragment; nor would the late excellent George Steevens, on the bishops personal application consent to sanction the authenticity of the printed copy with his signature.\*

"\* The bishop of Dromore (as he now is), on a former occasion, haveing himself, as he wel knows, allready falsify'd and corrupted a modern Scottish song, 'This line,' he says, 'being quoted from memory, and given as old Scottish poetry is [by no one, in such a case, except himself] now usually printed (*Reliques* 1775, I, xxxviii.)† ('COME YE FRÆE THE BORDER?') to give it a certain appearance of rust and antiquity. This identical song, being, afterward, faithfully and correctly printed in a certain *Collection* of such things, from the earliest copy known, which, like all the rest, was accurately refer'd to,

'LIVE YOU upo' the border?'

(*Scottish songs*, printed for J. Johnson, 1794, I, 266) the worthy prelate thought proper, in the last edition of his allready reciteëd compilation, to assert that his own corruption 'would have been readily corrected by that copy,' had not all confidence been destroyed by its being altered in the 'Historical essay' prefixed to that publication to

'YE LIVE upo' the border;'

the better,' he ads, with his usual candour, 'to favour a position, that many of the pipers might live upon the borders, for the conveniency of attending

† Scottish poetry, of the 15th or 16th century, has been so printed, but not that of the 18th, unless by impostours."

of the Bishop denounced him.<sup>1</sup> Percy actually pulled out a

fairs, &c. in both kingdoms.' This, however, is an INFAMOUS LYE; it being much more likely that he himself, who has practise'd every kind of forgery and imposture, had some such end to alter this identical line, with much more violence, and, as he owns himself, actual 'CORRUPTION,' to give the quotation an air of antiquity, which it was not intitle'd to. The present editours text is perfectly accurate, to a single comma, but 'this line,' as he pretends to apologise for his own, 'being quoted [in the *Essay*] from memory,' having frequently heard it so sung, in his younger days, by a north-country blacksmith, without thinking it necessary, at the moment, to turn to the genuine text, which lay at his elbow, which his lordship DARE NOT IMPEACH. 'Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see [more] clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brothers eye.' (*Gospel according to S. Matthew*, Chap. VII. Verse 5.)

<sup>1</sup> See one specimen out of several in Nichols's *Illustrations*, vol. viii. p. 372, Thomas Caldecott's letter to Percy, which I print entire, to ask where Warton's MS. is now.

Temple, March 21, 1803.

"My Lord,—An old respect for your Lordship, of an earlier date than my personal knowledge of you, and pursuits somewhat congenial to those of your lighter studies, have induced me to present you with the unpublished part of Mr. Warton's History of Poetry, and to persuade myself that it might prove not unacceptable. It is so far only valuable, as it might not otherwise have fallen into your hands, or would not have come there so early. On all ac-

counts we must lament that at so interesting a period the work is left in so imperfect a state, and particularly that his labours should have been discontinued for the last seven years of his life, from a dread of the animadversions of that scurrilous miscreant\* who has newly done your Lordship the honour of enrolling you amongst those (whom it is very right and fit that one of his spirit and character should proscribe) the honest (see his repeated abuse of 'honest Tom Warton'), and the ingenious, his King, and his God.

"I am, my Lord, your Lordship's very humble servant,

"THO. CALDECOTT."

From Percy's reply, dated August 17, 1803 (Nichols's *Illustrations of Literature*, vol. viii. p. 373):

"I certainly think with you, that the personal abuse of poor mad Ritson was the highest honour he could do me, and can only regret that it deprived us of the ingenious labours of 'honest Tom Warton.' I assure you it would have had no such influence on me; for his assertion that my Nephew never saw one word of the Advertisement to which he set his name, and that the original editor had invented all the different pieces which he published as extracted from an old MS. which never existed, could only be exceeded by the frenzy in which he died. In his Dissertation to the Metrical Romances are malicious assertions and insinuations equally unfounded, which I should not condescend to notice, but for the kind interest you express for me in your letter." See also the episcopal answer in a letter from Percy to Dr. Anderson, Jan. 4, 1808:

"With regard to Ritson's Introduction, the torrent of gross and vulgar

\* See Ritson's *Observations on the Three First Volumes of the "History of English Poetry" in a Familiar Letter to the Author (Esmon)*, London, 1782. 4to. (Lowndes), and digs like the following:

"It was from the MS. whence the foregoing pieces are extracted that Bp. Percy printed the ballad of RICHARD OF ALMAIGNE (*Reliques*, ii. 1), of which he has inadvertently omitted the concluding stanza. In this inadvertency, as well as in his other variations from the ori-

ginal, he has been religiously followed by his learned friend the reverend Mr. Thomas Warton; who, nevertheless, declares that he had transcribed the ballad before he knew that it was printed in the "SECOND" edition of Percy! —How unlucky that it should be in the FIRST too! The stanza, however, is curious, and it is to be regretted that the right reverend editor should, by such an unaccountable oversight, have left his copy imperfect."—Ritson's *Ancient Songs* (1790), p. 37, note.

little of his favourite wool, scraped off a little of his loved pomatum,<sup>1</sup> to please this Ritson, but all in vain; he grumbled on. We know he was right, that he said no word too much against the falsifications of originals that Percy indulged in,<sup>2</sup>—that keeping-back of the evidence you find, and as you find it, which a taste that calls itself polished, a puritanism which calls itself pure, so often demands of men who should care first for facts. To tell the truth, and tell the whole truth, of a text or MS. is an editor's first duty. That done, let any amount of cooking or editing follow; its extent will be known, and no harm done. But though, as between Ritson and Percy, I hope we are all now on Ritson's side, we must not let this blind us to the great debt we all owe to Percy. No common man was the grocer's son, though no one could call him great. He led the van of the army that Wordsworth afterwards commanded, and which has won us back to nature and truth. He opened to us the road into the Early English<sup>3</sup> home where we have spent so many pleasant hours; he helped us to a better knowledge of Northern literature; and he preserved the MS. which has given, and will give, to so many thousands delight. If he altered his originals, so did Macpherson his *Ossian*,<sup>4</sup>—that is, if

invective which is poured forth in it is too contemptible to merit attention, and every charge carries its own confutation with it (!), except in one place, where, having no direct accusation to bring forth, he endeavours to inflict a deeper wound by a mysterious insinuation, and there being no positive statement offered, it is impossible to answer; and it must only be submitted to candid reflection whether this wretch, who has given every possible vent to his malice, would have withheld any charge whatever if it could have been supported."—Nichols's *Illustrations of Lit.*, vii. p. 184.

<sup>1</sup> Compare the fourth edition of the *Reliques*, 1794, with the first, 1765. Ritson died in 1803.

<sup>2</sup> I don't, of course, justify Ritson's

insinuation that Percy forged the whole of the ballads, and told lies about the MS.

<sup>3</sup> See his *Life* below, p. xl.

<sup>4</sup> Percy helped to expose Macpherson's *Ossian* forgeries. See his *Letter and Advertisement* in Nichols's *Illustrations of Literature*, vol. vi. p. 568-9, and in vol. viii. p. 382, a letter from Malcolm Laing, Esq. to Bishop Percy:

"My Lord,—I avail myself of the opportunity of Dr. Traill's returning to Ireland to transmit to your Lordship a copy of the new edition of *Ossian*. At the same time, I beg leave to return my sincere and grateful acknowledgments for the very valuable and important communications which I obtained from your Lordship through the intervention of Dr. Anderson. I have en-

he did not forge the whole of it,—so did Ramsay, Buchan, and Scott their originals, so has Villemarqué since his. Men with a turn for verse-writing seem unable to resist the temptation of falsifying and forging old ballads.<sup>1</sup> And as contrasted with the latest offender in this line, M. le Comte de la Villemarqué,

deavoured to adopt not only the ideas, but, as nearly as possible, the precise expressions which your Lordship suggested; and I can only regret, that the limits to which I was confined have prevented me from introducing more of that important communication into my Preface. I allude particularly to the curious passage from Taylor the water-poet, which I still hope to insert as a note in a subsequent edition, if Macpherson's Poems should survive the controversy. The moderation and charity which your Lordship has observed towards Sir John Macpherson, have taught me to soften many other passages and expressions in my Preface, which, however true, might have been too severe.

“ In the 89th and 333rd pages of the second volume, an early publication of your Lordship's ('Five Pieces of Runic Poetry,') has furnished me with two curious detections of Macpherson's imitations. If the controversy should continue, I shall probably publish, as a small Appendix to this edition, the originals and translations of such ballads as have actually been found in the Highlands, under the designation of Ossian's Poems. I have the honour to be, your Lordship's most obedient servant,

“ MALCOLM LAING.”

<sup>1</sup> See Jamieson's quasi-defence of forgery below, and compare with it Mr. Chappell's remarks on *Balowe* in vol. iii.

“ The first, and by far the best, publication of this kind, was the *Reliques of Antient English Poetry*, a work in which the splendour of genius, and the delicacy of taste, have diffused such a light over the dusty, sombre, and unin-

viting path of the scholar and the antiquary, as has endeared to the most refined readers a kind of study which was before supposed to have no charms, but for nurses and old women. To blame the editor of that excellent work for not doing what he never purposed to do, and what, if he had done it, no one, at that time, would have applauded him for, is equally unjust and ungenerous; and it was to the allurements of that delightful miscellany, and of the charming pages of Mr. Warton, to whom he has been equally invidious and ungrateful, that Mr. Ritson owed not only his own taste (if *taste* that may be called which *taste* had none,) for antient minstrelsy; but also the public taste, which led people to purchase his compilations and republications from the *Reliques*, and other such popular works. That Mr. Ritson was most scrupulously honest, according to the strict letter of the law, I am very ready to grant; \* but I can see no extraordinary merit in that, any more than in his atrabilious, furious, and obstreperous abhorrence of forgery of every kind. No man will be a thief, who dares neither use the stolen goods himself, nor hopes to meet with a receiver; and as every production of *his* must inevitably have borne *Mister Ritson, his mark*, upon it, there was no danger of Mr. Ritson being guilty of forgery.”—R. Jamieson's *Popular Ballads and Songs*, vol. i. p. xiv-xvi.

“ As the verses [continuing *Gil Morris*] are in themselves very poor, they are given here merely to shew what dispositions my good countrymen, who can forge with address, and who cannot, have manifested respecting this ballad.”—*The same*, i. p. 20.

\* Mr. W. C. Hazlitt's customary phrase in his *Early Popular Poetry* is “printed by Ritson with his usual inaccuracy.”



Percy was moderate indeed, if M. le Men's account, or exposure, of the Count's forgeries (Preface to Lagadeuc's *Catholicon*) and a writer in the *Revue Critique* of last year are to be trusted, as I believe they are to be. Let me here withdraw the passage in my notice of Arthur (i. 412 below), about the Arthur ballads in Brittany, for M. le Men says of the songs in the *Barzaz Breiz*, "celles qui sont relatives à Gwench'-lan, à la ville d'Is, au Vin des Gaulois, à *Arthur*, a Lez-Breiz, à Nomenoë &c. &c., ne peuvent être regardées que comme le produit du génie inventif de M. de la Villemarqué. On en chercherait vainement des traces en Bretagne."

8. The extent to which Percy used his Folio MS. in his *Reliques* has been concealed by his misstatement, that of the pieces he published "The greater part of them are extracted from an ancient folio manuscript in the Editor's possession, which contains near 200 poems, songs, and metrical romances."

The *Reliques* (1st ed.) contains 176 pieces, and of these the Folio is used only in 45<sup>1</sup>; so that for Percy's "greater part" we

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| <p><sup>1</sup> Sir Cauline.<br/>King Estmere.<br/>Robin Hood &amp; Guy of Gisborne.</p> <p><sup>4</sup> The Child of Elle.<br/>Edom o' Gordon (<i>or</i> Captaine Carre).<br/>Adam Bell, Clym o' the Clough,<br/>&amp; William of Cloudesly.<br/>Take thy old Cloak about thee (<i>or</i><br/>Bell my wife).</p> <p><sup>8</sup> Sir Lancelot du Lake.<br/>The more modern Ballad of Chevy<br/>Chase.<br/>The Rising in the North.<br/>Northumberland betrayed by Doug-<br/>las.</p> <p><sup>12</sup> The Not-browne Mayd.<br/>Sir Aldingar.<br/>Gentle Heardsman, tell to me.<br/>The Beggar's Daughter of Bednal<br/>Green.<br/>Sir Andrew Barton.<br/>Lady Bothwell's Lament.<br/>The Murder of the King of Scotts.<br/>(The King of Scots &amp; Andrew<br/>Browne, though in the Folio,</p> | <p>was printed by Percy from the<br/>Antiquaries copy.)<br/>Mary Ambree.</p> <p><sup>20</sup> The Winning of Cales.<br/>The Spanish Lady's Love.<br/>The Complaint of Conscience.<br/>K. John &amp; the Abbot of Canter-<br/>bury.</p> <p><sup>24</sup> The Heir of Lynne.<br/>To Althea from Prison (When<br/>Love with unconfined wings).<br/>Old Tom of Bedlam.<br/>The Boy &amp; the Mantle.</p> <p><sup>28</sup> The Marriage of Sir Gawaine.<br/>King Arthur's Death. } one in the<br/>The Legend of King } MS.<br/>Arthur.</p> <p>Glasperion.</p> <p><sup>32</sup> Old Sir Robin of Portingale.<br/>Child Waters.<br/>Little Musgrave &amp; Lady Barnard.<br/>Gil Morrice.</p> <p><sup>36</sup> Legend of Sir Guy.<br/>Guy &amp; Amarant.<br/>The Shepherd's Resolution.</p> |
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should read "about one fourth," and, if his term "extracted" is to be taken strictly, "not one sixth." It is perhaps too bad to follow Bp. Colenso in applying the test of numbers to poetical statements, but the result may as well be known.

9. Feeling that the ballads of the Folio had been doctored enough, and that the object of our book was to give the texts just as they stood in the MS., we have left their mistakes and defects alone,<sup>1</sup> except in a very few cases where a word has been altered, and notice given in the notes. Wittingly there has been no concealment from the reader, though now and then a mistake may, nay must, have crept in. But we have tried to deal fairly both with the MS. and the reader, giving to the latter the former, and all the former, as it stands. Some of the tags at the ends of words which we could not distinguish from s's, another reader may be able to; some of the undotted i's another reader may reject as superfluous strokes: the differences likely to occur in reading a MS. may be seen by the notes of Sir F. Madden's variations from our text of the *Carle off Carlile*, iii. 277. The expansions of contractions are marked in the text by italics, after the German plan introduced (I believe) to the English public by Mr. Whitley Stokes in his edition of *The Play of the Sacrament* for the Philological Society, and wisely adopted by our Early English Text Society. The comparison of the MS. texts with those of Percy from the MS. has not been often

The Lady's Fall.

40 The King of France's Daughter.

A Lover of Late.

The King & Miller of Mansfield.

Dulcina.

44 The Wandering Prince of Troy.

The Aspiring Shepherd.

In some of these, as the "Child of Elle," &c., the Folio merely suggested the poem that Percy wrote and printed. In others, as the "Not-browne Mayd," &c., the Folio was only used for an occasional emendation of the copy really printed from. Percy's "Valentine &

Ursine" is his own, and mainly on the plan of "the old story-book of Valentine & Orson."

<sup>1</sup> This plan offers on the one hand a justification for Percy's feeling obliged to make *some* alterations in the text of his MS., and on the other lays us open to the charge of abnegating the true function of editors, &c. &c. But we deliberately declined to make our edition a critical one, though at some future time we (or one of us) may undertake the task as to the best of the ballads and romances.

attempted. It was an ungrateful task, and we have left it to future readers and editors who care to undertake it. We have, however, given a sample of Percy's corrections in *Old Robin of Portingale*, i. 235; *Conscience*, ii. 184; *Ladyes Fall* (partly), ii. 246; *Earle Bodwell*, ii. 260; *Sir Cawline*, iii. 1; *Sir Andrew Bartton*, iii. 399; and others are alluded to in the Introductions. For the MS. itself, all that I have done is, to arrange and mend its fragments at the end, to stop further tears in some places by patches of gummed paper, and to prevent the further breaking-in-two of the early pages (from the weight of the first half-pages spared by the maids from Mr. Pitt's fire) by getting a binder to put a stiff guard of pasteboard behind these half pages, to carry their weight. Our constant use of the MS. also necessitated the rebacking of it; and a few bits more of eaten-through, ink-saturated patches have been broken away by the frequent turning over of the leaves. This is the only injury to it that our fuss and care could not prevent.

10. The Introductions are nearly all by Mr. Hales. The help they have been, and the pleasure they have given, to many readers, has been testified to me with a warmth which has been no slight comfort to feel. They have helped some, not only "to fleet the time carelessly as they did in the golden world," but have cheered their sick beds, and helped to the appreciation of the ballads themselves. If in some cases the prefatory words have been slight and short, if the General Introduction spoken of in p. 1, vol. i. has not appeared, this is because time, not will, has failed. The range of subjects treated has been very wide; and some little points that will pass unnoticed have taken the leisure of a week to settle the dimensions of. Volunteers, with bread to earn, cannot give up the time to these pursuits that easy men can command. Of our little we have given freely.

11. Our helpers have been many. Indeed, the way in which men like Mr. Chappell, Mr. Dyce, Mr. David Laing, Mr. Bruce,

Dr. Robson, Mr. Planché, Dr. Rimbault, on whom we had no claim of friendship or acquaintance, have stepped forward to lend us a hand, has been the pleasantest part of our work. It is to a stranger, the Rev. J. Pickford, that we owe the Life of Percy that appears in this first volume; and to another, Mr. E. Viles, that we owe the Index and Glossary to vol. ii. pt. 1, and vol. iii. Old friends' help has been given us in large measure too, as witness Mr. C. H. Pearson's valuable essay on Arthur, Mr. W. W. Skeat's on Alliterative Metre, and Professor Child's notes on vols. i. and ii. pt. 1.<sup>1</sup> To all of these, to the many who have interested themselves in the circulation of the book,—Mr. Henry Reeve, Mr. Trübner, Mr. H. T. Parker, Mr. Blackley, Mr. John Leigh, Mr. Louis Greg, Mr. H. H. Gibbs, Mr. H. B. Wheatley, Mr. Warwick King, Messrs. Stevenson, Ogle, Pickering, Bosworth, Bowes, Williams, and many others,—we tender again our best thanks, and must not forget Messrs. Spottiswoode's careful readers, the copiers of the MS., Mrs. E. Cooper and Mr. W. A. Dalziel, our copier in the Museum, Mr. E. Brock, and in the Bodleian, Mr. George Parker.

12. The best thanks we can give, or receive, are "the wages of going on."<sup>2</sup> The next step in this Ballad division of work is to print the whole of Pepys's Collection in the library of Magdalene College, Cambridge, the Roxburghe and Bagford Collections in the British Museum, the Ashmole, Rawlinson, and Douce in the Bodleian, Mr. Ewing's Collection (if he will allow it), and such MS. Ballads as can be found,—as they stand, without selection or castration.<sup>3</sup> And as we have made a fair

<sup>1</sup> Mr. G. E. Adams, Mr. E. Peacock, Mr. W. C. Hazlitt, Mr. Brockie, &c., have also contributed notes.

<sup>2</sup> Tennyson's "Wages." *Macmillan's Magazine*, Jan. 1868.

<sup>3</sup> I say this without having seen any of the collections, for I think with Lord Macaulay, in what he said in his *Essays*, ii. p. 149-51, ed. 1854, when defending

Leigh Hunt's edition of the works of Wycherley, &c., that we cannot wish that a class of works "which illustrates the character of an important epoch in letters, politics, and morals, should disappear from the world." "The virtue which the world wants is a healthful virtue, not a valetudinarian virtue, a virtue which can expose itself to the



start at Ballads with this Percy book, it seems a pity to stop till we have reprinted the whole of the rest of the collections. We are bound to go through with them. I have therefore made arrangements for a *Ballad Society*, which will begin to publish next year, and work steadily through the whole of our Ballad collections. One *can not* be content with selections and scraps. The Society will begin with the Pepys Collection, unless the Fellows of Magdalene decide on reprinting it themselves, as they have for some time thought of doing. I have urged on them prompt decision in the matter, as literary men have desired the Pepys Ballads any time this hundred years, without getting them; and now that the Ballad Society is ready to print this Collection, it becomes the duty of the Magdalene men either to do the printing at once themselves, or let the Society do it. Should the College resolve on printing its own Ballads, the Ballad Society would then probably start with the Roxburghe Collection, as the oldest and best known of its kind. Mr. William Chappell and Dr. Rimbault have already kindly offered to act as editors, and other helpers in that way will not be wanting. I hope that the subscribers to the Percy Folio will take care that money for the scheme is forthcoming, and that each will send me his name for the Ballad Society.<sup>1</sup> For other divisions of early work I need only refer to the Early English Text Society's Report of this year. That shows some part of the mass that lies before us. Who will be the first to get his share done?

12th of March 1868.

risks inseparable from all spirited exertion"—inseparable (to take words from another part of the Review) from all intimate acquaintance "with the history of the public mind of our own country, and with the causes, the nature, and the extent of those revolutions of opinion and feeling which, during the last two centuries, have alternately raised and depressed the standard of our national

morality,"—"not a virtue which keeps out of the common air for fear of infection, and eschews the common food as too stimulating."

<sup>1</sup> The subscription will be a guinea a year,—for large papers, ribbed, three guineas,—and the guinea volumes will range with the Early English Text and Percy octavos.

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## LIFE OF BISHOP PERCY.

BY THE REV. J. PICKFORD, M.A.



THOMAS PERCY, a name ever to be freshly remembered by the lovers of Ballad Literature, was born on April 13, 1729,<sup>1</sup> when George II. was king, at Bridgnorth in Shropshire. It is a quiet country town, beautifully situated on the banks of the Severn, where Percy's grandfather, and afterwards his father also, pursued the trade of a grocer.<sup>2</sup> Percy's birthplace is yet pointed out in a street called the Cartway. The house,<sup>3</sup> now

<sup>1</sup> The following is the entry of his baptism at St. Leonard's church, Bridgnorth:—"1729. Thomas, son of Arthur Percy (sic) and Jane his wife, Baptiz'd ye 29<sup>th</sup> April."—J. P. His mother's name was Jane Knott. H. E. Boyd, in Bellett's *Antiquities of Bridgnorth*.—F.

<sup>2</sup> This grocership having been disputed by Percy's descendants, and by a correspondent in *Notes and Queries*, 2nd series, vol. vii. p. 34, &c., I asked the Rev. G. Bellett, the author of *The Antiquities of Bridgnorth*, to try and settle the question. At his request the Deputy Town Clerk of Bridgnorth searched the Common-Council Books, with the following results:

"Arthur Piercy of Bridgnorth, Grocer, was enrolled a Burgess of this Borough on the 11th of November 1695.

"Arthur Piercy (His Son) was enrolled on the 17th July 1727.

"From this it appears that the grandfather of Bishop Percy was a grocer, and his father, Arthur Piercy (but often mentioned as 'Arthur Low Piercy')

was also probably a grocer; but of this we have no certain information.

"HUBERT SMITH,  
Deputy Town Clerk, Bridgnorth.

"Nov. 5, 1867."

[P.S. See Mr. Smith's further note in the Appendix to this Life.—F.]

Mr. Cornelius Paine, jun., has had the books of the Grocers' Company searched, but the name of Piercy does not appear there. Percy's father is said to have been twice bailiff of Bridgnorth. *Notes and Queries*, 2nd series, vii. 34.—F.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Bellett says of the house: "It stands at the bottom of the Cartway, adjoining Underhill Street, and is conspicuous among the dwellings which surround it, not only from its size, but from its picturesque appearance, being ornamented with several pointed gables, and being constructed partly of solid beams of oak, in some places curiously carved, and partly of masonry. It was built in the latter end of the sixteenth century, as the following embossed inscription in the entrance hall informs us:



occupied by an ironfounder, is an antique structure of timber and plaster, many specimens of which are found in the midland counties, particularly in the old towns of Shrewsbury and Chester; and the little room in which the future bishop first saw the light is still in existence.

His early education was received at the Grammar School of his native town, which, though never equalling that of Shrewsbury, has yet sent many a good scholar to both the universities: in 1746, in his eighteenth year, Percy, having obtained one of the Careswell exhibitions belonging to Bridgnorth School, matriculated as a commoner<sup>1</sup> at Christ Church, Oxford. The college was then under the able administration of John Conybeare, subsequently Bishop of Bristol. Few particulars are on record concerning Percy's school-days and academic life, but it is easy to suppose that the old proverb of the boy being father to the man was in this instance verified, and that from his childhood upwards literature had charms for him.

It does not appear that he ever was elected a Student of Christ Church, or even filled the post of Chaplain, though in 1753, shortly after taking his M.A.<sup>2</sup> degree, he was presented by his

“‘EXCEPT THE LORD BVILD THE OWSE, THE LABOURERS THEREOF EVAILE NOTHING. ERECTED BY R. FOR\* [Qy. Foster] 1580.’ (See p. lviii. here.)

“It was a large and stately mansion, and when the Cartway was the principal entrance to the town, it was well situated, and must have been regarded as a dwelling of some importance. It is now in a neglected condition, a large part of the building is untenanted, a part of the premises is used for an iron foundry, and another part for a huckster's shop. But, even in its present rude and decayed condition, a certain degree of interest attaches to it, as being one of the few surviving relics of our old town, which interest is further enhanced from its having been, about an hundred years ago, the birthplace of one whose literary attainments may be

supposed to reflect no little honour on Bridgnorth.” [A woodcut of the house follows here.] *The Antiquities of Bridgnorth, with some Historical Notices of the Town and Castle*, by the Rev. G. Bellett, A.M. 1856, p. 183-185.—F.

<sup>1</sup> In a Battel or Matriculation Book at Christ Church is the following entry: 7 Julii 1746, Thomas *Peircy*, iii.

This payment was most probably for a Commons of Bread and Butter.

In a book of Caution money this occurs:

Thomas *Piercy*, Com<sup>rs</sup> Caution

Rec<sup>d</sup> of himself . . . 7*l.* 10*s.* 0*d.*

8 Nov. 1746.

P. B. T.

The initials are those of Philip Barton, Treasurer.—J. P.

<sup>2</sup> In the Catalogue of Oxford Graduates, Percy's name thus appears:

*Piercy*, (sic) Tho: Ch: Ch: B.A. May 2, 1750; M.A. July 5, 1753.

college to the country living of Easton Maudit, in the county of Northampton. The living had no doubt been passed, on account of its trifling value, by those on the foundation, and came to Percy as an independent member. In an old register at Easton, upon which Percy bestowed much pains, and in which he chronicled numerous events connected with himself and the parish, is the following memorandum of his appointment :

Thomas Percy, A.M. of Xt. Church College, Oxon ; born at Bridgnorth in Shropshire (of a family originally of Worcester, chiefly seated in St. Swithin's parish), son of Mr.<sup>1</sup> Arthur Lowe Percy, of St. Leonard's Parish, Bridgnorth ; was instituted to this vicarage (vacant by the cession of Enoch Markham the last incumbent) by the Rt. Rev. Father in God Dr. John Thomas, Ld : Bp : of Peterborough, on Tuesday, 27th November 1753. And on Saturday, the 15th of December following, was inducted thereto by the Rev. Mr. Bennett, Vicar of Earl's Barton, and on Sunday, December 16th following, went through the services of the Church, Articles, &c.<sup>2</sup>

This continued his usual home for the long period of twenty-five years, and in the little vicarage all his six children were born.<sup>3</sup>

A more retired place, even at the present day, can scarcely be imagined than Easton Maudit. It is a little picturesque country village, with scattered farm-houses, and cottages grouped to-

In the November of 1753, the name is undoubtedly spelt *Percy* by himself in the register of Easton Maudit. The handwriting is of a singularly distinct and beautiful kind, and every letter clearly traced. In the same entry there is no mention made of his having been a student of Christ Church, ever deemed a great honour even by nobility itself.—J. P.

<sup>1</sup> Does not this "Mr." confirm the grocership? The father of Percy's wife is entered by him as Barton Gutteridge, *Gent.*—F.

<sup>2</sup> "In 1756 he became resident" [?not till then], says the Rev. H. E. Boyd, Percy's chaplain (*Bellett*, p. 239), "and

was presented to the rectory of Willby by the Earl of Sussex, whose mansion was close to the parsonage."—F.

<sup>3</sup> The Vicar of Easton Maudit, the Rev. H. Smith, sends from the register the following list of Percy's children :

Anne Cleveland Percy, born March 18, 1760, died Nov. 18, 1770.

Barbara Percy, born August 3, 1761, [Mrs. Isted.]

Henry Percy, born Feb. 7, 1763.

Elizabeth Percy, born July 11, 1765, [Mrs. Meade.]

Charlotte Percy, born Sept. 1, 1767, died January 9, 1771.

Hester Percy, born July 4, 1772, died Feb. 19, 1774.

gether at irregular intervals, and with a population of only 207 people. The church<sup>1</sup> dedicated to S. Peter and S. Paul—now beautifully restored, where Percy for so many years ministered, guiding the rustic and the lowly born—is a handsome structure, consisting of nave with side aisles and chancel, and has at the west end one of those beautiful and graceful spires for which Northamptonshire is so famous, earning for it the title of the County of Spires and Squires. From the quiet churchyard a beautiful view of Castle Ashby, the stately seat of the Marquis of Northampton, is obtained, and in a mortuary chapel at the end of the north aisle are some fine monuments of the ancient family of Yelverton, afterwards ennobled by the earldom of Sussex :

And all around on scutcheon rich,  
And tablet rare, and fretted niche,  
Their arms and feats are blazed.

Their old hall used to stand on the north side of the churchyard, but has now been razed to the ground, the family having become extinct by the death of the last Earl of Sussex in 1798, one who ever showed himself a kind friend to Percy. Within the altar rails is the grave of one whose sincere piety and real benevolence have won for him an enduring name on the roll of old England's worthies—Thomas Morton, Bishop of Durham, who, having been ejected from his see by the parliament, died here in 1659, when acting as tutor in Sir Christopher Yelverton's<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In the present age of church restoration it is perhaps undesirable, almost impossible, to preserve unsightly gravestones on the floor; but still, if the inscriptions are not transferred to the new pavement, some proper record of them ought to be preserved. The former is the case at Easton Maudit, for the inscriptions have been literally transferred to the encaustic tiles with which the church is now paved. The restoration is owing to the present Marquis of Northampton, to whom the

manor now belongs.—J. P.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Christopher Yelverton was Speaker of the House of Commons in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and afterwards a judge of the Queen's Bench. He died in 1612, and was succeeded by his son Sir Henry, who became a judge of the Common Pleas in the reign of Charles I. and died in 1630. He was the founder of the library at Easton Maudit, which was rich in legal MSS.—J. P.

family. A humbler sepulchre than one in his own cathedral, so aptly termed the English Zion, which, huge and vast, looks down upon the Wear. It is narrated that on his ejection from his see of Durham, he refused many offers of reception as a guest into the houses of the great, preferring to gain his livelihood by teaching, to existing as a dependent. The following interesting account of his last engagement in the capacity of tutor is thus related by Hutchinson :

As Bishop Morton was riding towards London, with about 60*l.*, which was then his all, he was overtaken on the road by Sir Christopher Yelverton, who being known to the bishop, though the bishop was unknown to him, fell into discourse with him, and asked him who he was. The bishop replied, "I am that old man the bishop of Durham, notwithstanding all your votes," for Sir Christopher had too much complied with the times; whereupon Sir Christopher asked where he was going. To London, replied the good old bishop, to live a little while, and then die. On this Sir Christopher entered into further discourse with him, and took him home to his house at Easton Maudit, where he became tutor to his son, afterwards the very learned Sir Henry Yelverton. This Sir Henry had the affection of a most tender child for the good bishop. There the old man died, and was buried at his own request in the chancel of the parish church. On his deathbed he gave the small remnant of his estate: 40*l.* to one of his servants, who attended him in his last illness; 10*l.* to the poor of the parish of Easton Maudit; and to the church his sacramental chalice and paten. The remainder of his property, not exceeding 100*l.*, was sufficient to discharge his funeral expenses, and to provide a small monument to his memory in the church of Easton Maudit.<sup>1</sup>

In 1756 Percy's income was increased by the gift of the Rectory of Wilby, an adjacent parish, in the patronage of the Earl of Sussex, and in 1759 a change took place in Percy's condition, his marriage to Anne, daughter of Barton Gutteridge, Esq., a fact which is thus recorded by him in the Register at Easton Maudit :

<sup>1</sup> Quoted from Howitt's *Visits to Remarkable Places*, vol. ii.—J. P.



Thomas Percy, Vicar of this Parish, was married April 24th 1759 at the Parish Church of Desborough, near Rothwell, in this County, to Anne, daughter of Barton Gutteridge,<sup>1</sup> of Desborough, Gent., and of Anne (Hill) his wife, daughter of Mr. Joseph Hill, of Rothwell aforesaid.

She was the "harmony of his house,"<sup>2</sup> and is described as a good wife, but indebted for her charms to her husband's poetical fancy, which has styled her "fairest of the fair." We are told that "up to the last she continued a favourite with Dr. Johnson," and that he said "she had more sense than her husband."<sup>3</sup> The lively Fanny Burney, Madame D'Arblay, calls Mrs. Percy "a good creature, and much delighted to talk over the Royal Family, to one of whom she was formerly nurse."

A retired country home like Easton afforded plenty of leisure for the pursuit and development of Percy's literary tastes; for, as Gibbon has finely remarked, while conversation enriches the understanding, solitude is the school of genius. The fruits soon began to appear. In 1761 Percy published a Chinese novel, *Hau Kiou Chooan*, in four volumes, translated by him from the Portuguese,<sup>4</sup> dedicated to the Countess of Sussex; for this he received 50*l.*, and in the same year he undertook the editing of the works of the Duke of Buckingham.<sup>5</sup> These were printed,

<sup>1</sup> Though on Percy's tomb his wife's name is made *Goodriche*, yet, says Mr. H. Smith, the present vicar of Easton Maudit, "In the register it is clearly Gutteridge, in Dr. Percy's writing, which is so distinct that it cannot possibly be mistaken for Goodriche."—F.

<sup>2</sup> "Dr. Percy was a most pleasing companion, and to me a steady friend; there was a violence in his temper which could not always be controlled; but he had a wife,  
"Without one jarring atom form'd,  
And gentleness and joy made up her being."  
Cradock's *Lit. and Misc. Memoirs*, vol. i.

p. 239; vol. iv. p. 292, in *Nichols*, vi. 553.—F.

<sup>3</sup> Letter of Dr. Farmer to Percy, in the possession of Percy's descendants, describing capitally Johnson's visit to him (Farmer) at Emmanuel. Farmer's chief complaint against Johnson was his having so much of "the essence of *but*," detracting from the merits of every one mentioned.—F.

<sup>4</sup> Many of Shenstone's letters to Percy, still unprinted, relate to the latter's Chinese books.—F.

<sup>5</sup> *Nichols*, vi. 556. He was to have fifty guineas for his work.—F.

but never published.<sup>1</sup> In 1762 he published *Miscellaneous Pieces relating to the Chinese*, in two volumes,<sup>2</sup> dedicated to Barbara Viscountess Longueville; and in 1763 undertook to edit Surrey's Poems, the whole impression of which, with the exception of a few copies privately circulated, was destroyed by a fire which took place in 1808 in Red Lion Passage. In 1763 Percy also published, anonymously, *Five Pieces of Runic Poetry translated from the Icelandic Language*,<sup>3</sup> with a notice that "This little tract was drawn up for the press in the year 1761, but the publication has been delayed by an accident." "It would be as vain to deny, as it is perhaps impolitic to mention, that this attempt is owing to the success of the Erse"<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Nichols*, vol. viii. p. 74. Nichols to Percy, May 22, 1788:

"I many years ago, at your Lordship's request, took into my warehouse the whole impressions of 'Buckingham' and 'Surrey,' which if I had not done, they would have been all burnt in Tonson's old warehouse, as was the case with the two volumes of 'Spectator,' printed formerly under your Lordship's inspection, of which the whole quantity are consumed. If these volumes of 'Surrey,' &c., are at some time to be turned to waste paper, I could wish I had your Lordship's authority for doing so at present, as they really take up room (and have long done so) which I want for other purposes, and put me to some expense."

Vol. viii. p. 76. Percy to Nichols, Nov. 10, 1788:

"Dear Sir,

"I should long since have acknowledged the favour of your letter, but I have been much indisposed with a lingering illness, which has hung on me near two months; but, it now abating, I take up my pen to beg you will continue to give room in a corner of your warehouse to the quires of the unpublished books you mention, till I can come over, as I hope, and complete them; and I will, with the greatest pleasure, pay any demand for warehouse room, or indemnify you to the utmost

for any inconvenience or loss that, as you intimate, may have attended them; and shall besides remain, dear Sir, your much obliged servant,

"THO. DROMORE."

Vol. viii. p. 289. Percy to Horace Walpole, Aug. 11, 1792:

"I have at length been able to collect for your Lordship the sheets of Lord Surrey and the Duke of Buckingham. They have been printed off about twenty-five years. Since the death of Jacob Tonson, at whose instance they were undertaken, and who ought to have assigned them to other persons, they have been wholly discontinued. My fondness for these pursuits declining, I laid both these works aside till I could offer them to some younger editor than myself, who could with more propriety resume them. I have now an ingenious nephew, of both my names, who is a fellow of St. John's College, in Oxford, and both able and desirous to complete them. To him I have given all the sheets so long since printed off, and whatever papers I had upon the subject."—F.

<sup>2</sup> Lowndes gives Percy another book in 1762: *The Matrons, Six short Histories, edited by Thomas Percy, Bp. of Dromore*.—F.

<sup>3</sup> See Appendix to this Life, vii.—F.

<sup>4</sup> *Fragments of ancient Poetry, collected in the Highlands of Scotland, and*

fragments" (*Pref.*) It is inscribed to such curious persons as study the ancient languages of the north, and that that study "is not dry or unamusive, this little work it is hoped will demonstrate." Again this industrious writer gave to the public anonymously in 1764, *A New Translation of the Song of Solomon, from the Hebrew, with a Commentary and Notes*; and in the same year he also brought out a *Key to the New Testament*, which became popular, though it is now almost forgotten.<sup>1</sup> It was in the summer of this year that Dr. Johnson,

"May, 1764.

*translated from the Gaelic or Erse language.* Edin. 1760, 8vo., pp. 70. The first Ossianic publication of James Macpherson, the "discoverer" of this poet. Lowndes.—F.

<sup>1</sup> In 1764, too, Percy undertook an edition of the *Spectator* and *Guardian*, and in 1765 of the *Tatler* for Tonson, and was evidently much interested in the work. His editorial canons may be seen in *Nichols*, vi. 557–9, with agreements and accounts, from which the following extracts are made:

"Whereas an edition of the *Spectator* and *Guardian* is preparing for the press with explanatory notes on many passages, that by length of time are become obscure, and also an account of the names of some of the occasional writers in those books not mentioned in any of the former editions, together with a table of contents to be prefixed to each volume, and new translations of several of the mottoes, by the Rev. Mr. Thomas Percy, of Easton Mauduit, in the county of Northampton. . . ."

*Nichols, Illust. of Lit.*, vol. vi. p. 560.

"Account between Rev. Mr. Percy and Messrs. Tonson.

J. and R. Tonson, Drs.

To the Rev. Mr. Percy.

		£	s.	d.
1761. June 12.	By agreement for an edition of the Duke of Buckingham's Works . . . . .	52	10	0
1763. March 24.	By an agreement for an edition of Lord Surrey's Poems . . . . .	21	0	0
1764. May 5.	By agreement for notes to <i>Spectator</i> and <i>Guardian</i> . . . . .	105	0	0
		178 10 0" <i>Ibid.</i>		

"March 16, 1765.

"Whereas Thomas Percy, clerk, of Easton Mauduit, in the county of Northampton, is preparing for the press a new edition of the *Tatler*, with explanatory notes, after the manner of his new edition of the *Spectator* and *Guardian*, now printing. . . ."

*Nichols, Illust. of Lit.* vi. p. 561.

These works, says Percy (*Nichols*, vi. 573,) "my becoming Domestic Chaplain and Secretary to the present Duke of Northumberland prevented me from

executing, as my time became appropriated, and his Grace's employment left me not sufficient leisure for so voluminous a piece of authorship." Dr. Calder took the work up; 2 vols. were printed; perhaps some sheets of a third. Nichols was to have reprinted these, and completed the edition with Percy's notes, &c. The *Tatlers* only were brought out in 6 vols. 8vo. 1786 (N. vi. 576). The principal merit of the edition is due to Dr. Calder. *Nichols*.—F.

the great lexicographer, paid his long-promised visit to the Vicarage at Easton Maudit, which was called a dull parsonage, in a dull county, and spent the greater part of the summer months with his friend Percy.<sup>1</sup> No doubt the little study there was the scene of many a learned argument and discussion, and the question concerning the publication of the *Reliques* again and again debated. Often, too, must they have paced the little terrace in the garden,—still called Dr. Johnson's Walk, by the side of which Northamptonshire young ladies now play at croquet,—“in sweet converse” on a subject which was at the time of absorbing interest to the Vicar's mind. For Percy had long before this been engaged on the collection of old ballads, and was on the eve of issuing a book destined not only to raise him to eminence in his profession, but to render his name a “household word” wherever the English language is spoken—the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*.

The merit of originating the work would seem in the first instance to have been that of the poet Shenstone, who thus writes on March 1, 1761, to a friend<sup>2</sup>:

You have heard me speak of Mr. Percy; he was in treaty with Mr. James Dodsley, for the publication of our best old ballads in three volumes. He has a large folio MS. of ballads which he showed me, and which, with his own natural and acquired talents, would qualify him for the purpose as well as any man in England. *I proposed the scheme to him myself*, wishing to see an elegant edition and good collection of this kind. I was also to have assisted him in selecting and rejecting, and fixing upon the best readings; but my illness broke off our correspondence in the beginning of winter.

The large folio MS.—that now edited by Messrs. Furnivall

<sup>1</sup> It may be worth while to add, that the latest edition of Anderson's *Life of Johnson* contains several not uninteresting notes concerning the lexicographer, which were communicated to Anderson by Bishop Percy.—A. Dyce.

This refers to the 3rd edit. by Robert Anderson, M.D., editor of the *British*

*Poets*, printed at Edinburgh, 1815, 8vo. Dr. Anderson paid the Bishop three long visits at Dromore, in 1802, 1805, and 1810. See art. Anderson in *Encycl. Brit.* 7th edit.—D. Laing.

<sup>2</sup> See Nichols's *Illustrations*, vii. 151.—F.



and Hales—is written in a hand apparently of the time of King Charles I.

With a view to the publication of the *Reliques*, Percy had for many years been at work collecting old ballads in every direction, for, comparatively speaking, he has published few out of the old folio MS. ; and as his circle of acquaintance embraced some of the most eminent men of the day, materials must have flowed in in considerable quantities, especially as the tastes of many were of a congenial nature. There were in the number Oliver Goldsmith, and David Garrick, the first of actors and a great collector of old ballad literature. Shenstone<sup>1</sup> was to have been co-editor had not death prevented. Thomas Gray, at that time living in the academic shades of Cambridge, found a place in the list. An eminent antiquary and man of great research, too, must not be omitted, Dr. Birch, and also Farmer, then Fellow but subsequently Master of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, a staunch friend and ally of Percy's;<sup>2</sup> and last not least, must not be forgotten Dr. Grainger, the author of the "Ode to Solitude" and "The Sugar Cane," who on the publication of the *Reliques* expressed the kind wish to the editor, "I hope you will sing yourself into a stall if not into a throne."

With such an efficient staff of friends and correspondents—in fact most of the eminent literati of the day on the list—the mere task of selection from their extensive stores must have been the main difficulty. What frequent and large packets<sup>3</sup> must have come to Easton Maudit under cover to the Squire, my Lord Sussex. And be it recollected that in those times the composition of a letter was far more of a business

<sup>1</sup> Shenstone died on Feb. 11, 1763, and is buried in the quiet churchyard of Hales Owen, in Worcestershire, where his celebrated abode, the Leasowes, is situated.—J. P.

<sup>2</sup> Sir David Dalrymple of New Hailes should be added.—D. Laing.

<sup>3</sup> There are several letters to Percy at Easton Maudit in Nichols's *Illustrations*, a collection in which Percy has written part of his own life, but which has not been much worked for this memoir.—F.

and labour than now, the four sides of large quarto paper being carefully filled, and the style punctiliously regarded; for correspondence, like conversation, was then studied as an art.

In February, 1765, after a four or five years' preparation, and when the editor was thirty-six years of age, appeared the first edition, in 3 vols., of the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> After all the text of the volumes of the *Reliques* was printed, Percy turned the first volume into the third, shunting the Arthur ballads to make way for Chevy Chase and the Robin Hood ballads. This change he laid on the printer's shoulders—handy things for an editor, often,—but, of course, the change was due to himself or his advisers. The change becomes clear on a comparison of the two volumes, i. and ii. of the *Reliques* in Douce's collection at Oxford, of which Dr. Rimbault told me, and which Mr. George Parker of the Bodleian has hastily examined for me. These two volumes Douce says he bought "at Dr. Farmer's sale, where they were sold as supposed waste, or imperfect; but they contain many pieces not in the published editions. See Dr. Farmer's notes in some of the pages."

If anyone will turn to pages 87–93 of the *Reliques* as published, he will see that there is no number xix. "The Lady turned Serving-man," p. 87–92, is No. xviii.; "Gil Morrise," p. 93, No. xx.

In Douce's vol. i., p. 92 is taken up with No. xix., "The Song-birds." "The Lady Turned Serving-man" ends with l. 112, "A serving-man to be a queene" (*Rel.* l. 136), and the poem is, as Dr. Farmer says, "Much altered in the Copy pub<sup>d</sup>." For instance, stanza 4 of the Douce copy is,

But there came thieves late in the night,  
They robbd my bower, and slewe my knight :

And after that my knight was slaine,  
I could no longer there remaine.

whereas the published copy reads,

And there I livde a ladye gay,  
Till fortune wrought our loves decay ;

For there came foes so fierce a band,  
That soon they over-run the land.  
They came upon us in the night,  
And brent my bower, and slew my knight ;  
And trembling hid in mans array,  
I scant with life escapd away.

So also in p. 323, *Reliques* vol. iii., the version of "The Boy and the Mantle, as revised and altered by a modern Hand," has, in Douce's copy, this verse,

Thus none so oft in Arthur's court  
Had done the deede of shame,  
As [s]he who grudg'd the golden prize  
To Cradock's virtuous dame !

instead of the note in the published copy about the story being taken from that of Tegan Earfron, one of Arthur's mistresses, in some of the old Welsh MSS. Pages 324, 331–2, 333–4, also differ in the two copies, and p. 1–2.

In vol. ii., by turning to pages 309, 318, the reader will see that Nos. x. and xi. are omitted, while No. ix. is "The Heir of Linne," sheet U, of which three pages are signed differently to the others in the volume, having vol. ii. on them. This is explained by turning to Douce's copy, where we find that the original Nos. ix. x. and xi. were "Cock Lorrell's Treat," "The Moral uses of Tobacco," and "Old Simon the Kinge," of which the first and last are printed in the "Loose and Humorous Songs" from the Folio, p. 37, 124.

The music of *Deo gratias* is also slightly altered, and the engraving at the end of Douce's volume ii., instead of being the published rustic sketch, is a coat of arms, over which is a coronet, with a lion and unicorn at the side, with the Percy motto "Esperance en Dieu." This was wisely cancelled, no doubt, as the Countess of Northumber-

dedicated, in an elaborate preface, to Elizabeth Percy,<sup>1</sup> Countess of Northumberland in her own right, and also Baroness Percy, Lucy, Poynings, Fitz Payne, Bryan, and Latimer. It is stated in this "that no active or comprehensive mind can forbear some attention to the reliques of antiquity. It is prompted by a natural curiosity to survey the progress of life and manners, and to inquire by what gradations barbarity was civilised, grossness refined, and ignorance instructed." The Countess was one of the most good-natured, and, as years increased, one of the stoutest of ladies, and had married Sir Hugh Smithson, a north-country baronet of Stanwick St. John, near Richmond in Yorkshire. He was the handsomest man of his time, and the story goes that he had met with a cross in love, which being mentioned to the great heiress of the house of Percy, she expressed the greatest astonishment at any one being able to refuse such a man as Sir Hugh. This having been intimated to him, Sir Hugh made her an offer, which was attended in this instance with success, and he was subsequently created the first Duke of Northumberland in the present peerage.

The sum of 100 guineas was paid to Percy by the publishers for the first edition of the *Reliques*, certainly not a great deal, considering the immense amount of labour, study and correspondence expended on its collection and compilation. Several eminent critics did not receive the work in so kind a manner as might have been expected, amongst whom may be instanced Percy's great friend Dr. Johnson, and also Warburton and Hurd; Warburton saying that "antiquarianism was to true letters what specious funguses are to the oak," and enquired sneeringly whether Percy "was the man who wrote about the

land might not then have appreciated the compliment of the grocer's son claiming kinship with her.—F.

<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth Percy was the daughter and successor of Algernon Seymour, Earl of Northumberland and Duke of

Somerset, who died 7th of February 1749–50. She was born in 1716, married to Sir Hugh Smithson in 1740, died in 1776, and was buried in St. Nicholas Chapel in Westminster Abbey.—J. P.

Chinese" (March 1765). Perhaps Johnson in his own mind classed most of the ballads in the same category with the Poems of Ossian, which Macpherson had brought out, but from deference to the feelings of Percy refrained at any rate on this exceptional occasion from bluntly expressing his conviction.

However, the *Reliques* gradually became popular, and as other editions were in request,<sup>1</sup> so did the sums paid to Percy increase; and best of all, the book attracted the notice of those in a high class, in whose power it was to forward and promote the interests of the editor, painstaking and deserving as he must be allowed to be. He became Chaplain to Hugh Percy, Duke of Northumberland,<sup>2</sup> the first Duke of the present creation; in 1769, Chaplain to the King, George III.; and before the expiration of the same year he had published *A Sermon preached before the Sons of Clergy*, on the text, S. John c. 13, v. 25, which is in itself an evidence of the position he was holding in general estimation. The account of his next work but one we quote:

The second of his [Percy's] two chief works appeared in 1770, namely his translation of Mallet's *Northern Antiquities*. To it we are disposed to attach nearly as much importance as the *Reliques of English Poetry*. Dr. Percy was the first to direct attention to the antiquities and characteristics of the grand Scandinavian north, to make known the sublime and wonderful mythology of the Eddas to English readers, and thus originally to stimulate the study of northern literature, that in our day is producing such valuable fruit. His own learned preface, besides, to Mallet's treatise, is remarkable

<sup>1</sup> A Dublin edition of the *Reliques*, lent to me by Mr. Dixon of Sunderland, but not noticed in Lowndes, appeared in 1766; the 2nd English edition in 1767; the 3rd in 1775; and the 4th, in which several readings of the MS. were restored, in 1794, edited nominally by Percy's nephew, Thomas Percy of St. John's College, Oxford, but really by the Bishop himself, as Dr. Anderson informed Mr. Laing. It is of the third edition that Percy writes to Paton, "North<sup>4</sup> House, Feb. 29, 1776 . . . be pleased to inform me how I can convey a set of

my Ancient Poems to you, of which Dodsley has lately published a new edition: and though I have no share in the property of this impression, I have made interest to procure a copy for you." *Letters to Paton, Edinb.* 1830, p. 58. That Percy contemplated a continuation of the *Reliques*, he often stated. A few extracts from his letters about it are added at the end of this memoir.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Boyd says that Lord Sussex introduced Percy to the Duke. (*Bellet*, p. 40.)—F.



in the history of ethnological science. In it he, for the first time in this country, clearly pointed out the essential difference between the Celtic and Teutonic races, which had been largely overlooked till then. The opposite hypothesis of the identity of the two, as assumed by Cluverius, and maintained by him with great erudition, and afterwards by such men as Keysler and Peloutier, has long been universally exploded. Let due honour be awarded to him who was the pioneer in this interesting path of ethnological enquiry.—J. J. in *The Imperial Dictionary of Universal Biography*, p. 641.<sup>1</sup>

In 1768 *The Household Book of the Earl of Northumberland in 1512*<sup>2</sup> (*Algernon Percy, 5th Earl,*) at his Castles of Wressle and Leconfield in Yorkshire, was compiled by Percy in compliance with the wishes of his patron Hugh Duke of Northumberland.<sup>3</sup> It is a work which has done perhaps as much for the illustration of Early English domestic life as the *Reliques* have done for that of Early English Literature, and has given rise to the long series of Household Regulations and Accounts<sup>4</sup> which have made every detail of the sovereign's and

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Rimbault kindly gave this reference to Mr. Furnivall, who furnished me with the extract, and the next paragraphs and notes.—J. P.

<sup>2</sup> The first Earl of Northumberland who died in his bed, the four former ones having met with violent deaths.—J. P.

<sup>3</sup> But few copies were printed, and these not for sale. Percy wrote twice to Paton, hoping to get him a copy, but never did. October 27, 1772: "I wish it was in my power to give you a copy of the Northumberland Household Book, as they will not be sold: but it is not as yet in my power. His Grace printed few, and the three or four which he allowed me to send to Edinburgh, were chiefly to such as he had some particular reason of his own for sending them to." (Percy to Paton. *Letters*, p. 18. Edinburgh, 1830.) The later copies are dated 1770, says Lowndes; and the book was reprinted entire in the fourth vol. of Grose's *Antiquarian Repertory*, 1809, 4to. The second edition was published by Pickering in 1827.—F.

<sup>4</sup> The chief of them are:—

1. *Liber Quotidianus, &c.* The account of the Comptroller of the Wardrobe in the 28th year of King Edward I. (Soc. Antiq. 1787.)

2. A collection of ordinances and regulations for the government of the Royal Household, made in divers reigns from King Edward III. to King William and Queen Mary (also receipts in ancient cookery), published by the Society of Antiquaries in 1790.

3. Illustrations of the Manners and expences of Antient Times in England, in the 15th, 16th, and 17th Centuries, deduced from the Accompts of Churchwardens, and other authentic Documents, collected from various Parts of the Kingdom, with explanatory Notes [by John Nichols, Dr. Pegge, &c.], 1797.

4. Privy purse expences of King Henry VIII. from November 1529 to December 1532, edited by Sir Harris Nicolas, 1827.

5. Privy purse expences of Elizabeth of York, Queen of Henry VII., from

rich man's home of early days almost as familiar to us as our own humble one now. And thus a third time was Percy the means of lighting the torch of knowledge whose flame instructs and cheers us still. It was in 1770 that Percy took his degree of D.D. at Cambridge, having incorporated himself at Emmanuel College, of which house his friend Dr. Farmer was Master. On November 18, 1770, a domestic calamity visited the little vicarage at Easton Maudit, the death of one of Percy's daughters, Anne Cleveland, who lies buried in the quiet village church; and almost before the sepulchre was sealed, to it was borne another child, Charlotte, who died on January 10, 1771; and in the same vault is buried yet a third child, Hester Percy, who died February 19, 1774. Just at this time (i.e. 1771) Mrs. Percy was appointed nurse to the infant Prince Edward, afterwards Duke of Kent, and father of her present Majesty Queen Victoria; and on her return from court the memorable ballad<sup>1</sup> was written by her husband—

March 1502 to February 1503. Wardrobe accounts of Edward IV. &c., ed. by Sir Harris Nicolas, 1830.

6. Privy purse expences of the Princess Mary from December 1536 to December 1544, edited by Sir Frederic Madden, 1831.

7. The Loseley Manuscripts, edited by Alfred John Kempe, 1836.

8. *Compota Domestica Familiarum de Bukingham et d'Angouleme 1443-52-63, quibus annexæ expensæ cujusdam comitis in itinere 1273.*—Abbotsford Club, ed. Turnbull, 1836, with 3 pages of Emendations, 1841.

9. *Manners and household expenses of England in the thirteenth and fifteenth centuries, A.D. 1265-1471*, edited by Dawson Turner, Roxburghe Club, 1841.

10. *Household Books of John Duke of Norfolk, and Thomas Earl of Surrey, temp. 1481-90*, edited by J. Payne Collier, Roxburghe Club, 1844.—F.

<sup>1</sup> Knowing Percy's habits, one is not surprised to find that this ballad, for which he has been so much praised, is

little more than a paraphrase of another poem. Of "Oh Nanny," Dr. Rimbault writes: "With regard to its *originality* we will say nothing, because the following elegant little poem, from a MS. dated 1682, evidently furnished the idea. The same words, with some trifling variations, are found in Nat. Lee's tragedy 'Theodosius, or the Force of Love,' edit. 1697.

#### THE ROYAL NUN.

"Canst thou, Marina, leave the world,  
The world that is devotion's bane,  
Where crowns are toss'd, and sceptres  
hurl'd,  
Where lust and proud ambition reign?  
Canst thou thy costly robes forbear,  
To live with us in poor attire;  
Canst thou from courts to cells repair  
To sing at midnight in the quire?"

"Canst thou forget the golden bed  
Where thou might'st sleep beyond the  
morn,  
On mats to lay thy royal head,  
And have thy beauteous tresses shorn?"

O Nanny<sup>1</sup> wilt thou gang with me ?  
 Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town ;  
 Can silent glens have charms for thee,  
 The lowly cot, and russet gown ?  
 No longer dressed in silken sheen,  
 No longer deck'd with jewels rare :  
 Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,  
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

Miss Matilda Lætitia Hawkins thus comments upon it, and on its occasion, in her "Memoirs, Anecdotes, Facts and Opinions."

Recollections of the tenderest kind are called up by the mention of this exquisite ballad, which I have been told was Dr. Percy's invitation to his charming wife on her release from her twelve months' confinement in the royal nursery, in attendance on her charge Prince Edward, the late Duke of Kent. His Royal Highness's temper as a private gentleman did not discredit his nurse, for his humanity was conspicuous. (Vol. i. p. 271.)

Mr., afterwards Archdeacon Nares, Percy's successor in the Vicarage of Easton Maudit, asked him in a letter who set to music this beautiful ballad, but the reply of the Bishop is not recorded. It is not singular that Nares, from his musical

Canst thou resolve to fast all day,  
 And weep and groan to be forgiven ;  
 Canst thou in broken slumbers pray,  
 And by afflictions merit heaven ?

" Say, votaress, can this be done ?  
 Whilst we the grace divine implore,  
 The world shall lose the battles won,  
 And sin shall never chain thee more.  
 The gate to bliss doth open stand,  
 And all my penance is in view ;  
 The world upon the other hand  
 Cries out ' O, do not bid adieu !'

" What, what can pomp and glory do ;  
 Or what can human powers persuade ?  
 That mind that hath a heaven in view,  
 How can it be by earth betray'd ?  
 Haste then, oh ! haste to take me in,  
 For ever lock Religion's door ;  
 Secure me from the charms of sin,  
 And let me see the world no more.

Bishop Percy seems also to have been indebted to a ballad entitled 'The

Young Laird and Edinburgh Katy,' in Allan Ramsay's 'Tea Table Miscellany,' edit. 1733, p. 66. The second verse commences,

" O Katy ! wiltu gang wi me,  
 And leave the dinsome town awhile ?"

<sup>1</sup> "Nanny" is a common diminutive of Anne to this day in the counties of Northampton and Buckingham.—J. P. Percy wrote it (as I have always heard and perhaps can prove) "O Nancy wilt thou go with me ;" and Tom Carter, who composed the music, took the liberty of altering it to "O Nanny, wilt thou gang ;" but he certainly did not alter *town* and *gown* to *toon* and *goon*, as they are sometimes printed. Of that I am sure, having his copy. It is somewhere stated that Percy did not approve of the liberty Carter had taken with his song, but I forget where.—W. Chappell. Mr. Boyd notes that the ballad has been altered, and claimed as Scotch.—F.

connections, should have made such an inquiry, for his father Dr. James Nares had been an eminent musician and organist and composer to George II. and George III. The ballad was set to music by Thomas Carter, an Irishman, who died in 1804. However, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, even as late as 1847, it is assigned to Joseph Baildon, who died in 1774, and it is there stated by Baildon's grandson that Carter purchased amongst other effects at his grandfather's sale the MS. of this celebrated ballad, and subsequently gave it to the world as his own composition.<sup>1</sup>

The year 1771 also saw the publication of the *Hermit of Warkworth*, which, though it has been severely criticised, yet very aptly describes one of the most unique and interesting places of its kind in the north of England, and very likely was composed by Percy when on a visit to those regions as the guest of his patrons the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland. The hermitage is situated on one of the most charming of rivers, the Coquet, and in the old castle of Warkworth many of the ancient ballads had in olden times been sung by the minstrels, celebrating the heroic deeds of the valiant Percys. The little market cross was the spot where, in more recent times, the Pretender had been first proclaimed in England by General Forster in 1715; and for his share in that insurrection the last of a long line resident in the parish of Warkworth (to one of whose ancestors an enduring reputation had been given in the ballad of Chevy Chase), Lord Widdrington, was attainted and deprived of his title.

At length a most tangible promotion came to Percy in the

<sup>1</sup> A scandalous story without an atom of proof. If Nares had only seen a printed copy with music, he would have found Carter's name to it. The claim set up by Baildon's (not Blaidon's) grandson, in 1847, to gain credit for his grandfather in a matter of which he could not speak from any knowledge of his

own, is quite unworthy of notice. Carter was a singer, and a tasteful educated musician, who left Ireland very young, went to Italy, and settled in London. He composed another still famous song, "Stand to your guns, my hearts of oak."—W. Chappell.



shape of the Deanery of Carlisle, which was conferred upon him in 1778<sup>1</sup>; and in 1782 a still higher position, and more increased income<sup>2</sup>, from his appointment to the Bishopric of Dromore in Ireland, worth about 2000*l.* a year, a reward which he had fairly earned by his industry and perseverance. Dromore had a century before been the scene of the labours of an equally good, and perhaps of a man in one sense more talented, Jeremy Taylor, who had held it in conjunction with the adjacent sees of Down and Connor, and whose works *Holy Living* and *Holy Dying* can never be forgotten but with the extinction of religion itself. And now the time came for resigning the little Northamptonshire home<sup>3</sup>—where years ago he had brought his bride—the birth-place of all his children, and the burial-place of three of them—where the prime of his life had been spent, and his chief works

<sup>1</sup> In 1779 he writes to Pinkerton from Carlisle, July 2, "I have been extremely ill, even at the point of death." *Pinkerton's Correspondence*, i. 15. In 1780 Percy contributed many notes to Nichols's *Select Collection of Miscellany Poems*.—F.

<sup>2</sup> "I assure you, my good friend, I never knew what it was to want money like what I have done since my great preferment. The laity little know the heavy burdens that overwhelm us ecclesiastics. The moment I entered on my bishopric, I became debtor to my predecessor in the sum of 3200*l.* for a new episcopal house, which, by the laws of Ireland, is charged upon the successor, and must be paid out of the first receipts of the see. In consequence of this I had 1200*l.* to pay at the end of the first year (besides 200*l.* for my patent) when I had only received 900*l.* To add to my burdens, my brother, whose unprosperous affairs had long been a great drawback from my revenue, is now this month become a bankrupt, and has involved me in losses occasioned by my being security for him; and is moreover with his family to be maintained by me into the bargain. So you see that all is not gold that glistens—

that under a mitre there may be heavy cares and grievous disappointments. But of all that I have suffered in consequence of these distresses, none have given me more concern than that I have been prevented by them from fulfilling my kind intentions to poor Mrs. Williams. I had engaged to add 10*l.* *per annum* to her little annuities, of which I had only been able to advance her five guineas before she was snatched away from me, and all my intentions of making it up to her by greater kindness in future rendered abortive. I wish you would mention this to Dr. Johnson, lest I should have suffered in his opinion from what may have appeared a wanton breach of my engagement, which I believe I entered into with his privity, as indeed it was he that kindly suggested it." Letter to Mr. Allen, Dec. 28, 1783. *Nichols*, vol. vi. p. 578.—F.

<sup>3</sup> "Northamptonshire home." Though appointed Dean of Carlisle in 1778, Percy did not resign Easton Maudit until 1782, as above recorded. It continued to be an occasional residence until his nomination to the Bishopric. He also resigned the Rectory of Wilby at the same time.—J. P.

composed. The circumstance is thus noted in the old Register at Easton Maudit :

April 20th, 1782.—This day the Rev. Dr. Percy resigned this Vicarage into the hands of the Bishop of Peterboro', being promoted to the Bishoprick of Dromore in Ireland.

The following amusing account of the vicarage, church, and country, from a hitherto unpublished letter of his successor, Mr., afterwards Archdeacon Nares,<sup>1</sup> gives a graphic description of the place, and will be read with interest :

(No gilt paper at Easton Maudit.)

VICARAGE, EASTON MAUDIT, JUNE 23, 1782.

For the first time in my life, I sit down in a parlour of my own ; to whom then can I address myself so properly as to the one who is to share my rights in it ? and it is with no small satisfaction that I inform you that the parlour aforesaid is by no means a small one, nor indeed very large, but a comfortable pleasant size, and neatly wainscotted. There is another parlour not quite so large, but a very good one also, which has but one window, while this has two, and sashes all through the house. The building itself is a very neat cottage of stone, and thatched, commands no prospect, but is perfectly snug and pastoral. A good piece of garden, consisting chiefly of grass plots and shrubs, with a kitchen garden quite sufficient for the house, and planted off, so as to be out of sight. We have a brewhouse, and all other things convenient, and within doors several very good bed-chambers, two really capital, a good kitchen, cellar, and so forth.

The church, which is a very pretty one, both without and within, stands very close, but not too much so, and Lord Sussex's gardens join immediately to it. The country about is very pretty, only too rich if anything, for the soil is so deep that the roads are apt to be bad. Within a mile and a half is a fine house<sup>2</sup> and good park, belonging to the Earl of Northampton, very pleasantly situated, the

<sup>1</sup> *Robert Nares*, educated at Westminster and Christ Church, a Student of the House, was born in 1753, and graduated M.A. in 1778. In 1798 appointed a Canon of Lichfield Cathedral, and in 1800 Archdeacon of Stafford. Died in 1829. A very voluminous writer, but perhaps best known by his "Glossary

or Collection of Words, Phrases, Names and allusions to Customs and Proverbs." See "Alumni Westmonasterienses" for a full account of his preferments and writings.—J. P.

<sup>2</sup> This fine house is Castle Ashby, one of the stately homes of England.—J. P.

country round abounding with villages, and several gentlemen's seats and the like within moderate distances. We are very near a good turnpike road, and have regular communication with London three times a week; or even every day by sending as far as Newport Pagnell, which is but eleven miles.

I think I never saw a more compact little retirement, as much out of the world as if it were three hundred miles from London, and yet sufficiently near to it to get there with ease at any time in one day; it is but sixty miles. I can imagine us here in the most comfortable style imaginable, and if you are at all of Mrs. Percy's mind, you will be much pleased with it, for it was a great favourite of hers to the very last, and she quitted it with great reluctance. If any one tells you that Northamptonshire is a dreary county, with stone walls for hedges, and so forth, tell them that it is no such thing in the neighbourhood of our parsonage, but a fine rich country, full of all the good things that such a soil affords.

I would give no small sum to have you here to talk over plans and schemes, and look about us;—take notice that there is glebe land enough immediately adjacent to feed all our cattle, viz., between eleven and twelve acres. It is mighty clever (*sic*), but do not raise your ideas of it too high, for no place will bear that. It is a snug cottage retirement, but nothing great. . . .

(*Cætera desunt.*)

Percy had not long been located in his new abode at Dromore, when the severest domestic calamity of all happened—the loss of his only and much-loved son Henry, who died in April, 1783, at the early age of twenty, at Marseilles, after wintering at Madeira. The father speaks of him a few years before (1778, see p. xxxiii. below) with pride in a letter to a friend, as “a tall youth of fifteen, at present a King's Scholar<sup>1</sup> at Westminster,” and was at that time, no doubt, looking forward to his election as a Student of Christ Church at Oxford; but “l'homme propose, mais Dieu dispose.”<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Henry Percy was admitted into college at Westminster, at the Election in 1777, at the age of 14. See “*Alumni Westmonasteriensis*,” p. 407, where “*abijt*” is added to his name.—J. P.

<sup>2</sup> “Thus with the manly glow of honest pride,

O'er his dead son the gallant *Ormond* sighed.

Thus through the gloom of *Shenstone's* fairy grove,  
*Maria's* urn still breathes the voice of love.”

*Pleasures of Memory*.—J. P.

And now appears on the stage a great opponent of the Bishop, one Joseph Ritson, who, born at Stockton-upon-Tees, had been articled to a solicitor in that town, and who subsequently settled in London. A man undoubtedly of considerable ability, but most conspicuous for abusive powers and waspish temper. Though admitting that the *Reliques* were "beautiful, elegant, and ingenious," he boldly denied the very existence of the Folio MS., asserting that all had been ingeniously fabricated, and worst of all, by one of Percy's profession, and in his position. It is said that in order to refute this charge, the fine portrait of Percy, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, had, in compliance with his own request, the disputed MS. Folio placed in his hand, in order to show that it had an actual existence.<sup>1</sup> The charge of forgery was indignantly repelled, but the admission made "ipsissimis verbis" that his "emendations of old and mutilated ballads were open and avowed." And now it can easily be seen by a comparison of the present volumes with any copy of the *Reliques* to what an extent in the Ballads printed in them from the Folio MS. this so-called emendation or restoration was carried; or, to use the language of the Prospectus, p. 1, "how much or how little of the different poems was really ancient, how much was sham antique of Percy's own." The wish expressed by Sir Walter Scott many years ago, in the Preface to his *Minstrelsy of the Border*, can now be gratified—"it would be desirable to know exactly to what extent Dr. Percy has used the licence of an editor,<sup>2</sup> and certainly at this period would be only a degree of justice due to his memory."

Scott pays a tribute to the wonderful stores of antiquarian knowledge and varied information possessed by Ritson, and, to use his own language, says of Ritson, "that he brought forward such a work on national antiquities as in other countries has

<sup>1</sup> Percy exhibited the MS. in Pall Mall.—W. Chappell.

<sup>2</sup> Scott used this licence in his *Min-*

*strelsy of the Scottish Border*, far more than Percy.—W. C.



been thought worthy of universities and the countenance of princes."

At Dromore, where Percy now constantly resided, he still continued to devote as much time as could be spared from the graver duties of his profession to the cultivation of literature,<sup>1</sup> though from all accounts it was a place not very favourable for such studies—and must have been to a great extent an expatriation. Letters to him frequently never reached their destination, and he was months in arrear with the last magazine; still under these difficulties the old love of learning continued.

In 1793 he published "An Essay on the Origin of the English Stage, particularly on the Historical Plays of Shakspeare," and the accompanying letter from Edmond Malone to him, hitherto unpublished, will interest Shakspearian readers; it is selected from the correspondence from Malone to Percy in the Bodleian stores.

LONDON, *Sept.* 21, 1793.

My dear Lord,—

Having been a great wanderer of late, I did not receive your Lordship's obliging favour till my arrival in London, not long since, my servants not knowing where to forward it to me. One line of your little ballad is, I think, somewhere in Shakspeare: "my lady is unkynde perde," but I do not remember where<sup>2</sup>; perhaps in Hamlet. To the remainder of it I do not recollect any allusion.

<sup>1</sup> *Thomas Campbell to Bp. Percy.*

June 30, 1790.

Your anecdotes will embellish my pages highly, and your picture of Green Arbour-court shall be closely copied; as to the rest, my account of your visit to him there was almost verbatim, from my recollection of your words, what you have set down in your last. But could there be any harm in letting the world know who the visitant was? without the circumstance of the dignity of the guest, the contrast will be in a great measure lost, and the matter will lose its grand authority as to the fact. But in this, as everything else, your wish shall be a command. The anecdote of Johnson I

had recollected, but had forgot that it was at Goldsmith's you were to sup. The story of the *valet de chambre* will, as Lord Bristol says, pin the basket of his absurdities; and really we may have a hamper full of them.

P.S. Your sketch of Sir Richard Perrot will come in as an episode towards the conclusion, with good effect; but there, neither that nor anything that can sully shall appear as coming from you. Having Parnell's "Life," I shall return yours safe, and shall be obliged by the dramatic pieces you purpose sending by my brother. Nichols, *Illust. of Lit.* vii. pp. 780-781.—F.

<sup>2</sup> *Twelfth Night*, Act iv., Sc. vi.—J. P.

I have been most agreeably (sic) though laboriously employed at Worcester and Stratford-upon-Avon. At Worcester, I found some wills relative to Shakspearians there that I much wanted; and at Stratford I spent two days by permission of the Corporation in rummaging all their stores. I am confident I unfolded and slightly examined not less than three thousand papers and parchments, several of which were as old as the time of Henry the Fourth, and probably had not been opened for two centuries. From the whole mass, I selected whatever I thought likely to throw any light upon the life of Shakspeare, on which I am now employed, and these the Mayor very obligingly permitted me to pack up in a box, and bring with me to London, that I might peruse them at my leisure. They afford several curious matters that concern the state of the town, and its manners in Shakspeare's time, his property, the prices of the various articles of life, &c. I was not fortunate enough to meet with a single scrap of his handwriting, though I have got signatures of almost all his family and friends; but I have found a letter to him when in London, a very pretty little relick (sic) about *three inches long by two broad*. His answer to this letter, the object of which was to borrow some money from him, would have been a great curiosity, and what is provoking is, it ought to have been in the bundle where this was found (a parcel of letters to and from Mr. Quiney, whose son afterwards married the poet's daughter), and this should have been among the papers of Shakspeare's granddaughter, wherever they are. However, "est aliquid prodire tenus."

No confirmation is yet arrived of the good news of the Duke of York's being victorious at Minan, and having killed 4,000 of the enemy and taken 80 cannon; but it is believed.

I beg you will present my best compliments to Mrs. Percy and your young ladies, and believe me, my dear Lord, with the utmost sincerity,

Your most faithful and most obedient servant,

EDMOND MALONE.

The Percy Correspondence, published by John Bowyer Nichols, is not only interesting, but shows that as age increased so did the Bishop's literary tastes.<sup>1</sup> And not only are his pub-

<sup>1</sup> Take as a specimen of the variety of subjects that interested him, bits of three or four letters, the first to *The Gentleman's Magazine*, March 15, 1797,

p. 320, vol. viii.

"Mr. Urban,

As in the course of the next month the return of many of our migratory

lished letters numerous, but the quantity of unpublished correspondence in the possession of his descendants is large,<sup>1</sup> and all of it is written in a singularly clear and neat hand, marking the character of the man. His episcopal functions were most faithfully and efficiently discharged, securing him (as we are told) the respect and love of all denominations; but this is no more than might have been expected from a man of his integrity of character and genuine religious feelings—one who was, in a word, actuated by a high sense of duty.

In 1798 the Irish Rebellion broke out, and during it Percy is recorded to have transmitted to his daughter, Mrs. Isted, a quantity of correspondence and valuable books for safe preservation, and they are said to be still kept amongst the archives of Ecton House, near Northampton.<sup>2</sup> In 1806, Percy's wife, the

birds may be expected, allow me to recall the attention of your readers to this interesting subject, desiring they will carefully observe whether any swallows appear without the long feathers which form their forked tails; for, as it has been ascertained that the last broods, at least, in every summer leave us before they have attained this distinction, if any appear in spring without them, such may be supposed to have passed the winter in a torpid state.

"Let me now communicate a very extraordinary phenomenon concerning another race of birds of passage, the cuckoos, which occurred last summer in the north of Ireland. . . .

"Let me now offer a solution of the difficulty respecting the *fall of stones from the clouds*, which I have heard suggested by a naturalist of great eminence in this country [that lightning, in its ascent from the earth to the clouds, bursts through a rock, &c., and scatters the fragments]."

On Aug. 6, 1799, Percy has been "ascertaining and placing beyond doubt the reality of Round Towers being originally Belfries." *Nichols*, vii. 818.

On April 21, 1801 (*Nichols*, viii. p. 359), Mr. Irwin tells Percy that "the opera (The Bedouins, a comic opera,

London, 1802) is announced for representation on the 29th inst. The interest you have taken in its success makes me regret your Lordship's absence on this occasion, though I believe it to be patronised by the lovers of poetry and music, who have any knowledge of the piece. It might, however, prove of considerable service could your Lordship find time to communicate your opinion of the work to any person in Dublin, whose zeal and influence were likely to promote its success. This would be taking an unpardonable liberty with your Lordship, did I not already lie under more material obligations by the touches the piece has received from your pen."

On Oct. 19, 1808, Percy is writing against the bold and unqualified manner in which Dr. Scully has asserted the universal success of vaccination, whereas it had failed in several instances near him. (*Nichols*, vol. vi.)—F.

<sup>1</sup> I doubt this. The family's letters are mostly to Percy, not from him.—F.

<sup>2</sup> For the edition of Goldsmith's *Miscellaneous Works* in 1801, Percy contributed materials, and he directed the compilation of the account of the poet's life and writings. This was for the benefit of Goldsmith's niece and poor



companion of his joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, passed away from this earth,<sup>1</sup> after a union with him for the long period of forty-seven years, and one, it may be added, of the happiest nature. Her remains were laid in Dromore Cathedral. About this time, an affliction fell upon the Bishop which no skill might alleviate or remove—a penalty incidental to many scholars, in his case brought on by poring over old MSS. and unremitting study—total blindness.<sup>2</sup> This he is said to have borne with

relations, and his letters show that he took a good deal of trouble to help them, though the publishers treated him badly, he said.

“But the proprietors would have done well to have consulted me in the selection and arrangement, for they have omitted one of the very best productions of Goldsmith, although it had been particularly pointed out in the account of his life—his *Introduction to Brooke's Natural History*—and have only given his ‘Preface’ to that work, far inferior to the former. This is what they got by quarrelling with me for only supplicating a little assistance in advance to Goldsmith's poor niece, who was starving, for I would have given them every advice and direction gratis; but they carried their ill-humour so far as to refuse to let me see and make some corrections in the MS. Life of Goldsmith, which had been compiled under my direction. They have also omitted noticing that the Epilogue, now first printed in vol. ii. p. 82, is given from a MS. in Dr. Goldsmith's own handwriting, which he had given to me as well as the other, which they have noticed in the note p. 88. I have only just looked into vols. ii. and iv. and immediately stumbled upon these defects; I fear I shall find others.

“I gave them the foregoing original unedited poems of Goldsmith in consideration of their delivering 250 copies for me to dispose of for the benefit of Goldsmith's poor relations, of which 125 might be sold in England, the remainder in Ireland.”—Letter to Mr. Nichols, May 19, 1802. Nichols, *Illust. of Lit.* vi. p. 583.

*Bp. Percy to W. H. Browne.*

Nov. 2, 1802.

“When I was last in England I applied to you in behalf of a poor niece of our excellent poet Dr. Goldsmith, the daughter of his brother, to whom he addressed his fine poem, ‘The Traveller,’ thinking she was a proper object of some charity at your disposal.

“You then rectified my mistake in that particular, but most kindly offered to promote the sale of an edition of her uncle's works, which I was then promoting for her benefit. This was published in 4 vols. 8vo., to which I contributed materials for an improved account of the author's life, and the publishers gave me 200 copies to be disposed of for the benefit of his poor relations.”—P. 370.—F.

<sup>1</sup> On Mrs. Percy's death, see *Gent.'s Mag.*, Jan. 1807. She died at Dromore House, Dec. 30, 1806, aged 74.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Jan. 11, 1805.—My eyes are declining so fast that, although I sketched out part of the notes, which I could scarce read when I had written them, yet the rest being committed to a secretary, I must recommend them, as well as what I had written myself, to a careful examination. *Nichols*, vi. 585.

Dec. 11, 1805.—The failure of my sight, which is nearly approaching to total blindness, and it is with difficulty I transcribe my name, will prevent me from attending Parliament in person. *Nichols*, vi. 586.

*Percy to Dr. G. Somers Clarke.*

Feb. 26, 1807.

The Bishop of Dromore was duly favoured with Dr. Clarke's obliging

perfect equanimity; and one of his relatives who, as a boy, could just recollect him, informed the writer of this sketch that it was quite a pleasure to see even then his gentleness, amiability, and fondness for children. Every day used to witness his strolling down to a pond in the palace garden in order to feed his swans, who were accustomed to come at the well-known sound of the old man's voice.

And now the time began to approach when Percy's career on earth was to close, and the new life begin. Most of his old contemporaries and friends had passed away, Johnson and Garrick among the number; tutor and pupil, as was meet, finding graves side by side in Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey. Sir Joshua Reynolds had been laid in the crypt of St. Paul's, a sepulchre appropriated to painters; and Gray and Burke had found quiet resting-places, the former in the pretty churchyard of Stoke Pogis, near the distant spires and antique towers of his beloved Eton; the latter in the old church at Beaconsfield, in Buckinghamshire. Percy lingered on until 1811, and on the 30th of September in that year departed in Christian hope. His remains were deposited with those of Mrs. Percy in the transept which he had added to Dromore Cathedral, amidst the regrets of all classes of society. The following epitaph is inscribed on a mural tablet near the grave:

Near<sup>1</sup> this place are interred the remains of the Right Rev.

letter, but with deep regret he is obliged to inform him that he is prevented from entering into a proper investigation of the important subject of it by a failure of sight, which has long been coming on, and is nearly arrived at total blindness. *Nichols*, viii. 385.

Nov. 3, 1807.—The Bishop of Dromore is in excellent health, but his sight has long since totally failed him. H. E. Boyd. *Nichols*, vi. 387.

The complaint seems to have begun in 1803.

April 28, 1803.—Mr. E. Ledwich says, "I was much concerned to hear from Sir Richard Musgrave that your Lord-

ship was affected with the prevalent epidemic. As he informs me it has created a complaint in your eyes, the disorder is more manageable, and I hope will be of short continuance. People . . . laugh at us who think it possesses some quality of the plague; and yet from its universality there are grounds to believe so . . . I know of no one in a most numerous acquaintance who has escaped." *Nichols*.—F.

<sup>1</sup> The above epitaph is inscribed on a tablet of white marble, on a larger one of grey, and above is a Mitre, surmounting a Bible, and a pastoral staff upon a cushion. Beneath are the arms

Thomas Percy, D.D., Lord Bishop of Dromore, to which see he was promoted in May, MDCCLXXXII., from the Deanery of Carlisle in England. This elevated station he filled nearly thirty years, residing constantly in his Diocese, and discharging the duties of his sacred office with vigilance and zeal, instructing the ignorant, relieving the necessitous, and comforting the distressed with pastoral affection. Revered for his piety and learning, and beloved for his universal benevolence by all ranks and religious denominations, he departed this life on the 30th day of September, in the year of our Lord MDCCCXI. in the eighty-third year of his age.

In the same grave are deposited the remains of Anne his wife, daughter of Barton Goodriche<sup>1</sup>, Esq., of Desborough, Northamptonshire, whose estimable conduct through life rendered her the worthy partner of such a husband. She died on the 30th of December, MDCCCVI. aged LXXIV. years.

This memorial of dutiful affection is inscribed by their surviving daughters, Barbara Isted and Elizabeth Meade.

Two daughters survived Percy—the one, wife of Archdeacon the Honourable Pierce Meade; and the other, who had married Ambrose Isted, Esq., of Ecton House, in the county of Northampton, not far from the old parsonage at Easton Maudit; and a son of each is still alive (1867).

It may be worth while to mention that three portraits of Percy are supposed to be still in existence; the location of the first, a fine one, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, is unknown.<sup>2</sup> It was painted in May, 1773, and represents him habited in a black gown and bands, with a loose black cap on his head, resembling a turban, and in his hand the MS. folio the very existence of

of the see of Dromore, and also a lion rampant for Percy. The cathedral itself is an unpretending structure, consisting of nave without choir, only a northern transept; and at the western end of the building is a large square tower.—J. P.

<sup>1</sup> Aristocratic for *Gutteridge*, as before noticed, p. xxxii.—F.

<sup>2</sup> From the circumstance of no portrait of Percy hanging in Christ Church Hall, *à priori*, it may be concluded that he was not a Student of the House, otherwise one of so distinguished a

man would most likely have had an honoured niche. With the exception of the very old ones, the portrait of no one is permitted there except he has been a Student; could an exception have been made, it would have been to admit that of the late Sir Robert Peel, so distinguished an ornament of Christ Church. It may well excite astonishment to see the number of eminent men who have been on the foundation of that college.—J. P.

which was denied by Ritson. Engravings of this are frequently to be met with. Another, painted by Abbot in 1797, hangs at Ecton House, where is also the portrait of Mrs. Percy, with a scroll in her left hand, on which the ballad "O Nanny" is inscribed. In this he is depicted in the episcopal dress of rochet and chimere, wearing the usual wig; and an engraving of this is prefixed to the Percy Correspondence in Nichols' *Illustrations of Literature*. The artist and location of a third in water colours are not known: it represents the Bishop in his garden at Dromore, when totally blind, feeding his swans. An excellent copy of this is in the possession of his grandson, Edward Meade, Esq.; and a very good engraving of it is to be found in vol. iii. of the *Decameron* of the learned Dr. Dibdin.<sup>1</sup>

The writer of this sketch cannot conclude without thanking his friends, the Rev. Henry Smith, M.A., sometime Student of Christ Church, and now Vicar of Easton Maudit, and also the Rev. William Dunn Macray, M.A., Chaplain of Magdalen College, Oxford, for much valuable information imparted, and great kindness shown, in facilitating his researches.<sup>2</sup>

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## APPENDIX.

I. The following list of the Literary Club, founded by Dr. Johnson and his friend Sir Joshua Reynolds, in 1764, and of which Percy was, in 1810, the only survivor of the original members, is extracted from the end of one of Malone's letters to him in the Bodleian Library, and bears the date of April 30, 1810. So exclusive was the Club, that at the time of its formation even David Garrick sought admission into its ranks in vain,

<sup>1</sup> An ignorant pretender, without the learning of a school-boy, who published a quantity of books swarming with errors of every description.—A. Dyce.

The epithet *learned* given to my old friend Dr. D. is not very applicable, although he published much on learned

subjects. It ought to be noticed that in his *Decameron* he gives rather a minute account of the Percy MS.—D. Laing.

<sup>2</sup> To Dr. Rimbault, Mr. Chappell, the Rev. A. Dyce, Mr. David Laing, and Mr. Furnivall my thanks are also due.—J. P.



though ultimately admitted. The English Roscius is reported to have said to Sir Joshua Reynolds, "I like it much, *I think* I shall be of you." "He'll be of us!" exclaimed Johnson when he heard of it, in great wrath; "how does he know we will *permit* him? The first duke in England has no right to hold *such* language!"

1. THE BISHOP OF DROMORE .	1764	19. DR. VINCENT, DEAN OF	
2. SIR CHARLES BUNBURY .	1774	WESTMINSTER .	1800
3. MR. SHERIDAN .	1777	20. WILLIAM LOCK .	1800
4. THE EARL OF OSSORY .	1777	21. GEORGE ELLIS .	1801
5. SIR JOSEPH BANKS .	1778	22. LORD MINTO .	1802
6. RIGHT HON. WM. WINDHAM	1778	23. SIR WM. GRANT, MASTER	
7. RIGHT HON. SIR WM. SCOTT	1778	OF THE ROLLS .	1803
8. THE EARL SPENCER .	1778	24. SIR GEORGE STAUNTON .	1803
9. EDMOND MALONE .	1782	25. CHARLES WILKINS .	1806
10. DR. BURNEY .	1784	26. RIGHT HON. WM. DRUMMOND	1806
11. JOHN COURTENAY .	1788	27. SIR HENRY HALFORD .	1806
12. SIR CHARLES BLAGDEN .	1794	28. SIR HENRY ENGLEFIELD .	1808
13. JAMES RENNELL .	1795	29. LORD HOLLAND .	1808
14. HON. FREDERICK NORTH .	1797	30. THE EARL OF ABERDEEN .	1808
15. GEORGE CANNING .	1799	31. CHARLES .	1808
16. WILLIAM MARSDEN .	1799	32. CHARLES VAUGHAN .	1809
17. RIGHT HON. JOHN H. FREERE	1800	33. HUMPHREY DAVY .	1809
18. RIGHT HON. THOMAS GREN-		34. REV. DR. BONNEY .	1809
VILLE .	1800	35. VACANT .	

II. The following lines, written by Bishop Percy, have never before been published. They show that the attachment to Mrs. Percy, the "Nanny of his Muse," was of a most permanent kind:

"On leaving — —, on a tempestuous night, March 22, 1788, by Dr. Percy."

Deep howls the storm with chilling blast,  
Fast falls the snow and rain,  
Down rush the floods with headlong haste,  
And deluge all the plain.

Yet all in vain the tempest roars,  
And whirls the drifted snow;  
In vain the torrents scorn the shore,  
To *Delia* I must go.

In vain the shades of evening fall,  
And horrid dangers threat,  
What can the lover's heart appal,  
Or check his eager feet?

The darksome vale the fearless tries,  
 And winds its trackless wood ;  
 High o'er the cliff's dread summit flies,  
 And rushes through the flood.

Love bids atchieve the hardy task,  
 And act the wondrous part,  
 He wings the feet with eagle's speed,  
 And lends the lion-heart.

Then led by thee, all-powerful boy,  
 I'll dare the hideous night,  
 Thy *dart* shall guard me from annoy,  
 Thy *torch* my footsteps light.

The cheerful blaze—the social hour,  
 The friend—all plead in vain,  
 Love calls—I brave each adverse power  
 Of peril and of pain.

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### III. *Letters of Percy as to the Continuation of the "Reliques."*

Alnwick Castle, Aug. 22, 1774.

As in three or four years I intend to publish a volume or two more of old English and Scottish poems, in the manner of my *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, I shall then insert some of these fragments [from a MS. collection of songs Mr. Paton had sent], if the editor will give me leave to transcribe and fill up the deficiencies of some of them in the manner I attempted before.—*Letters to Paton*, p. 48.

*Percy to Pinkerton.*

(*Nichols*, viii. p. 94.)

July 20, 1778.

And now let me again and again thank you for your most obliging present, which was extremely acceptable, both for the ancient poems and the learned and ingenious illustrations which accompanied them. I shall not fail to avail myself of both, as well as of the curious remarks in your letters, whenever I give the additional volumes to the world. The contents of these have long since been collected and arranged, and I flatter myself, in point of merit, are no whit inferior to what the public accepted with so much indulgence in the three former volumes. But the truth is, I



have not so much leisure, and perhaps not quite so keen an appetite, for amusements of this kind as when I was younger. It is near twenty years since I first began to form the preceding collection. I only considered these things as pardonable, at best, among the levities (I had almost said follies) of my youth. However, as I must confess that I have always had a relish for the poetic effusions (even the most sportive and unelaborate) of our ancestors, I have commonly taken up these trifles, as other grave men have done cards, to unbend and amuse the mind when fatigued with graver studies, till they have insensibly grown into a regular series, ready for the press; and now I keep them by me, in order to make a present of them to my son, a tall youth of fifteen, who is at present a King's Scholar at Westminster. And, as he has a strong relish and considerable taste for these compositions, I think to give him the merit of being editor of them as soon as he removes to the University, by way of introducing him into the literary world, and of filling up the vacuities of his academical studies. In the mean time I neglect no opportunity of amending and enlarging the series, and shall certainly much improve them for him by this delay.

And now, Sir, that I have imparted to you what is almost a secret to all my most intimate friends, I must entreat the favour of you that it may continue so, except to Dr. Beattie (or one or two like him), for whom I have ever had the greatest respect.

Carlisle (the Deanry), Nov. 27, 1778.

With regard to the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, I have a large fund of materials, which, when my son has completed his studies at the University, he may, if he likes it, distribute into one or more additional volumes; but I myself shall hardly find a vacancy now from more serious pursuits to carry them forward myself. I find not quite the same relish for these little amusing literary sallies as I did fifteen or sixteen years ago, when the former volumes were digested. (*Letters from Thos. Percy, D.D. &c., to George Paton, Edinb. 1830, p. 76-7.*)

*Bishop Percy to Mr. Robert Jamieson.*

(*Nichols, viii. p. 341.*)

Dromore, Ireland, April 4, 1801.

Sir—Till my nephew has completed his collections for the intended fourth volume, it cannot be decided whether he may not

wish to insert himself the fragments you desire ; but I have copied for you here that one which you particularly pointed out, as I was unwilling to disappoint your wishes and expectations altogether. By it you will see the defective and incorrect state of the old text in the ancient folio MS., and the irresistible demand on the editor of the *Reliques* to attempt some of those conjectural emendations which have been blamed by one or two rigid critics, but without which the collection would not have deserved a moment's attention. When your book is published, I shall be one of the first purchasers, but till then I must beg to postpone the subject ; and remain, with best wishes for your success, Sir, your obedient, humble servant,

THO. DROMORE.

IV. *Note on the Builder of the House in which Percy was born*: p. xxviii. n.

This old mansion was built by Richard Forester,<sup>1</sup> and was called "Foresters Folly." Richard Forester built it in 1580, that being the year of its completion. Part of an ancient oak partition or screen taken from the house now remains, with the date 1581 and the letters R F carved upon it. Anne, the daughter of this Richard Forester, was married in 1575 at Sutton Maddock to Richard Baxter, ancestor of William Baxter the antiquary mentioned by Mr. Bellett at page 183 of the *Antiquities of Bridgnorth*. A narrow passage from the Cartway to the River Severn, near the old house, is still called "Fosters Load." The name of this family seems to have been occasionally spelt and pronounced Forester, Forster, and Foster. Anthony Forster, mentioned in *Kenilworth* by Sir Walter Scott, who there spells the name *Foster*, was descended from the Forster who owned Evelith Manor, near Shiffnal, in the county of Salop ; and as he also owned lands in the parish of Sutton Maddock, in the same county, and bore the same arms as the Foresters, there is little doubt that they belong to the same family.

Dec. 1867.

HUBERT SMITH.

The house now belongs to one of our subscribers, Mr. Austin of Birmingham.—F.

<sup>1</sup> The "For\*" on the house shows that the builder spelt his name *Forster*.—F.

V. *The Proof that Bishop Percy's Father was a Grocer.*

Since referring to the "Freeman's roll of the Borough of Bridgnorth," which only shows the occupation of Arthur Piercy, the grandfather of Bishop Percy, I have found an entry in the minutes of a "common hall" held on August 12, 1755, which refers to the occupation of Mr. Arthur Low Piercy. These minutes state that it is ordered and agreed that Arthur Piercy of Birmingham, the son of *Arthur Low Piercy of Bridgnorth*, GROCER, shall be admitted a burgess. The Arthur Piercy so admitted a burgess was the brother of Bishop Percy. At a subsequent "common hall" held on September 21, 1768, the Rev. Thomas Piercy (the Bishop) was also admitted a burgess of Bridgnorth as the son of "Arthur." In this minute no mention is made of the occupation of Bishop Percy's father, who is only entered in the name of "Arthur," and not "Arthur Low;" but in some instances the second christian name of the father had been before omitted. The family surname, like other family names, has also been from time to time variously spelt. This branch of the Percy family seem to have sought wealth in Bridgnorth, and to have thriven; and from the position they held in the administration of the public affairs of the town, they were evidently much respected. Such facts leave no possibility of doubt as to the occupation of the grandfather and father of Bishop Percy. Nor is it surprising that two of his ancestors were engaged in trade, when such opportunities of gaining wealth have been the means of resuscitating many a noble family,<sup>1</sup> and of placing others in the highest positions in the state; nor will the Bishop's fame shine with less lustre from such circumstance, nor his works be less appreciated; nor will the inhabitants of the town of his birth be less proud of the honour he reflects on Bridgnorth. The great attainments and private worth of Bishop Percy, which called forth a meed of praise from Dr. Johnson, when he mentions him as "a man out of whose company he never went without learning something," must ever receive public recognition.

Jan. 6, 1868.

HUBERT SMITH.

<sup>1</sup> The nobility of Percy's family would require very strong proof to any one knowing his inventive talents, and capability of adapting. He drew out his own pedigree from one of our kings; and if it were true, a note in *Nichols* (see next page) says that he was Earl of Northumberland. Was Percy the man not to have claimed his dignity

had he believed in its being his? Let those who like, believe it. I expect that he treated his pedigree as he did his ballads; filled up the gaps, and made it go smoothly. Had it been necessary to carry it back to Adam, it would have gone there without a check, under the Bishop's hands, we may be sure.—F.

VI. *Percy's Pedigree.*

Note † in Nichols's *Illustrations*, vi. 552. Dr. Percy took great pains in the investigation of his descent, a pedigree of which he communicated to Dr. Nash (see the *History of Worcestershire*, vol. ii. p. 318). It will there be perceived that it was his aim to identify his family with that of the descendants of Ralph, younger brother to the third Earl of Northumberland; and about 1795 he printed on a broadside a pedigree of the Earls of Northumberland, in which he introduced "the Worcester branch," as his own family is styled, *taking for granted the connection presumed in the History of Worcestershire*. Supposing the descent capable of proof, the Bishop was decidedly Earl of Northumberland; but he left no relation to inherit his claims.

In 1765 Percy contemplated writing *The History of the House of Percy* for his patrons, but Grainger dissuaded him from doing so. Nichols, *Illust.*, vii. 288.

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 VII. *Percy's Pieces of Runic Poetry.*

In his *Select Icelandic Poetry*, the Hon. W. Herbert says (notes on *The Death of Hacon*) "An English prose translation from the Latin version of Peringskiold has been published by Percy in his *Runic Poetry*, which is not quite so inaccurate as the rest of that book; his translation of Regner Lodbroc's *Ode* teems with errors, and, indeed, scarce a line of it is properly interpreted." Nichols, vii. 128. Percy defends himself slightly at p. 130, and says that his translation was compared with the original by Lye, the author of the *Anglo-Saxon Lexicon*, &c.

## NOTES.

(Professor Child's notes are signed —Ch., and Mr. Dyce's —D.)

- p. 1, on Robin Hood, see Mr. Joseph Hunter's pamphlet, 1850.—H. (=W. C. Hazlitt.)
- p. 2, *the Robin Hood ballads, &c.* The *Lytel Geste* is merely a few of the then most popular incidents in Robin Hood's life, woven into a consecutive narrative.—H.
- p. 4, l. 18. '1678.' The *Noble Birth* appeared in prose in 1662. Mr. Thoms reprinted the 1678 edition.—H.
- p. 16, l. 30, *shade*. "It has been suggested that this ought to be *brake*, and not *shade*."—Jamieson, ii. 51.
- p. 18, l. 64, for *me* read *the*.—Ch.
- p. 20, l. 14, *spray*, not *scray*: Sax. *sprec* = spray, sprig.—Ch. *Scray* is, I think, right. It has some relation to *scrob* or *scrog*, a north-country word for a bush or a piece of land covered with bushes. There was until a few years ago a place near Gainsbro', Lincolnshire, called Corringham Scroggs. It is shown on the Ordnance map. In the court roll of the manor of Kirton in Lindsey, Nov. 8, 6 Hen. VIII., this place is called "Corynham Scrobse." The late Mr. Beriah Botfield has the following passage in an article in the *Collec. Archæolog.*, vol. i. p. 10:
- "It is probable that Pengwern, or the hill of alders, was first covered with the rude dwellings of the Britons. . . . If they found it a hill of alders, they left it nearly in the same condition, as the Saxons termed it *Scrobbsbyrig*, meaning thereby a bury or general eminence overgrown with scrubs or shrubs."
- John Leyden in his ballad of Lord Soulis says:
- Now shall thine ain hand wale the tree  
For all thy mirth and meikle pride;  
And May shall choose, if my love she refuse,  
A *scrog* bush thee beside.
- Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, ed. 1861, vol. ii. pt. ii. p. 253.  
Land covered with bushes is still called *scroggy* land in this county (Lincolnshire).—E. Peacock.
- p. 21, l. 46, read *itt time* for *time itt*.—Ch.
- p. 22, l. 59, *garded*, used like Old French *garder* = regard.—Ch.
- p. 23, l. 77, read *whigh[t]est*.—Ch.
- p. 27. Artillery used to mean bows and arrows. See authorised version of Bible: "Jonathan gave his *artillery* to the lad." 1 Sam. xx. 40.—E. Peacock.
- p. 29, l. 47, read [a] whole *convent*.—Ch. and D. A soldier would have said "regiment": a friar says "convent."—H. H. Gibbs.
- note 1, l. 4, read Lilly.—Ch.



- p. 30, l. 52, read *fute* for *fate*.—Ch.  
 l. 64, read *over gods forbott*.—Ch.
- p. 32, *Robin Hood & the Pindar of Wakefield*. See Halliwell's *Descriptive Notices*, 1848, p. 8-9, No. 7, "The History of George a Green, Pindar of the Town of Wakefield, &c." "Had you heard of Bevis of Southampton, the Counter-scuffle, Sir Eglamore, John Dory, the Pindar of Wakefield, Robin Hood, or Clem of the Cluff; these no doubt had been recommended to the Vatican without any *Index Expurgatorius* or censure at all." Gayton's *Pleasant Notes upon Don Quixote*, 1654, p. 21, *ib.*—F.  
 "the two old plays of the '*Downfall and Death of Robert Earle of Huntington*,' 1601." *The Downfall* was written by Anthony Munday; *The Death* by Anthony Munday and Henry Chettle.—D. (= A. Dyce.)
- p. 33, "George a Green" and "The Pinner of Wakefield." These are undoubtedly one and the same play: it may be found, with a tolerably amended text, in both my editions of the *Works of Robert Greene*.—D.  
 l. 4. Mr. Hazlitt believes that an earlier copy of the prose history of *George a Green* was printed before the play acted on Dec. 28, 1593, because "dramatists, being usually necessitous persons on the look out for saleable themes, availed themselves of subjects which had already taken possession of the public. The one exception is the novel on the history of Pericles, by George Wilkins the younger, 1608, 4to, a prose narrative formed out of a drama, not as it was printed, but as it was performed." But why could not the ballad have been the original of the play?—F.
- p. 34. Making a path over corn was considered a very grave crime, much greater than the mere destruction would account for. Our Lincolnshire people still think a man very much more wicked who walks or drives cattle over corn than if he did a piece of waste to a similar amount in another manner. See *Mirk*, p. 46, l. 1503. E. E. Text Soc. 1868.  
 "Art þou I-wont ouer corn to ryde,  
 When þou mygtest haue go by syde."—E. Peacock.
- p. 36, *benbowe*, note, should be *bend-bow*, not *bent-bow*. He'd be a bad bowman who bore a *bent* bow, except when shooting. A *bend-bow* would mean a bow which one bends.—H. H. Gibbs. I am pretty sure it is a crossbow, and that I've seen it in inventories.—E. Peacock.
- p. 37, *Robin Hooðe & Quene Katherine*. In some of the modern collections this is called "Robin Hood and the Golden Arrow."—H.
- p. 38, for V. 56 read V. 65.—D.
- p. 39, l. 14, *Westchester*. Camden gives the Roman, British, and Saxon names of the town, and adds "Nos contractius *West Chester*, ab occidentali situ." *Britannia*, edit. 1607, p. 458. So called in contradistinction to Chester-le-street, Chester Magna, Chester Parva, Chesterfield, Chesterton, and a hundred other Chesters throughout England. *Notes & Queries*, June 7, 1851, vol. iii. p. 459-60. "1566-7. Rd. of Thomas purfoote, for his lycense for pryntinge of a ballett intituled *Weste chester* aboundeth w<sup>t</sup>. humble benedictions, iij<sup>d</sup>." *Collier's Extracts*, from Registers of Stationers' Comp. i. 155.—F.
- p. 45, l. 117. It is a law of the Catholic church that mass should not be said after twelve at noon. The point here is that the bishop has been made to do a thing contrary to ecclesiastical law.—E. Peacock.
- p. 48, l. 21, fare = "go on."—Ch.
- p. 53, "Le Morte de Robin Hode" is not in Hone's *Every-Day Book*, but in his *Year-Book*, July 6, p. 403, Tegg's reprint. The old collection of songs from which it is printed, is *not* stated to be in the possession of the editor (Hone), but of his correspondent, J. F. R. I don't believe, however, a



- word about such a collection. It is clearly a modern forgery written since Percy's time. The article before it, a poem, is called "An Adventure in Sherwood Forest," and is signed by the same or another J. F. R., who dates from *Walworth*. There can be no doubt they are both by the same hand.—E. Peacock.
- p. 54, l. 18, read *nor* [*no*] *man*.—Ch.  
l. 25, note to *shotten* certainly wrong: cf. "Robin Hood & Monk," l. 39-50.—Ch.
- p. 55, note 2, say rather *blinnan* (i.e. *be-linnan*) without the proposition *be*.—Ch.
- p. 57, *shop* window is surely *shot* window, a little window to shoot out of, or a little window with a sliding door. In my book on *Church Furniture*, you will find, p. 208, in the inventory of the goods of St. Mary's Guild, Boston, "a stonyng awmery with dyvers boxes to *shote* in & owte with evidences." This, I take it, was a Flemish cabinet full of small drawers.—E. Peacock.  
Fr. *volet*: m. . . a shut, or wooden window to shut over a glasse one (as *Contre-fenestre*), t.i. A wooden window (on the outside of a glasse one), Cotgrave.—F.  
l. 73, *shot* windowe, certainly, as in *Adam Bel*.—Ch.  
l. 75, *grounden*.—Ch.  
l. 85, 86, is it possible that mood should be [the] *rood*? I hardly think it.—Ch.  
note 2, why spear-head?—Ch.
- p. 60, l. 7, read *doigt* for *doight*.—Ch.  
l. 13 from bottom, end of paragraph, read thus:  
Cumment . . . *Jérhusalem et pur* . . . *Constantinnoble pur vere* . . .  
Sagan af Karla Magnuse og Koppum hans.  
(It has been printed Hoppum repeatedly, which has no meaning. Koppum (i.e. Kappum from Kappi)=heroibus). The title was originally given by Hicckes, *Thesaurus*, iii. 314).—Ch. *Hoppum Hans*=*His Hops or Jumps*! The right title is: *Karl magnus-Saga ok Kappa Hans* (=Saga of Charlemagne and his Champions) af C. R. Unger (=edited by C. R. Unger—a most excellent editor, by the way, Christiania, 1860.—Anon.  
last line but five, *elevatio* (not *Elevatio*).—Ch.
- p. 62, l. 32, read *rised*, a Chaucerian word.—Ch.
- p. 64, l. 72, *is* gone.—Ch.
- p. 66, l. 122, *goome* beyond question, I should say.—Ch.
- p. 68, n. 1, l. 6, read *solidité*.—Ch.
- p. 69, l. 185, read *he had*, for *had he*.—Ch.
- p. 75, l. 12, a *graine*. Percy is, I think, clearly wrong here: the lady was sitting in the *grain* of a tree, that is in the fork of the branches. It is, I presume, the same word as *groin* (see Richardson, *sub voc.*), the part that divides or separates. It is a word of constant use in Lincolnshire; my work-people use it to me almost every time I talk of trees—e.g., the gardener said, "You must tell Miss Florence, sir, that the misseltoe-thrush has begun to build in the *grain* of the Hesle pear tree." The word frequently becomes (by corruption, I think) *graining*—e.g., "If you cut the cherry-tree top off above the *graining* it will be sure to grow; if you go below them, it will be sure to die."—E. Peacock.
- p. 76, l. 25, read *misse* for *miste*.—Ch. and D.  
l. 35, De la Pryme, who wrote a *Hist. of Winterton*, co. Linc. in 1703, printed by me in the *Archæologia*, vol. xl. p. 230, says: "Now William ye Conqueror haveing ye whole nation at command, began to *unbethink* himself how he might gratify his favourites."—E. Peacock.

- p. 76, l. 40, read *mee doe*.—Ch.
- p. 79, *Captaine Carre*. See Shenstone's letter (24 Sept. 1761) in Nichols's *Illustr.* vii. 220-2; "His [Percy's MS.] will, however, tend to enrich *Edom of Gordon* with two of the prettiest stanzas I ever saw, beside many other improvements."—F.
- p. 81, l. 30, read *lands*?—Ch.
- p. 83, l. 76, *Buffe* is certainly a blunder for *Buske*.—D. and Ch.
- p. 92, l. 35, read *you tow*?—Ch.  
l. 56, *hawtinge* = *hawtane* (*hawtane in hy*, exceedingly haughty, Golog. & Gaw. 954).—Ch.
- p. 93, l. 81, read *pall*.—Ch.
- p. 94, l. 89, *I maruell haue*, ? I maruell *sair* (sore)?—D.  
l. 93 (and l. 284), why not read *may*?—Ch.
- p. 95, l. 126, 138, *yare = ere*, of course.—Ch.
- p. 96, l. 155, read *gods*.—Ch.  
l. 165, "to my pay," i. e. "to my satisfaction."—D.  
l. 172, read *thee fall*: cf. p. 107, l. 29.—Ch.
- p. 97, l. 192, *bray* = Sax, *bregčan*, jactare.—Ch.  
l. 196, read *mo*: l. 181, comma after *good*: 182, : after *play*.—Ch.
- p. 98, l. 199, *chymney*, see Way's note on Fomerel, *Promptorium*, p. 169. He says that the Fomerel was a kind of lantern, or turret open at the sides, which rose out of the roof of the hall, and permitted the escape of the smoke: the "lovir or fomerill, where the smoake passeth out," *Withal's Dict.* The term chimney seems not to have been originally synonymous with fomerel, but to have signified an open fire-place or chafer, such as the "chymneye with charecole," in the pavilion, in the *Awntyrs of Arthure*. Cecilia de Homildon in 1407 bequeaths "unum magnum *caminum* de ferro, Abbathie de Durham."

Damesele, loke ther be  
A ffuyre in the *chymené*,  
ffagattus of fyre tre  
That fetchyd was 3are.

*Sir Isumbras*, l. 1378, p. 234, *Thornton Rom.*—F.

There is an ancient "lovir or fomerill" of this kind yet remaining *in situ* on the roof of the hall of Lincoln College, Oxford.

The following note from a scarce and very learned book is perhaps worth reprinting:

"The fire was at this period [1362], and for three centuries afterwards, generally made upon the hearth-stone, upon a level with the floor; and that it was a fire indeed, is abundantly proved from the wide chimney-ranges which may still be seen in our ancient houses. Occasionally, however, an iron grate was used by the higher classes: this, which they call their iron chimney, was not a fixture attached to the wall like our modern fire-grates, but loose and moveable from room to room. The iron chimney was so important an article of furniture, that it is frequently entailed by will upon son after son in succession, along with the Flanders chest and over-sea coverlid." Rev. James Raine, D.C.L., *Hist. of North Durham*, p. 101.

The same book informs us that in 1616 Margaret Crane had a suit against Jane Gates, in the Tweedmouth Manor Court, for wrongfully detaining her chimney. *Ibid.*, 243.

Chimney-backs were frequently ornamented with the legends of holy scripture or the heathen mythology. Sometimes they had coats of arms in them. I possess the back of one which was removed many years ago from

the Old Hall at Gainsbro'; it is dated 1658, and charged with the arms of Hickman, *Party per pale indented impaling a saltire couped*. The tinctures are of course not shown. The second coat is meant for Nevill, but has been blundered either by the person who drew the design or the man who executed it.—E. Peacock.

- p. 98, l. 220, bowles = *bailes*, handles.—Ch.
- p. 99, l. 232, read [*in*] *invisibile g[r]ay*.—Ch.  
 l. 238, *Steddie* must be certainly *stithy* (or *stiddie*) a very common northern word for *Smithy*.—H. H. Gibbs.  
 note 4, for *walling* read *welling*.—D.
- p. 101, l. 284, *mayd* should be *may*.—D.  
 l. 301, threat, apparently without *words*. Icelandic *braeta* = *verbis contendere*, &c.—Ch.
- p. 104, l. 13, read *dish-water*.—Ch.
- p. 105, "Sir Steven, mentioned in v. 115," read "in v. 116."—D.
- p. 106, l. 5, read, "And there he hath with [*him*] Queene Genever." See the preceding line but one.—D. and Ch.
- p. 116, l. 168, that's *but skill*? but reason.—Ch.
- p. 119, "And in the *Varietie*, 1649." The reader ought to have been told that this is a comedy by William Duke of Newcastle.—D.
- p. 121, l. 18, read 'Musgreue.'—Ch.  
 l. 27. Mold. ? Wold.—H.
- p. 122, l. 43, *heathen* can't be right. The reference is to an *unborn* child, as is obvious from "God be with them all *three*."—Ch. *Heathen* means 'unbaptised.'—Karl Blind.
- p. 123. I haue bin at *Musselborow*,  
 At the Scottish feeld. . .  
 1579, *The Marriage of Wit & Wisdom*, p. 41, l. 5, ed. 1846.  
 See Cotton MS. Cleopatra, A. xi.: "Recit de l'Expedition en Ecosse l'an 1547, et de la bataille de Musselberg; par le sieur Berteuille: dedié au roy Edward VI."—F. Musleboorrowe Feild is referred to in Tottel's Miscellany 1557. The Protector Somerset was accompanied to this battle (September 10, 1547) by William Cecil, afterwards Lord Burleigh; this was Cecil's first piece of known service.—Peck's *Desiderata Curiosa*, ed. 1779, i. 6.—Hazlitt.
- p. 124, last line, is *canst* right?—Ch.
- p. 131, l. 21, read *plague*.—Ch.  
 l. 25, rhyme requires *neuer had*.—Ch.  
 l. 29, rhyme requires *children & race*.—Ch.  
 l. 30, rhyme requires *an end I make*.—Ch. and D.
- p. 132, l. 7, read *Hildebrand*: l. 9, *Gamle*.—Ch.
- p. 133, l. 6, *mésalliance*.—Ch.
- p. 134, l. 20, read *on one*.—Ch.
- p. 137, l. 20, dele *by*: cf. l. 24.—Ch.
- p. 142. *Sir Lambewell*. For notices of three other MS. copies of Sir Launfal (besides that here printed) see Halliwell's "Mythology of A Midsummer Night's Dream," 1845. The fabliau or romance of *Lanval* is printed in Le Grand's *Fabliaux et Contes*, ed. 1829; and an English paraphrase of it appeared in "Tales of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries," translated from the French of Le Grand (? by George Ellis) 1796.—H. See Appendix.

- p. 144, l. 6, Percy's note ought to be corrected.—Ch. *Wide where* is common in the sense *far and wide*.—Skeat.
- p. 147, l. 75, read *basin*.—Ch.  
 l. 95, read *is* much fairer.—Ch.  
 l. 98, the rhyme requires *star*, which is sense.—Ch.  
 l. 97, ? "as far a *deale*."—D.
- p. 148, l. 121, Ermine?—Ch.  
 l. 131, belongs with 132 rather than with 130.—Ch. ? read *her hair* for *for it*.—F.
- p. 149, l. 152, *your* should be *you* (cf. 92, v, 35): is it not meant for *you* in MS.?—Ch.
- p. 151, l. 204, *qy. eft we meete*?—Ch.  
 l. 206-8 should be pointed:  
 "And thus he ryds thorowout the citty,  
 While (*until*) he came there (*where*) he should have beene:  
 A merryer man they neere had seene."—Brockie.  
 l. 215, 216, *wotts, gotts*, are impossible, and clearly slips of the pen.—Ch.
- p. 152, note 1, no doubt about *large* meaning liberal: common in French, and in this poem.—Ch.  
 l. 263, why not spell *Madam* right?—Ch.
- p. 153, l. 281. Mr. Halliwell's fragment has "And without ye Juge ryght."—F.  
 l. 282, *yenders night = ender night*. *Ender-day* is common enough, in the sense of past, or passing, day.—Ch.
- p. 154, note 2, *clepan* is not common: *cleopian, clipian*, is the ordinary form.—Ch.
- p. 155, l. 352. The Douce fragment reads:  
 "The day was set her in to bryng."—F.
- p. 157, l. 414, *evermoe*, as in l. 392 also.—Ch.
- p. 159, l. 462, *of soe rich a wise*.—Ch.  
 l. 475, *at Lamwell by*. l. 477, *no tarrying (t caught from tarry)*.—Ch.
- p. 161, l. 541, *Knight* should be *King*.—Ch.
- p. 165, l. 13, read *Gamle Folkeviser*.—Ch. *Danmarks Gamle Folkeviser (Denmark's Old Popular Songs)* is a well known book by S. Grundtvig—published not many years ago.—Anon.
- p. 166, l. 2, read *Gunder*.—Ch.
- p. 167, l. 13, *the lazar*. In his edition of *The Romance of the Emperor Octavian*, Percy Soc. 1844, Mr. Halliwell compares with the lazar put by Aldingar in the Queen's bed, the cook's knave sent by the Emperor's mother to the Empress's bed, in order to persuade the Emperor that his wife's twins are not his too.—F.
- p. 168, l. 47, more probably *lodly love*, as Percy has it: cf. l. 59.—Ch.
- p. 171, l. 126, *his nest*.—Ch.
- p. 172, l. 160, *seemest* as *bigge*.—Ch. *Fooder* means a "wine-tun" (German *Fuder*), and is applied to Aldingar for his obesity. The hope that "God will send to us auger" carries out the idea of an auger being used to tap a cask, and implies that the "litle one" hopes to let out Aldingar's life-blood.—W. L. Blackley.
- p. 173, l. 202. *Castle wall*, read *wold* or *mold*.—H.
- p. 177, l. 49, read *landles feer* for *Land selfeer*.—Ch.
- p. 178, l. 79, read *Scales*.—Ch.
- p. 182, for *Green Slaves*, read *Green Sleeves*, a famous tune, mentioned by Shakspeare and many others.—D.

- p. 182, l. 3. Guilpin's book appeared in 1598.—H.  
 p. 185, l. 87, read *ever alacke*, (see p. 169, l. 65, 67).—Ch.  
 l. 100, I think Percy right in *twine*.—Ch.  
 p. 187, l. 143, read *fals steward* (*st* taken from *steward*).—Ch.  
 p. 192, l. 272, *knee* ought to be *eye*, see l. 268.—Ch.  
 p. 197, l. 416, *I-wis* = certainly; no question about it. Where is there a case of *I wis* = I know?—Ch. In "as I wis," *John de Reeue*, l. 627, p. 563, vol. ii.—F.  
 p. 202, Dr. Wm. Knight's account of Flodden is in Ellis's *Original Letters*, 3rd series, vol. i. p. 163.—Ch.

Lesley's account of Flodden is as follows: "In this meane tyme the Erle of Surry come fra the New castell with ane army of xl thousand men, and marcheit our the watter of Till touart Flowdoun hillis, quhair the King lay; quhair thair wes herrald send one every syd, and the day of the battell appointit, to meit on the watter of Till the ix day of September; quhair the King tuik his campt and preparit him self redie for the battell, placeand his ordinaunceis and artillarie for the same, and send his querell in writt to the said Erle with Ilay the herrald, on the nycht preceeding the battell, beiring thir wordis:

"Quhair it is alleged that we are cum in Ingland aganis oure band and promeis, thairto we ansuer; Our brodir wes bound als far to us as we wer to him; and quhen we suare last befor his ambassade in presens of oure counsall, we expressit speciallie in oure aithe, that we wald keip to our brodir gif oure broder keipit to us, and nocht ellis. We sueir oure brodir brak first to us, and sen his brak we haif required diverse tymes him to amend, and laitlie we warnit oure broder, as he did nocht us or he brak. And this we tak for oure quarell, and with Godis grace sall defend the same at your defixit tyme, quhilk we sall abyd."

"And quhen the day of the feild wes cumin, and the King marchand forwart toward the place quhair his enemye did campt the nycht preceeding, quhair he had the advantage of the grund, he wes schortlie advertised of the craft of the Inglis men, quha had that morning raiset thair campt, and marcheand about diverse hills and straittis, passit betuix the King and Scotland, thinckand to haif invaidit thame on thair backis, bot maid continewance to pas in Scotland, and burnit the Merse; sua the King wes maid to beleif be ane Englishman callit Giles Mousgraef, quhilk wes his famelier and espy, that the same wes done for ane pollicie, to caus the King and his army to leif the strenthe and com down fra the hill callit Flowdoun; and in his doune cumin the Inglis ordinaunce schot fast and did greit skaiethe, and slew his principall gunnaris; bot the Kingis artillarie did small skaithe; be ressoun of the hiecht quhair thay stude, they shote over the Inglis army. They marchand fordward; the Erle of Huntly haveand the vandgard, the Lord Hwme and his frindes beand with him. The Erles of Crawford and Montrois had the reirgard, and the King him self wes in the gret battell, and with him the Erles of Argile, Lennox and dyvers utheris. One the Inglis syd, the Erle of Surryes eldest sone had the vandgard, and Sir Edward Stanly, knyght, had the reirgard, and the Erle of Surry had the greit battell."

"The Scottis vantgard feirsleie sett on with speris and lang weaponis, and certane horseman, and threw the maist part of the said vandgard of Ingland to the erd, slew mony of their folkis, and the uthers fled; yit thay quha did eschape joynit thame selfis to thair greit battell; quhilk the King persevand, beleving all to be his awin, and that the ennemies had givin bakkis, avanceit forduart the battell, nocht abyding the reirgard, him self being on fute with thame, set encourageouslie on the Erle of Surris battell, quhair, eftir mony arrowis schott on everie syde, and greit skaith done



thairwith, the said Sir Edward Stanley with his reirgard come fireselie doun of the hill of Brankistoun upoun the back of the Kingis army, quhairin thay faucht cruellye one baith syds lang space ; at last the victory inclinit to the Inglis men, and mony of the Scottis men slane or takin presoneris ; yit nochttheles thair wes in that battell ane griter nombre of the Inglis men slane nor of the Scottis men. In this feild wes slane the King, the bischop of St. Androis his bastard sonne, the Erles of Crawford, Montrois, Erroll, Athole, with dyverse utheris, lordis and baronis.

On the morin the Inglis men caused seik the of Kinge James, body quhilk thay allegit thay gat, and carriet to Berwyk and fra that to Richemond. Bot it is haldin for truth that the same wes the body of ane vther Scottis man callit the laird of Bonehard, quha wes slane in the saide feild. And it wes affirmit be sindre that the Kinge wes sene that same nycht levand at Kelso, and wes commonlie haldin that he wes yit levand, and past in uther cuntries, speciallie to Jerusalem and the hally graif, to dryfe furth the rest of his dayis in pennance for his bygane and former offenceis. Bot howevir the matter come, he appeirit nocht in Scotland eftir as King, no more than Charles Duik of Burgonye did appeir in his cuntreis eftir the battell of Nantsi ; quhowbeit his pepill hald that vane opinionie that he escapit fra that disconfiture alyve, and wald returne againe.

This battell done, the Inglis men being sa soir handilit thairat, and as mony of thair folkis slane, thay wor glaid to returne within thair cuntrey without farder invasioun of Scotland, and sua the bourdouris wes at greit quietnes all the nixt yeir thaireftir.

This battell wes callit the feild of Flowdoun be the Scottis men, and Brankistoun be the Inglis men, becaus it wes striken one the hillis of Floudoun besyd ane townn callit Brankistoun, and wes strikin the ix day of September 1513, at fore eftire none. The King deit thane in the xxv yeir of his regne, and xxxix yeir of his aige.—*Lesley's Historie of Scotland*, p. 94-96.

- p. 211. The epitaph in Flamborough Church was printed by me in the *Gent.'s Mag.* 1864, vol. i. p. 93. It had several times appeared in type before, but never accurately. I have not Weber's book to consult, but your quotation is not quite accurate. You may trust my imprint, for I copied it myself from the tomb. I send you a correction of the misprints, that if you should ever reprint it, you may make it *quite* right :
- l. 8, for first *This* read *That*.
  - l. 11, small *n* for northe folke.
  - l. 21, strickith not stricketh.
  - l. 25, *yow* for *you*.—E. Peacock.
- l. 3. See Greene's James IV., 1598 ; La Rotta d' Scocesi ; Ritson's Ancient [Ballads, &c., 1829, ii. 70-1. The piece in Harl. MS. 3526 is a superior copy of what was printed in 1664 and in 1674.—H.
- p. 212. In the 1829 edition of Ritson's *Anc. Songs* it is said that, though in the Catalogues, the MS. appears to have been lost or mislaid.—H.
- l. 15, . after *Captaine*.—Ch.
- p. 213, l. 16-19, punctuation wrong : (needs correction in other parts of this poem.)—Ch.
- p. 216, l. 86, read *lords*, *I you hete*.—Ch.
- p. 217, note 5, read *glōa*.—Ch.
- p. 218, l. 111, read (probably) *called a carle*, but not necessarily : for *wold* is *was* in 111, 114.—Ch.
- l. 112, read *doughtye* was, cf. l. 27.—Ch.

- p. 219, l. 135, note, Percy's absurd derivation of Kethericke from the Saxon should be noticed.—Ch.  
 note 8, I wanted to express the fact that *light* is from Saxon *hleotan*, to cast lots: the phrase "light att a lott" = sortiti sunt sorte.—Ch.
- p. 220, l. 155, why not read, *with those?*—Ch.  
 l. 166, read *be they mached* (*m* was caught from *mached*).—Ch.
- p. 221, l. 170, *scaclech* is an unlikely form: better *skatell* (=injurious) as in Lyme MS. l. 243.—Ch.
- p. 222, l. 200, *sett* again (l. 86) for *hete*.—Ch.
- p. 223, l. 228, Percy's explanation is ridiculous.—Ch.
- p. 225, l. 254, 257, read *fetteled*, *fettle*, for *setteled*, *settle*.—Ch.
- p. 226, l. 269, *lanke* is their *losse* = meagre is their fame, would be good sense, but in l. 336 we have lost *is* (not in) their *loofe*, which, as a Saxon word, is more likely to be used than a French one. This makes me incline to "*lanke* is their *loofe*" in 269.—Ch.  
 l. 280, wold *with* (not *witt*) = wold [go] with: p. 392, l. 1204.
- p. 227, l. 298, read *fersly* for *freshly*.—Ch.
- p. 228, l. 315, *saugh*, not *faugh*.—Ch.
- p. 229, l. 330, *Cheshire* for *the shire*.—Ch.  
 l. 335, common meaning of *forward* is good enough.—Ch.  
 l. 336, lost *is*: note, Sax. *is lof*, not *lofe*.—Ch.
- p. 233, note 4, why l. 151?—Ch.
- p. 237, l. 39, 43, *bookes* should be *cookes*, see l. 55.—Ch.  
 l. 52, let me never *thee*.—Ch.
- p. 248, l. 4, "where cappe and candle yood." That the true reading is—"where *cuppe* and *caudle stode*," is *certo certius*. The quotation in the note about *cup* and *can* is a very unhappy one.—D.  
 Dyce would read with Percy, *caudle*, and says (*Skelton's Works*, ii. 267), "after the manner of great persons:" he is commenting on—  
 Where you were wonte to haue  
*caudels* for your hede,  
 Nowe must you mouche  
 mammoakes and lumps of bred.  
*Magnyfycence*, l. 2034; *Skelton's Works*, i. 291.  
 Cp. the ironical "Madame, I bileue now that your straunge knight shall haue yet, or it be nighte, grete nede of some softe bedde to lye in your chambre, by that tyme my brother hath brewed a *caudel* for his heed." Lord Berners's (translation of) *Arthur of Lytle Brytayne*, ed. 1814, p. 94.—F.
- p. 253, "The pamphlet was dramatised by Robert Greene." See his "Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay" in my two editions of his *Works*.—D.
- p. 256, l. 15, "shall gaine me favor from." An accidental transposition. Read, "shall gaine *favor from me*," or rather "shall *favor gaine from me*."—D.
- p. 258, *Earles off Chester*. In the Harleian MS. 2149, fol. 198 back (or 179 b. in the Catalogue), is "A note of the dowings of Randle blunde vile, E. of Chester, partly out of a manuscript in the handdes of m<sup>r</sup> bostock of Tathall, but put in verse by him, 1628." It is our *Erles off Chester*, less the first 250 lines, and with a few additions of lines here, omissions there, and differences of wording. Its first two lines are  
 Randle surnamed Blunde vile  
 the paragon of all the Ile.  
 Between lines 272 and 273, p. 282, it introduces

in leicestershire he had much land,  
as well as men at his Comand.

and for lines 349 and 350, p. 285, it has :

but at the last the king returned  
to-ward his land with fame full great.  
By fraud of the Archduke he was  
tooke prisoner, who for him layd wayd.

On the other hand, it omits lines 341-2, 353-4, 356. To our l. 291, p. 283, it has a side-note, "Acon is Ptolomias." Line 264, it reads as Cole's MS. does :

of Earldomes made a mighty mass.

And it has a few variations in the wording of some lines, as

<i>Folio</i> , p. 283, l. 316,	all the holds they had gott before
<i>Bostock</i> ,	the houlds which they had won before
<i>Folio</i> , p. 285, l. 348,	thé prisoners changed, & couenants kept
<i>Bostock</i> ,	thé prisoners changed, & sheur wach kept
<i>Folio</i> , p. 286, l. 398,	as scandall was to the estate
<i>Bostock</i> ,	& scandalize vnto the state
<i>Folio</i> , p. 287, l. 409-10,	about Douer : but with inward greife
	or surfett, John departs this life
<i>Bostock</i> ,	about this tyme by poyson rife
	king John departed from this life.—F.

- p. 272, l. 17, read Poés[ies].—Ch.
- p. 280, l. 219, insert . after *worth*, and connect the next verse with the following stanza.—Ch.
- p. 282, l. 257, read [*was*] *this younge Erle*.—Ch.  
l. 264, read *a mass* for *in a see* (as in Cole's MS.)—Ch.
- p. 291, l. 539, read *prince there hath*.—Ch.
- p. 292, *Earle of Westmorlande*. See the Surtees Society's volume, No. 21, "Depositions respecting the Rebellion of 1569," &c., ed. by Dr. Raine.—H.
- p. 294, *Earl of Westmoreland in Scotland*. See in notes to v. ii. the note on *John a Side*, ii. p. 203, last line but four, from Maidment's *Scottish Ballads*, i. 182-3.—F.
- p. 296, l. 18, *a writer*. Lord Burleigh.—H.
- p. 300, l. 6, England free?—Ch.  
l. 8, *me flye*.—Ch.
- p. 303, l. 79, read *middest of itt* : note 5 is wrong ; *fit* is a song, and in no other sense a "part" of a poem.—Ch.
- p. 304, l. 83, *Civill Land*, should be explained *Seville*.—Ch.
- p. 311, l. 293, read *markt*.—Ch.
- p. 313, *Flodden Field*. The short ballad printed in Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, 1790, p. 117, and Weber's *Flodden Field*, 1808, has been reprinted by Mr. Maidment in his *Scottish Ballads*, 1868, p. 108.—F.
- p. 335, l. 391, *maurydden* should be *manraden* (or *manratten*, as in B), Sax. = vassalage, homage.—Ch. A.-S. *manræden*, state of a vassal, homage. Bosworth.—F.
- p. 338, the note in column second should be marked "5."—D.
- p. 343, l. 6, the *tayl* of the *3ong tamlene*, and of the *bald braband*, the *ryng* of the roy Robert, *syr egeir and syr gryme*—*Complaynt of Scotland*, p. 99.—F.
- p. 344, last line but three, called "*romantic*," read *call "romantic"*.—D.  
note 1, "Taylor's *Works*, 1634, folio, sign. Bb. 2," ought to be "Taylor's *Works*, 1630, folio, sign. Bb. 3."—D.
- p. 354, l. 7, "a daughter younge." Here, no doubt, the author wrote "a daughter

- yinge*." The same misspelling (*younge*) occurs afterwards, p. 427, l. 137, p. 429, lines 223, 230, and elsewhere.—D.
- p. 354, l. 26, *bachlour*, read *bacheleere* (which we find in the next page, l. 42).—D.
- p. 355, last line but one of marginal synopsis, read *and* despoiled.—Ch.
- p. 357, l. 112, "was a steere," i.e. "was *a-steere*, on-steere, a-stir." In p. 363, l. 298, and in p. 374, l. 630, is *on steere*. And see Jamieson's *Dict.* in "*Asteer*."—D.
- p. 360, l. 179, *sore foughten*, read *forfoughten*, i.e. "exhausted with fighting." See Jamieson's *Dict.* in "*Forfoucht*." I have often heard the common people in Aberdeenshire use the word *forfoughten* in the sense of "over-wearied, quite knocked up."—D.
- p. 361, l. 222, *meetter* = need, Old French *mestier*: see l. 230.—Ch.
- p. 362, l. 246, *neere-hand*, Sax. *neah-hand*, almost.—Ch.
- p. 375, l. 672, *lowte*. Note, "perhaps *flowte*." No: *lowte* is quite right: see my *Glossary to Shakspeare*.—D.
- p. 385, l. 1001, *possibly* (out of stray) *stray* is from F. *estrier*, and the meaning is the same as in the next line.—Ch.
- p. 391, l. 1182, *more* = bigger, here.—Ch.
- p. 392, l. 1197, for *soe soe rounde*, read *soe asstounde*.—Ch.
- p. 395, l. 1310, *steven* = appointment (as in Chaucer).—Ch.
- p. 398, l. 1400, *fere* does not mean company, at any rate: probably ought to be *fare*, and the meaning is 'expedition' = escort.—Ch.
- p. 399, l. 1454, for 10 *children*, read 15 *children*.—D.  
l. 1455, 10 should of course be 5 (or 10 in l. 1454 15, less likely).—Ch.
- p. 412, l. 3. This Arthur ballad, like all the other Arthurian pieces in the *Barzaz Breiz*, is M. de Villemarqué's own invention, says M. le Men, in his preface to Lagadeuc's *Catholicon*, ed. 1867. Let no one trust M. Villemarqué an inch except when he is confirmed by other scholars.—F.
- p. 431, l. 284, *Vortiger* should be *Anguish*.—Ch.  
l. 285, *he* [*in*] *peace*: *must* = might, as often elsewhere.—Ch.
- p. 433, l. 341, *sooth* should be *same* or *selfe*; no doubt caught from *southe* in the line before: never saw a case of *sooth* = very; it would be an odd coincidence.—Ch.  
note 6 is superfluous.—Ch.
- p. 434, l. 373, read *blive* for *blithe*.—Ch.
- p. 435, l. 401, read *sithen* that all was?—Ch.
- p. 443, l. 669, [of] or [with] some, etc?—Ch.  
l. 671, ever *mo* (again).—Ch.
- p. 444, l. 693, *deane* = Sax. *dyne*, noise, as at p. 366, l. 371.—Ch.
- p. 450, l. 904, *against the law* should be *against the lay*.—D.
- p. 454, l. 1024, *weene* = hope; a good Saxon word.—Ch.
- p. 456, l. 1086, *sende* (should be *send*) is the participle *sent*: note seems to have no meaning.—Ch.
- p. 467, note 5, *ream*, *rém*, is Saxon for cream.—Ch.
- p. 468, l. 1501, *unryde* is very like Sax. *unrôt*, tristis, etc.—Ch.
- p. 470, l. 1535, *verome* = great way round about, Old French *viron* (in *environ*).—Ch.  
l. 1565, *skye* = demon; Gothic *skohsl*, Sax. *scucca*, Ger. *gesehenche*.—Ch.
- p. 471, l. 1582, *mynne* = *minni*, Icel. compar. of *litill*.—Ch.
- p. 472, l. 1604, cf. l. 1024, above; without hope (beyond peradventure).—Ch.

- . 473, no occasion for Percy's note (2); we have *younge* and *found* in 1640-1.  
—Ch.
- p. 475, 476, l. 1709, l. 1757, ought not *he* to be *the*? *he*=Sax. *hi* does not occur elsewhere in the book.—Ch.
- p. 494, l. 2315, read [*by*] *Pendragon*.—Ch.
- p. 506, l. 227, "And then Kings sword then threw hee," read "And *the* Kings sword then threw hee."—D.
- p. 513, l. 132, dele *but*.—Ch.
- p. 516, l. 1, "Percy says that it is evident that Mary Ambree is the virago designated by Butler under the title of 'English Moll;' but this is a mistake. The 'English Moll' of Butler was the notorious Mary Carlton, sometimes called English Moll, or Kentish Moll, and commonly known as the German Princess. See Butler's *Poems*, Annotated Ed., i. 96." Bell's *Early Ballads*, 1856, p. 158.
- p. 517, l. 34, *Ancyents*, i.e. *standards*. The explanation in the note is quite from the purpose.—D.



## CORRIGENDA.

- p. 32, l. 7 from foot, *for late read lute.*
- p. 33, l. 4 from foot, *for Bexby read Burby.*
- p. 60, l. 9-10 from foot: *for Sagum of Karlamagnum og Hoppum Hans read "Karlamagnus-Saga ok Kappa Hans" (af C. R. Unger), the Saga of Charlemagne and his Knights, (edited by C. R. Unger).*
- p. 132, l. 10, *for Samle read Gamle (old).*
- p. 142, l. 5-6, the print, with the exception of one single page . . . has perished. *This is wrong. See the Appendix to vol. i. p. 520.*
- p. 158, l. 444, *for att, the Halliwell Fragment has answered. After att, insert doubt or strife.*
- p. 165, l. 15, *for Samle Folkeviser read Gamle Folkeviser (old popular songs).*
- p. 172, l. 160, *fooder is Germ. fuder, a wine-tun. See notes.*
- p. 182, l. 6, *for Slaves read Sleeves.*
- p. 229, l. 342, *for will; read will<sup>m</sup>.*
- p. 338, note <sup>1</sup>, col. 2, *for <sup>1</sup> read <sup>5</sup>.*
- p. 359, l. 174, *for than read then.*
- p. 360, l. 176, *for and read &.*
- p. 364, l. 302, *for be read bee.*  
l. 304, *for would read wold.*
- p. 414, l. 8 from foot, *for 1857 read 1847.*
- p. 416, l. 11 from foot, *for Fables read Falles.*
- p. 469, l. 1533, *for as read was.*
- p. 516. l. 1. *for cold daunte read cold [not] daunte.*

## NOTES INSIDE THE COVER OF THE MS. BY PERCY.

Curious Old Ballads which occasionally I have met with.

Johny Faa, the Gypsie Laddie,  
"The Gipsies came to our good Lord's gate.

*Tea-Table Miscellany*: 1753, p. 427.<sup>1</sup>

N.B. This Vol. contains near 40,000 verses.

Reckoning 520 Pages, about 75 Lines to a Page, 39,000.

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N.B. When I first got possession of this MS. I was very young, and being in no Degree an Antiquary, I had not then learnt to reverence it; which must be my excuse for the scribble which I then spread over some parts of its Margin. and in one or two instances for even taking out the Leaves to save the trouble of transcribing. I have since been more careful.

T. P.

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NORTHUMBERLAND HOUSE  
Novr 7<sup>th</sup>, 1769.

Mem. dum

This very curious Old Manuscript in its present mutilated state, but unbound and sadly torn &c., I rescued from destruction, and begged at the hands of my worthy friend Humphrey Pitt Esq., then living at Shiffnal in Shropshire, afterwards of Priorslee, near that town; who died very lately at Bath (viz. in Summer 1769). I saw it lying dirty on the floor under a Bureau in y<sup>e</sup> Parlour: being used by the Maids to light the fire. It was afterwards sent, most unfortunately, to an ignorant Bookbinder, who pared the margin, when I put it

into Boards in order to lend it to Dr. Johnson.

Mr. Pitt has since told me, that he believes the Transcripts into this Volume, &c. were made by that *Blount* who was Author of *Jocular Tenures*, &c. who, he thought, was of Lancashire or Cheshire, and had a remarkable Fondness for these old things. He believed him to be the same Person with that Mr. Thomas Blount who published the curious account of King Charles the 2<sup>d</sup>'s escape, intitled *Boscobel*, &c. Lond. 1660, 12<sup>mo</sup> which has been so often reprinted. As also The Law Dictionary, 1671, folio. & many other Books, which may be seen in Wood's *Athenæ*, II. 73, &c.

A Descendant or Relation of that Mr. Blount, was an Apothecary at Shiffnal, whom I remember myself (named also Blount). He (if I mistake not) sold the Library of his said predecessor Tho<sup>s</sup> Blount, to the abovementioned Mr. Humph<sup>y</sup> Pitt: who bought it for the use of his Nephew, my ever-valued friend the Rev<sup>d</sup> Rob<sup>t</sup> Binnel. Mr. Binnel accordingly had all the printed Books; but this MS., which was among them, was neglected and left behind at Mr. Pitt's House, where it lay for many years.

T. Percy.

N.B. Upon looking into Wood's *Athenæ*, I find that Tho<sup>s</sup> Blount, the Author of y<sup>e</sup> *Joc. Tenures*, was a Herefordshire Man; He may however have spent much of his time in Cheshire or Lancashire: or after all this Collection may have been made by a relation of his of the same Name.

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<sup>1</sup> Also in Chambers's *Scottish Ballads*, 1829, p. 143; and another version in Sheldon's *Min-*

*strelsy of the English Border*, p. 329; Child's *Engl. and Scot. Bal.*, iv. 283.—F.

**Bishop Percy's Folio MS.**

**Ballads and Romances.**

**Vol. F.**



# Bishop Percy's Folio MS.

## Ballads and Romances.



### INTRODUCTION TO THE ROBIN HOOD BALLADS.

THERE are already in print ballads dealing with the several subjects of the following Robin Hood ballad fragments. But they all differ, in a greater or less degree, from these. On the death of Robin Hood the piece here printed is certainly the most interesting known. Percy well calls it “a curious old song.”

A few words may be said on the general question of the outlaw's personality. *Adhuc sub judice lis est*. There are who represent him to have been simply a famous robber chieftain, a great prince of outlaws—“latronum omnium humanissimus et princeps,” to quote Mair's words—“prædonum mitissimus” in Camden's version of these words. Others insist that he was a great political leader, carrying on a perpetual guerilla warfare against his enemies, and finding refuge on occasion in the tangled labyrinths of the forests. A third theory denies him existence. According to it he is a mere creation of the Teutonic mind—a flesh-and-blood-less fancy. These are the three leading views entertained about him. The facts of the matter are, that he is first mentioned in literature in the “Vision of William concerning Piers the Ploughman,” written probably



about 1362, and is there mentioned as the well-known hero of well-known popular songs. Says Sloth :

“I kan nocht parfitly my pater-noster  
As the priest it syngeth,  
But I kan rymes of *Robyn Hood*  
And Randolph Erl of Chestre.”

(Wright's P. P. 3275-8.)

His next mention is in Wyntoun's "Scottish Chronicle," written about the year 1420. Wyntoun, writing of the year 1284, says :

Lytill John & *Robyn Hude*  
Waithmen ware commendyd gude ;  
In Yngilwode & Barnysdale  
Thai oysyd all this time thare trawale.

Some thirty years afterwards one of the additions to Fordun's "Scotichronicon" (such, and not of the original work, Mr. Wright has shown the passage to be), speaking of the De Montfort period, informs us: "Hoc in tempore de exheredatis et bannitis surrexit et caput erexit ille famosissimus sicarius *Robertus Hode* et Littill Johanne cum eorum complicibus, de quibus stolidum vulgus hianter in comœdiis et tragœdiis prurienter festum faciunt et super ceteras romancias mimos et bardanos cantitare delectantur." (Goodall's "Forduni Scotichronicon, &c." Edinb. 1769. ii. 104.) Sir John Paston, in Edward IV.'s time, lets us know that games in honour of Robin Hood were then zealously celebrated. "I have kepyd hym," he writes of one of his servants, "thys iii yer to pleye Seynt Jorge, and *Robyn Hood* and the Shryf of Notyngnam ; and now," he adds complainingly, "when I wolde have good horse, he is goon into Bernysdale, and I without a keeper." Towards the end of the fifteenth century the Robin Hood ballads were collected and woven together into one long poem known as the "Lytel Geste," printed by Wynken de Worde somewhere about 1490, reprinted in Scotland in 1508. At least two ballads relating directly to Robin Hood—to say

nothing of several that allude to him—are found in MSS. of a certainly not later date than the oldest edition of the “Lytel Geste,” viz.: “Robyn Hode and the Potter,” first printed by Ritson from a MS. among Bishop More’s collections in the Cambridge University Library, and “Robin Hood and the Monk,” first printed in Jamieson’s “Popular Ballads” from a MS. in the same library, and, according to Mr. Wright, possibly as old as Edward II.’s time, but certainly not so old as the ballad which is, or is the basis of, the Fourth Fit of the “Lytel Geste,” as the spoiling of the monk there narrated is referred to in it. (See v. 93.)

In 1521 appeared Mair’s “*Historia Majoris Britanniae tam Angliæ quam Scotiæ*,” which may be said to contain the *locus classicus* on Robin Hood, inasmuch as the passage in it concerning him—whatever its sources—furnishes the earliest full description of him, and is adopted with scarcely any variation by Grafton and Stow and Camden, and along with the “Lytel Geste” forms the basis of that life in the Sloane MSS. No. 715 of which Ritson made so much use. Mair’s therefore memorable words are: “Circa hæc tempora [Ricardi Primi], ut auguror, *Robertus Hudus* Anglus, et Parvus Joannes latrones famatissimi [not famosissimi, as sometimes quoted] in nemoribus latuerunt, solum opulentorum virorum bona deripientes. Nullum nisi eos invadentem vel resistentem pro suarum rerum tuitione occiderunt. Centum sagittarios ad pugnam aptissimos Robertus latrociniis aluit, quos 400 viri fortissimi invadere non audebant. Rebus hujus Roberti gestis tota Britannia in cantibus utitur. Fœminam nullam opprimi permisit nec pauperum bona surripuit, verum eos ex abbatum bonis sublatis opissare pavit. Viri rapinam improbo, sed latronum omnium humanissimus et princeps erat.” About the middle and through the latter part of the sixteenth century and thenceforward allusions to Robin Hood abound.

Especially worthy of note are Latimer's complaint, in his sixth sermon before Edward VI., how, when he proposed preaching in some country church, "one of the parish comes to me, and says 'Sir, this is a busy day with us. We cannot hear you. It is *Robin Hood's* day. The parish are gone abroad to gather for *Robin Hood*. I pray you let them not,'" and the full description of the merry outlaws in Drayton's "Polyolbion," Song 26, and the notice given of Robin by Fuller in his "Worthies" in connection with Nottinghamshire. His story, we may add, was revised, and augmented again and again. The yeoman of the older ballads is transformed into an earl in the newer ones. A sentimental colour is given him. Maid Marian appears, and becomes a leading, absorbing part of the company. The fresh breezes of the greenwood are tainted with artificial odours. By Charles I.'s time the ballad-writers have all, like sheep, gone astray. They have improved away the genuine old picture. In 1670 was published the first known edition of the "Garland." In 1678 appeared a prose version of it, with the title "The Noble Birth and gallant atchievements of that remarkable outlaw Robin Hood, together with a true account of the many merry and extravagant exploits he play'd, in twelve severall stories . . . Newly collected into one volume by an Ingenious Antiquary." (Reprinted in Mr. Thoms' "Early English Prose Romances.") Poor Robin's character sank sadly in the following century. He fell amongst mere thieves. About the middle of it came out "The lives and heroick atchievements of the renowned Robin Hood and James Hind, two noted robbers and highwaymen." Nor did he recover his proper status till the year 1795, when Ritson put forth his hand and lifted him out of the mire. Ritson's "Robin Hood" is still the great treasure-house on the subject of the great outlaw. Not much of importance has been added to what his vigorous researches compiled some seventy years ago.

We know, then, nothing whatever of Robin Hood before he is the well-established favourite of the people. He is already a full-grown, most popular "fabula" when the first mention of him occurs. The first details about him are given some 150 years after the time at which they represent him to have lived. We cannot therefore attempt to make out from general literary or other sources the biography of Robin Hood. Some writers have essayed to eke it out with the assistance of the "Lytel Geste." They have taken the last "Fytte" of that string of ballads to be a more or less sober historical narrative. We cannot praise them. Such treatment of the old ballads seems quite unjustifiable. But if it were not so, there is nothing whatever in any one of the ballads to countenance the theories that Robin Hood was the last of the Anglo-Saxons, or one of the Dispossessed (*exheredati*) of the battle of Evesham days, or one of the Contrariantes (the Lancastrians) of Edward II.'s time. There is no touch of political faction or national antagonism in any one of them. Robin's controversy is with the rich as rich, not as Normans. On the other hand, we are not inclined to deny the existence of Robin Hood. There is a certain local precision and constancy in the ballads. We can well believe that Hood existed as actually as the Earl of Chester, with whom he is coupled in the "Piers Ploughman"—that some outlaw of the name did make himself famous in the North Country, *i.e.* the country to the north of the Trent, and especially about Barnesdale, in or just before the thirteenth century—that his fame spread, and grew, and was fed from a thousand sources utterly disconnected with its origin, till his name became a household word, and himself the universal darling of the common people. Of a circumscribed renown to begin with, he was presently sung of throughout the length and breadth of the land. He was adopted as the hero of the people, and they delighted to honour

him. In the darling of their fancy they soon forgot the original forester of the West Riding. He was made what they would have him be—a man after their own hearts. He was set up as their idol, and costumed and tricked out, no doubt, with ornaments and robes torn from the shoulders of less fortunate demigods. He absorbed the fames of his rivals. According to the poet,

. . . Mors sola fatetur  
Quantula sint hominum corpuscula.

But death sometimes makes the opposite confession. In Robin Hood's case his insignificance ended with his life. When that his body did contain a spirit, a single district was room enough, but afterwards a kingdom for it was too small a bound. Thus the outlaw of Barnesdale grew to be the acclaimed hero of the English commons.

He became the hero of the commons as King Arthur of the higher classes. As the aristocratic period passed away, and the third estate advanced in power and importance, the great yeoman rivalled the great knight. Robin Hood with his merry men of the greenwood, Little John and Scarlet and Much, displaced King Arthur with his Knights of the Round Table, Lancelot and Gawain and Tristram. The archery meeting presently superseded the joust as the national pastime. The lance is shivered, so to speak; the longbow wins the day. This great transition is taking place rapidly in Chaucer's time. He gives a full picture, not only of the knight but of the yeoman,—of the typical heroes of both times, the old and the new,—of the nobles' darling and of the people's. The older ballads speak of Robin Hood especially as the yeoman, and connect him with the yeomanry, as in "Robin Hood and the Potter:"

Herkens, god yemen,  
Comley, corteysse, and god,  
On of the best that yever bar bon,  
Hes name was Roben Hode.



Roben Hode was the yemans name,  
That was boyt corteys and fre.

and again :

God haffe mersey on Robyn Hodys solle,  
And saffe all god yemanrey.

and in the "Lytel Geste :"

Lithe and lysten, gentylnen,  
That be of frebore blode ;  
I shall tell you of a good yeman,  
His name was Robyn Hode.

Robin, then, is the people's hero. He is the ideal champion of their cause—the helper of their extreme necessities—their great knight-errant and avenger—the representative freeman who spurns at the harshness of the laws, especially the Forest laws, and stoutly upholds his independence—the more equal distributor of riches, transferring from the opulent to the indigent.

The widow in distress he graciously relieved,  
And remedied the wrongs of many a virgin grieved.

Observe the instructions he gives his men in the "Lytel Geste :"

"Mayster," than said Lytell Johan,  
" And we our borde shall sprede,  
Tell us whether we shall gone,  
And what lyfe we shall lede ;

Where we shall take, where we shall leve,  
Where we shall abide behynde,  
Where we shall robbe, where we shall greve,  
Where we shall bete and bynde."

" Thereof no fors," said Robyn,  
" We shall do well ynough ;  
But loke ye do no housband harme,  
That tylleth with his plough ;

No more ye shall no good yeman,  
That walketh by grene wode shawe,  
Ne no knyght ne no squyer,  
That wolde be a good felowe,

These byshoppes and these archebysshoppes  
 Ye shall them bete and bynde;  
 The hye sheryfe of Notynghame,  
 Hym holde in your minde."

"This word shall be holde," sayd Lytyll Johan,  
 And this lesson shall we lern."

We cannot wonder at the fond pious wish of the last stanza of the poem :

Cryst have mercy on his soule,  
 That dyed on the rode!  
 For he was a good outlawe,  
 And dyde pore men moch god.

Not insignificant is the connection of him in one ballad with Jack Cade's daughter. The people, groaning and travailling, rejoiced to picture in him their great friend and succourer.

This hero of the people is, as we have said, a man after the people's own heart. He reflects the popular character, and is in this way most interesting and important. He is open-handed, brave, merciful, given to archery and venery, good-humoured, jocular, loyal, woman-protecting, priestcraft-hating, Mary-loving, God-fearing, somewhat rough withal, caring little for the refinements of life, and fond of a fight above all things. Such are the lineaments of the portrait handed down to us.

Besides the one of which we have spoken, there were two other respects in which Robin Hood was dear to the English people—viz. as the great archer, and as the great forester.

To archery the people were passionately attached. The longbow was the special weapon of the people. To it the most brilliant victories achieved in the French campaigns of the fourteenth century were due; and the faithful arm in battle was also the great domestic delight. Peace had its victories no less renowned than war. The butts were the constant resort in every town. Bowyers, and fletchers, and stringers, and arrow-head makers abounded. We were a great nation of archers.

Horace's Geloni did not deserve better to be styled quiver-bearing. Chaucer tells us of the yeoman :

A shef of pocock arwes bright and kene  
 Under his belte he bar full thriftily.  
 Wel cowde he dresse his takel yomanly ;  
 His arwes drowpad nought with fetheres lowe.  
 And in his hond he bar a mighty bowe.  
 . . . . .  
 Of woode-craft cowde he wel al the usage  
 Upon his arm he bar a gay bracer.  
 . . . . .  
 An horn he bar, the bawdrik was of grene ;  
 A forster was he sothely, as I gesse.

“In my time,” says Latimer, in a well-known passage, “my poor father was as diligent to teach me to shoot as to learn me any other thing; and so I think other men did their children: he taught me how to draw, how to lay my body in my bow, and not to drawe with strength of arms, as divers other nations do, but with strength of the body: I had my bows bought me according to my age and strength; as I increased in them, so my bows were made bigger and bigger, for men shall never shoot well, except they be brought up in it; it is a goodly art, a wholesome kind of exercise, much commended in physie.” As the practice fell into desuetude, strenuous efforts were made to revive it. The old artillery gave way to the new very slowly. It died hard, so to say. As late as in Charles II.'s time we find the fraternity of bowmen flourishing and rejoicing in the patronage of a queen. Robin Hood was the ideal archer. He is as constant to his archer's implements as Apollo:

Nunquam humeris positurus arcum.

He is as regularly represented as a shooter as St. Sebastian in the old pictures is as a shootee. He is the great “patron of archery”—a very quivered saint. His ballads never tire of describing his skill. In the shooting at Nottingham in the “Lytel Geste,” set forth with much *gusto*,

Thryes Robyn shot about,  
 And always he slist the wand,  
 And so dyde good Gylberte,  
 With the whyte hande.

Lytell Johan & good Scatheloke  
 Were archers good & fre ;  
 Lytell Much & good Reynolde,  
 The worste wolde they not be.

When they had shot aboute,  
 These archours fayre & good,  
 Evermore was the best  
 Forsoth, Robyn Hode.

Hym delyvered the goode aròw,  
 For best worthy was he.

In "Robin Hood's Progress to Nottingham,"

"I'le hold you twenty marks, said bold Robin Hood,  
 By the leave of our lady,  
 That I'le hit a mark a hundred rod  
 And I'le cause a hart to dye."

Robin Hood he bent up a noble bow,  
 And a broad arrow he let flye,  
 He hit the mark a hundred rod,  
 And he caused a hart to dye.

Some say hee brake ribs one or two,  
 And some say he brake three ;  
 The arrow within the hart would not abide,  
 But it glanced in two or three.

The hart did skip, & the heart did leap,  
 And the hart lay on the ground.

Shortly afterwards, with the same fatal weapon, he brings  
 down fifteen foresters who treated him badly ; and when

The people that lived in fair Nottingham  
 Came running out amain,  
 Supposing to have taken bold Robin Hood  
 With the foresters that were slain,

Some lost legs, & some lost arms,  
 And some did lose their blood ;  
 But Robin hee took up his noble bow,  
 And is gone to the merry green wood.

In his extreme hour, according to the "Garland,"

"Give me," says Robin, "my bent bow in my hand,  
And a broad arrow I'll let flee;  
And where this arrow is taken up  
There shall my grave digg'd be.

Lay me a green sod under my head,  
And another at my feet;  
And lay my bent bow by my side,  
Which was my music sweet."

Lastly, Robin Hood was dear to the English imagination as the representative of the forest life—as the joyous tenant of the greenwood—the spirit not to be cribbed and cabined in towns and cities, but rejoicing in entire unrestraint and the wildest freedom. For him too, in his rough way—

*ἀδύ τι τὸ ψιθύρισμα καὶ ἡ πίτυς, αἰπόλε, τήνα  
ἂ ποτὶ ταῖς παγαῖσι μελίσδεται.*

The greenwood is the home of his heart. The ballads that celebrate him are redolent of it. They are inspired by the breath of its breezes. They re-echo with the songs of its birds. They rejoice with a great joy in its abundant beauty. There is nowhere in our literature a heartier delight in the woodland than in these ballads. Take the opening lines of "Robin Hood and the Monk:"

In somer when the shawes be sheyne,  
And leves be large & longe,  
His is full merry in feyre foreste  
To here the foulys song,

To se the dere draw to the dale,  
And leve the hilles hee,  
And shadow him in the leves grene,  
Under the grene-wode tree.

Hit befell on Whitsontide  
Early in a May mornynge,  
The son up faire can shyne,  
And the briddis mery can syng.



*"This is a mery mornynge,"* said Litulle Johne,  
*"Be hym that dyed on tre ;*  
*A more mery man than I am one*  
*Lyves not in Christianté.*

*Pluk up thi hert, my dere mayster,*  
*Litulle Johne can sey,*  
*And thynk hit is a fulle fayre tyme,*  
*In a mornynge of May."*

What bright, healthful happiness in a May morning ! "Oh evil day, if I were sullen !" says with all his heart this outlaw of the fourteenth century. No wonder if Robin Hood came to be the type of such happiness ; and that Shakespeare, when portraying it with an exquisite grace and sympathy in the sweetest of all pastoral poems, recalls him to mind, and makes Charles the Wrestler answer in this wise Oliver's question, "Where will the old duke live ?" "*They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him ; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England : they say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.*"

## Robin Hood, A Beggar, & the Three Squires.<sup>1</sup>

[Printed from this MS. in Jamieson's "Popular Ballads," ii. 49.]

No other copy exactly like this is known. There are, besides it, two other ballads known as "Robin Hood and the Beggar." One of them tells how Robin Hood was severely beaten and left for dead by a beggar, and how his followers, who pursued the maltreater of their master to punish him, were ludicrously foiled. It has nothing to do with the present ballad. The second Part of the other of them, and that of the present ballad, are substantially the same; and with these second Parts may be compared "Robin Hood rescuing the Widow's Three Sons," and "Robin Hood rescuing the Three Squires." The first Parts differ in that here the beggar is an old man, whereas in the other ballad the beggar is "brave and stout," as jolly a beggar as Robin Hood ever beheld with his eye, whose "mickle long staffe" proves more than a match for the great outlaw's "nut-brown sword;" and the exchange of clothes is made only after some hard and sore fighting.

Extracts from the black-letter copy of "Robin Hood and the Beggar" in Anthony à Wood's collection are printed below. The tune assigned by Dr. Rimbault (Musical Illustrations of Robin Hood, in Gutch's Ballads) to "Robin Hood rescuing the Widow's Son" is another version of "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor" (see Mr. Chappell's "Popular Music," v. 2, p. 390).

<sup>1</sup> Our title. Percy's is, "Fragm<sup>t</sup> of y<sup>e</sup> rather the Beggar." He adds, "But see Ballad of Robin Hood & the Old Man, or Ritson's 2nd vol. No. xxiii. p. 151."—F.

[one line perished]

Robin Hood  
proposes to  
change  
clothes with  
an old  
beggar.

<sup>1</sup> in faith thou shal[t<sup>2</sup>] haue mine,  
& 20<sup>1</sup> in thy purse  
4 to spend att ale and wine.”

[page 5 of MS.<sup>2</sup>]

<sup>1</sup> The corresponding ballad to this, (though differing from it as above said) in Ant. à Wood's collection 401, fol. 23 b, and *Robin Hood's Garland*, London 1670, sign. C. 2, may supply the introductory verses. It begins thus—

## ROBIN HOOD AND THE BEGGAR:

Shewing how *Robin Hood* and the Beggar fought: and how he changed Clothes with the Beggar, and how he went a begging to *Nottingham*: and how he saved three Brethren from being hang'd for stealing of *Deer*.

To the tune of, *Robin Hood and the Stranger*.

Come light & listen you Gentlemen all,  
\**hey down, down, an a down,*  
That mirth do love for to hear,  
and a story true, Ile tell unto you,  
If that you will but draw near.

In elder times when merriment was,  
*hey down, &c.*†  
And Archery was holden good,  
there was an Out-law, as many did  
know  
Which Men called *Robin Hood*.

Vpon a time it chanced so,  
*hey down, &c.*  
Bold *Robin* was merry disposed:  
his time to spend, he did intend  
Either with Friend or Foe.‡

Then he got vp on a gallant brave Stéed,  
*hey down, &c.*  
The which was worth angell§ ten,  
with a Mantle of gréen, most brave to  
be seen,  
He left all his merry-men.

\* The later Pepys copy of the *Garland* (in vol. iii. of *Penny Merriments*) prefixes *With a*.

† *with a hey, &c.*—*Garl.* 1670, and throughout the same, except in verse five, see note || below.

‡ Foes.—*Garl.*

§ Angels.—*Garl.*

And riding towards fair *Nottingham*,  
*hey down, &c.*||  
Some pastime for to spy,  
There was he aware of a jolly Beggar  
As ere he beheld with his eye.

An old patcht coat the Beggar had one,  
*hey down, &c.*  
Which he daily did vse for to wear,  
and many a bag about him did wag,  
Which made *Robin Hood* to him repair.

God-spéed, God-spéed, said *Robin Hood*,¶  
*hey down, &c.*  
What Country-man, tell to\*\* me,  
I am *Yorkeshire* sir, but ere you go far  
Some Charity give vnto me.

Why what wouldst thou have, said *Robin Hood*,  
*hey down, &c.*  
I pray thée tell vnto me,  
no Lands nor Livings,†† the Beggar  
he said,  
But a penny for charitie.

I have no money, said *Robin Hood* then,  
*hey down, &c.*  
But a Ranger within the Wood,  
I am an Out-law as many do know,  
My name it is *Robin Hood*.

[*The fight follows. After it, the ballad continues*]

Now, a change, a change, cri'd *Robin Hood*,  
*hey down, &c.*  
Thy Bags and Coat give me,  
and this Mantle of mine, ile to thée  
resign,  
My Horse and my braverie.

[*For the perished line above, we may read*]  
[*Though thy clothes are ragged and torn,*]

<sup>2</sup> a piece torn out of the MS.—F.

<sup>3</sup> The pages are called folios. The

|| *with a hey, &c.*—Pepys. *derry derry down.*—*Garl.*

¶ said *Robin Hood* then.—*Garl.*

\*\* unto.—*Garl.*

†† living.—*Garl.*

- “Though *your*<sup>1</sup> clothes are of light lincolne  
green,  
& mine gray russett and torne,  
yet it doth not you beseeme  
8 to doe an old man scorne.”
- “I scorne thee not, old man,” says Robin,  
“by the faith of my body :  
doe of thy clothes, thou shalt haue mine  
12 for it may noe <sup>2</sup> better bee.”
- But Robin did on this old mans hose,  
thé<sup>3</sup> were torne in the wrist<sup>4</sup> ;  
“when I looke on my leggs,” said Robin,  
16 “then for to laugh I list.”
- But Robin did on the old mans shooes,  
& thé were cliitt<sup>5</sup> full cleane :  
“now, by my faith,” sayes Litle Iohn,  
20 “these are good for thornes keene.”
- But Robin did on the old mans cloake,  
& it was torne in the necke :  
“now, by my faith,” said w<sup>m</sup> Scarlett,  
24 “heere shold be set a specke.<sup>6</sup>”
- The old man  
thinks he is  
mocking  
him;
- Robin says  
no.
- They change  
clothes ; and  
Robin,
- Little Iohn,  
and Scarlett  
joke over  
Robin's new  
costume.

first was numbered 7, and then turned into 5. The following pages to p. 14 have been also similarly treated ; there the alteration stops, and so p. 15 follows p. 12. The word *folio* in MS. numbering has undergone an unhappy change. The scribes of the grand Vernon MS. and its incomplete duplicate in the British Museum, rightly called the two leaves of their MSS. opened before them a *folio*, just as a modern bookkeeper does the left- and right-hand pages of his open ledger. Afterwards the meaning of the term *folio* was altered to the leaf in our modern sense, the front and back sides or pages of the same piece of paper,

and then *recto*, and *verso* or *back*, had to be added to it.—F.

<sup>1</sup> The expansions or extensions of the contractions in the MS. are printed in italics.—F.

<sup>2</sup> now, q.—Percy.

<sup>3</sup> *They* is often written *the* in the MS. To prevent a check in reading, such *the*'s are printed “thé” ; but there is never any accent in the MS.—F.

<sup>4</sup> twist, q.—P.

<sup>5</sup> One of the *i*'s only is dotted in the MS. The word doubtless means *clouted*, as in “Little John, the Beggar, and the three Palmers,” l. 12, p. 48 below.—F.  
slitt, q.—P. <sup>6</sup> speck, patch.—F.

But Robin did on this old mans hood,  
 itt gogled<sup>1</sup> on his crowne :  
 “ when I come into Nottingham,” said Robin,  
 28 “ my hood it will Lightly downe.

Robin gives  
 his men their  
 instructions.

“ But yonder is an outwood,” said Robin,  
 “ an outwood all, and a shade,  
 & thither I reede you, my merry men all,  
 32 the ready way to take,

And when you heare my litle horne blow,  
 34 come raking all on a rowte”<sup>2</sup>

[*half the leaf gone, as all the half-leaves up  
 to page 58 inclusive are gone.*]

<sup>1</sup> To *goggle* is thus like *coggle* or *joggle*,  
 to be unsteady, to roll to and fro.  
 “ Then passed they forth *gogling* with  
 their hedis.” Chaucer, Prol. March-  
 aundes 2nd Tale. Wedgwood.—F.

<sup>2</sup> To fill up the gap in the story,  
 take this from Wood’s Ballad 401, and  
 the *Garland* of 1670 :

When *Robin* had got the Beggars cloaths  
 with a *hey*, &c.  
 He looked round about,  
 methinks, said he, I seem to be  
 A Begger brave and stout.

For now I have a bag for my Bread,  
 with a *hey*, &c.  
 So have I another for Corn,  
 I have one for Salt, and another for  
 Malt,  
 And one, for my little Horn.

And now I will a begging go,  
 with a *hey*, &c.  
 Some charity for to find,  
 And if any more of *Robin* you’l know,  
 In this second part it’s behind.\*

\* its known.—*Garl.* 1670. behind.—Pepys’  
 copy.  
 † printed *Brethred*.  
 ‡ for to.—*Garl.*

[*Part II.*]

Now *Robin* he is to Nottingham bound,  
 hey down, &c.  
 With his bags hanging down to his knée,  
 his staff & his coat, scarce worth a  
 groat,  
 Yet merrilie passed he.

As *Robin* he passed the Stréets along,  
 hey down, &c.  
 He heard a pittifull cry,  
 thrée Brethren† déer, as he did hear,  
 Condemned were to‡ dye.

Then *Robin*§ he highed to the Sheriffs,||  
 hey down, &c.  
 Some Reliefe for to seek,  
 he skipt and leapt, and capored full  
 high,  
 As he went along the stréet.

But when to the Sheriffs doore he came,¶  
 hey down, &c.  
 There a Gentleman fine and brave,  
 thou Beggar, said he, come tell vnto me,  
 What is it that thou wouldest have ?

§ printed *Robiu*.—*Garl.*  
 || hied to the Sheriffs house.—*Garl.*  
 ¶ When to the Sheriffs house he came.—  
 Pepys.



[then Robin set his] horne to his mowth,  
 a loud blast cold h[e] blow,  
 ffull 300<sup>d</sup> bold yeomen  
 38 came rakinge all on a row.

[page 6.] His men  
 appear at his  
 summons.

But Robin cast downe his baggs of bread,  
 soe did he his staffe with a face,  
 & in a doublet of Red veluett  
 42 this yeoman stood in his place.

Robin throws  
 off his  
 disguise

But Robin he lope, & Robin he threw,  
 he lope over stocke and stone ;  
 but those that saw *Robin Hood* run,  
 46 said he was a liuer<sup>1</sup> old man.

“But bend *your* bowes & stroke *your* strings,  
 set the gallow tree aboute,  
 & christs cursse on his heart,” said Robin,  
 50 “that spares the Sheriffe & the sergiant<sup>2</sup> !”

and bids his  
 men not  
 spare the  
 Sheriff and  
 the Sergeant.

When the sheriffe see gentle Robin wold shoote,  
 he held vp both his hands,  
 sayes, “aske, good Robin, & thou shalt haue,  
 54 whether it be house or land.”

The Sheriff  
 gives way,

No meat nor drink, said *Robin Hood* then,  
*hey down,\* &c.*  
 That I come here to crave,  
 but to beg the lives of Yeomen threé,  
 And that I fain would have.

That cannot be thou bold Beggar,  
*hey down, &c.*  
 Their† Fact it is so cléer,  
 I tell to thée, hang’d they must be,‡  
 For stealing of our Kings Déer.

But when to the Gallows they did come,  
*hey down, &c.*

There was many a wéeeping eye,  
 O hold your peace, said *Robin*§ then,  
 For certainly they shall not dye.

<sup>1</sup> Fr. *delivre de sa personne*: com.  
 An active nimble wight, whose ioints are  
 not tyed with points; one that can wield  
 his limmes at pleasure.—Cotgrave, A. D.  
 1611. I waxe nymble or, *deliver* of my  
 ioyntes. *Je me assouplis*.—Palsgrave,  
 A. D. 1530.—F.

<sup>2</sup> For *sergiant* Jamieson would read  
*his route*.—F.

\* printed *poen*.  
 † That.—Pepys.

‡ they hanged must be.—*Garl*.  
 § *Robin Hood*.—Pepys.

Robin insists  
on the  
release of the  
three squires.

58 "I will Neither haue house nor land," said Robin,  
"nor gold, nor none of thy ffee,  
but I will haue those 3 squires  
to the greene fforest with me."

They are the  
King's  
felons, says  
the Sheriff.

62 "Now Marry, gods<sup>1</sup> forbott,<sup>2</sup>" said the Sheriffe,  
that euer *that* shold bee ;  
for why, they be the kings ffelons,  
they are all condemned to dye."

Release them  
or be hanged  
yourself,  
says Robin.

66 "But grant me my askinge," said Robin,  
"or be me faith of my body  
thou shalt be the first Man  
shall flower this gallow tree."

"But I wi[ll haue t]hose 3 squires<sup>3</sup>  
[*half a page gone.*]

<sup>1</sup> This may be "god." To many of the final *d*'s is a tag, which often means nothing, and often means *s*. Here it is longer than usual, as also in "Eger and Grine," l. 230. *Forbott* I take to be a noun, the "Godys *forbode!* quoth his felowe" of Piers Plowman's Creed, l. 825; and so the phrase is like the old "Gods Mercie."—F.

<sup>2</sup> Forebedyng (or *forbode*, or forefendyng). *Prohibicio, inhibicio*. Promptorium, ab. A. D. 1440.—F.

<sup>3</sup> The common Aldermary-churchyard version in Ritson, ii. 216, ends with—

"O take them, O take them," says great master sheriff,  
"O take them along with thee ;  
For there's never a man in fair Nottingham  
Can do the like of thee."

The ballad from Wood's collection 401 and *Robin Hood's Garland*, 1670, quoted above, ends thus—

shoot East, shoot West, said Robin then,  
And look that you spare no man.

Then they shot East, and they shot West,  
*hey down, &c.*

Their arrows were so keen,  
the Sheriffe he, and his companie,  
No longer must \* be seen.

Then he stept to these Brethren threé,  
*hey down, &c.*  
And away he had them tane,†  
but‡ the Sheriff was crost & many a  
man lost,  
That dead lay on the Plain.

& away they went into the merry green-  
wood,  
*hey down, &c.*  
And sung with a merry glée,  
and Robin§ took these Brethren good,  
To be of his Yomandriée. T. R.

London, Printed for Francis Grove, on  
Snow-hill. Entered according [to] Order.

The later York *Robin Hood's Garland*  
version of the Rescue of the Widow's  
Three Sons, as given by Child, has—

They took the gallows from the slack,  
They set it in the glen,  
They hang'd the proud sheriff on that,  
Releas'd their own three men.

\* could.—Pepys.

† he them had tane.—Gart

‡ no but in Pepys copy.

§ *Robin Hood*.—Pepys.

## Robin Hood and the Butcher.<sup>1</sup>

[Another version in Ritson's "Robin Hood," ii. 27. Child, v. 33.]

THE present copy is like no other in diction, though in substance it is a compound of "Robin Hood & the Potter," and "Robin Hood & the Butcher." In the First Part Robin Hood meets with his match in a Butcher, as elsewhere in a Beggar, in a Tinker, in a Tanner, in a Pinder, in a Potter. This incident does not appear in the common version of "Robin Hood and the Butcher." Nor in it is the Sheriff's wife mentioned except in the line,

"O have me commended to your wife at home."

But Robin he walkes in the g[reene] fforrest [page 7.]

as merry as bird on bughe,

but he that feitches good Robins head,<sup>2</sup>

4 heele find him game enoughe.

Robin's head  
will be some  
trouble to  
get.

But Robine he walkes in the greene fforrest

vnder his trusty tree,

sayes "hearken, hearken, my merrymen all,

8 what tydings is come to me :

The Sheriffe he hath Made a cry,

heelee have my head I-wis,<sup>3</sup>

but ere a tweluemonth come to an end

12 I may chance to light on his."

The Sheriff  
says he'll  
have it ;

Robin thinks  
not.

<sup>1</sup> Title from Percy, who prefixes  
"Fragm<sup>t</sup> of."—F.

<sup>2</sup> The *d* has a tag to it.—F.

<sup>3</sup> A.-S. *gewis*, certainly.—F.

He spies a  
butcher

Robin he marcht in the greene forrest,  
vnder the greenwood scray,<sup>1</sup>  
and there he was ware of a proud bucher  
16 came driuing flesh by the way.

with a dog,  
which flies  
at Robin's  
face, and is  
slain by him.

the Bucher he had a cut tailed dogg,<sup>2</sup>  
& at Robins face he flew;  
but Robin, he was<sup>3</sup> a good sword,  
20 the buchers dogg he slew.

The butcher  
waxes wroth

“Why slayes thou my dogg?” says the bucher,  
“for he did none ill to thee;  
by all the *saints* that are in heaven  
24 thou shalt haue buffetts 3.”

and grasps  
his staff.

He tooke his staffe then in his hand  
& he turnd him round about,  
“thou hast a litle wild blood in thy head,  
28 good fellow, thoust<sup>4</sup> haue it letten out.”

<sup>1</sup> spray?—P. ? roof, from Scotch *scraws*, “thin turfs, pared with flaughter-spades, to cover houses.” *Gall. Encycl.* in Jamieson.—F.

<sup>2</sup> “Curtail-Dog. Originally the dog of an unqualified person, which, by the forest laws, must have its tail cut short, partly as a mark, and partly from a notion that the tail of a dog is necessary to him in running. In later usage, *curtail-dog* means either a common dog, not meant for sport, or a dog that missed his game.”—Nares. Fr. Bertauder. To *curtall* a horse: to cut off his eares and taile; also, to notch, or cut the haire vneuenly. Cot.—F.

<sup>3</sup> ware?—P.

<sup>4</sup> A Nottingham friend near Southwell told me that this form in *st* had died out of his part of the county, and suggested inquiry in “Robin Hood’s haunts, which were principally on the Yorkshire side.” The Rev. J. C. Atkinson, of Danby, Yarm, North Riding, writes: “*thoo’s* for *thou shalt*, and *he’s* for *he shall*, is usual enough here. And we have a common idiom for the expression

of necessity laid upon one, which often takes as much a future as an obligatory sense. Thus when a farmer is paying wages, a man leaving him, and told to send another in, will say to his fellow-workman, ‘Jossy, thou’s t’ gan in te t’Maaster.’ This may be your *thoust*. It is simply an abbreviation of *thou is to*.” *Is* in the early Northern dialect was an indeclinable present, as is well known; but for the common use of the *’st* for *’ll* we must look to Lancashire. See in Waugh’s *Sketches of Lancashire Life*, 1857, “*Thea’st* have a quart o’ th’ best ale i’ this hole i’ tho lives till tho comes deawn again,” p. 27; “*Thea’st* have a quart ov ale,” p. 28; “*Theawst* have a saup oth’ best breawn ale as ever lips did seawk” [from Samuel Bamford], p. 49; and for *I shall*, at p. 205, “But then *aw’st* come to ’t [old age and giving up work] in a bit, yo know’n—*aw’st* come to ’t in a bit.” The *Tyneside Songster* has, “I ’se tip you a sang,” p. 76; “aw’ll knock oot y’ur e’e; if aw don’t aw’ll be kist,” p. 46. The Rev. Mr. Hunt, rector of Sutton, near Retford, Notts, says he

“He that does that deed,” sayes Robin,  
 “He count him for a man,  
 but that while will I draw my sword,  
 32 and fend it<sup>1</sup> if I can.”

But Robin he stroke att the bloody Bucher  
 in place were he did stand,

Robin de-  
fends him-  
self.

[*half a page gone.*<sup>2</sup>]

“I [am] a<sup>3</sup> younge bucher,” sayes Robin,  
 “you fine dames am I come amonge ;  
 but euer I beseech you, good M<sup>r</sup>. Sheriffe,  
 38 you must see me take noe wronge.”

[page 8.] Robin, dis-  
guised as a  
butcher,  
calls at the  
Sheriff's  
house.

“Thou art verry welcome,” said Master Sherriffs  
 wiffe ;  
 “thy inne heere up<sup>4</sup> take :  
 if any good ffellow come in thy companie,  
 42 heest be welcome for thy sake.”

The Sheriff's  
wife wel-  
comes him.

Robin called ffor ale, soe did he for wine,  
 and for it he did pay :  
 “I must to my marktett goe,” says Robin,  
 46 “for I hold time itt of the day.”

After drink-  
ing ale and  
wine, and  
paying  
therefor,

But Robin is to the marktett gone  
 Soe quickly & belive,<sup>5</sup>

Robin goes  
to market,

“cannot call to mind ever having heard the 'st for 'll used, either where he now lives or in another part of Notts, quite in Sherwood Forest, where he used to reside.”—F.

<sup>1</sup> fend it (defend his head).—P. “To fend a stroke, to ward off a blow.” Jamieson.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Wood's ballad No. 401, folio 19 b, yields nothing to fill up the gap, but—

Now Robin he is to Nottingham gone,  
 with hey, &c.

his Butchers trade for to begin,  
 With good intent to the Sheriff he went,  
 and there he took up his Inn.

In “Robin Hood & the Potter” (Child, v. 20-2) Robin is beaten by him, rescued by Little John and his fellows, changes clothes with the Potter, and goes into Nottingham to sell his pots. He doesn't lodge at the Sheriff's, but is asked to dinner by that functionary's wife.—F.

<sup>3</sup> I am a.—P.

<sup>4</sup> to?—P.

<sup>5</sup> belive, suddenly.—F.



undersells  
the other  
butchers, 50

he sold more flesh for one peny  
then othe[r] buchers did for .5.

and is  
crowded  
with cus-  
tomers till  
all his stock  
is sold. 54

Thé drew about the younge bucher  
like sheepe into a fold,  
yea neuer a bucher had sold a bitt  
till Robin he had all sold.

But his re-  
ceipts are  
small. 58

When Robin Hood had his markett made,  
his flesh was sold and gone,  
yea he had receiued but a litle Mony,  
but 30<sup>?</sup> pence and one.

The other  
butchers  
propose to  
drink with  
him. 62

Seaven buchers, thé garded Robin Hood  
ffull many time & oft,  
sayer "we must drinke with you, brother bucher,  
its custome of our crafte."

He appoints  
the Sheriff's  
hall for that  
purpose. 66

"If that be the custome of your crafte,  
as heere you tell to me,  
att 4 of the clocke in the afternoone  
at the sheriffs hall I wilbe.<sup>1</sup>"

[half a page gone.]

<sup>1</sup> From Wood's ballad No. 401, fol. 20,  
we can supply here:—

But when to the Sheriffs house they  
came,  
*with hey down, down, an a down*  
to dinner they hied apace,  
And *Robin* he, the man must be,  
before them all to say Grace.

Pray God bless us all, said jolly *Robin*,  
*with hey, &c.*  
and our meat within this place,  
A Cup of Sack so good, will nourish our  
blood,  
and so I do end my Grace.

Come fill us more wine, said jolly *Robin*,  
*with hey, &c.*

let us merry be while we do stay,  
For wine and good chéer, be it never so  
dear,  
I vow I the reckning will pay.

Come brother be merry, said jolly *Robin*,  
*with hey, &c.*  
let us drink and never give ore,  
For the shot *I* will pay, ere *I* go my way,  
if it cost me five pounds and more.

This is a mad blade, the Butchers then  
said,  
*with hey, &c.*  
saies the Sheriff he is some Pro-  
digal,  
That some Land has sold for silver and  
gold,  
and now he doth mean to spend all.

. . . . .

70      “ if thou doe like it well,  
yea heere is more by 300<sup>1</sup>  
then thou hast beasts to sell.”

[page 9.] The Sheriff  
makes an  
injudicious  
display of  
his wealth.

74      Robin sayd naught, the more he thought,  
“ Mony neere comes out of time ;  
if once I cacth thee in the <sup>1</sup> greene fforest,  
that mony it shall be mine.”

Robin says  
nothing, but  
thinks the  
more.

78      But on the next day 7 butchers  
came to guard the sheriffe that day,  
but Robin he was the whighest <sup>2</sup> man,  
he Led them all the way.

Next day  
the Sheriff,  
with a guard  
of seven  
butchers,  
guided by  
Robin,

82      He led them into the greene fforest,  
vnder the trusty tree ;  
yea, there were harts, & ther were hynds,  
& staggs with heads full high.

visits the  
forest.

86      Yea, there were harts and there were hynds,  
& many a goodly ffawne :  
“ Now praised be god,” says bold Robin,  
“ all these they be my owne.

Robin shows  
him his  
cattle.

90      “ These are my horned beasts,” says Robin,  
“ *Master sherriffe, which must make the stake.*”  
“ but euer alacke, now,” said the sheriffe,  
“ *that tydings comes to late !*”

The Sheriff  
is troubled.

Hast thou any horn beasts, the Sheriff  
repli'd,  
*with hey, &c.*  
good fellow to sell unto me?  
Yes that I have good Master Sheriff,  
I have hundreds two or thrée.

And a hundred aker of good frée Land,  
*with hey, &c.*  
if you please it to see,

And Ile make you as good assurance  
of it,  
as ever my Father made me.

<sup>1</sup> MS. “ cacth in thy.” The spelling  
*cacth* is retained, because it occurs again  
in “The Fryar and Boy,” line 244 (Loose  
Songs), and in *macth* for *match*, “Scottish  
Fielde,” l. 316. It may be a provincial  
peculiarity.—F. thee in the.—P.

<sup>2</sup> nimblest, Sw. *vig.*

At Robin's  
signal his  
men appear

Robin sett a shrill horne to his mouth,  
& a loud blast he did blow,  
& then halfe a 100<sup>d</sup> bold archers  
94 came rakeing on a row.

and welcome  
him back.

But when thé came befor bold Robin,  
even there thé stood all bare,  
98 "you are welcome, *Master*, from Nottingham!  
how haue you sold your ware?"<sup>1</sup>

[*half a page gone.*]

100 it proues bold Robin Hood.

[page 10.]

The Sheriff  
groans over  
his losses.

"Yea, he hath robbed me of all my gold  
& siluer *that* euer I had:

They would  
have inclu-  
ded his head,

104 but that I had a verry good wife at home,  
I shold haue lost my head.

<sup>1</sup> "Robin Hood and the Potter"  
(Child, v. 30) from MS. More, Ee. 4,  
35 in the Cambr. Univ. Libr. has for  
l. 97-8 of our Percy MS. text—

"Master, how haffe you far yn Not-  
yuggam?

How haffe yow solde yowr war?"

then makes Robin rob the sheriff of his  
horse and all his other gear, "hother  
ger," and send him back on foot, with a  
present of an ambling horse to his wife  
from Robin. He tells his wife how he  
has been served; she laughs at him,  
and says—

"Now haffe yow payed for all the pottys  
That Roben gaffe to me."

Wood's ballad of "Robin Hood and  
the Butcher" ends thus:—

What is your will, then\* said little *John*,  
*with hey, &c.*

good Master† come tell it to me,  
I haue brought hither the Sheriff of *Not-*  
*ingham*  
this day to dine with thée.

He is welcome to me, then said little  
*John*,  
*with hey, &c.*  
I hope he will honestly pay,  
I know he has gold, if it be‡ but well  
told,  
will serve us to drink a whole day.

Then *Robin* took his mantle from his  
back,  
*with hey, &c.*  
and laid it upon the ground,  
And out of the Sheriffs Portmantle  
he told thrée hundred pound.

Then *Robin* he§ brought him thorow the  
wood,  
*with hey, &c.*  
and set him on his dapple gray,  
O haue me commended to your wife at  
home,  
so *Robin* went laughing away.

*London, Printed for F. Grove on Snow  
Hill. Entered according to Order. Finis.  
T. R.*

\* Master.—Pepys.

† I pray you.—Pepys.

‡ were.—Pepys.

§ no *he* in Pepys.

- But I had a verry good wife at home  
*which* made him gentle cheere,  
 & therfor *pro* my wifes sake  
 108 I shold haue better favor heere.
- “But such favor as he shewed me  
 I might haue of the devills dam,  
 that will rob a man of all he hath,  
 112 & send him naked home.”
- “That is very well done,” then says his wiffe,  
 “itt is well done, I say,  
 you might haue tarryed att Nottingham  
 116 soe fayre as I did you pray.”
- “I haue learned wisdome,” sayes the sherriffe,  
 “& wife, I haue learned of thee,  
 but if Robin walke east, or he walke west,  
 120 he shall neuer be sought for me.”
- ffins.

but for  
 his wife's  
 hospitable  
 treatment of  
 Robin.

His wife  
 says, "Did'nt  
 I tell you  
 so?"

The Sheriff  
 acknow-  
 ledges his  
 wife's  
 superior  
 wisdom.

## Robine Hood & fryer Tucke.

[A different version in Ritson's "Robin Hood," ii. 61.]

THE story is much the same with that of "Robin Hood and the Curtall Friar" in Ritson; but the narration is quite different. Ritson prints his version "from an old black-letter copy in the collection of Anthony à Wood, corrected by a much earlier one in the Pepysian Library (Vol. 1, No. 37), printed by H. Gosson about the year 1610, compared with a later one in the same collection." The full title is "The famous Battell betweene Robin Hood and the Curtall Fryer. To a new Northern tune." (Imprint: "Printed at London for H. Gosson:" no date.) The tune is printed in Chappell's "Popular Music," v. 1, p. 393, and he says, "This chant was found by Dr. Rimbault, written in a contemporary hand, on the fly-leaf of a copy of 'Parthenia,' which was printed in 1611."

---

BUT how many merry monthes be in the yeere,  
 there are 13 in May,  
 the Midsummer Moone is the Merryest of all  
 4 next to the merry month of May.

In May when mayds beene fast weepand,  
 6 young men their hands done wringe<sup>1</sup>

[*half a page gone.*]

<sup>1</sup> To supply the part lost, take the following from Gosson's ballad above mentioned, collated with one in Wood's collection, 401, fol. 15, b.:—



“He . . . pe . . . . . [page 11.] Robin vows  
 over may noe man for villanie; he will see  
 the Friar.  
 He never eate nor drinke” Robin Hood sa[id]  
 10 “till I that cutted<sup>1</sup> friar see.”  
 He builded<sup>2</sup> his men in a brake of fearne  
 a litle from that Nunery, He posts his  
 sayes, “if you heare my litle horne blow, men in  
 14 then looke you come to me.” ambush, and  
 bids them  
 await his  
 signal.  
 When Robin came to fontaines abey  
 wheras that fryer lay, He finds the  
 he was ware of the fryer where he stood, Friar at  
 Fountains  
 Abbey.  
 18 and to him thus can he say:—

The famous Battle between Robin Hood and the Curtall Fryer. To a new Northern tune.

[Picture]

In summer time when leaves grow  
 gréene,  
 and flowers are fresh and gay,  
*Robin Hood* and his merry men  
 were disposed to play.

Then some would leape and some would  
 runne,  
 and some would use artillery.\*  
 Which of you can a good bow draw,  
 a good archer for† to be?

Which of you can kill a Bucke,  
 or who can kill a Doe,  
 Or who can kill a Hart of *Greece*  
 five hundred foot him fro?

*Will Scadlock* he kild a Bucke,  
 and *Midge* he kild a Doe,  
 And little *John* kild a Hart of *Greece*  
 five hundred foot him fro.

Gods blessing on thy heart, said *Robin Hood*,  
 that hath such a shot for me,  
 I would ride my horse a hundreth‡ miles  
 to find one could match thée.

That caus'd *Will Scadlock* to laugh,  
 he laught full heartily,  
 There lives a curtall fryer in Fountaines  
 Abby  
 will beate both him and thée.

That curtall Fryer in *Fountains Abbey*  
 well can a strong bow draw,  
 He will beat you and all your§ Yeomen,  
 set them all a on|| a row.

*Robin Hood* he tooke¶ a solemne oath,  
 it was by *Mary freee*,  
 That he would neither eate nor drinke  
 till the Fryer he did sée.

<sup>1</sup> with smock cut short. Cf. Chaucer's  
 “Upon that other syde to speke of the  
 horrible disordinat scantnes of cloth-  
 ing, as ben these *cuttid* slops or anslets,  
 that thurgh her schortnes ne covereth  
 not the schamful membre of man.” *Per-  
 sones Tale. De superbia*, p. 193, col. 2.  
 ed. Wright. The Franciscan friars  
 wore short habits conformably to the  
 injunction of their founder (*Illustrations  
 of Shakspeare*, i. 60, 8vo, 1807). Douce  
 quotes Staveley's *Romish Horseleeche*  
 to prove that Franciscans were so called.  
*Chappell*, v. 1, p. 393. See note to l. 44  
 here.—F.

<sup>2</sup> for hilded, i.e. concealed.—Percy.

\* Artillary in Wood.  
 † No for in Wood.

‡ hundred.—Wood.  
 § and your.—Wood.

|| all on.—Wood.  
 ¶ Hood took.—Wood.

- His dress. A payre of blacke breeches the yeoman had on,  
his coppe<sup>1</sup> all shone of steele,  
a fayre sword & a broad buckeler  
22 beseemed him very weell :—
- Robin asks  
him to carry  
him over the  
water. “I am a wet weary man,” said Robin Hood,  
“good fellow, as thou may see,  
wilt beare [me] over this wild water  
26 ffor sweete *Saint* Charity ? ”
- He does so. The fryer bethought him of a good deed,  
he had done none of long before,  
he hent up Robin hood on his backe  
30 and over he did him beare.<sup>2</sup>
- He makes  
Robin carry  
him back. But when he came over *that* wild water,  
a longe sword there he drew :  
“beare me backe againe, bold outlawe,  
34 or of this thou shalt have enoughe.”
- Robin does  
so, Then Robin Hood hent the fryar on his back,  
and neither sayd good nor ill ;  
till he came ore that wild water,  
38 they yeoman he walked still.
- and bids the  
Friar carry  
him back  
again. Then Robin Hood wett his fayre greene eze[n?] <sup>3</sup>  
a span aboute his knee,  
s[ay]s “ beare me ore againe, thou cutted f[ryer]<sup>4</sup> ”  
[*half a page gone.*]

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.* head. See *Reliques*, ii. 5, ver. 38.—P.

<sup>2</sup> he him bore.—P.

<sup>3</sup> hose : qu.—P.

<sup>4</sup> Gosson's ballad has for l. 39 &c.

The Fryer tooke *Robin Hood* ons backe  
againe,  
and stept up to the knee,  
Till he came at the middle streame,  
neither good nor bad spake he.

Lightly leapt the Frier off *Robin Hood's*  
backe,  
*Robin Hood* said to him againe,  
Carry me over this water, thou curtall  
Fryer,  
or it shall breede thy paine.

*The second Part, to the same tune.*

AND comming to the middle streame,  
there he threw *Robin* in,  
And chuse thée, chuse thée, fine fellow,  
whether thou wilt sincke or swim.

. . . . . good bowmen [page 12.]  
43 [C]ame raking all on a rowe.

“ I beshrew thy head,” said the cutted<sup>1</sup> ffriar,  
“ thou thinkes I shall be shente ;  
I thought thou had but a man or 2,  
47 & thou hast whole comment.<sup>2</sup>

The Friar  
is surprised  
at the  
number of  
Robin's  
retinue.

“ I lett thee haue a blast on thy horne,  
now giue me leaue to whistle another,  
I cold not bidd thee noe better play  
51 & thou wert my owne borne brother.”

He asks  
leave to  
whistle.

*Robin Hood* swam to a bush of broome,  
the Fryer to a wigger wand,  
Bold *Robin Hood* is gone to shore,  
and tooke his Bow in his hand.\*

That will I doe, said the curtall Fryer,  
of thy blasts I have no doubt,  
I hope thoult blow so passing well,  
till both \*\* thy eyes fall out.

One of his best arrowes under his belt  
to the Fryer he let fly,  
The curtall Fryer with his steele buckler,  
he put that arrow by.

*Robin Hood* set his horne to his mouth,  
he blew but blasts three,  
Halfe a hundreth†† Yeomen with bowes  
bent,  
came raking†† over the lée.

Shoot on, shoot on, thou fine fellow,  
shoot on as thou hast begun,  
If thou shoot here a Summers day,  
thy marke I will not shun.

<sup>1</sup> Short-frocked. Compare  
“ O *cutted* hae they their green cloathing  
A little abune their knee.”

*Robin Hood* shot † passing well,  
till his arrowes all were gane,  
They tooke their swords and steele buck-  
lers,  
they fought with might and maine.

Rose the Red, and White Lilley; Child's  
Ballads, v. 176. And

From ten of clock of † that day,  
till four of th' afternoone,  
Then *Robin Hood* came to his § krées,  
of the || Fryer to beg a boone.

“ *tucked* he was as is a frere aboute.”  
Chaucer, *Cant. Tales*, Prol. of the Reve.  
And “ Robin Hood's Death,” l. 69 here.  
Staveley, in *The Romish Horseleeche*,  
p. 214, speaking of the Franciscans, says,  
“ and experience shews that in some  
Countrys, where Friers used to wear  
short Habits, the Order was presently  
contemned, and derided, and men call'd  
them curtail'd Friers.”

A boone, a boone, thou curtall Fryer,  
I beg it on my knee,  
Give me leave to set my horne to my  
mouth,  
but ¶ to blow blasts thrée.

Cp. Cotgrave's “ *Moucher la queue d'un  
cheval*, to curtall a horse.”—F.

<sup>2</sup> ? MS. courent.—F.

\* in hand.—Wood.

† shot so.—Wood.

‡ i' th' Clock.—Wood.

§ no *his* in Wood.

|| *the*.—Wood.

¶ and.—Wood.

\*\* boh.—Wood.

†† hundred.—Wood.

‡‡ ranging.—Wood.

Robin bids  
him whistle  
away.

“ Now fate on, fute on, thou cutted fryar,  
I pray god thou neere be still ;  
it is not the futing in a fryers fist  
55 *that* can doe me any ill.”

The Friar  
does so, and  
100 bandogs  
appear.

The fryar sett his neave <sup>1</sup> to his mouth,  
a loud blast he did blow,  
then halfe a 100<sup>d</sup> good bandoggs  
59 came raking all on a rowe.

He sets dog  
against man,  
and himself  
against  
Robin.

63 bis { “ Euery dogg to a man,” said the cutted fryar,  
“ and I my selfe to Robin Hood.”

Robin  
objects.

“ Ever gods <sup>2</sup> forbott,” said Robin Hood,  
“ *that* euer *that* soe shold bee ;  
I had rather be mached with 3 of the tikes <sup>3</sup>  
67 ere I wold be matched on thee.

He proposes  
peace and  
friendship.

“ But stay thy tikes, thou fryar,” he said,  
“ and freindshipp Ile haue with thee ;  
but stay thy tikes thou fryar,” he said,  
71 “ and saue good yeomanry.”

The Friar  
whistles  
again, and  
the dogs lie  
down.

The fryar he sett his neave to his mouth,  
a lowd blast he did blow,  
they doggs thé coucht downe euery one,  
75 they couched downe on a rowe.

The Friar  
and Robin  
negotiate.

“ What is thy will, thou yeoman,” he said,  
“ haue done & tell it me.”

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.* fist.—P. Mezzil-face . . . seet  
at t' black swarffy tyke [man] weh bwoth  
*neaves.*” Tim Bobbin, in Waugh's

“ Lanc. Sketches,” p. 118.—F.

<sup>2</sup> ? god, MS., see note <sup>1</sup>, p. 18.—F.

<sup>3</sup> A Yorkshire word for Dogs.—P.

“if that thou will goe to Merry greenwood<sup>1</sup>

79 . . . . .

[*half a page lost.*]

<sup>1</sup> Gosson's ballad makes Little John shoot so many of the dogs that the Friar asks him to hold his hand, and he will agree with his master. Robin Hood's offer is—

If thou wilt forsake faire \* *Fountaines*  
dale,  
and *Fountaines* Abbey free,  
Every Sunday thorowou the yeere  
a Noble shall be thy fee.

And every holiday through† the yeere  
changed shall thy garment be,

If thou wilt goe to fair *Nottingham*,  
and there remaine with me.

This curtall Frier had kept *Fountaines*  
dale  
seven long yeeres and‡ more,  
There was neither Knight, Lord, nor  
Earle,  
could make him yeeld before.

FINIS.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, W. Gilbertson.—F.

\* no *faire* in Wood.

† throughout.—Wood.

‡ or.—Wood.



**Robin Hood and the Pindar<sup>1</sup> of Wakefield:  
a Fragmt.** [Percy's title.]

HERE again the story, so far as it can be gathered from the surviving fragment, is much the same as that of the common versions, but the narration differs. It is a line of this ballad—or rather of the one like it quoted below—that Master Silence sings shortly before he is carried to bed, “And Robinhood, Scarlet, and John?” (2nd Part of “Henry IV.” act v. sc. iii.). Falstaff too may refer to it in his “What say you *Scarlet* and John?” in the “Merry Wives of Windsor,” act i. sc. i. “Several lines of it are quoted,” observes Ritson, “in the two old plays of the ‘Downfall and Death of Robert Earle of Huntington,’ 1601, 4to, black-letter, but acted many years before.” “It is sometimes quoted as ‘Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John;’ sometimes as ‘The Pinder of Wakefield’ (a pinder being the pen- or pound-keeper for impounding stray cattle), and the tune occasionally entitled *Wakefield on a green*, from the ditty. Two copies are to be found, under that name, among the late manuscripts (said to be Dowland’s) in the Public Library, Cambridge (D. d. ii. 11, and D. d. iii. 18); a third is contained in a manuscript volume of original music of the time of Queen Elizabeth, now in the possession of Dr. Rimbault.” (Chappell, “Popular Music,” pp. 393–4, where, at p. 394, the tune is printed.) At p. 390 Mr. Chappell says, “Dr. Rimbault, in his Musical Illus-

<sup>1</sup> “Pyndare of beestys (pynnar). *Inclusor*.” Promptorium. “*Inclusor*, a pynder.” Nominale MS., Halliwell.—F.

trations of Robin Hood, appended to Mr. Gutch's edition of the ballads, has printed the air of *The Bailiff's Daughter* (ante, p. 203) as one of the tunes to which 'Robin Hood and the Pinder of Wakefield' was sung."

"The Downfall" quotes:

" At Michaelmas cometh my covenant out,  
My Master gives me my fee.  
Then, Robin, I'll wear thy Kendall-green,  
And wend to the greenwood with thee."

This ballad is referred to also in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Philaster," act v. sc. iv. The oldest mention of it is in the Registers of the Stationers' Company. "155 $\frac{1}{2}$ , To Mr. John Wallye and Mrs. Toye these ballettes followynge, that is to say . . . . . A ballett of Wakefield and a grene." (See Mr. Collier's extracts from the said Registers.) But the fame of the Pindar is not confined to this ballad and the allusions to it. He gave his name to and was the hero of a play. "A play," says Mr. Thoms in one of the Introductions in his "Early English Prose Romances," "entitled George A Green was played on the 28th of December 1593 by the Lord Strange's company, and The Pinner of Wakefield, which seems to be a different play, on the 8th of January 1593-4." The difference in the titles does not justify this conjecture that there were two plays in the Pindar's honour, as the following title shows: "A pleasant conceyted comedie of George A Greene the Pinner of Wakefield, as it was sundry times acted by the servants of the Right Honourable the Earl of Sussex. Imprinted at London by Simon Stafford for Cuthbert Bexby, & are to be sold at his shop neare the Royal Exchange, 1599, 4to." (Reprinted in Dodsley's "Old Plays," vol. vi.) Richard Braithwaite speaks of George as one of the lions of Wakefield. Ralpho tells Sir Hudibras,

when the worthy knight suggests that his man shall be beaten in his stead:

“Were y’ as good as George A Green  
I shall make bold to turn agen.”

In 1632 was published a prose history of this famous fellow. Mr. Thoms, who refers to that publication, reprints “The history of George A Green, Pindar of the town of Wakefield, his birth, calling, valour, & reputation in the country, with divers pleasant as well as serious passages in the course of his life & fortune. London. Printed for Samuel Ballard at the Blue ball in Little Britain. 1706.”

[page 15.]

“<sup>1</sup>but hold y . . hold y . . .” says Robin,  
2 my merry men, I bid yee,

Robin is  
charmed  
with the  
Pindar.  
He asks him  
for meat for  
himself and  
his men.

“for this [is] one of the best pindars  
that euer I saw with mine eye.  
but hast thou any meat, thou lolly pindar,  
6 for my merry men and me ?”

<sup>1</sup> The part wanting may be supplied from the ballad in Wood’s collection, No. 401, fol. 61, b., which is as follows:—

THE JOLLY PINDER OF WAKEFIELD, WITH  
ROBIN HOOD, SCARLET, AND JOHN.

In *Wakefield* their lives a jolly Pinder,  
in *Wakefield* all on a green,  
in *Wakefield* all on a green.

There is neither Knight, nor Squire,  
said the Pinder,  
nor Baron that is so bold,  
nor Baron that is so bold,

Dare make a trespass to the town of  
*Wakefield*,  
but his Pledge goes to the Pinfold,\* &c.

All this beheard three witty young men,  
'twas *Robin Hood, Scarlet and John*, &c.

With that they espyed† the jolly Pinder,  
as he sat under a thorn, &c.

Now turn again, turn again, said the  
Pinder,  
for a wrong way you have gone, &c.

For you have forsaken the Kings High-  
way,  
and made a path over the Corn, &c.

O that were great shame, said jolly *Robin*,  
we being thrée, and thou but one, &c.

The Pinder leapt back then thirty good  
foot,  
'twas thirty good foot and one, &c.

\* Pynfolde, *Inclusorium*. Prompt. *Pinfold*, a Place to pen up Cattel in.—*Phillips*.  
† spyed.—Pepys (his copy of the *Garland*).

- “ but I haue bread & cheese,” says the pindar,  
 “ and ale all on the best.”  
 “ thats Cheere good enoughe,” said Robin,  
 10 “ for any such vnbidden guests.
- “ but wilt be my man ? ” said good Robin,  
 “ & come & dwell with me ?  
 and 2: in a yeere thy clothing be changed  
 14 if my man thou wilt bee ;
- He leaned his back fast unto a thorn,  
 and [*sic*] his foot against a stone, &c.
- And there he fought a long summers day,  
 \*a summers day so long, &c.
- Till that their† swords on their broad  
 bucklers  
 were broke fast unto their hands, &c.
- [*Here the Fragment in the Text begins.*]
- Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said *Robin Hood*,  
 and my merry men every one, &c.
- For this is one of the best Pinders  
 that ever‡ I try’d with Sword, &c.
- And wilt thou forsake thy Pinders craft,  
 and live in green wood with me, &c.
- At *Michaelmas* next my Cov’nant comes  
 out,  
 when every man gathers his fee, &c.
- I’ll take my blew blade all in my hand,  
 and plod to the green wood with  
 thee, &c.
- Hast thou§ either Meat or Drink, said  
*Robin Hood*,  
 for my merry men and me, &c.
- I have both Bread and Beef, said the  
 Pinder,  
 and good Ale of the best, &c.
- And that is meat good enough, said  
*Robin Hood*,  
 for such unbidden Guest, &c.
- O wilt thou forsake the|| Pinder his craft,  
 and go to the Green-wood with me, &c.
- Thou shalt have a livery twice in the  
 year,  
 the one green, the other brown, &c.
- If *Michaelmas* day was¶ come and gone,  
 and my Master had paid me my fee,  
 and my Master had paid me my fee,
- Then would I set as little by him,  
 as my Master doth by me,  
 as my Master doth by me.
- The opposite leaf seems to have been  
 printed with the above ballad ; it begins
- The Noble Acts Newly found,  
 Of *Arthur* of the Table Round.  
 To the Tune of *Flying Fame*.
- WHEN *Arthur* first in Court began,  
 and was approved King.\*\*  
 &c.

The Pindar  
offers bread  
and cheese,  
which is  
accepted.

Robin offers  
him a place  
in his  
service.

\* and a.—Pepys. § no *thou* in Pepys.  
 † Till their.—Pepys. || thy.—Pepys.  
 ‡ every.—Pepys. ¶ were once.—Pepys.  
 \*\* There is another black-letter copy of this

ballad (Wood, 402, fol. 42), entitled “ The Jolly  
 Pinder of Wakefield ; ” it contains slight varia-  
 tions, and is on a single leaf. It is printed for  
 F. Coles, T. Vere, and W. G[il]lberson.

“The tone shall be of light lincolne greene,  
 the tother of Picklory ;  
 att Michallmas comes a well good time,<sup>1</sup>  
 18 when men haue gotten in their ffee.”

The Pindar  
 agrees.

“ He sett as litle by my *Master*  
 as he now setts by me ;  
 He take my benbowe<sup>2</sup> in my hande,  
 22 and come into the grenwoode to thee.”  
 ffirs.

<sup>1</sup> That the autumn in early England was “a good time” for yeoman, beggar, and labourer, as well as the landlord referred to here, see the striking picture in *Piers Ploughman*, when “newe corn

cam to chepyng” (ed. Wright, vol. i. p. 135-6), as contrasted with the pinching time before.—F.

<sup>2</sup> ? bent bow.—F.



### Robin Hoode & Quene Kath[erine].

HERE for a third time is a different narration of the common story. Ritson prints his copy from an old black-letter copy in a private collection, compared with another in that of Anthony à Wood. The full title is given below. The tune assigned to this ballad by Dr. Rimbault is, says Mr. Chappell, the tune of "The Three Ravens," in "Popular Music," vol. i. p. 59.

It will be remembered that Henry V.'s consort was our first Queen Katherine. Three of Henry VIII.'s wives—and in his reign ballad poetry greatly flourished—were so called.

A later Catherine, Charles II.'s consort, was associated with archery. She "was probably much pleased," says Strutt in his "Sports and Pastimes," "with seeing the pastime of archery practised; for in compliment to her a badge of silver weighing 22 ounces was made for the marshal of the fraternity of bowmen, having upon it the representation of an archer with his bow drawn in the action of shooting, and inscribed with her name."

Great archery matches were common enough in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. See, for instance, "A new Yorkshire song intituled Yorke Yorke for my money, 1584" (in Mr. Halliwell's "Yorkshire Anthology" and elsewhere). As to the scene of the match here, see "Stow's Survey" by Strype, ii. 237, or Ritson's note to his copy of this ballad.

V. 97. Ritson has faith that there was such a place as Loxley, though even his research can discover no signs of it. Mr. Spencer T. Hall, in his "Forester's Offering," 1841, discovers it in Yorkshire near Sheffield, "where the romantic river Loxley

descends from the hills to mingle its blue waters with the Rivilin and the Don." The Sloane MS. puts it "in Yorkshire or after others in Nottinghamshire." A very recent writer confers the honour on Warwickshire, and exults to find that Loxley in that country "was actually in the possession of a family named Fitz Odo or Fitzooth in the twelfth century." As some ingenious spirits have hinted at a connection between Robin Hood and Apollo, we wonder Locksley and Loxias have not been shown akin.

V. 56. "Lincoln Green:" see Ritson's note in his "Life of Robin Hood."

V. 85. See the ballad of "Robin Hood and the Bishop of Hereford." Herefordshire seems to have been particularly famous for its Morris dances, as is shown by the tract "Old Meg of Herefordshire for a Mayd Marian, & Hereford towne for a Morris Daunce, or 12 Morris Dauncers in Herefordshire of 12 hundred years old. 1609." Hence, perhaps, was suggested to some ballad-writer the idea of connecting Robin Hood and the Bishop of a city so remote from the outlaw's beat.

---

NOW list you, lithe you, gentlemen,  
 a while for a litle space  
 and I shall tell you how queene Katterine  
 4 gott Robin Hood his grace.

Gold taken from the kings harvengers<sup>1</sup>  
 6 seldome times hath beene seene<sup>2</sup>

[*half a page gone.*]

<sup>1</sup> the letter printed *v* in *harvengers* is more like *v* than the *b* with a looped top.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Neither of the ballads in Wood's

collection enable this gap to be filled up satisfactorily. The first (401, fol. 31 b.) is—

- “ queene Katherine, I say to thee.” [page 16.] The King  
 “ thats a princly wager,” quoth queene Katherine, and Queen  
 9 “ betweene *your* grace & me. lay a wager.
- “ Where must I haue mine archers ? ” says queene  
 Katherine, The Queen is  
 “ you haue the flower of archery.” to choose her  
 archers from  
 “ Now take *your* choice, dame,” he sayes, out all  
 13 “ thorow out all England free : England.
- “ Yea from Northwales to westchester,  
 and also to cauntry ; The King is  
 & when you haue chosen the best you can, confident of  
 17 the wager must goe with mee.” winning.
- “ If that prooue,” says queene Katherine,  
 “ soone that wilbe tride & knowne ; We shall see,  
 many a man counts of another mans pursse, says the  
 21 & after looseth his owne.” Queen.
- The queene is to her palace gone,  
 to her page thus shee can say, She calls her  
 “ come hither to me, dicke Patrinton, page,  
 25 trusty & trew this day ;

RENOWNED *ROBIN HOOD*: OR,  
 His famous Archery truely related, with  
 the worthy exploits he acted before  
 Queen Katherine, he being an Out-law-  
 man, and how she for the same obtained  
 of the King, his own, and his fellows  
 pardon. To a new Tune.\*

[Picture] [Picture]  
 GOLD tane from the Kings Harbengers,  
*down, a down, a down,*

As seldome hath been séen,  
*down, a down, a down,*  
 And carryed by bold *Robin Hood*,  
 for a Present to the Quéen,  
*down, a down, a down.*

If that I live a† year to an end,  
 thus gan Quéen *Katherine* say :  
 Bold *Robin Hood*, I will be thy friend  
 and all thy Yeomen gay.

It then goes on with l. 22 above, al-  
 tered ; but we get the terms of the wager  
 stated below in note\*.

\* There is another black-letter copy of this  
 ballad (Wood, 402, fol. 10, b.), London, Printed  
 for F. Grove on Snow Hill, with slight varia-  
 tions. The second part begins with the verse—

What is the wager, said the Queen,  
 that must I now know here ?  
 Three hundred tun of Renish Wine,  
 three hundred tun of Beer.

† one.—Pepys (in his copy of the *Garland*).

and instructs  
him to find  
her archers,

“Thou must bring me the names of my archers  
all,  
all strangers must they bee,  
yea from north wales to west chester,  
29 & alsoe to Couentrie.

to commend  
her to Robin  
Hood and  
his fellows,

“Commend me to Robin Hood,” says queene  
Katherine,  
“and alsoe to litle John,  
& specially to will <sup>1</sup> Scarlett,  
33 ffryar tucke & maid Marryan :

to change  
their names,

“Robin Hood we must call loxly,  
& little John the Millers sonne ;  
thus wee then must change their names,  
37 they must be strangers euery one.

and to bid  
them be  
present in  
London on  
St. George's  
day.

“Commend mee to Robin Hood,” sayes queene  
Katherine,  
“& marke, page, what I say,  
In London they must be with me  
41 [upon St. George's day] <sup>2</sup>

[*half a page missing.*]

<sup>1</sup> The line that runs through the *ll* in the MS. may be meant, as in early MSS., as a mark of contraction, so that “*william*” should be in the text.

<sup>2</sup> Copied in by Percy from the stanza following, l. 44. Wood's ballad 401 has :

And as thou goest to *Nottingham*,  
search all those *English Wood*,  
Enquire of one good Yeoman or another  
that can tell thee of *Robin Hood*.

Sometimes he went, sometimes he ran  
as fast as he could win,  
And when he came to *Nottingham*  
there he took up his *Inne*.

And when he came to *Nottingham*,  
and had took up his *Inne*,  
He call'd\* for a Pottle of Rhenish  
Wine,  
and drank a health to his *Queen*.

There sate a Yeoman by his side,  
tell me swéet Page, said he,  
What is thy businesse or thy cause  
so far in the North-Country.

This is my business, and the † cause,  
sir, I'll tell it you for good ;  
To inquire of one good Yeoman or an-  
other  
to tell me of *Robin Hood*.

\* calls.—Pepys.

† my.—Pepys.

- " these words hath sent by me,  
 att London you must be with her  
 44 Vpon s<sup>t</sup> Georgs day : <sup>1</sup>
- " Vpon s<sup>t</sup> Georgs day att Noone  
 att London needs must you bee ;  
 Shee wold not misse *your* companie  
 48 for all the gold in cristinty.
- " Shee hath tane a shooting for *your* sake,  
 the greatest in Christentie,  
 & her part you must needs take  
 52 Against her prince Henery.
- " Shee sends you heere her gay gold ring  
 a trew token for to bee;  
 & , as you are banisht man,  
 56 shee trusts to sett you free."
- " And I loose that wager," says bold Robin hoode,  
 " Ile bring mony to pay for me,  
 & wether that I win or loose,  
 60 on my queenes part I will be."

[page 17.]

He does her bidding,

and gives her gay gold ring as a token.

Robin promises to be with her.

The 2<sup>d</sup> part.<sup>2</sup>

- IN sommer time when leaues grow greene  
 & flowers are fresh & gay,  
 then *Robin Hood* he deckt his men  
 64 eche one in braue array ;

Robin decks himself and his men bravely,

I'll get my horse betimes in the morn,  
 by it be break of day,  
 And I will shew thée bold *Robin Hood*  
 and all his Yeomen gay.

She bids you Post to fair *London Court*,  
 not fearing any thing,  
 For there shall be a little sport,  
 and she hath sent you her Ring.

When that he came at *Robin Hood's* place  
 he fell down on his knée :  
 Quēen *Katherine* she doth gréet you well,  
 she gréets you well by me.

<sup>1</sup> April 23 ; but this hardly suits the "sommer time" of l. 61.—F.

<sup>2</sup> in the left margin of the MS.—F.

He deckt his men in lincolne greene,  
 hinselſe<sup>1</sup> in scarlett red,  
 fayre of theire brest then was it ſeene  
 68 when his ſiluer armes were ſpread.

and makes  
 for London.

with hatt's white and fethers blacke,  
 & bowes & arrowes keene,<sup>2</sup>  
 & thus he ietted<sup>3</sup> towards louly London  
 72 to preſent<sup>4</sup> queene Katherine.

He and they  
 kneel before  
 the Queen.

But when they cam to louly London  
 they kneeled vpon their knee ;  
 ſayes, "god you ſaue, queene Katherine,  
 76 and all your dignitie !"

[*half a page missing.*<sup>5</sup>]

<sup>1</sup> for himself. One stroke of an *im*, *nn*, &c. is often missing in the MS. —F.

<sup>2</sup> Palsgrave has, "Heed your arrowes with *Strande* heedes, for they be beest, *ferrez voz fleches de fers faitz a Strande, car ilz sont les meilleurs*, p. 582, col. 2. —F.

<sup>3</sup> I iette with facyon and countenaunce to set forthe myselſe, *Je braggue*. I jette, I make a countenaunce with my legges, *Je me jamboye*. Palsgrave, 1530 (ed. 1852).—F.

<sup>4</sup> for "present himself to." I present a person or a thyng unto ones presence. *Je presente*. Palsgrave.—F.

<sup>5</sup> To supply it take the following from Wood's ballad—

And when he came at *London's* Court,  
 he fell down on his knée,  
 Thou art welcom *Locksley* said the Quéen  
 and all thy Yeomen thrée.\*

The King is † into *Finsbury*-field,  
*down, a down, a down,*  
 marching in gallant ray, ‡  
*down, a down, a down,*  
 And after follows bold *Robin Hood*,  
 and all his Yeomen gay,  
*down, a down, a down.*

\* Yeomandree.—Pepys.  
 King's gone.—Pepys.

‡ battle array.—Pepys.  
 § now.—Pepys.

|| Rhenish of.—Pepys.  
 ¶ said.—Pepys.

*The Second Part to the same Tune.*

COME hither *Tepus* (said the King)  
*down, a down, a down,*  
 Bow-bearer after me :  
*down, a down, a down.*  
 Come measure me out with this line,  
 how long our mark shall be.  
*down, a down, a down.*

What is the wager said the Quéen ?  
 that must I néeds § know here,  
 Thrée hundred Tun of Rhenish || Wine,  
 three hundred Tun of Béer.

Thrée hundred of the fattest Harts  
 that runs on *Dallom-Lee* :  
 That's a Princely wager said the King,  
 that néeds must I tell thée.

With that bespake one *Clifton* then,  
 full quickly and full soon,  
 Measure no mark for us most Sovereign  
 Liege,  
 wée'l shoot at Sun and Moon.

Full fiftéen score your mark shall be,  
 full fiftéen score shall stand,  
 I'le lay my Bow quoth ¶ *Clifton* then,  
 I'le cleave the willow-wand.



- . . . . . of my guard," [page 18.]  
 thus can king henry say,  
 " & those that wilbe of queene Katerines side,  
 80 they are welcome to me this day.
- " Then come hither to me, Sir Richard Lee,<sup>1</sup>  
 thou art a knight full good,  
 well it is knowen ffrom thy pedygree,  
 84 thou came from Gawiins<sup>2</sup> blood."
- " Come hither, bishopp of hereford," quoth queene  
 Katherine,—  
 a good preacher I watt was hee,—  
 " & stand thou heere vpon a odd side,  
 88 on my side for to bee."
- " I like not that," says the bishopp then,  
 " by faikine<sup>3</sup> of my body,  
 for If I might haue my owne will,  
 92 on the kings I wold bee."
- " What will thou be against vs," says Loxly then,  
 & stake it on the ground ? "  
 " that will I doe, fine fellow," he says,  
 96 & it drawes to 500<sup>th</sup> pound."
- " There is a bett," says Loxly then ;  
 " weele stake it merrily ; "  
 but Loxly knew full well in his mind  
 100 & whose that gold shold bee.

The Queen  
calls on Sir  
Richard Lee  
to take her  
side,

and on the  
Bishop of  
Hereford ;

but the  
Bishop  
prefers the  
King's,

and at  
Loxly's  
challenge  
stakes 500*l.*  
on the King's  
side.

With that the Kings Archers led about,  
 while it was threé and none :  
 With that the Ladies began to shout,  
 Madam your game is gone.

A boon, a boon, Quéen *Katherine* cries,  
 I crave on my bare knée,  
 Is there any \* Knight of your privy  
 counsel  
 of Quéen *Katherines* part will be.

<sup>1</sup> See " Lytel Geste," the Syxte Fytte, st. 15, " that gentyll knyght, Syr Rychard at the Lee ; " also st. 7 and 57 of the Seventh Fytte.—H.

<sup>2</sup> Gower's. Wood's ballad 401.—F.

<sup>3</sup> *Quasi* I'feekin.—P. Scotch *Gude faikins* ; *My faiks*, by my faith. Jamieson.—F.

The  
shooting.

Then the queenes archers they shot about  
till it was 3 and 3.

Then the ladys gaue a merry shout,  
104 sayes " woodcocke,<sup>1</sup> beware thine eye."

A tie.

" Well, gam & gam," then quoth our king,  
the third 3 payes for all ;"  
then Robine rounded<sup>2</sup> with our queene,  
108 says, " the kings part shall be small."

<sup>3</sup>Loxly puld forth a broad arrowe,  
110 he shott it vnder hand,

. . . . . s vnto . . . . .

[half a page missing.]

[page 19.]

. . . . .  
" for once he vndidd mee ;  
if I had thought it had beene bold *Robin Hoode*  
113 I wold not haue betted one peny.

<sup>1</sup> I take this to refer not to a bird shot at (see willow-wand in the note above), but to the King and his party: " Among us in England, this bird is infamous for its simplicity or folly, so that a *woodcock* is proverbially used for a simple, foolish person." Willoughby, *Ornithol.* III. i. § 1., in Nares. Fr. *Beccassé*, Gulled, abused, woodcockised, made a woodcocke. Cot.—F.

<sup>2</sup> whisper'd.—P. A.-S. *runian*, to whisper.—F.

<sup>3</sup> Wood's ballad 401 goes on—

*Robin Hood* he led about,  
he shot it under-hand,  
And *Clifton* with a bearing Arrow,  
he clave the Willow-wand.

And little *Midge* the Millors Son.  
he shot not much the worse,  
He shot within a finger of the prick ;  
now Bishop beware thy purse.

A boon, a boon, Quéen *Katherine* crys,  
I craue on my bare knée ;

That you will angry be with none,  
that is of my party.

They shall have forty days to come,  
and forty days to go,  
And thrée times forty to sport and play,  
then welcome friend or foe.\*

Then thou art welcome *Robin Hood* said  
the Quéen,  
and so is little *John*,  
So is *Midge* the Millors Son,  
thrice welcome every one.

Is this *Robin Hood*, the King now said ?  
for it was told to me,  
That he was slain in † *Pallace-Gate*,  
so far in the *North-Country*.

Is this *Robin Hood*, said ‡ the Bishop  
then ?  
as I see § well to be,  
Had I thought it || had been that bold  
Out-law,  
I would not bet one penny.

\* every one.—Pepys.  
† in the.—Pepys.

‡ quoth.—Pepys.  
§ as it seems.—Pepys.

|| I known he.—Pepys.

- “ Is this *Robin Hood*,” says the bishopp againe,  
 “ once I knew him to soone,  
 he made me say a masse against my will  
 117 att 2 a clocke in the afternoone ;
- “ He bound me fast vnto a tree,  
 Soe did he my merry men,  
 he borrowed 10<sup>li</sup> against my will,  
 121 but he neuer paid me againe.”
- “ What & if I did ? ” says bold *Robin Hood*,  
 of that Masse I was full faine ;  
 in recompence, befor King & queene  
 125 take halfe of thy gold againe.”
- “ <sup>1</sup> I thanke thee for nothing,” says the bishopp,  
 “ thy large gift to well is knowne,  
*that* will borrow a mans mony against his will,  
 129 & pay him againe *with* his owne.”
- “ What if he did soe,” says King Henery,  
 “ for that I loue him neuer the worsse ;  
 take vp thy gold againe, bold *Robin Hood*,  
 133 & put [it] in thy purse :
- “ If thou woldest leaue thy bold outlawes  
 and come & dwell *with* me,  
 then I wold say ‘ thou art welcome bold *Robin Hood*,  
 137 the flower of archery.’ ”
- “ I will not leaue my bold outlawes  
 for all the gold in Christentie ;  
 in merry Sherwood Ile take my end,  
 141 vnder my trusty tree ;
- <sup>1</sup> Wood's ballad 401 ends here with the following stanza :—
- Now nay, now nay, says little *John*,  
*down, a down, a down.*
- Master, that may not be ;  
*down, a down, a down.*  
 We must give gifts to the Kings Officers  
 that Gold will serve thee and me.  
*down, a down, a down.*

The Bishop recalls a previous interview with Robin.

Robin offers semi-restitution.

The Bishop thanks him for nothing.

The King defends Robin,

and invites him to live at court.

Robin will not leave his bold outlawes and merry Sherwood,

but he will  
always hold  
himself at  
the Queen's  
service.

“And gett your shooters,<sup>1</sup> my leeig, where you will,  
for in faith you shall haue none of me,  
& when queene Katherine puts up her f[inger]  
145 att her graces commandement Ile bee.”

[*half a page missing.*]

<sup>1</sup> Fr. *tireur*, a shooter. Cotgrave.—F.

## Little John, the Beggar, and the three Palmers.<sup>1</sup>

THIS ballad differs slightly from "Little John and the Four Beggars." There Little John's comrades provide him with "a palmer's weed, with a staff and a coat and bags of all sort;" and the churls whom he presently chastises and plunders are four beggars. Here he procures his beggar's attire by an exchange, and the tramps who pay so dear for their insolence are three palmers.

2 . . . . <sup>2</sup> beggar," he sayes,  
" with none such fellows as thee."

[page 20.]

I am not in Iest," said litle Iohn,  
" I sweare all by the roode ;  
change with mee," said little Iohn,  
6 " & I will giue thee some boote.<sup>3</sup>"

Little John  
persuades an  
old beggar

<sup>1</sup> Our title. Percy's is "Fragm<sup>t</sup> Little John & the four Beggars."—F.

<sup>2</sup> By way of opening we can only copy the following verses from Antony à Wood's ballad 401, fol. 34, "A new merry song of Robin Hood & Little John, shewing how Little John went a begging, & how he fought with the four beggars. The tune is Robin Hood, and the Begger."

All you that delight to spend some time  
With a hey down, down, a down, down,  
A merry Song for to sing,

Unto me draw néer and you shall hear  
how little *John* went a begging.

As *Robin Hood* walked the forrest along,

\* And all his Yeomandree,

Sayes *Robin*, some of you must a begging  
go,  
and little *John*, it must be thee.

Sayes *John*, if I must a begging go,  
I will have a palmers weed,  
With a staff and a Coat, and bags of all  
sort,  
The better that † I shall speed.

<sup>3</sup> amends, compensation, A.-S. *bót*.  
—F.

\* With a hey, &c.—Pepys's copy of the *Garland*.

† then.—Pepys.

to change  
clothes with  
him

But he has gotten on this old mans gowne,  
it reacht not to his crest :  
" christs curse ons hart," said litle Iohn,  
10 " that thinkes my gowne amisse."

But he has gotten on this old mans shoes  
are clouted 9 fold about ;  
" beshrew his hart," says Litle Iohn,  
14 " that bryer or thorne does doubt.<sup>1</sup>

and to give  
him a lesson  
in begging.

" Wilt teach me some phrase of thy begging?" says  
Iohn,  
" I pray thee, tell it mee,  
how I may be as beggar-like  
18 as any in my companie."

" Thou must goe 2 foote on a staffe,  
the 3<sup>d</sup> vpon a tree ;  
full loud that thou must cry & fare,  
22 when nothing ayleth thee."

John walks  
towards  
Nottingham

But Iohn he walket the hills soe high,  
soe did [he] the hills soe browne ;  
the ready way that he cold take  
26 was towards Nottingham towne.

and meets  
three  
palmers.

But as he was on the hills soe high,  
he mett with palmers 3,  
sayes, " god you saue, my brethren all,  
30 now god you saue and see !

They villify  
him.

" This 7 yeere I haue you sought ;  
before I cold neuer you see !"  
said they, " wee had neuer such a cankred carle  
34 were neuer in our companie."

<sup>1</sup> fear. " I dowte, I feare, or drede a person. *Je craings.*" Palsgrave.—F.



But one of them tooke litle Iohn on his head, One strikes  
him.  
 the blood ran over his eye ;  
 37 little Iohn turnd him 2: about

[half a page missing.<sup>1</sup>]

“If I . . . .  
 as I haue beene but one day, [page 21.]  
 I shold haue purchased 3 of the best churches  
 41 that stands by any highway.”  
 ffins.

<sup>1</sup> Wood's ballad 401, fol. 34, goes on with—

Nay said little *John* Ile not yet be gone  
 for a bout will I have with you round.

Now have at you all then said little *John*,  
*with a hey*,  
 If you be so full of your blows,  
 Fight on all four and nere \* give ore,  
 whether you be friends or foes.

*John* nipped the dumb and made him to  
 rore  
*with a hey*:  
 And the blind that could not see.  
 And he that a Cripple had been seven  
 years  
 he made them run faster then he.

And flinging them all against the wall,  
*with a hey*.  
 With many a sturdie bang  
 It made *John* sing to hear the gold ring  
 † which again the walls cryed twang.

Then he got out of the beggers Cloak  
*with a hey*.  
 Threé hundred pound in gold,  
 Good Fortune had I then said little  
*John*  
 such a good sight to behold.

But what found he in a beggers bag  
*with a hey*,  
 But three hundred pound and three,  
 If I drink water while this doth last  
 then an ill death may I dye.

And my begging trade I now will give o're  
*with a hey, &c.*

My fortune hath ‡ bin so § good,  
 Therefore Ile not stay but I will away  
 to the Forrest of merry *Sherwood*.

But when to the Forrest of *Sherwood* he  
 came,  
*with a hey*,  
 he quickly there did see  
 His Master good bold *Robin Hood*  
 and all his company.

What news, what news, then || said *Robin  
 Hood*,  
*with a hey*.

Come little *John* tell unto me,  
 How hast thou sped with thy beggers  
 trade,  
 for that I fain would see.

No news but good, then || said little *John*,  
*with a hey*,  
 With begging ful wel I have sped,  
 Six ¶ hundred and three I have here for  
 thee  
 in silver and gold so red.

Then *Robin Hood* took little *John* by \*\*  
 ye hand,  
*with a hey*,  
 And danced about the Oak tree,  
 If we drink water while this doth last  
 then an il death may we die.

So to conclude my merry new Song  
*with a hey*,  
 All you that delight it †† to sing,  
 Tis of *Robin Hood* that Archer good,  
 and how little *John* went a begging.

\* never.—Pepys.

† against the walls cry.—Pepys.

‡ it hath.—Pepys.

§ Printed fo.

|| no then in Pepys.

¶ Three.—Pepys.

\*\* the.—Pepys.

†† no it in Pepys.

## Robin Hoode his death.

This is a curious old song, and not in print.—*Percy*.

THIS version of the last moments of the great outlaw's life differs in both incident and language from all the current ones. The novelty and the vigour of it make its fragmentary state especially deplorable. The opening scene, which gives an interesting picture of the affection and the independence of the merry-men towards their master, is new. The black water, and the plank across it, and the old woman kneeling on the plank and cursing Robin Hood as he with Little John approaches, and the other dark presage that meets them, are all new. What passes at the Priory is here given more fully and with a more life-like presentment. The part which Red Roger took in the murder, just referred to and no more elsewhere, is here described fully, with the just vengeance that followed it. In a word, this version, tattered and torn as it is, must be counted a very valuable addition to the Robin Hood cycle of ballads.

The oldest, probably, of the current versions is that of the "Lytel Geste" (printed by Wynken de Worde, but probably composed a century before his time: see Introduction to Robin Hood Ballads):

Yet he was begyled, i-wys,  
Through a wycked woman,  
The prioresse of Kyrkesly,  
That nye was of hys kynne;

For the love of a knyght,  
Syr Roger of Donkestèr,  
That was her owne speciall,  
Full evyll mote they fare.

They toke togyder theyr counsell  
 Robyn Hode for to sle  
 And how they myght best do that dede  
 His banis for to be.

Then bespake good Robyn,  
 In place where as he stode,  
 "Tomorow I muste to Kyrkesley,  
 Craftely to be leten blode."

Syr Roger of Donkestere  
 By the pryoresse he lay,  
 And there they betrayed good Robyn Hode,  
 Through theyr false playe.

Cryst have mercy on his soule,  
 That dyed on the rode!  
 For he was a good outlaw,  
 And dyde pore men moch god.

The "Lytel Geste," as has already been said, is made up of many old ballads about Robin Hood, strung together and assorted by some editor of Henry VII.'s time. Its account of his death (which reads very much like an epitome) is probably founded on some older ballad. That older ballad may have been the one now for the first time printed in our text.

The life in the well-known Sloane MS. is mainly based on the "Lytel Geste." Its story of the death is as follows: "Dystempered with could and age, he had great payne in his lymmes, his bloud being corrupted. Therfore to be eased of his payne by letting bloud he repayred to the priores of Kyrkesly, wh some say was his aunt, a woman very skylful in physique & surgery; who, perceyving him to be Robyn Hood & waying howe fel an enemy he was to religious persons, toke reveng of him for her owne howse & all others by letting him bleed to death. The buried him under a greate stone by the hywayes side. *It is also sayd that one Sir Roger of Dancastre, bearing grudge to Robyn for some iniury, incited the priores wth wheme he was very familiar in such manr to dispatch him.*"

In "Robyn and Gandelyn" (Sloane MS. No. 2593) to Robyn  
 "in grene wode bowndyn,"

There came a schrewde arwe out of the west,  
 That felde Robert's pryde.

The fatal arrow is shot by one Wrennok of Doune, who, in return, has his heart cleft in twain by Gandelyn's shaft. But, as Ritson points out (see his "Ancient Songs and Ballads," i. 81), this Robyn is probably one Robyn Lyth, who gives his name to the cave at Flamborough Head. The ballad belongs to the Robin Hood cycle, as Mr. Wright remarks in his reprint of it (see "Songs and Carols," No. 10), but it does not relate to the central hero of it.

In Martin Parker's somewhat insipid "True Tale of Robin Hood," written in Charles I.'s reign, a revolt amongst his followers (the poetaster is thinking of things contemporary, no doubt) brings on a fever.

He hied him with all speed  
 Unto a nunnery, with intent  
 For his health's sake to bleed!

A faith'less friar did pretend  
 In love to let him blood;  
 But he by falsehood wrought the end  
 Of famous Robin Hood.

The prioress is mentioned only as burying him.

Fuller, in his "Worthies," 1662, writing of Robin, wonders "how he escaped the hand of justice, dying in his bed, for ought is found to the contrary. But it was because," he says, "he was rather a merry than a mischievous thief, complementing passengers out of their purses, never murdering any but deer, and this popular Robber feasted the vicinage with venison."

In "Robin Hood's Garland" (of which the earliest known edition appeared in 1670, containing sixteen ballads) Robin goes alone to

Kirkley. When he finds himself bleeding to death in the solitary room in which his cousin has locked him, he summons Little John by three blasts of his horn, and then shoots the arrow whose fall is to mark his grave. Red Roger is not heard of.

In "Robin Hood and the Valiant Knight," Robin falls ill in the greenwood.

He sent for a monk to let him blood,  
Who took his life away.

In "Le Morte de Robin Hode," a quite modern piece printed in Hone's "Every-day Book," from an odd collection of MS. songs in the editor's possession, the prioress is represented as the outlaw's sister, and as poisoning him.

This brief mention of these other accounts of Robin's end will serve to show the preciousness of the present version.

V. 3. Cf. Drayton's "Polyolbion," of the Calder.

It chanced she in her course on Kirkley cast her eye  
Where merry Robin Hood, that honest thief, doth lie.

(He was buried near the scene of his death.) Dr. Stukeley, in the second vol. of his "Itinerarium Curiosum," gives an engraving of "The prospect of Kirkleys Abbey, where Robin Hood dyed," which Mr. Gutch reproduces in his "Lytel Geste of Robin Hood," (2 vols. London, 1847).

V. 21. Cf. "Robin Hood and the Monk," vv. 39-66, where Robin gives odds.

"I WILL neuer eate nor drinke," Robin hood said,  
"nor meate will doo me noe good,<sup>1</sup>  
till I haue bene att Merry church Lees  
4 my vaines for to let blood."

Robin must  
needs go to  
Kirklees to  
be bled.

<sup>1</sup> Cp. "Mete ne drynk shall do me [no] good ar I se the dye." *Sir Degrevant*, l. 1739-40.—F.

Scarlet urges  
him to go  
escorted,

“That I reade not,” said will scarlett,  
“*Master*, by the assente of me,  
without halfe 100<sup>d</sup> of your best bowmen  
you take to goe with yee ;

8

for fear of  
Red Roger.

“For there is a good yeoman doth abide,  
will be sure to quarrell with thee,  
and if thou haue need of vs, *master*,  
in faith we will not flee.”

12

Robin  
refuses ;

“And thou be feard, thou *william* Scarlett,  
att home I read thee bee,—”  
“and you be wrothe, my deare *Master*,  
you shall Neuer heare more of mee :—”

16

will take no  
one but  
Little John.

“for there shall noe man with me goe,  
nor man with mee ryde,  
and litle Iohn shall be my man,  
and beare my benbow by my side.”

20

“Youst<sup>1</sup> beare your bowe, *Master*, your selfe,  
nor shoote for a peny with mee.”

“to that I doe assent,” Robin Hood sayd,  
“and soe, Iohn, lett it bee.”

24

Robin and  
John set off.  
They come  
to a black  
water, with  
a plank  
across it,

They 2 bolde children shotten<sup>2</sup> together  
all day their selfe in ranke  
vntill they came to blacke water,  
& over it laid a planke.

28

<sup>1</sup> You must, you'll have to. Still used in Lancashire. The nearest use of *'st*, *is to*, *art to*, in Yorkshire (see p. 20, note <sup>4</sup>) is, that if one labourer gave another his master's order, “thoo's t' gau t' Stowsley Sat'rda', fost train,” and the other labourer objected, the speaker would tell him that he must go, that he'd

have to go, thus: “thoo's t' gan all t' same.”—J. C. Atkinson.

<sup>2</sup> went quickly. “Old Norse *skjota*; Dutch, *schieten*; Germ. *schieszen*, to dart, shoot, move with impetuosity.” Wedgwood. “Hys fote *schett* [slipt] and he felle downe.” *Syr Tryamour*, ed. Halliwell, Percy Soc. 1846, p. 52, l. 1547.—F.



- Vpon it there kneeled an old woman  
 was banning<sup>1</sup> Robin Hoode ;  
 31 "Why dost thou bann Robin Hoode?" said Robin,  
 [half a page missing.]
- . . . . .
- "to giue to Robin Hoode  
 wee weepen for his deare body  
 34 that this day must be lett bloode."  
 [page 22.] Robin is to die.
- "The dame prior is my aunts daughter,  
 and nie vnto my kinne,  
 I know shee wold me noe harme this day  
 38 for all the world to winne."  
 The Prioress is his cousin, he says, and to be trusted.
- Forth then shotten these children 2,  
 and they did neuer lin<sup>2</sup>  
 vntill they came to merry churchlees,  
 42 to Merry churchlee with-in.  
 They proceed to Kirklees.
- And when they came to Merry church lecs  
 they knoced vpon a pin<sup>3</sup> :  
 vpp then rose dame Prioressse,  
 46 and lett good Robin in.  
 They are admitted by the Prioress.
- Then Robin gaue to dame prioressse  
 20<sup>o</sup> pound in gold,  
 and bad her spend while that wold last,  
 50 and shee shold haue more when shee wold.  
 Robin gives her 20l., and promises more.

<sup>1</sup> I warrye, *I banne* or curse. *Je mauldís*. This is a farre northren terme. Palsgrave.—F.

<sup>2</sup> A.-S. *linnan*, to cease: the base of A.-S. *blinnan*, E.-Engl. *blin*, cease, without the intensive prepositional *b*. Milton

uses the word in his *Reason of Church Government*, "never *lin* pealing our ears." Works, ed. 1738, vol. i. p. 74.—F.

<sup>3</sup> The metal peg under a knocker. See *thirld upon a pin*, in "Glasgerion," below.—F.

She gets her  
"blood  
irons,"

And downe then came dame prioresse,  
downe she came in that ilke,<sup>1</sup>  
with a *pair* off blood Irons <sup>2</sup> in her hands  
54 were wrapped all in silke.

bids him  
bare his  
arm,

"Sett a chaffing dish to the fyer," said dame  
prioresse,  
"and stripp thou vp thy sleeue."  
I hold him but an vnwise man  
58 *that* will noe warning leeve.<sup>3</sup>

and opens a  
vein.

Shee Laid the blood Irons to Robin Hoods vaine,  
alacke, the more pitye !  
& pearct the vaine, & let out the bloode  
62 that full red was to see.

It bleeds  
and bleeds.

Robin  
suspects  
treason.

And first it bled, the thicke thicke bloode,  
& afterwards the thinne,  
& well then wist good Robin Hoode  
66 treason there was within.

Little John  
asks what  
cheer, and is  
told "but  
little."

"What cheere my *master* ?" said litle Iohn,  
68 "In faith, Iohn, litle goode."

[*half a page missing.*]

Robin  
answers  
Red Roger.

"I haue upon a gowne of greene<sup>4</sup>  
is cut short by my knee,  
& in my hand a bright browne brand  
72 *that* will well bite of thee."

[page 23.]

<sup>1</sup> same (time).—F.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. "I launce a sore, as a cyrurgien  
dothe, with a launsyng yron." *Jenscise*.  
Palsgrave.—F.

<sup>3</sup> *i.e.* believe.—P. Cp. "He that winna  
be counsellid canna be helped."—*Scottish*

*Proverbs*, ed. Hislop, p. 351. "Ae word  
is enough to the wise," p. 352; "he's  
wise that's timely wary," p. 353.—F.

<sup>4</sup> This line read and copied in by  
Percy.—F.

But forth then of a shop<sup>1</sup> windowe  
 good *Robin Hood* he could glide :  
 Red Roger with a grounding glaue<sup>2</sup>  
 76 thrust him through the milke white side.

Red Roger  
 stabs him.

But *Robin* was light & nimble of foote,  
 & thought to abate his pride,  
 ffor betwixt his Head & his shoulders  
 80 he made a wound full wide.

Robin cuts  
 him down.

Says "ly there, ly there, Red Roger,  
 the doggs they must thee eate,  
 for I may haue my houzle," he said,  
 84 "for I may both goe & speake."

"Now giue me mood,<sup>3</sup>" Robin said to litle Iohn,  
 "giue me mood with thy hand ;  
 I trust to god in heauen soe hye  
 88 my houzle will me bestand."

"Now giue me leaue, giue me leaue, *Master*," he  
 said,  
 "for christs loue giue leaue to me  
 to set a fier within this hall  
 92 & to burne vp all church lee !"

Little John  
 wishes to  
 burn down  
 the hall and  
 the church.

"That I reade not," said *Robin Hoode* then,  
 "litle Iohn, for it may not be,  
 if I shold doe any widow hurt, at my latter end,  
 96 god," he said, "wold blame me ;

Robin  
 forbids.

<sup>1</sup> ? shaped, cut out, carved.—F.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* sword. "A ground or sharpened  
 spear-head." Compare

He gyrdes hym in at þe gorge with his  
 gryme launce,

þat þe growndene glayfe graythes in  
 sondyre.

*Morte Arthure* (ed. Perry, E. E. Text  
 Soc.) p. 110, l. 3761-2.

<sup>3</sup> help?; Du. *moedt*, courage (Hexham),  
*moed* (Sewel).—F.

He asks  
Little John  
to bear him  
into the  
street, and  
there bury  
him,

100      “ But take me vpon thy backe, litle Iohn,  
            & beare me to yonder streete,  
            & there make me a full fayre graue  
            of grauell & of greete <sup>1</sup>;

with his  
sword at his  
head and  
his arrows at  
his feet.

104      “ And sett my bright sword at my head,  
            mine arrowes at my feete,  
            & lay my vew-bow <sup>2</sup> by my side  
            my met-yard <sup>3</sup> wi . . . . .

[*half a page missing.*]

<sup>1</sup> greet, *i. e.* gritt, whence gritty.—P.

<sup>2</sup> ben-bow.—P. “bowe of vewe” in  
“Floddon Field,” l. 319, ed. Weber.—F.

<sup>3</sup> a measuring rod; generally a tailor’s.

*Grumio*, “take thou the bill, giue me thy  
*meat-yard*, and spare not me.”—*The  
Taming of the Shrew*, Actus Quartus,  
p. 224, col. 2. Booth’s reprint.—F.

### King Arthur and the King of Cornwall.<sup>1</sup>

THIS piece has been already printed from the fol. MS. by Sir Frederick Madden, in his "Syr Gawayne."

The story, as that learned editor says, is "a close imitation of the famous *gabs* made by Charlemagne and his companions at the court of King Hugon, published by M. Michel from a MS. in the British Museum [King's Library MSS. 16 E. viii.], London, 1830, and transferred at a later period to the prose romance of Galien Rethoré, printed by Verard, fol. 1500, and often afterwards."

King Charles, in the romance edited by M. Michel, and assigned by him to the twelfth century, recrowned at St. Denis, and exulting, is rebuked by his queen for his pride, and assured that she has seen a far nobler prince than he. The king, irritated by this humiliating assertion, insists on knowing whom she means, and when he knows, determines on visiting him. With his twelve peers he makes a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and on his return visits the court of the surpassing prince, who is Hugo, King of Constantinople. He is most hospitably received, and in due time conducted to a chamber considerably furnished with thirteen beds. When he and his twelve are comfortably distributed in these, he suggests that each one of them should make a *gab*—an extravagant boast, a fanfaronnade. Charles, commencing the sport,—we quote, for the sake of brevity, not from the original romance, but from M. Ménage's account of "Roman de Galien Restauré," to be found in Menagiana I. 110 *et seq.* of the third edition, Paris, 1715 (a good account of the tale published by

<sup>1</sup> Percy's title. No other copy known.

M. Michel may be seen in Mr. Wright's "Essays on the Literature of the Middle Ages")—"Se vanta que d'un revers de Joyeuse sa bonne épée il couperoit net par le milieu un homme couvert d'un harnois du plus fin acier; Roland, que du seul bruit de son cor il feroit tomber cinquante toises des murailles du Palais du Roy Hugon; Oger, qu'en tirant du bout du doight une corde qu'il auroit nouée au tour du gros pilier qui étoit au milieu de la sale, il le renverseroit et tout l'édifice en même tems." And so they brag on. But King Hugo, unhandsoemly, had stationed a spy in their chamber—"un homme caché dans le creux du gros pilier." The spy, as soon as the worthy *gabeurs* are asleep, reports their conversation. King Hugo by no means enters into the humour of it, but next day gravely insists that each vaunt must be verily performed. Charlemagne, sorely perplexed, betakes himself to his prayers. They are answered. And so, with the assistance of Heaven and of King Hugo's daughter, to whom Oliver's *gab* related, the emperor and his paladins are extricated from the difficulties brought on them by their ill-timed rhodomontade. Such is the basis of the present fragment. The story, originally belonging to that cluster of romances which connect Charlemagne with the East, and entitled "Comment Charels de Fraunce voiet in Jherusalem e par parols sa feme à Constantinople par ver roy Hugon," seems to have been extensively popular. It was translated into Icelandic, and inserted in a saga—"Sagum of Karlamagnum og Hoppum Hans."

It is greatly altered in the present version. King Arthur's character is saved from any imputation of braggadocio. An Anglo-Saxon MS. (Calig. A. xv.) speaks of "Elevatio Francorum" and "ira Brittonum," which phrases may happily characterise the French and English versions of the story. Charlemagne's boasts spring from mere wantonness. The Arthurian vows are the result of the King of Cornwall's insolence. Here indeed the King of Cornwall plays the gascon, not the King of Little



Britain. The English adapter of the piece has transferred the vice to the foreign potentate. We may also note how the plain, unadorned spy of the French original is in the Northern version transformed into a hideous monster, with seven fire-breathing heads. Perhaps with the French warp have been interwoven threads of a quite distinct origin. The piece may be a fusion of several pieces.

The phrase in v. 198, being a very common one about the end of the sixteenth century, suggests to Sir Frederick Madden that the version may belong to that period.

There is known no other allusion to the intrigue with Queen Guinevere of which the King of Cornwall boasts. But Holinshed says of her too truly, "She was evil reported of, as noted of incontinence and breach of faith to her husband." See "Sir Lambwell."

Sir Marramiles is not heard of elsewhere. Sir Bredbeddle is the "Green Knight," the hero of the romance of the name.

"Little Britain" is of course Armorica.

For the steed and the trick of its management, compare the horse of brass in Chaucer's "Squyer's Tale."

[saies, "come here Cuzen gawaine so gay]"<sup>1</sup> [page 24.] King Arthur  
 my sisters sonne be yee; calls Gawain  
 ffor you shall see one of the fairest round tables, to look at  
 4 that euer you see with your eye." his Round  
 Table.

then bespake Lady *Queen* Gueneuer, Guenever  
 & these were the words said shee: says she  
 "I know where a round table is, thou noble *King*, knows where  
 8 is worth thy round table & other such 3. there is a  
 much fairer  
 one.

<sup>1</sup> "come here, Cuzen, Gawaine, so gay;" was the first line before the binder cut it.—P. The bottoms of the letters left To the best of my remembrance this suit better those in the text above.—F.

- “The trestle that stands vnder this round table,” she  
said,  
“lowe downe to the mould,  
it is worth thy round table,<sup>1</sup> thou worthy *King*,  
12 thy halls, and all thy gold ;
- “the place where this round table stands in,  
it is worth thy castle, thy gold, thy fee ;  
and all good litle britaine.”
- If Arthur would know  
where it is,  
let him seek  
till he finds  
it. 16 “where may that table be, Lady ?” quoth hee,  
or where may all that goodly building be ?”  
“you shall it seeke,” shee says, “till you it find,  
for you shall neuer gett more of me.”
- The King  
vows to find  
it, 20 then bespake him Noble *King* Arthur,  
these were the words said hee ;  
“Ile make mine avow to god,  
& alsoe to the trinity,
- and bids Sir  
Marramiles,  
Tristeram,  
Gawain, and  
Bredbeddle,  
be his  
fellows in  
the search, 24 “Ile never sleepe one night, there as I doe another,  
till *that* Round Table I see !  
*Sir* Marramiles and *Sir* Tristeram,  
fellows *that* ye shall bee ;
- he and they  
disguised as  
palmeres. 28 “weele be clad in palmeres weede,  
5 palmeres we will bee ;  
There is noe outlandish man will vs abide,  
Nor will vs come nye.”
- 32 then they riued<sup>2</sup> east & thé riued west,  
in many a strange country ;
- They face  
eastward and  
westward. then they tranckled<sup>3</sup> a litle further,  
they saw a battle new sett ;  
“now, by my faith,” saies Noble *King* Arthur,  
37 . . . . . well [mett]  
[*half a page is here torn away.*]

<sup>1</sup> the *d* of *round* and the *e* of *table*  
have tags like *esses* to them.—F.

<sup>2</sup> riued, *i.e.* arrived.—P.

<sup>3</sup> travelled, qu.—P. Dutch *trantelen*  
or *tranten*, to goe lazely, softly, or a soft  
pace (Hexham, 1660).—F.

- But when he cam to this . . . C . . . ,<sup>1</sup> [page 25.] They come  
 & to the palace gate, to the palace  
 soe ready was ther a proud porter, gate,  
 41 & met him soone therat. and meet a  
 proud porter,
- shoes of gold the porter<sup>2</sup> had on,  
 & all his other rayment was vnto the same ;  
 “ now, by my faith,” saies Noble *King* Arthur,  
 45 “ yonder is a minion<sup>3</sup> swaine.”
- Then bespake Noble *King* Arthur, to whom  
 these were the words says hee : Arthur offers  
 “ come hither, thou proud porter,  
 49 I pray thee come hither to me.
- “ I haue 2 poore rings of my finger, a ring for  
 they better of them Ile giue to thee ; information  
 tell who may be Lord of this castle,” he sayes, who is the  
 53 “ or who is lord in this cuntry ?” lord of the  
 castle and  
 country.
- “ Cornwall *King*,” the porter sayes, The King of  
 “ there is none soe rich as hee ; Cornwall,  
 neither in christendome, nor yet in heathennest, says the  
 57 none hath soe much gold as he.” Porter.
- & then bespake him Noble *King* Arthur, Arthur  
 these were the words sayes hee : repeats his  
 “ I haue 2 poore rings of my finger, offer of the  
 the better of them Ile giue thee ring, if the  
 if thou wilt greete him well, cornewall *King*, Porter will  
 63 and greete him well from me, announce  
 him

<sup>1</sup> Percy suggests “ that castle to,” but these words do not suit the parts of letters left.—F.

<sup>2</sup> There was a change in porters by 1611. “ *Taquin*: m. A niggard, miser,

micher, penie-father, pinch-crust, hold-fast; also, a *Porter*, or any such base companion.” Cotgrave.—F.

<sup>3</sup> *mignon*: Minion, daintie, neat, spruce. Cotgrave.—F.

and pray his  
master for  
board and  
lodging for  
him.

“pray him for one nights lodging, & 2 meales meate,  
for his love that dyed vppon a tree ;  
A vne<sup>1</sup> ghesting, & two meales meate,  
67 for his loue that dyed vppon a tree,

The Porter  
does so.

“A vne<sup>1</sup> ghesting of 2 meales meate,  
for his love that was of virgin boirne,  
& in the morning *that* we may scape away,  
71 either without scath or scorne.”

then forth his gone this proud porter,  
as fast as he cold hye ;  
& when he came befor cornewall *King*,  
75 he kneeled downe on his knee.

sayes, “I haue beene porter-man, at thy gate,  
this 30 winter and three . . . [? MS.]

[*half a page is wanting.*]

78 . . . . . our Lady was borne. [page 26.]  
then thought cornewall *King* these palmers had  
beene in *Brittaine*.

The King  
asks his  
guests if  
they know  
anything of  
one, King  
Arthur.

then bespake him Cornwall King,  
these were the words he said there :  
82 “did you euer know a comely *King*,  
his name was King Arthur ?”

& then bespake him Noble *King* Arthur,  
these were the words said hee :  
“I doe not know that comly *King*,  
but once my selfe I did him see.”  
88 then bespake cornwall *King* againe,  
these were the words said he :

<sup>1</sup> one ; repeating l. 64. Fr. *hostelage*, a bed or night's lodging for a guest. Cot.—F.

- 90 sayes, "7 yeere I was clad & fed,  
in Litle Brittain, in a bower ;  
I had a daughter by King Arthurs wife,  
that now is called my flower ;
- 94 for King Arthur, that kindly Cockward,<sup>1</sup>  
hath none such in his bower ;
- "for I durst sweare, & saue my othe,  
that same lady soe bright,
- 98 that a man *that* were laid on his death bed  
wold open his eyes on her to haue sight."  
"Now, by my faith," sayes noble King Arthur,  
" & thats a full faire wight ! "
- 102 & then bespake cornewall againe,  
& these were the words he said<sup>2</sup> :
- "Come hither, 5 or 3 of my knights,  
& feitch me downe my steed ;
- 106 King Arthur, that foule Cocke-ward,  
hath none such, if he had need.
- "for I can ryde him as far on a day,  
as King Arthur can doe any of his on 3.
- 110 & is it not a pleasure for a King  
when he shall ryde forth on his Iourney ?
- "for the eyes that beene in his head,  
thé glister as doth the gleed.<sup>3</sup> "
- 114 "Now, by my faith," says Noble King Arthur,  
that is a well faire steed.<sup>4</sup> " [? MS.]  
[*half a page is wanting.*]

The King  
boasts of a  
daughter  
born to him  
by Arthur's  
wife.

Arthur has  
none such.

Then he  
boasts of his  
steed.

Arthur has  
none such.

His eyes  
glisten like  
fire.

<sup>1</sup> cuckwold.—P. Cp. *The Horn of King Arthur*, l. 17-18, Child i. 18—

"He was *kokwold* sykerly ;  
ffor sothe it is no lesyng."

There is a French phrase, *Voyager en Cornouaille* : To be a cuckold ; or to haue his head horne-graffed at home while his feet are plodding abroad. Cotgrave.—F.

<sup>2</sup> said he. MS. he hight.—Percy (who puts l. 99-102 as a four-line stanza.—F.).

<sup>3</sup> In Shropshire Gleed or Gleds signifies embers, vide p. 80 [of MS.] N.B. *gled* A.-Sax. est *pruna*, a live coal.—P.

<sup>4</sup> Percy reads "That is a noble steed, qu."

116 "nobody say . . . . . [page 27.]  
but one *thats* learned to speake."

After hearing all these boastings, Arthur retires to rest with his fellows.

Then *King* Arthur to his bed was brought,  
a greeined man was hee ;  
120 & soe were all his fellowes with him,  
from him thé thought neuer to flee.

"A loathly fiend" is posted by their bedside to eavesdrop.

then take they did that lodly boome,<sup>1</sup>  
& under thrub chadler<sup>2</sup> closed was hee ;  
124 & he was set by *King* Arthurs bed-side,  
to heere theire talke & theire comunye ;

that he might come forth, and make proclamation,  
long before it was day.  
128 it was more for *King* cornwalls pleasure,  
then it was for *King* Arthurs pay.<sup>3</sup>

Arthur vows he will be the bane of the King.

& when *King* Arthur in his bed was laid,  
these were the words said hee :  
132 "Ile make mine avow to god,  
and alsoe to the trinity,<sup>4</sup>  
that Ile be the bane of Cornwall Kinge,  
litle brittaine or euer I see !"

Gawain reproves him.

136 "it is an vnaduised vow," saies Gawaine the gay,  
"as ever *King* hard make I ;  
but wee *that* beene 5 christian men,  
of the christen faith are wee ;  
140 & we shall fight against anynted *King*  
& all his armorie."

<sup>1</sup> ? beam, log. Du. *boom*, a Tree, a Barre, or a turning Logg, to lock and open into the entrance of a Haven. Hexham.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Cp. the bunge of the *trubchandler*, l. 172. A kind of tub? Phillips gives

*Trub* or *Trubtail*, a little squat woman. *Trubs*, a sort of herb.—F.

<sup>3</sup> t. i. pleasure.—F.

<sup>4</sup> This and the line above are written as one in the MS.—F.



& then bespake him Noble Arthur,  
 & these were the words said he :  
 144 “ why, if thou be afraid, *Sir* Gawaine the gay,  
 goe home, and drinke wine in thine owne country.”

“ Go home if  
 you are  
 afraid,”  
 retorts  
 Arthur.

THE 3<sup>d</sup> PART.<sup>1</sup>

AND then bespake *Sir* Gawaine the gay,  
 and these were the words said hee :  
 148 “ nay, seeing you have made such a hearty vow,  
 heere another vow make will I.

“ Nay,”  
 answers  
 Gawain, “ I  
 will vow  
 too.”

“ Ile make mine avow to god,  
 and alsoe to the trinity,  
 152 *that* I will haue yonder faire lady  
 to litle brittaine with mee.

I vow to  
 carry off the  
 fair lady we  
 have heard  
 of.”

“ Ile hose<sup>2</sup> her homly to my hurt,<sup>3</sup>  
 & with her Ile worke my will ; ”

[*half a page is wanting.*]

[*top line pared away.*]

156 these were the words sayd hee :  
 “ befor I wold wrestle with yonder feend,  
 it is better be drowned in the sea.”

[page 28.]

and then bespake *Sir* Bredbeddle,  
 160 & these were the words said he :  
 “ why, I will wrestle with yon lodly feend,  
 god ! my gouernor thou wilt bee.”

Bredbeddle  
 offers to  
 encounter  
 the feend.

<sup>1</sup> in the left margin of the MS. See Kennett, in MS. Lansd. 1033. Halli-  
 —F. well.—F.

<sup>2</sup> cuddle. *Hose*, to embrace, from *halse*. <sup>3</sup> t. i. heart.—F.

Then bespake him Noble Arthur,  
 164 & these were they words said he :  
 “ what weapons wilt thou haue, thou gentle knight ?  
 I pray thee tell to me.”

he sayes, “ Collen brand<sup>1</sup> Ile haue in my hand,  
 168 & a Millaine knife<sup>2</sup> fast by me knee ;  
 & a Danish axe<sup>3</sup> fast in my hands,  
*that a sure weapon I thinke wilbe.*”

<sup>1</sup> Hall speaks of “ long speres called Collegne clowystes.” 5th year of Henry VIII. “ Espée de Collogne.—L'Allemagne a, pendant longtems, joui d'une juste réputation pour la trempe et la solidite des armes blanches ; encore de nos jours on estime particulièrement les lames fabriquées à Klingenthal, bourg du Bas-Rhin :” in “ Proverbes et Dictons populaires avec les dits du mercier et des marchands et les crieries de Paris aux xiii<sup>e</sup> et xiv<sup>e</sup> siècles, publiés d'après les manuscrits de la Bibliothèque du Roi, par J. A. Crapelet, Imprimeur.” Paris, 1831.—H.

“ Coleyne threde” only is mentioned in *The Libel of English Policy* (Pol. Songs, ed. Wright, v. 2, p. 171).—F.

<sup>2</sup> Cp. l. 169 of “ Eger & Grine” below : “ My Habergion that was of Millaine fine.”

In “ Sir Degrevant,” *Florence* swords are noticed—

“ Bot twey swerdus thei bene  
 off *Florence* ful kene.” l. 1608.

“ The dealers in miscellaneous articles were also called *milliners*, from their importing *Milan* goods for sale, such as brooches, aiglets, spurs, glasses, &c.” Saunders's *Chaucer*, p. 241-2.—F.

<sup>3</sup> “ Haiche de Danemarche.

“ Lès haiches du Nord étoient fort estimées au moyen âge.”—*Crapelet*.

“ Hache noresche out mult bele.”  
*Wace*, v. 13,391.

“ una Hachet Denesh,” in Plac. Coronæ de An. 12 Edw. 1 Cornub. Blount 54.

“ Les hasches estoient les armes particulieres des Danois. *Isaac. Pontanus lib. V. Rer. Danicar.* parlant de l'équipage des soldats Danois qui furent enuoyez par Godwin au Roy Kanut. ‘ Pendebant de humeris sinistris *Danice secures* auro similiter argentoque redimitæ undique.’ D' où vient que souuent dans les Autheurs les *hasches* sont nommées *Danoises*. Guillaume le Briton, l. xi. Philipp.

Hastis confractis mucronibus atque  
 cutellis  
 Insistunt, *Dacisque securibus* excerebrant se.

Et plus bas au mesme liure :

Nil miseros longa arma inuant, nil  
 Dacha bipennis.

Le Roman des Loherenes :

Et portent glaiues et espiés Poiteuins  
*Haches Danoises* por lancier et *ferir*.

Il est encore parlé de ces *hasches Danoises* dans l'Autheur de *La Vie de Guillaume I. Roy d'Angleterre*, p. 192 ; en la *Chron. de Flandres*, chap. ix., &c. ; *Orderic Vital.* l. xiii. a dit *Norica securis*.—Dufresne's *Geoff. de Ville-Hardouin. Observations*, p. 298, fol. 1657 (referred to by Sir F. Madden in his reprint of this ballad).—H.

In Denmarke were fulle noble conquerours  
 In tyme passed, fulle worthy werriours.

*Libel*, p. 177.—F.

- Then with his Collen brand *that* he had in his hand,  
 the bunge of the trubchandler he burst in 3 ;  
 173 with that start out a lodly feend,  
 with 7 heads, & one body.
- the fyer towards the element flew  
 out of his mouth, where was great plentie ;  
 177 the knight stode in the middle, & fought,  
*that* it was great Ioy to see,
- till his collaine brand brake in his hand,  
 & his millaine knife burst on his knee ;  
 181 & then the danish axe burst in his hand first,  
 that a sur<sup>1</sup> weapon he thought shold be.
- but now is the knight left without any weapons,  
 & alacke ! it was the more pitty ;  
 185 but a surer weapon then had he one,  
 had neuer *Lord* in Christentye :  
 & all was but one litle booke,  
 he found it by the side of the sea.
- 189 he found it at the sea-side,  
 wrucked<sup>2</sup> upp in a floode ;  
 Our *Lord* had written it with his hands,  
 & sealed it with his bloode.
- [*half a page is wanting.*]
- 193 "That thou doe not s . . . . . [page 29].  
 but ly still in that wall of stone ;  
 till I haue beene with Noble *King* Arthur,  
 & told him what I haue done."

With his brand he smashes in the bung of the tub wherein the fiend lies concealed. Out starts the fiend, fire-breathing.

They fight.

All the knight's weapons fail him.

But he has a surer one, a little book which he found by the sea-side,

written by our Lord's own hand and sealed with his blood.

He orders the beaten fiend to lie still, while he reports to Arthur his success.

<sup>1</sup> sure.—P.

<sup>2</sup> rucked, *i.e.* crowded all of a heap

or ruck.—P. thrown up as *wrack*. —F.

He goes to  
Arthur's  
chamber,

And when he came to the *Kings* chamber,  
he cold of<sup>1</sup> his curtesie,  
199 says, "sleepe you, wake you, noble *King* Arthur?  
& euer Iesus waken yee!"

"Nay, I am not sleeping, I am waking,"  
these were the words said hee :  
203 "ffor thee I haue card ; how hast thou fared ?  
O gentle knight, let me see."

the knight wrought<sup>2</sup> the *King* his booke,  
bad him behold, reede, and see ;  
207 & euer he found it on the backside of the leafe,  
as Noble Arthur wold wish it to be.

who wishes  
to see the  
fiend.

& then bespake him *King* Arthur,  
"alas ! thow gentle knight, how may this be,  
211 that I might see him in the same licknesse  
*that* he stood vnto thee ?"

Bredbeddle  
says he shall,  
if he will be  
firm.

and then bespake him the greene knight,<sup>3</sup>  
these were the words said hee :  
215 "if youle stand stifly in the battell stronge,  
for I haue won all the victory."

then bespake him the *King* againe,  
& these were the words said hee :  
219 "if wee stand not stifly in this battell strong,  
wee are worthy to be hanged all on a tree."

Bredbeddle  
conjures the  
foul fiend to  
appear just  
as it had  
appeared  
before.

then bespake him the greene Knight,  
these were the words said he :  
223 saies, "I doe coniure thee, thou fowle fiend,  
in the same licknesse thou stood vnto me."

<sup>1</sup> knew of, remembered.—F.

<sup>2</sup> rought, reached.—F.

<sup>3</sup> See the Romance of the Green Knight, p. 203 [of MS.].—P.

- with that start out a lodly feend, It does so.  
 226 with 7 heads, & one body ;  
 the fier towards the element flaugh <sup>1</sup>  
 out of his mouth, where was great plenty.
- the knight stood in the Middle p . . . . .  
 [*half a page is wanting.*]
- 230 . . . they stood the space of an houre, [page 30.]  
 I know not what they did.
- And then bespake him the greene knight,  
 & these were the words said he :  
 234 saith, " I coniure thee, thou fowle feend,  
 that thou feitch downe the steed that we see."
- Bredbeddle  
orders the  
fiend to  
fetch the  
steed above  
boasted of.
- & then forth is gone BURLow-BEANIE,  
 as fast as he cold hie ; It fetches it.  
 238 & feitch he did *that* faire steed,  
 & came againe by & by.
- Then bespake him *Sir* Marramiles,  
 & these were the words said hee :  
 242 " Riding of this steed, brother BREDBEDDLE,  
 the mastery belongs to me."
- Sir Mar-  
ramiles  
proposes to  
ride it,
- Marramiles tooke the steed to his hand,  
 to ryd him he was full bold ;  
 246 he cold noe more make him goe  
 then a child of 3 yeere old.
- but he  
cannot make  
it stir.
- he laid vpon him *with* heele and hand,  
 with yard that was soe fell ;  
 250 " helpe ! brother Bredbeddle," says Marramile,  
 " for I thinke he be the devill of hell.

<sup>1</sup> flew.—P.

“ helpe ! brother Bredbeddle,” says Marramile,  
 “ helpe ! for christs pittye ;  
 254 ffor without thy help, brother Bredbeddle,  
 he will neuer be rydden *pro me*.”

The fiend,  
 conjured by  
 Bredbeddle,  
 says that

Then bespake him *Sir Bredbeddle*,  
 these were the words said he :  
 258 “ I coniure thee, thou Burlow-beane,  
 thou tell me how this steed was riddin in his  
 country.”

there is a  
 gold wand  
 in the King's  
 study  
 window,

he saith, “ there is a gold wand  
 Stands in *King Cornwall's* study windowe ;

which will  
 make the  
 steed go.

262 “ let him take that wand in *that* window,  
 & strike 3 strokes on that steed ;  
 & then he will spring forth of his hand  
 as sparke doth out of Gleede.<sup>1</sup>”

266 & then bespake him the greene knight,

[*half a page is wanting.*]

A lowd blast he may blow then [? MS.]

[page 31.]

Bredbeddle  
 orders the  
 fiend to fetch  
 the powder  
 box.

& then bespake *Sir Bredebeddle*,  
 to the ffeend these words said hee :  
 270 says, “ I coniure thee, thou Burlow-beanie,  
 the powder-box thou feitch me.”

It fetches it.

Then forth is gone Burlow-beanie  
 as fast as he cold hie ;  
 274 & feich he did the powder-box,  
 & came againe by & by.

<sup>1</sup> Vid. note p. 26 [of MS.].—P. A.-S. *gléd*, red-hot coal.—F.



Then *Sir Tristeram* tooke powder forth of *that* box,  
 & blent it with warme sweet milke ;  
 & there put it vnto that horne,  
 278 & swilled<sup>1</sup> it about in that ilke.

Tristeram  
 rinses the  
 horn with  
 warm sweet  
 milk and  
 the powder ;

then he tooke the horne in his hand,  
 & a lowd blast he blew ;  
 he rent the horne vp to the midst,  
 282 all his ffellowes this thé knew.

then blows  
 a blast.  
 The horn is  
 rent in  
 twain.

Then bespake him the greene knight,  
 these were the words said he :  
 saies, "I coniure thee, thou *BurLOW-beanie*,  
 286 *that* thou feitch me the sword *that* I see."

Bredbeddle  
 orders the  
 fiend to fetch  
 the sword.

Then forth is gone *BurLOW-beanie*,  
 as fast as he cold hie ;  
 & feitch he did that faire sword,  
 290 & came againe by & by.

He fetches  
 it.

Then bespake him *Sir BREDBEDDLE*,  
 to the *King* these words said he :  
 "take this sword in thy hand, thou noble *King arthur* !  
 294 for the vowes sake *that* thou made Ile giue it th[ee;]

Bredbeddle  
 bids King  
 Arthur go  
 and strike  
 off the King  
 of Corn-  
 wall's head.

and goe strike off *King Cornewalls* head,  
 in bed were he doth lye."  
 Then forth is gone Noble *King Arthur*,  
 298 as fast as he cold hye ;  
 & strucken he hath off *King Cornwalls* head,  
 & came againe by and by.

He does so.

he put the head vpon a swords point,

[*half a page wanting.*]

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* rinsed it, washed it, *Verb. Salop.*—P.

### Sir Lionell.

WE have not discovered any other copy of the ballad here presented in a sadly fragmentary state. Among King Arthur's knights there is a Sir Lionell, the son of King Beort and so a kinsman of Lancelot. But there is no ground for identifying him with the hero of this piece, who is called the son of Sir Egrabell. There is, however, a much more than accidental likeness between this ballad and "The Jovial Hunter of Bromsgrove, or the Old Man and his three Sons" in Mr. Bell's "Ancient Poems, Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England," printed for the first time (as Mr. Bell tells us) by Mr. Allies of Worcester, but of long previous popularity in Worcestershire and some of the adjoining counties. The hero is one Sir Ryalas, one of Old Sir Robert Bolton's three sons. On spying the lady in the tree-top, he at once, by her advice, blows a blast, and brings out the wild boar. They fight for four hours, and the boar is slain. The lady turns out to be warmly attached to the boar, and presently shares her monstrous paramour's fate. The refrain is "Wind well thy horn, good hunter," alternating with "For he was a jovial hunter" or some very similar line. The same refrain as that of Percy's ballad occurs in an old song, sung to "a spirited tune," of Henry VIII.'s time, in MSS. Reg. append. 58, printed in Mr. Chappell's "Popular Music of the Olden Time," v. 1, p. 58.

Blow thy horne, hunter,  
 Cum, blow thy horne on hye!  
 In yonder woode there lyeth a doe,  
 In fayth she woll not dye.  
 Cum, blowe thy horne, hunter!  
 Cum, blow thy horne, joly hunter!

"It must be remembered," says Mr. Chappell in a letter to

the editors, "that such *burdens* as this were commonly sung as an under-song, or ground-base to the tune, while the soloist sang the verses of the ballad. The burden was not merely sung at the end of each stanza, as in later times."

Sir Graysteel, in the romance called after him and Sir Eger and Sir Grime, demands the little finger of Sir Eger's right hand as a token of victory, just as the giant Sir Lionell's in v. 43.

[page 32.]

SIR Egrabell had sonnes 3, { } blow thy horne, good hunter, Sir Lionell  
 Sir Lyonell was one of these { } as I am a gentle hunter.

- 6 Sir Lyonell wold on hunting ryde  
 vntill the forrest him beside, rides a  
 hunting,
- And as thé rode thorow the wood  
 where trees & harts & all were good, sees a  
 knight slain,
- 10 And as he rode over the plaine,  
 there he saw a knight lay slaine.
- And as he rode still on the plaine,  
 he saw a lady sitt in a graine<sup>1</sup>: and farther  
 on a lady  
 sitting up a  
 tree,
- 14 "Say thou, lady, & tell thou me,  
 what blood shedd heere had bee."
- "Of this blood shedd we may all rew,  
 both wife & childe and man alsoe, who says
- 18 "for it is not past 3 days right  
 since Sir Broninge was mad a knight, that the  
 slain knight  
 is Sir  
 Broning,
- "Nor it is not more than 3 dayes agoe  
 since the wild bore did him sloe." slain three  
 days ago by  
 the wild  
 boar.

<sup>1</sup> in graine, *i. e.* in scarlet.—P.

- 22 "Say thou, lady, & tell thou mee,  
how long thou wilt sitt in *that* tree."
- The lady  
will not  
move till her  
friends  
fetch her.
- She said, "I wilt sitt in this tree  
till my friends doe feitch me."
- 26 "Tell me, lady, & doe not miste,  
where that *your* friends dwellings is."
- "downe," shee said, "in yonder towne,  
there dwells my freinds of great renowne."
- 30 Says, "Lady, Ile ryde into yonder towne  
& see wether *your* friends beene bowne<sup>1</sup> ;
- "I my self wilbe the formost man  
that shall come, lady, to feitch you home."
- Riding off  
to fetch the  
lady's  
friends,
- 34 But as he rode then by the way,  
he thought it shame to goe awaw,  
and vnbethought<sup>2</sup> him of a while,<sup>3</sup>  
how he might that wilde bore beguile.
- Lionell feels  
ashamed to  
go.
- 38 "Sir Egrabell," he said, "my father was,  
he neuer left lady in such a case ;
- "Noe more will I" . . . . .  
[*half a page missing.*]
- The giant  
demands  
from Lionell  
his hawks  
and hounds,
- 41 "and a[fter<sup>4</sup>] that thou shalt doe mee [page 33.]  
thy hawkes & thy lease alsoe ;

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.* ready.—P.

<sup>2</sup> The word still exists in Lancashire. "He's the very mon for yo! Aw've just *unbethought* mo! He knows more cracks [stories] nor onybody o' this side."—Waugh's *Lancashire Sketches*, 1857, p.

207. But originally the *un* was *um*, A.-S. *umb*, *yumb*, about. A.-S. *unbezoht*, is unthought, inconsiderate; while *yumbpencan* is to think about.—F.

<sup>3</sup> wyle.—P.

<sup>4</sup> MS. blotted.—F.

- 43 "soe shalt thou doe at my command  
the litle fingar on thy right hand.<sup>1</sup>" and the  
little finger  
of his right  
hand.
- "Ere I wold leaue all this with thee,  
vpon this ground I rather dyee." He objects.
- 47 The Gyant gaue Sir Lyonell such a blow,  
the fyer out of his eyen did throw. The giant  
strikes him  
fiercely.
- He said then, "if I were saffe<sup>2</sup> & sound  
as with-in this hower I was in this ground,  
51 "It shold be in the next towne told  
how deare thy buffett it was sold ; Sir Lionell  
says if he  
were only as  
undamaged  
as he had  
been an  
hour before,
- "And it shold haue beene in the next towne said  
how well thy buffett it were paid." men should  
tell how he  
repaid that  
stroke.
- 55 "Take 40 daies into Spite<sup>3</sup>  
to heale thy wounds that beene soe wide ; The giant  
bids him  
take forty  
days to  
make  
himself well,  
and then  
return.
- "when 40 dayes beene at an end,  
heere meete thou me both safe & sound,
- 59 "And till thou come to me againe,  
with me thoust<sup>4</sup> leaue thy lady alone."
- when 40 dayes was at an end,  
Sir Lyonell of his wounds was healed sound, After forty  
days, he  
rides to the  
tryst ; his
- 63 He tooke with him a litle page,—  
he gaue to him good yeomans wage,—

<sup>1</sup> See in "Eger and Grine," below, how the knight cuts off the little fingers of all whom he conquers.—F.

<sup>2</sup> safe.—P.

<sup>3</sup> ? in spital or hospital.—H. But if Dr. Mahn (in *Webster's Dictionary*) is right in identifying *reprieve* with *reproof*, as I have no doubt he is, tracing both to

the Latin *re-probare*, then the Promptorium, "Spyyle, repref or schame (spite, repreve or schame), *obprobrium*," leads at once, in form at least, to the *reprieve*, the 40 days' grace, that we want here.—F.

<sup>4</sup> See note to *thoust* in "Robin Hood and the Butcher," l. 28, p. 20, above.—F.

And as he rode by one hawthorne,  
even there did hang his hunting horne.

bugle blows  
towards the  
south. 67

He sett his bugle to his mouth,  
& blew his bugle still full south ;

The lady  
hears and  
comes to  
him,

He blew his bugle lowde & shrill ;  
the lady heard, & came him till,

and says  
that the  
giant is  
confident of  
success. 71

Sayes, " the Gyant lyes vnder yond low,<sup>1</sup>  
& well he heares your bugle blow,

" And bidde me<sup>2</sup> of good cheere be,  
this night heele suppe with you & me."

He sets the  
lady on a  
horse, 75

Hee sett that lady vpon a steede,  
& a litle boy before her yeede,

bidding her  
flee if she  
sees the  
battle going  
against  
him. 78

And said, " lady, if you see that I must dye,  
as euer you loued me, from me flye ;

" But, lady, if you see *that* I must lye,"

[*half a page missing.*]

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* hill.—P.

<sup>2</sup> ? MS. eue[r].



## Captaine Carre.<sup>1</sup>

THE earlier part of this version of a well-known ballad is almost identical with the copy in the Cotton MSS. (Vespas. A. xxv.) printed by Ritson in his "Ancient Songs," with the striking burden given in the MS. (which is omitted in some reprints from him), viz. :

Syck, sicke, and to towe sike,  
*And sicke, and like to die!*  
 The sikkest nighte that ever I abode!  
 God lord, on me have mercy!

(Compare

When I fell sick, an' very sick,  
 An' very sick, just like to die,

in "Jamie Douglas" in Mr. Bell's "Early Ballads." The iteration is extremely effective.) The end is different. So are the local names throughout. The atrocity here described is said to have been actually perpetrated in the year 1571. See Chambers' "Scottish Ballads," p. 67. As its perpetrator acted under the direction of Adam Gordon of Auchindown, the Marquis of Huntly's brother, the ballad is frequently known as "Edom o' Gordon." Under that name, taken down by Sir David Dalrymple from the recitation of a lady, it was first printed at Glasgow in 1755.

Ten years afterwards, modified by the fragment now for the first time given to the light, it appeared in the "Reliques." There is current yet another version, called "Loudoun Castle," printed by Prof. Child from "The Ballads and Songs of Ayrshire," first

<sup>1</sup> Our title: Percy's is "A Fragment of another ballad, of Cap<sup>t</sup> Carr & his burning of a lady & 3 Child<sup>r</sup>." He adds, "In many things it resembles an

old Scottish song lately publish'd, intitled Edom of Gordon, 1759.—*Mem.* To correct the Scottish ballad by it.—T. P."

series, p. 74, where it is taken from a "Statistical Account of the Parish of Loudoun."

The popularity implied by this variety is not to be wondered at. There is no more vivid picture of a wild truculent time; nor in the picture of any time can there be seen a nobler figure than the lady here, with her touching tender love of her children, her high invincible spirit, alone, undismayed, true to the death.

---

"To the castle of Britons-borough," the man says.	4	<sup>1</sup> "faith, <i>Master</i> , whither you will, whereas you like the best, vnto the castle of Bittons borrow, and there to take <i>your</i> rest."	[page 34.]
"The lord is absent."	8	"But yonder stands a Castle faire, is made of lyme & stone, yonder is in it a fayre lady, her lord is ridden & gone."	
The lady sees a host approaching.	12	The lady stood on her castle wall, she looked vpp and downe, she was ware of an hoast of men came rydinge towards the towne.	
	16	"See you not, my merry men all, & see you not what I doe see? Methinks I see a hoast of Men; I muse who they shold be."	
She thinks it is her lord. It is Captain Carr, lord of Westerton.	20	She thought it had beene her louly <i>Lord</i> , he had come ryding home: it was the traitor, <i>Captaine Carre</i> , the <i>Lord</i> of Westerton towne.	

<sup>1</sup> The copy in the Cotton Library, which was printed by Ritson in his *Ancient Songs*, ii. 38, has the following first stanza:—

It befell at Martynmas  
 When wether waxed colde,  
 Captaine Care saide to his men,  
 "We must go take a holde."—F.

They had noe sooner super sett,  
 & after said the grace,  
 but the traitor Captaine Carre  
 24 was light about the place.

At the  
 beginning of  
 supper,  
 Captain  
 Carr arrives,

“Giue over thy house, thou Lady gay,  
 I will make thee a band,<sup>1</sup>  
 all night *with-in* mine armes thoust Lye,  
 28 to-morrow be the heyre of my Land.”

and bids  
 her  
 surrender  
 the house.

“He not giue over my house,” shee said,  
 “neither for Ladds nor man,  
 nor yet for traitor Captaine Carre,  
 32 vntill my lord Come home ;

She stoutly  
 refuses,

But reach me my pistoll pee,<sup>2</sup>  
 & charge you well my gunne,  
 He shoote at the bloody bucher,  
 36 the lord of westerton.”

calls for her  
 pistol,

She stood vpon her castle wall  
 & let the bulletts flee,  
 39 and where shee mist . . . . .<sup>3</sup>

and fires it.

[*half a page missing.*]

<sup>1</sup> bond, agreement.—F.

<sup>2</sup> p<sup>de</sup> (*perdè*).—P. piece.—F.

<sup>3</sup> The Cotton copy has

She myst the bloody bucher,  
 And slew other three.

“I will not geve over my hous,” she  
 saithe,

“Neither for lord nor lowne,  
 Nor yet for traitour Captain Care,  
 The lord of Easter-towne.

“I desire of Captaine Care  
 And all his bloddye band,  
 That he would save my eldest sonne,  
 The care of all my lande.”

“Lap him in a shete,” he sayth,  
 “And let him downe to me,

And I shall take him in my armes,  
 His warran wyll I be.”

The captayne said unto himselfe  
 Wyth sped before the rest ;  
 He cut his tonge out of his head,  
 His hart out of his breast.

He lapt them in a handkerchef,  
 And knet it of knotes three,  
 And cast them over the castel-wall  
 At that gay ladye.

“Fye upon thee, Captaine Care,  
 And all thy bloddy band  
 For thou hast slayne my eldest  
 sonne,  
 The ayre of all my land.”—H.

Her little  
child  
complains of  
the smoke.

43 But then bespake the litle child  
that sate on the nurses knee,  
saies, "mother deere, giue ore this house,  
for the smoake it smoothers me."

[page 35.]

47 "I wold giue all my gold, my childe,  
soe wold I doe all my fee,  
for one blast of the westerne wind  
to blow the smoke from thee."

51 But when shee saw the fier  
came flaming ore her head,  
shee tooke then vpp her children 2,  
Sayes, "babes, we all beene dead!"

The lady and  
her three  
children  
are burnt.

55 But Adam<sup>1</sup> then he fired the house,  
a sorrowfull sight to see:  
now hath he burned this lady faire  
& eke her children 3.

Carr rides  
away from  
the scene of  
his atrocity.

59 Then Captaine Carre he rode away,  
he staid noe longer at that tide,  
he thought that place it was to warme  
soe neere for to abide;

63 He calld vnto his merry men all,  
bidd them make hast away,  
"for we haue slaine his children 3,  
all, & his Lady gay."

The lady's  
lord in  
London  
hears of  
what has  
been done,

67 Worde came to louly london,  
to london wheras her lord lay,  
"his castle & his hall was burned  
all, & his lady gay.

<sup>1</sup> Adam Car is not unlike Edom of Gordon.—P.

Soe hath he done his Children 3,  
 more dearer vnto him  
 then either the siluer or the gold  
 71 that men soe faine wold win."

But when he looket this writing on,  
 Lord, in is hart he was woe!  
 saies, "I will find thee, Captaine Carre,  
 75 wether thou ryde or goe!

and vows to  
 find Captain  
 Carr.

"Buffe<sup>1</sup> yee, bowne yee, my merrymen all,  
 with tempered swords of steele,  
 for till I haue found out Captaine Carre,  
 79 my hart it is nothing weele."

But when he came to dractons Borrow,  
 soe long ere it was day,  
 & ther he found him, Captaine Carre ;  
 83 that night he ment to stay.

He finds  
 him at  
 Dracton-  
 borough.

[*half a page missing.*<sup>2</sup>]

<sup>1</sup> *Buske* is the more usual word ; but *Buffe* may well mean—"don your buff jerkin," "arm."—F.

<sup>2</sup> The copy in Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, ii. 38, makes the husband take no vengeance on Captain Car; but that in Ritson's *Scottish Songs*, ii. 17, has :

And some they raid, and some they ran,  
 Fu fast out ovr the plain,  
 But lang, lang, eer he coud get up,  
 They were a' deid and slain.

But mony were the mudie men  
 Lay gasping on the grien ;

For o' fifty men that Edom brought  
 out,

There were but five ged heme.

And mony were the mudie men  
 Lay gasping on the grien,  
 And mony were the fair ladys  
 Lay lemanless at heme.

And round and round the waes he  
 went,  
 Their ashes for to view ;  
 At last into the flames he flew,  
 And bad the world adieu.—F.

**Sr Lancelott of Dulake.**

[page 36.]

[In the printed collection 1726. Vol. ii. p. 18.—N. III. Percy.]

THIS ballad, which has been printed again and again, was written towards the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, probably by Thomas Deloney, a notorious ballad-maker. It is nothing more than a rhymed version of certain chapters in Sir T. Malory's "Most Ancient and Famous history of the Renowned Prince Arthur, &c." (chaps. 106, 107, and 108 of the 1634 edition, lately reprinted by Mr. Wright). It is found first in the "Garland of Good Will." There are two copies of it in the Bagford Collection.

Falstaff quotes the first line except the last word, and after a brief interruption the second, which he makes "And was a worthy king," in the 2nd part of "King Henry IV." act ii. sc. iv. It is quoted also, as Mr. Chappell mentions, in Marston's "Malcontent," and Beaumont and Fletcher's "Little French Lawyer."

When  
Arthur first  
became  
king,

4

WHEN Arthur first in Court began  
& was approued king,  
by force of armes great victorys wonne  
and conquest home did bring,

he came to  
England  
with fifty  
knights of  
the Round  
Table.

8

Then into England straight he came  
with 50<sup>y</sup> good and able  
knights that resorted vnto him,  
& were of the round table.



- And many Iusts & turnaments<sup>1</sup>  
 wherto were many prest,<sup>2</sup>  
 weherin some knights did farr exell  
 12 & eke surmount the rest.
- But one Sir Lancelot of Dulake  
 he was approuved well,  
 he for his deeds & feats of armes  
 16 All others did exell.
- When he had rested him awhile  
 In play & game to sportt,  
 he said he wold goe prove himselfe  
 20 in some aduenturous sort.
- He armed rode in a fforrest wide,  
 & met a damsell faire,  
 who told him of adventures great,  
 24 wherto he gaue great eare.
- “Why shold I not?” quoth Lancelott tho;  
 For that cause came I hither.”  
 “thou seemst,” quoth shee, “a *Knight* full good  
 28 & I will bring thee thither
- Weras the worthiest *knight* doth dwell”  
 ch . . . . .<sup>3</sup>

And many  
jousts were  
held,

wherein Sir  
Lancelot  
du Lac  
greatly  
excelled all  
others.

Sir Lancelot  
seeks for  
adventures.

Riding in a  
forest, he  
meets a  
damsel,

who leads  
him to  
where dwells  
a worthy  
foeman.

[*half a page lost.*]

<sup>1</sup> The difference between justs and turnaments consists in this, that the latter is the genus, of which the former is only a species. Turnaments included all kinds of military sports and engagements made out of gallantry and diversion. Justs were those particular combats where the parties were near each other, and engaged with lance and sword: add, that the tournament was frequently performed by a number of cavaliers, who fought in a body; the just was a single combat of one man against another. *Chambers's Dict.* 1741, *Just.*—F.

<sup>2</sup> ready.—F.

<sup>3</sup> *The Garland of Good Will* (1678, reprinted by the Percy Society) reads:

That now is of great fame;  
Therefore tell me what knight thou art,  
And then what is your name.”

“My name is Lancelot du Lake.”  
Quoth she, “It like[s] me than;  
Here dwells a Knight that never was  
O’ermatched with any man;

“Who has in prison three score Knights  
And four, that he has bound,

" You vaunt  
beyond  
bearing,"  
says  
Lancelot.  
" Defend  
yourself." 34

" Thatts ouer much " *quoth* Lancelott tho, [page 37.]  
" defend thee by & by."  
they sett their speares<sup>1</sup> unto ther steeds,  
and eache att other flie.

They  
charge.

38

They coucht their speares, their horses run  
as though there had beene thunder,  
& euery stroke in midst their sheelds,  
werewith they broke in sunder.

Their  
horses' backs  
break.

They jump  
off.

42

They horssees bakes brake vnder them,  
they *knights* were both astond ;  
to avoyd their horsee they made great hast,  
& light vpon the ground.<sup>2</sup>

As they  
stand  
breathless  
and faint,

46

They wounded were, & bled full sore,  
they both for breath did stand,  
& leaning on their swords awhile,  
*quoth* Tarqine " hold thy hand,

Tarquin  
praises  
Lancelot's  
prowess ;

50

" And tell to me what I shall Aske."  
" say on," *quoth* Lancelott tho ;  
" thou art," *quoth* Tarqine, " the best *knight*  
that euer I did know,

Knights of King Arthur's Court they  
be,  
And of his Table Round."

She brought him to a river side,  
And also to a tree,  
Whereon a copper bason hung,  
His fellow shields to see.

He struck so hard, the bason broke ;  
When Tarquin heard the sound,  
He drove a horse before him straight,  
Whereon a knight lay bound.

" Sir knight," then said Sir Lancelot,  
" Bring me that horse-load hither,

And lay him down & let him rest ;  
We'll try our force together.

" And as I understand thou hast,  
So far as thou art able,  
Done great despite and shame unto  
The knights of the Round Table."

" If thou be of the Table Round,  
(*Quoth* Tarquin, speedilye,)  
" Both thee and all thy fellowship  
I utterlye defie."—H.

<sup>1</sup> t.i. spurs.—F.

<sup>2</sup> A stanza is here wanting w<sup>ch</sup> is to  
be found in y<sup>e</sup> printed copy.—P.

“ Like to a knight that I doe hate,  
 soe that thou be not hee,  
 I will deliuer all the rest,  
 54 & eke accord with thee.”

and  
 promises, if  
 he is not a  
 certain  
 knight  
 whom he  
 hates, to  
 give up his  
 captives.

“ That is well said,” said lancelott tho,  
 “ but seeth<sup>1</sup> it must soe bee ;  
 what *knight* is that, *that* thou dost hate ?  
 58 I pray thee show to mee.”

“ And pray  
 who is this  
 knight ? ”

“ His name, *Sir Lancelott dulake* is,  
 he slew my brother deere ;”

“ Sir  
 Lancelot  
 du Lac ;  
 he slew my  
 brother.”

[*half a page missing.*<sup>2</sup>]

<sup>1</sup> since.—F.  
<sup>2</sup> The old printed ballad continues:  
 Him I suspect of all the rest ;  
 I would I had him here.”

“ Thy wish thou hast, but yet unknown ;  
 I am Lancelot du Lake !  
 Now Knight of Arthur's Table Round,  
 Kind Hand's son of Senwake ;

“ And I desire thee do thy worst.”  
 “ Ho! ho!” quoth Tarquin, though,  
 “ One of us two shall end our lives  
 Before that we do go.

“ If thou be Lancelot du Lake,  
 Then welcome shalt thou be ;  
 Wherefore see then thyself defend,  
 For now defie I thee.”

They buckled then together so,  
 Like two wild boars rashing,  
 And with their swords and shields they  
 ran  
 At one another flashing.

The ground besprinkled was with blood,  
 Tarquin began to faint ;  
 For he gave back, and bore his shield  
 So low, he did repent.

This soon 'spied Sir Lancelot though ;  
 He leapt upon him then,  
 He pull'd him down upon his knee,  
 And, rushing off his helm,

And then he struck his neck in two ;  
 And when he had done so,  
 From prison, three score knights and four,  
 Lancelot delivered though.—H.

## The: Turke: & Gowin.

[page 38.]

THIS fragment is printed from the Percy Folio in Sir Frederick Madden's "Sir Gawayne."

The commencement of it strongly resembles the opening scene of the "Green Knight" (see below, vol. ii. and "Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight" in Madden's "Sir Gawayne," and among the Early English Text Society's Publications). Indeed, the commencement is probably borrowed from that poem, and imperfectly amalgamated with the main story. The proposed exchange of buffets is apparently forgotten altogether as the story proceeds. Instead of Sir Gawain's *receiving* in his turn a blow, the Turk implores and persuades him to *give* another—he offers him the other cheek.

The scene of the terrible competition to which Sir Gawain is challenged is the Isle of Man. Superstition firmly believed for many a century that that island was tenanted by a population of giants. Even when Waldron visited it about the middle of the last century, that belief prevailed. He intitules his book "The History and Description of the Isle of Man, its antiquity. . . curious and authentick Relations of Apparitions of giants that have lived under the castle, time immemorial. Likewise many comical and entertaining stories of the pranks play'd by fairies, &c." Giants had overpowered the primitive population—the fairies—said the common account, and been themselves in course of time overpowered and spell-bound by Merlin; and spell-bound they were still lying in huge subterranean chambers. "They say," says Waldron, who is himself not quite untouched by the infirmities of the islanders, "there are a great number of fine apartments underground, exceeding in magnificence any of the

upper rooms [of the Castle, at Castleton]. Several men of more than ordinary courage have in former times ventured down to explore the secrets of this subterraneous dwelling-place, but none of them ever returned to give an account of what they saw." And then he tells a story current amongst the natives how at one time an uncommonly bold fellow, well fortified with brandy, penetrated these dark regions, and at last reached light and a magnificent house, with a monster, fourteen feet long and ten or eleven round, recumbent in it, at the sight of whom he judiciously retraced his steps. So of Douglas Fort he tells us "there is certainly a very strong and secret apartment underground in it, having no passage to it but a hole, which is covered with a large stone, and is called to this day 'The great man's chamber.'" The island abounds with ancient stone circles, to some account of which a small pamphlet is devoted by Mr. Halliwell. So it was naturally enough made the scene of Sir Gawain's encounter with the giant brood.

The sports in which the monsters indulge are those, on a huge scale, which were generally in vogue at the time of the composition of the romance. The old writers could not conceive an age with different fashions from those of their own. Alexander was even as Arthur. So the giants sport after the manner of the knights. Hand-tennis (*Jeu de paume*, *pila palmaria* our 'fives') was a popular game at a very early period. Strutt quotes from the "Romance of the Three Kings' sons and the King of Sicily" (MS. Harl. 326): "The king for to assaie him made justes and tournies, and no man did so well as he; in runnyng, *playing at the pame*, shotyng, and *castyng of the barre*, ne found he his maister." Tennis-courts were common in France in Charles V.'s time (1364-1380). Our Henry VII. was a tennis-player. "Item," runs a MS. Register of his expenses in the Remembrancer's Office, "for the king's loss at tennis 12*d.*, for the loss of balls 5*d.*" In MSS. Harl. 2248 and 6271 (*apud* Strutt) we

find mentioned "tenes coats" and "drawers" and "slippers" for his son. The other sports—the flinging of the axletree, and of the huge chimney or fire-place (Cf. "Than was then on a chymenay a gret fyr that brente rede," MS. Ashmole, 33 f. 29 *apud* Halliwell s. v.)—are of one and the same kind, and a kind extremely popular in Old England, as still in the North, and in Scotland. Fitzstephen's "Description of London" informs us that such sports were in great favour in the twelfth century. In Edward III.'s time they were so much so as to endanger the practice of archery. The objects thrown or hurled were stones, darts, bars of wood and iron, and similar things. Cf. Barclay's "Ecloges" (1508), quoted by Strutt :

I can dance the raye ; I can both pipe and sing,  
 If I were merry ; I can both hurle and fling ;  
 I runne, I wrestle, *I can well throw the barre,*  
*No shepherd threweth the axeltree so farre ;*  
 If I were merry, I could well leape and spring ;  
 I were a man mete to serve a prince or king.

Verses 154–165 inclusive would seem to be an interpolation made at one of the many periods when there was felt a general disgust with the clergy—probably in the fifteenth century.

The contrast between Sir Kay and Sir Gawain—the crabbed knight and the courteous—is one often brought out. See the next piece.

LISTEN, lords great & small,  
 what aduentures did befall  
 in England, where hath beene  
 4 of knights that held the round table  
 which were doughty & profittable,  
 of kempys<sup>1</sup> cruell & keene.

<sup>1</sup> kempys *i.e.* warriors.—P.



- 8 All England both East & west,  
lords & ladyes of the best,  
they busked & made them bowne,  
& when the king sate in seate,—  
lords serued him att his meate,—  
12 into the hall a burne<sup>1</sup> there cane :
- He was not hye, but he was broad,  
& like a turke<sup>2</sup> he was made  
both legg & thye,  
16 & said, “ is there any will, as a brother,  
to giue a buffett & take another,  
giff any soe hardy bee ? ”
- Then spake sir Kay, that crabbed knight,  
20 & said “ man, thou seemest not soe wight,  
if thou be not adread,  
for there beene knights within this hall  
with a buffett will garr thee fall,  
24 & grope thee to the ground.
- “ Giue thou be neuer soe stalworth<sup>3</sup> of hand  
I shall bring thee to the ground,  
that dare I safely sweare.”  
28 then spake sir Gawaine, that worthy knight,  
saith, “ cozen Kay, thou speakest not right,  
lewd is thy answeare ;
- “ What & that man want of his witt,  
32 then litle worshipp were to thee pitt  
if thou shold him forefore.<sup>4</sup> ”

While the lords and ladies of the court were feasting,

there entered the hall a man,

short, broad, Turk-like, and offered to exchange buffets with any one.

Sir Kay derides him.

Sir Gawain reproves Sir Kay.

The Turk challenges the better of them.

<sup>1</sup> barne, *i.e.* homo. — P. Cane is for came.—F.

<sup>2</sup> A hunchback or dwarf. Compare Sir John Paston's letter, CCXCIII. ed. 1841, vol. 2, p. 46, modernised (XXX. vol. 2, p. 29, orig. ed.) Item. there is come a new little *Turk*, which is a well-visaged fellow of the age of forty years; and he is lower than Manuel by an handful, and

lower than my little Tom by the shoulders, and more little above his pap . . . and he is legged right enough. “*Turk*: an image made of cloth or rags, used by persons as a mark for shooting.” Halliwell.—F.

<sup>3</sup> *i.e.* stout.—P.

<sup>4</sup> ? kill, from A.-S. *forfaran*, to perish; or is it from Du. *verfoeyen*, to dispraise, to vilife, or to vilipend. Hexham.—F.

- then spake the turke <sup>1</sup> with word[e]s thraw,<sup>2</sup>  
 saith, " come the better of your tow  
 36        though ye be breme<sup>3</sup> as bore "  
               [*half a page missing.*]
- " I shall  
 scare you  
 before you  
 get back  
 here."  
 40        " this buffett thou hast . . . .        page 39.]  
               well quitt that it shall be,  
 And yett I shall make thee 3<sup>th</sup> as feard  
 as euer was man on middlearth,<sup>4</sup>  
               this court againe ere thou see."
- Gawain  
 declares  
 himself bold  
 to go with  
 the Turk.    44        Then said Gawaine, " my truth I plight,  
               I dare goe with thee full right,  
               & neuer from thee flye ;  
 I will neuer flee from noe aduenture,  
 Iusting nor noe other turnament,  
               whilest I may liue on lee."
- They ride  
 off together  
 northwards  
 for more  
 than two  
 days.  
 Gawain gets  
 hungry.      48        The turke tooke leaue of King with crowne,  
               Sir Gawaine made him ready bowne,  
               his armor & his steed.  
               they rode northwards 2 dayes and more ;  
 52        by then Sir Gawaine hungred sore,  
               of meate & drinke he had great need.
- The Turk  
 taunts him,  
 56        The turke wist Gawaine had need of meate,  
               & spake to him with word[e]s great,  
               hawtinge vppon hee ;<sup>5</sup>  
               says " Gawaine, where is all thy plenty ?  
 yesterday thou wast serued with dainty,  
               & noe part thou wold giue me,

<sup>1</sup> the *e* has a tag to it as if for *s*.—F.

<sup>2</sup> A.-S. *þréd*, threat, menace ; *þrédwian*, to assail with hard language.—F.

<sup>3</sup> breme, *i. e.* fierce.—P. One of the commonest phrases in early romances.—F.

<sup>4</sup> middle eard, *i. e.* middle earth.—P. The earth between heaven and hell. "*De*

*munðo*. Middan-eard is ge-haten eall þæt binnan þam *firmamentum* is." Anglo-Saxon Manual of Astronomy, in Wright's Middle-Age Treatises on Science, 1841, p. 10.—F.

<sup>5</sup> halting on a height, see l. 66, or raising himself on high. *Hawte*, to raise, exalt. Halliwell.—F.

- 60 " but with buffett thou did me sore <sup>1</sup> ;  
therefore thou shalt haue mickle care,  
& aduentures shalt thou see.  
I wold I had *king* Arthur heere,  
64 & many of thy fellowes in fere  
that behaues<sup>2</sup> to try mastery."
- He led Sir Gawaine to a hill soe plaine ;  
the earth opened & closed againe,  
68 then Gawaine was adread ;  
the Merke was comen & the light is gone ;  
thundering, lightning, snow & raine,  
therof enough they had.
- 72 Then spake Sir Gawaine & sighed sore,  
" such wether saw I neuer afore  
in noe stead where I haue beene stood "  
[*half a page missing.*]
- " . . . made them noe answeere  
76 but only vnto mee." [page 40.]
- To the Castle they then yode :  
Sir Gawaine light beside his steed,  
for horsse the turke had none ;  
80 there they found chamber, bower, & hall,  
richly rayled about with pale,  
seemly to look vppon ;
- A Bord was spred within that place,  
84 all manner of meates & dringes there was  
for groomes that might it againe<sup>3</sup> :  
Sir Gawaine wold haue fallen to *that* fare,  
the turke bad him leane for care ;  
88 then waxt he vnfaine ;

and promises  
him trouble.

They enter a  
hill full of

darkness,  
and thunder,  
lightning,  
snow, and  
rain.

Gawain  
had never  
known such  
weather.

They go up  
to the castle.

They find  
fair  
chambers,  
and bowers,  
and a hall,

and a board  
spread with  
viands ;  
wherefrom  
the Turk  
warns  
Gawain to  
abstain.

<sup>1</sup> sorrow and pain.—F.

<sup>2</sup> behoves, qu.—P.

<sup>3</sup> gain, win, or get to.—F.

Gawaine said, "man, I maruell haue  
*that thou may none of these v[i]ttells spare,*  
 & here is soe great plentye ;  
 92 yett haue I more mervaile, by my fay,  
 that I see neither man nor maid,  
 woman nor child soe free ;

The Turk  
 goes forth  
 and brings  
 him meat  
 and drink.

96 "I had leuer now att mine owne will  
 of this fayre meate to eate my fill  
 then all the gold in christenty."  
 the turke went forth, & tarryed nought ;  
 Meate & drinke he forth brought,  
 100 was seemly for to see ;

He said, "eate, Gawaine, & make thee yare,  
 infaith or thou gett victalls more  
 thou shalt both swinke<sup>1</sup> & sweat ;  
 104 eate, Gawaine, & spare thee nought !"  
 Sir Gawaine eate as him good thought,  
 & well he liked his meate ;

He asks  
 that he may  
 have his  
 buffett and  
 go his way.

108 He dranke ale, & after, wine,  
 he saith, "I will be att thy bidding baine<sup>2</sup>  
 without bost or threat ;  
 but one thing I wold thee pray,  
 giue me my buffett & let me goe my way,  
 112 I wold not longer be hereatt.

[*half a page gone.*]

There stood a bote and . . . .  
 Sir Gawaine left behind his steed,  
 he might noe other doe.

[page 41.]

<sup>1</sup> swinke, *i.e.* labour.—P.

<sup>2</sup> prepared, ready, obedient. Old Norse

*buinn*, pp. of *bua*, to prepare, set out.  
 Wedgwood.—F.

- 116 The turke said to Sir Gawaine,  
 “ he shalbe here when thou comes againe,—  
 I plight my troth to thee,—  
 within an hower, as men tell me.”
- 120 they were sailed over the sea ;  
 the turke said, “Gawaine, hee !
- “ Heere are we withouten scath ;  
 but now beginneth the great othe.  
 124 when he shall aduentures doe.”  
 he lett him see a castle faire,  
 such a one he neuer saw yare,  
 noe wher<sup>1</sup> in noe country.
- 128 The turke said to Sir Gawaine  
 “yonder dwells the *King* of Man,  
 a heathen soldan is hee,
- “ With him he hath a hideous rout  
 132 of giants strong & stout  
 & vglie to looke vppon ;  
 who-so-euer had sought farr & neere  
 as wide as the world were,  
 136 such a companye he cold find none.
- “ Many auentures thou shalt see there,  
 such as thou neuer saw yare  
 in all the world about :  
 140 thou shalt see a tenisse ball  
 that neuer *knight* in Arthurs hall  
 is able to giue it a lout<sup>2</sup> ;  
 & other aduentures there are moe:  
 144 wee shall be assayled ere we goe,  
 therof haue thou noe doute ;

He and the  
Turk sail  
over the sea.

The Turk  
shows him  
a castle.

“ There  
dwells the  
King of  
Man,

with his  
giants,  
a rare  
company.”

And tells  
him of  
adventures  
at hand.

<sup>1</sup> MS. wherin.—F.

<sup>2</sup> lout, *i. e.* blow.—P.

" But heed  
me, and I  
will help  
you."

148

" But & yee will take to me good heed,  
I shall helpe you in time of need ;  
for ought I can see  
there shall be none soe strong in stower  
but I shall bring thee againe to hi . . .

[*half a page missing.*]

" How do  
your uncle  
King Arthur  
and all his  
society, and  
that Bishop  
Bodwin ?

152

. . . . " Sir Gawaine stiffe & stowre, . . . [page 42.]

how fareth thy vnckle *King* Arthur,  
& all his company,

& that Bishopp *Sir* Bodwine  
that will not let my goods alone,

156

but spiteth them every day ?

I hate all  
the clergy,  
burn them  
all !

160

" He preached much of a crowne of thorne ;  
he shall ban the time *that* he was borne  
& euer I catch him may ;  
I anger more att the spiritually<sup>1</sup>  
in England nor att the temporaltie,  
they goe soe in their array ;

But pray sit  
down at our  
table."  
" No,"  
answers  
Gawain,

168

And I purpose in full great ire  
to brenn their clergy in a fire  
& punish them to my pay :  
sitt downe, *Sir* Gawaine, at the bord."  
*Sir* Gawaine answered at that word,  
saith, " nay, that may not be,

" not before  
I see  
adventures."

The king  
sends for  
his tennis  
ball.

172

" I trow not a venturous *knight* shall  
sitt downe in a kings hall  
adventures or you see."<sup>2</sup>  
the *King* said, " Gawaine, faire mot then fall !  
goe feitch me forth my tennisse ball ;  
for play will I and see."

<sup>1</sup> spirituality.—P.

<sup>2</sup> hee see.—P.



They brought it out with-out doubt ;  
 176 with it came a hideous rout  
       of Gyants great & plenty ;  
 all the giants were there then  
 heire<sup>1</sup> by the halfe then Sir Gawaine,  
 180 I tell you withouten nay.<sup>2</sup>

The ball  
 comes ; with  
 a hideous  
 mob of  
 giants.

There were 17 giants bold of blood,  
 & all thought Gawaine but litle good.  
       when they thought with him to play,  
 184 all the giants thoughten then  
 to haue strucke out Sir Gawaines braine.  
       help him god that best may !

The ball of brasse was made for the giants hand,  
 188 There was noe man in all england  
       were able to carry it . . .

The ball is  
 made for  
 giants' play.

[*half a page missing.*]

and sticked a giant in the hall  
       that grysly can hee grone.  
 192 The King sayd, "bray<sup>3</sup> away this axeltree,<sup>4</sup>  
 for such a boy I neuer see ;  
       yett he shalbe assayd better ere he goe ;

[page 43.]

"Take away  
 this axle-  
 tree.  
 This boy  
 (*i. e.* the  
 Turk) is a  
 rare one ; but  
 he shall be  
 tried yet.

"I told you, soe Mote I tho,<sup>5</sup>  
 196 with the 3 aduenture, & then no more  
       befor me at this tide."  
 Then there stood amongst them all

There stood  
 in their  
 midst

<sup>1</sup> higher.—P. A flourish at the end of the *e* looks like *s*, but is repeated at the end of *good*, l. 182.—F.

<sup>2</sup> MS. may.—F.

<sup>3</sup> brayn, as baxters her pastys, *Pinso*. Catholicon.—F.

<sup>4</sup> Mirk says (E. E. T. Soc. 1867, l. 334):

Castynge of axtre & eke of ston,  
 Sofere hem þere to vse non ;

Bal and bares and suche play,  
 Out of chyrchezorde put a-way.

Cp. "Late us caste the stone,"  
 I grante well, be Sainte Johne,  
 "Late us caste the *exaltre*,"  
 Have a foote before thee.

Fragment of an Interlude of Robin  
 Hood, *Child's Ballads*, v. 429.

<sup>5</sup> the, thrive.—F.

- a fireplace  
with huge  
bars, and a  
pounds-  
worth of  
coals and  
wood on it. 200 a chimney<sup>1</sup> in they *Kings* hall  
with barres mickle of pride ;  
there was laid on in that stond  
coales & wood that cost a pound,  
that vpon it did abide.
- A giant bids  
Gawain lift  
the huge  
fireplace  
with his  
hand. 204 A giant bad gawaine assay,  
& said, "Gawaine, begin the play !  
thou knowest best how it shold be ;  
& afterwards when thou hast done,  
208 I trow you shalbe answered soone  
either with boy or me.  
A great giant, I vnderstand,  
lift vp the chimney<sup>1</sup> with his hand  
212 & sett it downe againe fairly."
- He bids his  
boy (the  
Turk) lift  
it. 216 Sir Gawaine was neuer soe adread  
sith he was man on midle earth,  
& cryd on god in his thought.  
Gawaine vnto his boy can say  
"lift this chimney—if you may—  
that is soe worthily wrought."
- The boy  
seizes it and  
swings it  
thrice round  
his head. 220 Gawaines boy to it did leape,  
& gatt itt by the bowles<sup>2</sup> great,  
& about his head he it flang ;  
3<sup>is</sup> about his head he it swang  
that the coals & the red brands  
[half a page missing.]
- 224 . . . . saw of mickle might [page 44.]  
& strong were in battell.

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps this meaning of the word *chimney*, brasier, may help to clear up the discrepancy between the existence of perpendicular flues in England in the twelfth century and the statements of

writers that chimneys (? brasiers) were of late introduction. *Domestic Architecture*, p. xvii-xviii.—F.

<sup>2</sup> ? the knobs at the side of the brasier.—F.

" I haue slaine them thorow my mastery,  
 & now, Gawaine, I will slay thee,  
 228     & then I haue slaine all the flower;  
 there went neuer none againe no tale to tell,  
 nor more shalt thou, thoe thou be fell,  
       nor none that longeth to *King Arthur*."

" I have  
slain them,  
and now I  
will slay  
thee."

232     The turke was clad inuissible<sup>1</sup> gay,  
 no man cold see him withouten nay,  
       he was cladd in such a weede ;  
 he heard their talking lesse & more,  
 236     & yet he thought they shold find him there  
       when they shold do that deed.

The Turk,  
invisible,  
hears.

Then he led him into steddie<sup>2</sup>  
 werhas<sup>3</sup> was a boyling leade,  
 240     & welling vppon hie :<sup>4</sup>  
 & before it a giant did stand  
 with an Iron forke in his hand  
       that hideous was to see.

Gawain is  
conducted  
to a boiling  
cauldron,  
before  
which  
stands a  
giant with  
an iron fork.

244     The giant *that* looked soe keene  
 that before *Sir Gawaine* had neuer seene  
       noe where in noe country :  
 the *King* saide to the giant thoe,  
 248     " here is none but wee tow ;  
       let see how best may bee."

The king  
and the  
giant  
conspire.

when the giant saw *Gawaines* boy there was,  
 he leapt & threw, & cryed " alas  
 252     that he came in that stead ! "  
*Sir Gawaines* boy to him lept,  
 & with strenght vp him gett,  
       & cast him in the lead ;

The giant  
discovers  
*Gawain's*  
boy,  
who throws  
him into the  
lead

<sup>1</sup> inuissible.—P. ? *gay* for *gray*.—F.  
<sup>2</sup> stede, place.—P.

<sup>3</sup> whereas.—P.

<sup>4</sup> walling up on high, boiling up, &c.  
—P.

- and holds  
him down  
with the  
fork. 256 with an Iron forke made of steele  
he held him downe wondrous weele  
till he was scalded to the dead.  
then Sir Gawaine vnto the King can say,  
260 "with-out thou wilt agree vnto our law,<sup>1</sup>  
eatein is all thy bread.<sup>2</sup>"
- The king  
spits on  
Gawain—is  
thrown into  
the fire by  
the Turk. 264 The King spitt on Gawaine the knight :  
with *that* the turke hent<sup>3</sup> him vpright  
& into the fyer him flang,  
& saide to Sir Gawaine at the last,  
"Noe force,<sup>4</sup> Master, all the perill is past !  
thinke not we tarrie too longe,"
- [*half a page missing.*]
- He brings a  
basin and a 268 he tooke forth a bason of gold  
as an Emperour washe shold,  
as fell for his degree : [page 45.]
- sword, and  
entreats  
Gawain to  
strike off his  
(the Turk's)  
head. 272 He tooke a sword of Mettle free,  
saies "if euer I did any thing for thee,  
doe for me in this stead ;  
take here this sword of steele  
that in battell will bite weele,  
276 therwith strike of my head."
- Gawain says  
"Nay." "that I forefend !" said Sir Gawaine,  
"for I wold not haue thee slaine  
for all the gold soe red."
- The Turk  
urges him. 280 "haue done, Sir Gawaine, I haue no dread,  
but in this bason let me bleed  
that standeth here in this steed,

<sup>1</sup> probably *laye* in orig.—F.

<sup>2</sup> you've had your last meal ; you'll be killed. Cp. *Ludus Coventriæ*, ed. 1841, p. 38 :

"He xal hereafter nevyr ete brede."—H.

<sup>3</sup> A.-S. *hentan*, to take, seize. "I *hente*, I take by vyolence, or to catch. *Je happe*. This terme is nat utterly comen." Palsgrave, A.D. 1530.—F.

<sup>4</sup> no matter.—F.

- 284 “ And thou shalt see a new play,  
 with helpe of Mary *that* mild mayd  
*that* saued vs from all dread.”  
 he drew forth the brand of steele  
 that in battell bite wold weele,  
 288 & there stroke of his head.
- And when the blood in the bason light,  
 he stood vp a stalwortht *Knight*  
*that* day, I vndertake,  
 292 & song “ Te deum laudam[*u*]s,  
 worshipp be to our lord Iesus  
 that saued vs from all wracke !
- “ A ! Sir Gawaine ! blesed thou be !  
 296 for all the service I haue don thee,  
 thou hast well quitt it me.”  
 then he tooke him by the hand,  
 & many a worthy man they fand  
 300 *that* before they neue[r] see.
- He said, “ Sir Gawaine, withouten threat  
 sitt downe boldly at thy meate,  
 & I will eate with thee ;  
 304 Ladyes all, be of good cheere,  
 eche ane shall wend to his owne deer  
 in all hast that may be ;
- “ first we will to *King* Arthurs hall,  
 308 & soone after your husbands send we shall  
 in country where they beene ;  
 There they wold . . . . abide  
 [*half a page missing.*]
- 312 “ Thus we haue brought 17 ladys cleere [page 46.]  
*that* there were left in great danger,  
 & we haue brought them out.” The ladies  
 are restored  
 to their  
 thankful  
 husbands.

- then sent they for their husbands swithe,  
 & euery one tooke his oune wife,  
 316        & lowlye can they lowte,  
 And thanked the 2 *knights* & the *King*,  
 & said thé wold be at their bidding  
 in all england about.
- Sir Gromer  
 asks Arthur  
 to make  
 Gawain  
 King of  
 Man.        320    Sir Gromer kneeld vpon his knee,  
 saith “ *Sir King*, and your wilbe,<sup>1</sup>  
                crowne *Gawaine King* of man.”
- Gawain  
 declines the  
 honour.        324    Sir Gawaine kneeled downe by,  
 & said “ lord, nay, not I ;  
                giue it him, for he it wan,
- The king  
 confers it on  
 Sir Gromer  
 himself,        328    “ for I neuer purposed to be noe *King*,  
 neuer in all my liuinge,  
                whilst I am a liuing man.”  
 he said, “ *Sir Gromer*, take it thee,  
 for *Gawaine* will neuer *King* bee  
                for no craft that I can.”
- and thus  
 ends the  
 tale.        332    Thus endeth the tale that I of meane,<sup>2</sup>  
 of Arthur & his knight[e]s keene  
                *that* hardy were & free.
- The Lord  
 love all that  
 enjoy such  
 tale-telling !        336    god give them good life far & neere  
 that such talking loues to heere !  
                Amen for Charity !

ffins.

<sup>1</sup> your will be.—F.<sup>2</sup> made, or make mention of; A.-S. *mænan*, to remind, tell.—F.



## <sup>1</sup>The marriage of *S<sup>r</sup> Gawaine.*<sup>2</sup>

THIS fragment was printed in the fourth English<sup>3</sup> edition of the "Reliques" (1794), as it is in its unadorned state in the MS., along with a polished version, which Percy gave in his first, nearly thirty years before (1765), and two subsequent editions, promising in each one the MS. version to the public "some time or other."

Sir Frederick Madden suggests that this ballad was founded on the "Weddyng of Syr Gawen and Dame Ragnell," printed by him in his "Syr Gawayne," from the Rawlinson MS., C. 86, fol. 128 b. In accordance with that suggestion, the gaps unhappily caused by the mutilated state of the early part of the Percy Folio are filled up in our notes from that version of the

<sup>1</sup> NB. to supply *the* defects.—P.

<sup>2</sup> This is upon the same subject as the wife of Bath's tale in Chaucer, from which Chaucer very probably took the story.—P.

In the Collection of Scots Poems written before 1600, entitled *Y<sup>e</sup> Evergreen*, by Allan Ramsay, 2 vol., Edinburgh 1724,\* In Dunbar's Lament for the Loss of the Poets, stanza 16<sup>th</sup>, are these words, speaking of Death:—

"Clerk of Tranent eik he has tane,  
"That made the adventures of Sir Gawane,  
&c."

"Sir Gilbert Gray endit has he." &c.  
vol. 1<sup>st</sup>, p. 133.

Dunbar† mentions Chaucer 4 stanzas before He comes to *the* Author of *Gawane*; but this may not be on *account* of his being the more ancient Bard, but from his being the more eminent in his art, & by far more celebrated; On *which*

*account* he begins with him in *these* Words,

He (Death) has done petously devore  
The nobil Chawser, of Makkars flowir,  
The monk of Berry, and Gowre all thre,  
&c.

St. 12, p. 137.

It appears also from The Squire's Tale in Chaucer that these were old ballads in his Time, see line 109, &c.

"A strange knight . . . . .  
"Salued the King & Queen & Lordis all  
&c . . . . .  
"With so hie reverence and obeisance  
&c . . . . .  
"That Sir Gawin with his old Curtesy,  
"(Altho he came again out of faierye)  
"He could him nought amendin with no  
word &c . . .—Percy.

<sup>3</sup> The Dublin 1766 reprint of the first edition of 1765 is not reckoned here.—F.

\* N.B. These are printed from a collection made 1568.—P.

† N.B. Dunbar lived in *the* time of our Henry 7<sup>th</sup>.—P.

story. The versions differ greatly in diffuseness, slightly in the incidents. In the Folio, Arthur offers Gawain to the hag for a husband on condition of her helping him. In the Rawlinson MS. the hag begs for him, and Arthur assents only after a consultation with Gawain himself.

The wonderful "metamorphosis" on which this story turns is narrated in Gower's "Confessio Amantis" as the story of Florent and the King of Sicily's daughter, taken by him, as Tyrwhit conjectures, from the *Gesta Romanorum*, or some such collection. It appears again, as the reader will remember, in Chaucer's "Wyf of Bathes Tale." "Worked over," says Prof. Child, "by some ballad-monger of the sixteenth century, and of course reduced to ditch-water, this tale has found its way into the 'Crown Garland of Golden Roses,' Part I. p. 68 (Percy Society, vol. vi.) 'Of a Knight and a Faire Virgin.'" On a similar transformation depends the story of "King Henrie" in Scott's "Minstrelsy," edited from Mrs. Brown's MS., with corrections from a recited fragment, and modernised as "Courteous King Jamie" in Lewis's "Tales of Wonder." The prime original, says Scott, "is to be found in an Icelandic Saga," and he gives a full quotation from Torfæus, setting forth how "Hellgius, rex Daniæ" admits to his couch at her earnest entreaty "informe quoddam mulieris simulacrum, habitu corporis fœdum, veste squalore obsita, pallore, macie, frigorisque tyrannide, prope modum peremptum." "Cum autem prima luce forte oculos ultro citroque converteret, eximiæ formæ virginem lecto receptam animadvertit; quæ statim ipsi placere cœpit. Causam igitur tam repentinæ mutationis curiosius indaganti respondit virgo se unam e subterraneorum hominum genere diris novercalibus devotam tam tetra et execrabili specie quali primo comparuit damnatam, quoad thori cujusdam principis socia fieret, multos reges hac de re sollicitasse."

"Tearne Wadling," in v. 32, is a tarn in Inglewood Forest, near

Hesketh in Cumberland; sometimes written *Terne Wathelyne*, as in the "Awntyrs of Arthure at the Terne Wathelyne," printed in Madden's "Syr Gawayne." Sir Steven, mentioned in v. 115, "does not," says Sir Frederick Madden, "occur in the Round Table romances."

Banier, in v. 120, is probably, according to the same authority, a mistake for Beduer the King's Constable, Tennyson's Bedivere. Bore is Bors de Gauves (or Gaunes), brother of Lionel. Garrett is Gareth or Gaheriet, Sir Gawain's younger brother.

For the contrast between Sir Gawain and Sir Kay, already alluded to in the last Introduction, compare Chaucer's "Romaunt of the Rose" (ed. Morris, v. 6, p. 68, l. 2205-10):

It is no worshipe to mysseye.  
Thou maist ensample take of Keye  
That was some time for mysseyiing  
Hated bothe of old and yong  
As fer as Gaweyn the worthy  
Was preised for his curtesie.

and "the Squyeres Tale," v. 10, 403-11, ed. Wright, p. 108, col. 2, v. 2, p. 357, l. 81-9, ed. Morris :

This straunge knight that cam thus sodeynly. . .  
Salued the kyng and queen, and lordes alle  
By ordre as they seten into halle,  
With so heigh reverens and observaunce,  
As wel in speche as in coutynaunce,  
That Gaweyn with his olde curtesye  
(They he were come again out of fayrye)  
Ne couthe him nought amende with no word.

and the "Roman de Merlin:" "Si keux est felon et dénaturé."

---

KINGE Arthur liues in merry Carleile,  
& seemely is to see,  
& there he hath with him Qqueene Genever,  
4     *that* bride soe bright of blee.

King Arthur  
is at  
Carlisle,

And there he hath with Queene Genever,  
*that* bride soe bright in bower,  
 & all his barons about him stode  
 8 *that* were both stiffe and stowre.

keeping a  
 merry  
 Christmas.

The King kept a royall Christmasse  
 of mirth & great honor,  
 11 & when <sup>1</sup> . . . . .

[*half a page missing, in which Arthur, to avoid fighting a  
 Baron at Tearne Wadling, asks what his ransom will be.  
 The Baron answers:*]

- <sup>1</sup> To fill up the gap take the following from *The Weddyng of Sir Gawen and Dame Ragnell*, printed from the Bodleian MS. Rawlinson, c. 86, fol. 128 back, &c. by Sir F. Madden in his *Syr Gawayne*, p. 297 b. Some of the MS. contractions are expanded here. The marks over *m* and *n*, and the overline commas after *d*, *f*, *k*, &c. may mean a final *e*. The barred *h*, printed *he* here, when followed by *t*, is printed *hte*, except in the plural *htes*, when it is not represented.
- 16 Oñ huntynge he was in Ingleswod',  
 Withe alle his bold' knyghtes good',—  
 Nowe herkeñ to my spelle.  
 The kyng was sett att his trestylle-tree,  
 20 Withe his bowe to sle the wylde venere,  
 And' hys lordes were sett hym besyde;  
 As the kyng stode, then was he ware  
 Where a greatt hartt was and' a fayre,  
 And' forthe fast dyd' he glyde.  
 25 The hartt was in a braken ferne,  
 And' hard' the houndes, and' stode fulle  
 derne:  
 Alle that sawe the kyng;—  
 "Hold' you styлле, euery mañ,  
 And' I wolle goo my self, yf I cañ,  
 30 Withe craft of stalkyng."  
 The kyng in hys hand' toke a bowe,  
 And' wodmanly he stowpyd' lowe,  
 To stalk' vnto that dere;  
 When that he cañ the dere fulle nere,  
 35 The dere lept forthe into a brere,  
 And euer the kyng went nere & nere.  
 So kyng Arthure went a whyle,
- After the dere, I trowe, half a myle,  
 And' no mañ withe hym went;  
 And' att the last to the dere he lett flye, 40  
 And' smote hym sore and' sewerly,  
 Suche grace God' hym sent.  
 Douñ the dere tumblyd' so deroñ,  
 And' felle into a greatt brake of feroñ,  
 The kyng folowyd' fulle fast; 45  
 Anon the kyng bothe ferce & felle  
 Was withe the dere, and' dyd' hym  
*seruelle,\**  
 And' after the grasse he taste.  
 As the kyng was withe the dere alone,  
 Streyghte ther cam to hym a quaynt grome, 50  
 Armyd' welle and' sure;  
 A knyghte fulle strong, and' of greatt  
 myghte,  
 And' grymly wordes to the kyng he  
 sayd,—  
 'Welle i-mett, kyng Arthour!  
 Thou hast me done wrong many a yere, 55  
 And' wofully I shalle quytte the here,  
 I hold thy lyfe-days nyghe done;  
 Thou hast gevyñ my landes, in certayñ,  
 Withe greatt wrong vnto *sir* Gaweñ;  
 Whate sayest thou, kyng alone? 60  
 "Syr knyghte, whate is thy name, withe  
 honour?"  
 "Syr kyng," he sayd,' "Gromersomer  
 Jourer,  
 I telle the nowe withe ryghte."—  
 "A, *sir* Gromersomer! bethynk' the welle,  
 To sle me here honour getyst thou no 66  
 delle;  
 Be-thynk' the thou artt a knyghte.

\* serve welle?—F. Madden.

“ And bring me word what thing it is  
*that* a woman most desire.  
 this shalbe thy ransome, Arthur,” he sayes,  
 15 “ for Ile haue noe other hier.”

[page 47.] “ And for  
 ransom  
 bring me  
 word what  
 is the great  
 desire of  
 women.”

King Arthur then held vp his hand  
 according thene as was the law ;  
 he tooke his leaue of the baron there,  
 19 & homward can he draw.

Arthur  
 agrees to  
 these terms,

And when he came to Merry Carlile,  
 to his chamber he is gone,  
 & ther came to him his Cozen Sir GAWAINE  
 23 as he did make his mone.

and goes  
 back to  
 Carlisle,  
 moaning.

And there came to him his cozen Sir Gawaine  
*that* was a curteous knight,  
 “ why sigh you soe sore, vnckle Arthur,” he said,  
 27 “ or who hath done thee vnright ? ”

“ O peace, O peace, thou gentle Gawaine,  
*that* faire may thee befall,  
 for if thou knew my sighing soe deepe,  
 31 thou wold not meruaile att all ;

Arthur tells  
 Gawain

Yf thou sle me nowe in thys case,  
 Alle knyghtes wolle refuse the in euery  
 place,  
 That shame shalle neuer the froo ;  
 70 Lett be thy wyll, and folowe wytt,  
 And' that is amys I shalle amend' itt,  
 And' thou wolt, or that I goo.”  
 “ Nay,” sayd' *sir* Gromersomer, “ by heuyñ  
 kyng!  
 So shalt thou nott skape, withoute  
 lesyng ;  
 75 I haue the nowe att avaylle ;  
 Yf I shold' lett the thus goo with  
 mokery,  
 Anoder tyme thou wolt me defye,  
 Of that I shalle nott faylle.”  
 Now sayd' the kyng, “ so God' me saue,  
 80 Save my lyfe, and' whate thou wolt crave

I shalle now graunt itt the ;  
 Shame thou shalt haue to sle me in  
 venere,  
 Thou armyd', and I clothyd' butt in  
 grene, *parde*.”  
 “ Alle thys shalle nott help the, sekyrly,  
 For I wolle nother lond' ne gold' truly, 85  
 Butt yf thou graunt me att a certayñ day,  
 Suche as I shalle sett, and' in thys same  
 araye.”  
 “ Yes,” sayd' the kyng, “ lo! here my  
 hand'.”  
 “ Ye, butt a-byde, kyng, and' here me  
 a stound'.”  
 Fyrst thow shalt swere, vpon my sword' 90  
 brouñ,  
 To shewe me att thy cōmyng whate  
 wemen love best in feld' and' towñ ;



of his  
encounter  
with the  
Baron  
at Tearne  
Wadling,

“ ffor when I came to tearne wadling,  
a bold barron there I fand,<sup>1</sup>  
with a great club vpon his backe,  
35 standing stiffe and strong ;

“ And he asked me wether I wold fight,  
or <sup>2</sup> from him I shold begone,  
o[r] else <sup>3</sup> I must him a ransome pay  
39 & soe depart him from.

and that to  
get off fight-  
ing him,

“ To fight with him I saw noe cause,  
methought it was not meet,  
for he was stiffe & strong with-all,  
43 his strokes were nothing sweete ;

he must  
find out,

“ Therefor this is my ransome, Gawaine,  
I ought to him to pay,  
I must come againe, as I am sworne,  
47 vpon the New yeers day.

by New  
Year's Day,

what a wo-  
man most  
desires.

“ And I must bring him word what thing it is <sup>4</sup> ”

[*half a page missing.*]

<sup>1</sup> fonde.—P.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* e'er.—P.

<sup>3</sup> or else.—P.

<sup>4</sup> *Sir Gawen and Dame Ragnell* con-  
tinues :

Whate wemen desyreñ moste, in good faye,  
My lyf' els shold' I lese \* ;  
175 This othe I made vnto that knyghte,  
And' that I shold' neuer telle itt to no  
wighte,  
Of thys I myghte nott chese.  
And' also I shold' com in none oder  
araye,  
But euyñ as I was the same daye ;  
180 And' yf I faylyd' of myne answer, I  
wott I shal be slayñ ryghte there.  
Blame me nott thoughe I be a wofulle  
mañ,  
Alle thys is my drede and' fere.”

“ Ye, *sir*, make good' chere,—

Lett make your hors redy 185

To ryde into straunge contrey ;

And' euer wher as ye mete owther mañ or  
womañ, in faye,

Ask' of theym whate thay therto saye.

And' I shalle also ryde a noder waye,

And' enquere of euery mañ and' womañ, 190  
and' gett whatt I may

Of euery mañ and' womans answer,

And' in a boke I shalle theym wryte.”

“ I graunt,” sayd' the kyng as-tyte,

“ Yt is welle advysed, Gaweñ the good', 195

Evyñ by the holy rood' ! ”—

Sone were they† bothe redy,

Gaweñ and' the kyng, wytterly.

The kyng rode on way, and' Gaweñ  
anoder,

\* leve, *MS.*—*M.*

† the, *MS.*—*M.*



Then king Arthur drest<sup>1</sup> him for to ryde [page 48.] Arthur sets  
 in one soe rich array forth to  
 toward the fore-said Tearne wadling, fulfil his  
 52 that he might keepe his day. engage-  
 ment.

And as he rode over a more, Crossing a  
 hee see a lady where shee sate moor, he  
 betwixt an oke & a greene hollen<sup>2</sup>: sees a very  
 56 She was cladd in red scarlett. hideous  
 lady,

Then there<sup>3</sup> as shold haue stood her mouth, with one  
 then there was sett her eye, eye instead  
 the other was in her forehead fast of hermouth,  
 60 the way that she might see.

Her nose was crooked & turnd outward, and a  
 her mouth stood foule a-wry; crooked nose.  
 a worse formed lady than shee was,  
 64 neuer man saw with his eye.

And euer enquired' of mañ, womañ, and' other,  
 200 Whate wemen desyred' moste dere.  
 Somme sayd they lovyd' to be welle  
 arayd',  
 Somme sayd' they lovyd' to be fayre  
 prayed';  
 Somme sayd' they lovyd' a lusty mañ  
 That in theyr armys cañ clypp' them  
 and' kysse them thañ;  
 205 Somme sayd' one, somme sayd' other;  
 And' so had' Gaweñ getyñ many añ  
 answerē.  
 By that Gaweñ had' geteñ whate he  
 maye,  
 And' come agayñ by a certeyñ daye,  
 Syr Gaweñ had' gotēñ answerys so many  
 210 That had' made a boke greatt, wytterly,  
 To the courte he cañ agayñ.  
 By that was the kyng cōmyñ withe hys  
 boke,

And' eyther oñ others pamplet dyd'  
 loke,—  
 "Thys may nott fayd'\*,," sayd' Gaweñ.  
 "By God'," sayd' the kyng, "I drede me 215  
 sore!  
 I cast me to seke a lytelle more  
 In Yngleswod' Forest;  
 I haue butt a monethe to my day sett,  
 I may happeñ oñ somme good' tydynges  
 to hytt;  
 Thys thynkythe me nowe best." 220  
 "Do as ye list," then Gaweñ sayd',  
 "What so euer ye do I hold me payd',  
 Hytt is good' to be spyrryng;  
 Doute you nott, lord', ye shalle welle  
 spede,  
 Sūme of your sawes shalle help att nede, 225  
 Els itt were ylle lykyng."

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* addrest.—P.  
<sup>2</sup> holly.—P.      <sup>3</sup> where.—P.

To halch<sup>1</sup> vpon him, *King* Arthur,  
 this lady was full faine,  
 but *King* Arthur had forgott his lesson,  
 68 what he shold say againe.

She asks  
 "Who are  
 you? Fear  
 not me.

"What knight art thou," the lady sayd,<sup>2</sup>  
 "that will not speak to me?  
 Of me be thou nothing dismayd  
 72 tho I be vgly to see;

Perhaps I  
 may succour  
 you."

for I haue halched you curteouslye,  
 & you will not me againe,  
 yett I may happen *Sir Knight*," shee said,  
 76 "to ease thee of thy paine."

"Succour me  
 and Gawain  
 shall marry  
 you."

"Giue thou ease me, lady," he said,  
 or helpe me any thing,  
 thou shalt have gentle Gawaine, my cozen,  
 80 & marry him with a ring."

"Why, if I help thee not, thou noble *King* Arthur,  
 Of thy owne hearts desiringe,  
 83 of gentle Gawaine<sup>3</sup> . . . . ."

[*half a page missing.*]

<sup>1</sup> ? take by the *hals* or neck, salute.—F.  
<sup>2</sup> the *d* and curl after it may be meant  
 for *es*, "sayes."—F.

<sup>3</sup> *Sir Gawen and Dame Ragnell* does  
 not make Arthur dispose of Gawen in so  
 unceremonious a way as our ballad does.  
 It makes him first refuse the hag's offer,  
 and ride home and tell Gawen what he has  
 done. Gawen offers at once to marry her:  
 and' she were the moste fowlyst wyghte  
 That euer men myghte se withe syghte.

Arthur accepts the offer, returns to the  
 hag, tells her Gawen will marry her,

and asks her for the answer she has  
 promised him. This it is:

"Syr," quod' dame Ragnelle, "nowe 406  
 shalt thou knowe  
 Whate wemeñ desyreñ moste, of highe  
 and' lowe,  
 Froñ this I wolle not varaye.  
 Summe meñ sayñ, we desyre to be fayre,  
 Also we desyre to haue repayre 410  
 Of diuerse straunge meñ;  
 Also we loue to haue lust in bed',  
 And' ofteñ we desyre to wed',  
 Thus ye meñ nott keñ.\*

- And when he came to the tearne wadling  
 the baron there cold he finde,<sup>1</sup>  
 with a great weapon on his backe,  
 87 standing stiffe and stronge.
- And then he tooke *king* Arthurs letters in his hands  
 & away he cold<sup>2</sup> them fling,  
 & then he puld out a good browne sword,  
 91 & cryd himselfe a *King*.
- And he sayd,<sup>3</sup> " I have thee & thy land, Arthur,  
 to doe as it pleaseth me,  
 for this is not thy ransome sure,  
 95 therefore yeeld thee to me."
- And then bespoke him Noble Arthur,  
 & bad him hold his hand,<sup>4</sup>  
 " & giue me leaue to speake my mind  
 99 in defence of all my land."
- He<sup>5</sup> said " as I came over a More,  
 I see a lady where shee sate  
 betweene an oke & a green hollen ;  
 103 shee was clad in red scarlett ;
- 415 Yett we desyre a noder *maner* thyng,  
 To be holdeñ nott old', but fresshe and'  
 yong ;  
 Withe flatryng, and' glosyng, and' quaynt  
 gyñ,  
 So ye meñ may vs wemeñ euer wyñ,  
 Of whate ye wolle crave.  
 420 Ye goo fulle nyse, I wolle nott lye,  
 Butt there is one thyng is alle oure  
 fantasye,  
 And' that nowe shalle ye knowe ;  
 We desyreñ of meñ, aboue alle *maner*  
 thyng,  
 To haue the *souereynte*, *withoute* lesyng,  
 425 Of alle, bothe hyghe and' lowe.  
 For where we haue *souereynte* alle is ourys,  
 Thoughte a knyghte be neuer so ferys,  
 And' euer the mastery wyne ;  
 Of the moste manlyest is oure desyre,  
 430 To haue the *souereynte* of suche a syre,  
 Suche is oure crafte and' gynne.
- Therefore wend', *sir* kyng, on thy way,  
 And' telle that knyghte, as I the saye,  
 That itt is as we desyreñ moste ;  
 He wol be wrothe and' vnsoughte,  
 435 And' curse her fast that itt the taughte,  
 For his laboure is lost.  
 Go forthe, *sir* kyng, and' hold' *promyse*,  
 For thy lyfe is sure nowe in alle wyse,  
 That dare I welle vndertake."  
 440 The kyng rode forthe a greatt shake,  
 As fast as he myghte gate,  
 Thorowe myre, more, and' fenne,  
 Where as the place was sygnyd' and' sett 444  
 theñ.
- <sup>1</sup> he fonde.—P. In MS. fimde.—F.  
<sup>2</sup> did.—P.  
<sup>3</sup> the *d* and final curl may be meant  
 for *es*, " sayes."—F.  
<sup>4</sup> there is a tag to the *d*, as if for *s*.—F.  
<sup>5</sup> MS. " the " altered to He.—F.

then gives  
the answer :  
" a woman  
will have  
her will."

" And she says ' a woman will haue her will,  
& this is all her cheef desire ' :  
doe me right, as thou art a baron of sckill,  
107 this is thy ransome & all thy hyer."

The Baron  
curses the  
lady (his  
sister, it  
turns out).

He sayes " an early vengeance light on her !  
she walkes on yonder more ;  
it was my sister that told thee this ;  
111 & she is a misshappen hore !

" But heer Ile make mine avow<sup>1</sup> to god  
to doe her an euill turne,  
for an euer I may thate fowle theefe get[t],  
115 in a fyer I will her burne." <sup>2</sup>

[*about nine stanzas missing.*]

### THE 2<sup>d</sup> PART.<sup>3</sup>

A company  
of knights,  
riding out  
with the  
King and  
Sir Gawain,

SIR: Lancelott & Sir Steven bold  
they rode with them<sup>4</sup> that day,  
and the formost of the company  
119 there rode the steward Kay

[page 50.]

<sup>1</sup> my vow.—P.

<sup>2</sup> *Sir Gawen and Dame Ragnell* goes  
on :

476 For that was my suster dame Ragnelle,  
That old' scott, God' geve her\* shame  
Elles had' I made the fulle tame,  
Nowe haue I lost moche travaylle.  
Go where thou wolt, kyng Arthoure,  
481 For of me thou maiste be euer sure,  
Alas! that I euer se this day ;  
Nowe welle I wott, myne enime thou  
wolt be,  
And' att suche a pryk' shalle I neuer gett  
the,  
485 My song may be welle-awaye!"  
"No," sayd' the kyng, "that make I  
warraunt,  
Some harnys I wolle haue to make me  
defendaunt,  
That make I God' avowe!

In suche a plyghte shallt thou neuer me  
fynde,  
And' yf thou do, lett me bete and' bynde, 490  
As is for thy best prouf.†"  
"Nowe haue good' day," sayd' *sir*  
*Gromer*,  
"Farewell," sayd' *sir* Arthoure, "so  
mott I the,  
I am glad' I haue so sped'."—

The poem goes on with—  
King Arthoure turnyd' hys hors into the 495  
playn,  
And' sone he mett with dame Ragnell'  
agayn

In the same place and' stede :  
and then has the long passage printed  
as a note to l. 150 here, pp. 114–115.—F.

<sup>3</sup> in the left margin of the MS.—F.

<sup>4</sup> qu. him.—P.

\* he, MS.

† prow?

Soe did Sir Banier & Sir Bore,  
 Sir Garrett with them soe gay,  
 soe did Sir Tristeram *that* gentle knight,  
 123 to the forrest fresh & gay.

And when he came to the greene forrest,  
 vnderneath a greene holly tree  
 their sate that lady in red scarlet  
 127 *that* vnseemly was to see.

meet the  
 hag.

Sir Kay beheld this Ladys face,  
 & looked vpon her smire,<sup>1</sup>  
 “whosoever kisses this lady,” he sayes  
 131 “of his kisse he stands in feare.”

Sir Kay  
 does not  
 fancy her  
 to kiss.

Sir Kay beheld the lady againe,  
 & looked vpon her snout,  
 “whosoever kisses this lady,” he saies,  
 125 “of his kisse he stands in doubt.<sup>2</sup>”

“Peace cozen Kay,” then said Sir Gawaine,  
 “amend thee of thy life;  
 for there is a knight amongst vs all  
 139 *that* must marry her to his wife.”

Sir Gawain  
 bids him be  
 quiet, for  
 one of them  
 must have  
 her to wife.

“What! wedd her to wiffe!” then said Sir Kay,  
 “in the diuells name anon,  
 gett me a wiffe where-ere I may,  
 143 for I had rather be shaine<sup>3</sup>!”

Sir Kay  
 says he had  
 rather  
 perish than  
 it should be  
 he.

Then some tooke vp their hawkes in hast,  
 & some tooke vp their hounds,  
 & some sware they wold not marry her  
 147 for Citty nor for towne.

The others  
 are of the  
 same mind.

<sup>1</sup> ? *swire* is neck. A.-S. *smirian* is to smear, and *sméru* is fat, grease, butter.—F.      <sup>3</sup> ? *for* shent, slaine or shamed.—F.  
<sup>2</sup> *fear*.—F.      ‘I’m sure she shall be none.’ qu.—P.

Arthur  
reproves his  
knights.

And then be-spake him Noble *king* Arthur,  
& sware there by this day,

150 "for a litle foule sight & misliking <sup>1</sup>

[*half a page missing.*]

<sup>1</sup> To fill up the gap, take the following long passage from *Sir Gawen and Dame Ragnell*, though it follows at once the lines given in the last extract:

- 498 "Syr kyng, I am glad' ye haue sped'  
welle,  
I told' howe itt wold' be, euery delle ;  
500 Nowe hold' that ye haue hyghte ;  
Syr I haue sauyd' your lyf', and' none  
other,  
Gaweñ must me wed', *sir* Arthoure,  
That is a fulle gentille knyghte."  
"No, lady, that I you highte I shalle  
not faylle ;  
505 So ye wol be rulyd' by my councelle,  
Your wille theñ shalle ye haue."  
"Nay, *sir* kyng, nowe wolle I nott soo,  
Openly I wol be weddyd' or I parte the  
froo,  
Elles shame wolle ye haue.  
510 Ryde before, and' I wolle com̃ after  
Vnto thy courte, *sir* kynge Arthoure,  
Of no mañ I wolle shame ;  
Be-thynk' you howe I haue sauyd' your  
lyf',  
Therefor withē me nowe shalle ye nott  
stryfe,  
515 For and' ye do, ye be to blame."  
The kyng of her had' greatt shame,  
But forthe she rood', thoughē he were  
grevyd' ;  
Tylle they cam̃ to Karlyle forthe they  
mevyd'.  
In to the courte she rode hyñ by,  
520 For no mañ wold' she spare ; securly  
Itt likyd' the kyng fulle ylle.  
Alle the contraye had' wonder greatt  
Fro whens she com̃, that foule vnswete ;  
They sawe neuer of so fowlle a thyng.  
525 In to the halle she went, in certē :  
"Arthoure kyng, lett fetchē me *sir*  
Gaweyñ,  
Before the knyghtes, alle in hyng.  
That I may nowe be made sekyr,  
In welle and' wo, trowithe plyghte vs  
togeder  
530 Before alle thy chyvalry ;  
This is your graunt, lett se, haue done,
- Sett forthe *sir* Gaweñ, my love, anoñ,  
For lenger taryng kepe nott I."  
Theñ cam̃ forthe *sir* Gaweñ the knyghte ;  
"Syr, I am̃ redy of that I you hyghte, 535  
Alle forwardes to fulfyllē ;"  
"Godhauemercy," sayd' dame Ragnelle  
theñ,  
"For thy sake I wold' I were a fayre  
woman,  
For thou art of so good' wylle."  
Ther *sir* Gaweñ to her his trowthe 540  
plyghte,  
In welle and' in woo, as he was a true  
knyghte.  
Theñ was dame Ragnelle fayñ ;  
"Alas !" theñ sayd' dame Gaynour ;  
So sayd' alle the ladyes in her bower,  
And' wept for *sir* Gaweñ. 545  
"Alas !" theñ sayd' bothe kyng and'  
knyghte,  
That euer he shold' wed' suche a wyghte !  
She was so fowlle and' horyble ;  
She had' two tethe on euery syde,  
As borys tuskes, I wolle nott hyde, 550  
Of lengthe a large handfulle.  
The one tusk' went up, and the other  
douñ ;  
A mowthe fulle wyde, and' fowlle igrown  
Withe grey herys many oñ ;  
Her lypes lay lumpryd' on her chyñ, 555  
Nek' forsothe on her was none iseeñ,  
She was a lothly oñ !  
She wold' nott be weddyd' in no maner,  
Butt there were made a krye in alle the  
shyre,  
560 Bothe in towñ and' in borowe ;  
Alle the ladyes nowe of the lond',  
She lett kry to com̃ to hand',  
To kepe that brydalle thorowe.  
So itt befylle after oñ a daye,  
That maryed' shold' be that fowlle [lady] 565  
Vnto *sir* Gaweyñ ;  
The daye was com̃yñ, the daye shold' be,  
Therof the ladyes had' greatt pitey,  
"Alas !" theñ gañ they sayñ.  
The queñ prayd' dame Ragnelle, sekerly, 570  
To be maryed' in the mornyng erly  
As pryvaly as we may ;  
"Nay," she sayd', "by hevyñ kyng !



Then shee said "choose thee, gentle Gawaine, [page 51.]  
 truth as I doe say,  
 wether thou wilt haue me in this liknesse  
 154 in the night or else in the day."

Gawain's  
 bride sks  
 whether he  
 will have  
 her foul by  
 day or night.

- That wolle I neuer, for no thyng,  
 575 For oughte that ye can saye.  
 I wol be weddyd' alle openly,  
 For withe the kyng suche covenawnt made  
 I,  
 I putt you oute of dowte ;  
 I wolle nott to churche tylle highe masse  
 tyme,  
 580 And' in the open halle I wolle dyne,  
 In myddys of alle the rowte."  
 "I am greed'," sayd' dame Gaynour,  
 "Butt me wold' thynk' more honour,  
 And your worshypp' moste ;"—  
 585 "Ye, as for that, lady, God' you saue,  
 This daye my worshypp' wolle I haue,  
 I telle you withoute boste."  
 She made her redy to churche to fare,  
 And' alle the States that there ware.  
 590 Syrs, withoute lesyng,  
 She was arayd' in the richest maner,  
 More fressher than dame Gaynour.  
 Her arayment was worth iij m' mark'  
 Of good' red' nobles styff and' stark',  
 595 So rychely she was begoñ ;  
 For alle her rayment she bare the belle  
 Of fowlnesse, that euer I hard' telle,  
 So fowlle a sowe sawe neuer mañ.  
 For to make a shortt conclusiõ,  
 600 When she was weddyd', they hyed' theym  
 home ;  
 To mete alle they went ;  
 This fowlle lady bygañ the highe dese ;  
 She was fulle fowlle, and' nott curteys,  
 So sayd' they alle, verament.  
 605 When the siryuce cam her before,  
 She ete as moche as vj. that ther wore,  
 That mervayld' many a mañ ;  
 Her naylys were long ynchys iij\*,  
 Therwithe she breke her mete vngoodly,  
 610 Therfore she ete alone.  
 She ette iij\*. capons, and' also curlues iij\*,  
 And' greatt bake metes she ete vp, parde,  
 Al meñ therof had' mervaylle ;  
 Ther was no mete cam her before,  
 615 Butt she ete itt vp, lesse and' more,  
 That praty fowlle dameselle.  
 Alle meñ theñ that euer her sawe,
- Bad' the deville her bonys gnawe,  
 Bothe knyghte and squyre.  
 So she ete tylle mete was done, 620  
 Tylle they drewe clothes, and' had'  
 wassheñ,  
 As is the gyse and' maner.  
 Meny meñ wold' speke of diuerse seruiçe,  
 I trowe ye may wete inowghe ther was,  
 625 Bothe of tame and' wylde ;  
 In King Arthours courte ther was no  
 wontt  
 That myghte be gotteñ withe mannys  
 hond',  
 Noder in forest ne in feld'.  
 Ther wer mynstralles of diuerse contrey  
 [A leaf here is wanting.]  
 "A, sir Gaweñ, syñ I haue you wed', 630  
 Shewe me your cortesy in bed',  
 Withe ryghte itt may nott be denyed'.  
 I-wyse, sir Gaweñ," that lady sayd',  
 "And' I were fayre, ye wold' do a noder  
 brayd'  
 635 Butt of wedlok' ye take no hed' ;  
 Yett for Arthours sake, kysse me att the  
 leste,  
 I pray you do this att my request,  
 Lett se, howe ye can spede."  
 sir Gaweñ sayd', "I wolle do more  
 Theñ for to kysse, and' God' before! ; 640  
 He turnyd' hym her vntille ;  
 He sawe her the fayrest creature,  
 That euer he sawe withoute mesure ;  
 She sayd', "whatt is your wylle?"  
 "A, Ihesu!" he\* sayd' "whate ar ye?" 645  
 "sir, I am your wyf', securly!  
 Why ar ye so unkynde?"  
 "A, lady, I am to blame ;  
 I cry you mercy, my fayre madame,  
 Itt was nott in my mynde. 650  
 A lady ye ar fayre in my syghte,  
 And' to day ye were the foulst wyghte,  
 That euer I sawe withe myne iet ;  
 Wele is me, my lady, I haue you thus,"—  
 655 And' brasyd' her in his armys, and' gañ  
 her kysse,  
 And' made greatt joye, sycurly. 656

\* she, MS.

† ieñ, MS.

- Gawain  
answers  
158
- And then bespake him Gentle Gawaine,  
with one soe<sup>1</sup> mild of Moode,  
sayes, "well I know what I wold say,  
god grant it may be good !
- "By day."  
162
- "To haue thee fowle in the night  
when I with thee shold play ;  
yet I had rather, if I might,  
haue thee fowle in the day."
- "Then I  
must hide  
from your  
com-  
panions."  
166
- "What! when Lords goe with ther seires,<sup>2</sup>" shee said,  
"both to the Ale & wine ;  
alas! then I must hyde my selfe,  
I must not goe withinne."
- "No ; do as  
you like."  
170
- And then bespake him gentle gawaine,  
said, "Lady, thats but a skill<sup>3</sup> ;  
And because thou art my owne lady,  
thou shalt haue all thy will."
- "Bless you,  
Gawain,  
you have  
cured me."  
174
- Then she said, "blesed be thou gentle Gawain[e],  
this day *that* I thee see,  
for as thou see me att this time,  
from hencforth I wilbe :
- 178
- "My father was an old knight,  
& yett it chanced soe  
that he marryed a younge lady  
*that* brought me to this woe.
- I was  
witched  
into the  
likeness of  
a fiend."  
182
- "Shee witched me, being a faire young Lady,  
to the greene forrest to dwell,  
& there I must walke in womans liknesse,  
Most like a feend of hell.

<sup>1</sup> which was soe, qu.—P.<sup>2</sup> ? for feires, i. e. Mates.—F.<sup>3</sup> So in MS., though the i is blotched ;<sup>3</sup> ? reason, feint, pretence.—F.

“She witched my brother to a Carlist B . . .”

[*half a page missing.*<sup>1</sup>]

“that looked soe foule, & that was wont  
185 on the wild more to goe. [page 52.]

“Come kisse her, Brother Kay,” then said Sir Gawaine, “Kiss her,  
“& amend thé of thy liffe; brother  
I swear this is the same lady Gawain,  
189 that I marryed to my wiffe.” “and regret  
your  
rudeness.”

<sup>1</sup> *Sir Gawen and Dame Ragnell* gives us to fill up this gap, or rather from l. 179,—though at the end it does not fit in well:—

For I was shapeñ by nygramancy  
Withe my stepdame,—God’ haue oñ her  
mercy!—  
And’ by enchaument,  
695 And’ shold’ haue bene oderwyse vnder-  
stond’,  
Euyñ tylle the best of Englonð’  
Had’ wedyd’ me, verament,  
And’ also he shold’ geueme the souereynte  
Of alle his body and’ goodes, sycurly,  
700 Thus was I difformyd’;  
And’ thou, *sir knyghte*, curteys Gawen,  
Has geuyn me the souereynte, *sirteyn*,  
That wolle not wrothe the erly ne late.  
Kysse me, *sir knyghte*, euyñ now here,  
705 I pray the, be glad’, and’ make good’  
chere,  
For welle is me begoñ.”  
Ther they made joye oute of mynde,  
So was itt reason and’ cours of kynde,  
They two theym self alone.  
710 She thankyd’ God’ and’ Mary mylde,  
She was recouer’d of that that she was  
defoylyd’.  
So dyd’ *sir Gawen*;  
He made myrthe alle in her boure,  
And’ thankyd’ of alle oure Sauyoure.  
715 I telle you, in certeyñ,  
Withe joye & myrthe they wakyd’ tylle  
daye,  
And’ thañ wold’ ryse that fayre maye,\*  
“Ye shalle nott,” *sir Gawen* sayd’;  
“We wolle lye, & slepe tylle pryme,  
720 And’ theñ lett the kyng calle vs to  
dyne.”—  
“I aĩ greed’,” theñ sayd’ the mayd’.

Thus itt passyd’ forth tylle mid-daye,—  
“Syr,†” quod’ the kyng, “lett vs go  
and’ asaye,  
Yf *sir Gawen* be oñ lyve;  
I aĩ fulle ferd’ of *sir Gawen*, 725  
Nowe lest the fende haue hyñ slayñ,  
Nowe wold’ I fayñ preve.  
Go we nowe,” sayd’ Arthoure the kyng,  
“We wolle go se theyr vprysyng,  
Howe welle that he hathē sped’.” 730  
They cañ to the chambre, alle in certeyñ,  
“Aryse,” sayd’ the kyng to *sir Gawen*,  
“Why slepyst thou so long in bed’?”  
“Mary,” quod’ *Gawen*, “*sir kyng*, sicurly,  
I wold’ be glad’ and’ ye wold’ lett 735  
me be,  
For I am fulle welle att eas;  
Abyde, ye shalle se the dore vndone,  
I trowe that ye wolle say I am welle  
gooñ,  
I aĩ fulle lothe to ryse.”  
Syr *Gawen* rose, and’ in his hand’ he toke 740  
His fayr lady, and’ to the dore he shoke,  
And’ opynyd’ the dore fulle fayre;  
She stod’ in her smok’ alle by that syre,—  
Her her ‡ was to her knees as red’ as  
gold’ wyre,—  
“Lo! this is my repayre. 745  
Lo!” sayd’ *Gawen* Arthoure vntille,  
“Syr, this is my wyfe, dame Ragnelle,  
That sauyd’ onys your lyfe.”  
He told’ the kyng and’ the queeñ heñ  
beforñ,  
Howe sodenly froñ her shap she dyd’ 750  
torne,  
“My lord’, nowe be your leue.”  
And’ whate was the cause she forshapeñ  
was,  
Syr *Gawen* told’ the kyng, bothe more 755  
and’ lesse.

\* mayd, *MS.*

† Syr, *MS.*

‡ hed, *MS.*

Kay kisses  
her,

Sir Kay kissed that lady bright,  
standing vpon his ffeete ;  
he swore, as he was trew knight,  
193 the spice was neuer soe sweete.

and con-  
gratulates  
Gawain.

“ Well, Cozen Gawaine,” sayes Sir Kay,  
“ thy chance is fallen arright,  
for thou hast gotten one of the fairest maids  
197 I euer saw with my sight.”

“ It is my fortune,” said Sir Gawaine ;  
“ for my vnckle Arthurs sake  
I am glad as grasse wold be of raine,  
201 great Ioy that I may take.”

He and Kay  
take the  
lady be-  
tween them,  
and lead her  
to King  
Arthur,

Sir Gawaine tooke the lady by the one arme,  
Sir Kay tooke her by the tother,  
they led her straight to *King* Arthur  
205 as they were brother & brother.

*King* Arthur welcomed them there all,  
& soe did lady Geneuer his queene,  
with all the knights of the round table  
209 most seemly to be seene.

who thanks  
God for  
Gawain's  
bliss.

*King* Arthur beheld that lady faire  
that was soe faire and bright,  
he thanked christ in trinity  
213 for Sir Gawaine that gentle knight ;

All the  
knights  
reioyce.

Soe did the knights, both more and lesse,  
reioyced all that day  
for the good chance *that* hapened was  
217 to Sir Gawaine & his lady gay. ffins.

A Fragm<sup>t</sup> of y<sup>e</sup> Ballad of Lord Barnard  
& the little Musgrave.<sup>1</sup>

THIS ballad is referred to in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle," (1611), act v. sc. iii.

And some they whistled, and some they sung,  
Hey down down !  
And some did loudly say  
Ever as the Lord Barnet's horn blew,  
Away, Musgrave, away.

And in the "Varietie," 1649, and in Sir William Davenant's "Wits," where Twack, an antiquated beau, boasting of his qualifications, adds :

Besides I sing *Musgrave*,  
And for *Chevy Chase* no lark comes near me.

But the oldest copy of it extant is this of the folio MS. unhappily much mutilated. The oldest entire copy is to be found in "Wit Restor'd," 1658, p. 174, which is reprinted from a reprint of that work by Prof. Child, in his collection, and elsewhere. That same version appears in Dryden's "Miscellany Poems," and from it in Ritson's "Ancient Songs and Ballads." A more diffuse version, called "Lord Barnaby," is given by Jamieson in his "Popular Ballads and Songs," in which apparently Little Musgrave turns out to be the son of the injured, revengeful lord. Another has been published by the Percy Society in their "Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads." There is yet another in the Bagford Collection (I. No. 36) in the British Museum, a later, emasculate thing,

<sup>1</sup> Percy's title.—F. See an intire Copy in Dryden's Misc. Vol. 3, pag. 312.—P.

entitled "A Lamentable Ballad of Little Musgrave and the Lady Barnet, to an excellent New Tune," which tune Mr. Chappell gives in his valuable work, vol. i. p. 170. "In the Pepys Collection," says Bishop Percy, "there is an imitation of this old song in 33 stanzas."

Musgrave is a common Westmoreland name. It occurs not unfrequently in Border ballads.

This is certainly one of the most effective ballads in our language.

Lord Barnard is told that little Musgrave is sleeping with his wife.

1 "ffor this same night att [Bucklesfeildberry] [page 53.]  
 2 litle Musgreue is in bed with thy wife."

"If it be trew, thou litle foote page,  
 this tale thou hast told to mee,  
 then all my lands in Bucklefeildberry  
 6 He freely giue to thee :

<sup>1</sup> The copy in *Wit Restored* (1658, reprinted in 1817) supplies the beginning thus :

As it fell one holy-day, *hay downe*,  
 As many be in the yeare,  
 When young men and maids together  
 did goe,  
 Their mattins and masse to heare,

Little Musgrave came to the church dore,  
 The preist was at private masse ;  
 But he had more minde of the faire  
 women,  
 Then he had of our lady grace.

The one of them was clad in green,  
 Another was clad in pale ;  
 And then came in my lord Barnards wife,  
 The fairest amongst them all.

She cast an eye on little Musgrave,  
 As bright as the summer sun,  
 And then bethought this little Musgrave,  
 "This ladys heart have I woonn."

Quoth she, "I have loved thee, little  
 Musgrave,  
 Full long and many a day ;"

"So have I loved you, faire lady,  
 Yet never word durst I say."

"I have a bower at Buckelsfordberry,  
 Full daintyly it is geight ;  
 If thou wilt wed thither, thou little  
 Musgrave,  
 Thou's lig in mine armes all night."

Quoth he, "I thank yee, faire lady,  
 This kindnes thou showest to me ;  
 But whether it be to my weal or woe,  
 This night I will lig with thee."

With that he heard a little tyne page,  
 By his ladyes coach as he ran ;  
 "All though I am my ladyes footpage,  
 Yet I am lord Barnards man.

"My lord Barnard shall knowe of this,  
 Whether I sink or swimm."  
 And ever where the bridges were broake,  
 He laid him downe to swimme.

"A sleep, or wake ! thou lord Barnard,  
 As thou art a man of life," &c.



“ But if this be a lye, thou litle foot page,  
 this tale thou hast told to mee,  
 then on the highest tree in Bucklesfeild-berry  
 10 all hanged that thou shalt bee.”

Saies, “ vpp & rise, my merrymen all,  
 & saddle me my good steede,  
 for I must ride to Bucklesfeildberry ;  
 14 god wott I had neuer more need !”

He bids his  
 men “ Up  
 and to  
 Bucklesfeild-  
 bury.”

But some they whistled, and some thé sunge,  
 & some they thus cold say,  
 “ when euer as *Lord* Barnetts horne blowes,  
 18 away, Musgerue, away !”

“<sup>1</sup> Mie thinkes I heare the throstlecocke,  
 me thinkes I heare the Iay,  
 Me thinkes I heare *Lord* Barnetts horne,  
 22 away, Musgreue, away !”

Little  
 Musgrave  
 wishes to  
 be gone,

“ But lie still, lie still, litle Musgreue,  
 & huddle me from the cold,  
 for it is but some sheaperds boy  
 26 is whistling sheepe ore the Mold.

but Lady  
 Barnard per-  
 suades him  
 to linger.

“ Is not thy hauke vpon a pearch,  
 thy horsse eating corne & hay,  
 & thou, a gay lady in thine armes,  
 30 & yett thou wold goe awaie<sup>2</sup> !”

By this time *Lord* Barnett was come to the dore,  
 & light vpon a stone,  
 and he pulled out 3 silver kayes,  
 34 & opened the dores euery one.

*Lord*  
 Barnard  
 reaches his  
 house

<sup>1</sup> This verse is written in the MS. after the next but one. A marginal note by the scribe says, “ this verse must be

put at the cross ab[ove,]” *i.e.* two verses higher than it is written in the MS.—F.  
<sup>2</sup> MS. awaw.—F.

and finds  
the lovers.

And first he puld the couering downe,  
& then puld downe the sheete,  
saies, "how now? how now? litle Musgreue,  
38 dost find my gay lady sweet?"

"I find her sweete," saies litle Musgreue,  
"the more is my greefe & paine;"<sup>1</sup>

[*half a page missing.*]

Lord  
Barnard  
laments  
what he  
has done.

"Soe haue I done the fairest Lady [page 54.]  
42 that euer wore womans weede;

"Soe haue I done a heathen child,<sup>2</sup>  
which ffull sore greiueth mee,  
for which Ile repent all the dayes of my life  
46 & god be with them all 3." ffins.

<sup>1</sup> The ballad in *Wit Restored* continues:  
I would gladly give three hundred pounds  
That I were on yonder plaine."

"Arise, arise, thou littell Musgrave,  
And put thy clothés on;  
It shal ne're be said in my country  
I have killed a naked man.

"I have two swords in one scabberd,  
Full deere they cost my purse;  
And thou shalt have the best of them,  
And I will have the worse."

The first stroke that little Musgrave  
stroke,  
He hurt Lord Barnard sore;  
The next stroke that Lord Barnard stroke,  
Little Musgrave ne're struck more.

With that bespake this faire lady,  
In bed whereas she lay;  
"Although thou'rt dead, thou little  
Musgrave,  
Yet I for thee will pray;

"And wish well to thy soul will I,  
So long as I have life;

So will I not for thee, Barnard,  
Although I am thy wedded wife."

He cut her paps from off her brest,  
(Great pitty it was to see)  
That some drops of this ladies heart's  
blood  
Ran trickling downe her knee.

"Woe worth you, woe worth my mery  
men all,  
You were ne're borne for my good;  
Why did you not offer to stay my hand  
When ye saw me wax so wood?"

"For I have slaine the bravest sir  
knight  
That ever rode on steed;  
So haue I done the fairest lady  
That ever did womans deed.

"A grave, a grave," Lord Barnard cryd,  
"To put these lovers in:  
But lay my lady on upper hand,  
For she came of the better kin."

<sup>2</sup> ? wild, loose knight.—F.

### Musleboorowe feild.<sup>1</sup>

THERE can be no doubt that "10th day of December" in the first line of this fragment should be "9th day of September," that "4th year" in the second should be "1st year," and "12th day" in the seventeenth should be "10th day." The chronology of ballads is anything but their strongest point. Their dates not unfrequently are quite wrong. The battle here meant is that generally known in our histories as Pinkie, or Pinkie Cleugh. The older writers, as Grafton, Fabyan, Holinshed, Baker, call it by the title here given it; Carte gives it both names. The English government, on the death of Henry VIII., was extremely solicitous to arrange a marriage between the young prince who succeeded him and the Princess Mary of Scotland. Scotland declined this arrangement, and the Lord Protector presently visited that country with fire and sword in order to bring it to a better mind. The most striking act in this rough wooing was the battle of Pinkie, fought on the bank of the Esk, close by a town of the name, a few miles from Edinburgh. A very interesting account of the whole expedition and of this particular act is given by an eye-witness in a work entitled "The expedicion into Scotlande of the Most Worthily Fortunate Prince Edward, Duke of Somerset, uncle unto our most noble sovereign Lord, y<sup>e</sup> Kiges Majestie Edward the VI, governour of hys hyghnes persone and protectour of hys graces realmes, dominions, and subjectes, made in the first yere of his Majesties most prosperous reign, and set out by way of Diarie by W. Patten, London," reprinted in "Fragments of Scottish History," 1798.

<sup>1</sup> This is in better language than most of that age.—P.

Patten gives the same picture as our ballad of the confidence of the Scotch army. "As for of victorie," he says, "he [the governor of Scotland] thought hymself no less sure then he was willynge to fyght. That makes me in this case more to be so quite out of doubt, wear the causes whearof I was after so certainly ascertained. And they were, firste, his respecte of our onely strength (as he thought) of our horsmen, the which, not so much upon pollecie to make his men hardy agaynste us as for that he plainly so took it, he caused to be published in his hoste that it was hooly but of very young men, unskilfull of the warres, and easie to be delt with al. And thē his regard to y<sup>e</sup> number place of our power and his, y<sup>e</sup> whiche indede wear far unequall. And hereto his assured hope of xii galleys and l. ships that always he lookt for to be sent out of Fraūce to come in at our backes. He with hys hoste made themselves hereby so sure of the matter that in the night of this day they fel aforehand to playing at dyce for certeine of our noble men & captains of fame."

This confidence of the Scotch—so great that when they saw the English army moving they at once concluded it was intent on a retreat—was terribly falsified by the event. Their defeat was most complete, and would have been followed by still severer distress, had not the need of his presence in England presently recalled the invader. But in how grievous a plight the country was at this time, may be seen in the "Complaynt of Scotland."

Verse 21. It may be remarked that the English gunnery seems to have been very effective. When our Italian and Spanish mercenaries discharged their fire-arms into the first ranks, "a raking fire," says Lingard, "was opened on the Scots from a galley and two pinnaces in the bay; and a battery of guns from a neighbouring eminence scattered destruction amidst the dense and exposed mass."

"And yet," writes Patten of a previous skirmish when the Scotch fled before some English hakbutters, "I know they lack no hartes, but thei canst so well away w<sup>t</sup> these crakkes."

Any one who wishes for information about the state of Scotch artillery at this time may find it in Leyden's Introduction to his reprint of the above-mentioned "Complaynt."

- ON the 10<sup>th</sup> day of december [on page 54.] At Mussle-  
 & the 4<sup>th</sup> yeere of King Edwards Raigne, borough the  
 att Musleboorowe, as I remember, English and  
 4 2 goodly hosts there mett on a plaine ; Scotch met.
- All night that<sup>1</sup> they camped there, The Scotch  
 soe did the scotts both stout & stubborne, confident.  
 "but wellaway," it was their song ;  
 8 <sup>2</sup> for wee haue taken them in their owne turne.<sup>3</sup>
- Over night they carded<sup>4</sup> for our english mens coates,  
 they fished before their netts were spunn,  
 a white for 6<sup>d</sup>, a red *pro* 2 groates<sup>5</sup> ;  
 12 now wisdome wold haue stayed till they had been  
 woone.
- Wee feared not but that they wold fight, They were 8  
 yett itt was turned vnto their owne paine, to 1, but we  
 thoe against one of vs *that* they were 8<sup>d</sup> beat them.  
 16 yett *with* their owne weapons wee did them beat.
- On the 12<sup>th</sup> day in the morne  
 thé made a face as thé wold fight,  
 but many a proud Scott there was downe borne,  
 20 & many a ranke coward was put to flight.

<sup>1</sup> ? that night.—H.

<sup>2</sup> This may refer either to Flodden Field (A.D. 1513) or to the very recent overthrow of Solway Moss.

<sup>3</sup> The MS. may be read *horne*.—F.

<sup>4</sup> *i.e.* played for *them* at Cards.—P.

<sup>5</sup> It *should* seem from hence that there was somewhat of a Uniform among our Soldiers even then.—P.

But when they heard our great gunnes cracke,  
 then was their harts turned into their hose ;  
 they cast down their weapons, and turned their backes,  
 24 they ran soe fast *that* thé fell on their Nose.

Of Lord  
 Huntley's  
 10,000 men  
 not one  
 escaped.

The *Lord* Huntley, wee had him there,<sup>1</sup>  
 with him hee brought 10000: men ;  
 yett, god be thanked, wee made them such a banquet  
 28 that none of them returned againe.

Wee chased them to D . . .

[*half a page gone.*]

<sup>1</sup> The Earl of Huntley commanded the Scotch rear. He was taken prisoner.—H.



## Fragment of a Ballad about Thomas Lord Cromwell.<sup>1</sup>

CROMWELL was a favourite subject with the ballad-writers of the middle of his century. Regarded as a great author and promoter of the radical ecclesiastical changes of his time, he reaped a plentiful harvest both of hatred and of popularity. The oldest ballad in print deals with him: "A newe ballade made of Thomas Crumwel, called Trolle on away," with the burden—

Trolle on away, trolle on awaye.  
Synge heave and howe rombelowe trolle on away.

printed in London in 1540, composed probably, as Bishop Percy (who prints it in his "Reliques," v. ii. Bk. I. No. xi.) suggests, between the disgraced minister's arrest on June 10th (Percy wrongly says 11th), and execution on the 28th of the following month. This piece, says Percy, "gave rise to a poetic controversy, which was carried on through a succession of seven or eight ballads, written for and against Lord Cromwell. These are all preserved in the archives of the Antiquarian Society, in a large folio collection of proclamations, &c. made in the reigns of K. Hen. VIII., K. Edw. VI., Q. Mary, Q. Eliz., K. James I., &c."

The details of ballad-mongers can seldom boast much historical value. The object of the tribe is to place events before their audience in the most picturesque way possible. To this object details must courtsey. The great event alluded to here undoubtedly transpired: Cromwell was attached; but the costume of the event is the fancy-work of the ballad-writer.

<sup>1</sup> Our title.—F. Percy's side note is, "This seems to be a Fragment of another Ballad about Lord Cromwell.—P."

No woman's spiteful clamouring for his life—no Herodias daughter—ruined him, but simply the failure of his matrimonial scheme. Cromwell might have died peaceably in his bed, had Anne of Cleves been endowed with beauty. Beauty has been many men's bane; the want of it was Cromwell's. Anne's plain face killed him. Not the Earls of Derby and Shrewsbury arrested him, but the Duke of Norfolk at the council table. Lastly, he was never after his arrest admitted to an interview with the king. Letters passed between the fallen servant and the merciless master. "Most gracious Prince," wrote Cromwell from the Tower, "I cry for mercy, mercy, mercy." Over which appeal the master is said to have shed a tear, but he never intervened between the maker of it and the block; and on one and the same day the minister was beheaded, and the king married Catherine Howard,—a coincidence not mentioned by Mr. Froude.

The details of this fragment are therefore void of accuracy. As Catherine Howard gained, as at first it might seem, by the fall of Cromwell and the divorce of his protégée, she perhaps is the person here represented as denouncing him for a traitor ("the most corrupt traitor and deceiver of the king and the crown that had ever been known in his whole reign" he was described to be in the Act of Attainder) and begging his death. There may have been current a rumour to such an effect. Rapin says: "The solicitations of the Duke of Norfolk and Gardiner, seconded by those of Catherine Howard, who acted in their favour, rendered the endeavours of the prisoner [to obtain his pardon] fruitless." But, according to Miss Strickland, "there is not the slightest contemporary evidence, not so much as a private letter, to bear out" this assertion.

The king's first speech is worthy of notice as mentioning the two great considerations of the early Tudors—the crown and the people. The barons had been completely broken down in the

long wars of the preceding centuries culminating in the Wars of the Roses. Edward IV. leaned upon the people. So Henry VII. Accordingly, in the ballads of the early part of the sixteenth century, the "commonalty" is frequently heard of.

[*half a page missing.*]

- 2 "ffor if *your* boone be askeable,  
soone granted it shalbe
- [page 55.] The King  
inclines to  
grant her  
boon.
- "If it be not touching my crowne," he said,  
"Nor hurting poore comminaltye."  
"Nay, it<sup>1</sup> is not touching *your* crowne," shee sayes,  
6 "Nor hurting poore cominaltye,
- "But I begg the death of *Thomas Cromwell*,  
for a false traitor to you is hee."  
"then feitch me hither the Earle of darby  
10 and the Earle of Shrewsbury,
- "And bidde them bring *Thomas Cromawell*;  
lets see what he can say to mee."  
for *Thomas* had woont to haue carryed his head vp,  
14 but now he hanges it vppon his knee.
- "How now? How now?" the *King* did say,  
"Thomas, how is it with thee?"  
"Hanging & drawing, O *King*!" he saide;  
18 "you shall neuer gett more from mee."  
ffins.
- She begs  
*Thomas  
Cromwell's*  
death.
- Cromwell is  
brought  
before the  
King.
- and con-  
demned to be  
hanged and  
drawn.

<sup>1</sup> MS. it it.—F.

## Listen Jolly Gentlemen.<sup>1</sup>

THIS is evidently an old song roughly re-dressed for the reign of James I. A different song with the same beginning is, says Mr. Chappell, in the Pepys Collection. (Mr. Patrick cannot find it.)

A word in  
praise of old  
King Harry.

LISTEN iolly gentlemen,  
listen and be merry!  
a word or tow faine wold I speake  
4 in the praïse of old *King* Harry,  
for hee wold sweare, & he wold stare,  
& lay hand on his dagger;  
& he wold swiue, if he were aliue,  
8 from the queene vnto the beggar.  
But let him alone, he is dead & gone,  
another wee haue in his place,  
our Noble *King*, of whome weele sing  
12 "god blesse *King* Iames his grace!  
With a hey downe downe, with How downe downe,  
With a hey downe, downe, downe derry &c."

But he is  
gone.

And God  
bless King  
James,

who is a  
jolly fellow,

16 King Iames hath meate, *King* Iames hath men,  
King Iames loues to be merry,  
*King* Iames is angry now & then,  
but it makes him quickly weary.

[*half a page missing.*]

<sup>1</sup> In James I.'s Time.—P.

Of his office bestowed vpon him. [page 56.]  
 20 for your whores & your knaues & your merry  
     drunken slaues  
 cry a plauge & a pox vpon him!  
     with a hey downe &c.

Before I haue done with our Kings braue sonne and has a  
brave son.  
 24 I must sett forth his praise ;  
 England had neuer a liuelier ladd  
     to *prolonge* our happy dayes ;  
 but I made this song, I must not be long,  
 28 for good King Iames his sake ; God bless  
'em!  
 god blese his grace, his children & realme !  
     & soe I make an end.

ffins.

[*The Loose Song " See the Bwildinge " follows.*]

### A fragment of the Ballad of the Child of Ell.<sup>1</sup>

THIS is a fragment of one of the most popular stories of Northern Europe. "More than thirty versions have been published in the Northern languages," says Prof. Child. "Of the corresponding Danish ballad, 'Ribolt og Guldborg,' Gruntvig has collected more than twenty versions, some of them ancient, many obtained from recitation; and eight of the kindred 'Hildebrond og Hilde.' There have also been printed of the latter three versions in Swedish, and of the former three in Icelandic, two in Norse, and seven in Swedish. ('Danmarks Samle Folkeviser,' ii. 308-403, 674-81.)"

Compare "Erlinton" and "The Douglas Tragedy" (of which Scott mentions a "local habitation") in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," "The brave Earl Brand and the King of England's daughter" in Mr. Bell's "Ballads and Songs of the English Peasantry," "Robin Hood and the Tanner's Daughter" in Gutch's "Lytell Geste."

The present fragment of a version may be fairly said to be now printed for the first time, as in the "Reliques" it is buried in a heap of "polished" verses composed by Percy. That worthy prelate, touched by the beauty of it—he had a soul—was unhappily moved to try his hand at its completion. A wax-doll-maker might as well try to restore Milo's Venus. There are 39 lines here. There are 200 in the thing called the "Child of Elle" in the "Reliques." But in those 200 lines all the 39 originals do not appear. Now and then one appears, always (with

<sup>1</sup> Percy's title.—F. The Beauty of these few Stanzas tempted me to attempt the long Ballad of "The Child of Elle," which I have printed in my Reliques, &c., Vol. I.—P.



one exception) a little altered to fit it for the strange bed-fellows with which the polishing process has made it acquainted, its good manners corrupted, so to speak, by evil communications. On the whole, the union of the genuine and the false—of the old ballad with Percy's tawdry feebleness—makes about as objectionable a *mesalliance* as that in the story itself is in the eyes of the father. The crowning efforts of the polishing process are this version of vv. 15-18 :

And thrice he clasped her to his breste,  
And kist her tenderlie ;  
The teares that fell from her fair eyes  
Ranne like the fountayne free.

and this of vv. 33-39 :

But light nowe downe, my ladye faire,  
Light downe, and hold my steed,  
While I and this discourteous knighte  
Doe trye this arduous deede.

But light now downe, my dear ladyè,  
Light downe and hold my horse ;  
While I and this discourteous knight  
Doe trye our valour's force.

So fared our poor fragment in the hands of its friends a hundred years ago.

<p>Sayes " Christ thee saue, good child of Ell ! 2 christ saue thee &amp; thy steede !  " my father sayes he will noe Meate, nor his drinke shall doe him noe good, till he haue slaine the child of Ell 6 &amp; haue scene his harts blood."  " I wold I were in my sadle sett, &amp; a Mile out of the towne, I did not care for your father 10 &amp; all his merrymen !</p>	<p>[page 57.] " My father," says the maiden, " vows to slay thee."          " I care not for him," says the child, " were I but mounted and out of the town."</p>
--	---

- “ I wold I were in my saddle sett,  
 & a little space him froe,  
 I did not care for *your* father  
 14 & all that long him to ! ”
- They kiss,  
 with tears,  
 he leaned ore his saddle bow  
 to kisse this Lady good ;  
 the teares *that* went them 2 betweene  
 18 were blend<sup>1</sup> water & blood.
- ride away,  
 he sett himselfe on one good steed,  
 this lady of one palfray,  
 & sett his litle horne to his mouth,  
 22 & roundlie he rode away.
- and are  
 pursued by  
 the lady's  
 father and  
 seven  
 brothers.  
 he had not ridden past a mile,  
 a mile out of the towne,  
 her father was readye with her 7 brether,  
 26 he said, “ sett thou my daughter downe !  
 for it ill beseemes thee, thou false churles sonne,  
 to carry her forth of this towne ! ”
- The child  
 prepares to  
 fight them.  
 “ but lowd thou lyeest, Sir Iohn the *Knight* !  
 30 thou now doest Lye of me ;  
 a knight me gott, & a lady me bore ;  
 soe neuer did none by thee.
- 34 “ but light now downe, my lady gay,  
 light downe & hold my horsse,  
 whilst I & *your* father & *your* brether  
 doe play vs at this crosse ;
- 38 “ but light now downe, my owne trew loue,  
 & meeklye hold my steede,  
 whilst *your* father [& *your* brether] bold”  
 [*half a page missing.*]

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.*, blended.—P.

**King James & Browne.<sup>1</sup>**

[page 58.]

THIS piece may be regarded as a sort of second part to "The Bishop and Brown" referred to in verse 108. The theme is Brown, and how vigorously and successfully he succoured King James the Sixth of Scotland, afterwards the First of England, from the perpetual treasons that assailed his minority. "The Bishop and Brown," as we learn from the black-letter copy in the collection of the Antiquarian Society, was written by W. Elderton, a copious ballad-writer, who tumbled himself to death early in the last decade of the sixteenth century, and was commemorated by this epitaph:

Hic situs est sitiens atque ebrius Eldertonus ;  
Quid dico hic situs est ? Hic potius sitis est.

Probably enough he wrote "King James and Brown" too. The villain of it is that same Douglas, who is warned by the Earl of Morton in the last verse but one of "The Bishop and Brown:"

Take heede you do not offend the king ;  
But shew yourselves like honest men  
Obediently in everything.

What Bishop Percy says in his Introduction to "The Bishop and Brown" of the historical value or valuelessness of that ballad, applies pretty much to this one. As frequently with ballads, the spirit is true, the letter false. James the Sixth was born and cradled and grew up in the midst of turmoils and troubles. The royal person was the great bone of contention amongst the different parties that rent the state, and, down to within three

<sup>1</sup> See also song in page 273 [of MS.].—P.

years of the union of the Scotch and English crowns, was in constant peril from them. It was always being seized, or attempted to be seized, or rumoured to be about to be seized. All the winds of faction were let loose, and his majesty was as cruelly blown and tossed about as Æneas himself. The sagacious discoverer of Gunpowder Plot had had therefore much experience of treason before he came southward. He had lived in an atmosphere of it. Such an atmosphere is represented by the following ballad. From the words already quoted from "The Bishop and Brown," we may perhaps be justified in dating it in the Earl of Morton's regency (1572-1580, with a short interruption)—the fourth regency since Queen Mary's compelled abdication in 1567. What historical justification there is for it is perhaps contained in the following extract from "The Historie of King James the Sext," printed by the Bannatyne Club: "In the next moneth of Apryle, the Erle of Mortoun began to consider with him self, that he had not done weill of his suddan demissioun; and tharefor he entysit a factioun of the hous of Mar to cum to the castell of Stirling, with force and slight to transport the King from the hands of Alexander Erskin his ordinar and laughfull kepar, to Lochlevin; whare he intendit to have keapit him till the end of his yeiris of perfection, or els for all the dayis of his lyftyme, as he intendit to have keapit his mother afore. And in the meyne tyme he maid his residence thair, as it war for policie, devysing the situation of a fayre gardene with allayis, to remove all suspicion of his consavit treason in that mater. Bot as thay war in executioun of this purpose, it was sumthing narrolie espyit that a speciall gentilman of reputation was murdreist amang thayme callit Erskin, wha defendit stoutlie the Kings dure from thair assault, besyd the hurt of many uthers. To conclude, that thair treasonable interpryse was postponit for that tyme, bot Mortons devyce was not devulgat till efter."

The Ballad surrounds the king with traitors—sets his body

about with disloyal swords and spears—and makes his mercy as unavailing as his power. Happily for the poor prince, there is at hand one Brown—a loyal, energetic, incorruptible Englishman. He had three times before delivered the king out of the hands of his enemies—from some assailants at Edinburgh, from the “Sheriff’s sonne of Carlile,” from the Bishop of St. Andrews—and he delivers him again. How pleasant to ballad-hearers in the English streets about the year 1580 to know that the King of Scotland was being so well looked after and protected by Brown!

V. 27. The Earl of Lennox was murdered at Stirling in 1571.

AS I did walke my selfe alone,  
 & by one garden greene,  
 I heard a yonge prince make great moane  
 4     *which* did turne my hart to teene.<sup>1</sup>

A young  
king is  
heard  
complaining  
of his  
danger.

“O lord!” he then said vntou me,  
 “Why haue I liued soe long?  
 for yonder comes a cruell scott,”  
 8     *quoth* hee, “*that* will doe me some ronge.”<sup>2</sup>

and then came traitor douglas there,—  
 he came for to betray his king,—  
 some they brought bills, & some they brought bowes,  
 12     & some *thé* brought other things.

Douglas,  
with other  
lords, comes  
to seize him.

the king was aboue in a gallery  
 with a heauy heart;  
 vnto his body was sett about  
 16     with swords & speares soe sharpe.

“be you the Lordes of Scotland,” he said,  
 “*that* hither for councell seeke to me?  
 or yoe bee<sup>3</sup> traitors to my crowne  
 20     by my blood *that* you wold see?”

Asked by  
the Prince  
what they  
want,

<sup>1</sup> grief, vexation, indignation.—P.

<sup>2</sup> wrong.—P.

<sup>3</sup> beee you.—P.

they say  
his blood.

“wee are they *Lords* of Scotland,” they said,  
“nothing we come to crane of thee,  
but wee be traitors to thy crowne ;  
24 thy blood that wee will see.”

The Prince  
cries shame  
on them.

“O! fye vpon you, you false Scotts !  
for you neuer all trew wilbe ;  
my grandfather you haue slaine,  
28 & caused my mother to flee !

“my grandfather you haue slaine,  
& my owne mother<sup>1</sup> you hanged on a tree !  
& now,” *quoth* he, “the like treason  
32 you haue now wrought for me !

“ffarwell hart, & farwell hand !  
farwell all pleasures alsoe !  
35 farwell th . . . . my head ”

[*half a page missing.*]

“If thou wilt . . . . [page 59, the first whole page.  
37 & soe goe away with mee.”

Browne  
refuses  
Douglas's  
bribe.

“goe Marry thy daughter to whome thou wilt,”  
*quoth* Browne, “thou marrys none to me,  
for Ile not be a traitor,” *quoth* Browne,  
41 “for all the gold that euer I see.”

this Douglas, hearing Browne soe say,  
began to flee away full fast ;  
“but tarry a while,” saies lusty Browne,  
45 “Ile make you to pay before you passe.”

<sup>1</sup> father, the Lord Darnley.—P.



- he hath taken the Douglas prisoner,  
 & hath brought him before the *King* ;  
 he kneeled low vpon his knee,  
 49 for pardon there prainge.
- “ how shold I pardon thee,” saith the *King*,  
 “ & thoule remaine a traitor still ?  
 for euer since that I was borne,”  
 53 quoth he, “ thou hast sought my blood to spill.”
- “ for if you will grant me my pardon,” he said,  
 “ out of this place soe free,  
 I wilbe sworne before *your* grace  
 57 a trew subiect to bee.”
- “ god for-gaue his death,” said the *King*,  
 “ when he was nayled vpon a tree,  
 & as free as euer god forgaue his death,  
 61 douglas,” quoth he, “ Ile forgiue thee !
- “ and all the traitors in Scotland,”  
 quoth he, “ both great & small,  
 as free as euer god forgaue his death,  
 65 soe free I will forgiue them all.”
- “ I thanke you for *your* pardon, king,  
 that you haue granted forth soe plaine ;  
 if I liue a 12 month to an end,  
 69 you shall not aliuie remaine.
- “ tomorrow yet or ere I dine  
 I meane to doo thee one good turne,  
 for Edenborrow that is thine owne ”  
 73 quoth he, “ I will both h . . & [burne].”
- thus douglas hied towards Edenborrow,  
 & many of his men were gone beffore,  
 & after him on euery side,  
 77 with him there went some 20 score.

Browne  
seizes  
Douglas,  
who prays  
for pardon,

which at  
last the  
King grants.

Douglas  
thanks him,  
but aside  
vows to  
undo him.

Douglas  
goes to  
Edinburgh  
with his  
men.

but when that they did see him come,  
 they cryed lowd with voices, saying,  
 “ yonder comes a false Traitor  
 81 that wold haue slaine our *King* ! ”

Browne  
 again seizes  
 Douglas,

they chaynd vp the gates of Edenborrow,  
 & there thé made them wonderous fast,  
 & there Browne sett on douglas againe,  
 85 & quicklye did him ouer cast.

but worde came backe againe to the *King*  
 with all the speed that euer might bee,  
 that Traitor douglas there was taken,  
 89 & his body was there to see.

“ bring me his taker,” quoth the *King*,  
 “ come, quickly bring him vnto me !  
 Ile giue a 1000 pound a yeere,  
 93 what man soeuer he bee.”

and is  
 brought  
 before the  
 King.

But then they called Lusty Browne ;  
 sayes, “ Browne, come thou hither to mee !  
 how oft hast thou foughten for my sake,  
 97 & alwayes woone the victory ? ”

Browne  
 recounts  
 how he  
 served the  
 King

“ the first time that I fought for you,  
 it was in Edenborrow, *King* ;  
 if there I had not stoutly stood,  
 101 my leege, you neuer had beene *King* :

and saved  
 his life

“ the second time I fought for you,  
 here I will tell you in this place,  
 I killd the Sheriffs sonne of Carlile,”  
 105 quoth he, “ that wold haue slaine your grace :

“ the 3<sup>d</sup> time *that* I fought for you,<sup>1</sup> twice.  
 here for to let you vnderstand,  
 I slew the bishopp of S<sup>t</sup> Andrew[s,] ”  
 109 *quoth* he, “ with a possat<sup>2</sup> in [his hand].”

. . . . . *quoth* hee [page 60.]  
 “ *that* euer my manhood I did trye,  
 He make a vow for Englands sake  
 113 *that* I will neuer battell flee.”

“ god amercy, browne,” then said the *King*, Browne is  
made an  
earl.  
 “ & god amercy heartilye !  
 before I made thee but a knight,  
 117 but now an Earle I will make thee.”

“ God saue the Queene of England,” he said, He declares  
his fealty to  
England.  
 “ for her blood is verrey neshe,<sup>3</sup>  
 as neere vnto her I am  
 121 as a colloppe shorne from the fleshe.

“ If I be false to England,” he said,  
 either in Earnest or in Iest,  
 I might be likened to a bird,”  
 125 *Quoth* he, “ that did defile it Nest.<sup>4</sup> ”

ffins.

<sup>1</sup> This alludes to the subject of the ballad in page 273 [of the MS., *Bishoppe & Browne*].—P.  
<sup>2</sup> qu.: MS. rubbed. Compare “ Bishop & Browne.”—H.

<sup>3</sup> tender, delicate.—F.  
<sup>4</sup> “ ‘Tis an ill bird that bewrays it own nest.” Ray’s “ Proverbs” in *Bohn’s Handbook*, p. 72.—F.

## Sir Lambewell.<sup>1</sup>

[IN 3 PARTS.—P.]

IN the Registers of the Stationers' Company (see Mr. Collier's extracts therefrom) is this entry: "1557-8, To John Kynge, to printe these bokes folowyng; that ys to saye a Jeste of Syr gawayne . . . Syr lamwell . . ." Of "Syr lamwell" Mr. Collier says, "if printed, it has perished." It was printed; but the print, with the exception of one single page preserved in the Douce Collection, has perished. The poem, however, has not perished; we now print it.

The piece is simply a *rifaccimento* of that highly popular romance "Lanval"—No. 5 of Maries lays, which "are known to exist only in one MS., viz. Harl. MSS. No. 978" (see Mr. Halliwell's "Ellis' Early Eng. Met. Rom.")—or rather of the English translation of it made by Thomas Chestre, as we are told at the end:

Thomas Chestre made thys tale,  
Of the noble Knyght syr Launfale  
Good of chivalrye.

preserved in the Cotton MSS. Calig. A. 2. f. 33, from which it is printed by Ritson in his "E. E. Met. Rom." "Lamwell" is one of the pieces mentioned in the memorable list of Captain Cox's ballads in Laneham's well-known Kenilworth Letter (1575).

This version differs in form (Chestre's translation is written in the favourite metre of the romances—the "Rime of Sir Topas" metre) and slightly in matter from its original. It omits the previous career of the knight as it is detailed by Chestre—how he disliked Queen "Gwennere" as soon as ever she arrived at

<sup>1</sup> A curious old romantic ballad written before the Reformation, see part 3<sup>d</sup>, v. 24. This is upon the same subject as the old

Romance of Sir Launfal, but differs in some Parts of the Story, probably altered by some minstrel.—P.

Arthur's court, and, she reciprocating his feelings, resolved to seek some other quarters, and accordingly proceeded to "Karlywon," and there abode in extreme destitution, till riding one day into a forest the rare adventure on which the tale centres befell him. Chestre calls the lady, who is anonymous in the Folio, "Dame Tryamour," and speaks of her dwelling-place as "Olyroan," not as "Million" or "Amilion." The place meant here—the "jolly island that clipped was Amilion"—is of course that Fortunate Isle to which Arthur was conveyed by the three queens ("I wil into the vale of Avilion," says the sick King to Sir Bedivere, "for to heal me of a greivous wounde:") so richly described by Tennyson in his "Morte d'Arthur" as

The island-valley of Avilion  
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,  
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies  
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns  
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea.

Chestre says that once a year something might be heard or seen of the "translated" knight:

Every yer upon a certayn day  
Me may here Launfales stede nay  
And hym se with syght.  
Ho that wyll there axsy justus  
To kepe hys armes fro the rustus  
In turnement other fyght;  
Dar he never forther gon,  
Ther he may fynde justes anoon,  
With syr Launfal the knyght.

The presents the lady makes her lover are more curious in Chestre's poem than in ours:

I wyll the yeve an alner,  
Imad of sylk and of gold cler,  
Wyth fayre ymages thre;  
As oft thou putttest the hond therinne,  
A mark of gold thou schalt wyne,  
In wat place that thou be.  
Also, sche seyde, syr Launfal,

I yeve the Blaunchard my stede lel  
 And Gyfre my owen knave;  
 And of my armes oo pensel,  
 Wyth thre ermyns ypeynted well,  
 Also thou schalt have.  
 In werre, ne yn turnement,  
 Ne schall the greve no knyghtes dent  
 So well y schall the save.

Our version, made a century later—Chester lived probably in Henry VI.'s reign—is indifferent to these and such details, as also to the exploits performed in Lombardy by the knight with his mistress' assistance so given, which in Chestre are so famous as to lead King Arthur to recall him to the court. It characteristically attaches more importance to the trial-scene, which it gives in full.

King Arthur  
 is at Carlisle.

DOUGHTY in king<sup>1</sup> Arthures dayes  
 when Brittain was holden in noblenesse,  
 and in his time a long while  
 4 he sojourned in merry Carlile.<sup>2</sup>  
 with him he had many an heire  
 as he had else many a whide<sup>3</sup> where;  
 Of his round table they were *Knights* all,  
 8 & thé had much Mirth in bower & hall;  
 in euery Land of the world wide  
 thé came to the court on every side,  
 both yonge knights & Squires eke,  
 12 all thé came to the courte to seeke.  
 & with him there longed<sup>4</sup> a bold bachelor,  
 & soe he did many a yeere,  
 a yonge *Knight* of much might,  
 16 Sir Lambewell forsooth he hight,  
 and euer he spent worthilye,  
 & he gaue gifts that were larglie;

Many  
 knights and  
 squires  
 resort to  
 him.

Amongst  
 them Sir  
 Lambwell,

<sup>1</sup> = In doughty king: Cp. "good my Lord," &c.—F. p. 284 [of MS.].—P.

<sup>2</sup> In other Ballads it is Carleile, v<sup>d</sup>.

<sup>3</sup> from every.—P.

<sup>4</sup> from *long*: ? stayed, remained.—F.



- [soe largely<sup>1</sup>] his good he spent,  
 20 much more than euer he had rent,  
 & soe outragiouslye he it sett  
*that* he became far in debt. who  
squanders  
his fortune,
- and when he saw *that* all was gone,  
 24 then hee begunn to make great moane,  
 "alacke!" he said, "noe goods I haue;  
 I know not how to doe, soe god me saue,  
 & I can neither begg nor borrowe!  
 28 thus I am brought far in sorrow,  
 & I am far in a strange land,  
 & haue noe goods, as I vnderstand.  
 of all these *Knights that* are soe feirce  
 32 of the round table, *which* are my peeres,  
 eche one to haue me they were glad,  
 & now for me thé wilbe sad;  
 both Sir Huon<sup>2</sup> & Sir Gaion,<sup>3</sup>  
 36 Some time of me *that* you were faine;  
 ffarwell Sir Kay, *that* crabbed Knight!  
 farwell Sir Perciuall the wight! bids  
farewell to  
his fellows,  
 of my companie *that* thou was faine,  
 40 the good Knight Sir Agrauaine<sup>4</sup>!  
 farwell Sir Garrett<sup>5</sup> & Sir Griffine,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> MS. torn.—F. soe largelye.—P.

<sup>2</sup> ? Uwayne les awoutres. Maleor (ed. Southey) vol. 1, p. 230-3. Uwayne le blanche maynys, *ib.* i. 231; syre Vwayne le fyse de roy Vreyne, *ib.* i. 370.—F.

<sup>3</sup> Sir Hayne and Sir Gawaine.—P.

<sup>4</sup> Agrauayne was the knight, "euer open mouthed," who told Arthur of Lancelot's adultery with Guinevere: see cap. ii. of "the book of the pyteous hystorye whyche is of the morte or deth of kyng Arthur," being "the twenty book" of Caxton's Maleor, v. 2, p. 391 of Southey's reprint. Agrauayne was Gawain's brother, and Lancelot's killing him was the cause of Gawain's bitter revenge, and his forcing Arthur to invade Lancelot in France gave opportunity for Mordred's treason, which led to Arthur's death.—F.

<sup>5</sup> "The seventh book" of Caxton's Maleor (vol. 1, 186-245 of Southey's reprint) contains "the tale of Syr Gareth of Orkeney that was called Beaumayns by syr kay." He was the son of the Queen of Orkney, and loved (and wedded) Dame Lyones of the Castel Peryllous, but was kept from anticipating his marital rights by Lynet the damoyssel, who made a knight stab him in the thigh when he needed cooling; and when he chopped the knight's head off and in pieces, she stuck it together and on again. In v. 2, p. 383, occurs "the good knygt sir Gareth, that was of veray knyghthode worth al the bretheren."—F.

<sup>6</sup> Griffine is not mentioned among the "honderd knyghtes and ten" of Arthur's court, in Maleore, v. 2, p. 382-5, ed. 1817.

- of my company *that* thou was faine !  
 ffarwell the *Knight* Sir Iron side<sup>1</sup> !
- 44 - of my company thou had much pride,  
 ffor my expence & noble wray,<sup>2</sup>  
 - & the rich gifts that I gaue aye !  
 Certes you shall me neue[r] see ;
- 48 ffarwell, I take my leaue of you<sup>3</sup>  
 as a single batchlour without blame,  
 where before I bare a good name.”  
 then he leaped vpon a fresh courser
- and  
 unattended  
 rides away  
 westward. 52 without page or any squier,  
 & tooke his way towards the west,  
 betweene the water & a faire fforrest.  
 the sun was at the [even-tide<sup>4</sup>], [page 61.]
- 56 the *Knight* light downe, & thought to abide,  
 & layd him downe, the *knight* free,  
 vnder the shadow of a tree ;  
 and what for Weeping much & warle,<sup>5</sup>
- Sleeps under  
 a tree. 60 a-sleepe I-wis this *Knight* fell,  
 & what for sobbing & greet.
- As he wakes,  
 two maidens  
 come to him  
 out of a  
 forest, 64 when he wakned, vp he him sett,  
 and then he looked afore him tho :
- 68 out of a fforrest came Maydens tow,  
 towards Sir Lambewell they did grow<sup>6</sup> ;  
 ffairer befor he neuer sawe.  
 Mantles they had of Red veluett
- 68 fringed with gold full well sett,  
 & kirtles of purple sandall,<sup>7</sup>  
 they were small laced, & fitted well ;  
 they were tyred aboue<sup>8</sup> over all,
- 72 & either of them had a ffresh color,

<sup>1</sup> Syr Ironsyde is mentioned in Caxton's *Maleor*, v. 1, p. 224, cap. xxiii. &c. At p. 234 he is "syre Ironsyde that was the reed knyghte of the reed laudes," and at v. 2, p. 384.—F.

<sup>2</sup> qu. array.—P.

<sup>3</sup> of yee.—P.

<sup>4</sup> The Sun was now at the even-tide : qu.—P.

<sup>5</sup> perhaps waile.—P. *warly*, weary, *Gawain and Golagros*.—F.

<sup>6</sup> draw qu.—P.

<sup>7</sup> cendal, thin silk ; "*cendell*, thynne lynnyn, Fr. *sendal*." *Palsgrave*.—F.

<sup>8</sup> above all, over.—P.

- they had faces as white as snowdowne,  
 they had loue-some color & eyen Browne ;  
 & one of them had a gold Bason,  
 76 & the other a towell of silke fine.  
 towards Lamewell drew these maids twaine :  
 the *Knight* was curteous, and rose them againe ;  
 thé said, "god speede thee, thou *Knight* free,  
 80 there as thou lyest full of pourty !"  
 "damsell," saies Lamwell, "welcome to mee !"  
 "Sir," quoth the one, "well may thou bee !  
 My Lady thats bright as blossome or flower,  
 84 thee greets, Sir Lamwell, as her paramoure,  
 & prays you for to speake with her  
 & if it be your will, faire Sir."  
 Lamwell answered them both there,  
 88 " & I am faine<sup>1</sup> with you to fare,  
 for which way soeuer your gate lies,  
 I deeme certaine be<sup>2</sup> paradise,  
 for fairer maids then you tow bee  
 92 I neuer saw moue with mine eye.<sup>3</sup>"  
 thé thanked Lambwell, that *Knight* Curteous,<sup>4</sup>  
 for giuing them soo great a praise :  
 "but shee as much fairer then wee are scene,  
 96 & ouer vs might be a queene,  
 her bewtie passeth vs as far  
 as betweene the flower & the steale.<sup>5</sup>"  
 they washed their<sup>6</sup> hands & face alsoe,  
 100 & forth with those maids the *Knight* did goe.  
 within that forrest thé did see  
 a rich pauillion pight full hee,<sup>7</sup>  
 & every pomell of the pauillion  
 104 was well worth a 100 pound :

Described ... after ...

greet him,

and give  
 him an  
 invitation  
 from their  
 lady.

He accepts  
 it,

praises their  
 beauty,

and goes  
 with them  
 to a rich  
 pavilion in  
 the forest,

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.* glad.—P.

<sup>2</sup> to be.—P.

<sup>3</sup> The page is torn across ; Percy reads,  
 "I never saw none with mine eye ;" but  
 the first letter of *none* is clearly *m*.—F.

<sup>4</sup> *forte* certes.—P.

<sup>5</sup> *i.e.* stalk.—P. Du. *steel*, the Stalk  
 or Stem of any Hearbe (Hexham). Scotch  
*steel*, the handle of anything (Jamieson).  
 —F.

<sup>6</sup> *perhaps* his.—P.

<sup>7</sup> *hie* or high, *olim* pronounced *hee*.—P.

- vpon the topp a gripe<sup>1</sup> stood,  
 of shining gold, fine & good ;  
 in his mouth he bare a carbunckle bright,  
 108 like the moone it shines euery night ;  
 King Alexander the conquerour,  
 nor Salamon in his most honour,  
 nor Charlemount<sup>2</sup> the rich King,  
 112 they neuer welded such a thing.  
 for sooth there was in that pauillion  
 the Kings daughter of Million<sup>3</sup> ; ✕  
 in that pauillion was a bed of price  
 116 that was couered ore with goodlie vice,<sup>4</sup>  
 & therein sate a lady bright,  
 from the Middle shee was naked vpright,  
 and all her cloathing by her lay ;  
 120 full seemlie shee sate, I say,  
 all in a mantle of white Ermines  
 was fringed about with gold fine.  
 her mantle downe for heat shee did  
 124 full right vnto her girdle steed<sup>5</sup> ;  
 shee was as white as lilly in may,  
 or snow that falls on winters day ;  
 the blossome, nor the bryar, nor noe Kind of f[lower,]  
 128 it hath noe hue vnto her color ;  
 [and the red] Rose when it is new, [page 62.]  
 to her rednesse hath noe hue,  
 for it shone Like the gold wyer ; ✓  
 132 yett noe man can tell of her attyre.  
 when of her he had had a sight,  
 downe of his<sup>6</sup> knees then fell the Knight,  
 & saluted her with mild steuen<sup>7</sup>  
 136 as though that shee had come from heauen,

in which  
was the  
daughter of  
the King of  
Avillion,

a most fair  
lady.

The knight  
makes his  
obeisance.

<sup>1</sup> Grype, *i. e.* Griffin.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Charlemagne.—P.

<sup>3</sup> Olyron (Oleron) in the original by  
T. Chester.—P. See l. 621, Amilion.  
—F.

<sup>4</sup> *perhaps* device.—P.

<sup>5</sup> *i. e.* place.—P.

<sup>6</sup> on his.—P.

<sup>7</sup> A.-S. *stefn*, voice.—F.

& spake to her when he had space,  
 " I put me,<sup>1</sup> lady, into your grace."  
 " Sir Lambewell," shee said, " my harts sweete,  
 140 for thy loue my hart I leete,<sup>2</sup>  
 & theres noe *King* nor emperour—  
 but & if I loued him paramour  
 as much, *Sir Lambewell*, as I doe thee,—  
 144 he wold be right glad of me."  
 he sett him downe the lady beside,  
 " Lady," he saies, " what-ere betide,  
 both early & late, loud & still,  
 148 command [me] ready at your will!  
 but as helpe me god, my lady deere,  
 I am a *knight* without hawere<sup>3</sup> ;  
 I haue noe goods noe more,<sup>4</sup> nor men,  
 152 to maintaine this estate I find your in."  
 then said that Lady, " I doe you soe kind,<sup>5</sup>  
 I know thy estate first & end.  
 & thou wilt trustilie to mee take,  
 156 & for my loue all other forsake,  
 then I will maintaine thine honour  
 with gold, with siluer, & with rich treasure,  
 & with euery man thou shalt spend larglie,  
 160 & I will giue thee great plentie."  
 then of *that profer* he was full blithe,  
 & thanked this lady often sithe ;  
 he obaid him vnto her there,  
 164 he list this lady that was soe faire,  
 & by that Lady downe him sett,  
 & bad her maides downe meat fet,  
 & to there hands watter cleer,  
 168 for then shee wold vnto supper<sup>6</sup> :

They  
converse.

He confesses  
his poerty.

She offers  
him of her  
abundance.

<sup>1</sup> me, qu.—Percy. MS. my.—F.

<sup>2</sup> A.-S. *lætan*, let go, dismiss.—F.

<sup>3</sup> *harbere*, *i. e.* home.—P. *havere*, Fr.  
*avoir*, possessions.—F.

<sup>4</sup> more, ? adv. longer.—F.

<sup>5</sup> to ken.—P.

<sup>6</sup> *suppere*.—P.

They sup  
together,

there was meate & drinke,<sup>1</sup> great plentie,  
of euery thing *that* was daintye.

when they had eaten & druken<sup>2</sup> both,

172 then to her bed this lady wold goe.<sup>3</sup>

Sir Lambwell, like a hailow<sup>4</sup> *Knight*,

by her bedside stood vp full right,

said, "you displease, *that* wold I nought,

176 but Iesus leene, you knew my thought."

then spake *that* Lady free,

saies, "vndight thee, Lambewell, & come to me."

then was Lambwell soone vndight,

and go to  
bed.

180 & in bed with this Lady bright,

& did all that night lye there,

& did whatsoever their wills were ;—

for play the slept but litle *that Knight*<sup>5</sup>

184 till it began to be daylight.—

& when the daylight was comen, tho<sup>6</sup>

shee said, "Rise, Lambewell, & now goe !

gold & siluer take inoughe with thee,

At dawn  
she bids him  
take enough  
gold and  
silver with  
him, and  
expect more,

188 & with euery man thoust spend larglie ;

& more thou spendest, meryer thoust sitt,

& I will send thee innoughe of it ;

but one thing, *Knight*, I thee forefendant,

but he is  
never to  
mention  
her, or he'll  
lose her  
love.

192 that of mee thou neuer auant<sup>7</sup> ;

for & thou doe, I tell thee before,

for euer thou hast my loue forlore.

& when thou wilt, thou gentle *Knight*,

196 speake with me by day or night,

into some secrett place look you goe,

& thinke vpon me soe & soe,

& shortly I will with you bee,

200 not a man saue you that shall me see."

<sup>1</sup> drimke in MS.—F.

<sup>2</sup> drunken.—P.

<sup>3</sup> goeth or gothe.—P.

<sup>4</sup> ? A.-S. *halig*, holy.—F.

<sup>5</sup> night.—P.

<sup>6</sup> *i. e.* then.—P.

<sup>7</sup> *avaunt*, *i. e.* boast.—P.



- a maid brought him his horsse anon ;  
 hee took his leaue, & leapeth vpon ;  
 “ffarewell my hony, farwell my s[weete !]” [page 63.]  
 204 “farewell, Sir Lambwell, till oft<sup>1</sup> we meete !”  
 of treasure then he had great plentie,  
 & thus he ryds thorrowout<sup>2</sup> the citty.  
 while<sup>3</sup> he came there he shold have beene,  
 208 a merryer man they neere had seene ;  
 now Lambwell he makes rich feasts,  
 Lambwell feeds minstrelsie their Iests,<sup>4</sup>  
 Lambwell rewards religious,  
 212 Lambwell helpes euery poore howse ;  
 were it *Knicht*, squier, or swaine,  
 with his goods he helpeth them ;  
 of his largnesse euery man wotts,<sup>5</sup>  
 216 but noe man witts how he itt gotts.<sup>6</sup>  
 alwayes when he lyed priuy & still,  
 his lady was ready at his will ;  
 but well happy were the man  
 220 that in these dayes had such a one !

He returns  
to Carlisle,

and leads a  
generous,  
feastful life.

The 2<sup>d</sup> parte.<sup>7</sup>

- Soe vpon a day Sir Gawaine  
 the gentle *knicht*, & Sir Haion,<sup>8</sup>  
 Sir Lambewell with them alsoe,  
 224 & other knights 20 & moe,  
 went for to play them on a greene  
 vnderneath the tower where lay the queene.  
 these knights on there game plaid thoe,  
 228 but sithe to dancinge they wold goe ;  
 Sir Lambell he was before sett,  
 for his large spending they loued him best ;

One day, he  
and his  
fellows  
merry-  
making,

<sup>1</sup> next.—P.

<sup>2</sup> *perhaps* towards.—P.

<sup>3</sup> when. qu.—P.

<sup>4</sup> Gest. qu.—P.

<sup>5</sup> wot.—P.

<sup>6</sup> got.—P.

<sup>7</sup> In the left margin of the MS.—F.

<sup>8</sup> qu. Hayne.—P.

the Queen  
becomes  
enamoured  
of Lambwell.

- 232 the queene in a bower beheld them all,  
& saies "yonder is Large<sup>1</sup> Lambwell!  
of all the knights *that* be there,  
there is none soe faire a bachlour,<sup>2</sup>  
& he hath neither lemman nor wiffe ;
- 236 ' I wold he loued me as his life !  
betide me well, betide me ill,  
I shall," shee said, "goe witt his will."  
shee took with her a companie
- 240 of damsells that were right pretty,  
& downe shee goes anon-wright  
for to goe dance with a knight ;  
& shee went to the first end
- 244 between Gawaine & Lambwell the hend,  
& all the maids soe forth right,  
one & one, betweene 2 knights.  
& when this dancing did aslake,
- 248 ' i the queene Sir Lambwell to councell did take :  
' "Lambwell," shee saies, "thou gentle *Knight*,  
I haue loued thee, & doe with all my might,  
and as much desire I thee
- 252 as Arthur that *Knight* soe free ;  
good hap is now to thee tane,  
*that* thou wilt loue me & noe other woman."  
he saies, "Madam, noe, certez
- 256 I wilbe noe traitor neuer in all my daies,  
for I owe my king fealtie & homage,  
& I will neuer doe him that damage."  
she said, "fie vpon thee, faint Coward !
- 260 dastard harlott as thou art !  
that thou liest, it is great pitye,  
thou louest noe woman, nor noe woman loues thee !  
he said, "Madadam,<sup>3</sup> say yee your will,
- 264 but I can loue both lowde & still,

and tells  
him so.

He declines  
her  
overtures.

"You love no  
woman, and  
no woman  
loves you,"  
says she,  
spitefully.

He answers  
that his  
mistress's

<sup>1</sup> *Large* seems rather to mean prodigal, profuse, as in *Lancelot of the Laik*, l. 2434, than "*large*, hey, long and semely,

*Procerus*" of the *Catholicon*.—F.

<sup>2</sup> batchelere.—P.

<sup>3</sup> *for* Madam. —F.

- & I am loued with my lemman,  
 /that fairer hath noe gentleman,  
 nor none soe faire, yett say I,  
 268 neither mayd nor yett Lady.  
 the simplest maiden with her, I weene,  
 ouer you, Madame, may be queene.”  
 then she was ashamed & full wroth ;  
 272 shee clippeth<sup>1</sup> her mayds, & forth goeth ;  
 to Chamber shee wold all heavye,  
 for teene<sup>2</sup> & anger shee wold die.  
 then King Arthur came from hunting,  
 276 glad & merry for all thing ;  
 to the queenes Chamber gone is hee ;  
 & then she fell downe vpon her knee,  
 & fast, lord, that shee did crye,  
 280 “ helpe me, Lord, or euer I dye !  
 without . . . . . might [page 64.]  
 I shall die this yenders<sup>3</sup> night.  
 I spake to Sir Lambwell in my game,  
 284 & he desired my body of shame ;  
 as a false villane traitor  
 he wold haue done my body dishonor,  
 and when I wold not to him aply,<sup>4</sup>  
 288 he shamefully rebuked me,  
 & of [his<sup>5</sup>] Lemman praisment he made,  
 ‘ that the lowest maiden that shee had  
 might be a queene over mee ;’  
 292 & all, Lord, was in despight of thee.”  
 the King therwith he waxed wroth,  
 & for anger he sware an oathe  
 that Lambwell shold abide the law,  
 296 peradventure both to hang & draw,

lowest  
maiden is  
fit to be  
Guinevere's  
queen.

Guinevere  
goes away  
wroth.

[page 64.]

She accuses  
Lambwell  
to Arthur of  
an attack  
upon her  
honour,

and of  
boasting,  
when she  
gainsaid  
him, that his  
mistress's  
lowest  
maiden  
might be her  
queen.

<sup>1</sup> clepeth.—P. A.-S. *clypian*, to call.  
 “I clepe, I call. *Je huysche*. This  
 terme is farre northerne.” Palsgrave.—  
 F.

<sup>2</sup> greif, [sic] indignation.—P.

<sup>3</sup> *aunder*, afternoon, evening. Halli-  
 well.—F.

<sup>4</sup> *perhaps* comply.—P.

<sup>5</sup> of his.—P.

- The King orders Lambwell to be fetched.
- 300 & he commanded 4 knights  
to feitch the traitor to his sight.  
these 4 knights seeken him anon,  
& to his chamber he is gone ;
- Lambwell bewails his violation of his lady's command,—
- 304 “alacke,” he sayd, “now my life is lorne !  
hereof shee warned me be-forne,  
of all things *that* I did vse,  
of her I shold neuer make my rowze.<sup>1</sup>”
- invokes her vainly,
- 308 he clipped,<sup>2</sup> hee called, he her besought,  
but all availed him of nought ;  
he sorrowed & he did cry,  
& on his knees besought her mercy,  
“O my Lady, my gentle creature,  
how shall my wreched liffe endure ?  
my worldlie blisse I haue forlorne,  
312 & falslie to my lady forsworne !”  
for sorrow & care he made that stond,  
he fell in soonde to the ground ;  
soe long he lay *that* they<sup>3</sup> Knights came,  
316 & in his chamber tooke him then,  
& like a theefe they led him then,—  
thus was his sorrow, weale<sup>4</sup> & woe,—  
thé brought [the] *Knight*<sup>5</sup> before the Kinge,  
320 & this he said at his comminge:  
“thou false & vntrue traitor !  
thou besought my wife of dishonor !  
*that* shee was lothlier,<sup>6</sup> thou her vpbraid,  
324 then was thy Lemmans lodlyest<sup>7</sup> maid.”  
Sir Lambewell answerd with Mild moode,  
& tooke himselfe sworne by the roode,  
“*that* it was noe otherwise but soe,  
328 & that my selfe will make good thee ;
- swoons in his agony.
- He is brought before the King, who upbraids him.
- Sir Lambwell holds to his boast.

<sup>1</sup> boast. Old Norse, *hrós*, Dan. *roes*, praise ; O.N. *hrósa*, Dan. *rose sig*, to boast of a thing. Scotch *ruse*, *roose*, to extol. Jamieson.—F.

<sup>2</sup> cleped.—P. A.-S. *clepan*, to cry out.—F.

<sup>3</sup> the.—P.

<sup>4</sup> wail.—P.

<sup>5</sup> the knight.—P.

<sup>6</sup> lothlier, *i.e.* more loathsome.—P.

<sup>7</sup> *i.e.* ugliest.—P.

- & therto ouer your court Looke.”  
 12 knights<sup>1</sup> were d[r]iuen<sup>2</sup> to a booke  
 the sooth to say in that case  
 332 altogether as it was.  
 / these 12 knights, as I weene,  
 ✓ | thé know the rule of the queene, |  
 although the King were bold & stout,  
 336 that shee was wicked out & out,  
 but shee had such a comfort  
 to have Lemmans vnder her Lord ;  
 therefore thé acquitt the trewman ;  
 340 but sithe thé spake forth then,  
 for why *that* he is<sup>3</sup> lemman bring  
 wherby he made his aduanting,<sup>4</sup>  
 and alsoe *that* he proue in place  
 344 that her maids fairer was,  
 & alsoe more bright & sheene,  
 & of more beutye then the queene,  
 & alsoe<sup>5</sup> countenance & hue,  
 348 they wold quitt him as good & trew ;  
 & if he might not stand ther till,<sup>6</sup>  
 he shold abide the Kinges will.  
 this verditt was giuen before the King,  
 352 The day was sett [*pared off by the binder.*] [page 65.] A day is  
 sureties he found to come againe, appointed  
 both Sir Gawaine & Sir Hayon<sup>7</sup> ; for him to  
 “alacke,” he said, “now my life is lorne !  
 356 herof shee warned [*me*<sup>8</sup>] beforene, do so.  
 of all things *that* I did vse,  
 of her *that* I shold neuer make rowze.”  
 he cleped, hee called, he her besought,  
 360 but all avayled him of nought ; Again he  
 bewails his  
 unhappy  
 assertion.

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.* a Jury of 12 of his peers.—P.<sup>2</sup> (?) MS. *dinen*.—F.<sup>3</sup> *his*.—P.<sup>4</sup> *avaunting*.—P.<sup>5</sup> *of*.—P.<sup>6</sup> *i.e.* thereto.—P.<sup>7</sup> Hayne: Qu.—P.<sup>8</sup> *mec*.—P.

he bent his body & his head eke,  
 he curst his mouth *that* of her did speake,  
 and thus he was with sorrow Num,<sup>1</sup>  
 364 he wold his ending day were come  
*that* he might from his life goe.  
 eche man for him was full woe,  
 for a large[r]<sup>2</sup> spender then hee  
 368 neuer came in that countrye,  
 & thereto he was feirce & bold,  
 none better in the Kings houshold.  
 the day was come of his appearing,  
 372 thé brought the *Knight* afore the *King* :  
 his barons *that* his surties<sup>3</sup> was,  
 they brought him forth, alas !  
 the *King* let it be rehersed there,  
 376 both the plaintiffe & the answer ;  
 the *King* bad him bring his lemman in sight :  
 he answered that he ne might,  
 “ but this I say to you alone,  
 380 a fairer than shee was neuer none,  
 both of bewtye & of shape ;  
 I am to simple to tuch her lappe  
 or yett to come vnto her bower,  
 384 eccept it were for her pleasure,  
 not displeasing her sicklerlie,  
 yet wold I you saw her ere I dye.”  
 “ bring her forth,” the *King* sayes,  
 388 “ that thou dost now soe fast praise,  
 to prooue the sooth *that* thou sayst of.”  
 “ forsooth, my Lord, *that* can I nought.”  
 then sayd the *King* anon thoe,  
 392 “ fforsooth thy disworshipp is the more<sup>4</sup> ;  
 what may wee all know therby  
 but that thou lyst loud & hye ? ”

The day  
comes.

He again  
warmly  
praises his  
mistress, but  
he cannot  
bring her.

<sup>1</sup> nome, *i.e.* taken.—P. ? MS. Mun.—F.

<sup>2</sup> larger.—P.

<sup>3</sup> sureties.—P.

<sup>4</sup> moe.—P.



- he bade the barons giue Iudgment.  
 396 the Barons answered verament,  
 " to it, Lord, wee will gone,  
 wee will to it soone & anon."  
 & then bespake the Erle of cornwayle  
 400 who was one of the counsell,  
 & say[d],<sup>1</sup> " wee know thee *King* our Lord,  
 hees owne mouth beares record,  
 the wiche by his owne assent  
 404 hath-the g[i]uen the *Knight* Iudgment ;  
 therefore, & we shold by<sup>2</sup> the law,  
 Lambewell shold both hang & draw ;  
 but villany it were to eche of vs one  
 408 to let vs fordoe soe a noble man,  
 or yett soe doughtie a bachlour<sup>3</sup>  
 amongst vs all had neuer peere,  
 & therefore say by our reede<sup>4</sup>  
 412 wee will the *King* such way leade  
 that he shalbe commanded to goe,  
 & void the court for evermore."  
 & while they stood thus speaking,  
 416 they saw 2 Ladyes come ryding  
 vpon 2 ambling palfrayes,  
 much fairer then the summers dayes,  
 & they were clothed in rich atire,  
 420 that euery man had great desire.  
 Them espied Gawaine the gentle *Knight*,  
 " Lamwell,<sup>5</sup>" he said, " dread for noe wight ; [page 66.]  
 yonder comes thy life, yond maist thou see ;  
 424 the loue of thee, I wott, is shee."  
 Lambewell beholds them with much thought,<sup>6</sup>  
 & said, " alacke, I know them nought !

The King  
bids the  
barons give  
judgment.

They debate.

Lord  
Cornwall  
says his life  
is forfeit,  
but  
recommends  
banishment.

At this  
moment two  
wondrous  
fair ladies  
ride up.

<sup>1</sup> sayd.—P.

<sup>2</sup> bide or byde, but bye means the same thing.—P. ? stand by, stand to.—F.

<sup>3</sup> batchelere.—P.

<sup>4</sup> reade, *i. e.* counsel.—P.

<sup>5</sup> supplied from foot of p. 65.—F.

<sup>6</sup> anxiety.—F.

Lambwell says his lady is fairer still.	428	My lady is much fairer certainlie.” when they came Sir Lambwell by, not tarrying with him thé yode, but to the King both thé rode,
The ladies bid Arthur prepare	432	& said, “ thou Lord of worshipp, Arthur, lett dresse thy halls <sup>1</sup> & thy bowers both by ground, roofe, & wall, with clothes of gold rich ouer all; it must be done att device ;
to receive their mistress.	436	heere comes our Lady of much price ; shee comes to you, as I weene ; before yee, my lord, shee shalbe seene.” thé commanded for her sake
	440	the fairest chamber to them to take. the Ladyes are gone to bower on hyc <sup>2</sup> ; the King bade his barronrye haue done, & giue their iudgment.
	444	the Barons were att verament, “ wee haue beholden this maiden bright, & yee haue letted vs by this light, but to it, Lord, we will gone,
The barons again debate.	448	wee will haue done soone & anon.” a new speech they began thoe, some said “ well,” & some said “ not soe,” some to death wold him deeme
	452	for to please the King & queene ; & other some wold make him cleere. whilst they stood pleading in feare, <sup>3</sup> the whilst thé stood thus speaking,
Two more ladies of marvellous charms approach.	456	other tow Ladies came ryding vppon tow goodly mules of Spaine, they had sadles, & bridles were champaind ; they were clothed in rich attire,
	460	that euery man had great desire

<sup>1</sup> hall, bower.—P.

not at verse 200 [of MS., l. 415 here].—P.

<sup>2</sup> Here I would begin *the* third Part, if<sup>3</sup> in-ferre, *i. e.* together.—P.

- ffor to behold their gentryes<sup>1</sup> ;  
 they came in oft<sup>2</sup> soe rich a wise.  
 them espyed Huon the hind<sup>3</sup> ;  
 464 "Lambewell," he said, "my brother & freind,  
 yond comes thy life, yond may thou see ;  
 the tone of these, I wott, is shee,  
 ffor fairer then shee there may be none ;  
 468 if it be not shee, choose thee none."  
 Lambwell beholds them both I-wis,  
 & said, "of them 2 none it is ;  
 My Lady is much fairer certainly,  
 472 but of her servants they may be."  
 these Ladies that thus came ryding  
 rode to the Castle to the *King*,  
 & when thé came it Lamwell<sup>4</sup> by,  
 476 baysance<sup>5</sup> thé made certainly ;  
 not tarrying with him thé made,  
 but to the *King* both thé rodé,  
 and thé said, "you Lord of worshipp, Arthur,  
 480 let dresse thy halls & bowers<sup>6</sup>  
 by ground, by rooffe, & by wall ;  
 with clothes of gold hang it all,  
 & cleath thy carpetts vnder her ffeete,  
 484 [ . . . . . 7 ]  
 it must be done at device,  
 for heere comes our lady of much price."  
 Much sorrow had dame Geneuer  
 488 when shee saw the ladies color ;  
 then shee trowed of some guile  
*that* Lamwell shold be holpen within a while  
 by his ladye that was coming.  
 492 fast shee cryed vpon the *King*,

Lambwell  
says his lady  
is much  
fairer still.

These ladies  
too bid  
Arthur  
prepare to  
receiue a  
great lady.

Guinevere  
grows  
suspicious,

<sup>1</sup> gentrye, vide p. 358, st. 11 [of MS.]

—P.  
<sup>2</sup> delend.—P.

<sup>3</sup> hend.—P.

<sup>4</sup> Sir Lambwell.—P.

<sup>5</sup> *i. e.* obeysance.—P.

<sup>6</sup> hall and bower.—P.

<sup>7</sup> a verse is here wanting.—P.

and urges  
the instant  
execution  
of Sir  
Lambwell.

& said, "lord, if thou loue thine honour,  
avenge me on this traitor!"  
To hang Lambwell shee wold not spare,<sup>1</sup> [page 67.]  
496 "your barons make you not to care ;  
without you him sloe<sup>2</sup> without more,  
I shall die my-self before."  
he bad his barons giue iudgment,  
500 "or I will my-selfe, by mary gent."  
"we will him doome, Sir, soone anon!"  
to tell they<sup>3</sup> tale they once began : //

### The 3<sup>d</sup> parte.<sup>4</sup>

Just as the  
barons are  
agreed upon  
their  
judgment,  
the lady  
herself  
appears in  
sight, in all  
her beauty.

504 "My lord, thus for-sooth agreed are wee."  
"peace," said Sir Haion, "noe more say yee,  
ffor yonder I see her come rydinge  
on whome Sir Lambwell made his auanting,<sup>5</sup>  
a damsell by her selfe alone,  
508 on earth was fairer neuer none,—  
vpon a fresh ambling palfray,—  
much fairer then the summers day ;  
her eyes beene blossomed cleere & faire,  
512 lolly & Iocund as the falconer  
or the Iay that sitts on a bough ;  
of all things she is faire enoughe ;  
lord ! shees a louely creature,  
516 & rides thus att her pleasure."  
a sparhawk<sup>6</sup> shee had on her hand,  
a softly pace her palfray sand,<sup>7</sup>

hawk on  
hand,

<sup>1</sup> not spare.—P. MS. cut away.—F.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* slay.—P. <sup>3</sup> the, or their.—P.

<sup>4</sup> I would rather chuse to begin *the 3<sup>d</sup>* Part at the 226th verse of the preceding, [part of the MS., line 441 here,] as well in regard to *the* sense as to *the* equality of *the* division.—P. The title is in the left margin of the MS.—F.

<sup>5</sup> One stroke of the *n* is wanting in the MS.—F. *avaunting*.—P.

<sup>6</sup> "Nisus is a sparrow hawke, & it is a gentyll byrd, & is federed like a gos-hawke . . . and he is so proud that he will flee alone to y<sup>e</sup> game, & none other with him ; but whan he hath taken his game or mete, he will well depart with it." Laurens Andrewe, *The Noble Lyffe*, Pt. II. cap. lxxxij. sign. O ij b.—F.

<sup>7</sup> ? sent, went. *fand*, to try.—F.

- 520 3 white greyhounds running her by,  
 as well beseemed for such a lady ;  
 she had a crowne vppon her head  
 of precious stones & gold soe red,  
 wife & child, yonge & old,  
 524 all came this lady to beholde,  
 & all still vppon her gazinge  
 as people that behold the sacring<sup>1</sup> ;  
 & all they stood still in their study,  
 528 & yet they thought them neuer weary,  
 for there was neuer man nor woman *that* might  
 be weary of this ladies sight.  
 as soone as Sir Lambwell did her see,  
 532 on all the people cryed hee  
 “yond comes my life & my likinge !  
 shee comes *that* me out of baile shall bring !  
 yond comes my lemman, I make you sure ;  
 536 treulie shee is the fairest creature  
*that* euer man see before ; indeed,  
 looke where shee rydes vppon her steed !”  
 This Lady when shee came thus ryding,  
 540 rode to the castle to the *King* ;  
 the *Knight* there his owne worshipp did,  
 he rose vp, & he gaue her the steed,<sup>2</sup>  
 & louely<sup>3</sup> he can her greete,  
 544 & shee againe with words sweete.  
 ✓ the queene & other Ladyes stout  
 behold her comlye round about,  
 and there thé sate as dumbe  
 548 as the moone is light from the sunn.<sup>4</sup>  
 then shee said to the *King*,  
 “hither am I come for such a thing :  
 my trew lemman Sir Lambwell  
 552 is Challenged, as I heere tell,

and hounds  
by her side.

The people  
never weary  
of gazing at  
her.

Sir  
Lambwell  
recognises  
his love.

Shee vindi-  
cates Sir  
Lambwell.

<sup>1</sup> consecration, at Mass.—F.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* place.—P.

<sup>3</sup> lowly.—P. no : lovely.—F.

<sup>4</sup> moon's light beside the sun's.—F.

- how that he shold with villanie  
 beseech<sup>1</sup> the queene of adoutry.<sup>2</sup> ✓  
 that is false to bleewe,<sup>3</sup> Sir King;  
 556 he bade not her, for shee bade him;  
 ✓ if he had desired her, with-out let  
 not a foot hither I wold haue sett;  
 you may beleewe me, euery word;  
 560 that this is right, I will make good;  
 & for the other praisment that he made,  
 that mine owne Lowtest<sup>4</sup> mayd  
 was mor of beawtye then thy queene,  
 564 let the prooffe, Sir, soone be seene."  
 the King said, "verament,  
 Barrons, heere shall be noe iudgment,  
 but I my selfe the same will deeme  
 568 ✓ | both of the queene & of the Mayden<sup>5</sup>; ✓  
 if I doe not right, then you may say  
 but Sir Lambwell . . . . .  
 . . . . . (?) quoth the knight [page 68.]  
 and takes 572 "I will loue him with all my might  
 Sir L. both in place & in stead  
 into greater  
 favour than  
 ever.  
 much better then euer I did."  
 & when shee heard him soe say,  
 The lady 576 she leaped on her palfray  
 prepares to  
 go;  
 & obayd her<sup>6</sup> to the King soe hind,<sup>7</sup>  
 & tooke leaue away to wend.  
 all this  
 time saying  
 not a word  
 to Sir L.  
 580 shee wold not speake nor looke neuer soe<sup>8</sup> deale;  
 ✓ but wott you well, sorry was hee,  
 befor her he fell on his knee,  
 & said, "Madam! trespassed I haue,  
 He 584 & I am come of your mercy to craue!  
 passionately  
 implores her  
 pardon.

<sup>1</sup> beseech, *i. e.* seek, solicit.—P.

<sup>2</sup> avoutry, *i. e.* adultery.—P.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* believe.—P.

<sup>4</sup> lowliest. q.—P.

<sup>5</sup> Perhaps, 'both of the mayden and the Queene.'—P.

<sup>6</sup> *i. e.* made obeysance.—P.

<sup>7</sup> hend.—P.

<sup>8</sup> a, qu.—P.



I k[n]ouledge<sup>1</sup> me of that wicked deed  
*that* was forbidden me when you yode<sup>2</sup> ;  
 I am well worthy therfor to hange,  
 588 or leade my life in paines<sup>3</sup> strange ;  
 what pennance, Lady, you will to me say  
 or you depart from me away,  
 Lady, I desire noe more of thee  
 592 but once aside to looke on me !  
 My lord the *King*, of soe high a prow,  
 for all the service I haue done you,  
 one good word for me to speake !  
 596 & all my fellowes, I you beseeke,  
 with the *King* pray you alsoe  
 of her good word ; I aske no moe.”  
 ffor that they saw he mad such mone,  
 600 they *King* & thé prayd, euery one ;  
 but for all that euer he cold doe,  
 not a word shee wold speake him too,  
 but obayd her to the *King* soe hind,<sup>4</sup>  
 604 & tooke her leaue away to wend.  
 then Lambewell saw *that* shee wold fare,  
 his owne hart he tooke to him there ;  
 when shee turned her horse to haue gone,  
 608 he leaped vpon soone anon,  
 vpon her palfray ; what-soeuer betide,  
 behind her he wold not abide ;  
 & he said, “ Madam, with reason & skill  
 612 now goe *which* way soe-ere you will,  
 for when you light downe, I shall stand,  
 & when you ryd, all at *your* hande,  
 & whether it be for waile<sup>5</sup> or woe  
 616 I will neuer depart you froe.”

The King  
and court  
plead for  
him, in  
vain.

As she  
thus goes  
unrelenting,  
Sir L. leaps  
on to her  
palfray  
and vows  
not to be  
separated  
from her.

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* acknowledge.—P.

<sup>2</sup> yede, or I yede, *i. e.* went.—P.

<sup>3</sup> one stroke of the *n* is missing in the  
MS.—F.

<sup>4</sup> hend.—P.

<sup>5</sup> weale.—P.

this Lady now the right way num<sup>m</sup><sup>1</sup>  
 with her maids all and some,  
 & shee brought Sir Lambwell from Carlile  
 farr into a Iolly Iland<sup>2</sup>  
 that clipped<sup>3</sup> was Amilion,<sup>4</sup>  
 which knoweth well euery briton ;  
 & shee came there, that Lady faire,  
 624 shee gaue him all that he found there,  
 that was to say, all manner of thing  
 that euer might be to his likinge ;  
 & further of him hard noe man,  
 628 nor more of him tell can,  
 but in that Iland his life he spend,  
 soe did shee alsoe tooke her end.  
 and there  
 live and die  
 together.  
 632 butt god that is the King of blisse,  
 bring vs thither as his woning<sup>5</sup> is!      ffins.

<sup>1</sup> nome, *i.e.* took.—P. MS. *may be*  
 runn.—F.

<sup>2</sup> isle.—P.

<sup>3</sup> cleped.—P.

<sup>4</sup> Olyron (Oleron) in Chester's *original*  
 Poem.—P.

<sup>5</sup> *i.e.* dwelling.—P.

### Sir Aldingar.<sup>1</sup>

THIS ballad is printed in the "Reliques," with additions and corrections.

Scott regards it as founded on the evidently kindred one, "Sir Hugh le Blond," which he prints in the "Minstrelsy" from a copy supplied by a friend who had taken it down from the recitation of an old woman. "The incidents," as he says, "are nearly the same in both ballads, excepting that in Aldingar an angel combats for the queen, instead of a mortal champion. The names of Aldingar and Rodingham approach near to each other in sound, though not in orthography, and the one might, by reciters, be easily substituted for the other."

"The corresponding Danish ballad, Ravengaard og Memering," says Prof. Child, who speaks on the strength of "Danmarks Samle Folkeviser," (i. 177-213, ii. 640-645,) "first published by Gruntvig, is extant in no less than five copies, the oldest derived from a MS. of the middle of the sixteenth century, the others from recent recitations. With these Gruntvig has given an Icelandic version, from a MS. of the seventeenth century, another in the dialect of the Faroe Islands, and a third half Danish, half Faroish, both as still sung by the people. All these ballads contain a story one and the same in the essential features—a story which occurs repeatedly in connection with historical personages in Germany, France, Italy and Spain, as well as in England—and which has also furnished the theme for various modern romances, poems, and tragedies. . . . The names of the characters in the Danish ballads are Henry (called Duke of

<sup>1</sup> N.B. Without some corrections, this will not do for my Reliques, &c.—P.

Brunswick and of Schleswig in the oldest), Gunild (of Spires, called also Gurder), Ravengard, and Memering. To these correspond, in the English story, King Henry, Queen Eleanor, Sir Aldingar (the resemblance of this name to Ravengard will be noted), and a boy, to whom no name is assigned. Eleanor, it hardly need be remarked, is a queen's name somewhat freely used in ballads (see vol. vi. 209, and vol. vii. 291); and it is possible that the consort of Henry II. is here intended, though her reputation both in history and in song hardly favours that supposition."

The form of the *Judicium Dei* varies much in the different versions. The form given here is used under similar circumstances, when Sir Meliagraunce accuses Queen Guenever, in Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," chaps. 135-137 of the third part of the 1634 edition. Compare especially chap. 137: "Now leave we Sir Launcelot galloping all that he might, and speake we of queene Guenever that was brought to a fier to have been burnt; for Sir Meliagraunce was sure, him thought, that Sir Launcelot should not be at that bataile, &c."

---

OUR king he kept a ffalse steward,  
men called him Sir Aldingar :

Sir  
Aldingar,  
repulsed by  
the Queen,

4 he wold haue layen by our comely queene,  
her deere worshipp to haue betraide.  
our queene shee was a good woman,  
& euer more said him nay.

8 Aldingar was offended in his mind,  
with her hee was neuer content,  
but he sought what meanes he cold find out,  
in a fyer to haue her brent.

- There came a lame lazar to the *Kings gates*, [page 69.]  
 12 a lazar was [b]lind & lame ;  
 he tooke the lazar vpon his backe, lays a lazar  
in her bed,  
 vpon the queenes bed he did him lay ;
- he said, "Iye still, lazar, wheras thou Iyest,  
 16 looke thou goe not away,  
 He make thee a whole man & a sound  
 in 2 howres of a day."
- & then went forth Sir Aldingar  
 20 our Queene for to betray,  
 and then he mett with our comlye *King*, meets the  
King,  
 saies, "god you saue & see !
- "If I had space as I haue grace,  
 24 A message I wold say to thee."  
 "Say on, say on, Sir Aldingar,  
 say thou on and vnto me."
- "I can let you now see one of [the] greiuos[est] sights  
 28 *that* euer Christen *King* did see :  
 Our Queene hath chosen a New New loue,  
 She will haue none of thee ;
- "if shee had chosen a right good *Knight*,  
 32 the lesse had beene her shame,  
 but she hath chosen a Lazar man  
*which* is both blinde & lame."  
and tells him  
where the  
lazar lies.
- "if this be true, thou Aldingar,  
 36 *that* thou dost tell to me,  
 then will I make thee a rich *Knight*  
 both of gold & fee ;

40 "But if it be false, Sir Aldingar,  
 that thou doest tell to me,  
 then looke for noe other death  
 but to be hangd on a tree.  
 goe with me," saide our comly *king*,  
 44 "this Lazar for to see."

The King  
finds the  
lazar in the  
Queen's bed,

When the *King* he came into the queenes chamber,  
 standing her bed befor,  
 "there is a lodly lome,<sup>1</sup>" says Harry *King*,  
 48 "for our dame Queene Elinor !

"if thou were a man, as thou art none,  
 here thou sholdest be slaine ;  
 but a paire of New gallowes shall be biil[t,<sup>2</sup>]  
 52 thoust hang on them soe hye ;

and  
sentences  
her to be  
burnt.

"and fayre fyer there shalbe bett,<sup>3</sup>  
 & brent our Queene shalbee."  
 fforth then walked our comlye *King*,  
 56 & mett with our comly Queene,

saies, "God you saue, our Queene, Madam,  
 & Christ you saue & see !  
 heere you [haue] chosen a new new loue,  
 60 and you will haue none of mee.

"If you had chosen a right good *Knight*,  
 the lesse had beene *your* shame,  
 but you haue chosen a lazar man  
 64 that is both blind & lame."

<sup>1</sup> "Loombe, or instrument. *Utensile, instrumentum.*" Promptorium. "*Loom*, any utensil, as a tub." Grose. "Still in use." Halliwell.—F.

<sup>2</sup> MS. bul ; *t* torn off, and one stroke of the *u* dotted.—F.

<sup>3</sup> A.-S. *bétan*, to light a fire, perf. *bétte*. —F.



- “Euer alacke!” said our comly Queene,  
 “Sir Aldingar is false to mee;  
 but euer alacke!” said our comly Queene,  
 68 “<sup>1</sup>Euer alas, & woe is mee!
- “I had thought sweuens<sup>2</sup> had neuer been true;  
 I haue prooued them true at the Last;  
 I dreamed in my sweauen on thursday at eueninge  
 72 in my bed wheras I lay,
- “I dreamed the grype & a grimlie beast  
 had carryed my crowne away,  
 my gorgett & my Kirtle of golde,  
 76 and all my faire heade geere;
- “How he wold haue worryed me with his tush  
 & borne me into his nest,  
 saving there came a litle hawk  
 80 flying out of the East,
- “saving there came a litle Hawke  
 which men call a Merlion,  
 vntill the ground he stroke him downe,  
 84 that dead he did fall downe.
- “giffe I were a man, as I am none,  
 a battell I would proue,  
 I wold fight with that false traitor;  
 88 att him I cast my gloue!
- “Seing I am able noe battell to make,  
 you must grant me, my leege, a *Knight*  
 to fight with *that* traitor, Sir Aldingar,  
 92 to maintaine me in my right.”

The Queen  
laments;

she had  
dreamed  
that a griffin  
tried to carry  
her off,

[page 70.]

but it was  
killed by a  
little hawk,  
a merlin.

She asks for  
a knight to  
fight in her  
cause;

<sup>1</sup> *Sr before Euer crossed out.*—F.

<sup>2</sup> Dreams. A.-S. *swefen*, a dream.—F.

has 40 days  
allowed her  
to find one ;

“ Ile giue thee 40 dayes,” said our *King*,  
to seeke thee a man therin ;  
if thou find not a man in 40 dayes,  
96 in a hott fyer thou shall brenn.”

sends a  
messenger  
southward,  
in vain ;

Our Queene sent forth a Messenger,  
he rode fast into the South,  
he rode the countryses through & through,  
100 soe ffar vnto Portsmouth ;

he cold find never a man in the South country  
*that wold fight with the Knight soe keene.*

sends  
another  
eastward,

104 the Second messenger the Queen forth sent,  
rode far into the east,  
but—blessed be god made sunn & moone !—  
he sped then all of the best :

who meets a  
little child,

108 as he rode then by one riuer side,  
there he mett with a litle Child,  
he seemed noe more in a mans likenesse  
then a child of 4 yeeres old ;

112 He askt the Queenes Messenger how far he rode :  
loth he was him to tell ;  
the litle one was offended att him,  
bid him adew, farwell !

116 Said, “ turne thou againe, thou Messenger,  
greete our Queene well from me ;  
when Bale is att hiest, boote is att next,  
helpe enough there may bee !

who bids  
him remind  
the Queen  
of her  
dream,

120 “ bid *our* queene remember what she did dreame  
in her bedd wheras shee lay ;  
shee dreamed the grype & the grimly beast  
had carryed her crowne away,

- 124 “her gorgett & her Kirt[1]e of gold,  
 alsoe her faire head geere,  
 he wold haue werryed her with his tushe  
 & borne her into her nest,  
  
 “saving there came a litle hawke—  
 128 men call him a merlyon<sup>1</sup> —  
 vntill the ground he did strike him downe,  
 that dead he did ffall downe.  
  
 “bidd the queene be merry att her hart,  
 132 euermore light & glad,  
 when bale is att hyst, boote is at next,<sup>2</sup>  
 helpe enoughe there shalbe [had.”<sup>3</sup>]  
  
 then the Queenes messenger rode backe,  
 136 a gladed man then was hee ;  
 when he came before our Queene,  
 a gladd woman then was shee ;  
  
 shee gaue the Messenger 20<sup>li</sup> :  
 140 O lord, in gold & ffee,  
 saies, “spend & spare not while this doth last,  
 then feitch thou more of me.”  
  
 Our Queene was put in a tunne to burne,  
 144 She thought no thing but death ;  
 thé were ware of the litle one  
 came ryding forth of the East  
  
 with a Mu [*line cut away*] . . . [page 71.]  
 148 a louelie child was hee :  
 when he came to that fier,  
 he light the Queene full nigh ;

and tell her  
to be at ease.

The Queen  
is about to  
be burnt,  
when the  
child  
arrives

<sup>1</sup> Merlin, a sort of Hawk, the least of all Birds of Prey. Phillips.—F.

<sup>2</sup> When sorrow is highest, remedy is nighest.

“When the bale is hest,  
Thenne is the bote nest ;  
Quoth Hendyng.” *Reliq. Ant.* v. 1, p. 113 ;  
*Morris's Specimens*, p. 100.—F.

<sup>3</sup> had.—P.

and orders  
Sir Aldingar  
to be  
fetcht.

152

said, "draw away these brands of fire  
lie burning before our Queene,  
& feitch me hither Sir Aldingar  
*that* is a knight soe keene."

Aldingar  
despises  
him ;

156

when Aldingar see *that* litle one,  
ffull litle of him hee thought,  
if there had beene halfe a 100 such,  
of them he wold not haue wrought.<sup>1</sup>

but he trusts  
in God,

160

hee sayd, "come hither Sir Aldingar,  
thou see-must as bigge as a ffooder<sup>2</sup>!  
I trust to god, ere I haue done with thee,  
god will send to vs auger."

164

saiës, "the first stroke thats giuen, Sir Aldingar,  
I will giue vnto thee,  
& if the second giue thou may,  
looke then thou spare not mee."

168

the litle one puld forth a well good sword,  
I-wis itt was all of guilt,  
it cast light there over *that* feild,  
it shone soe all of guilt :

and cuts  
Aldingar  
down.

172

he stroke the first stroke att Aldingar,  
he stroke away his leggs by his knee,

176

sayes, "stand vp, stand vp, thou false traitor,  
& fight vpon thy feete !  
for & thou thriue<sup>3</sup> as thou begins,  
of a height wee shalbe meete."

Aldingar  
makes a  
confession  
of his

180

"A preist, a preist !" sayes Aldingar,  
"me for to houzle & shriue !  
A preist, a preist," sayes Aldingar,  
"while I am a man liuing a-liue !

<sup>1</sup> A.-S. *rôhte*, recked, cared.—F.

<sup>2</sup> A.-S. *foðer*, mass, load.—F.

<sup>3</sup> One stroke of the *u* is left out in the MS.—F.

- “ I wold haue laine by our comlie Queene ;  
 to it shee wold neuer consent ;  
 I thought to haue betrayd her to our *King*,  
 184 in a fyer to haue had her brent ;
- “ there came a Lame Lazar to the *Kings* gates,  
 a lazar both blind & lame ;
- “ I tooke the lazar vpon my backe,  
 188 in the Queenes bed I did him lay,  
 I bad him ‘ lie still, Lazar, where he lay,  
 looke he went not away,  
 I wold make him a whole man & a sound  
 192 in 2 houres of a day.’
- “ euer alacke ! ” sayes Sir Aldingar,  
 “ falsing neuer doth well ;
- “ forgiue, forgiue me, Queene, Madam !  
 196 for Christs loue forgiue me ! ”  
 “ god forgaue his death, Aldingar,  
 & freely I forgiue thee.”
- “ Now take thy wife, thou K[ing] Harry,  
 200 & loue her as thou shold ;  
 thy wiffe shee is a[s] true to thee  
 as stone *that* lies on the castle wall.”
- the Lazar vnder the gallow tree  
 204 was a pretty man & small,  
 the Lazar vnder the gallow tree  
 was made steward in *king* Henerys hall.

treachery to  
the Queen,

asks her  
forgiveness,

and  
proclaims  
her true.

The lazar is  
made King  
Henry's  
steward.

ffins.

## The Heir of Lin:<sup>1</sup>

THIS ballad was printed by the Bishop in his "Reliques," but polished till he could see his own face in it. He says "the breaches and defects" of the Folio copy "rendered the insertion of supplemental stanzas necessary. These it is hoped the reader will pardon, as indeed the completion of the story was suggested by a modern ballad on a similar subject." The result is that the 125 lines of the Folio are swollen into 216 in the "Reliques," (in "the modern ballad" there are 188)—a fine flood of ballad and water. The reader of 1867 may see how far such a sartorial-fartorial process was necessary.

The best version of the ballad—the purest and neatest—is, to our thinking, the one now given *in puris naturalibus*. Besides the Bishop's hybrid production, there are two others, both printed by the Percy Society, and one of them—the "Drunkard's Legacy"—also by Mr. Bell in his "Ballads of the Peasantry." The main story is pretty much the same in all these versions. The prodigal son is brought to his senses by adversity, and, by a happy device of his deceased father, or mother, is enabled to recover his position, to the great discomfiture of the *parvenu* steward and his vulgar wife, who have been disporting themselves in it. There is a touch of humour in the deposed woman's lamentation :

"Now welladay!" said John o' the Scales wife,  
 "Welladay, and woe is me!  
 Yesterday I was the lady of Linne,  
 And now I am but John o' the Scales wiffe!"

The parental device varies. In the "Drunkard's Legacy"—

<sup>1</sup> This old copy (tho' a very indifferent Fragment) I thought deserving of some attention. I have therefore bestowed an

intire revisal of the subject for my Reliques, &c.—P.



the "modern ballad" alluded to in the "Reliques," and in the "Reliques" version completed by its means—the repentant heir finds, not a "bill," but a halter. In the Scottish traditional copy, he

. . . minded him on a little wee key  
That his mither left to him.

His mither left him this little wee key  
A little before she deed;  
And bad him keep this little wee key  
Till he was in maist need.

Then forth he went an' these nobles left,  
A' drinkin' in the room;  
Wi' walkin' rod intill his hand,  
He walked the castle roun'.

There he found out a little door,  
For there the wee key slippit in,  
An' there he got as muckle red gowd  
As freed the lands o' Linne.

OFF all the lords in faire Scotland  
a song I will begin:  
amongst them all there dweld a Lord  
4 which was the vnthrifty Lord of linne.

The Lord of  
Linn wastes  
his  
substance  
in riotous  
living.

his father & mother were dead him froe,  
& soe was the head of all his kinne;  
he did neither cease nor bl[i]nne<sup>1</sup>  
8 to the cards & dice *that* he did run,

to drinke the wine that was soe cleere,  
with euery man he wold make merry.  
and then bespake him Iohn of the Scales,  
12 vnto the heire of Linne sayd hee,

John of the  
Scales

<sup>1</sup> for blinne, A.-S. *blinnan*, to cease.—F.

persuades  
him to sell  
his estate.

says, "how dost thou, Lord of Linne,  
doest either want gold or fee?  
wilt thou not sell thy lands soe brode  
16 to such a good fellow as me?"

"ffor<sup>1</sup> . . . I . . ." he said,  
"my land, take it vnto thee;  
I draw you to record, my lord[e]s all:"  
20 with *that* he cast him a good-se peny,<sup>2</sup>

[page 72.]

he told him the gold vpon the bord,  
it wanted neuer a bare penny.  
"that gold is thine, the land is mine,  
24 the heire of Linne I wilbee."

He wastes  
the purchase  
money too,

"heeres gold inoughe," saithe the heire of Linne,<sup>3</sup>  
"both for me & my company."  
he drunke the wine *that* was soe cleere,  
28 & with euery man he made Merry.

with-in 3 quarters of a yeere  
his gold & fee it waxed thinne,  
his merry men were from him gone,  
32 & left him himselfe all alone.

and is soon  
in great  
distress.

he had neuer a penny left in his pursse,  
neuer a penny but 3,  
& one was brasse, & another was lead,  
36 & another was white mony.

"Now well-aday!" said the heire of Linne,  
"now welladay, & woe is mee!  
for when I was the lord of Linne,  
40 I neither wanted gold nor fee;

<sup>1</sup> *ffor* is supplied from the bottom of p. 71.—F.

<sup>2</sup> "gods penny" in l. 105; something down to clenche the bargain. "A God's

pennie, an earnest-pennie, Florio, p. 39: God's-penny, earnest-money: Northern." Halliwell.—F.

<sup>3</sup> MS. Lime.—F.

“ for I haue sold my lands soe broad,  
 & haue not left me one penny !  
 I must goe now & take some read  
 44 vnto Edenborrow, & begg my bread.”

he had not beene in Edenborrow  
 not 3 quarters of a yeere,  
 but some did giue him, & some said nay,  
 48 & some bid “ to the deele gang yee !

He goes to  
 Edinburgh  
 and begs,  
 and is  
 abused.

“ for if we shold hang any Land selfeer,  
 the first we wold begin with thee.”  
 “ Now welladay ! ” said the heire of Linne,  
 52 no[w] welladay, & woe is mee !

“ for now I have sold my lands soe broad,  
 that mery man is irke with mee ;  
 but when that I was the Lord of Linne,  
 56 then on my land I liued merrily ;

“ & now I have sold my land soe broade  
 that I haue not left me one penny !  
 god be with my father ! ” he said,  
 60 “ on his land he liued merrily.”

Still in a study there as he stood,  
<sup>1</sup>he vnbethought him of [a] bill  
 [he vnbethought him of a bill]  
 64 which his father had left with him,

Bethinks  
 him of a bill  
 his father  
 had left him,

bade him he shold neuer on it looke  
 till he was in extreame neede,  
 “ & by my faith,” said the heire of Linne,  
 68 “ then now I had neuer more neede.”

only to be  
 looked at  
 in dire  
 necessity

<sup>1</sup> This line has *his* prefixed to it. The *vn* is for *um*, about.—F.

Looks at it  
now, and is  
informed of  
a fresh store  
of money.

he tooke the bill, & looked it on,  
good comfort *that* he found there ;  
itt told him of a Castle wall  
72 where there stood 3 chests in feare<sup>1</sup> :

Fills his  
wallet from  
it.

2 were full of the beaten gold,  
the 3 was full of white mony.  
he turned then downe his baggs of bread,  
76 & filled them full of gold soe red.

Goes to  
John of the  
Scales'  
house,

then he did neuer cease nor blinne<sup>2</sup>  
till Iohn of the Scales house he did winne.  
when *that* he came to Iohn of the Scales,  
80 vpp at the speere<sup>3</sup> he looked then :  
there sate 3 lords vpon a rowe,  
<sup>4</sup>and Iohn o the Scales sate at the bords head,  
[and Iohn o the Scales sate at the bords head,]  
because he was the *Lord* of Linne.

84 and then bespake the heire of Linne,  
to Iohn o the Scales wiffe thus sayd hee :  
sayd, " Dame, wilt thou not trust me one shott  
*that* I may sitt downe in this company ? "

is rudely  
treated by  
John's wife,

88 " now, christs curse on my head," shee said,  
if I doe trust thee one pennye."  
then be-spake a good fellowe,  
which sate by Iohn o the Scales his knee,

but spoken  
for by one of  
his guests,

92 Said, " have thou here, thou heire of linne, [page 73.]  
40 pence I will lend thee,—  
some time a good fellow thou hast beene,—  
& other 40 if neede bee."

<sup>1</sup> *ferre*, company.—F.

<sup>2</sup> MS. blime.—F.

<sup>3</sup> *speere*, s. A hole in the wall of a house, through which the family received

and answered the inquiries of strangers Ritson.—F.

<sup>4</sup> This line has *bis* prefixed to it.—F.

- 96 the drunken wine *that* was soe cleere,  
 & euery man the made merry ;  
 & then bespake him Iohn o the Scales,  
 vnto the Lord of linne said hee :
- 100 said, " how doest thou, heire of Linne,  
 since I did buy thy Lands of thee ?  
 I will sell it to thee 20<sup>l</sup> better cheepe  
 nor euer I did buy it of thee."
- 104 " I draw you to recorde, lord[e]s all ;"—  
 with that he cast him gods penny<sup>1</sup> ;  
 then he tooke to his baggs of bread,  
 & they were full of the gold soe redd,
- 108 he told him the gold then over the borde ;  
 it wanted neuer a broad pennye :  
 " *that* gold is thine, the land is mine,  
 & the heire of Linne<sup>2</sup> againe I wilbee."
- 112 " Now welladay ! " said Iohn o the Scales wife,  
 " welladay, & woe is me !  
 yesterday I was the lady of Linne,  
 & now I am but Iohn o the Scales wiffe ! "
- 116 saies " haue thou heere, thou good fellow,  
 40 pence thou did lend me,<sup>3</sup>  
 [40 pence thou did lend me,]  
 & 40<sup>l</sup> I will giue thee,
- 120 Ile make thee keeper of my forrest,  
 both of the wild deere & the tame."
- but then bespake the heire of Linne,<sup>2</sup>  
 these were the words, & thus said hee,  
 124 " christs curse light vpon my crowne  
 if ere my land stand in any Ieopardye ! "
- ffins.

John  
mockingly  
offers to  
resell the  
estate for  
20*l.* less than  
he gave for  
it.

The heir  
takes him  
at his  
word,

and pays  
down the  
money.

John's wife  
is much  
crestfallen.

The kind  
guest is  
rewarded.

The heir  
vows to be  
more  
careful.

<sup>1</sup> See note to line 20.—F.

<sup>2</sup> MS. Lime.—F.

<sup>3</sup> This line is marked *bis* in the MS.  
—F.

### Lord : of Learne<sup>1</sup> :

[Shewing how a false steward would have wrong'd him in his Travels by robbing him & then assuming his name, &c.—P.]

Of this ballad there are, as Mr. Chappell mentions, two black-letter copies known—one in the Pepys Collection (I. 494), one in the Roxburghe (I. 222). The Roxburghe version is evidently of later date than the one here given. It reads “head steward” for “hend steward” in v. 47, and “dost thou ware” for Disaware” in v. 115; and, omitting a few stanzas here and there, makes the following genial, though not very powerful, addition at the end :

These children both they did rejoyce  
to hear the Lord his tale so ended,  
They had rather to-day than tomorrow  
so he would not be offended.

But when the wedding ended was  
there was delicate dainty cheere,  
I'll tell you how long the wedding did last  
full three quarters of a year.

Such a banquet there was wrought  
the like was never seen ;  
The King of France brought with him then  
a hundred tun of good red wine.

Five set of musicians  
that never rested night or day,  
Also Italians then did sing  
fully pleasantly with great joy.

Thus have you heard how troubles great  
unto successive joys did turn,  
And happy news amongst the rest  
Unto the worthy lord of Lorn.

---

<sup>1</sup> Query Lorne, one of Duke Hamilton's Titles.—P.



Let Rebels therefore warned be  
 how mischief once they do pretend,  
 For God may suffer for a time  
 but will disclose it in the end.

The intrusion of the word "Rebels" in the moral—the steward of the ballad is nothing more than a private impostor—seems to connect this version with the middle of the seventeenth century.

"The Lord of Learn," more commonly written "The Lord of Lorn," is founded on the romance of "Roswal and Lillian," of which some account is given in Ellis's "Early English Romances." It was composed in Henry VIII.'s time, as we learn from Guilpin's "Skialethia" (1580), quoted by Mr. Chappell. Guilpin says the doublet and hose he wears are like his grandfather's, but for the fashion of them

. . . like th' olde ballad of the Lord of Lorne  
 Whose last line in King Harries day was borne,  
 It still retains the title of as new  
 And proper a fashion as you ever knew.

It differs from its original in a manner characteristic of the change that had passed over the public taste. (Compare the Introduction to "Sir Lambewell.") The ballad omits all the tournament scenes which appear in the romance, and makes no mention of the knights who, in gratitude for a service the young lord had previously done them (which service had caused his banishment), equip him to figure in those scenes.

Both as a romance and as a ballad, this story was a great favourite, as it well deserved to be. How touching the young lord's replies to the princess are!

"Madam, I was borne in faire Scotland,  
 That is soe farr beyond the sea."

"My name," he sayes, "is poore Disaware,  
 That tends sheepe on a lonely lee."

Indeed the ballad throughout gently "disturbs the soul with pity," and charms the reader into sincere distress for the sufferings of the accomplished, gentle, truthful, patient, much-abused young

lord. No wonder Guilpin refers to it as well-known. In the same year in which his "Shadow of Truth" appeared, we find it entered at the Stationers' Hall. "Oct. 6, 1580, the Lord of lorne, or the false steward." (See Mr. Collier's "Extracts from the Reg. Stat. Company.") It was sung to the tune of "Green Slaves," as Mr. Chappell informs us. No wonder it was often posted up, according to the custom, in country houses. Says Cotton (1630-1685) in the Prologue to his "Burlesque upon Burlesque:"

We in the country do not scorn  
Our walls with ballads to adorn,  
Of patient Grissel and the lord of Lorn.

(A happy conjunction. Meekness is their common characteristic.) "Within the memory of man," says Sir Walter Scott in his *Tristrem*, "an old person used to perambulate the streets of Edinburgh, singing in a monotonous cadence the tale of Rosewal and Lilian."

The young  
Lord of  
Learne

IT was the worthy Lord of learen,  
he was a lord of a hie degree ;  
he had noe more children but one sonne,  
4 he sett him to schoole to learne curtesie.

makes great  
progress in  
his studies.

learing did soe proceed with that child—  
I tell you all in veretie—  
he learned more vpon one day  
8 then other children did on 3 :

& then bespake the SchooleMaster,  
vnto the Lord of Learne said hee,  
"I thinke thou be some stranger borne,  
12 for the holy gost remaines with thee."

he said, "I am noe stranger borne,  
forsooth, Master, I tell it to thee,  
it is a gift of almighty god  
16 which he hath giuen vnto mee."

the schoole *Master* turnd him round about,  
 his angry mind he thought to asswage,  
 for the child cold answer him soe quicklie,  
 20 & was of soe tender yeere of agee.

the Child, he caused a steed to be brought,  
 a golden bridle done him vpon;  
 he tooke his leaue of his schoolfellows,  
 24 & home the Child that he is gone.

He leaves  
 school,

& when he came before his father,  
 he ffell low downe vpon his knee,  
 “my blessing, father, I wold aske,  
 28 if christ wold grant you wold giue it me.”

“Now god thee blesse, my sonne & my heire,  
 his servant in heauen *that* thou may bee!  
 what tydings hast thou brought me, child?  
 32 thou art comen home so soone to mee.”

“good tydings, father, I haue you brought,  
 Goo[d tydings <sup>1</sup>] I hope it is [?] to mee,  
 the booke is not in all S[c]ottlande  
 36 but I can reade it before *your* eye.”

[page 74.] and as he  
 now knows  
 well his  
 native  
 tongue,

a *Loyed* man his father was,  
 euen the worthy *Lord* of Learne,  
 “thou shalt goe into ffrance, my Child,  
 40 to learne <sup>2</sup> the speeches of all strange lands.”

is to be sent  
 abroad to  
 learn others,

but then bespake the Child his mother,—  
 the *Lady* of learne & then was shee,—  
 saies, “who must be his well good guide  
 44 when he goes into that strange country?”

<sup>1</sup> *Goo* is supplied from the foot of p. 73 of the MS.—F.

<sup>2</sup> to learne sh<sup>d</sup> be the Rhime.—P.

& then bespake that bonnie Child  
 vntill his father tenderlie,  
 saies, “ father, Ile haue the hend Steward,  
 48 for he hath beene true to you & mee.”

under the  
 care of the  
 steward.

the Lady to concell the steward did take,  
 & counted downe a 100<sup>li</sup> there,  
 saies, “ steward, be true to my sonne & my heire,  
 52 & I will giue thee mickle mere.<sup>1</sup>”

“ If I be not true to my *Master*,” he said,  
 “ Christ himselfe be not trew to mee!  
 if I be not true to my lord & *Master*,  
 56 an ill death *that* I may die !”

the *Lord* of Learne did apparell his Child  
 with Bruche,<sup>2</sup> & ringe, & many a thinge ;  
 the apparrell he had his body vpon,  
 60 thé say was worth a Squiers liuinge.

He starts on  
 his tour ;

the parting of the younge *Lord* of Learne  
 with his ffather, his mother, his ffellows deere,  
 wold haue made a manis<sup>3</sup> hart for to change,  
 64 if a Iew borne that he were.

is cruelly  
 treated by  
 the steward ;

the wind did serue, & thé did sayle  
 over the sea into ffrance Land :  
 he vsed the Child soe hardlie,  
 68 he wold let him haue neuer a penny to spend,

and meate he wold let the Child haue none,  
 nor mony to buy none trulie ;  
 the boy was hungry & thirsty both ;  
 72 alas ! it was the more pittie.

<sup>1</sup> maire.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Brooche.—P.

<sup>3</sup> ? mams in MS.—F.

he laid him downe to drinke the water  
*that* was soe low beneath the brimn ;  
 he was wont to haue drunke both ale & wine,  
 76 then was faine of the water soe thinne <sup>1</sup> ;

& as he was drinking of the water  
*that* ran soe low beneath the brime,  
 soe ready was the false steward  
 80 to drowne the bonny boy therin.

“ haue Mercy on me, worthy steward !  
 my life,” he said, “ lend it to mee !  
 & all *that* I am heire vpon ”  
 84 saies, “ I will giue vnto thee.”

to save his  
 life, gives up  
 everything  
 to him,

Mercy to him the steward did take,  
 & pulld the child out of the brime ;  
 euen, alacke ! the more pittye !  
 88 he tooke his clothes euen from him ;

even his  
 clothes

saies, “ doe thou me of that veluett gowne,  
 the crimson hose beneath thy knee,  
 & doe me of thy cordiuant<sup>2</sup> shoone  
 92 are buckled with the gold soe free ;

“ doe thou me off thy sattin doublett,  
 thy shirtband wrought with glistering gold,  
 & doe mee<sup>3</sup> off thy golden Chaine  
 96 about thy necke soe many a fold ;

and his gold  
 neck-chain ;

“ doe thou me off thy veluett hat  
 with fether in *thats* is soe ffine,  
 all vnto thy silken shirt  
 100 *thats* wrought with many a golden swaine.<sup>4</sup>”

<sup>1</sup> MS. thime.—F.

<sup>2</sup> cordiuant : *proprie* cordwane, corium denominatum a Corduba, urbe Hispaniæ. The same as Morocco Leather, *i.e.* cordovan. Jun. see Pag. 431.—P. “ *Cordouan* : m. Cordouan leather ; (which is properly, a Goatskin tanned).” Cot.—F.

<sup>3</sup> There is a long *f* in the MS. between *me* and *off*.—F.

<sup>4</sup> Perhaps *twine*, *i.e.* twist or braid.—P. Compare the Promptorium “daggy-sweyne, *Lodix*,” and Mr. Way’s note on it. “A bed-covering, or a garment formed of frieze, or some material with

- the child before him naked stood,  
 with skin as white as lilly flower ;  
 for his worthy lords bewtie  
 104 He might haue beene a ladyes paramoure. [page 75.]
- dresses in  
 leather,  
 he put vpon him a lether cote,  
 & breeches of the same beneath the knee,  
 & sent that bony Child him froe,  
 108 service for to craue, truly.
- changes  
 his name to  
 he pulld then forth a naked sword  
 that hange full low then by his side,  
 "turne thy name, thou villaine," he said,  
 112 or else this sword shall be thy guide."
- Disaware,  
 "what must be my name, worthy steward?  
 I pray thee, now tell it me."  
 "thy name shalbe pore disaware,<sup>1</sup>  
 116 to tend sheepe on a lonelye lee."
- the bonny Child, he went him froe,  
 & looked to himselfe truly,  
 saw his apparrell soe simple vpon ;  
 120 O Lord ! he weeped tenderlye.
- obtains  
 a situation  
 as a shepherd's  
 boy,  
 vnto a shepards house that Childe did goe,  
 & said, "Sir, god you saue & see !  
 doe you not want a seruant boy  
 124 to tend your sheepe on a lonelie lee ?"
- "where was thou borne ?" the shepard said,  
 "where, my boy, or in what country ?"  
 "Sir," he said, "I was borne in fayre Scotland  
 128 that is soe farr beyond the sea."

long thrums like a carpet, was termed a *doggysweyne*." Swaine can hardly mean here *Armiger*.—F.

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps *the* same as Disware, Chaus<sup>t</sup>, *i.e.* not aware, unwary, Urry, Glos.—P.



“I haue noe child,” the shepard sayd,  
 “my boy, thoust tarry & dwell with mee ;  
 my liuinge,” he sayd, “ & all my goods,  
 132 Ile make thee heire [of] after mee.”

& then bespake the shepards wife,  
 to the *Lord* of learne thus did she say,  
 “goe thy way to our sheepe,” she said,  
 136 “ & tend them well both night & day.”

and tends  
 the sheep.

it was a sore office, O *Lord*, for him  
 that was a lord borne of a great degree !  
 as he was tenting his sheepe alone,  
 140 neither sport nor play cold hee.

Let vs leaue talking of the *Lord* of Learne,  
 & let all such talking goe ;  
 let vs talke more of the falst steward  
 144 that caused the Child all this woe.

Meanwhile  
 the steward,

he sold this lord of Learnes his Clothes  
 for 500<sup>l</sup> to his pay,  
 & bought himselfe a suite of apparrell  
 148 might well beseeme a *Lord* to weare.<sup>1</sup>

when he *that* Gorgeous apparrell bought  
 that did soe finelie his body vppon,  
 he laughed the bony Child to scorne  
 152 *that* was the bonny *Lord* of learne ;

gorgeously  
 dressed,

he laughed *that* bonny boy to scorne ;  
 Lord ! pittie it was to heare !  
 I haue herd them say, & soe haue you too,  
 156 *that* a man may buy gold to deere.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> perhaps “ a Lord’s array.”—P.

Ray’s Proverbs in Bohn’s Handbook,

<sup>2</sup> A man may buy gold too dear. p. 98.—F.

calling  
himself Lord  
of Learne,  
woos the  
Duke of  
France's  
daughter,

when *that* he had all *that* gorgeous apparrell  
*that* did soe finelie his body vpon,  
 he went a woing to the dukes daughter of france,  
 160 & called himsele the *Lord* of Learne.

the duke of ffrance heard tell of this ;  
 to his place *that* worthy *Lord* was come truly ;  
 he entertaind him with a quart of Red renish wi[ne],<sup>1</sup>  
 164 saies, “ *Lord* of Learne, thou art welcome to me ! ”

then to supper that they were sett,  
 Lords & ladyes in their degree ;  
 the steward was sett next the duke of france ;  
 168 an vnseemlye sight it was to see.

who is to  
have 500*l.*  
a-year.

then bespake the duke of ffrance,  
 vnto the *Lord* of learne said hee there,  
 sayes, “ lord of Learne, if thoule marry my daught[er,]  
 172 Ile Mend thy liuing 500*l.* a yeere.”

Then bespake *that* Lady fayre,  
 answered her ffather soe alone,  
 that shee wold be his marryed wiffe  
 176 if he wold make her Lady of Learne.

[page 76.]

and is  
betrothed to  
her.

then hand in hand the steward her he tooke,  
 & plight *that* Lady his troth alone,  
*that* she shold be his Marryed wiffe,  
 180 & he wold make her the Ladie of learne.

The lady,  
hunting,

thus *that* night it was gone,  
 the other day was come truly,  
 the Lady wold see the Robucke run <sup>2</sup>  
 184 vp hills & dales & forrest free.

<sup>1</sup> wine.—P.

<sup>2</sup> M.S. rum.—F.

- then shee was ware of the younge *Lord* of learne  
 tending sheepe vnder a bryar, trulye ;  
 & thus shee called vnto her maids,<sup>1</sup>  
 188 & held her hands<sup>1</sup> vp thus an hie,  
 sayes, “ feitch me yond shepards boy,  
 Ile know why he doth mourne, trulye.”  
 when he came before *that* Lady fayer,  
 192 he fell downe vpon his knee,  
 he had beene so well brought vpp  
 he needed not to learne curtesie.<sup>2</sup>  
 “ where wast thou borne, thou bonny boy,  
 196 where or in what countrye ? ”  
 “ Madam, I was borne in faire Scotland  
*that* is soe farr beyond the sea.”  
 what is thy name, thou bonny boy ?  
 200 I pray thee tell it vnto mee.”  
 “ My name,” he sayes, “ is poore Disaware,  
 that tends sheepe on a lonely lee.”  
 “ one thing thou must tell mee, bonny boy,  
 204 *which* I must needs aske of thee :  
 “ dost not thou know the young *Lord* of Learne ?  
 he is comen a woing into france to me.”  
 “ yes, *that* I doe, Madam,” he said ;  
 208 & then he wept most tenderlie ;  
 “ the *Lord* of learne is a worthy *Lord*,  
 if he were at home in his oune<sup>3</sup> countrye.”

sees  
Disaware  
tending his  
sheep,

and hearing  
he is from  
Scotland,

asks him if  
he knows  
the Lord of  
Learne.

He weeps,

<sup>1</sup> The tag after these *d*'s may not mean *s*.—F.

<sup>2</sup> The direction in all the Books of Courtesy, Urbanity, &c., is to fall on your knee before a lord: see my edition of *The Babees Book*, &c., E. E. Text Soc., 1867; l. 334 of this poem, &c. The *Constitutions of Masonry*, printed by Mr. Halliwell from MS. Bibl. Reg., 17 A, i. ff. 32, gives the general order in this form, (p. 37, l. 695-702: I have read it with the MS. fol. 29-30.—F.)

When þou comest byfore a lorde,  
 Yn halle, yn bowre, or at þe borde,  
 Hod or cappe þat þou of do  
 3er þou come hym allynge to ;  
 Twyes or þryes, withoute dowte,  
 To þat lord þou moste lowte ;  
 With þy ry3th kne let hyt be do,  
 þyn owne worschepe þou saue so.

<sup>3</sup> One stroke too many for *oune*, in MS.—F.

and says it's  
for a dead  
friend.

212 " what ayles thee to weepe, my bonny<sup>1</sup> boy ?  
tell me or ere I part thee froe.<sup>2</sup>"  
" nothing but for a freind, Madam,  
*thats* dead from me many a yeere agoe."

a loud laughter the Ladie lought ;  
216 O *Lord* ! shee smiled wonderous hie ;  
" I haue dwelled in france since I was borne ;  
such a shepards boy I did neuer see. .

The lady  
engages him  
to be her  
chamberlain.

220 " wilt thou not leaue thy sheepe, my Child,  
& come vnto service vnto mee ?  
& I will giue thee meate & fee,  
& my Chamberlaine thou shalt bee."

He goes  
with her.

224 " then I will leaue my sheepe, Madam," he sayd,  
" & come into service vnto thee ;  
if you will giue me meate & fee,  
*your* Chamberlainc *that* I may bee."

when the Lady came before her father,  
228 shee fell Low downe vpon her knee,  
" grant me, father," the Lady said,  
" this boy my Chamberlaine to be."

232 " but O Nay, Nay," the duke did say,  
" soe my daughter it may not bee ;  
the *Lord that* is come a woing to you  
will be offended with you & mee."

The steward  
is angry to  
see him,

236 then came downe the false steward  
which called himselfe the *Lord* of learne, trulic :  
when he looked that bonny boy vpon,  
an angry man I-wis was hee.

<sup>1</sup> One stroke too many for *bony* or too few for *bonny* in the MS.—F.

<sup>2</sup> from thee.—P.

- “where thou was<sup>1</sup> Borne, thou vagabond?  
 240 where?” he sayd, “& in what country?”  
 says, “I was borne in fayre Scotland [page 77.]  
*that* is soe far beyond the sea.”
- “what is thy name, thou vagabond?  
 244 haue done qu[i]cklie, & tell it to me.” makes him  
 deny his  
 true name,  
 “my name,” he sayes, “is poore disaware;  
 I tend sheep on the lonelie lee.”
- “thou art a theefe,” the steward said,  
 248 “& soe in the end I will prooue thee.”  
 then be-spake<sup>2</sup> the Ladie fayre,  
 “peace, Lord of learne! I doe pray thee;  
 ffor if noe loue you show this Child,  
 252 noe favor can you haue of mee.”
- “will you belecue me, Lady faire,  
 when the truth I doe tell yee?  
 att Aberdonie beyond the sea  
 256 his father he robbed a 100 : 3.” and slanders  
 his father.
- But then bespake the Duke of france  
 vnto the boy soe tenderlie,  
 saies, “boy, if thou loue harsses well,  
 260 my stable groome I will make thee.” The Duke  
 appoints the  
 boy his  
 stable-  
 groom.
- & thus *that that* did passe vppon  
 till the 12 monthes did draw to an ende;  
 the boy applyed his office soe well,  
 264 euery man became his freind. Thus a year  
 passes.
- he went forth earlye one morning  
 to water a gelding at the water soe free;  
 the gelding vp, & with his head  
 268 he hitt the Child aboute his eye: Disaware  
 gets hurt by  
 one of the  
 horses,

<sup>1</sup> read *was thou*.—F.<sup>2</sup> MS. he spake.—F.

and aloud  
bewails his  
fate.

“woe be to thee, thou gelding!” he sayd,  
“& to the mare *that* foled thee!  
thou hast striken the *Lord* of learne  
272 a litle tinye aboue the knee.

“first night after I was borne, a *Lord* I was;  
an earle after my father doth die;  
my father is the worthy *Lord* of learne;  
276 his child he hath noe more but mee;  
he sent me over the sea with the false steward,  
& thus that he hath beguiled mee.”

The Duke's  
daughter,  
overhearing  
him,  
discovers  
who he is.

the Lady [wa]s in her garden greene,  
280 walking with her mayds, trulye,  
& heard the boy this mourning make,  
& went to weeping trulie :

She promises  
to be true to  
him.

“sing on thy song, thou stable groome!  
284 I pray thee doe not Let for mee,  
& as I am a true Ladie  
I wilbe trew vnto thee.”

He says he  
must keep  
his oath to  
the steward.

“but Nay, now Nay, Madam!” he sayd,  
288 “soe *that* it may not bee,  
I am tane sworne vpon a booke,  
& forsworne I will not bee.”

He again  
bewails  
himself,

“sing on thy song to thy gelding  
292 & thou doest not sing to mee;  
& as I am a true Ladie  
I will euer<sup>1</sup> be true vnto thee.”  
he sayd, “woe be to thy,<sup>2</sup> gelding,  
296 & to the Mare *that* foled thee!

<sup>1</sup> either *ieuer* in MS. or the letter before *e* crossed out.—F.

<sup>2</sup> ? for thee.—F.



“ for thou hast strucken the *Lord* of Learne  
 a litle aboue Mine eye.  
 first night I was borne, a lord I was ;  
 300 an Earle after my father doth dye ;

“ my father is the good *Lord* of Learne,  
 & child he hath noe other but mee.  
 My father sent me over with the false steward,  
 304 & thus *that* he hath beguiled mee.

and tells the  
 lady how  
 the steward  
 has beguiled  
 him.

“ woe be to thee steward, Lady,” he sayd,  
 “ woe be to him verrily !  
 he hath beene aboue this 12 months day  
 308 for to deceiue both thee & mee.

“ if you doe not my Councell keepe  
*that* I haue told you with good intent,  
 & if you doe it not well keepe,  
 312 ffarwell ! my life is at an ende.”

“ I wilbe true to thee, *Lord* of Learne,  
 or else christ be not soe <sup>1</sup> vnto me ;  
 And as I am a trew ladye,  
 316 He neuer marry none but thee ! ”

[page 78.]

The lady  
 swears she'll  
 marry him  
 alone,

shee sent in for her father, the Duke,  
 in all the speed *that* ere might bee ;  
 “ put of my wedding, father,” shee said,  
 320 for the loue of god, this Monthes 3 :

gets her  
 wedding  
 with the  
 false Lord  
 put off,

“ sicke I am,” the ladye said,  
 “ O sicke, & verry like to die !  
 put of my wedding, father Duke,  
 324 ffor the loue of god this Monthes 3.”

<sup>1</sup> may be *true*. Half the line is pared away.—F.

the Duke of france put of this wedding  
 of the steward & the lady, monthes 3 ;  
 for the Ladie, sicke shee was,  
 328 sicke, sicke, & like to die.

and writes  
 to the old  
 Lord of  
 Learne in  
 Scotland,

shee wrote a letter with her owne hand  
 in all the speede *that* euer might bee ;  
 shee sent over into scotland  
 332 *that* is soe ffarr beyond the sea.

when the Messenger came beffore the old Lord  
 of Learne,  
 he kneeled low downe on his knee,  
 & he deliuered the letter vnto him  
 336 in all the speed *that* euer might bee.

who  
 denounces  
 the false  
 steward,

first looke he looked the letter vpon,  
 Lo ! he wept full bitterly,  
 the second looke he looked it vpon,  
 340 said, " false steward ! woe be to thee ! "

when the Ladye of learne these tydings heard,  
 O Lord ! shee wept soe biterlye :  
 " I told you of this, now good my lord,  
 344 when I sent my Child into that wild country. "

vows  
 vengeance  
 on him,

" peace, Lady of learne, " the Lord did say,  
 " for Christ his loue I doe pray thee ;  
 & as I am a christian man,  
 348 wroken vpon him *that* I wilbe. "

he wrote a letter with his owne hand  
 in all the speede *that* ere might bee ;  
 he sent it into the Lords in Scotland  
 352 *that* were borne of a great degree ;

he sent for lords, he sent for *knights*,  
*the best that were in the countrye,*  
 to goe with him into the land of france,  
 356 to seeke his sonne in *that* strange Country.

calls  
 together  
 lords and  
 knights,  
 comes over  
 to France,

the wind was good, & they did sayle,  
 500 men into france Land,  
 there to seeke *that* Bonny boy  
 360 *that* was the worthy Lord of Learne.

they sought the country through & through,  
 soe farr to the dukes place of ffrance Land :  
 there they were ware of *that* bonny boy  
 364 standing with a porters staffe in his hand.

and at last  
 finds his son  
 officiating as  
 a porter in  
 the Duke's  
 palace.

then the worshippfull, thé did bowe,  
 the serving men fell on their knees,  
 they cast their hatts vp into the ayre  
 368 for Ioy *that* boy *that* they had seene.<sup>1</sup>

the Lord of learne, then he light downe,  
 & kist his Child both Cheeke & chinne,<sup>2</sup>  
 & said, "god blesse thee, my sonne & my heire,  
 372 the blisse of heauen *that* thou may wiine<sup>3</sup>!"

the false steward & the Duke of france  
 were in a Castle topp trulie :  
 "what fooles are yond," says the false steward,  
 376 "to the porter makes soe Lowe curtesie?"

The false  
 steward, in a  
 castle near,

Then bespake the duke of ffrance,  
 calling my Lord of Learne trulie,  
 he sayd, "I daubt the day be come  
 380 *that* either you or I must die."

<sup>1</sup> did see. qu.—P.

<sup>2</sup> MS. chime.—F.

<sup>3</sup> winne.—P.

is besieged,

thé sett the Castle round about,  
 a swallow cold not haue flone away ;  
 & there thé tooke the false steward  
 384 That the *Lord* of Learne did betray.

[page 79.]

seized,

& when they had taken the false steward,  
 he fell lowe downe vpon his knee,  
 & craued mercy of the *Lord* of learne  
 388 for the villanous dedd he had done, trulye.

“ thou shalt haue mercy,” said the *Lord* of Learne,  
 “ thou vile traitor ! I tell to thee ;  
 as the Lawes of the realme they <sup>1</sup> will thee beare,  
 392 wether it bee for thee to liue or dye.”

tried,

a quest of lords *that* there was chosen  
 to goe vppon his death, trulie :  
 there thé Iudged the false steward,  
 396 whether he was guiltie, & for to dye.

condemned  
to death,

The forman of the Iury, he came in ;  
 he spake his words full Lowd & hiye :  
 said, “ make thee ready, thou false steward,  
 400 for now thy death it drawes full nie ! ”

sayd he, “ if my death it doth draw nie,  
 god forgiue me all I haue done amisse !  
 where is *that* Lady I haue loued soe longe,  
 404 before my death to giue me a Kisse.”

“ away, thou traitor ! ” the Lady said,  
 “ auoyd out of my company !  
 for thy vild treason thou hast wrought,  
 408 thou had need to cry to god for mereye.”

<sup>1</sup> The *y* is in a modern hand.—F.

first they tooke him & h[a]ngd him halfe,  
 & let him downe before he was dead,  
 & quartered him in quarters Many,  
 412 & sodde him in a boyling Lead <sup>1</sup>;

half hanged,  
 quartered,  
 boiled,

& then they tooke him out againe,  
 & cutten all his ioyns in sunder,  
 & burnte him eke vpon a hyll <sup>2</sup>;  
 416 I-wis <sup>3</sup> thé did him curstlye cumber.<sup>4</sup>

cut to bits,  
 and at last  
 burnt.

a loud laughter the lady laught;  
 O lord! she smiled merrylie;  
 She sayd, "I may praise my heauenly *King*  
 420 that euer I seene this vile traytor die."

then bespake the duke of france,  
 vnto the right *Lord* of Learne sayd he there,  
 says, "*Lord* of Learne, if thou wilt marry my  
 daught[er]  
 424 Ile mend thy liuing 500 a yeere."

The Duke  
 offers his  
 daughter to  
 the young  
 Lord,

but then bespake *that* bonie boy,  
 & answered the Duke quicklie,  
 "I had rather marry *your* daughter with a ring of  
 go[ld,]  
 428 then all the gold *that* ere I blinket on with mine <sup>5</sup>  
 eye."

who accepts

<sup>1</sup> Cauldron; H. Coleridge's Glossary, referring to "Al so beedh his eye puttes ase a bruthen *led*."—*Owl and Nightingale*, ed. Wright, p. 79. (The corresponding passage in MS. Jes. Coll. Oxon, 1 Arch. 1-29, fol. 184 back, is "Al fo beoþ hif eye puttef af a *colput* dup ant gret," as if *led* were for *lode*.) Chaucer, Prol. *Cant. Tales* (ed. Morris, vol. ii. p. 7, l. 201-2), has:

His eyen steep, and rolyng in his heed,  
 That stemed as a forneys of a *leed*.

Herbert Coleridge also refers to *Havelok the Dane*, l. 924.—F.

<sup>2</sup> kiln.—P. Why not *hill*?—F.

<sup>3</sup> I think it should here be "I wis," *i.e.* I know.—T. Wright.

<sup>4</sup> to cumber, *inter alia*, signifies to distress: Johnson.—P.

<sup>5</sup> One stroke too few in the MS.—F.

But then bespake the old *Lord* of Learne,  
 to the Duke of france thus he did say,  
 "seeing our Children doe soe well agree,  
 and marries her. \* 432 they shalbe marryed ere wee goe away."

they Lady of learne, shee was for sent  
 throughout Scotland soe speedilie,  
 to see these 2 Children sett vpp  
 436 in their seats of gold full royallye.

ffins.



**Scottish : ffeilde : <sup>1</sup>**

I. THIS piece is, with the exception of the imperfect copy lately printed by the Chetham Society, now for the first time printed. At last it comes forth to be admired; and admired we think it will be, for its metre, its vigour, its general curiousness. It is, in a word, a short alliterative chronicle in honour of the Stanleys—one of the many “laudationes” belonging to that much-balladed family. It sets forth the two great glories of the house—its achievements on Bosworth Field, and, with great fulness, at Flodden. It is then most valuable as a specimen of such poems as probably all the great houses, to a greater or less extent, had appertaining to them, to whose composition and preservation the domestic minstrel in the olden times would especially devote himself, and whose recitation would serve for a perpetual delight on all great occasions—poems full of local and personal feeling, and curious county detail. In such celebrations of itself the Stanley family seems to have been particularly rich. Two more are treasured up in the Folio, viz. “Flodden Field” and “Lady Bessie.” This one was written by no menial hand, but by “a gentleman by Iesu”!

Percy, in his “Reliques,” quotes a few lines from this piece—a handful from the beginning, and a handful from the end. The

<sup>1</sup> [An alliterative poem] In two fitts, containing a short History of the achievements of Henry the 7<sup>th</sup> & of Henry the 8<sup>th</sup> to the battle of Flodden Field, of w<sup>ch</sup> there is a very particular Account; the Author seems to have been present at this Engagem<sup>t</sup> (vid. fol. 86. [of MS.] top), who gives some account of himself, ver. 226, fitt 2<sup>d</sup>. [of MS.]—P.

N.B. It is in the same measure as the Ballad of Liffe & Death, Pag. 384 [MS.],

which, from a similitude of style, seems to have been written by the same Author.—P.

Two of these verses are properly but one, being the same measure used in Peers Plowman's Visions.—P. The two lines are therefore printed as one (as written in nearly all MSS. and here at line 42), the break being denoted by a colon, which must not be treated as an ordinary stop.—F.

latter quotation occurs in his essay on Alliterative Metre, and is accompanied by some account of the poem. The Chetham Society copy (edited by Mr. Robson in 1855) is imperfect in three places—at the beginning, where twenty-four and a half distichs are gone; after v. 36, where ten distichs are wanting; and after v. 252, where the description of the vanguard of the English army (vv. 253–275) is missing. In other respects it is certainly an older and more valuable copy than the one here given. It again and again preserves the alliteration where it has been corrupted in the Folio copy. It is printed from a MS. found by Mr. Beamont among the muniments at Lyme, in a handwriting, according to Sir Frederick Madden, of Queen Elizabeth's time. The two copies mutually correct and elucidate each other. The differences between them are merely verbal; all worth noticing are mentioned in the notes.

II. The piece is, as we have said, a short alliterative chronicle. It begins with the landing of Henry, afterwards the Seventh, at Milford Haven, and conducts him, supported by “of Derby that deare Earle” and others, to Bosworth and the throne, and at last to the “celestiall blisse.” As this triumph of the Red Rose is dilated upon more fully in “Lady Bessie,” we will imitate our poet, and

. . . will meddle with this matter  
 Noe more att this time—  
 But he that is makeles of mercy  
 Haue mind of his soule!

Then follows an account of Henry VIII.'s accession, and of his expedition into France in 1513, and the siege of Terouenne. Then we are told how the King of France, to effect a diversion, urged the King of Scotland to invade England in Henry's absence; and then comes the great interest of the poem, the battle of Flodden. At the end of the piece we return to Henry in France, to carry him the news of the victory and witness his

exultation. And so, with an announcement of the author and a prayer breathed, "Jesus, bring vs to blisse," the song is sung.

With regard to the expedition into France, the account here given is mainly correct, but the details are not so. The power of France was exciting great jealousy in Western Europe early in the sixteenth century. The first care of Julius II., after he had curbed the pride of Venice with its assistance, was to curb it too. He succeeded in forming a league against it. He was in the act of renewing that league, when death interrupted him for ever. Leo X. succeeded to his tiara and his schemes. In April, 1513, Germany, Spain, and England concluded with him the alliance that had been previously negotiated. In May the Earls of Shrewsbury and Derby cross over to France with 25,000 men, followed presently by Lord Herbert with 25,000 more. In June, Terouenne is invested. On the thirtieth of that month the King follows his generals, leaving the Queen Regent and the Earl of Surrey Lord-lieutenant of the North, and on July 21 arrives at the besieged town. There Maximilian joins him, and serves under him. Then the Battle of the Spurs—"pugna calcaria" in Jovius—is fought, or run. At the same time a supply of provisions is intercepted, and a sally of the garrison defeated. On August 23 the place surrenders, and is severely punished for its two-months' obstinate resistance—is all destroyed except the cathedral and the monastic buildings. The messenger with the tidings of Flodden finds the walls "beaten downe" ("Flodden Field," v. 13), and the King gone on to Tournay. Maximilian, in his grandson's interest, was anxious to reduce the strong towns of the French frontier, and he led Henry whither he would.

And soe to that seege forth thé went  
The Noble Shrewsbury & the Erle of Derby,  
And thé laid seege vnto the walls.

("Flodden F.," vv. 419-21.)

Tournay, in spite of the proud boast engraved on one of its gates—"Jammes ton ne a perdu ton pucelage" (*sic* apud Hall)—and its confident pun "que Tournay n'avoit jamais tourné ni encore ne tournerait," and the prestige of its successful resistance to Edward III., capitulates at once. Late in October the King returns to England. Such was Henry's vain expedition of 1513. We need not stay to point out the little discrepancies between the above sketch of it and the narrations given in this poem, and below in "Flodden Field."

And now with regard to the grand theme of our poem—a most favourite theme with English ballad-writers, and, from a vastly different feeling, with the Scotch too—the battle of Flodden. An authentic summary of this memorable conflict is preserved in a MS. in the Herald's College, London—"the Gazette of the Battle of Flodden, Sept. 1513," printed in the Appendix to Pinkerton's "History of Scotland." The most minute account is given by Hall, who derived it no doubt from eye-witnesses. There is a third contemporary report in Jovius' "Historiæ sui Temporis;" a fourth in a letter from Dr. William Knight, the English minister at the court of Margaret Duchess of Burgundy, to Cardinal Bainbridge at Rome, (Harl. MS. 3462, fol. 32. b., printed by Ellis in his "Original Letters"); a fifth in the shape of a pamphlet, published probably just after the battle, reprinted by Haslewood in 1809, with this heading: "Hereafter ensue the trewe encountre or Batayle lately don betwene Englāde and Scotland, in whiche batayle the Scottisshe Kynge was slayne. The maner of thaduaūcesynge of my lord of Surrey," &c.; a sixth, among the State Papers, corresponding almost exactly to the Gazette, entitled, "Articles of the Bataill betwix the Kinge of Scottes and therle of Surrey in Brankstone Feld, the 9 day of September." Between all these there is some slight diversity. Our poem agrees precisely with no one of them.

We may remind our readers how James IV., in violation of

a treaty then existing between him and England, in opposition to the advice of his counsellors, but in accordance no doubt with the popular feeling, at the instance of the French monarch, in July 1513 dispatched a letter of defiance to the English king in his camp at Turenne. Henry replied in a corresponding spirit; but, before his reply could reach its destination, all was over. James mustered his troops at Boroughmoor (Blackator in our ballad) close by Edinburgh. While they were assembling, he ordered Lord Home (not Lord Maxwell,<sup>1</sup> as the ballad says,) to make a previous raid across the borders. Lord Home ravaged and plundered the English marches at his pleasure, Lord Dacre, according to the ballad, "keeping him in Carlisle." That there prevailed some such report to the discredit of that nobleman, at this time Warden of the East and Middle Marches, appears possible from a letter of his to Wolsey, dated May 17, 1514 (Cott. MSS. Calig. B. II. 190, partly printed by Pinkerton, fully described in "Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic, of the Reign of Henry VIII." 1862), in which he defends himself with great pains against the charge of remissness in his duties, and insists that "the Scots love him worst of any Englishman living." He speaks of the part he performed on the "felde of Brankston;" and adds: "And where it is thought I make not so good espiall in Scotland as I might do, my Lords, I assure your Lordships that I maide the best espiall at all tymes hiddertoward, and shall maike in tyme to com, that I oder can or may, unfenydly, and neithre spare for cost ne charge." With whomsoever the fault lay, Lord Home's advance was unmolested. But on his return Sir William Bulmer, by a skilful ambush (not mentioned in the ballad; there the battle is a fair pitched one), punished him with great severity:

<sup>1</sup> Maxwell,—nominally superseded by James V.'s favourite, Oliver Sinclair, when the borders were crossed,—commanded the Scotch invasion which ter-

minated at Solway Moss, 1542. There was, however, a Lord Maxwell killed at Flodden, who may be meant by the ballad.



Thus were thé beaten att the first brayd  
 All that brawling people ;  
 And likewise in the latter end,  
 As yee may here after.

King James now advanced in person with the largest army ever mustered in Scotland. He occupied himself with the reduction of several border castles—of Norham, and Wark, and Ford. These were all the successes that, with all his mighty host, he achieved. At the last-named castle, which stands on the right bank of the Till some four miles from its junction with the Tweed, he was enthralled by the charms of the beautiful Mistress Heron. He did not care then “to flee to war’s alarms.” He was not inspired to “chase another mistress”—“the first foe in the field.” He wasted the precious days in amorous dalliance. His nobles murmured. His host gradually melted away. The tide of his fortune turned. Meanwhile the Lieutenant of the North had been raising the Northern counties. He advanced to Newcastle, and from Newcastle to Alnwick, with constantly increasing forces. The eagle of the Stanleys and the crescent of the Percys were soon to be seen beneath the banner of St. Cuthbert. Lord Surrey would not wait for reinforcements from the Midland counties promised him by the Queen. He marched rapidly towards the invader’s Castle of Indolence. At his approach the invader leaves it, and posts himself on Flodden Hill, an extreme eminence of the Cheviot chain, just separated from Ford by the Till. He accepts Surrey’s challenge to fight :

A thousand thanks the Earl then  
 Unto the royal King did yield,  
 Whose princely heart did not forbear  
 So simple a lord to meet in field. (Weber’s “Fl. F.”)

but he shows no inclination to forego the advantages of his position. His numbers at this time amount to some 30,000 at the most moderate computation ; Surrey’s to some 25,000. This



numerical disadvantage is of course liberally magnified in the English ballads. Says the Earl in "Flodden Field" *apud* Weber :

Put case our total English power  
Were ready drest & made in meat  
They at meals two would us devour ;  
The Scottish army is so great.

and

What though our foes be five to one,  
For that let not our stomachs fail ;  
God gives the strok when all is done ;  
If it please him, we shall prevail.

Determined to bring about an engagement, Surrey, after having crossed to the right side of the Till near Wooler (some few miles south of Flodden), marches to Barmore (near Ford), and at last resolves on putting himself between the King and Scotland so as to cut off the enemy's supplies and his retreat. To this end he marches to the north-west, crosses the Till partly by Twizel bridge (close to the junction with the Tweed), partly by a ford to the south of that bridge, then turns southward, and is presently face to face with the enemy. All these movements Scotland, "sitting idle on dark Flodden's airy brow," permits him to perform undisturbed:

"Tharmy was devyded into 2 batalles, and to either bataill 2 wynges." (State Papers' account.) The vanward was commanded by Lord Howard the Admiral, supported on his right (our ballad wrongly says left, v. 264) by his brother Sir Edmund (our ballad calls him Eward) with Cheshire men, on his left by Sir Marmaduke Constable (our ballad says Lord Lumley) with Yorkshire and Northumberland men. The second division or rereward was commanded by the Earl himself, with Sir Edward Stanley (proleptically styled Lord Mouteagle in the ballad, v. 296) and Lancashire men on his left, on his right Lord Dacre (Lord Scroop with Sir John Stanley, according to the ballad). Such was the original arrangement. But, as they approached

the enemy, "the lord Howard caused his voward to stale in a lytell valley, tyll the rerewarde were joyned to oon of the winges of his bataill, and then both wardes in oon fronte avauoned against the Scottes." Lord Dacre, it would seem, fell into the rear; Lord Howard's left wing coalesced with his father's centre, his right wing drew close up to him. And so, as Scott says in his 121st note to "Marmion," and as the common accounts say, "the English army advanced in four divisions." For the Scotch army, the King was supported on his extreme left by Huntley and Home, then by Crawford and Montrose, on his right by Lennox and Argyle, Bothwell commanding the reserve. About a mile and a half to the north-west of Flodden was a little village called Brankston, and near it a slight hill, the occupation of which would have proved a great advantage to the English. Amidst the smoke of his huts, which he set on fire before descending from his heights, and, as the wind blew from the south, his movements completely shrouded from the enemy, James hastened to secure it. The smoke suddenly clearing, the English, just arrived at the foot of it, found him posted on it and close at hand. Hence the battle is very commonly styled the battle of Brankston, or Brankiston, or Brampton, or Bramston, or Branxston, or Brinston (v. 401 of our ballad). Scotch writers prefer Floddon, or Flodden. (As to the orthography, the *hill* is often mentioned. V. 329 speaks of the *dale*.)

The gushing account of the weather on the day of the conflict given in vv. 307–322 is a mere poetical commonplace, like the old descriptions of—

. . . . . lucus et ara Dianæ,  
Et properantis aquæ per amœnos ambitus  
Aut flumen Rhenum aut pluvius . . . arcus.

(Compare vv. 175, 176.) The account reprinted by Haslewood says: "In this batayle the Scottes hadde many great Auauntagies, that is to wytte the hyghe Hylles and mountaynes, a great wynde

with them, and sodayne rayne, all contrary to our bowes and Archers." The battle commenced about four o'clock in the afternoon, raged furiously for some three hours, and was stayed only by the coming on of night. It is not our business here to describe it at length. We must notice the fortune of the extreme right wing of the English, as vv. 329-350 of this ballad and a great part of "Flodden Field" are devoted to it. "The Chesshire and Lancasshire men never abode stroke, and fewe of the gentilmen of Yorkshire abode, but fled," says the State Papers' account. Our poet, himself a Cestrian, is sorely troubled by this behaviour. He makes what apology he can for it—that the men could'nt fight without a Stanley at their head (see vv. 265-269, and 333-336); and he speaks bitterly of Lord Dacre, and accuses him of having set them the example of flight (v. 332), whereas—perhaps, because—it was he who came to Sir Edmund Howard's rescue and saved the wing from utter destruction. "Maistre Gray," says the Gazette, "et Mes<sup>r</sup> Humfrey demourent prisonniers, et Messire Richard Harbottel tué, et le d'Edmond Haward fut trois fois abatu; et vint a son relief le seigneur Dacres avec XV<sup>e</sup> hommes; et tellement exploicter quil mist en fuyte les d'Escossois." The feud between the Howards and Stanleys was as old as the battle of Bosworth:

Sith King Richard feele, he never loved thee,  
For thy unckle slew his father deere,  
And deerlye deemed him to dye,

says Buckingham to Derby of Surrey in "Flodden Field" (vv. 141-143). So there may possibly have been a want of cordiality between the Stanleyites of Cheshire and their leaders, the Howards. But when the great advantage in respect of position enjoyed by the Earl of Home, and his natural eagerness to avenge his late discomfiture at Milfield are considered, nothing more is wanted to account for the temporary distress of the English right wing. The leaders did not fly with their men, but fought on unyield-

ingly. In another part of the field—on the left wing—other Lancashire and Cheshire men, under Sir Edward Stanley, greatly distinguished themselves by attacking in flank and utterly routing Lennox and Argyle.

Lancashire like Lyons  
Laid them about.—(v. 383.)

This piece of good service is magnified in “Flodden Field” into the winning of the field<sup>1</sup>:

“Lancashire & Cheshire,” said the Messenger,  
“They have done the deed with their hand.”—(vv. 369, 370.)

They have woone the victorye.—(v. 384.)

To one other point in the battle we may allude—the death of the King of Scots. There can be no doubt he was killed on the field. On this fact all the English accounts are unanimous; and they adduce satisfactory evidence. According to our ballad he was “downe knocked and killed . . . under the banner of a Bishoppe that was the bold Standlye” (vv. 386, 387). “The King of Scottes,” according to the account amongst State Papers, “cam with a grete puysance upon my Lord of Surrey, havng on his lyfte hand my Lord Darcy son; whiche 2 bare all the brounte of the bataill; and then the King of Scottes was slayn within a spere length from the saide Erle of Surrey.” “The Kinge of Scotts,” runs a MS. note on the back of the return of a muster-roll of an officer in the camp at Terouenne (quoted by Galt in his *Life of Wolsey*), “was found slayn by my Lord Dakers in the fronte of his batayll . . . and the kynge of Scotts’ body is closed in lede, and be kept till the kinges

<sup>1</sup> Ascham's *Toxophilus*, Works, ed. Giles, v. 2, p. 79. “The excellent prince Thomas Hawarde, nowe duke of North-folk, for whose good prosperity *with* al his noble familie al English hertes dayly doth pray, *with* bowmen of England slew King Jamie *with* many a noble

Scot, euen brant ageast Flodon hil; in which battel y<sup>e</sup> stoute archers of Cheshire & Lancasshire, for one day bestowed to y<sup>e</sup> death for their prince & country sake, hath gotten immortall name and prayse for euer.” fol. 40, ed. 1545.

pleasure is knowen in Barwicke." "They love me," says Lord Dacre in the letter above adverted to, "worst of any Inglishe-man living, be reason that I fand the body of the king of Scotts, slayne in the felde, and thereof advertised my lord of Norfolke be my writing; and thereupon I brought the corps to Berwyke, and delivered it to my said lord." The body was presently removed to London.

". . . slaine is your brother-in-law King Jamie;  
And att lovely London he shalbe found,  
My comelye prince, in the presence of thee,"

says the Queen in her letter to Henry in France, in "Flodden Field" (vv. 362-364). And when Leo X. withdrew the sentence of excommunication incurred by James by his wanton breach of his ratified treaty with England, the corpse was conveyed to the monastery at Shene in Surrey, where Stow (see his "Survey of London," 4to, p. 539) saw it, after the dissolution of the house, "throwne into a waste-room amongst the old timber, lead, and other rubble."

We have not to speak here of the awful distress that the news of Flodden brought to Scotland—how that country wept "for her children, and would not be comforted because they were not." But we may be permitted to quote just one clause from the Proclamation made in Edinburgh the day after the battle, when a fearful rumour was already prevailing. It "chairges that all women and specialie vagabounds that thair pass to their labours, and be not sene upoun the gait clamourand and cryand, under the pane of banesing of thair persons but favors; and that the other women of gude pass to the kirk and pray, quhane time requires, for our soverane Lord and his army, and nycbouris being thairat, and hald thame at their privie labours off the gaitt within thair houses, as affeirs." (See Sir David Dalrymple, afterwards Lord Hailes', "Remarks on the History of Scotland.")



Such is the subject of this poem. It is handled with much vigour. "A gentleman by Iesu who this jest made" (v. 416) writes with fervent enthusiasm. His heart is warm towards his county and its brave gentlemen :

These frekes will never flee  
For feare that might happen.  
But they will sticke with their standards  
In their steele weeds.

The eagle of the Stanleys is the king of birds—"the fayrest fowle that ever flew on winge"—in his eyes. He makes the Scotch herald admire it and tremble :

Soe how he batters & beates  
The bird with her wings ;  
We are feare of yonder fowle  
Soe fiercely he fareth.

He is not afraid to meet his enemy in the gate. He is full of ingenuous, simple-hearted, enthusiastic pride. That his version of the events portrayed is far from accurate in the details, has already been shown. He is often carried away by his Stanleyite ardour ; he often errs from a sheer ignorance of the facts. Bishop Percy, from v. 253, supposes him to have been present at Flodden ; but v. 91 gives as good ground for concluding him to have been at Terouenne. "The bearne that at Bagily his biding place had, and whose ancestors of old time had yerded there long" (vv. 418, 419), would never want for information, though not himself an eye-witness, about actions so closely associated with the honour of Cheshire.

The poem was probably composed some two or three years after the battle. Vv. 285-291 seem to speak of the death of the Bishop of Ely as a recent event, and he died in March 1515. But the present edition may be of much later date. The confusion of Maxwell with Home seems to place it after 1542.

With regard to the metre, see the Introduction to "Life and Death." We will just remark here that this is one of the latest



alliterative poems known. The reader will observe that it ends with a rhyming couplet.

III. A few words may be said of the other poems that celebrate the field of Flodden. That field can boast of a considerable poetic literature. Weber, in 1808, prompted by Scott, whose "Marmion" was then the rage, published a collection of pieces concerning it. The *pièce de resistance* of his volume is a poem to be found in No. 3526 of the Harl. MSS., composed probably about 1550—a poem of 575 four-lined rhyming and frequently alliterative stanzas, divided into nine fits, written by one who had already celebrated Henry's achievements in France, who was evidently a well-practised verse-writer—a steady-going pedestrian poem. Along with it are printed "The Lamentation of King James the Fourth" and "The Bataile of Brampton" from the 1587 edition of the "Mirour for Magistrates." Both these pieces are, however, older than that work, and appear in it in a perverted shape, "the Elizabethan editor" having "thought proper to make a complete alteration in the sense of every passage bearing a theological allusion—a thing that occurs in every stanza of the second, and in many parts of the first." They are printed in a purer form from a Harl. MS. in the "Gentleman's Magazine," (New Series, July–August, 1866). Weber gives next some Skeltonian doggerel about the famous fight; then "The lamentable Complaint of King James of Scotland" from Fulwell's "Flower of Fame," 1575; then the epitaph, in Flamborough church, of Sir Marmaduke Constable, who

. . . at Brankiston field

Coragely avanced hymself among other ther & then;

then a ballad, possibly, according to Ritson, "as ancient as anything we have on the subject," from Thomas Deloney's "Most pleasant and delectable History of John Winchcomb, otherwise called Jack of Newbury," and no doubt refurbished by Deloney; then the fragment about the Laird of Muirhead, and Miss Jane

Elliott's lines called "The Flowers of the Forest" (founded on an older piece), which are printed in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border"; and lastly "Flodden Field," from Harl. MSS. 293 and 367, of which the Folio contains a copy (see below, p. 313).

"There is a MS. poem," says Ritson, "Ancient Songs," 1792, p. 117, "on the battle of Flowden Hill in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh; but of what nature or merit the editor had no opportunity to discover." Mr. Laing, however, assures the present Editors that Ritson was mistaken in this assertion.

God and  
Mary help  
me!

I sing of  
noble kings.

Of Henry  
VII.  
[page 80.]

and his  
prime  
supporters,  
Lord Derby,

gentle  
Gilbert,

GRANT, gracious god : grant me this time  
that I may say or I cease<sup>1</sup> : thy seluen to please,  
& Mary his Mother : that Masked<sup>2</sup> all this world,  
4 & all the seemlie Saints : that sitten in heaven.  
I will carpe of Kings : that conquered full wide,  
that dwelled in this land : that was alyes<sup>3</sup> Noble ;  
Henery the seauenth : that soveraigne Lord,  
8 How he moued in at Milford : with men but a few.  
there were lite<sup>4</sup> Lords in this land : that to that Lord  
longed,  
but of derby that deare Earle : that doughty hath beene  
euer,  
& the Lord chamberlaine : that was his cheefe brother,  
12 Sauage, his sisters sonne<sup>5</sup> : a Sege<sup>6</sup> that was able,  
& Gylbert the gentle : with a Iollye meanye,  
all Lancashire, these ladds : thé ledden att their will,  
& Cheshyre hath them chosen : for their cheefe Cap-  
taine ;

<sup>1</sup> say or I cease, *i.e.* may assay before I cease.—P. *Say* is *speak, write*, what may please God.—F.

<sup>2</sup> ? *for* maked.—F.

<sup>3</sup> always.—Robson.

<sup>4</sup> lite, *i.e.* few.—P.

<sup>5</sup> MS. some.—F.

<sup>6</sup> sege, *segge*, *Miles. Sax. secg*, id. L(*ye*).—P.

- 16 Much worshipping haue thé woone<sup>1</sup> in warre : their was  
of their names  
in france & in few lands<sup>2</sup> : soe fayre them behappen  
sith Brute heere abode : & first built vp houses.  
Sir James Blunt, *that bold Knight* : he bowed to their Sir J. Blunt,  
hands ;
- 20 Soe did Sir Edward Poynings : *that proued* was of Sir E.  
deeds ; Poynings,  
Sir John Biron was neuer afrayd : for no burne<sup>3</sup> Sir J. Biron.  
liuinge,  
a more manfull man : was not of this Mold maked :  
thus with a royall retinewe : raked thé forwarde,
- 24 On this side Bosworth in a bancke : thé bred<sup>4</sup> forth How he  
their standards and they  
with a dragon full dearfe : <sup>5</sup> *that* adread was thereafter, advanced to  
rayled<sup>6</sup> full of red roses : and riehies enowe. Bosworth,  
there he bickered<sup>7</sup> with a bore<sup>8</sup> : *that* doughtie was and  
called, encountered  
Richard,
- 28 Richard *that* rich Lord : in his bright armour,  
he held<sup>9</sup> himselfe no Coward : for he was a *King*  
Noble,  
he fought full freshlie<sup>10</sup> : his formen<sup>11</sup> amonge  
till all his bright armour : was all bloudye beronen.<sup>12</sup> whom they  
conquered
- 32 then was he dungen to death : with many derfe<sup>13</sup>  
strokes,<sup>14</sup>

<sup>1</sup> One stroke of the *n* left out in MS.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Perhaps corrupted for Scotland—perhaps foelands, *i.e.* hostile countries.—P. fer (far).—Child. ? fele (many).—Skeat.

<sup>3</sup> barne, bearne.—P.

<sup>4</sup> *braid*. O. N. *bregða*, to move a thing from its place, draw out (as a sword), brandish. H. Coleridge.—F. A.-S. *brædan* ; O. N. *breiða*, to spread out.—Child.

<sup>5</sup> The first fragment of the Lyme MS. edited by Mr. Robson for the Chetham Society begins here with "that dred was sone after."—F.

<sup>6</sup> ornamented. O. H. Germ. *hragil*, indumentum, *gihragilon*, ornare. Wedgwood. Or it may be from Norm. *railer*, to score, draw lines ; "rayle vynys,

*retico*." Promptorium. *Rail* is also to trickle, run. Wedg.—F.

<sup>7</sup> bicker, *configere*, vid. Junius.—P.

<sup>8</sup> lorde.—Lyme MS.

<sup>9</sup> kidde.—Lyme MS.

<sup>10</sup> Ryght royall and fuerslye.—Lyme MS.

<sup>11</sup> foremen.—P. For *foemen* ; see note to line 167 below.—F.

<sup>12</sup> beronen, *i.e.* run down with blood.—P. ? MS. is *berouen*, riven, rent?—F.

<sup>13</sup> derfe, hard, rough.—P. See l. 25.—F.

<sup>14</sup> Compare Speed's *Theatre of the Empire of Great Britain* : "The corps of y<sup>e</sup> dead king, being tugged and dispitely torne, was layd all naked upon an horse, and trussed like a hogge

- and sent to  
Newark.
- Henry VII.'s  
reign.
- 36
- cast him on a Capull<sup>1</sup> : & carryed him to Liester,  
& Naked into Newarke : I will mine<sup>2</sup> him noe more,  
but let drough[t]en<sup>3</sup> deale with all : as him deare liketh.  
then said<sup>4</sup> Richmond this realme : with all the royall  
cuntrye,  
& raigine<sup>5</sup> with royaltie : & riches enoughe  
full 24 yeeres : In this fayre Land.  
he made french men afeard : of his fell deedes ;  
40 they paid him tribute trulie : many told thousands,  
*that* thé might liue in their land : & him their Lord  
call.  
but death at him droue *that* die must he needs<sup>6</sup> ;  
thus went he forth of this world : this worship[fful  
wight<sup>7</sup>]  
44 to the celestiall blisse : with Saints<sup>8</sup> enowe.  
I will meddle with this matter : noe more att this time,  
but he that is makeles<sup>9</sup> of mercy<sup>10</sup> : haue mind of his  
soule !  
Henry VIII.  
48 then succeeded his<sup>11</sup> sonne : a souerainge most noble,  
*that* proued was a prince : most peerlesse of other,  
*that* was Henery<sup>12</sup> the 8<sup>th</sup> : our most dread Lord.  
when his father, *that* feirce freake<sup>13</sup> : had finished his  
dayes,  
he made frenchmen<sup>14</sup> afeard : & faire him besought  
52 *that* he wold take their tribute : & traine<sup>15</sup> them noe  
further ;

behind a pursivant at Armes and as homely buryed in y<sup>e</sup> Graye Fr. within Leicester, which being ruinated his grave rests as obscure, overgrowne with nettles and weedes."—H.

<sup>1</sup> capul, a horse.—P.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* mention.—P.

<sup>3</sup> qu. Drighten, *i. e.* Dominus.—P.

<sup>4</sup> qu. had *or* rather sway'd.—P. ? assayed, tried, *if not miswritten for* seized.—F.

<sup>5</sup> raigned *or* raigne.—P. rayned.—Lyme MS.

<sup>6</sup> written as one line in the MS. The break should be before *that*.—F.

<sup>7</sup> lorde.—Lyme MS.

<sup>8</sup> MS. S: "aints. ? *for Sacrosaints*.—F. First written short, S<sup>u</sup>. for *Saints*, and then written long, S<sup>u</sup>aints.—Skeat.

<sup>9</sup> makles *or* makeless of mercy (see fitt 2. v. 102), *i. e.* matchless.—P.

<sup>10</sup> myckle of myght.—Lyme MS.

<sup>11</sup> There is a short curl before the *h* of *his*, which may mean *t*.—F.

<sup>12</sup> Harry.—Lyme MS.

<sup>13</sup> A.-S. *freca*, a daring warrior, from *freca*, *freca*, bold, daring.—F.

<sup>14</sup> One stroke too many in MS.—F.

<sup>15</sup> Fr. *trainer*, to throwe vp and downe.—F. lem.—Lyme MS.

- but he nickeed<sup>1</sup> them with Nay : & none of it wold,  
for he wold see vnder their seigniory : some of the Ire  
fayre<sup>2</sup> townes.
- thus he greathes<sup>3</sup> him godly : with a grat host,  
56 full 15<sup>4</sup> thousand : that feirce was in<sup>5</sup> armes,  
for to fare into ffrance : att their free will.<sup>6</sup>  
then left<sup>7</sup> hee in this land : a Leede *that* was noble,  
of surrey *that* sure Earle : the saddest<sup>8</sup> of all other,  
60 as Lord & Leiuetenant<sup>9</sup> : to Looke this land over,  
if any alyant<sup>10</sup> in his absence : durst aduenture him  
seluen  
to visitt or inuade : our most valiant realme.  
then he dressed him to Dover : our most dread King,  
64 with many Lords of this land : our Lord giue them Ioy!  
of Buccingham, Duke bold : he was a [burn]e<sup>11</sup> Noble,  
& of Da[rby] the deere Earle : he hath beene doughtie  
euer,  
& Shrewsbury, *that* sure<sup>12</sup> Earle : the saddest of all  
other,  
68 as a warriour full wise : he wends with the vaward ;<sup>13</sup>  
the Nob[l]e Earle of Northumberlande : with others  
full Many,<sup>14</sup>  
thé wende att their will : & wrought as them  
Liiked.  
thus thé glenten<sup>15</sup> to Callice : with great shippes of  
warre,  
72 & many a sellcoth<sup>16</sup> saylor<sup>17</sup> : where<sup>18</sup> seene on their  
Masts.

invades  
France,

leaving  
Surrey as  
Lord-  
lieutenant.

He sails  
from Dover,

(Shrewsbury  
goes with  
the van)

crosses to  
Calais.

<sup>1</sup> Suio-Gothic *neka*, to refuse : Jamieson.—F.

<sup>2</sup> corruptly written for *theire fayre*.—P.

<sup>3</sup> *geradian*, to make ready, prepare.—F. graces.—Lyme MS.

<sup>4</sup> fourty.—Lyme MS.

<sup>5</sup> carry his.—Lyme MS.

<sup>6</sup> at his biddinge.—Lyme MS.

<sup>7</sup> ? MS. lost.—F. arose.—Lyme MS., and Lorde for Leede.

<sup>8</sup> most stable or steady.—F.

<sup>9</sup> lieutenant.—P.

<sup>10</sup> alyant, *i. e.* alien.—P.

<sup>11</sup> burne.—Lyme MS.

<sup>12</sup> the trewe.—Lyme MS.

<sup>13</sup> As a worshipfull and wise he royndeth the cowarde.—Lyme MS.

<sup>14</sup> of the same.—Lyme MS.

<sup>15</sup> Scotch *glent*, to pass suddenly : Jamieson.—F.

<sup>16</sup> *i. e.* rare.—P. extraordinary.—T. W.

<sup>17</sup> many small sailes.—Lyme MS.

<sup>18</sup> were seen on.—P.



- when thé to Callice comen : all this seemly Meany,  
 our *Knight*<sup>1</sup> full [of] courage : carpeth these words,  
 calleth to his counsell : to witt their wills<sup>2</sup>  
 and calls a council of war there. 76 on what wise was best : his warre to begine.  
 some sett him to a Cittyte : *that* was sure walled,  
 & told him of Turwine : a towne *that* was noble  
 & oft had beene assayd : with Emperour & other,  
 80 yet wold it neuer be woone in warr : for noe way on  
 liue<sup>3</sup> ;  
 there was noe wight in this world : *that* win it nay<sup>4</sup>  
 might,  
 it was soe deepe deluen : with diches about.  
 then our *King* full of Courage : carped these words,  
 The King vows to take Turenne or perish. 84 sayes, " I will seege it about : within this 7 dayes,  
 or win it or I hence win : with the leaue of our Lord,  
 or leaue here my liffe : Lord, I you sett.<sup>5</sup>"  
 [page 82.] thus he promised to the prince : [That paradice  
 weldeth.<sup>6</sup>]  
 88 there were carryages with carts : & many keene  
 weapons.  
 then they waward ffull valiantlie : aduanced them  
 seluen ;  
 with trumpetts & tabretts : forward thé wenten ;  
 beside the towne of turwin : our tents downe we  
 tilden,<sup>7</sup>  
 and all besiege Turenne. 92 & seeged it surlye<sup>8</sup> : on all sides about.  
 many a gaping gunn : was gurde to the walls,  
 where there fell of the first shott : manie a fell  
 ffooder,<sup>9</sup>

<sup>1</sup> for King.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Skeat says, "Observe, this is a line of debased type, each half-line being independent in its alliteration, as in l. 109, &c." While admitting this as to l. 109, I prefer to take the first half of l. 75 as the last of a triplet with the two halves of l. 74 ; and the second half of l. 75 as the first of a triplet with the two halves of l. 76.—F.

<sup>3</sup> on live, *i. e.* alive. A Saxonism.—P.

<sup>4</sup> né.—P.

<sup>5</sup> letees I you heete.—Lyme MS.

<sup>6</sup> Supplied by Percy, who says, "see fitt 2, lin. 13."—F.

<sup>7</sup> tild.—P. A.-S. *teld*, a tent ; *teldian*, to spread or pitch a tent.—F.

<sup>8</sup> surelye.—P.

<sup>9</sup> *i. e.* many a cart-load, still called a *Fodder* in the North.—P.



*that stoness that were new sturrd : for stoutley they  
shotten.*

96 now Leane wee our King : lying att this seege,  
& carpe of the french King : care him be-happen.  
when he heard how vnkindly : his townes they were  
halched,<sup>1</sup>

The French  
King

he hyed<sup>2</sup> him to paris : for things *that* might happen ;  
100 there called he his counsell : for to know their minds,  
or<sup>3</sup> what wise was best to worke : his warrs to begin  
he durst not venter<sup>4</sup> with our King : he was soe keene  
Holden,

calls a  
council at  
Paris,

for all the gloring gold<sup>5</sup> : vnder the god of heauen.

104 then his counsell full Keenlye : carped on this wise,  
says, "make forth a Messenge : to the Mightye King  
of Scotts,

is advised to  
incite the  
Scots to  
invade  
England,

& profer him a present : all of pure gold,  
& bid him enter into England : & venter<sup>6</sup> him seluen ;

108 he may win it in warre : & weld it as him liketh ;  
there is noe leeds in tha[t] land<sup>7</sup> : saue Millers &  
Masse preists,<sup>8</sup>

all were faren into france : *that fayre*<sup>9</sup> were in armes.

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.* saluted.—P. A.-S. *healsian*, to clasp round the *hals* or neck.—F. Lines 98, 99, 111, 113, 119, 122, 127, 135, all bad in scanning.—Skeat.

<sup>2</sup> picked.—Lyme MS.

<sup>3</sup> on, *qu.*—P.

<sup>4</sup> counter.—Lyme MS.

<sup>5</sup> N. *glora*, to shine (Wedgwood).—F. *glaring*.—Lyme MS.

<sup>6</sup> awnter.—Lyme MS.

<sup>7</sup> in the lande.—P. For the next line and a half, the Lyme MS. has the better reading (except of *proved*, which spoils the alliteration, for *fayre* or *fierce*):—

to looke him against ;  
All be faren into Fraunce  
that proved were in armes :  
But mislners and masse preistes  
there bene no men elles.—F.

<sup>8</sup> Compare Weber's "Flodden Field," v. 185-196.

King Henry, you understand,  
To France is past with all his peers ;

At home is left none in the land,  
But joulthead monks & bursten fryers,

Or rugged rustics, without rules,  
Or priests prating for pudding-shives,  
Or millners, madder than their mules,  
Or wanton clerks, waking their wives.

There's not a lord left in England,  
But all are gone beyond the sea ;  
Both knight & baron, with his band,  
With ordnance or artillery.—H.

"How much good it [shooting with the bow] hath done, both old men and chronicles do tell, and also our enemies can bear us record. For if it be true as I have heard say, when the King of England hath been in France, the priests at home, because they were archers, have been able to overthrow all Scotland." Ascham, *Toxophilus*, ed. Giles, p. 24.—F.

<sup>9</sup> ? MS.—F. it should be *fierce*, vid. lin. 121 [124].—P.

- and dis-  
patches Sir  
Delamont on  
this errand.
- 112 then the *King* called a Earle : *that* wold a lord Noble,  
*Sir Delamont*,<sup>1</sup> *that* deere Duke : *that* was doughtye  
 euer ;  
 he bad buske him & bowne him : to goe on his  
 Message ;  
 he wold<sup>2</sup> as wise of his words : as any way else.  
 then *that Knight* full courteouslye : kneeled to the  
 ground,
- 116 saies, "I am bound to goe : as ye me bidd wold ;"  
 & tooke his leaue of the *King* : & a letter<sup>3</sup> he taketh,  
 shoggs<sup>4</sup> into a sure shipp : & shoggs<sup>5</sup> ore the water  
 into Scotland, I you to hett<sup>6</sup> : & there the *King*  
 findeth,
- Sir  
Delamont  
finds the  
King of  
Scotland,
- 120 & profered him a present : of pounds many a thou-  
 sand,  
 for to wend to *that* warr : & worke<sup>7</sup> as him liketh,  
 & enter into England : & weld<sup>8</sup> it for euer :  
 there is noe Lord<sup>9</sup> in *that* Land : to looke him against,
- 124 all were faren into france : that feirce were in armes.  
 the *King* was glad of *that* gold : *that* he gan<sup>10</sup> brought,  
 & promised him full peertly<sup>11</sup> : his part for to take,  
*that* his cozen the french *King* : soone shold it know.
- who  
consents to  
invade  
England.

<sup>1</sup> The ambassador sent by the French king into Scotland was named M. La Motte.—P. He was La Mothe-Fénélon, whose despatches have been printed.—T. Wright. Delamote.—Lyme MS.

<sup>2</sup> was; *and* were *for* way.—Lyme MS.

<sup>3</sup> MS. better.—F.

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* joggs.—P. shott.—Lyme MS.

<sup>5</sup> query shapes or shope, vid. Pierce Plow. — P. shoggeth. — Lyme MS. "Schoggyn or roggyn, *Agito*. Roggyn or neyn (or schoggyn, rokkyn,) *Agito*. Schoggyn, schakyn, or waveryn, *Vacillo*." Promptorium. "I shake or *shogge* upon one, *je sache*."—Palsgrave. Forby gives the verb to *shug*, signifying to shake, in the Norfolk dialect.—Way. *schog*, to move backwards and forwards.—Jamieson. "And the boot in the myddil of the see was *schoggid* with waives."—Wiclif

in Wedgwood under *shog*.—F. Used by CROMWELL in his despatch from 'Warrington,' 20th August, 1648, on the Battle of Preston: "Colonel Dean's and Colonel Pride's, outwinging the Enemy, could not come to so much share of the action; the Enemy *shogging* down towards the Bridge; and keeping almost all in reserve, that so he might bring fresh hands often to fight."—Carlyle's *Cromwell*, vol. i. p. 373, 2nd ed. 1846.—Dr. Robson.

<sup>6</sup> ? hett to you: promise you. There is no *tohatan* in Bosworth's A.-Saxon Dict.—F.

<sup>7</sup> weld.—Lyme MS., *and* wynde *for* wend.

<sup>8</sup> possess.—P.

<sup>9</sup> lede.—Lyme MS.

<sup>10</sup> the gome.—Lyme MS.

<sup>11</sup> *i. e.* pertly.—P.

- 128 then summons he his soeged<sup>1</sup> : in sundry places,  
*that they byde shold at blackator<sup>2</sup> : in ther best  
 weeds,<sup>3</sup>*  
 By *the* [8<sup>th</sup> day of August<sup>4</sup>] to know their Kings  
 mind. [page 83.]  
 there came at his commandement : ketherinckes<sup>5</sup> full  
 many, of Kethe-  
 rinckes  
 from  
 Orkney,
- 132 from Orkney<sup>6</sup> *that* Ile : there came a great Host,  
 from Galloway a gay Lord : with a great Menie,  
 all Scotland thither came : to know their Kings  
 mind :  
 many Scotts & Ketherickes : bowed to his Hand ; and Scots.
- 136 such an host of *that* Nation : was neuer seene before ;  
 their names were numbred : to 9 score thousand  
 truly by their owne tounge<sup>7</sup> : as it was told after.  
 then thé light att a lott<sup>8</sup> : the king and his lords,
- 140 *that* the mighty Lord Maxwell<sup>9</sup> : shold moue them  
 before Lord  
 Maxwell is  
 sent forward  
 to explore,  
 with 10000 by tale : *that* were tryed of the best,  
 to see wether any seege : durst sett<sup>10</sup> him against :  
 thus he rested in *that* realme : the riggs<sup>11</sup> altogether,
- 144 till thé hard of *that* battell : how it with him  
 hapened.  
 then he bowneth him boldlye : ouer the broad waters,<sup>12</sup> and reach  
 the  
 Millfield.  
 & manlye him Marcheth : to the Mill feelde<sup>13</sup> ;

<sup>1</sup> lege *segges*, milites, vid. Jun.—P. sedges.—Lyme MS.

<sup>2</sup> Blackwater, a place in the Merse.—P. Blacabor.—Lyme MS.

<sup>3</sup> On Boroughmoor James V.'s forces too were mustered in 1542.—H.

<sup>4</sup> viii<sup>th</sup> daie of August.—Lyme MS. But the marks not cut off the folio—ill befall that binder!—require 8 and day.—F.

<sup>5</sup> *rincke* est homo, vide. Jun. Ketherinckes are Highlanders.—P. Ketterickes.—Lyme MS.

<sup>6</sup> a kenche.—Lyme MS.

<sup>7</sup> town.—Lyme MS.

<sup>8</sup> A.-S. *hleótan*, to cast lots ; *hlot*, lot.—Child.

<sup>9</sup> A mistake for Lord Hume, who made an inroad into England, & was defeated in the Millfield, a few weeks before the King of Scots left Scotland. Maxwell being a great Lord in the West-Border, *would* be uppermost in *the* mind of a Cheshire or Lancashire man.—P. Mackesfelde.—Lyme MS., and should meane *for* shold moue.

<sup>10</sup> *sitt*, and *sedge* *for* seege.—Lyme MS.

<sup>11</sup> knightes.—Lyme MS. and then they *for* thus he.—Lyme MS. Riggs *may* be *for* rinckes, men.—F.

<sup>12</sup> *i.e.* over the Tweed.—P.

<sup>13</sup> Milfield was close by Flodden to the south.—H.

- he robbeth like a rebell : the right him against ;  
 148 but all Light on his leeds : att the latter ends,  
 The English  
 flee before  
 him.  
 for killed they were like Caytiues<sup>1</sup> : as you shall here  
 after.  
 when the commons of the country : of this comen<sup>2</sup>  
 wisten,  
 then fled they for feare : soe crulye they fareden,  
 152 & made aw[ay with messengers] : to tell my Lord  
 daces  
 Lord Daces  
 keeps within  
 Carlisle.  
 what Mischeefe the fomen made : in the march ends ;  
 “ but he kee[peth] him in Carleile : & keire<sup>3</sup> wold no  
 further,  
 he wold not Meddle whithose<sup>4</sup> Men : for noe mans will.”  
 156 then a knight of *that* countrie : *that* was knowne full  
 wide,  
 Sir Will.  
 Bulmer  
 advances  
 against the  
 enemy,  
 one Sir william Baw-bener<sup>5</sup> : *that* hath beene bold euer,  
 he moueth towards these Menie : with men but a few,  
 not fully 500 : that the freake followed ;  
 160 then [mett<sup>6</sup>] he with a Man *that* had 400<sup>d</sup> ;  
*that* was bold bastard hearne<sup>7</sup> : *that* bastard<sup>8</sup> was  
 neuer,  
 a warriour full wise : & wittye<sup>9</sup> of deedes.  
 when they were summoned & seene : these seeges  
 together,  
 900 English 164 thé were numbred 900<sup>d</sup> : *that* was the highest  
 Number  
 against  
 10,000  
 Scotch.  
 & thé were 10000 by tale : vpon the other *partye* ;  
 ffull vnmeete be them mached : Marry them speede !  
 thus they fared ouer the feild : their formen<sup>10</sup> to seeke ;

<sup>1</sup> caytives.—P.<sup>2</sup> their comon.—Lyme MS.<sup>3</sup> keire, *vertere*.—P.<sup>4</sup> with this ma[ttter].—Lyme MS.<sup>5</sup> A corruption. Lord Hume was defeated by Sir William Bulmer. It was probably written Bawmer or Bowmer. See fo. 86, ver. 84 (l. 274).—P. Bowmer.—Lyme MS.<sup>6</sup> mett.—Lyme MS.<sup>7</sup> hearne, *i. e.* Heron, qu. a bastard of the family of Ford ; called by Paulus Jovius *Heron nothus*.—P.<sup>8</sup> forté, *dastard*.—P. [Would spoil the alliteration.—F.] bashed.—Lyme MS.<sup>9</sup> wighty, qu.—P.<sup>10</sup> perhaps foemen.—P. foe men.—Lyme MS.

- 168 neuer rest wold these rangers<sup>1</sup> : but alwaies raked  
forward  
till they had seene *that* seege : *that* they sought after.  
all these scaclech<sup>2</sup> Scotts : *that* alwayes scath diden.  
then niiged<sup>3</sup> they nighe<sup>4</sup> : *that* abyde must thé needs  
172 euery ranke to his rest : Rudlie<sup>5</sup> [him dressed]  
not the moutenance of a Mile : from theire most [page 84.]  
enemyes.  
soone after Drayned<sup>6</sup> the day : & the dew falleth, At daybreak  
the sun shott vp full soone : & shone ouer the feilds,  
176 birds bradd<sup>7</sup> to the bowes : & boldly thé songen :  
itt was a solace to see : for any seege liuinge.  
then euery bearne full boldlye : bowneth him to his  
weapons,  
full radlye in array : royally them dressed.  
180 our english men full merrilye<sup>8</sup> : attilde<sup>9</sup> them to our English  
shoote, archers  
& shotten<sup>10</sup> the cruell Scots : with their keene arrowes ; shot the  
many horsse in *that* heape<sup>11</sup> : hurled downe his Scots  
Master ;  
then they fettled<sup>12</sup> them to flye<sup>13</sup> : as false beene thé till they fled,  
euer.
- 184 *that* serueth not forsoothe : who soe truly telleth,  
our English men full eagerlie : fast followed after,  
& tooke prisoners prest : & home againe wenten.  
there were killed of the Scotts : more then 12 score, losing above  
240 killed,  
188 & as many more prisoners : were put to ther ransome : and as many  
taken.

<sup>1</sup> knyghtes.—Lyme MS.

<sup>2</sup> scathlech, scathliche, hurtful : vid. Gl. ad Chau.—P. starlishe [? scarlishe, Su. G. *skara*, turba, cohors].—Lyme MS. and all the *for* always.

<sup>3</sup> nighed, approached.—F.

<sup>4</sup> the night.—Lyme MS.

<sup>5</sup> a verse here is wanting.—P. radly him dressed.—Lyme MS.

<sup>6</sup> or Orayued, ? MS.—F. derayned, qu.—P. dayned.—Lyme MS.

<sup>7</sup> moved quickly : see *braid*, p. 213, note 4, to l. 24. brayed.—Lyme MS.

<sup>8</sup> egerly.—Lyme MS.

<sup>9</sup> prepared, made ready ; see Wright's *Prov. Dict.* North-English, *ettle*, to intend, to attempt, to take aim.—Brockett. To make an attempt, to propose, to design ; Isl. *aetla*, destinare. Jamieson.—F.

<sup>10</sup> Skochen.—Lyme MS.

<sup>11</sup> MS. seape. The alliteration needs heape, and the Lyme MS. has it.—F.

<sup>12</sup> To *fettle* to any work, to set about it keenly. Jamieson.—F.

<sup>13</sup> MS. slye.—F. flye.—Lyme MS.



thus were thé beaten att the first brayd : all that  
 brawling people,  
 & likewise in the latter end : as yee may here after.<sup>1</sup>

2<sup>d</sup> ffitt.<sup>2</sup>

Lord Maxwell flees back to the King,  
 and reports his defeat.

192 Then the mightie Lord Maxewell<sup>3</sup> : ouer the mountaines  
 flees,  
 & kered<sup>4</sup> to his King : with careful tydings,  
 telleth him the truth<sup>5</sup> : & tarryeth noe longer,  
 sayth, "I am beaten backe : for all my bigg meny,  
 and there beene killed of the Scotts : I know not how  
 many."

The Scotch King  
 196 then the Scottish King : full nie his witt wanteth,  
 & sayd, "on who<sup>6</sup> was thou mached : man, by the  
 sooth ?"  
 he promised him pertlye : thé passed not 1000.  
 "yee beene craven,<sup>7</sup>" quoth the King : "care mote  
 yee happen !"  
 200 but Ile wend you to worke : wayes I you sett<sup>8</sup>  
 alonge<sup>9</sup> within *that* Land : the length of 3 weekes,  
 & destroy all arright : *that* standeth me before :"  
 thus he promised to the prince : *that* paradise weldeth.

and advances himself against Norham.  
 204 then hee summond his seeges : & sett them in order ;  
 the next way to Noram<sup>10</sup> : anon then he taketh ;  
 he enclosed<sup>11</sup> *that* Castle : cleane round about,  
 & they deffended fast : the folke *that* were within.  
 208 without succour come soone : their sorrow is the  
 more !  
 Lord Surrey the Earle of Surrey himselfe : att Pomferrett abideth ;

<sup>1</sup> hear after.—P.<sup>2</sup> On the left in the MS.—F.<sup>3</sup> Mackelsfeld.—Lyme MS.<sup>4</sup> returned. A.-S. *cerran*, to turn ;  
 Ger. *kehren*.—F.<sup>5</sup> MS. is broken away, but the Lyme  
 MS. reads as in the text.—F.<sup>6</sup> against whom.—F. perhaps 'howwast,' or 'on who,' *i.e.* 'with whom.'—  
 P.<sup>7</sup> cowards.—Lyme MS.<sup>8</sup> wees, I you heete.—Lyme MS.<sup>9</sup> And lying.—Lyme MS.<sup>10</sup> Norham in Northumberland.—P.<sup>11</sup> unclosed.—Lyme MS.



- he heard what vnhappiness<sup>1</sup> : these scarlotts<sup>2</sup> didden ;      hears, and  
He made letters boldly : all the land over,      [page 85.]      prepares ;  
212 into Lancashire belue : he caused a man ryde      summons  
to the bishoppe of Ely<sup>3</sup> : *that* bode<sup>4</sup> in those parts,      the Bishop  
curteously commanded him in the Kings name      of Ely,  
to summon the shire : & sett them in order ;  
216 he was put in more power : then any prelate else.  
then the Bishopp boldlye : bowneth forth his standards  
with a Captaine full keene : as it<sup>5</sup> was knowne after ;  
he made away to wend<sup>6</sup> : to warne his Deare Brother  
220 Edward, *that* Eggar Knight : that epe<sup>7</sup> was of deeds.  
a stalke of the Stanleys : stepe vpp<sup>8</sup> him seluen,      Stanley with  
then full readlye he rayseth : Knights<sup>9</sup> ten thousand ;      10,000  
to Scikpton<sup>10</sup> in Crauen : then thé comen<sup>11</sup> belue ;      knights,  
224 there abydeth he the banner : of his deare Brother,  
till a Captaine with it came : *that* knowne was full      Sir John  
wide,      Stanley with  
Sir John Stanley, *that* stout Knight : *that* sterne was  
of deeds,  
with 4000 feirce men : that followed him after,      4,000  
228 they were tenants to the booke<sup>12</sup> : *that* tended the      tenants,  
bishoppe,  
& of his houshold, I you hett : hope you none other.      on each  
euery bearne had on his brest : brodered full fayre<sup>13</sup>      one's breast  
a foote of the fay[re]t fowle<sup>14</sup> : *that* euer flew on      an eagle's  
winge,      foot three-  
crowned.

<sup>1</sup> unhapp.—Lyme MS.

<sup>2</sup> *fortè* scathlocks: scathlich (apud Chaucerum) is hurtful.—P. all those harlottes [which the alliteration requires].—Lyme MS.

<sup>3</sup> James Stanley was then Bp. of Ely.—P.

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* abode.—P.

<sup>5</sup> he.—Lyme MS.

<sup>6</sup> a wee to wynde.—Lyme MS.

<sup>7</sup> quick, active, bold. Compare "so yong & so *yep* as ye ar [at] þis tyme," in *Gawayne and the Green Knight*, l. 1510, p. 48, ed. Morris; and in *P. Plowman*, *Vis.* v. 1, p. 203, l. 6606, (ed. Wright):

"Thow art yong and *yeepe*,  
And hast yeres y-nowe."

In lines 340 and 371 here, the alliteration requires *yep*. Bosworth gives A.-S. *gep*, *geap*, deceiving; and Madden *Ʒep*, crafty, Gloss. to *Lazamon*.—F.

<sup>8</sup> of.—Lyme MS.

<sup>9</sup> rinces.—Lyme MS.

<sup>10</sup> Corrections have been made in the *S* and *i*, but I cannot make them out.—F.

<sup>11</sup> he come.—Lyme MS.

<sup>12</sup> *i. e.* Copy-holders.—P. that they tooke.—Lyme MS.

<sup>13</sup> with gowlde.—Lyme MS.

<sup>14</sup> The Eagle's foot was the Badge of the Stanleys.—P.

- 232 with 3<sup>1</sup> crownes full cleare : all of pure gold :  
 it was a seemly sight : to see them together,  
 14000 Eagle foote : fettered<sup>2</sup> in a-ray.  
 thus they coosten<sup>3</sup> thorrow the countrie : to the  
 New-castle.
- 236 proclamation in *that* place : was plainly declared,  
*that* euery hattell<sup>4</sup> shold him hie : in hast *that* hee  
 might,  
 to boulton in Glendower<sup>5</sup> : all in goodlie haste.  
 there mett thé a muster : then,<sup>6</sup> many a thousand,  
 240 with *Knights that* were keene : well knowne in their  
 contry,  
 & many a louelye Lord : vpon *that* londe hight.<sup>7</sup>  
 then they moued towards *the* Mountaine : these Meany  
 to seeche,<sup>8</sup>  
 these scattered<sup>9</sup> Scotts : *that* all they scath didden ;  
 244 they wold neuer rest : but alway raked<sup>10</sup> forward  
 till they had seene the seeges : *that* they had sought  
 after ;  
 but they had gotten them a ground : most vngracious  
 of other,  
 vpon the topp of a hie hill : I hett you forsoothe,  
 248 there was noe way<sup>11</sup> in this world : might wend them  
 againe

The English  
muster at  
Boulton.

Then  
advance to  
within sight  
of the Scots,

who are en-  
camped on  
a high hill.

<sup>1</sup> their.—Lyme MS.

<sup>2</sup> feteled.—Lyme MS.

<sup>3</sup> coosten (? MS).—P. "The Duke of York with all his power *costed* the countreys, and came to the same town" (St. Alban's). *Hall's Chronicle*, p. 232.—Dr. Robson. "Costyn ouyr þe cuntre, coostyn on the countre, *Transpatrio*." Promptorium. Mr. Way's note is, "Chaucer uses the verb to *costeie* in the sense of the French *costoier*, to pass alongside; as in the Complaint of the Black Knight, line 36,

"And by a riuier forth I gan *costeie*."

Palsgrave gives the verb "to *coste* a countrey or place, ryde, go, or sayle about it, *costier* or *costoyer*. To hym that coulde *coste* the countrey there is a

nerer way by syxe myle." Cotgrave's sense is different: "*costoyer*, to accoast, side, abbord; to bee, or ly, by the side of; also, to coast along by, or goe by the coast of."—F.

<sup>4</sup> battell, MS.—F. hatell.—Lyme MS. Hathell, a nobleman or knight.—Halliwell.

<sup>5</sup> Forté *Boulton in Glendale*, not far from Alnwick in Northumberland; query.—P.

<sup>6</sup> men.—Lyme MS.

<sup>7</sup> light.—Lyme MS.

<sup>8</sup> seeche, *i. e.* seek.—P.

<sup>9</sup> skatell.—Lyme MS.

<sup>10</sup> dayled.—Lyme MS.

<sup>11</sup> forté *wye*, homo, vid. Jun.—P. wee.—Lyme MS.

- but he shold be killed [in the] close<sup>1</sup> : ere he climbed  
the Mountaine.<sup>2</sup>
- when they Lords had on them looked : as [long as  
them liked<sup>3</sup>]
- euery Captaine was commanded : their company to [page 86.]  
order.
- 252 " tho wee are bashed with this bigg Meany<sup>4</sup> : I blame  
vs but litle,<sup>5</sup>
- then wee tild downe ouer tents : *that* told were a 1000 ; Encamp  
at the ffoot of a fine hill : they setteled them all night, near them.
- 256 till euery Captaine full Keenlie : callen to their lords,  
bidd them settle them to fight : or they wold fare  
homeward.
- there company was clemmed<sup>6</sup> : & much cold did suffer;  
water was a worthy drinke<sup>7</sup> : win it who might."
- 260 then the Lord leinutenant : looked him about, Are bent  
& boldly vnto battell : busked he his meanye. on an  
the Lord Howard, the hende Knight : haue shold the engagement.  
vanwarde Lord  
Howard  
leads the  
vanward,
- with 14000 feirce men : *that* followed him after.
- 264 the left winge to *that* ward<sup>8</sup> : was Sir Eward Howarde, Sir Edward  
he chose to him Cheshire : their chance was the toward the  
worse ; left wing of  
it ;
- because they knew not their Captaine : their care  
was the more,
- for they were wont att all warr : to wayte vppon the  
stanleys ;

<sup>1</sup> in the cloes.—Lyme MS. valleys, dells, *cleues*. See l. 391 here.—Robson.

<sup>2</sup> Mountaine in MS.—F.

<sup>3</sup> from Lyme MS.—F.

<sup>4</sup> of their burnes.—Lyme MS.

<sup>5</sup> The Lyme MS. omits from here to end of l. 275.—F.

<sup>6</sup> clemmed, clammed.—P. "Welly clemmed," well nigh starved with cold or hunger: Lancashire. Skeat. *Clam*, to starve, to be parched with thirst:

Brockett, who cites from Massinger, *Rom. Actor*:

When my entrails  
Were *clamm'd* with keeping a perpetual  
fast.

Dutch *klemmen* is to pinch.—F.

<sup>7</sup> The English pi[t]ched their tents in the valley south of Woller, near the Bremish, which then might be muddy with the continual rain.—P.

<sup>8</sup> *i. e.* towards that.—P.

- 268 much worshipp they woone : when they *that* way  
serued,  
but now lanke<sup>1</sup> is their losse : our lord itt amend !  
the right wings, as I weene : was my lord lumley,  
a captaine full keene : with Sir Cutberds banner<sup>2</sup> ;  
272 my Lord Clifford with him came : all in cleare armour ;  
Soe did Sir william Percy<sup>3</sup> : *that* proued was of deeds,  
& Sir william Bawmer : *that* bold hath beene euer,  
with many Captaines full keene : who-soe knowes  
their names.  
276 & if I recon the rerward : I rest must to longe,<sup>4</sup>  
but I shall tell you the best tokens<sup>5</sup> : that therevppon  
tended ;  
the Earle of Surrey himselfe : surelye it guided ;  
& the Lord Scroope full comlye : with *knights* full  
many,  
280 he wold witt<sup>6</sup> the wing : *that* to *that* ward longed ;  
it was a Bishoppe full bold : *that* borne was att  
Latham,  
of Ely *that* Elke<sup>7</sup> Lord : *that* eke<sup>8</sup> was of deeds,  
& nere of blood to *that*<sup>9</sup> Earle : *that* named was stanley,  
284 neere of Nature to the Nevills<sup>10</sup> : *that* Noble haue beene  
euer ;  
but now death with his dart : hath driuen him away ;
- Lord Lumley its right.
- Lord Surrey leads the rearward ;
- Lord Scrope its right wing,
- (with the Bishop of Ely,
- now, alas! dead.

<sup>1</sup> lacke.—P.

<sup>2</sup> St. Cuthbert's (Hall calls him Cutberde) banner had been borne to the battle at Neville's Cross. Soon after it a new one was made, of which a full account is given in "A description or breife declaration of all the ancient monuments, rites, and customes belonginge or beinge within the monastical church of Durham before the suppression—written in 1593" (printed for the Surtees Society). It was made away with at the Dissolution by Katherine, the wife of one Dean Whittingham, who "being a Freanche woman, as is most credably reported by those which weare eye-witnesses, did most injuriously burne and consume the same in hir fire,

in the notable contempt and disgrace of all anneyent and goodly reliques." St. Towder, in v. 368, seems to be a mistake. The Lyme MS. reads Tandere. The Scotch and English saints are apparently, as Mr. Robson suggests, confounded.—H.

<sup>3</sup> 2<sup>d</sup> son of the 4<sup>th</sup> earl of Northumberland.—P.

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* too long.—P.

<sup>5</sup> frekes.—Lyme MS.

<sup>6</sup> *i. e.* He that *would* wit or know.—P.

<sup>7</sup> *that ilke, i. e.* that same. James Stanley, Bishop of Ely, who died March 22, 1514/5, vid. *Ath. Ox.*—P.

<sup>8</sup> epe.—Lyme MS.

<sup>9</sup> an egg of that bolde.—Lyme MS.

<sup>10</sup> duke.—Lyme MS.

- it is a losse to this land : our *Lord* haue his sonse,<sup>1</sup>  
 ffor his witt & his wisdome : & his wate<sup>2</sup> deeds ; [page 87.]
- 288 he was a pillar of peace : the people amonge ;  
 his servants they may sighe : & sorrow for his sake ;  
 what for pittie & for paine : my pen doth me fayle ;  
 He meddle with this matter : noe more att this time,
- 292 but he that is maklesse of mercy : haue mind on his  
 soule !  
 then he sent with his company : a *Knight* that was  
 noble,  
 Sir John Stanley, the stout *Knight* : that sterne was of  
 deeds ;  
 there was neuer bearne borne : that day bare him  
 better. Lord  
 Monteagle  
 leads its left  
 wing.
- 296 the Left wing to the rere ward<sup>3</sup> : was my Lord  
 Mouteagle,  
 with many leeds of Lancashire : that to himselfe longed,  
 which foughten full freshly<sup>4</sup> : while the feild lasted.  
 thus the rere ward in array : raked euer after,  
 300 as long as the light day : lasted one<sup>5</sup> the Lands.  
 then the sun full soone : shott vnder the clouds,  
 & it darkened full dimlie : & drew towards night.  
 euery ring<sup>6</sup> to his rest : full radlye he<sup>7</sup> dressed,  
 304 beeten fires<sup>8</sup> full fast : & fettlen<sup>9</sup> them to sowpe  
 besides Barwicke on a banke : within a broad woode.  
 then dauned<sup>10</sup> the [daye] : soe deere god ordayned ;<sup>11</sup>  
 Clowdes cast vp full cleerlye : like Castles full hie,  
 308 then Phebus full faire : flourished out his beames

<sup>1</sup> ? sense, *anima*.—F. soule.—Lyme MS.

<sup>2</sup> A.-S. *hwæt*, quick or sharp in mind.—F. wale.—Lyme MS.

<sup>3</sup> to that Reward.—Lyme MS.

<sup>4</sup> fuerslie.—Lyme MS.

<sup>5</sup> qu. *ouer*.—F. on the grounde.—Lyme MS.

<sup>6</sup> ryneke.—Lyme MS.

<sup>7</sup> him.—Lyme MS.

<sup>8</sup> beeten fires, *i.e.* strucke fires.—P. A.-S. *bétan*, to light or make a fire.—F.

<sup>9</sup> feteled.—Lyme MS.

<sup>10</sup> MS. darned.—F. dawned.—P. dayned.—Lyme MS.

<sup>11</sup> The night before the battle the English encamped in the neighbourhood of Baremoore Wood, not far from Berwick, viz. about 6 miles.—P.



- with Leames<sup>1</sup> full light : all the land ouer.  
 all was damped with dew : the daysies about,  
 flowers flourished in the feild : faire to behold ;  
 312 birrds bradden to the boughes : & boldlye thé songen ;  
 it was solace to heare : for any seege liuing.  
 then full boldlye on the broad hills : we busked<sup>2</sup> our  
 standards,  
 & on a faugh<sup>3</sup> vs be-side : there we seene our enemyes  
 Next  
 morning the  
 Scotch are  
 seen  
 moving ; 316 were mouing<sup>4</sup> ouer the mountaines : to macth vs they  
 thoughten,  
 as boldly as any bearnes : that borne was of mothers,  
 Soe<sup>5</sup> egerly with Ire : attilld them to meete.  
 they trunmpetts full truly : they tryden together,  
 the trumpets  
 ring out, 320 Many shames<sup>6</sup> in *that* showe : with theire shrill pipes<sup>7</sup> ;  
 heauenly was theire Melody : their Mirth to heare,  
 how thé songen with a showte : all the shawes<sup>8</sup> ouer !  
 guns boom,  
 there was gurding<sup>9</sup> forth of gunns : with many great  
 stones, [page 88.]  
 archers  
 shoot. 324 Archers vttered out their arrowes : and [egerlie they  
 shotten,<sup>10</sup>]  
 they proched<sup>11</sup> vs with speares : & put many over  
 The Scots  
 charge with  
 spears, *that* they blood out brast : at there broken harnish.  
 theire was swinging out of swords : & swapping of  
 headds ;  
 we stab  
 with bills. 328 we blanked them with bills : through all their bright  
 armor  
*that* all the dale dunned<sup>12</sup> : of their derfe<sup>13</sup> strokes.

<sup>1</sup> A.-S. *leoma*, ray of light, beam, flame.  
 —F. beames.—Lyme MS.

<sup>2</sup> bushed with.—Lyme MS.

<sup>3</sup> Faugh—qu. perhaps the same as Haugh. Faugh is a word used in the North for fallow ground.—P. soughe.—Lyme MS.

<sup>4</sup> maving or moving.—P.

<sup>5</sup> and we.—Lyme MS.

<sup>6</sup> shawmes.—P.

<sup>7</sup> shawe, with their shrill notes.—Lyme MS.

<sup>8</sup> shawes, shawe, *nemus, saltus, sylva*.

Jun.—P.

<sup>9</sup> gurding or girding.—P. Gird, to strike, smite. H. Coleridge. To let fly. Jamieson.—F.

<sup>10</sup> from Lyme MS.—F.

<sup>11</sup> proched, *i.e.* approached.—P. ? North-Country "*prog*, *progg*, to prick, to prickle. Isl. *brydda*, *pungere*." Brockett. "To *prodge*, to push with a stick." Jamieson.—F.

<sup>12</sup> dynned.—Lyme MS.

<sup>13</sup> ? MS. *derse*.—F.



- then betid a<sup>1</sup> checke : *that* the shire men fledden<sup>2</sup> ;  
 in wing with those wayes<sup>3</sup> : was with my Lord Dacres,  
 332 he fledd att the first bredd<sup>4</sup> : & thé followed after ;  
 when thaire Captain was keered<sup>5</sup> away : there comfort  
 was gone,  
 they were wont in all warrs : to wayt on the Stanlyes,  
 they neuer fayled at noe forward<sup>6</sup> : *that* time *that* they  
 were ;  
 336 now lost in their loofe<sup>7</sup> : our lord it amende !  
 many squires full swiftly : were snapped<sup>8</sup> to the death,  
 Sir John boothe of barton : was brought from his liffe,  
 a more bolder bearne : was neuer borne of woman ;  
 340 & of yorkshire a yonge Knight : *that* epe<sup>9</sup> was of deedes,  
 Sir william werkoppe,<sup>10</sup> as I weene : was the wyes<sup>11</sup>  
 name,  
 of the same shire figh will<sup>12</sup> : *that* was soe feirce  
 holden,  
 besides rotheram *that* Knighte<sup>13</sup> : his resting place hadd.  
 344 the barne<sup>14</sup> of Kinderton full keenly : was killed them  
 beside,  
 soe was hauforde,<sup>15</sup> I you hett : *that* was a hend sweere,<sup>16</sup>  
 ffull-show<sup>17</sup> full fell : was fallen to the ground ;  
 Christopher Sauage was downe cast : *that* kere might  
 he neuer ;

Our shire-  
men flee

(their  
Stanley was  
away) ;

but Sir J.  
Booth stands  
and dies ;

and Sir W.  
Werkoppe,

the child of  
Kinderton,

Hanford,

Savage,

<sup>1</sup> ? MS. a word like *checke* crossed out.  
—F.

<sup>2</sup> Cheshire men felden.—Lyme MS.

<sup>3</sup> wayes, wyes, men, see below 152 [of MS. *t.i.* l. 341 here]—P. *wees*.—Lyme MS., and it has no *with* after *was*.—F.

<sup>4</sup> *braid*, onset.—F.

<sup>5</sup> turned, A.-S. *cerran*, to turn.—F. was away.—Lyme MS.

<sup>6</sup> A.-S. *foruord*, a point, jot; Durham Gospels, in Bosworth: *foreword*, a bargain, *foreweard*, an agreement.—F.

<sup>7</sup> lofe, *laus*, Sax.—P. is their losse.—Lyme MS.

<sup>8</sup> swapped.—Lyme MS., and *swyres* for squires.

<sup>9</sup> bold.—F.

<sup>10</sup> Warkehoppe.—Lyme MS.

<sup>11</sup> wye, *homo*, S. *wiga*, L(ye).—P.

<sup>12</sup> so in MS.; Sir William.—Lyme MS. “? fitzwilliam. In the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge is a portrait of two Fitzwilliams who were slain in doing duty against the Scots at Flodden.”—Skeat.

<sup>13</sup> rinck.—Lyme MS.

<sup>14</sup> baron.—P.

<sup>15</sup> perhaps Holford.—P. Houforde.—Lyme MS.

<sup>16</sup> gentle squire: *suverez*, squires, Allit. Poems, p. 40, l. 87.—F. *swyres*.—Lyme MS.

<sup>17</sup> Fullsewise.—Lyme MS.

- Laurence, 348 & of Lancashire, John Laurence : god haue<sup>1</sup> mercy on  
their soules !
- these flee  
not, but  
are slain.  
these frekes wold neuer flee : for noe feare *that* cold  
happen,  
but were killed lik Conquerors : in their *Kings* service.  
when the Scotts & the Ketherickes<sup>2</sup> : seene our men  
scatter,
- 352 they had great yoy of their ioyinge<sup>3</sup> : & Iolly came  
downwarde.
- The Scotch  
King  
determines  
to attack in  
person the  
Stanleys,  
the Scotts *King* keenlie : calleth to him a herrott,<sup>4</sup>  
biddeth tell him the truth : & tarry noe longer,  
who where<sup>5</sup> the banners of the bearnes<sup>6</sup> : *that* bode in  
the valley.
- 356 "thé are standards of the stanleys : that stands by  
them seluen ;  
if he be faren into france : the frenchmen to feare,  
yett is his standard in *that* stead : with a stiffe  
Captaine,  
Sir Hencry Keeglye<sup>7</sup> is called : *that* keene is of deeds.
- [† page 89.] 360 Sir Thomas Gerrard, that Iolly *Knight* : † Is ioynd  
there vnder  
with Sir willi[a]m M[olynex<sup>8</sup>] : with a manfull meany.  
these frekes will neuer flee : for feare *that* might  
happen,  
but they will strike with their standards : in their  
steale weeds,<sup>9</sup>
- men who do  
not flee,  
but strike,  
364 because thé busked<sup>10</sup> them att Barwicke : *that* bolds  
them the more.  
loe how he batters & beates : the bird with her  
wings,  
we are feard of yonder fowle : soe feircly he fareth ;

<sup>1</sup> our Lord haue.—Lyme MS.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* Highlanders: that wing in which the Highlanders were, gained some advantage.—P.

<sup>3</sup> joy of their joyinge.—P. joyning.—Lyme MS., and jolily for jolly.

<sup>4</sup> herrott, heraut, *i. e.* herauld.—P.

<sup>5</sup> who (or whose) were.—P.

<sup>6</sup> Only half the *n* written in MS.—F.

<sup>7</sup> Kighley.—Lyme MS., and Jarred for Gerrard, l. 360.

<sup>8</sup> Molynex.—Lyme MS.

<sup>9</sup> feare of no weapon.—Lyme MS.

<sup>10</sup> bashed.—Lyme MS.

- & yonder streamer full straight : *that* standeth him  
beside,
- 368 yonder is the standard of *Saint Towder*<sup>1</sup> : trow yee noe with Sir  
other, Towder,
- that* neuer beaten was in battell : for bearne vpon liue.<sup>2</sup> unbeaten in  
the 3<sup>d</sup> standard in *that* steade : is my lord Mounteagle, battle.
- & of yorkshire ffull epe : my yonge *Lord Dacerrs*,
- 372 with much puissance & power : of *that* pure shire.”
- then the *Scottish King* : carped these words, The Scotch  
“I will fight with yonder frekes : *that* are soe feirce King  
holden ;
- & I beate those bearnes : the battle is ours.”
- 376 then thé moued towards the Mountaine : & madly<sup>3</sup> leaves the  
came downwards ; heights.
- wee mett him in the Midway : & mached him full euen ; We meet  
then was there dealing of dints : that all the dales him, and  
rangen,
- many helmes with heads : were hewd all to peeces.
- 380 this layke<sup>4</sup> lasted on the land : the length of 4 houres. fight for  
yorkshire like yearne<sup>5</sup> men : eagerlye they foughten ; four hours.
- soe did darbyshire *that* day : deered many Scotts ;
- Lancashire like Lyons : Laid them about ; Lancashire  
384 All had beene lost, by our *Lord* : had not those leeds saves us.  
beene ;
- but the race<sup>6</sup> of the Scotts : increased full sore ; The Scotch  
but their *King* was downe knocked : & killed in there King is  
sight killed.
- vnder the banner of a Bishoppe : *that* was the bold  
standlye.
- 388 then they fettled them to flye<sup>7</sup> : as fast as they might ;  
but it serveth not forsooth : who-soe truth telleth ;

<sup>1</sup> St Tandere.—Lyme MS., and omits the rest of the line.

<sup>2</sup> upon live, *i.e.* alive.—P.

<sup>3</sup> manly.—Lyme MS.

<sup>4</sup> game, play. layke, leak, lake, *Lusus*.—P.

<sup>5</sup> yearne, yerne, eager, diligent, quick,

nimble.—P. yorne.—Lyme MS.

<sup>6</sup> rage. query.—P. ? rush, attack ; see *Merline*, l. 726, “of Harlotts a great race ;” though the “care” of the Lyme MS. suits the alliteration better.—F.

<sup>7</sup> MS. s'lye ; fly.—Lyme MS. ‘fettled them to flye.’—P.

- our englishman <sup>1</sup> ffull egerlye : after them followed,  
 & killed them like Caitiues : in Clowes <sup>2</sup> all about.
- The Scots  
are utterly  
routed,  
392 there were killed of the Scotts : *that* told were by tale,  
*that* were found in the feild : 15<sup>teene</sup> thousand.  
 loe what it is to be false : & the ffeende serve !  
 they haue broken a bookothe <sup>3</sup> : to their blithe Kinge, <sup>4</sup>
- and lose  
15,000 men.  
396 & the truce *that* was taken : the space of 2 yeeres.  
 all the Scotts *that* were scaped : were scattered all <sup>5</sup>  
 assunder ;  
 they remoued ouer the More <sup>6</sup> : vpon the other morning,  
 And [their stode like stakes <sup>7</sup>] : & stirr durst noe  
 further,
- [page 90.]  
 400 for all the lords of their lande : were left them behind.  
 besids brinston <sup>8</sup> in a bryke <sup>9</sup> : breathelesse thé lyen,  
 gaping against the moone : their guests <sup>10</sup> were away.  
 then the Earle of Surrey himselte : calleth to him a  
 herott,
- Lord Surrey  
sends the  
good  
tidings to  
the King in  
France.  
404 reade him farr <sup>11</sup> into ffrance : with these fayre tydants ;  
 “ comende me to our kinge : these comfortable  
 words ;  
 tell him I haue restored <sup>12</sup> his realme : soe right required ;  
 the King of Scotts is killed : with all his cursed Lords.”
- Henry  
orders  
408 when the King of his kindnesse : hard these words,  
 he saith, “ I will sing him a sowle knell <sup>13</sup> : with the  
 sound of my gunnes.”

<sup>1</sup> Englishmen.—Lyme MS.

<sup>2</sup> *i.e.* Cloughs. A Clough (*Scotticé Cleugh*) is a broken hill: Mons præruptus.—P.

<sup>3</sup> book-othé.—P.

<sup>4</sup> our blithe kinge, *sc.* Hen. 8.—P. their blessed king.—Lyme MS.

<sup>5</sup> far.—Lyme MS.

<sup>6</sup> more, hill.—P.

<sup>7</sup> from Lyme MS.

<sup>8</sup> The Battle was fought near the village of Brankston, which stands at the foot of Flodden, towards Scotland.—P. brynstome,—Lyme MS., altered to Brankstone in Mr. Robson's text.

<sup>9</sup> A.-S. *brycg*, a bridge.—F. brinck. Lyme MS.

<sup>10</sup> perhaps ghosts or ghasts.—P. ghosts.—Lyme MS.

<sup>11</sup> Bad him fare.—Lyme MS.

<sup>12</sup> rescowed.—Lyme MS.

<sup>13</sup> MS. fowle.—F. foul-knell.—P. soulkin.—Lyme MS.

Passing-bells were sometimes called Soul-bells. “ We call them Soul-bells,” says Bishop Hall in his Apology against the Brownists *apud* Ellis's *Brand's Popular Antiquities*, “ for that they signify the departure of the soul, not for that they help the passage of the soul.”

With regard to King Henry's reception of the good news, see Hall: “ Nowe lett us returne too the kynge of

- such awise,<sup>1</sup> to my Name : was neuer hard before,  
 for there was shott att a shoote : 1000 att once,  
 412 *that* all rang with the rout : rocher<sup>2</sup> & other. a salute of  
1,000 guns.  
 Now is this ferle<sup>3</sup> feild : foughten to an ende !  
 many a wye<sup>4</sup> wanted his horsse<sup>5</sup> : & wandred home a  
 ffoote ;  
 all was long of the Marx men<sup>6</sup> : a Mischeefe them  
 happen !  
 416 he was a gentleman by Iesu : *that* this iest made,  
 which say but as he sayd<sup>7</sup> : forsooth, & noe other.  
 att Bagily<sup>8</sup> *that* bearne ; his bidding place had, A gentleman  
wrote this  
who lived at  
Bagily,

England lyenge before Tournaye, whyche the 25 daye of September receyued the gauntelett & letters of the Earle of Surrey, & knewe all the dealynges of both parties. Then he thanked God & highly prayed the Earle & the Lorde Admyrall & his sonne & all the gentlemen & commons that were at that valiante entrepryse: howbeit the kynge had a secrete letter that the Cheshyre men fledde from Syr Edmond Hawarde, whyche letter caused greate harte burnynge & many woordes, but the kyng thankfully accepted al thyng & woulde no man to be disprayed. So on the Mondaye at nyght the 26 daye of September the lord HAWARDE & the Earle of Shrewsburye made greate fyers in there armyes in token of vycторыe & triumph: & on Teus-daye the 27 day, the tente of cloth of gold was sett up, & the kynges Chapell sange masse, & after that Te Deum, & then the Byshoppe of Rochester made a sermond, & shewed the deathe of the kynge of Scottes, & much lamented the yll deathe & periury of him.—H.

<sup>1</sup> Fr. *avis*, information, intelligence, notice, advertisement, or inckling given of: Cotgrave.—F. a noyse.—Lyme MS.

<sup>2</sup> *Rocher*, a rocke : Cot.—F. roches.—Lyme MS.

<sup>3</sup> *fuirse*.—Lyme MS.

<sup>4</sup> *vid. vers* 151.—P.

<sup>5</sup> The Border thieves hovered near, & stole their horses, & robbed their Camp.—P.

<sup>6</sup> marchmen, *i.e.* the borderers, the inhabitants of *the* Marches.—P. March men.—Lyme MS. Compare Hall: "An thee nyghte after many men lost there horses and such stoffe as they left in there tentes and pavilyons by the robbers of Tyndale and Tividale," and "the following passage scored out, not printed in *State Papers*: 'The Borders not only stale away as they lost 4 or 5000 horses; but also they took away the oxen that drew the ordnance, and came to the pavilions and took away all the stuff therein, and killed many that kept the same.'" *Letters and Papers of Henry VIII's Reign*. Compare also, for the general character of the Borderers, "Advertisements from Hexham" *apud* Scott's *Minstrelsy*, in the Introduction to "Jock o' the Side": "The same day the Lid-desdale men stole the horses of the Countess of Northumberland and of her two women and ten others of their company; so as, the earls being gone, the lady of Northumberland was left there on foot," and the *Minstrelsy passim*.—H.

<sup>7</sup> sayth but as he sawe: *sic leg<sup>m</sup>*.—P. Which said but as ye see.—Lyme MS.

<sup>8</sup> Baguleigh in Cheshire, the seat of the Leighs.—P. Baguley.—Lyme MS. "Baggily Hall is situated about three miles from Stockport in Cheshire, but on the borders of Lancashire. It is believed to be the most ancient of the timber houses of Lancashire and Cheshire, and the remains of it are in a very dilapidated state. The only part of the old

and his  
ancestors  
were there  
before  
William the  
Conqueror.

420 & his Ancetors of old time : haue yearded<sup>1</sup> their longe,  
Before william Conquerour : this cuntry did inhabitt.  
Iesus bring vs to<sup>2</sup> blisse : *that* brought vs forth of bale,  
*that* hath hearkned me heare : or heard<sup>3</sup> my tale !

ffins.

house now remaining is the hall," of the interior of which (of the 14th century) a view is given in *Domestic Architecture of the Middle Ages*, vol. ii. opp. p. 236, whence the extract above is taken. On p. 237 it is stated that the village of Baggily, or Baguleigh, had belonged to

the ancient family of Legh for two centuries before the battle of Flodden.—F.

<sup>1</sup> A.-S. *cardian*, to dwell, inhabit, rest, settle in. Bosworth.—F.

<sup>2</sup> them to thy.—Lyme MS.

<sup>3</sup> and heded well.—Lyme MS.



## Old Robin of Portinga[le].<sup>1</sup>

PRINTED from the Folio in the "Reliques," "judged to require considerable corrections." So was everything in the Bishop's eyes. "Spare the rod and spoil the child" was his supreme maxim. The most notable correction here is the importation of twenty good knights, to match, with Robin, the wife's twenty-four.

<p style="text-align: center;">GOD! let neuer soe old a man          Marry soe yonge a wiffe          as did old Robin of portingale!          4 he may rue all the dayes of his liffe.</p>	<p style="text-align: right;">Old Robin of Portingale</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">ffor the Maiors daughter of Lin, god wott,          he chose her to his wife,          &amp; thought to haue liued in quiettnesse          8 with her all the dayes of his liffe.<sup>2</sup></p>	<p style="text-align: right;">marries the young daughter of the Mayor of Linn.</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">they had not in their wed bed laid,          scarcely were both on sleepe,          but vpp shee rose, &amp; forth shee goes          12 to Sir Gyles, &amp; fast can weepe,<sup>3</sup></p>	<p style="text-align: right;">The very first night</p> <p style="text-align: right;">she intrigues</p>

<sup>1</sup> A tragical old ballad. N.B. When I first set to examine this, I had not yet learnt to hold this old MS. in much regard.—P.

<sup>2</sup> And thôt with her to have liv'd in love  
All free from care & strife.—P.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. Introduction to "Arthur King of Cornwall."—H.

with Sir  
Giles, his  
steward,

Saies, " sleepe you, wake you, faire Sir Gyles,  
or be not you within ? " <sup>1</sup>

16 " but I am waking, sweete," he said,  
" Lady, what is *your* will ? "  
" I haue vnbethought <sup>2</sup> me of a wile,  
how my wed Lord we shall <sup>3</sup> spill.

to slay him.

20 " 24 knights, <sup>4</sup> " she sayes,  
" *that* dwells about this towne,  
cene 24 of my Next Cozens, <sup>5</sup>  
will helpe to dinge him downe."

His page  
overhears  
her,  
informs his  
master,

24 with *that* beheard <sup>6</sup> his litle foote page,  
as he was watering <sup>7</sup> his Masters steed,  
Soe s <sup>8</sup> . . . . .  
his verry heart did bleed ;

[page 91.]

and weeps  
for him.

28 he mourned, sist, <sup>9</sup> & wept full sore ;  
I sweare by the holy roode,  
the teares he for his Master wept  
were blend <sup>10</sup> water & bloude. <sup>11</sup>

Old Robin  
asks the boy  
why he  
weeps.

32 with *that* <sup>12</sup> beheard his deare *Master*  
as in his garden sate, <sup>13</sup>  
says, " euer alacke my litle page !  
what causes thee to weepe ? " <sup>14</sup>

(All these readings are by Percy.)

<sup>1</sup> They scarce were in their wedbed laid,

And scarce he was asleep,  
But up and to the head steward

Shée goes & gan to weep.  
" Sleep you, wake you, dear Sir Gyles,  
Arise & let me in."

<sup>2</sup> bethought, or now bethót.

<sup>3</sup> wee'll.

<sup>4</sup> And 24 good k<sup>ts</sup>.

<sup>5</sup> kin.

<sup>6</sup> All this beheard.

<sup>7</sup> water'd.

<sup>8</sup> And for the love of his d<sup>r</sup> master,  
or,

And for his master's sad peril.

<sup>9</sup> sigh'd.

<sup>10</sup> blent.

<sup>11</sup> [Cf. " Child of Elle," l. 18.—H.]

<sup>12</sup> All that.

<sup>13</sup> Within his garden pale.

<sup>14</sup> what makes thee thus to wail.

36 "hath any one done to thee wronge,  
any of thy fellowes here,  
or is any of thy good friends dead  
    <sup>1</sup> which makes thee shed such teares? <sup>2</sup>

40 "or if it be my head bookes man,  
greined againe he shalbe,<sup>3</sup>  
nor noe man within <sup>4</sup> my howse  
    shall doe wrong vnto thee."

44 "but it is <sup>5</sup> not your head bookes man,  
nor none of his degree,  
but or to morrow, ere it be Noone,  
    you are deemed to die; <sup>6</sup>

The page  
tells him

48 "& of that thanke your head Steward,  
    & after your gay Ladie." <sup>7</sup>

of his wife's  
adultery.

<sup>8</sup> "If it be true, my litle foote page,  
    He make thee heyre of all my land." <sup>9</sup>

52 "if it be not true, my deare Master,  
    god let me neuer dye." <sup>10</sup>

"if it be not true, thou litle foot page,  
    a dead corse shalt thou be." <sup>11</sup>

56 he called downe his head kookes man,  
    cooke in kitchen super to dresse: <sup>12</sup>

He orders  
supper to  
be got  
ready.

"all & anon, my deare Master,  
    anon att your request."

(All these readings are by Percy.)

<sup>1</sup> that thou shed'st many a tear.

<sup>2</sup> this tear.

<sup>3</sup> aggrieved he shall, &c.

<sup>4</sup> For no man now.      <sup>5</sup> O it is.

<sup>6</sup> Now doom'd to die are ye.

<sup>7</sup> And thank y<sup>r</sup> Lady fair,

or,

And thank your gay Lady.

<sup>8</sup> [Cf. "Lord Barnard and Little Musgrave," *sub init.*—H.]

<sup>9</sup> I will make thee mine heir,

or,

Mine heir I will make thee.

<sup>10</sup> No good death let me dye.

<sup>11</sup> lie.

<sup>12</sup> And bade his supper be drest.

Old Robin  
sends for his  
wife to sup  
with him,

60

"& call you downe my faire Lady,  
this night to sup with mee." <sup>1</sup>

& downe then came *that* fayre Lady,  
was cladd all in purple & palle,<sup>2</sup>  
the rings *that* were vpon her fingers  
cast light thorrow the hall.

64

and pretends  
to be sick.

"what is your will, my owne wed *Lord*,  
what is your will with mee?" <sup>3</sup>

68

"I am sicke, fayre Lady,  
Sore sicke, & like to dye." <sup>4</sup>

She feigns  
sorrow.

72

"but & you <sup>5</sup> be sicke, my owne wed *Lord*,  
soe sore it greiueth mee,  
but my <sup>5</sup> maydens & my selfe  
will goe & make your bedd," <sup>6</sup>

76

"& at the wakening of your first sleepe,  
you shall haue a hott drinke Made,<sup>7</sup>  
& at the wakening of your first sleepe  
your sorrowes will haue a slake." <sup>8</sup>

He arms  
himself and  
goes to bed.

80

he put a silke cote on his backe,  
was 13 inches folde,<sup>9</sup>  
& put a steele cap vpon his head,  
was gilded with good red gold ;

(All these readings are by Percy.)

<sup>1</sup> O call now, &c.  
O call her down to me,  
And tell my Lady very sick  
And like to die I be.

or,  
And tell my Lady gay how sick  
And like to die I be.

<sup>2</sup> All clad in purple pall.

<sup>3</sup> Heere at your will am I.

<sup>4</sup> . . . sore sick my faire Lady  
And like to dye I bee.

<sup>5</sup> thou.

<sup>6</sup> Will make thy bed for thee,

or,  
Will make yo<sup>r</sup> bed, quoth shee.

<sup>7</sup> We will a hot drink make.

<sup>8</sup> we will slake.

<sup>9</sup> And mail of many a fold.

& he layd a bright browne sword by his side,  
 & another att his ffeete,  
 & full well knew old Robin then<sup>1</sup>  
 84 whether he shold wake or sleepe.

& about the Middle time of the Night  
 came 24 good knights in,<sup>2</sup>  
 Sir Gyles he was the formost man,  
 88 soe well he knew *that* ginne.

About  
 midnight  
 the  
 assassins  
 enter his  
 chamber.

Old Robin<sup>3</sup> with a<sup>4</sup> bright browne sword<sup>5</sup>  
 Sir Gyles head he did winne,  
 Soe did he all those 24,  
 92 neuer a one went quicke out [agen<sup>6</sup> ;]

Old Robin  
 cuts them  
 all down.

none but<sup>7</sup> one litle foot page<sup>8</sup>  
 crept forth at a window of stone,  
 & he had 2 armes when he came in  
 96 And [when he went out he had none].<sup>9</sup> [page 92.]

Vpp then came *that* Ladie bright<sup>10</sup>  
 with torches burning light<sup>11</sup> ;  
 shee thought to haue brought Sir Gyles a drinke,  
 100 but shee found her owne wedd Knight,

His wife  
 comes to  
 look for her  
 paramour.

& the first thing *that* this Ladye stumbled vpon,<sup>12</sup>  
 was of<sup>13</sup> Sir Gyles his ffoote,  
 sayes, " euer alacke, & woe is me,  
 104 heere lyes my sweete hart roote ! "

(All these readings are by Percy.)

<sup>1</sup> the old K! then  
 And 20 good K<sup>9</sup> he placed at hand  
 To watch him in his sleep.  
<sup>2</sup> 24 Traitors in.  
<sup>3</sup> the old K<sup>1</sup>.                      <sup>4</sup> his.  
<sup>5</sup> [Cf. "Robin Hood's Death," l. 71.  
 — H.]

<sup>6</sup> [agen *added by Percy.*—F.] Not one  
 went quick agen.  
<sup>7</sup> save.                      <sup>8</sup> [Percy adds *there.*—F.]  
<sup>9</sup> But he went back with one.  
<sup>10</sup> faire.                      <sup>11</sup> bright.  
<sup>12</sup> The first thing that she stumbled on  
 It was S<sup>r</sup> G. &c.  
<sup>13</sup> on or at.

& the 2<sup>d</sup> thing *that* this Ladie stumbled on,<sup>1</sup>  
 was of<sup>2</sup> Sir Gyles his head,  
 sayes, "euer alacke, & woe is me,  
 108 heere lyes my true loue deade!"

Old Robin  
 cuts off her  
 paps and  
 ears,

hee cutt the papps beside he[r]<sup>3</sup> brest,<sup>4</sup>  
 & bad her wish her will,<sup>5</sup>  
 & he cutt the eares beside her heade,  
 112 & bade her wish on still.<sup>6</sup>

"Mickle is the mans blood I haue spent  
 to doe thee & and me some good,"  
 sayes, "euer alacke, my fayre Lady,  
 116 I thinke *that* I was woode!"

then  
 assumes the  
 cross, and  
 goes to the  
 Holy Land.

he calld then vp his litle foote page,  
 & made him heyre of all his land,<sup>7</sup>  
 & he shope the crosse in his right sholder  
 120 of the white flesh & the redd  
 & he sent him<sup>8</sup> into the holy land  
 wheras Christ was quicke & dead."

ffins.

(All these readings are by Percy.)

<sup>1</sup> The next thing that she stumbled on  
 It was S<sup>r</sup>, &c.

<sup>2</sup> on or at.

<sup>3</sup> her.

<sup>4</sup> [Cf. "Lord Barnard and Little Musgrave," *sub fin.*—H.]

<sup>5</sup> And did her body spill.

<sup>6</sup> And said now weep love thy fill.

<sup>7</sup> And made him there his heir,  
 And said happy my native land  
 Henceforth I do forswear.

He shope the cross on his right  
 shoulder,

And he hath shorn his Head.

<sup>8</sup> went him.



### As it befell one Saturday.

THIS song is a specimen of a species once highly popular in England and in France—known in the one country as “Tom-à-Bedlams,” in the other “Coq-à-l’ânes.” It consists of a number of disconnected phrases, of a similar form, and by this similarity exciting an expectation of sense and coherence that do not exist. The humour of the thing—such as it is—lies in the disappointment of this natural expectation and the bewilderment and distraction that ensue. The poem opens sensibly enough, and promises to have a corresponding middle and end. The path seems to lead somewhere; but it suddenly loses itself. Another path is followed, and another, and another, with the same result. At last the reader resembles a man standing at a point where ever so many roads meet—at a sort of Seven Dials—which roads lead nowhere. These songs seem to have been common in the first half of the seventeenth century. Ritson (“Ancient Songs,” 1792) gives one called “The Lancashire Song,” of eleven quite incongruous stanzas, with the common burden:

With hey the toe bent, & hei the toe bent  
 Sir Percy is under the Line;  
 God save the good Earl of Shrewsbury  
 For he is a good friend of mine.

The incoherence is sometimes carried still further—from sentences to words—e. g. in a “Fatrasie” printed by M. Jubinal in his “Nouv. Rec.” ii. 217 (see Mr. Wright’s “Essays on the Archæology and Literature of the Middle Ages”—On the Comic

Literature—and the same gentleman's "History of Caricature and Grotesque in Literature and Art").

Li ombres d'un oef	The shadow of an egg
Portoit l'an renuef	Carried the new year
Sus le fonz d'un pot	Upon a pot bottom.
Deus viez pingne nuef	Two old new combs
Firent un estuef	Made a ball
Pour courre le test	To run the trot.
Quant vint au paier l'escot	When it came to paying the Scot
Je qui omques ne me muef	I who never move myself
M'escrai si ne dis mot	Cried out without saying a word.
Prenéz le plume d'un buef	Take the feather of an ox
S'en vestez un sage sot.	And clothe with it a wise fool.

In the "Reliquiæ Antiquæ" may be seen a sermon written in the same mad style.

Such fun cannot be said to be of a very refined sort. It belongs to exuberant animal spirits and somewhat gross intellects. But a taste of it may now and then be welcome to a superior audience. *Dulce est desipere in loco.* There is a time to be orderly; there is a time to be disorderly. A little nonsense may make one's enjoyment of sense all the keener. At all events, such wild outrages on language—such triumphant defiances of reason—such noisy revellings in sheer nonsense and utter buffoonery as "Tom-à-Bedlams" were quite in accordance with other entertainments much prized by our ancestors.

In some cases these compositions were parodies of other more pretentious—not always more rational—works. "Great wits are sure to madness near allied." The writings of some great wits may have resembled—did resemble—the delirious utterances of a Bedlamite. A very slight change—the removing a very thin partition—converted such writings into "Tom-à-Bedlams." With little wits the resemblance was closer still. Men easily avenged themselves on the vapid preachers of the Middle Ages. They ridiculed without mercy their trashy discourses, and by a very few touches converted them into unmixed inanities. And in

the same way they laughed to scorn the romance-writers in the day of their decline, when the old stories had lost all their life, but were still repeated to increasingly listless ears.

“Tom-à-Bedlams” then were written sometimes for mere amusement, sometimes with a satirical purpose.

Percy, by some mistake, affixes his three asterisks to this poem.

AS it befell one Saturday att Noone [page 92.]

as I went vp Scotland gate,

I herd one to another say,

4 “Iohn a Bagilie hath lost his Mate.”

Att Eaton watter I washe my hands—

for tickling<sup>1</sup> teares I cold scarce see—

I lifted vp my lillywhite hands,

8 “O Kattye whitworth, god be with thee !

“There is none but you & I, sweet hart,

noe lookers on we can allowe ;

your lippes, they be soe sugered sweete,

12 I must doe more then kisse you now ! ”

“ffarwell, my loue, my leaue I take !

*though* against my will, it must be soe :—

noe Marueill all this Mone I make,

16 whom I loue best I must for-goe ! ”

“If *that* thou wilt Scotland forsake,

& come into fayre England with mee,

both kith & kinn I will for-sake,

20 bonny sweete wench, to goe with thee.”

<sup>1</sup> trickling.—P.

## AS IT BEFELL ONE SATURDAY.

There was 2 men, they loued a lasse,  
 the one of them he was a Scott,  
 the other was an Englishman,  
 24 the name of him I haue quite forgott.

As I went vp Kelsall<sup>1</sup> wood,  
 & vp that banke *that* was soe staire,<sup>2</sup>  
 I looked ouer my left sholder  
 28 where I was wont to see my deere.

“There is sixteene in thy fathers house,  
 fifteene of them against me bee,  
 Not one of them to take my part,  
 32 but only thou, pretty Katye.”

The yonge Man walked home againe  
 as time of night therto Moues ;  
 the fayre Maid calld him backe againe,  
 36 and gaue to him a sweet payre of gloues :

“thy father hath siluer & gold enoughe,  
 siluer and gold to Maintaine thee,  
 but as ffor that, I doe not care  
 40 soe that thou wilt my true loue be.”

When I was younge & in my youth,  
 then cold I haue louers 2 or 3 ;  
 Now I am old & count the howers,  
 44 & faine wold doe, but it will not bee.

“Vpon *your* lipps my leaue I take,  
 desiring you to be my freind,  
 & grant me loue for loue againe ;  
 48 for why, my life is att an end.”

<sup>1</sup> Kelso, query.—P.

<sup>2</sup> steer, *i. e.* steep, still used in Northamptonshire.—P.

“ My mother, Kate, hath sent for mee,  
& needly her I must obay !

52 I way<sup>1</sup> not of thy constancy  
when I am fled & gone away.”

“ I weepe, I waile, I wring my hands,  
I sobb, I sigh, I make heauy cheere !

56 Noe marueill all this moane I make,  
for why, alas, I haue lost my deere ! ”  
ffins.

<sup>1</sup> weigh, *i. e.* depend not, lay no weight on.—P.

[*The loose song “Walking in a meadow gren[e]” follows here.*]

### Glasgerion.<sup>1</sup>

THIS ballad—not much “corrected”—is printed in the “Reliques,” and from the “Reliques” in many other collections. A traditional version under the name of “Glenkindie,” a various form of Glasgerion, is given in Jamieson’s “Popular Songs and Ballads,” and in Alex. Laing’s “Thistle of Scotland” (1823).

The hero is probably one and the same with “the gret Glascurion,” whom Chaucer places in the House of Fame side by side with Orpheus, and Arion (Orion, Chaucer calls him), and Chiron—one of the harpers on whom the

small harpers gone . . . upwarde to gape,  
And countrefet him as an ape,  
Or as craft countrefeteth kynde.

Gawain Douglas associates him with Orpheus in his “Palice of Honour”—a work which gives many signs of Chaucer’s great influence in Scotland in the fifteenth century. Kirion the Pale was indeed an effective harper, if the accounts given of him may be credited. Not more so was his compatriot Cadwallo, “that hushed the stormy main,” or Modred, “whose magic song made huge Plenlimmon bow his cloud-capped head.” The Scotch version describes his power more fully :

He’d harpit a fish out o’ saut water,  
Or water out o’ a stane;  
Or milk out o’ a maiden’s breast,  
That bairn had never nane;

and represents him on the occasion of his performance in the palace as harping all his hearers to sleep—

Except it was the young countess,  
That love did waukin keep.

<sup>1</sup> N.B. It was not necessary to correct this much for the Press.—P.



And first he has harpit a grave tune,  
 And syne he has harpit a gay ;  
 And mony a sich atween hands  
 I wat the lady gae.

In other respects, as in this, the Scottish version is much more diffuse, mostly with disadvantage. There the vigour of the catastrophe is impaired by the lady's suspicious admonition to her lover :

“ But look that ye tell na Gib your man,  
 For naething that ye dee ;  
 For, an ye tell him, Gib your man,  
 He'll beguile baith you and me.”

Gib the man does not disguise himself so as to seem a gentleman, as does the Jack of the Folio ballad, but goes in his rags, and has to explain them as having, when he hurriedly left his couch and dressed to come to his lady-love, come first to hand. The last dying speech of the lady is much less forcible :

“ Forbid it, forbid it,” says that lady,  
 “ That ever sic shame betide ;  
 That I should first be a wild loon's lass,  
 And than a young knight's bride.”

In a word, the Scotch version is diluted and vulgar. Exactly the opposite of *vires acquirit eundo* is true of ballads.

It seems possible, however, that the Scotch version is more perfect in one point—in the test question put to the page before the assignation is disclosed to him :

“ O mith I tell you, Gib, my man,  
 Gin I a man had slain ? ”

Some such question perhaps would give more force to vv. 85–88 of our copy.

The picturesqueness and force of this ballad are admirable. The tale of love most grossly outraged—of clandestine love most rudely broken in upon—of a shame too great to be survived, is told with extreme vividness and intensity. “ The

king's daughter of Normandye" stands out as a sort of feudal Lucretia. She too, in a wild time, prefers death to contamination. Perhaps there is no ballad that represents more keenly the great gulf fixed between churl and noble—a profounder horror at the crossing over of it. In a milder shape the same feeling—the same "respect of persons"—appears in the "Lord of Learn," when the false lord-personating steward is received by the Duke of France :

Then to supper that they were sett,  
Lords & ladyes in their degree ;  
*The steward was sett next the duke of ffrance,*  
*An vnscemlie sight it was to see.*

Glasgerion,  
of royal  
birth, a  
skilful  
harper,

4

GLASGERION was a kings owne sonne, [page 94.]  
and a harper<sup>1</sup> he was good,  
he harped in the kings Chamber  
where cappe & candle yoode,<sup>2</sup>

praised by  
the King's  
daughter,

8

& soe did hee in the Queens chamber  
till ladies waxed wood<sup>3</sup> ;  
And then bespake the Kings daughter,  
& these words thus sayd shee,<sup>4</sup>

12

saide, "strike on, strike on, Glasgerrion,  
of thy striking doe not blinne,  
theres neuer a stroke comes ouer this<sup>5</sup> harpe  
but it glads my hart within."

confesses to  
her that he  
loves her.

16

"faire might you fall,<sup>6</sup> Lady !" quoth hee,  
"who taught you now to speake ?  
I haue loued you, Lady, 7 yeere ;  
my hart I durst neere breake."

<sup>1</sup> harper.—P.

<sup>2</sup> cup and candle stood.—P. "As merry as cup and can" is a proverb. Bohn's Handbook, p. 190.—F.

<sup>3</sup> all were well apay'd.—P.

<sup>4</sup> she sayd.—P.

<sup>5</sup> thy.—P.

<sup>6</sup> he fall.—P.

- 20 “but come<sup>1</sup> to my bower, my Glasgerryon,  
when all men are att rest ;  
as I am a ladie true of my promise,  
thou shalt bee a welcome guest.”
- 24 but whom<sup>2</sup> then came Glasgerryon,  
a glad man, Lord, was hee,  
“and come thou hither, Iacke, my boy,  
Come hither vnto mee,
- 28 “for the *Kings* daughter of Normandye,  
her loue is granted mee,<sup>3</sup>  
& att her chamber must I bee  
beffore the cocke haue crowen.<sup>4</sup>”
- 32 “but come you hither *Master*,” quoth hee,<sup>5</sup>  
“Lay your head downe on this stone,  
for I will waken you, *Master* deere,  
afore it be time to gone.<sup>6</sup>”
- 36 but vpp then rose *that* Lither<sup>7</sup> ladd,  
and did on hose & shoone,<sup>8</sup>  
A coller he cast vpon his necke,  
hee seemed a gentleman.<sup>9</sup>
- 40 & when he came to *that* Ladies chamber,  
he thrild vpon a pinn.<sup>10</sup>  
the Lady was true of her promise,  
rose vp & lett him in.

She appoints  
him a  
meeting.

He tells his  
page of the  
appoint-  
ment,

who  
promises to  
wake him  
in time to  
keep it,

then  
disguises  
himself as a  
gentleman,

and keeps it  
himself,

<sup>1</sup> O come.—P.

<sup>2</sup> & home.—P.

<sup>3</sup> Her love hath granted me now,  
or,

Hath granted me my boon.—P.

<sup>4</sup> doth crow.—P. Mr. Skeat would  
read:

and I, beffore the cock haue crowen,  
must att her chamber bee.—F.

<sup>5</sup> O mast<sup>r</sup>. Mr then, q<sup>th</sup> hee.—P.

<sup>6</sup> goen.—P.

<sup>7</sup> *Lither*, iners, ignavus, desidiosus;

A.-S. *liðer* est malus, sordidus, servilis.  
Junius.—P.

<sup>8</sup> and hose & shoone did on.—P.

<sup>9</sup> mon.—P. The investiture by a  
*collar* and a pair of spurs was the crea-  
tion of an esquire in the middle ages.  
Fairholt's *Costume in England*, p. 422.  
—F.

<sup>10</sup> One stroke of the *n* left out, as fre-  
quently, in the MS. ? *thril* = Scotch  
*thirl*, to thrill, cause to vibrate (Jamie-  
son), and so to knock on a metal pin or  
boss.—F.

- he did not take the lady gay  
to boulster nor noe<sup>1</sup> bedd,  
but downe vpon her chamber flore  
44 full soone he hath her layd.
- not without  
exciting  
suspicion.  
he did not kisse *that* Lady gay  
when he came nor when he youd<sup>2</sup>;  
& sore mistrusted that Lady gay<sup>3</sup>  
48 he was of some churles blood.
- He goes  
home and  
wakes his  
master;  
but home then came *that* Lither ladd,  
& did of his hose & shoone,  
& cast *that* Coller from about his necke,—  
52 he was but a churles sonne :—  
“awaken,” quoth hee, “my Master deere,<sup>4</sup>  
“I hold it time to be gone,<sup>5</sup>
- 56 “for I haue saddled your horsse, Master,  
well bridled I haue your steed;  
haue not I serued a good breakfast,  
when times comes I haue need.<sup>6</sup>”
- who rises,  
60 but vp then rose good Glasgerryon,  
& did on both hose and shoone,  
& cast a Coller about his necke,  
he was a *Kinges* sonne.
- and goes to  
the lady's  
bower.  
64 & when he came to *that* Ladies chamber  
he thrild vpon a pinn;  
the Lady was more then true of promise,  
rose vp & let him in<sup>7</sup>:

<sup>1</sup> to.—P.<sup>2</sup> yode, went.—P.<sup>3</sup> Nor when he came nor yode,  
And sore *that* Lady did mistrust.—P.<sup>4</sup> Awake, quoth he, my dear master,

The cock hath well nye crowne.—P.

<sup>5</sup> goen.—P.<sup>6</sup> You will, Master, oft in the time of  
need.—P.<sup>7</sup> MS. im.—F.

- 68 saies, " whether haue you <sup>1</sup> left with me  
 your braclett or your gloue,  
 Or you are returned backe againe  
 to know more of my loue ? "
- She wonders  
at his  
return.
- [page 95.]
- 72 Glasgerryon swore a full great othe  
 by Oake & ashe & thorne,<sup>2</sup>  
 " Lady ! I was neuer in your chamber  
 sith the time that I was borne."
- He swears  
he has not  
been there  
before.
- 76 " O then it was your litle foote page  
 falsly hath <sup>3</sup> beguiled me : "  
 & then shee pulld forth a litle pen-kniffe  
 that hanged by her knee,  
 says, " there shall neuer noe churles blood  
 spring within my body.<sup>4</sup> "
- She sees  
that the  
page has  
deceived her,  
and stabs  
herself.
- 80 but home then went Glasgerryon,  
 a woe man good <sup>5</sup> was hee,<sup>6</sup>  
 says, " come hither, thou Iacke my boy !  
 come thou hither to me ! <sup>7</sup>
- Glasgerion  
goes home,
- 84 " ffor if I had killed a man to-night,  
 Iacke, I wold tell it thee :
- charges his  
page with  
killing three  
persons,

<sup>1</sup> MS. you you.—F.

<sup>2</sup> In old heathen times they [the courts of justice] were held in consecrated groves, and in Scandinavia under the shade of the ash, in imitation of the *Asa* gods, who always sat in judgment under the ash *Yggdrasil*. . . . They [these holy shades] continued to be the usual seats of tribunals so long that in Germany going under the oaks or the linden trees, the favourite situation, became a phrase for going to law. " History of the Germanic Empire," in the *Cabinet Cyclop.* vol. iii. pp. 299, 300.—H.

Compare "Young Redin": when

Redin is missing, and his paramour is suspected of having disposed of him :

They've called on Lady Catherine,  
 But she sware by oak and thorn  
 That she saw him not, young Redin,  
 Since yesterday at morn.—H.

<sup>3</sup> He hath.—P.

<sup>4</sup> Within my body spring  
 Noe churles blood shall e'er defile  
 The dauter of a King.—P.

<sup>5</sup> [add] Lord.—P.

<sup>6</sup> A woe man, Lord! was hee,  
 He sayes.—P. *thou* is marked out  
 by Percy.—F.

<sup>7</sup> come hither unto me.—P.

88           but if I haue not killed a man to-night,  
               Iacke, thou hast Killed 3 !”

and slays  
 him,

92           & he puld out his bright browne sword,  
               & dryed it on his sleeue,  
               & he smote off that lither ladds head,<sup>1</sup>  
               & asked noe man noe leaue.

and then  
 slays  
 himself.

96           he sett the swords poynt till his brest,  
               the pumill till a stone :  
               thorrow *that* falsenese of *that* lither ladd  
               these 3 liues werne<sup>2</sup> all gone !<sup>3</sup>

ffins.

<sup>1</sup> There is a tag to the *d* as if for *s*—  
 F.

<sup>2</sup> werne, *i. e.* were.—P.

<sup>3</sup> all were gone.—P.

[*The loose song “O Jolly Robin,”* marked “*wretched stuff*” by Percy,  
*follows here, on page 95 of the MS.*]



## Came you not from<sup>1</sup>

THIS song, says Mr. Chappell in his "Popular Music of the Olden Time," p. 339, is of Queen Elizabeth's time, for "it is quoted in a little black-letter volume called 'The famous Historie of Fryer Bacon: containing the wonderfull things that he did in his life; also the manner of his death; with the lives and deaths of the two conjurers, Bungye and Vandermast. Very pleasant and delightfull to be read,' 4to. no date. 'Printed at London, by A. E., for Francis Grove, and are to be sold at his shop at the upper-end of Snow Hill, against the Sarazen's Head:'

"'The second time, Fryer Bungy and he went to sleepe, and Miles alone to watch the brazen head; Miles, to keepe him from sleeping, got a tabor and pipe, and being merry disposed, sung this song to a Northern tune of *Cam'st thou not from Newcastle.*'" The pamphlet was dramatised by Robert Greene, who died in 1592. (Chappell, ii. 779.)

	CAME you not from Newcastle?	
	Came <sup>2</sup> yee not there away?	Saw you my love near Newcastle?
	met yee not my true loue	
4	ryding on a bony bay?	
	why shold not I loue my loue?	
	why shold not my loue loue me?	Why should not she and I love each other?
	why shold not I loue my loue,	
8	gallant hound sedelee?	

<sup>1</sup> imperfect.—P.

<sup>2</sup> came.—P. The *m* is *n* in the MS.—F.

Near  
Newcastle  
and Durham  
I have land.

12

Why should  
not we love ?

And I haue Land att Newcastle  
will buy both hose & shoone,  
and I haue Land att durham  
will feitch my hart to boone ;  
and why shold not I loue my loue ?  
why shold not my loue loue me ?  
why shold not I loue my loue,  
gallant hound sedelee ?

ffins.

## I haue a loue thats faire.

THIS ballad differs from, and is less complete than, that in the Roxburghe Collection, vol. 1, p. 322, which is printed in the note below,<sup>1</sup> for comparison's sake. Mr. Chappell says that "the tune is printed in J. Starter's 'Frische Lust-Hof,' Amsterdam, 4to, 1634, p. 81, with a Dutch song written to it,

### <sup>1</sup> PRETTY NANNIE,

or

A dainty delicate new Ditty, fit for the Contry, Town, or Citty, which shewes how constant she did prove unto her heart's delight & onely Love.

To a dainty delicate new tune named Northerne Nannie.

I have a Love so faire,  
so constant, firme, & kind,  
She is without compare,  
whose fancies me doth blind.  
She is the flower of Maids  
that ever was or can be,  
Faire nymphs lend me your ayds  
to sing of my sweet Nannie ;  
Her golden hair, her face so fair,  
her glancing eye hath wounded me,  
Her cheeke like snow where Roses grow,

Pretty Nanny,  
My mistris of true constancy,  
I am thine owne & shall be.

If Venus would defend  
and grant to grace my bed,  
I would not wrong my friend  
by no enticements led :  
No not the fairest dame  
shall win her faueur from me,  
For in the mind I am  
He honour none but Nannie,  
For she may cōmand my heart, my hand,

my body too for to ride or goe,  
If she but say by night or day,  
Pretty Nannie,  
My mistris, &c.

My love I will not change  
for Cræsus gold & treasure,  
Nor will I seem to range  
from thee my joy & pleasure :  
Though some do count our sex  
to wauer in affection,  
Yet doe not thou suspect  
for I do hate that action :  
My love is set, none shall me let,  
nor me perswade, be not afraid  
From thee to turne, He rather burne  
with fire,  
Thou plaine shalt see that I love thee,  
and will yeeld to thy desire.

She is so rare & wise,  
& prudent in her cariage,  
That gallants did devise  
to win her unto mariage ;  
But she denies all those  
that doe aske such a question,  
And to me she doth disclose  
her constant true affection.  
She will not lie, nor falsifie,  
but true doth prove like the turtle dove,  
As I doe find to me shee's kind.  
Pretty Nannie,  
My mistris, &c.

under its English name." Mr. C. sends us the following four lines of the Dutch song :—

Vrouvoedster van mijn jeughd,  
Meerstersse van mijn sinnen,  
Mijn hoop, mijn troost, mijn vreught,  
Mijn suyvere Goddinne, &c.

Nancy, my  
love, is of  
peerless  
beauty.

I HAUE a loue thats faire, [page 96.]  
soe constant, firme, & kinde !  
shee is without compare,  
4 whose favor doth me blind !  
shee is the flower of Maids *that* hath beene, is, or can bee !  
when beautyes garlands made, it shalbe borne by Nancye.<sup>1</sup>  
Her golden haire with a face soe fayre,  
8 her cheekes like snow where roses grow ;  
Pretty Nancy<sup>2</sup> lipps with a breath soe sweete,  
a pretty<sup>3</sup> chin with a dimple in,  
hath woone my hart euen for her *part* ;  
12 Pretty Nancy, my *Mistress* of true constancy !

Let her but  
be mine ;  
most true to  
her will I  
be.

If venus will consent my vow<sup>4</sup> to grace my bed,  
I will not wronge my freinde by noe entisment led,  
Nor the fairest dame<sup>5</sup> on earth shall gaine me favor from,  
16 If thou wilt but consent<sup>6</sup> to be my true loue, Nanny !  
for shee may command both hart & hand,  
& my body too to ryde or goe  
both night & day, if shee will but say<sup>7</sup>  
20 " Good servant, do this ffor mee."  
If I deny, then let me try  
what it is to wronge soe fayre a one ;  
denyall dew Ile neuer vew !  
24 Pretty Nancy, I haue beene thine & wilbee !

<sup>1</sup> MS. manye. Nancye.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Nancy's.—P.

<sup>3</sup> Her pretty.—P.

<sup>4</sup> but send my love.—P.

<sup>5</sup> dame that is.—P.

<sup>6</sup> consent to this, or but grant me this.—P.

<sup>7</sup> MS. stay. Say.—P.

- To seall this bargaine vp, receiue my hart in pawne ;  
 I am that onlye man, constant loue hath made me one ;  
 then doe not thou disdaine my true loue for to bee<sup>1</sup> !
- 28 grant loue for loue againe, my pretty sweet-hart Nancy !  
 Since the heauens aboue<sup>2</sup> record of loue,  
 let vs agree most willinglie  
 that the world may know it was only thou,
- 32 Pretty Nany, My *Mistress* of true constancy !  
 and with a kisse Ile seale thee this.  
 to thee adew ! pretty,<sup>3</sup> be trew  
 from him<sup>4</sup> whose hart shall neuer part !
- 36 Pretty Nancy, I haue beene thine & wilbee !  
 ffins.

Grant loue  
for love,  
pretty  
Nancy.

<sup>1</sup> fancy.—P.

<sup>2</sup> heaven above . . . our love.—P.

<sup>3</sup> pretty one, or perhaps *prythce*.—P.

<sup>4</sup> To him.—P.

[*The loose song "When Phebus addrest" follows here, MS. page 96 ; then "The Fryar and Boy," MS. p. 97 ; then what Percy terms "A loose but humorous song," "As I was ridinge by the way," MS. p. 104 ; and then "The Man that hath," MS. p. 104 ; all four printed in the Loose Songs.*]

## Carles off Chester.<sup>1</sup>

[IN 3 PARTS.—P.]

THIS poem has been printed before from a MS. copy in Cole's Collection in the British Museum (Addit. MSS. 5830, f. 100) by Mr. Halliwell in his "Palatine Anthology." The present copy is very much fuller than the Museum one. Vv. 49–56, 77–84, 109–116, 214–230, 300–364, do not occur in the Cole MS. It is perhaps of later date, as in v. 128 it speaks of one Peter Venables as then enjoying the estate of the family, whereas the Museum copy there reads Thomas. Both copies are posterior to 1586, as Camden's "Britannia," which appeared in that year, is referred to in them. A Thomas Venables possessed the Kinder-ton property from 1580 to 1602. He was succeeded by a Peter, who died in 1669. Cole ascribes the authorship of the poem to Richard Bostock. The "historical poem of considerable merit on the subject of the Saxon and Norman Earls of Chester" by Lawrence Bostock, mentioned by Ormerod (iii. 135), of which he had a transcript made by Alexander Moit of Arley in the eighteenth century (p. xvi.), may be a distinct poem from this; or perhaps this is the Norman part of it, and Cole's Richard should be Lawrence.

The poem is of no great poetic merit. It is but "a laboured composition," as Mr. Halliwell justly pronounces it, the work of an annalist or genealogist rather than of a poet. But, nevertheless, it is interesting for its strong local feeling, and local portraiture both of men and of events.

<sup>1</sup> This is a very curious & valuable Poem: but is posterior to the Time of *Camden* who is quoted in it.—P.



The account given of the Earls is in the main correct. The writer has evidently taken great pains with it. We shall not here criticise it minutely. The reader will find many corroborations and illustrations and corrections of it in the "History of Cheshire" by Ormerod (1819), who has incorporated with his work the results of Leycester's and of King's investigations with regard to the Earls, and in Dugdale's "Baronage," and in his "Monasticon Anglicanum." The most eminent of the Earls were Randle II. and Randle III:

This Randle, [says our poem of the former,] both in peace and war,  
Past all the English nobles far.

On the subject of Randle III. it is still more laudatory. It calls him

The Paragon of all that ile:  
Bold, beautiful,<sup>1</sup> religious, wise,  
And soundly learned, liberal,  
In all things dealing with advice  
Of naughty mind, yet wise withal.

And without doubt these Earls were among the greatest nobles of their time. For this reason they deserve our attention. But there is another fact that calls it to them, especially in a work like the present, viz. that one of them was a most popular ballad-hero of Old England. Quoth Sloth, in the "Vision of William concerning Piers the Ploughman":

I kan noght parfitly my pater-noster  
As the priest it syngeth,  
But I kan rymes of Robyn Hood  
And *Randolph Erl of Chestre*.

But while the rhymes that celebrate Robin Hood have retained and extended their popularity so that they are still to be heard or read, the songs in honour of the great sharer of his fame in the fourteenth century have perished altogether. There remains not one stone upon another of the temple reared in this Earl's

<sup>1</sup> The Cole MS. reads "bountiful"—no doubt rightly.

honour. But for the mention of him in the great allegory he is in respect of poetical celebration amongst those who

illacrymabiles  
Urgentur ignotique longa  
Nocte,—

not, it seems, because he had no "sacred bard" to hymn his praises, but because the very hymns have perished. Not a fragment of them, so far as we know, survives. But who was this Randolph? We have very little doubt that he was, as Ritson believed, our Randle III. Still we propose giving a short account both of the Second and the Third.

Randle II., as our poem rightly informs us, lived in King Stephen's time; and amongst the chief leaders of those tempestuous days he was greatly conspicuous. Ordericus Vitalis, Brompton, Simon of Durham, Gervase, Knyghton, Roger of Wendover, the author of "Gesta Stephani," Hemingford, William of Malmesbury, all describe the eminent part he played in the turbulent history of the middle of the twelfth century. He was Earl of Chester from 1128 to 1153. Very shortly after the accession of King Stephen he seems to have conceived bitter animosity against him "propter Karlel et Cumberland quam jure patrimonii sibi reposcebat" (Sim. Dur.), but which the King was granting to Scotland. He married the daughter of the Earl of Gloucester.<sup>1</sup> This alliance, with his wrongs, led him vigorously to espouse the cause of the Empress, the late King's daughter, Gloucester's half sister, when she determined to assert her right to the throne:

Syre Rauf Erl of Chestre hadde yspoused ywis  
The Robertas douter of Gloucestre, of wan we tolde are this,  
So that he huld with the Emperesse (vor el yt were amys)  
And ladde ost gret ynou age the Kyng and hys.—(Rob. Glos.)

He suddenly, by a happy device (detailed by Ord. Vit.), secured the castle and fortifications of Lincoln. As to this fraudulent

<sup>1</sup> Brom. wrongly calls Comes Gloverniæ, *gener suus*.

seizure, as the chroniclers very generally characterise it, our poem is judiciously silent. Stephen at once advanced and besieged him in his ill-won city. He succeeded himself in escaping and reaching his father-in-law, whom he found most ready to support him. The two Earls at once marched to besiege the besieger—

The Earl came down the town to aid  
With all his power the siege to raise."

The King, in spite of the advice of his counsellors, in spite of forbidding omens that disturbed the celebration of the Mass, resolved on fighting. Then ensued the battle of Lincoln, described by old monkish chroniclers with a zest and vigour which show that the flesh was not altogether dead in them. On the very day of the Purification the armies stood front to front. "Gratias persolvo vobis," said Randle to his side, "jugiter exorans ut qui vobis causa sum periculi, primus omnium periculum subeam." (Brom. Gerv. gives the same substance at greater length.) Then Gloucester spoke. Baldwin, speaking for the King, who "festivâ caruit voce," encouraged the others. Then—

The battle joined courageously.  
There many a knight was beaten down  
Ere either got the victory.

There was furious fighting that winter's day beneath the walls of Lincoln. But presently of the royal army only the King's own line held its ground. The King himself fought manfully. He wielded a battle-axe with terrible effect. But at last "it was smashed (*confracta est*) in his hands. Then one William of Kahames rushed on him, and, clutching him by the helmet, cried with a loud voice, 'Here, fellows, here! I have got hold of the King!' Immediately every body flew to him, and the King was taken, all the men of his own division being either slain or taken." (Brom. &c.) This victory was the great exploit of Randle II.'s life. Perhaps the King, or his barons, never forgave him for it. Probably his subsequent conduct showed that

he did not deserve forgiveness. In a parliament assembled at Northampton, according to Knyghton, he was treacherously seized, and only liberated on condition of his surrendering Lincoln Castle. His power seems to have been enormous. He had got, says the author of "Gesta Stephani," almost a third part of the kingdom by the sword. The friendship that was arranged between him and the King soon came to nothing. He made an attempt to recover Lincoln. He was foiled. Then, suspected, and more than suspected of an intention "*quiddam priscarum insidiarum renovare,*" or as another chronicle runs, "*ad callidam consuetæ proditionis tecnam se totum convertens,*" he is again closely imprisoned. During this second captivity (which, as also the first, our panegyrist of him omits to mention) Pulton Abbey (v. 230) was founded, that there prayers might be made for his health and safety. The "Gesta Stephani" gives a fearful account of his conduct after his release. "In omnem ætatem," it says, "in omnem sexum Herodianam tyrannidem, Neronianam truculentiam exercebat."

Such was his relation to King Stephen. He was a sharp thorn in that monarch's side, much vituperated by the chroniclers, who for the most part laud and magnify the King, and represent the Earl as a busy sower of those—to use the expressive language of one of them—"plurima dissensionis semina quæ ubique locorum per Angliam pullularunt." Our poem (vv. 204–211) mentions a triumph achieved by him over the Welsh. No doubt he had many a fierce skirmish with those unquiet neighbours. Knyghton mentions an invasion made by them during Randle's first captivity. "In the meantime," he writes, "the Welsh laid waste the Cestrian province; but they were intercepted at the town of Malba (Nantwich)." At a later period the Earl (perhaps with a treacherous intent, as the King's barons suspected) implores the King to come in person and suppress the enemy. He speaks of "*terras suas lacrymabili deprædatione*

spoliatas." He himself received a severe defeat at Consylht when invading North Wales in concert with Madoc ap Meridith, Prince of Powys.

One other act of his is referred to by our poem—the founding or helping to found the Abbey of Combermere. The immediate founder was Hugh Malbank, in 1133 (five years after Randle's accession to the earldom, see v. 212 of our poem). But Randle was recognised as "the principal founder and protector." The striking ceremony (vv. 220–2) performed in connection with its endowment, is, so far as we know, mentioned here only.

This famous Earl died in the year 1153,—not by a natural death, as our poem (v. 232) would seem to say, but by poison. In the same year, says Roger de Wendover, writing of 1155, Henry disinherited William Peveril "causa veneficii quod Ranulfo comiti Cestriæ fuerat propinatum. In hujus pestis consortio plures conscii exstitisse dicuntur." Thus was the Earl cut off just on the eve of the accession of that great Plantagenet whose battles he had fought so vigorously.

Randle II. then was a man of wide fame, good or evil, in King Stephen's reign, and was perhaps at one time the most powerful man in England. With accounts of him that are evidently so violently prejudiced it is difficult to fairly estimate him. We cannot certainly chime in with the enthusiasm of our poet:

. . . Though thy body turn to dust  
Religious, valiant, just, and wise,  
Great Earl, thy honour never dies!

(the Cole MS. reads "Great Cheshire honour never dies"); nor yet with the furious bitterness of Baldwin, in his speech before the battle of Lincoln: "Deinde stat comes Cestriæ Ranulphus, vir quidem audaciæ irrationabilis, promptus ad conspirandum, inconstans ad perficiendum, animo impetuosus, periculo improvidus, altiora machinans, impossibilia temptans; quod incipit avide, effeminate deserit, ubique infortunatus, aut vinci aut



effugari assuetus;" or in the loose paraphrase of Robert of Gloucester:

Al so of the Erl of Chestre ye ne dorre abbe non care  
 Fol hardy he ys ynou, ac al wythoute rede  
 Hastyf wythoute porueance other wysdom in dede—  
 Work he wole, as hym thyneth ac myd lute manhede.  
 Hys brayn & wyt ys so feble that ther nys of hym non drede.  
 Vor wat he ath manlyche bygonne, he yt ath byleuede  
 Wommanlyche, as vor defaute of wyt of hys heuede.

We must now turn to the greater hero of our poem—to Randle III., the Second's grandson, whom, as we have said, we believe to be the Randolph of the "Piers Ploughman," rhymes about whom Sloth knew better than his prayers. He too covered himself with glory at a battle of Lincoln. He won still higher renown on the banks of the Nile. He reached the acmé of his greatness in the beginning of the reign of Henry III. At that time there was no more famous name in England.

He was born at Album Monasterium (now Oswestry) in Powis, and hence was surnamed Blandeville or Blondeville. He became Earl in 1181. He married, with Henry II.'s full approval, the widow of Geoffrey, the famous Constance, Shakespeare's Constance; whose possessions (her father Conan, it will be remembered, was Duke of Little Britain and Earl of Richmond), added to his own, made him, territorially, one of the greatest subjects of the English crown. Our poem recounts his estates with much satisfaction, and adds Huntingdon to them on no sufficient authority. In King John's reign the Earl divorced Constance. "He forsook his lawful wife," to quote Dugdale's "Baronage," "by reason that the king haunted her company." Knyghton says he was perhaps induced to forsake her, by the King's example. He married another Constance, the daughter of Radulph de Feugere; but he died childless, a judgment on him for his desertion of his first Constance, as it was thought.



In 1214 he translated the monks of Pulton, which was much infested by Welsh marauders, to Dieulacres in Staffordshire (see v. 478 of the ballad). He had been instructed in a vision by his grandfather to found an abbey at the latter place.<sup>1</sup> "Go to Cholpesdale, which is in the territory of Leeke," said the apparition with great geographical precision, "and in that place wherein of old was built a chapel in honour of the Blessed Mary, Virgin, thou shalt found an abbey of the White Order of Monks, and thou shalt furnish it with buildings, and enlarge it with estates, and it shall be a joy for thee and many others who shall be saved through that place. For on that same site must be erected a ladder, whereby the prayers of angels ascend and descend; and the vows of men shall be offered to God; and let them give thanks; and over that place shall the name of the Lord be invoked with constant prayers &c." He stood faithfully by his prince through all the troubles that gathered around him, though he seems to have plainly rebuked him for his evil practices. Henry III. speaks of him in a letter to the Pope as one who was said to have laboured loyally in John's reign for the maintenance of the royal rights. He was about to set forth for Holy Land when the last great storm burst on the head of his master. In the midst of its fury, John died, and the voyage was postponed. There was need of Randle at home.

But before we leave King John's reign we must mention a celebrated adventure that befell the Earl in his own country, and secondly we must point out the error committed by our poem in connecting him with the Third King Richard's crusade.

Of the adventure the reader will find an account in Dugdale's "Baronage," and quoted from it, in Bishop Percy's essay, in the "Reliques," on the Ancient Minstrels. Randle, having

<sup>1</sup> See Dugdale's *Mon. Anglic.* v. 627, 1825, where this story and others are quoted "Ex Hist. Angl. MS. contexta ab Henr. Archdiac. ad Alex. Linc. Episc.

an. 1145." Some continuation of Henry's work is meant, we suppose, for that ends with the accession of Henry II.—H.

marched into Wales with but a slender retinue, was compelled to flee for refuge into his castle of Rothelan (*i.e.* Rhuddlan). The Welsh beset him. He sent to the Constable of Chester for help, "who, making use of the Minstrells of all sorts, then met at Chester Fair, by the allurement of their musick got together a vast number of such loose people as by reason of the before specified privilege [that Chester should have the right of sanctuary during its fair] were then in the city; whom he forthwith sent under the conduct of Dutton (his Steward), a gallant youth, who was also his son-in-law. The Welsh alarmed at the approach of this rabble, supposing them to be a regular body of armed and disciplined veterans, instantly raised the siege and retired." Randle for this good service conferred on the Constable the patronage of the Minstrels and others who joined them in the expedition. There cannot be a doubt but that he would by feast, or largess, reward the immediate instruments of his deliverance. Without enquiring too nicely into the province of the Minstrels, we may be sure that whatever there was in the shape of ballad-mongers in the England of that time would be represented at Chester Fair, and therefore in the motley host which scared away the Welsh beleaguers of Earl Randle; and if so, many a "ryme" would be composed that Fair time in praise or on the subject of "Randolph Erle of Chestre." The adventure would naturally be a favourite subject then, and thenceforward, with the haunters of Chester Fair. The songs that commemorated it may have formed the basis of that perished cycle alluded to in the "Piers Ploughman." They would of course soon be carried beyond the confines of their birth-place. They would multiply with the increasing renown, domestic and transmarine, of the great Earl. Other tales concerning him—one has been mentioned already, others will be mentioned presently—have come down to us which would evidently serve as excellent themes for ballads. Indeed, the versions

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of these given us by the chroniclers may be founded on such ballads: just as some of the chronicles describing the Saxon times are perceptibly based on old poems.

Our poem's error in conducting Earl Randle to the third crusade along with Richard Cœur de Leon arises, we are inclined to think, from a confusion of him with Randle Glanville, who did indeed take part in that crusade, dying under the walls of Acre. Bale, in his "De Scrip. Brit." and Pits, following Bale, are guilty of the same confusion. (See Ormerod I. 35). Bale imputes a work "De legibus Angliæ" to Earl Randle, who, however great his merits, certainly does not appear to have been of a book-making turn. The ascription to him of "sound learning" (v. 253) by the author of our poem shows, we think, that our author's mistake is simply an echo of that made by Bale. He follows Bale, and errs accordingly. The account given of the crusade (vv. 276-347) is only moderately correct. After many delays the Christian princes—Philip Augustus and the English Richard—met at Messene in Sept. 1190. But the Emperor did not join them there, nor anywhere else; for though he was "cruce signatus," he managed to elude his vow. Philip sailed directly for Acre. Richard spent some time in revenging the ill treatment by the Cypriots of two of his ships that had been driven on their shore by a violent storm. He completely reduced and committed to perpetual imprisonment Isaac, a prince of the Comnenian family, who, appointed viceroy, had taken to himself the title of Emperor of Cyprus (he is called in our poem "the Turkish King"). Then he celebrated his marriage with Berengaria. At last he sailed to Acre, where he found Philip impatient and chafing. The town was not stormed, but surrendered. The Saracens went all to wrack, with a vengeance, as everybody will agree who remembers the hideous massacre that took place of the hostages. Five hundred Christian prisoners were set free. Then Philip, amidst many execrations, went home. Richard

fought on, marching and countermarching, once almost sighting Jerusalem, for another year; then concluded a treaty for three years and eight months with Saladin; and then he too set off towards home, not soon to reach it.

But to return from the result of the confusion of Blonville and Glanville. The reader will notice many inaccuracies in the narrative of the events that preceded the death of King John. After that event Earl Randle is represented as the great champion of the young prince. It is he, and Pembroke at his instance, who uphold his cause, crown him, overthrow the French at Lincoln, and rid the country of them. "Ranulphus comes Cestriæ," says Knyghton, "mox capit Lyncolnian contra Lodowycum, occisis in eo plurimis Francigenis: unde Lodowycus videns partem suam debilitari, accepta pecuniâ pro resignatione munitionum quas tenuit, absolutione a legato papæ accepta, Franciam rediit." His eminent services at this crisis are rated by Walter de Wittlesey of Peterborough (see Dugdale's "Baronage") as highly as by our poet. And now at last, King John's son firmly seated on the throne, he was at liberty to fulfil his crusader's vow, 1218. In company with the earls of Arundel and Salisbury he set out for the East. The Christians, a few years before much distressed in Palestine, the kingdom founded there reduced within very narrow limits, weary of acting on the defensive, had determined on offensive operations. They had invaded Egypt, and formed the siege of Damietta. That city (a little to the north of the present one of the name), standing on the right bank of the Nile, was protected on its three land-sides by a strong triple wall, on the river side by a tower built in the middle of the river and connected with the wall by chains. The crusaders were encamped opposite it on the other side of the Nile. They first addressed themselves to the capture of the tower. By means of a wooden castle built on two floating hulls they got close up to it; and after a terrible struggle, and



imminent perils from the enemy's Greek fire, which, however, as an old chronicler tells us, "the tears of the Faithful put out" (*extinxerunt fidelium lachrymæ*), they stormed. Shortly after this brilliant exploit the Earl of Chester arrived. The river still rolled between the besiegers and the besieged; its rising greatly discomforted the former; the courage of the latter was unabated. After some enforced delay, a dissension amongst the Infidels permitted the Faithful to cross the river and occupy the camp of the succours sent to the city by the Sultan of Egypt. The siege was now renewed with the utmost vigour. Amongst the leaders most eminent in it was Randle of Chester. He is mentioned amongst those who, when the garrison made a furious sortie and drove back the assaulters, "*impetum sustinuerunt paganorum, et pro muro fuerunt fugientibus quoties illis suas facies ostenderunt*"—"withstood the onset of the heathen, and were as good as a wall to the fliers as often as they showed the enemy their faces." (Wend.) "Ranulfus comes," says Henry of Huntingdon, speaking of this famous siege, "*dux Christianæ cohortis præstitit gloriosa.*" The departure of the Duke of Austria would augment his importance. The enemy trembled. Negotiations were opened, but broken off by the insolence of Pelagius, the Papal Legate. At last, in November, 1219, after a siege of some eighteen months, "*Damietta fut prise par la grâce de Dieu.*" The Sultan once more offered the same terms as he had offered before—the piece of the true cross, the city of Jerusalem, and all the prisoners in Syria and Egypt in exchange for the precious capture (see vv. 464–7 of our ballad); but, unhappily, (our ballad errs on this point) the influence of the legate was strong enough to procure their rejection. But the Earl of Chester did not stay to witness the disastrous consequences of the legate's policy—the more than undoing all that the Earl and his fellows had done. After the fall of Damietta, "that noble man Ranulph, Earl of Chester, after having warred

in God's service for well nigh two years, with the legate's leave and benediction, and the goodwill of the whole army, returned home" (Knyghton). One of the stories preserved about him relates to his voyage home. "In returning from Holy Land, when one night the ship wherein he was was imperilled by a sudden sea-storm, he said to the sailors, 'How long is it to midnight?' who answered, 'A space of about two hours.' He said to all of them, 'Labour meanwhile up till midnight, and I hope in God that ye shall have aid, and the storm shall cease.' And when midnight was a drawing near, the master of the ship said to the Earl, 'My lord, commend yourself to God, for the storm waxes, and our labour fails, and we are in peril of life.' Then Ranulph straightway went forth from his cabin (*de conclavi suo*), and began to help lustily amongst the cables and yard-arms and other ship's-gear; and not long after all [the tumult] of the deep lulled, and all the storm ceased. And on the following day, when they were now ploughing the waters and their safety was growing manifest, the master of the ship says to the Earl, 'My lord Earl, would ye tell us, an it please you, wherefore you would [not] help us till midnight, and then helped us more with your single hands than all the men who were on board?' To whom said he: 'Because at midnight, and afterwards my monks and other religious men whom my forefathers and I have founded in divers places, rose to sing divine service, and then I trusted in their prayers, and I hope that God, by reason of their prayers and support (*suffragia*), gave me a courage I had not before, and made the storm cease as I foretold.'"

He survived the fifth crusade some twelve years, being to the end "a great prince in Israel" employed in the highest services (for instance, as one of the continental viceroys when Henry returned to England in 1229), opposing at the same time all excesses of the royal prerogative and papal exactions, a most mighty baron whether as a friend or a foe. He closed his

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illustrious life in 1232, at Wallingford, and “was buried in the chapter-house of the monks at Chester with his forefathers” (Knyghton); “of whose decease,” writes Matthew of Westminster, “when the rumour was announced to Hubert de Burgh [the Earl was one of those “*qui cum iusticiario nostro contenderant*”—see Henry’s Letter to Honorius], and ’twas said that one of his greatest enemies was dead, heaving a sigh (*assumpto suspirio*) he says with a deep groan: ‘May God be propitious to his soul.’ And calling for a psalter, he, standing in front of the cross, without pausing, went right through it, fasting, for the soul of the said Earl.” So did a bitter enemy pray for the peace of the departed Earl. That his soul found peace, in answer to prayer, another old story informs us. “Whilst he lay dying, a troop as it were of men (*latitudo quasi hominum*), with some powerful being, was hurriedly passing by close to the cell of a certain solitary who abode nigh Wallingford. He asked one of them who they were, and whither they made haste; and he: ‘We are Demons, and we hasten to the death of Ranulph, that we may accuse him of his sins.’ The demon was then adjured to return within thirty days, and state what had been done touching Earl Ranulph. Returning, he said: ‘We brought it about that Earl Ranulph, for his ill deeds, was adjudged to the pains of infernal fire; but the mastiffs (*Molossi*) of Dieulacres and many others with them, without stinting barked so that they filled our habitation with a loud clamour whilst he was with us; wherefore our prince, disgusted (*gravatus*), ordered to be expelled from our territories him who now proved so grievous an adversary to us; for the support which they (the mastiffs) had obtained in his behoof, as well as for others, had so delivered many souls from the penal region.’”

Such are the facts and the tales relating to Randle III. that have been handed down to us. They, combined with a consideration of the age in which he lived, induce us to identify

him, as we have said, rather than Randle II., with the Randolph of the "Piers Ploughman." They contain many a good subject for "rymes." He lived at an age when popular "rymes" in the English tongue were just springing up. There are yet extant such compositions belonging to the reign of Henry III. We know that Simon de Montfort was a most popular rhyme-hero some thirty years after Randle III.'s death. We have seen that Randle was brought by a strange adventure into a close and suggestive connection with the minstrels of his day, who certainly included among their many accomplishments the art of song-singing, if not of song-composing. His character was of a kind to endear him to popular taste and fancy. He withstood the King to his face (though not with the same sanguinary result) as the Earl of Leicester withstood him afterwards. He resisted the rapacity of Rome. He had fought in the Holy War at a time when it excited the utmost poetic enthusiasm. (See Raynour's "Choix des Poes. Orig. des Troub." ii. 73.) He had most stoutly maintained the nationality of England by his vigorous opposition of the attempts made to place a foreign prince on its throne.

But a name once so often on men's lips has now been long forgotten. We can only discover by investigation to whom it belonged. We can only conjecture what were the themes with which it was associated. More than a century after Randle's death it enjoyed great popularity. Shortly afterwards it sank into oblivion. With the passing away of the baronial age the memory of this one of its greatest names passed away. A race arose that knew not Randolph,—a race with interests and heroes of its own, indifferent to the old feudal Earl with all his greatness, careless of the religion on which he had bestowed his benefactions and whose ministers had celebrated him, scorning the sacred war in which he had played so splendid a part, not discerning in him what should satisfy their own ideal—what they could adopt for their hero. This they found in him who was

the Earl's ballad-rival in Edward III.'s reign. Robin Hood won wider and wider acceptance and popularity. "Randolph Earl of Chestre" fell into complete obscurity.

WHEN Saxons Harold, Godwins sonne,  
 who had beene King without all right,  
 att Hastings feelde to death was done,  
 4 & all his army put to flight,  
 to william who had woone the feilde  
 the English peeres the crowne did yeeld;  
 by herlott,<sup>1</sup> bastard sonne was hee  
 8 to Robert duke of Normandye.

How  
 William the  
 Conqueror  
 became  
 king.

he, once established in his seate,  
 amongst his men devides his lande,  
 & now his power is growne soe great  
 12 the english cold not him withstand;  
 he entring as a Conquerour,  
 liues, lands, & goods, were in his power;  
 to his owne vse he ceased <sup>2</sup> the best,  
 16 amongst his soliders parts the rest.

distributed  
 his land,

**Hugh  
 Lupus  
 1 Erle** His sisters sonne, Hugh Lupus called,  
 whome then the rest hee held more deere,  
 the Earle of Chester was installde  
 20 with many rites *that* royall were,

and  
 appointed  
 Hugh Lupus,  
 his nephew,  
 Earl of  
 Chester.

<sup>1</sup> *Arlotta*.—Robson. The vulgar story makes his [William's] mother the daughter of Fulbert le Croy, a tanner or skinner of Falaise, whom Robert first saw and became enamoured of as she was dancing with some of her female companions; her name, it is said, was Arlette or Harlotta. According to the contemporary historian, William of Jumieges (*Gemeticensis*), the Conqueror's mother was Herleva, the daughter of Fulbert, an officer of Duke Robert's

household. After Robert's death she married a Norman knight (*miles*) named Herluin, by whom she had two sons, both of whom made a great figure in their time: Robert, who was created earl of Montagne in Normandy, and Odo who became bishop of Bayeux; besides a daughter, who was married to Odo, earl of Albemarle. *Penny Cyclopædia*.—F.

<sup>2</sup> seized, took seizin of, possession of.—F.

- cheerfully by sword to hold the same  
 as hee by crowne did hold the realme;  
 who made 8<sup>th</sup> Barons of his owne,  
 24 the names of whom full well are knowne :
- The Earl  
 appointed  
 eight  
 barons :
1. Nigel, Negell of Halton was the first, **Halton**  
 whose heyres did beare the Lacyees name ; **the i**  
 thé <sup>1</sup> earles of Lincolne haue beene erst, **Baron**  
 28 in Ireland likewise of great fame.  
 Thomas the Earle of Lancaster  
 had Alice to wiffe, who was their heyre ;  
 he, Ishulese,<sup>2</sup> did loose his head,  
 32 & shee did neuer after wedde,
- but to his brother Henery shee  
 assured her lands ; since when they were  
 by Earles & Dukes vndoubtedlye  
 36 held by the house of Lancaster  
 till BULLENBROOKE attaind the crowne  
 whose lands  
 escheated to  
 Henry IV. by putting second RICHARD downe,  
 since when the castle & the fee<sup>3</sup>  
 40 are in the crowne continuallye.
2. Robert Robert fitz Norman next was made **Harding**  
 Fitz-Norman, of Mountrealt<sup>4</sup> BARON ; in whose heyre[s] **2 :**  
 that Barronry<sup>5</sup> succession had  
 44 226 : yeeres.  
 the last, who was a worthy *Knicht*,  
 to Isabell gaue all his right ;  
 the second Edwards wiffe was shee ;  
 48 tho there did end *that* barronry.

<sup>1</sup> They.—P.<sup>2</sup> issueless.—Cole's MS.<sup>3</sup> of Halton.—Robson.<sup>4</sup> Montalt.—Robson.<sup>5</sup> Hawardin.—Robson.

yet all or most of Mountrealts Lands  
 And signiories *that* were soe fayre,  
 to stanly the Earle of Darbys hands  
 52 in latter times conuayde weere,  
 not only Harding,<sup>1</sup> Hope, & moulde,  
 but alsoe many a goodlye hold  
*which*, in reward of service good,  
 56 were bestowed on stanlyes blood.

whose lands  
 came to  
 Lord Derby.

[page 106.]

**Nant-  
 wich 3.**

The 3. was WILLIAM MALBEDDINGE,<sup>2</sup>  
 of Nantwiche BARON, from whose name  
 his grandchilds daughter did it bringe :  
 60 Vernon & Bassett had the same  
 by Marriage, *which* did come to passe  
 after the first created was  
 about of yeeres some 73,  
 64 were *parted* by coparsonarye.<sup>3</sup>

3. William  
 Malbed-  
 dinge,

but sithence then, *that* Barronrye  
 mongst Coheyres many soe did rest,  
*that* some of them but of *that* fee  
 68 a 36 part possesst.<sup>4</sup>

whose lands  
 became  
 divided into  
 36ths.

**Shib-  
 broke 4:**

Then Guarren Vernon after him  
 of Shibbrooke next created hee,  
 the heyres of whom haue Barrons [bin<sup>5</sup>]  
 72 for 5 descents continuallye.  
 the last deceased; then it came  
 to litle-bury, & Wilbraham,  
 & stafford by his sisters 3,  
 76 who vnto these 3 marryed bee.

4. Guarren  
 Vernon,  
 whose  
 barony

<sup>1</sup> *t. i.* Hawardin; these three castles  
 are in Flint.—Robson.

<sup>2</sup> Maldebeng or Malbanc.—Robson.

<sup>3</sup> copersonarye, the same as coparceny;  
 in Law, an equal share of coparceners,

which are such as have an equal share  
 in y<sup>e</sup> Inheritance of an ancestor. John-  
 son.—P.

<sup>4</sup> Four lines seem wanting.—Robson.

<sup>5</sup> supplied by Percy.—F.

ultimately  
vested in  
Sir John  
Savage.

80 & after this it scattered was  
amongst the heyres full many a day ;  
till att the lenght it came to passe,  
the gratest *part* therof doth stay  
with Sir John Savage, to whose name  
by marriage & descent it came  
from Bostockes daughter, maiden bright,  
84 whose father was a worthye *Knight*.

5. Robert  
Fitzhugh,

ROBERT FITZHUGHE, the next in place,  
of Malpus Barron was created,<sup>1</sup>  
which he enioyed but litle space  
88 before his dayes grew out of date,  
leaving noe heyres. he being dead,  
the Earle created in his stead  
Eginion ap<sup>2</sup> David, vnto whome  
92 succeeded Raphe, his onlye sonne.

Malpus  
5.

whose  
heritage was  
divided  
into  
moieties.

2 daughters, but noe sonne at all,  
that Raphe hee had ; who, being dead,  
the Heritage forthwith did fall  
96 to those *that* did his daughters wedde :  
first, david Clarke, he had the one,  
he was the william Belwards sonne ;  
the other, Robert Patricke had ;  
100 they twixt them selues *partition* made.

From the  
owner of one  
came the  
Egertons.

from Phillip, who was younger sonne  
to David Clarke assuredlye,  
the ancient house of Egerton  
104 doth truly draw their Pedigree.  
long after this, full many yeeres,  
by marriage made amongst their heyres,  
the gratest *part* of all the same  
108 to Sutton the *Lord* DUDLEY came,

<sup>1</sup> create.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Eynion ap.—P.



- from whom, by purchase after made,  
*that part* Sir William BRUIRTONS<sup>1</sup> is,  
to whom by Marryage alsoe had  
112 with Egertons daughter, as I gesse,  
another *part* of all that fee  
descended to him Lineallye ;  
- soe he 7 *parts* of 8 possest,  
116 Sir Randle Bruirton had the rest.
- Dunham** Vpon Hughe Massey he did bestow  
**6.** the Dunham Massey barronrye,  
to whom there did succeed in row  
120 8 heyres of his successiuelye ;  
from thence-forthe mongst the femall heyres  
it scattered was for many yeeres,  
yet most *part* after ages past  
124 to Boothe of Du[n]ham came at last.
- Kinder-** The next was Gylbert Venables,  
**ton 7:** the baron made of Kinderton,  
from whome the same to these our dayes  
128 in downe-right Line did still hold on  
To Peeter, who now holds the same, [page 107.]  
eniouing title, Lands & name.  
few howses shall you find beside,  
132 *that* in one name soe long abide.
- Stoppport** Nicholas of Stoppport was the Last  
**8:** to whome *that* title he did giue;  
but after many ages past,  
136 in *which* his heyres did Barons liue,  
Warreyn of Poynton gott the same  
by Marryage : *which* warreyn came  
of Earle Warreyn of Surrey, soothe,  
140 as Camden doth affirme for truth.
6. Hugh Massey,  
7. Gilbert Venables, whose barony Peter now holds.  
8. Nicholas.

<sup>1</sup> Breretons.—Robson.

these Barons all were councellors  
 vnto the Earle in his affaires,  
 & some were household officers,  
 & left their places to their heyres.  
 the yeere 1093  
 he built westchaster monasterrye,  
 & 45<sup>1</sup> yeeres compleate  
 he did enioye *that* famous seate.

Earl Lupus  
 in 1093 A.D.  
 built  
 Westchester  
 Monastery.

144  
  
  
  
  
  
  
148

## [The Second Part.]

Lupus is  
 succeeded by  
 his son,

2 Part

Richard his sonne, but 7 yeers old,  
 succeeded in his fathers place;  
 he did this famous erldome hold  
 152 for 19 yeeres & 3 monthes space,  
 & sayling then from Normandye—  
 ffirst Henerys sonnes to accompanye—  
 Neer Barffleete being run on ground,  
 156 them selues & all there traine were drown[d].

**Richard**  
  
**2<sup>d</sup> Earle  
 of Ches-  
 ter**

who is  
 succeeded by  
 his cousin,

and he by  
 his son.

160  
  
  
  
  
  
  
164

Then Randulphe Gurnon,<sup>2</sup> next earle was he<sup>3</sup>;  
 he was Hugh Lupus sisters sonne,  
 who but 8 yeeres in[i]oyed *that* place  
 ere his liues glasse were ffully runn.  
 Randulph Meshieeffes,<sup>4</sup> Gernons heyre,  
 was next *that* did enioye *that* Chayre.  
 This Randle both in peace & warr  
 164 past all the english nobles ffarr ;

**Randle  
 &: 3 erle**  
  
**Randle :  
 4 Earle**

<sup>1</sup> read 'five and forty.'—F.

<sup>2</sup> This is Gernon in Ormerod's *Cheshire*. There is an oval line round the *n* in the MS.—F.

<sup>3</sup> *he*, delend.—P.

<sup>4</sup> Spelt Mescheues, l. 238; it should be *Meschines*.—Robson. *The d of Gerdon following has been altered to n in the MS.*—F. The ballad here is wrong: the third earl was Randulph le Meschin

(spelt in various ways: Low Latin *Meschinus* = juvenis) de Briquesart, very frequently called de Meschines. His son and heir was Randolph de Gernons. The lines ought to be :

Then Randulph Meschin, next earl was  
 he ;  
 Randulph de Gernons, Meschines heir,  
 was next, &c.—Robson.

in his time Steven ruled this land,  
 to <sup>1</sup> Maude the Empresse, dew of right,  
 first Henerys heyre : him to withstand,  
 168 shee labored all the freinds shee might.  
 the Earle, to avoyd <sup>2</sup> him, raysed his power,  
 woone many a citye, towne, & tower ;  
 & of all those he did obtaine,  
 172 he had the honor, shee the gaine.

who in  
 Maude's  
 cause  
 against  
 Stephen

The *King*, to Lincolne, seeige had layd,  
 & layne before it many dayes ;  
 the Earle came downe the towne to ayde,  
 176 with all his power the seeige to rayse.  
 Some thought the *King* durst not abide  
 with him the battell to haue tryde ;  
 but though his coming he did know,  
 180 yet from the seeige he wold not goe.

helps to  
 raise the  
 siege of  
 Lincoln,

Vpon the plaine before the towne,  
 thé <sup>3</sup> battell Ioyned couragiouslye ;  
 there many a *Knicht* was beaten downe  
 184 ere either gott the victorie ;  
 att lenth the Earle did win the day,  
 the *Kings* power broke & run awaye,  
 the Kinge in Chace himselfe [was] tane,<sup>4</sup>  
 188 & most part of all his soliders <sup>5</sup> slaine.

wins the  
 battle there,

to the Empresse Maude att Glocester  
 he did deliuer vp the Kinge,  
 who kept him as a prisoner  
 192 from Midsumer vnto the springe ;  
 then for the erle of Gloster  
 who taken was att winchester,  
 her bastard brother to sett free,  
 196 she gaue the *King* his lybertye.

and delivers  
 up Stephen  
 to Maude.

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* this land due of right to Maude.  
 —Robson.

<sup>2</sup> to avoyd, *i. e.* to oust him, to make  
 him void, vacate the Throne.—P.

<sup>3</sup> They.—P.

<sup>4</sup> was tane.—P.

<sup>5</sup> Spelt thus afterwards, l. 314, &c.—  
 F.

- & after manye a bloodye feeld  
 where countles numbers had beene slaine,  
 the King did to condicions <sup>1</sup> yeeld,  
 200 soe during life himselfe might rayne,  
 The Empresse soone at his deccase [page 108.]  
 shold haue the crowne to her in peace,  
 & euery one that tooke his <sup>2</sup> part  
 204 he pardoned freelye from his hart.
- the we[1]chmen <sup>3</sup> did incursions make  
 on Randulphes countye Palatine,  
 whilst he such endles paines did take  
 208 in peace those princes to conioyne.  
 but heering itt, such speed he made  
 with *that* small power then he hadd,  
 whilst neere Nantwiche they sought their prey,  
 212 he slew all those went not awaye.
- the first yeere of his dignitye,  
 an abbey there he helpet <sup>4</sup> to founde,—  
 where-to Hugh Malbancke devoutlye  
 216 gaue all the site & other grounde,—  
 called the Abbey of Cumbermeare,  
 indowed with Liuings good & fayre,  
 wherto 2 Lordshipps of great worth  
 220 the sayd Hugh Malbancke did tread <sup>5</sup> forth,
- his wiffe & children being there,  
 barfooted <sup>6</sup> & bareheaded *with-all*  
 did walke about from Mere to Mere.  
 224 these Lordshipps 'wilkslye' men doe call,  
 & 'dodcott' eke, the *which* doe lye  
 & Ioyne together certainlye;  
 of ancient rent, as I doe heare,  
 228 noe lesse then 80<sup>li</sup> a yeere.

Randle also  
 defeats an  
 invasion of  
 Welshmen,

and helps  
 to found  
 Combermere  
 Abbey

<sup>1</sup> conditions.—P.

<sup>2</sup> her, qu.—P.

<sup>3</sup> Welchmen.—P.

<sup>4</sup> helpd.—P.

<sup>5</sup> ? add.—F.

<sup>6</sup> barefoot.—P.

begining thus, as wee may see,  
 abbeys to build *with* godlye feare,  
 the last yeere Poolton fownded hee. and Poulton.

232 he gouerned 25<sup>1</sup> yeere,  
 then died, as euery other must ; Randle dies ;  
 “ but though thy body turne to dust,  
 religious, valliant, Iust, & wise  
 236 great Earle ! thy honor neuer<sup>2</sup> dyes ! ” but his  
honour  
never dies !

**Hugh  
Keve-  
lock 2 :  
5 Erle.** When great Mescheues was deceased, Randle is  
succeeded  
by his son,  
who invades  
Wales.  
 his sonne Hugh Keuelocke did enioye  
 his honour, & the same encreased  
 240 by valor & by industrie.  
 he *with* his power did wales inuade,—  
 for inrodes *which* themselues had made  
 vpon his lands,—& conquered all  
 244 Broome feild, & greatest part of yalle.<sup>3</sup>

beloued both of *King* & peeres,  
 & greatlye feared of his foes,  
 he gouerned 29<sup>4</sup> yeeres,  
 248 & then the way of all flesh goes,  
 & left to gouerne in his place  
 the cheefest man of all that race,  
**Randle** His sonne, called Randle Blondvile, Hugh is  
succeeded by  
his son,  
Randle, the  
Paragon of  
England,  
**3<sup>d</sup> 6<sup>th</sup>** 252 the parragon<sup>5</sup> of all that Ile,  
**Earle :**

bold, bewtifull, religious, wise,  
 profoundlye learned, liberall,  
 in all things dealing *with* advice,  
 256 of haughtye mind, yet milde *with* all,

<sup>1</sup> *read* ‘ five and twenty.’—F.  
<sup>2</sup> *never*.—Robson.  
<sup>3</sup> *yale*, in Robson.—F.  
<sup>4</sup> *read* ‘ nine and twenty.’—F.  
<sup>5</sup> *Paragon* : m. A paragon, or peere-  
 lesse one ; the perfection, or flower of ;

the most complete, most absolute, most  
 excellent peece, in any kind whatsoever ;  
 hence also, a Patterne or Touchstone  
 whereby the goodness of things is tried.  
 Cotgrave.—F.

- who marries  
 Geoffrey's  
 (Henry II.'s  
 son) widow,
- 260 this younge Erle : *which* soe did moue  
 the 2<sup>d</sup> Henery him to loue,  
*that*, his sonne Jefferey being dead,  
 he did to him his widow wedd ;
- and gets  
 new  
 earldoms  
 and lands  
 with her.
- 264 of Britaine & of Richmond shee  
 in her owne wright a Countesse was,  
*which* added to his dignytye  
 of mightye Earledomes made in <sup>1</sup> a sec.<sup>2</sup>  
 of Chester, lincolne, Huntinton,  
 his father Earle was ; but the sonne,  
 flint, Denbye, & the Powesse lands <sup>3</sup>  
 268 besides, had gott *with-in* his hands ;
- 5 earldomes & 3 barronryes  
 he now enioyes, *with* Mannours fayre,  
 & many wealthy royaltyes  
 272 in Nottingham & in Stafordshire ;  
 But his great honors altered not  
 his mind nor manners neuer a Iot,  
 for full of Princlye <sup>4</sup> curtesie  
 276 euen to the last continued hee.
- Earl Randle  
 takes part in  
 the third  
 crusade,
- when 2<sup>d</sup> Henery was deceast,<sup>5</sup>  
 & CUERDELYON wore the crowne,  
 his fame in forraine land increase[t ; <sup>6</sup>]  
 280 for *that* great King of high renowne,  
 the french King, & the Emperour,  
 & AUSTRICH DUKE, a man of power,  
 did Ioyne together to redeeme  
 284 the Citye of Ierusalem ;

[page 109.]

<sup>1</sup> ? *add* many.—F.<sup>2</sup> ? *fee*.—Robson. of Earldoms made  
a mighty mass.—Cole's MS.<sup>3</sup> Flint, Denbigh, Branfeild, Powis-

land.—Cole's MS.

<sup>4</sup> MS. princlelye.—F. princelye.—P.<sup>5</sup> deceast.—P.<sup>6</sup> increast.—P.



- for *that* great Souldan, Saladine,  
 in open feild not long before  
 tooke prisoners Guy of Lusignon  
 288 & many valliant christians more ;  
 after *which* feild the Sarazen  
 gott Ioppa & Ierusalem,  
 Tyre, Sidon, Acon & Trypolis,  
 292 & many cityes more then these.
- the[n]<sup>1</sup> before Messene in Cicilee  
 the Christen princes poynt to meete  
 with all their warlicke companye,  
 296 & their together Ioyne their fleete.  
 but man doth purpose, god dispose,  
 for att the sea such tempests rose,  
 the Emperour Lands on Syryan shore,  
 300 the french *King* att Tyrrana Bore,
- King* Richard Cuerdelyon lands  
 vpon the fruitfull Cypresse Ile,  
 & there he Marshalld all his bands,—  
 304 the vantguard Randle Blondvile,  
 himselfe the battell as their head,  
 the rereguard the Erle of Pembroke Ledd ;—  
 he heard how by a Sarazen  
 308 *that* land had neuer conquered beene.
- The turkish *King* on the other side,  
 thinking his power made weake by sea,  
 the battell boldlye did abyde ;  
 312 but the English *King* did win the day,  
 the Turkish *King* was slaine in feild ;  
 his soliders *that* escapet did yeeld,  
 & to *King* Richard thé<sup>2</sup> did restore  
 316 all the holds they had gott before.

which was  
 caused by  
 Saladin's  
 great  
 successes.

Randle com-  
 mands the  
 vangnard of  
 Richard's  
 army in  
 Cyprus.

The Turks  
 are beaten  
 there.

<sup>1</sup> tho or then.—P.

<sup>2</sup> they (delend).—P.

The  
crusaders  
reach  
Palestine.

he garrisons in all did place,  
& then forthwith mand out his fleete ;  
att lenght came where the french *King* was,  
320 whose hart reioced when thé<sup>1</sup> meete ;  
and being mett, thé<sup>2</sup> sayled amaine,  
the holy Land for to attaine,  
And after landed in short time<sup>3</sup>  
324 vpon the cost of Palestine.<sup>3</sup>

[The Third Part.]

Randle is  
the first to  
mount the  
walls of

3 Part {  
328 to Acon walls thé<sup>4</sup> seege did lay,  
& compassed it by sea & land ;  
& after battery many a day,  
to assaulte, eche one prepared his bande.  
the Erle of Chester first of all  
by force did mount the Citye wall,  
And there in signe of victorye  
332 pight *Richards* coulors vpon hec.

The French  
king goes  
home.  
The English  
wars on,

thé sett the Christian prisoners free ;  
the Sarazens went all to wracke  
sane such as wold baptized bee ;  
336 the Citye all was put to sacke ;  
which done, the french *King* home returned ;  
& valliant *Richard* still soiuorned ;  
& after, he & *saladine*  
340 in battell did together Ioyne.

and wins a  
great  
victory.

*King Richard* gott the victorye ;  
for after countlese numbers slaine,  
great *Saladine* away did flee,  
344 & being saue,<sup>5</sup> sent backe againe

<sup>1</sup> they.—P.

<sup>2</sup> they.—P.

<sup>3</sup> These two lines are marked in the

MS. as belonging to Part III.—F.

<sup>4</sup> they.—P.

<sup>5</sup> safe.

a messenger to offer peace,  
*that* for 3 yeeres all warrs might cease ;  
 which offer *Richard* did accept ; [page 110.]  
 348 thé<sup>1</sup> prisoners changed, & couenants kept.

how *Richard* in returne, by fraude  
     was by the Archduke prisoner tane,  
 how long he there did make abode,  
 352 how he was ransomed home againe,  
 how afterwards he did advance  
 his standards gainst the *King* of france,  
 what forts and cityes he did gaine,  
 356 & how by chance he there was slaine,

Then  
 returning  
 home, is  
 kept a  
 prisoner  
 by the  
 Archduke ; is  
 set free, and  
 makes war  
 on France.

& how in all his bloodye warr  
     Earle Randle *presence* neuer fayld,  
 how when his foes had passed farr  
 360 in count, his courage neuer failde,  
 I ouer-passe : to show I come  
 in *King* *Iohns* raigne what deeds were done  
 by this great Erle, what ayd he gaue,  
 364 the crowne and Kingdome both to saue.

Randle never  
 fails him.

the sea of Canteburye voyd,  
     the Monkes by their authorytie  
 which many yeeres they had enioyed,  
 368 chose Steven Langton to *that* sea,<sup>2</sup>  
 but him the *King* wold not admitt ;  
 wherfore the Bishoppe did him gett  
 vnto the Pope, & such meanes made  
 372 *that* conformation<sup>3</sup> there he had ;

When in  
 King John's  
 reign,  
 Stephen  
 Langton  
 appeals  
 from the  
 King to the  
 Pope,

but *that* the *King* did more incense,  
     as breach of his prerogatiue,

the King  
 banishes  
 him.

<sup>1</sup> they.—P.

<sup>2</sup> see.—Robson.

<sup>3</sup> confirmation.—P.

- wherfor the Monkes he banished hence,  
 376 & did warning to Langton giue  
 ' on paine of death for to refraine,  
 & neuer come in this land againe.'  
 which heard, he straight returned home  
 380 fo[r] excommunication
- The Pope, at  
 Stephen's  
 instance,  
 excom-  
 municates  
 the King  
 and the  
 country,  
 and  
 persuades  
 France to  
 invade him  
 and it.
- against the *King* & all the Land;  
 wherto the pope did giue consent,  
 for such as did the church with-stand,  
 384 they were accurst incontinent.  
 the Neighbouring *Kings* he did perswade  
*King* Iohns dominions to Inuade,  
 & cut<sup>1</sup> the subiects of his realme  
 388 from duty & obedyence cleane,
- The King is  
 forced to  
 give in.
- & by this means such warr to rise  
 against the *King* both here & hence,  
 by out & inward enemyes,  
 392 *that* to procure the popes dispence,<sup>2</sup>  
 to his legatt he surrender made  
 of crowne & all the power he had,  
 & then did backe receiue his crowne,  
 396 &<sup>3</sup> tribute to the church of Rome.
- So doing  
 scandalizes  
 his peers,  
 who ask the  
 French King  
 for his son  
 to reign  
 over them.
- but this did soe his peeres offend  
 as scandall was<sup>4</sup> to the estate,  
 & they forthwith to france did send  
 400 to the french *King*, for to intreate  
*that* he vnto them<sup>5</sup> presentlye  
 wold send his sonne, their *King* to bee;  
 &<sup>6</sup> hostages<sup>7</sup> he was content,  
 404 & with a power his sonne he sent.

<sup>1</sup> quitts.—Cole's MS.<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* dispensation.—P.<sup>3</sup> on.—Cole's MS.<sup>4</sup> as scandalous.—Cole's MS.<sup>5</sup> MS. then.<sup>6</sup> on.—Cole's MS.<sup>7</sup> with Hostages, qu.—P.

- Noe sooner was he come of <sup>1</sup> shore,  
 but the english barrons Ioynd with him ;  
 winchester first, & winsor then <sup>2</sup>  
 408 he gott, & did the seege begin  
 about DOUER : but with inward greefe  
 or surfett, Iohn departs this life,  
 & left a sonne but 9 years old,  
 412 the *which* of right succeed him shold.
- the infants low <sup>3</sup> distressed state,—  
 Being voyd of meanes himselfe to ayde,—[page 111.]  
 Erle Randle did comiserate,  
 416 & likewise valliant Pembrooke prayd  
 to ioyne with him, young Henerye  
 to london to accompanye  
 from Newarke, where his father dyed,  
 420 & crownd <sup>4</sup> him spite of french mens pryde ;
- which* they accordinglye performed,  
 & there with dew solemnitye  
 the infant with the crowne adorned,  
 424 & swore his subiects to be true <sup>5</sup> ;  
 & then the next insuing day  
 thé towards Lincolne marcht away,  
 & by assault the Citye woone,  
 428 where many french to death were done.
- But when french Lewis once did heare  
 what numbers of his men were slaine,  
 & of what force the 2 earles was, <sup>6</sup>  
 432 without delay himselfe was faine,—  
 money being payd for his expence,—  
 noe claime to make, but *part* from hence,

The Dauphin  
advances  
into the  
country.

King John  
dies.

Randle  
supports his  
youthful  
son,

crowns him  
at Newark,  
beats the  
French at  
Lincoln.

The Dauphin  
is fain to  
get out of  
the country.

<sup>1</sup> on.—P.

<sup>2</sup> and then Windsor.—P.

<sup>3</sup> loan.—Cole's MS.

<sup>4</sup> crowne. — P. Like *dround* for  
*drown*.—F.

<sup>5</sup> true to be.—P.

<sup>6</sup> were.—P.

- & all such places to restore  
 436 wherof he conquest made before.
- Earl Randle  
 prepares for  
 another  
 crusade,  
 thus hauing placed in peace & rest  
 young Henery in his fathers throne,  
 by all good subiects hylie blest,  
 440 [the] Erle returned backe home,<sup>1</sup>  
 & valliant Pembrooke<sup>2</sup> to<sup>3</sup> abyde,  
 the infant *King* to rule & guide.  
 Erle Randle did entend againe  
 444 a iourney to Ierusalem,
- with the  
 Earl of  
 Winchester, 448 & hauing gathered such a power  
 as fitting was for his intent,  
 with Quinsay, Erle of winchester,  
 who Ioyned with him, to sea he went ;  
 & by the way he vnderstoode  
 how christian bands by Nilus flood  
 beseeged the citye damyatte,  
 452 & long with losse had lyen theratt.
- assists in the  
 siege of  
 Damietta,  
 wherfore he thither bent his course,  
 & came in time to giue them ayde,  
 for rayse their seege thé must of force  
 456 through extreame want, but he them stayd,  
 & with the great applause of all  
 he chosen was *Lord* Generall ;  
 nor gaué thé him *that* name in vaine,  
 460 for they by his meanes the citye gaine.<sup>4</sup>
- exchanges  
 the captured  
 city for  
 Jerusalem,  
 inestimable<sup>5</sup> was the store  
 of gold & welthy Merchandize

<sup>1</sup> The Erle, he back returned home.  
 —P.

<sup>2</sup> MS. Penbrooke.—F.

<sup>3</sup> ? did.—F.

<sup>4</sup> MS. gainde, *with the d* crossed through.  
 —F.

<sup>5</sup> cf. Fr. *estimable*, esteemable, valuable, priseable: Cotgrave.—F.



that there they gott : but he did more  
 464 esteeme gods [glory] then <sup>1</sup> the prize.  
 the ægyptian Souldan Saladine  
 did offer him Ierusalem  
 & all those holds he gott of Late  
 468 in Iury, backe *pro* <sup>2</sup> DAMIATTE,

which he accepted in the name  
 of Iohn, who was then Iuryes *King*.  
 him leaving to receive the same,  
 472 he into England backe did bring,  
 without great lose, his famous bands  
 renowned and feared in heathen Lands,  
 & soe enriched, there was not one  
 476 but had enough to liue vpon.

& instantlye on his returne  
 resolving now to liue in peace,  
 the great strong castle of Beeston  
 480 he built, with the abbey of Delacreese,<sup>3</sup>  
 & Chortley castle :—in 2 yeeres  
 those 2 great castles finished were ;  
 in 1220<sup>4</sup>  
 484 they both were finished *perfectlye* ;—

and after liued for 12 yeeres space,  
 Loden with honour, welth, & yeeres, [page 112.]  
 both hielie in his princes grace,<sup>4</sup>  
 488 & r[e]uerenced of all the peeres,  
 & equall with all those aboue,  
 most deeplie in the commons loue ;  
 But at the last, att wallingford,  
 492 his Erldomes Lost their honored *Lord*.

returns to  
 England,

builds  
 Beeston and  
 Chortley  
 castles,

A.D. 1220 ;

dies at  
 Wallingford,  
 A.D. 1232,

<sup>1</sup> God's glory than.—P. God's house  
 esteeme.—Cole's MS.

<sup>2</sup> *pro*, *i. e.* for.—P.

<sup>3</sup> Deulacres, or Dieulacres ; spelt both  
 ways in Dugdale's *Monasticon*, vol. 1,

p. 890, where there are many curious  
 details about the foundation of the abbey.  
 —Robson.

<sup>4</sup> There is a tag at the end of *e* as if  
 for *s*.—F.

having held  
his earlship  
for half a  
century.

for 50 yeeres in 4 *Kings* rayne,  
Some-times in peace, sometimes in striffe,  
his Earldomes in his hands remaines ;  
496 then I-shule-se<sup>1</sup> he left his life.

He leaves  
four sisters.

he had 4 sisters, vnto whom  
his Land successiuelye shold come :  
all in his life time marryed were ;  
500 the Eldest of whom Iohn Scott did beare

by DAVID of the royall line  
of Scottish *Kings*, one of whose heyres  
[enjoyed the<sup>2</sup>] Scottish crowne in time,  
504 as by the Cronickle appeares.

Erle Arrundell the 2<sup>d</sup> had ;  
& darby of the 3<sup>d</sup> choice made ;  
& Quinsey, the erle of winchester,  
508 had to his wife the youngest of 4.

Randle is  
succeeded by  
his nephew,

in Chester Abbey was interrred  
Erle Randles body : to whose place  
Iohn Scott, his nephew, was preferred,  
512 who likewise Erle of Anguish<sup>3</sup> was.  
he after 5 yeeres, I-shules<sup>4</sup>

**Iohn Sc-  
ott : 7<sup>th</sup>  
Erle.**

at whose  
death the  
King seizes  
his earldom,

att darnall dyed : the king did ceaze  
his erldomes all into his hands,  
516 giuing his sisters other lands ;

for he 4 sisters left alieue,  
& Allen, *Lord* of Galloway,  
the eldest of them had to wiffe ;

520 She Derngill bore, *that Lady* gay,  
who by Iohn Balyoll forth did bring  
Iohn Balyoll, who was Scottish *King*.  
the next was mached to Robert Bruise,  
524 a Scottish Lord of ancient house.

<sup>1</sup> issueless.—Cole's MS.

<sup>2</sup> enjoyed the.—Cole's MS.

<sup>3</sup> Angus.—Cole's MS.

<sup>4</sup> issueless.—Cole's MS.

EARLES OFF CHESTER.

the 3 noe Ishue had ; the 4<sup>th</sup>  
& last did Henery Hastings wedd,  
& to him Iseue store brought forth,  
528 of whom are famous houses bredd.  
*King* Henery, after 16 yeeres,  
vnto prince Edward & his heyres,  
*Kings* of this lande, did it convey  
532 by patent ; soe vntill this day

and  
presently  
bestows it  
on Prince  
Edward.

all princes <sup>1</sup> of this Land did hold  
the same with as great royaltie  
as Lupus had the same of old,  
536 & his succeeding *progenie*.  
soe Chester euer hath had since  
an Erle when England had a Prince ;  
& when as princes there had beene none,  
540 the *profitts* to the crowne haue gone.

¶ ins.

<sup>1</sup> MS. princer.—F.

## Earle of Westmorlande.<sup>1</sup>

[This is a sequel to the Rising in the North. Page 255 [of MS.].—P.]

[IN TWO PARTS.—P.]

THE only copy known of this ballad is that here printed for the first time.

Two other ballads dealing with the subject of it—the Northern Rebellion—are well known. They are “The Rising in the North,” and “Northumberland betrayed by Douglas,” both preserved in the Folio, and printed from it by Percy with more or less corruption. Wordsworth’s “White Doe of Rylstone” is the greatest poem that deals with it.

This rebellion was one of many signs given by the North of its attachment to the old faith. Signs of that adherence had been shown more than once in Henry VIII.’s reign. The re-establishment of the Reformation shortly after Elizabeth’s accession excited much dissatisfaction. The old order of things seemed passing away irrevocably. Some nine years afterwards the arrival in England of Mary Queen of Scots gave discontent a definite aim and purpose. This was to secure her succession to the throne, and with it the permanent restoration of Romanism. The wife of the Duke of Norfolk had died in 1567. In 1569 a scheme was formed for effecting a marriage between that nobleman, the great champion of Romanism, and the exiled Romanist Queen. It meditated no immediate treason against Queen Elizabeth, at least so far as the Duke himself understood it. But it seems to have been concealed from her

<sup>1</sup> Charles Neville.—P.

with a suspicious studiousness, while both the French and the Spanish courts were informed of it and warmly encouraged it. However, with such dexterous ministers at her service as Cecil and Walsingham, and such effective means for penetrating the secrets of any policy as the ideas of that time allowed and those ministers frequently employed, the Queen was soon aware of it. Norfolk, who when the Queen alluded to it essayed to pacify her by a sneer glancing at the fate of Mary's last husband, was presently committed to the Tower. Thomas Percy, Earl of Northumberland (whose father had taken part in the Pilgrimage of Grace, and paid the penalty), and Charles Nevil, Earl of Westmoreland—the Blandamour and Paridal of "The Fairy Queen"—who also were concerned in the plot, were summoned to make their appearance in London. They returned excuses. A second summons came. Northumberland wavered. He was deceived into believing that the time for wavering was past. Westmoreland and he arose in arms. They muster their troops at Brancepeth, and declare their object to be "to restore the religion of their forefathers, remove evil counsellors from the Queen, and cause justice to be done to the Duke of Norfolk and the other lords then in prison or disgrace. They seize Durham, burn the Bible and celebrate mass once more in the cathedral there; then march southwards by Darlington and Richmond and Ripon and Boroughbridge, reinstating the old religious rites as they go, to Bramham Moor (the Bramaball more of v. 8 of our ballad). There their ill-starred expedition halts. On that moor, fatal to another Percy (the Northumberland of Shakespeare's "Henry IV.") some century and a half before, hearing that Sussex is advancing against them and Warwick levying troops and Mary of Scotland transferred from Tutbury to Coventry, a strongly fortified town and distant, and in the midst of an unfriendly population, they resolve to retreat. Accordingly they retrace their steps to Barnard Castle, which, after a brave resistance by Sir George Bowes, they at last

take. During the siege they secure Hartlepool, in order that they may have a harbour in which to receive the Spanish succours they look for. Sussex advancing in pursuit, they retire to Naworth Castle, and on his nearer approach they disperse. *Plectuntur Achivi*. Sixty-six rebels are executed at Durham, many others at York and London. Meanwhile the leaders fled for refuge to the Scotch marches, first into Liddesdale [“Therles, rebels, and their principall confederates,” writes Sir Ralph Sadler to the Secretary Cecil, “do lurk and hide themselves in the woodds and deserts of Lyddesdale; but if they tarry on the borders, there is good hope to have some of them ere it be long. Therles have changed their names and apparell, and ryde like the outlawes of Lyddesdale, and we have to presume and suspect grately that they shall receyve some helpe and comfort of the lord Hume, and of the Carres in Tividale”], and then, when the Elliots (who had “given pledges to the regent of Scotland”—see “Cabala,” p. 160, “Advertisements from Hexham,” December 22, 1569) raise their forces against them, into the Bateable. The Earls parted company. Northumberland entrusted himself to an Armstrong, Hector of Harlaw, who made his name a proverb of infamy by betraying him to Murray, whose successor Morton drew on himself the curses of his country by delivering him up to England. Of his fate something more may be said in the Introduction to the ballad which bewails it. Westmoreland’s movements seem to be in our ballad confounded with those of Northumberland. Indeed the first three stanzas, with slight variations, are assigned to Northumberland in that Earl’s ballad; and to him they properly belong. Westmoreland sought an asylum at Ferniherst (near Jedburgh) with Sir Thomas Ker. In that wild sanctuary Constable, Cecil’s spy, found him, sadly crestfallen. “Then I praid my lord to consider that miserable estat that he had lewdly brought himself to, and to seke out the best way howe to recover



himself again; . . . . . he looked at me and tooke all patiently that I spoke, the teares overhauled his cheks abundantly. I could not forbear weping to see him sodenly fall to repentance; neither of us could speak to another of a long time; at last he wyped his chekes, and praid me to follow him; he went to his chamber in the tower and commaunded his men furth, and lockt to the dore himself, and thus he began: Cosen Robert, you are my kinsmann nere comed furth of my house, and one whome I derely love and trust. I must confess I have as lewdly overshott myself as any man could do; not the les, I pray you let me have your counsell what way you think were liklyest for me to obtaine my pardon and favor of the queen's majestie." The counsel given by this false kinsman, happily for the trusting Earl, came to nought. His companions in misfortune were hiding near him. In the autumn of 1570 he was seen by another spy, setting sail from Aberdeen to seek the protection of Spain. (Compare vv. 49-56).

So much for the first passage in his career described in our ballad. As we have said, the ballad seems to confuse him with Northumberland. With regard to v. 41, Lord Hunston, the governor of Berwick, displayed great vigour in pursuing the fugitives. The Captain Read mentioned in connection with the Berwick garrison, at one time suspected of sympathising with the rebels, afterwards greatly distinguished himself on the royal side in the fight with Leonard Dacre on the banks of the Chelt. "Capteine Reade," says Holinshed, "and the other capteins and soldiers of Berwike bare themselves right valiantlie and shewed proefe of their skill and hardie manhood in this skirmish." We may just mention that the Scotch borderers paid a heavy penalty for the hospitality shown to the Earls and their followers. Lord Sussex overran the district with fire and sword.

With regard to the second passage in Westmoreland's career

here described—his fortunes in the Spanish service—the account given has, so far as we know, no historical basis whatever. The ascertained facts are that he escaped to the Netherlands and became a pensioner of Spain. There are extant several letters written by him from Brussels and other places in the Low Countries to Burleigh, and one to his wife. In 1576—the year of Don John of Austria's appointment to the Governor-generalship of the Netherlands—Dr. Thomas Wilson informs Cecil that the English malcontents “swarm about Don John—the lewdee Erele, Stewkley the romanist, and Jenny that was at Milan;” and again, in the same year, “The Earl of Westmerland, Stewkly, and Jenny are come with the other rabble of rebels and fugityves to Don Jon, and use themselves very insolently agaynst our soverain.” The great dream of Spain was the invasion of England. One of Don John's many dreams was a marriage with the Scottish Mary. So the refugee Earl found some favour with the Spanish government. In 1583 a writer—no doubt a hearty Protestant—“on the execution of justice in England” speaks of him in a way to justify the above quoted epithet of “lewd.” He remarks that many “notable traitors and rebels,” when driven into exile, have made religion the pretext of their sufferings; yet, “divers of them before their rebellion lived so notoriously, the most part of their lives, out of all good rule either for honest manners or for any sense in religion, as they might have been rather familiar with Catalyn or favourers of Sardanapalus, then accompted good subjects under any Christian princes. As for some examples of the heads of these rebellions, out of England fled Charles Nevill, Earl of Westmoreland, a person utterly wasted by looseness of life and by God's punishment, even in the time of his rebellion bereaved of his children that should have succeeded him in the earldome and his bodie nowe eaten with ulcers of lewde causes (as his companions do saye) that no enemie he

hath can wish him a viler punishment, a pitiful losse to the realme of so noble a house, never before in any age attained for disloyaltie." Camden says, "within the compass of" 1584 "Charles Nevil, that traitorous rebel against his prince and country, the last Earl of Westmoreland of this house, ended his life obscurely in a miserable exile." But in fact he died in 1601. (See Sir Cuthbert Sharpe's "Memorials of the Rebellion of 1569.") His wife Anne (daughter of the Earl of Surrey, the poet, and so sister of the Duke of Norfolk mentioned above), "though deeply implicated in the rebellion, did not follow her lord into Scotland, but repaired to Howard House, and after some hesitation was received at Court." (Lingard. See v. 314 of our ballad.) She died in 1593.

In our text the Earl is represented as boldly turning sailor when he finds Scotland too hot for him, and, as he cruises, meeting Don John of Austria, who patronises him on the strength of something he has read in "the booke of Mable"—that a Briton, Charles Nevil, with a child's voice, should come over the sea—and conducts him to the Queen of Seville, who presently gives him a captain's commission, and, when he slays in single combat a very formidable enemy of hers, offers him her hand in marriage, and, when he declines that honour on the satisfactory ground that he is married already, bestows on him a pension of 100*l.* per diem. Perhaps this remarkable story was invented to explain and palliate the reception of a pension by an English Earl from a foreign court. The facts were that he was drawing a wretchedly meagre pension, and drawing it from sheer destitution. There can be no doubt that the English refugees in the Netherlands were miserably pinched and starved. The ballad glorifies a paltry pittance into a splendid largess, and confers it not to keep off starvation but for illustrious service done. Northern England, we have said, was fondly attached to the old religion; it was most fondly attached to its great sons, the Percies and the

Nevils. It cherished therefore, fondly, the memory of its champions in 1569. A letter of the time speaks of the "olde good will" of the people "deep grafted in their harts to their nobles and gentlemen of this country which fled." This goodwill delighted to throw a glamour over the miserable fortunes of those distressed exiles. It could not entertain the graceless reality. It zealously maintained the dignity of the author of a most futile rebellion—(How well the Earl explains his homelessness :

" When we were att home in England fayre,  
Our prince and wee cold not agree ")—

and established him as the mighty and successful supporter of a foreign throne. Says noble Nevil to the grateful Queen :

" If ever your grace doe stande in neede  
Champion to your highnesse againe I'll be."

" *Victrix causa Deis placuit, sed victa Catoni.*" When the ballad was written, the fame of Lepanto would be still ringing throughout Europe. Naturally then Don John, the hero of that signal victory, would be selected as the Spanish Admiral to meet and greet the Earl on his watery way.

Barbary was at this time a terrible name in Europe. The Corsairs of Tripoli and Tunis "scourged the seas," and were said to practise fearful cruelties on their Christian prisoners. Spain had suffered severe blows from them, (as, for instance, at Gelves in 1560). In 1569 the Moriscos, hoping for succours from these dreaded kinsmen, revolted. Don John was appointed to suppress them. The war lingered on for some two years, and was therefore going on when Westmoreland fled from England. It is possible that he may have served in it, and that the rumour of some exploit—some encounter with a Moorish chieftain in it, or in connection with it—may have furnished a hint for the terrible duel so fully portrayed in our ballad.

The King of Spain (Philip II.) is ignored or forgotten, that

the Queen may be in a position to "propose" to the Sultan's vanquisher. This incident of the proposal may, perhaps, have been borrowed from "The Spanish Lady's Love." There, similarly, the gentleman replies:

"I in England have already  
A sweet woman to my wife:  
I will not falsifie my vow for gold or gain,  
Nor yet for all the fairest dames that live in Spain."

And now let us speak briefly of Charles Nevil's companions—that is, the companions specified in the text, for many others shared his fortunes—his *dura navis, dura fugæ mala, dura belli*. Thomas Markenfield (the "Martinefeld" of our ballad, called elsewhere, variously, Merkenfeyld, Markenfeld, Markanfeld) of Markenfield, Yorkshire, returned from exile to take part in the rising, and took a very active part in it. His brother John narrowly escaped execution for what connection he had with it. No doubt Thomas's enthusiasm was intense, his experience wide, his influence very great. Our ballad endows him with a wonderful heraldic knowledge, and knowledge of men and of languages, and even with prophetic power. Both in the Borders and in the Netherlands he seems to have accompanied Westmoreland. He and four Nortons (the father and three sons) and Edward Dacre are all amongst the fugitives demanded of the Regent by Lord Sussex. But neither he nor any one of the others is mentioned by the spy as sailing from Aberdeen with the Earl. He and three Nortons and Edward Dacre are mentioned amongst the English pensioners of Spain. There is extant a letter addressed to him in Madrid in 1593 (Harl. MSS. No. 286). "*Your wife,*" it says, (she was one Isabel, daughter of Sir William Ingleby,) "*is powre, but prayeth hard for you . . . I fear she is in great lack of worldly comforts.*" With regard to the Nortons, the father, Sir Richard, "an old gentleman with a reverend gray head, bearing a cross with a



stremer," as Camden describes him, was seventy-one years of age when he joined the insurrection. The "Rising in the North" errs in stating that he was put to death for his share in it. Constable saw him during his retirement in the Borders, eager to hear of his sons, and much cheered to know that they were not all taken. William, Marmaduke, and Christopher were so, with their uncle Thomas. Francis, Sampson, and George had escaped across the Borders. With Francis and Sampson the old man got over the water and partook of Spanish bounty. The Dacre mentioned amongst the Earl's men may be Edward Dacre, a son of Lord Dacre of Gilsland, or his elder brother Leonard, who attempted an insurrection in the beginning of 1570, then fled to Scotland, and then to Flanders. Edward is heard of at Namur in Dec. 1574. He was dead in 1585.

Such are the ascertained facts transmuted and exaggerated, with additions, into the present ballad. The result is extremely curious and extremely obscure. We must now leave it, with all its singularity, to our readers.

---

1 HOW long shall fortune faile me now,  
 and keepe me heare in deadlye feare<sup>2</sup> ?  
 how long shall I in bale abide,  
 4 in misery my life to leade ?

Lord  
 Westmore-  
 land rebels  
 against  
 Elizabeth.

to ffall from my rose, it was my chance,  
 such was the Queene of England<sup>3</sup> fayre ;  
 I tooke a lake,<sup>4</sup> & turned my backe,  
 8 on Bramaball more shee caused my flye.

<sup>1</sup> These lines are given in one of my old copies to Lord Northumberland: they seem here corrupted.—P.

<sup>2</sup> fear and dread.—P.

<sup>3</sup> Queen Elizabeth.—P.

<sup>4</sup> play, sport.—P. thence, fight.—F.



- one gentle Armstrong *that* I doe ken, Armstrong  
 alas with thee I dare not mocke,  
 Thou dwellest soe far on the west border, [page 113.]  
 12 thy name is called the *Lord* Iocke.
- Now hath Armstrong taken Noble Nevill, takes  
 & as one Martin-feild did *profecye*,<sup>1</sup> Neville,  
 he hath taken the *Lord* Dakers, Dakers,  
 16 a lords sonne of great degree ;
- he hath taken old *Master* Nortton, Norton,  
 & sonnes 4 in his companye ;  
 hee hath taken another gentleman  
 20 called Iohn of Carnakie. and John of  
 Carnakie.
- then bespake him Charles Nevill ; Lord West-  
 to all his men I wott, sayd hee, moreland  
 sayes, “ I must into Scotland fare <sup>2</sup> ; and his men  
 24 soe nie the borders is noe biding for me.”
- when he came to Humes Castle, flee to Hume  
 & all his noble companye, Castle.  
 the *Lord* Hume halched <sup>3</sup> them right soone,  
 28 saying, “ banished men, welcome to mee ! ”
- they had not beene in Humes Castle The Regent  
 not a month & dayes 3, of Scotland  
 but the regent of Scotland he & god witt <sup>4</sup> hears of his  
 32 *that* banished men there shold be. being there,
- “ Ile write a letter,” sayd the regent then, and  
 “ & send to Humes Castle hastilye deliberates  
 to see whether *Lord* Humes wilbe soe good how to get  
 36 to bring the banished men vnto mee. at them.

<sup>1</sup> See l. 154, l. 61, &c. —F.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* go, pass.—P.

<sup>3</sup> *Halesing*, apud Scotos est salutatio, ab *Hail*, salve, ave. Gloss? to Gawin Douglas (rather from Halse, the neck :

to Halse, is to fall on the neck, embrace, *i. e.* salute).—P.

<sup>4</sup> *Lege*, got witt, got intelligence, knowledge, &c.; see below, Stanza 12 [l. 45]. —P.

- “ *that* Lord & I haue beene att deadlye fuyde,  
 & hee & I cold neuer agree :  
 writting a letter, *that* will not serue ;  
 40 the banished men must not speake with me ;  
  
 but I will send for the garrison of Barwicke,  
*that* they will come all with speede,  
 & with them will come a Noble Captaine  
 44 *which* is called *Captain* Reade.”  
  
 Lord Hume  
 transfers  
 them to  
 Camely  
 Castle.  
 then the Lord Hume he got witt  
 they wold seeke vnto Nevill, where he did lye ;  
 he tooke them out of the castle of Hume,  
 48 & brought them into the castle of Camelye.  
  
 Westmore-  
 land resolves  
 to turn  
 sailor.  
 then bespake him Charles Nevill,  
 to all his men, I wott, spoke hee,  
 sayes, “ I must goe take a Noble Shippe,  
 52 & weele be Marriners vpon the sea.  
  
 “ Ile seeke out fortune <sup>1</sup> where it doth Lye ;  
 in Scotland there is noe byding for mee.”  
 then thé tooke leaue with fayre Scotland,  
 56 for they are sealing vpon the sea.  
  
 As he and  
 his men sail,  
 they sight a  
 tall ship.  
 they had not sayled vpon the sea  
 not one day & monthes 3,  
 but they were ware of a Noble shippe  
 60 *that* 5 topps<sup>2</sup> bare all soe hye.  
  
 He calls  
 Markenfield  
 to him,  
 then Nevill called to Martin-feeld,  
 sayd, “ Martin-ffeeld, come hither to mee !  
 some good councell, Martin-feeld,  
 64 I pray thee giue it vnto mee ;

<sup>1</sup> fortune in MS.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Among Sea-men, *Tops* are taken for those round Frames of Board that lye upon the Cross-trees, near the Heads of

the Masts, where they get up to furle or loose the Top-sails. (Phillips.) *Top Castles*, ledgings surrounding the mast-head. (Halliwell.)—F.

“thou told me when I was in England fayre,  
 before *that* I did take the sea,  
 thou neuer sawst noe banner borne  
 68 but thou wold ken it with thine eye,

a man  
 famous  
 for his  
 knowledge  
 of heraldry

“thou neuer saw noe man in the face,  
 iff thou had seene before with thine eye,  
 thou coldest haue kend thy freind <sup>1</sup> by thy foe,  
 72 & then haue told it vnto mee ;

and memory  
 of men

“thou neuer heard noe speche spoken,  
 neither in greeke nor Hebrewē,  
 thou coldest haue answered them in any language,  
 76 & then haue told it vnto mee.<sup>2</sup>”

and  
 understand-  
 ing of  
 languages.

“*Master, Master*, see you yonder faire ancyent <sup>3</sup> ?  
 yonder is the serpent & the serpents head,  
 the mould-warpe <sup>4</sup> in the midst fitt,<sup>5</sup>  
 80 & itt all shines with gold soe redde ;

He discovers  
 from the  
 ensign that

<sup>1</sup> friend.—P.

<sup>2</sup> me unto ; so the Rhyme requires.—P.

<sup>3</sup> An *Ancient* or *Anshent*, a Flag or Streamer, set up in the Stern of a Ship. Phillips.—F.

<sup>4</sup> *Taulpe* : f. The little beast called a Mole or Moldewarp. Cotgrave. In Yorkshire *mouldywarpe* still. Two drawings of the arms of Don John are given in *Examples of the Ornamental Heraldry of the Sixteenth Century*, p. 34, just published (or printed privately) by Sir W. Stirling Maxwell, M.P. The arms are the shields of Castile, Leon, and Aragon, either quartering the arms of Austria, or bearing them upon an escutcheon of pretence. The only animals that he bore were lions and eagles. Mr. J. R. Planché, *Rouge Croix*, says, “The arms were only on the banner, the badge and crest on the standard, pennon &c. The arms of Don John of Austria were the same as those borne by his father, without any abatement to mark his illegitimacy. His crest was a plume of peacock’s feathers, and therefore I am as much at a loss as

ever to know what is meant by ‘the serpent and the serpent’s head, the moldwarpe &c.’ There is nothing in either his coat, crest, or badge, that by any ingenuity can be twisted into such a bearing.” Mr. Holmes suggests that the serpent and mole may have been a device of Don John’s, as about his time people were fond of adopting devices. Whether Don John chose his own flag or not, I cannot say ; he certainly brushed his own hair as he liked, and set the fashion that way. “Don *John*, because the haire on the left side of his temples grew upright, used with his hand to put away all the haire from his fore-head ; and because that baring of the Fore-head looked handsome in him, thence came the Fashion of combing and keeping the haire up, in-somuch as that kind of Foretop is in some places called an *Austrian*.” ed. 1650. Sr R<sup>t</sup> Stapylton, *Tr<sup>a</sup> of Strada’s Low-Country Warres*, bk. x. p. 21. (See his portrait, facing p. 26, bk. ix.)—F.

<sup>5</sup> *i. e.* in the middle part ; see page 361, st. 57 ; see also page 84 [of MS.]—P.

the ship  
belongs to  
John, Duke  
of Austria,

yonder is Duke Iohn of Austria,  
a Noble warryour on the sea,  
Whose dwelling is in Ciuill Land,<sup>1</sup>  
84 & many men, god wot, hath hee."

[page 114.]

and urges  
flight.

then bespake him Martin-feelde,  
to all his fellowes, I wot, said hee,  
"turne our noble shipp about,  
88 & *thats* a token *that* wee will flee."

Neville  
declines to  
fly.

"thy councell is not good, Martin-feeld;  
itt falleth not out fitting for mee;  
I rue the Last time I turnd my backe,  
92 I did displease my prince & the Countrye."

then bespake him Noble Nevill,  
to all his men, I wott, sayd hee,  
"sett me vp my faire Dun Bull,<sup>2</sup>  
96 with gilden hornes hee beares all soe hye,

"& I will passe yonder Noble Duke  
by the leane of Mild Marye;  
for yonder is the Duke of Austria  
100 *that* trauels now vpon the sea."

The Duke  
of Austria  
sends a  
herald to ask  
who Neville  
is.

& then bespake this Noble Duke,  
vnto his men then sayd hee,  
"yonder is sure some Nobleman,  
104 or else some youth *that* will not flee;

"I will put out a pinace fayre,  
a Harold of armes vpon the sea,  
& goe thy way to yonder noble shippe,  
108 & bring the *Masters* Name to mee."

<sup>1</sup> Cecil land, *i. e.* Sicily.—P.

<sup>2</sup> This is the Neville crest to this day.  
—J. R. Planché.

When the Herald of armes came before Noble Nevill,  
 he fell downe low vpon his knee,  
 “you must tell me true what is *your* name,  
 112 & in what countrye *your* dwelling may bee.”

“*that* will I not doe,” sayd Noble Nevill,  
 “by Mary Mild, *that* Mayden ffree,  
 except I first know thy *Masters* name,  
 116 & in what country his dwelling may bee.”

Neville will  
 first be told  
 who the  
 Duke is.

then bespake the Herald of armes—  
 O *that* he spoke soe curteouslye,—  
 “Duke Iohn of Austria is my *Masters* name,  
 120 he will neuer *Lene*<sup>1</sup> it vpon the sea ;

The herald  
 tells him.

“he hath beene in the citye of Rome,  
 his dwelling is in Ciuillee.<sup>2</sup>”  
 “then wee are poore Brittons,” the Nevill can say,  
 124 “where wee trauell vpon the sea,

“& Charles Nevill, itt is my name,  
 I will neuer lene it vpon the sea.  
 when I was att home in England faire,  
 128 I was the Erle of westmoreland,” sayd hee.

The Neville  
 declares  
 himself.

then backe is gone this herald of armes  
 whereas this Noble Duke did lye,  
 “loe, yonder are poore Brittons,”—can he say—  
 132 “where thé trauell vpon the sea,

The herald  
 reports what  
 he has  
 learnt.

“& Charles Nevill is their *Masters* name,  
 he will neuer lene it vpon the sea ;  
 when he was at home in England fayre,  
 136 he was the Erle of westmoreland, said hee.”

<sup>1</sup> *Lene*, *i.e.* conceal.—P. Old Norse, *leyna*, to hide.—F.

<sup>2</sup> *Ciillee*, *i.e.* Sicily.—P.

## [The Second Part.]

The Duke,  
remember-  
ing some old  
prophecy,  
asks for an  
interview  
with the  
Earl,

2 Part

Then bespake this Noble Duke,  
& euer he spake soe hastilye,  
& said, "goe backe to yonder Noble Man,  
140 & bid him come & speake with me,  
  
"for I haue read in the booke of Mable,  
there shold a brittaine come ouer the sea,  
Charles Nevill with a Childs voice :  
144 I pray god *that* it may be hee."

When these 2 nobles they didden meete,  
they halched eche other right curteouslye ;  
yett Nevill halched Iohn the sooner  
148 because a banished man, alas, was hee.

and wishes  
to see his  
men.

"call in *your* men," sayd this Noble Duke,  
"faine *your* men *that* I wold see."  
"euer alas!" said Noble Nevill,  
152 "they are but a litle small companye."

The Earl  
calls them  
in.

first he called in Martin-field,  
*that* Martin-ffeeld *that* cold prophecye ;  
he call[ed] in then Lord Dakers,  
156 A lords sonne of high degree ;

[page 115.]

then called he in old Master Nortton,  
& sonnes 4 in his companye ;  
he called in one other gentleman  
160 Called Iohn of Carnabye :

He confesses  
that he and  
his sovereign  
could not  
agree.

"Loe! these be all my men," said noble Nevill,  
"& all *thats* in my companye ;  
when we were att home in England fayre,  
164 our prince & wee cold not agree."



- then bespake this Noble Duke,  
 “ to try *your* manhood on the sea,  
 old *Master* Nortton shall goe ouer into france,  
 168 & his sonnes 4 in his companye ;
- “ & my *Lord* Dakers shall goe over into ffrance,  
 there a *Captaine* ffor to bee ;  
 & those 2 other gentlemen wold goe *with* him,  
 172 & for to fare in his companye ;
- “ & you *your*-selfe shall goe into *Ciuill* <sup>1</sup> Land,  
 & *Marttin*-ffield *that* can *prophecye*.”  
 “ *that* will I not doe,” sayd Noble Nevill,  
 176 “ by *Mary* Mild, *that* *Mayden* free,
- “ for *thé* haue knowen me in wele and woe,  
 in neede, scar[s]nesse <sup>2</sup> & pouertye :  
 before *Ile* *part* with the worst of them,  
 180 *Ile* rather *part* with my liffe,” sayd hee.
- & then bespake this Noble Duke,  
 & euer he spake soe curteouslye,  
 sayes, “ you shall *part* with none of them !  
 184 there is soe much manhood in *your* bodye.”
- then these 2 Noblemen labored together  
 pleasantlye vpon the sea ;  
 their Landing was in *Ciuill* <sup>3</sup> land,  
 188 in *Ciuilee* <sup>4</sup> that ffaire Citye.
- 3 nights att this Dukes, Nevill did lye,  
 & serued like a nobleman was hee ;  
 then the Duke made a supplication  
 192 & sent it to the Queene of *Ciuilee*,<sup>5</sup>

The Duke  
proposes to  
send the  
Nortons into  
France,

with Lord  
Dacres,

and to take  
the Earl and  
Markenfield  
to Sicily  
with him.

The Earl  
will not  
be parted  
from his  
followers.

So they all  
sail together  
to Sicily.

<sup>1</sup> Ciuil.—P.

<sup>2</sup> scarceness.—P.

<sup>3</sup> Ciuil.—P.

<sup>4</sup> Ciuilee.—P.

<sup>5</sup> In this and the like names following,

th *u* has only one stroke in the MS., as  
often happens. The letter is not meant  
for *c*, clearly, as it has not the accent or  
beak of a *c*.—F.

The Duke  
introduces  
Westmore-  
land to the  
Queen,

saying, "such a man is *your* citye *within*,  
I mett him pleasantly vpon the sea,  
he seemes to be a Noble Man,  
196 & Captaine to *your* grace he faine wold bee."

then the Queene sent for [these] Noble Men  
for to come into her companye.  
when Nevill came before the Queene,  
200 hee kneeled downe vpon his knee ;

who  
welcomes  
him,

shee tooke him vp by the lilly white hand,  
said, "welcome, my *Lord*, hither to me!  
you must first tell me *your* name,  
204 & in what countrye thy dwelling may bee."

he said, "Charles Nevill is my name ;  
I will neuer lene it in noe countrye ;  
when I was att home in England fayre,  
208 I was the Erle of westmorland trulye."

and makes  
him a  
captain.

the Queene made him Captaine ouer 40000,  
watch & ward *within* Ciuill land to keepe,  
& for to warr against the heathen Soldan,  
212 & for to helpe her in her neede.

When the  
Sultan of  
Barbary  
hears of  
him,

when the heathen soldan he gott witt—  
in barbarye where he did lye—  
sainge, "such a man is in yonder Citye *within*,  
216 & a bold venturer by sea is hee,"

he writes to  
the Queen,

then the heathen Soldan made a letter,  
& sent it to the Queene instantly,—  
& all that heard this letter reade  
220 where it was rehersed in Ciuillee,—

saying, "haue you any man *your Land within*,  
 Man to Man dare fight *with mee* ?  
 & both our lands shalbe ioyned in one,  
 224 & cristened lands they both shalbe."

and  
 proposes  
 a single  
 combat.

shee said, "I haue noe man my land *within*,  
 man to man dare fight *with thee* ;  
 but euery day thou shalt haue a battell,  
 228 if it be for these weekes 3."

The Queen  
 says she has  
 no one to  
 meet him.

All beheard him Charles Nevill  
 in his bedd where he did lye ;  
 & when he came the Queene before,  
 232 he fell downe low vpon his knee,

[page 116.]

"grant me a boone, my Noble Dame,  
 for chrissts loue *that* dyed on tree !  
 ffor I will goe fight with yond heathen soldan  
 236 if you will bestowe the manhood on mee."

Neville  
 offers to  
 meet him.

then bespake this curteous Queene,  
 & euer shee spoke soe curteouslye,  
 "though you be a banished man out of *your* realme,  
 240 it is great pitye *that* thou shold dye."

The Queen  
 hesitates.

then bespake this Noble Duke  
 as hee stood hard by the Queenes knee,  
 "as I haue read in the Booke of Mable,  
 244 there shall a Brittone come ouer the sea,

The Duke  
 persuades  
 her to  
 consent.

"& Charles Nevill shold be his name,  
 but a childes voyce, I wott, hath hee ;  
 & if he ben in Christendome,  
 248 for hart & hand this man hath hee."

then the Queenes counsell cast their heads together  
*that* Nevill shold fight with the heathen soldan  
*that* dwelt in the Citye of barbarye.

All the  
 arrange-  
 ments are  
 made.

252 the battell & place appointed was  
 in a fayre greene, hard by the sea,  
 & they shood <sup>1</sup> meete att the headless crosse,<sup>2</sup>  
 & there to fight right Manfullye.

Neville asks  
 to see the  
 Queen's flag.

256 then Nevill cald for the Queenes ancient,  
 & faine *that* ancient he wold see.  
 thé brought him forth the broken sword  
 with bloodye hands therin trulye ;

260 thé brought him forth the headless crosse,  
 in *that* ancycnt it was scene :  
 " O this is a token," sayd Martin-feeld,  
 " *that* sore ouerthrowen this prince hath beene."

Neville  
 orders  
 his own  
 standard to  
 be raised ;

264 " O sett me vp my fayre Dun Bull ;  
 & trumpetts blow me farr & nee,  
 vntill I come within a mile of the headlesse crosse,  
*that* the headlesse crosse I may see."

appoints  
 Markenfield  
 his lieu-  
 tenant ;

268 then lighted downe Noble Nevill,  
 & sayd, " Marttin-ffeeld, come hither to me !  
 heere I make thee Choice *Captain* over my host  
 vntill againe I may thee see."

and rides to  
 meet the  
 Sultan,

272 then Nevill rode to the headless crosse  
 which stands soe fayre vpon the sea :  
 there was he ware of the heathen soldan,  
 both fowle and vglye for to see.

<sup>1</sup> MS. stood, *for* should.—F.

<sup>2</sup> . . . Barouns gunne with hym ryde  
 Unto the *brokene cros* of ston.

Thedyr com the kyng ful soone anon,  
 And there he gan abyde.

*Rom. of Athelston*, in *Reliq. Antiq.* ii. 97.  
 —F.

- 276 then the soldan began for to call ;  
 2<sup>o</sup> he called lowd & hye,  
 & sayd, " what is this ? some kitchin boy  
*that comes hither to fight with mee ?* "
- 280 then bespake him Charles Nevill,—  
 but a child's voice, I wott, had hee,—  
 " thou spekest soe litle of gods might!  
 much more lesse I doe care for thee."
- 284 att the first meeting *that* these 2 mett,  
 the heathen Soldan & the Christen man,  
 thé broke their speares quite in sunder,  
 & after *that* on foote did stand.
- 288 the next meeting *that* these 2 mett,  
 thé swapt<sup>1</sup> together with swords soe fine ;  
 thé fought together till they both swett,  
 of blowes *that* were both derfe<sup>2</sup> & dire.
- 292 they fought an houre in battell strong ;  
 the soldan marke Nevill with his eye,  
 " there shall neuer man me ouercome  
 except it be Charles Nevill," sayd hee.
- 296 Then Nevill he waxed bold,  
 & cunning in fight, I wott, was hee,  
 euen att the gorgett of the Soldans Iacke<sup>3</sup>  
 he stroke his head of presentlye.

who scoffs  
at him.

They fight  
with spears,

with swords.

[page 117.] Neville  
prevails.

<sup>1</sup> to *swappe*, to strike, to cut off suddenly, &c.; Urry's Gl. Isl. *swipan*, motus subitus; *ab ad swipa*, cito agere. Lye.—P.  
<sup>2</sup> *derfe*, active, strong, robust. Gloss. to Gawn. Douglass, who has render'd *Durum* a stirpe genus, *Æ.* 9, 603, 'of nature *derfe* & *doure*' (N.B. *doure* is the Latin *durum*.) *Derfe*, in y<sup>e</sup> gloss<sup>r</sup>. is deriv'd from *deorfan*, S. A. laborare; it is used in many places, & seems to be in the sense of hard, hardy, rough. See pag. 388, lin. 324; Pag. 389, lin. 379 [of MS.].—P.

<sup>3</sup> Meyrick says the military *jack* originated with the English, and quotes the *Chronicle of Bertrand du Guesclin* (temp. Richard II.), to show its use:—

"Each had a jack above his hauberk."

He engraves a figure of Eudo de Arsic, 1260, who wears one of leather, exactly like the tunic without sleeves; it is buttoned down the front to the waist, and secured round it by a girdle. *Fairholt's Costume in England*, p. 514.—F.

Neville  
thanks God  
for his  
victory.

300 then kneeled downe Noble Nevill,  
& thanked god for his great grace,  
*that* he shold come soe farr into a strang Land  
to ouercome the soldan in place.

304 hee tooke the head vpon his sword poynt,  
& carryed it amongst his host soe fayre.  
when thé saw the Soldans head,  
they thanked god on their knees there.

The Queen  
wishes to  
make him  
king,

308 7 miles from the Citye the Queene him mett,  
with *procession that* was soe fayre :  
shee tooke the crowne beside her heade,  
& wold haue crowned him *King* there.

but he is  
married  
al'ready,  
he says.

312 "Now Nay ! Now nay ! my noble dame !  
for soe, I wott, itt cannott bee ;  
I haue a ladye in England fayre,  
& wedded againe I wold not bee."

So she gives  
him 100*l.* a  
day.

316 the Queene shee called for her penman,  
I wot shee called him lowd & hye,  
saying, "write him downe a 100<sup>l</sup> a day,  
to keepe his men more merrylye."

320 "I thanke *your* grace," sayd Noble Nevill,  
"for this worthy gift you haue giuen to me ;  
if euer *your* grace doe stand in neede,  
Champion to *your* highnesse againe Ile bee."  
ffins.



## Flodden : ffeilde : <sup>1</sup>

[*or, Lancashire & Cheshire have done the Deed.*]

[In Two Parts.—P.]

OF the first 422 and the last six lines of this very curious ballad there are two other manuscript copies—in Harl. MSS. Nos. 293 and 367. These scarcely differ from each other and from the copy in the Folio, except in points of orthography. The version preserved in them has been twice printed—by Weber in his “Flodden Field” (see our Introduction to “Scottish Field,” p. 199), and by Evans in his “Old Ballads.” The last line but one of it—reading “prynces”—connects it with Queen Mary’s or with Elizabeth’s reign,—more probably with the latter. The verses that follow v. 422, up to v. 507 in the version here given, do not appear elsewhere, and are here printed for the first time. They were certainly written after 1544, as they confuse the expedition made that year into France with the one of 1513. They would seem to have been added by some poetic member, or dependent, or admirer of the Egertons of Ridley, perhaps in the time of Sir Thomas, towards the end of his life Lord Keeper of the Great Seal in the reign of James I.

The author of the poem is evidently a thorough Stanleyite. His object is to show how the house of his affection triumphed over the malice of the Howards – how its fame, obscured for a

<sup>1</sup> Fought Sep. 9<sup>th</sup> 1513. This is evidently the production of a common minstrel.—P.

Collated with the Harl. MSS. 293 and 367, marked in these notes A & B re-

spectively. MS. 367 (B) has been corrected by another hand. Variations of spelling are seldom marked in this collation.—H.

while by lying reports, shone out all the brighter when the true statement of the facts arrived. In carrying out this object he gives us a quaint curious picture of his time. The scene in the royal camp before Tournay is especially interesting. It is painted unpretentiously, but with great force. The King stands out in a lifelike way, rough, impulsive, thoroughly appreciating the spirit that will not submit to insult on any terms, overflowing generous when recalled by good news to a good humour. There is something quaint, not without pathos, in the picture of the Earl of Derby as he stands between his two noble friends bidding farewell to all the brave men, who he knows well could never have fled—they must be slain,—Stanley, and Molineux, and Booth, and Savage,—and the old familiar places, which he can never visit again now that disgrace has fallen on them and him,—Lancaster, that little town, and the bright bower Latham with all its towers, and the richly wooded Knowsley, and Birkenhead, his birth-place.

The story of the ballad is that the Earl of Surrey, when sending to Henry in France the news of Flodden, improved the opportunity which the misconduct of the Cheshire men on his extreme right wing in the battle had unhappily given him.

“Lancashire & Cheshire,” says the [Surrey’s] Messenger,  
 “Cleane they be fled & gone;  
 There was nere a man that long to the Erle of Darby  
 That durst looke his enemyes upon.”

The King is highly indignant with the Earl, then in his camp with him, whose followers have so grievously betrayed his cause. The Earl is himself sadly downcast, and will not be comforted, though his noble friends Shrewsbury and Buckingham do what they can to cheer him. Then occurs a curious episode. A yeoman of the guard, a foster-brother of the Earl, flees to him for protection from the consequences of an assault which he has committed on certain of his comrades who, on the strength of the report sent by Surrey, have called him—a Stanleyite—coward.

The matter is brought before the King, who on hearing the yeoman's account of the fray pardons him, and at his instance orders that the men of Lancashire and Cheshire shall not be taunted for their reported cowardice. Just when this affair is settled, comes a messenger from the Queen, who completely subverts the previous report.

"Lancashire & Cheshire," said the Messenger,  
 "They have done the deed with their hand ;  
 Had not the Erle of Derby beene to thee true,  
 In great adventure had beene all England."

Then the horn of Derby is exalted. The King showers honours on him and other Cestrian gentlemen.

Such is the plot of this poem. What foundation there was for it Hall mentions. "The Kyng," he says, "had a secrete letter that the Cheshire men fledde from Sir Edmond Hawarde, whyche letter caused grate harteburning and manye woordes ; but the Kyng," he adds, "thankefully accepted al thyng, and woulde no man to be disprayed." There is not the slightest reason in the world for supposing that the "secrete letter" was written by Surrey. Probably enough, in the dispatch he sent he mentioned the Cheshire men's flight ; and that mention may have been exaggerated by Cestrian jealousy into some such evil report as that which causes so much trouble in our ballad.

Surrey's dispatch is not extant. "Eo modo," says Jovius, after describing the battle, "quum ad Tylum . . . . ad internitionem Scotiæ nobilitatis pugnatum esset, Surreius speculatoria navi quanta maxima potuit celeritate literas rei feliciter gestæ et occisi regis paludamentum multo cruore conspersum Henrico transmisit." But Jovius is incorrect here. The letter and the cloak or coat seem to have been sent to the Queen, who sent on to Henry the letter at once, and on September 16, immediately afterwards, the garment, with a second letter from Surrey and one from herself. "Sir," she writes to the King on the 16th, "My Lord Howard hath sent me a Lettre open to your

Grace, within oon of myn, by the whiche ye shal see at length the grete Victorye that our Lord hath sent your Subgetts in your absence; and for this cause it is noo nede herin to trouble your Grace with long writing, but, to my thinking, this batell hath bee to your Grace and al your reame the grettest honor that coude bee, and more tban ye shuld wyn at the crown of Fraunce; thankend bee God of it: and I am suer your Grace forgetteth not to doo this, which shal be cause to send you many moo suche grete victoryes, as I trust he shal doo. My husband, for hasty-nesse, w<sup>t</sup> Ragecrosse I coude not sende your Grace the pece of the King of Scotts cote whiche John Glyn now bringeth. In this your grace shal see how I can kepe my premys, sending you for your baners a kings cote. I thought to sende hymself unto you, but our Englishmens herts wold not suffre it. It shuld have been better for hym to have been in peax than have this rewarde. Al that God sendeth is for the best. My Lord of Surrey, my Henry, wold fayne knowe your pleasur in the burying of the King of Scotts body, for he hath written to me soo. With the next messenger your grace pleasure may bee herin knowen. And with this I make an ende; prayng God to sende you home shortly, for without this noo joye here can be accomplished; and for the same I pray, and now goo to our Lady at Walsyngham that I promised soo long agoo to see. At Woborne the xvj day of Septembre. I sende your grace herin a bille founde in a Scottisshemans purse of suche things as the Frenshe King sent to the said King of Scotts to make warre against you, beseching your<sup>1</sup> to sende Mathewe hider assone this messenger commeth to bringe me tydings from your Grace. Your humble wif and true servant, Katherine." (Cott. MSS. Vesp. F. iii. fol. 15, printed in Ellis's "Original Letters" and elsewhere.) On the same day she wrote to Wolsey: "Maister Almoner, whan the last messenger went I wrote not to you, bicause I had not the

<sup>1</sup> you.

suerte of every thing that was doon in the bataill against the Scotts. Now syns that tyme came a Post from my lord Howard with a writing at length of every thing as it was, whiche I now sende to the King—for to me it is thought the grettest honor that ever Prince had; his Subgetts in his absence not oonly to have the Victorye but also to slee the King and many of his noblemen. This matier is soo marvelous that it semeth to bee of Godds doing aloone. I trust the King shal remembre to thanke hym for it; for soo al the Reame her hath doon; and bicause ye shal knowe by my Lord Howards Lettre every thing better than I can write, it is noo nede herin to saye any mor of it." (Cott. MSS. Calig. B. vi. fol. 35.) The King received Surrey's dispatch, so forwarded to him, on the 25th, according to Hall. "Then he thanked God and highly praised the Earle and the Lorde Admyrall and his sonne and all the gentlemen and commons that were at that valiant entrepryse. Howbeit," and then follow the words we have quoted above.

We have given in the Introduction to "Scottish Field" such an account of Henry's expedition to France in 1513, and of the battle of Flodden, fought during his absence, as may serve to illustrate that and this ballad. The French expedition of 1513 is in this ballad, in the additional verses, confounded, as we have said, with that made in 1544. In this latter expedition too Henry took part in person. In 1543 he had concluded an alliance with the Emperor, who in accordance with it proceeded himself at once to overrun Cleves, and by proxy to lay siege to Landreci, and shortly afterwards to occupy Luxemburg and Ligny. In June, 1544, the English force landed at Calais, and proceeded to form the sieges of Boulogne and Montreuil. In July Henry himself crossed the Channel, and joined the besiegers of Boulogne. Rymer gives (from Cotton MSS. Calig. E. 4, f. 91) "Diarium super viagio Regis, obsidione et captione Boloniæ." The lower town was taken on July 21. On September 8 the



King writes to his "moost derely and moost entierly biloved wief" of the progress the siege is making. The upper town surrendered on September 14. This was the one event of the expedition. It was returned thanks for by "devoute and general processions in all the townes and villages" (see the Council's letter to Lord Shrewsbury). A few days after it the Emperor, disgusted at Henry's refusal to advance and carry out the original scheme of the alliance—the occupation of Paris—concluded a peace with France at Crespy. Henry, thus deserted, does not proceed to any further operations. In October he returns to England—and so ends his second expedition into France.

The Earl of  
Surrey

4      **N**OW let vs talke of<sup>1</sup> Mount of flodden,  
          fforsooth such is our chance,  
          & let vs tell what tydings<sup>2</sup> the Ear[1]e of Surrey  
          sent to *our King* into france.

sends a  
letter to the  
King in  
France.

8      the Earle he hath a writting made,  
          • &<sup>3</sup> sealed it with his owne hand;  
          from the Newcastle vpon tine  
          the Herald<sup>4</sup> passed from the land,  
  
          & after to callice<sup>5</sup> hee arriued,  
          like a noble Leed<sup>6</sup> of high degree,  
          & then to Turwin soone he hyed,  
12      there he thought to haue found *King Henery*<sup>7</sup>;

But there the walls were beaten downe  
          & our English soliders therin Laine<sup>8</sup>;

<sup>1</sup> B, of the.

<sup>2</sup> B, tythandes.

<sup>3</sup> A, surly, B, surlye.

<sup>4</sup> B, herott.

<sup>5</sup> B, Calyce.

<sup>6</sup> A.-Sax. *leód*, man, prince.—F. A, lorde.

<sup>7</sup> A, Henry our Kynge.

<sup>8</sup> A, tayne, B, layne.



- sith to Turnay the way hee nume,<sup>1</sup>  
 16 wheras lay the Emperour of Almaine,<sup>2</sup>  
 & there he found the King<sup>3</sup> of England :  
 blessed Iesus, preserve *that* name !
- when the Herald<sup>4</sup> came before *our King*,  
 20 lowlye he fell downe<sup>5</sup> on his knee,  
 & said, " Christ, christen King, *that* on the crosse dyed !  
 Noble King Henery ! this day thy speed may bee ! "
- the first word *that* the prince did minge,<sup>6</sup>  
 24 said, " welcome, Herald out of England, to me !  
 how fares my Leeds,<sup>7</sup> how fares my Lords,  
 My knights, my Esquiers in their degree ? "
- " heere greeteth you well your owne Leaetenant,<sup>8</sup>  
 28 the Honorable Erle of Surrey ;  
 he bids<sup>9</sup> you in ffrance to venter your chance,  
 for slaine is your brother King Iamye,  
 & att louelie London you shall him finde,<sup>10</sup>  
 32 my comelye prince, in the presence of thee."
- then bespake our Comlye King,  
 said, " who did fight & who did flee ?  
 & who bore him best of<sup>11</sup> the mount of fflodden,  
 36 & who was false, & who was true to me ? "
- " Lancashire & Cheshire," sayd the Messenger,  
 " cleane they be<sup>12</sup> fled and gone ;  
 There was nere a man that Longd<sup>13</sup> to the [page 118.]  
 Erle of darby  
 40 *that* durst looke his enemyes vpon."

The herald  
finds the  
King at  
Tournay,

and informs  
him that  
King James  
is slain.

The King  
asks for  
details of  
the battle.

The herald  
tells him  
that all  
Lord Derby's  
men fled  
headlong.

<sup>1</sup> A, nome, B, nome.—runne or *nume*,  
*i. e.*, took, from *nym*, take.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Maximilian.

<sup>3</sup> A, Prince, B, Prynce.

<sup>4</sup> B, herott.

<sup>5</sup> A, kneeled uppon.

<sup>6</sup> minge, *i. e.* mention.—P.

<sup>7</sup> *i. e.* men, S, *leod*, homo.—P. The *s* of

*fares* &c. is the old Northern plural *s*.—F.

<sup>8</sup> Lieutenant.—P.

<sup>9</sup> A, biddethe.

<sup>10</sup> See Introduction to "Scottish Field,"  
p. 209.—H.

<sup>11</sup> A, uppon.

<sup>12</sup> B, bene bothe.

<sup>13</sup> A, belonged.

The King  
reads the  
letter;

S[t]ill in a study<sup>1</sup> stood our Noble King,  
& tooke the writting in his hand<sup>2</sup>;  
shortlye the seale he did vnclose,  
44 & readilye he read as he found.<sup>3</sup>

then calls  
for Lord  
Derby.

then bespake our comlye<sup>4</sup> King,  
& called vpon his chiualuee,  
& said, "who will feitch me the King of Man,  
48 the Honnorable Thomas Erle of Darbye?"

"he may take Lancashire & Cheshire<sup>5</sup>  
that he hath called the cheefe of chiualuee;  
Now falsely are they fled & gone,  
52 neuer<sup>6</sup> a one of them is true to mee!"

Sir Ralph  
Egerton  
says,

then bespake Sir Raphe<sup>7</sup> Egerton the Knight,  
& lowlye kneeled vpon his knee,  
& said, "my soueraigne Lord<sup>8</sup> King Henery!  
56 if it like your grace to pardon mee,

if Lancashire  
and Cheshire  
did fly, it was  
for want of  
Lord Derby.

"if Lancashire and Cheshire be fled & gone,  
of those tydings<sup>9</sup> wee may be vnfaine,<sup>10</sup>  
but I dare lay my life & lande  
60 it was for want of their Captaine.<sup>11</sup>

"for if the Erle of Derby our Captaine had beene,  
& vs to lead in our arraye,  
then noe Lancashire man nor Cheshire<sup>12</sup>  
64 that euer wold haue fled awaye!"

<sup>1</sup> A, stand.

<sup>2</sup> hond, qu.—P.

<sup>3</sup> fond, found, qu.—P. A, coulde.

<sup>4</sup> A, noble, B, nowble.

<sup>5</sup> A, *transposes* Cheshire and Lancashire and *adds* bothe.

<sup>6</sup> A, not.

<sup>7</sup> A, Ralfe, B, Rauphe.

<sup>8</sup> A, you, my soveraigne lord.

<sup>9</sup> B, tythandes.

<sup>10</sup> unfaine, sorry.—P.

<sup>11</sup> captaine.—P. The Cheshire men who fled were under the command of Sir Edmund Howard.—H.

<sup>12</sup> A, Lanc nor Cheshire mene wold ever have fled.

“soe it prooued well,” said our Noble King ;  
 “by him *that* deerlye dyed vpon a tree !  
 now <sup>1</sup> when wee had the most <sup>2</sup> neede,  
 68 falslye they serued them to mee !”

then spake *william* Brewerton,<sup>3</sup> *Knight*,  
 & lowlye kneeled his prince before,  
 & sayd, “my Soueraigne King Henery the 8<sup>th</sup>,  
 72 if <sup>4</sup> your grace sett by vs soe little store,

Sir William  
 Breerton  
 asks for  
 another  
 chance,

“where-soeuer you come in any feild to fight,  
 set the Earle of Darby & vs before,  
 then shall you see wether <sup>5</sup> wee fight or flee,  
 76 trew or false whether we be borne !”

with Lord  
 Derby at  
 their head.

Compton rowned <sup>6</sup> with our King,<sup>7</sup>  
 & said,<sup>8</sup> “goe wee & leaue the cowards right.”  
 “heere is my gloue to thee !” quoth Egerton ;  
 80 “Compton ! if thou be a *knight*,

Compton,  
 scoffing at  
 these  
 speakers,

“take my gloue, & with me fight  
 Man to Man, if thou wilt turne againe ;  
 for if our prince were not present wright,<sup>9</sup>  
 84 the one of vs 2 shold be slaine,

is challenged  
 by Egerton.

“& neuer foote beside the ground gone  
 vntill the one dead shold bee.”  
 our prince was moued theratt anon,  
 88 & returned him right teenouslye,<sup>10</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A & B, for now.

<sup>2</sup> B, greatest.

<sup>3</sup> A, Brearton, B, Breerton.

<sup>4</sup> A, And if.

<sup>5</sup> A, that we are.

<sup>6</sup> A, rounded. *Rowned*, *i. e.* whispered.

—P.

<sup>7</sup> A *adds* Anone.

<sup>8</sup> A, saying.

<sup>9</sup> A & B, right.

<sup>10</sup> A, Angerly, B, tenyslye. A.-S. *tiona*,  
 reproach, insult.—F.

Enters Earl  
of Derby.

& to him came on the other hand <sup>1</sup>  
the Honorable Erle of Darbye ;  
& when he before our prince came,  
92 he lowlye kneeled vpon his knee,

& said, " Iesu christ *that* on the crosse dyed,  
this day, Noble Henery, thy speed may bee ! "  
the first word *that* the King did speake, <sup>2</sup>  
96 sayd, <sup>3</sup> " welcome, King of man & Erle of Darbye !

The King  
asks how  
he likes  
Cheshire and  
Lancashire's  
conduct.

" how likest thou Cheshire and lancashire <sup>4</sup> both,  
which were counted cheefe of chiuallree <sup>5</sup> ?  
falslye are <sup>6</sup> they fled & gone,  
100 & neuer a one is <sup>7</sup> trew to mee ! "

He says  
what  
Egerton has  
said,

" if *that* be soe," said the Erle free, <sup>8</sup>  
" my Leege, therof I am not faine.  
my comlye prince, rebuke not mee,  
104 I was not there to be there <sup>9</sup> Captaine ;

" if I had beene their Captaine," the Erle said then,  
" I durst haue Layd both Liffe and land,  
he neuer came out of Lancashire nor cheshire  
108 That wold haue fledd beside the ground ! [page 119.]

" but if it like *your* Noble grace  
a litle boone to grant itt mee,  
Lett me haue Lancashire and Cheshire both,—  
112 I desire noe more helpe trulye ;—

<sup>1</sup> B, syde.

<sup>2</sup> A, sayde.

<sup>3</sup> A, was.

<sup>4</sup> B transposes these words.

<sup>5</sup> Compare Brit. Mus. Addit. MSS. 6032, f. 132, De Cestrisciria. (The metre is meant to be hendecasyllabic.)

O Devania, virtutis nutrix,  
Pollens nobilibus Princeps virorum  
Qui pulchri corpore, spiritu feroces,

Septi robore, prodigique vitæ,  
Hostes aggreduuntur et lacessunt.

Camden: "Eximia nobilitatis altrix, nec enim alia est in Anglia provincia quæ plures nobiles in aciem eduxerit et plures equestres familias numerarit."—H.

<sup>6</sup> B, nowe are.

<sup>7</sup> B, are.

<sup>8</sup> A & B, then.

<sup>9</sup> A, their.

- “if I ffayle to burne vp <sup>1</sup> all Scotland,  
take me & hang me vpon a tree!  
I, i <sup>2</sup> shall conquer to Paris gate  
116 both <sup>3</sup> comlye castles and towers hye!
- “ wheras the walls <sup>4</sup> beene soe stronge,  
Lancashire and Cheshire shall beate them downe.”  
“by my fathers soule,” <sup>5</sup> sayd our King,  
120 & by him *that* dyed on the roode,
- “ thou shalt neuer haue lancashire nor Cheshire right  
att thy owne obedyence for to bee!  
cowards in a feild felly <sup>6</sup> will fight  
124 againe to win the victorye. <sup>7</sup> ”
- “wee were neuer cowards,” said the Erle,  
“by him *that* deerlye dyed on tree <sup>8</sup>!  
who brought in your father att Milford Hauen <sup>9</sup> ?  
128 King Henery the 7<sup>th</sup> forsooth was hee;
- “thorow the towne <sup>10</sup> of fortune <sup>11</sup> wee did him bring,  
& soe convayd him to Shrewsburye,  
& soe crowned him a Noble King;  
132 & Richard *that* day wee deemed to dye.”

and what  
Brereton.

The King  
taunts the  
counties  
with  
cowardice.

Derby  
reminds him  
how his  
house had  
helped  
Henry VII.

<sup>1</sup> A, brene uppe, B, bren up.  
<sup>2</sup> Aye, I.—F.  
<sup>3</sup> A, both the.  
<sup>4</sup> A *inserts* they.  
<sup>5</sup> A *inserts* then.  
<sup>6</sup> A, freely, B, fellye.—felly, *i. e.* desperately.—P.  
<sup>7</sup> “Put a coward to his metal, and he’ll fight the deil.”—*Proverbs of Scotland*, ed. Hislop, 1862, p. 322; Bohn’s *Handbook of Proverbs*, p. 253.—F. Compare Horace, Odes, III. v. 25–36 (J. W. H.)—

Auro repensus scilicet acrior  
Miles redibit? Flagitio additis  
Damnum. Neque amissos colores  
Lana refert medicata fuco;  
Nec vera virtus, cum semel excidit  
Curat reponi deterioribus.

Si pugnat extricata densis  
Cerva plagis, erit ille fortis,  
Qui perfidis se credidit hostibus;  
Et Marte Pœnos proteret altero,  
Qui lora restrictis lacertis  
Sensit iners, timuitque mortem.

<sup>8</sup> A & B, for me.

<sup>9</sup> See Introduction to “Lady Bessie.”—H.

<sup>10</sup> perhaps turne.—P.

<sup>11</sup> Town of Fortune, *i. e.* Forden, says Evans. Speed in his *Theatre of Great Britain*, to which work Evans refers, gives a Forton in Staffordshire, a village near Newport—the place here meant. In his Index he mentions also a Forten in Shropshire, but does not, I think, mark it in his map.—H.

- The King  
turns away.
- our prince was greatlye moued at *that* worde,  
& returned him hastilye againe.<sup>1</sup>
- Buckingham  
comforts  
Derby,
- 136 to comfort the Erle came on the other hande<sup>2</sup>  
the doughtye Edward,<sup>3</sup> DUK of Buckingham;
- and throws  
doubts on  
Surrey's  
letter.
- “plucke vp thy hart, brother Stanlye,<sup>4</sup>  
& lett nothing greeiue thee!  
for I dare lay my liffe to wedd<sup>5</sup>  
140 it is a false writing of the Erle of Surrey.
- “sith<sup>6</sup> *King Richard* feele,<sup>7</sup> he neuer loued thee,  
for thy vnckle slue his father deere,<sup>8</sup>  
& deerlye deemed him to dye;  
144 *Sir Christopher*<sup>9</sup> Savage his standard always<sup>10</sup> did  
beare.”
- The Earl of  
Derby makes  
his moan;
- “alas brother!” sayd the Erle of Darbye,  
“woe be the time *that* I was made *Knight*,  
or were ruler of any Lande,<sup>11</sup>  
148 or euer had manhood in feild to fight!
- bids farewell  
to Sir Edw.  
Stanley,
- “soe bold men in battle as were they,  
forsooth had neither *Lord* nor swaine.  
ffarwell my vnckle *Sir Edward Stanley*!  
152 for well I wott *that* thou art<sup>12</sup> slaine!

<sup>1</sup> A, upon the same, B, on the same.

<sup>2</sup> A, syde, B, side.

<sup>3</sup> Edward Stafford, executed in 1521.  
See Shakespeare's *Henry VIII.*—H.

<sup>4</sup> A & B, Standley.

<sup>5</sup> Lat. *radium*, a pledge.—P. A.-Sax.  
*wedd.*—F.

<sup>6</sup> B, synce.

<sup>7</sup> A, feild, B, feylde.—perhaps felle.  
—P.

<sup>8</sup> “Thy vnckle,” *i.e.* Sir William Stanley (beheaded, in spite of his good service on Bosworth Field, in 1495, for saying that “if he certainly knew the young man called Perkin to be really the son of Edward IV. he would never draw his sword or bear arms against him”).

“His father deere,” *i.e.* John Howard, Duke of Norfolk. He was slain on the field of Bosworth, but not by Sir William

Stanley. “They [Oxford and Norfolk] personally attacked each other with their spears till they were shivered to pieces; then each drew his sword. Norfolk gave the first blow at Oxford's head, which sliding down his helmet, glanced on the shoulder, and wounded him in the left arm. Oxford, enraged, returned the blow, and hewed the beaver from Norfolk's helmet, leaving the face bare. Oxford, disdain- ing to fight a man unguarded, declined the combat, and retreated a few paces, when instantly an arrow from a distant and unknown hand hit the Duke in the face and pierced the brain.” *History of the Battle of Bosworth.*—H.

<sup>9</sup> MS. xopher.—F.

<sup>10</sup> A, away.

<sup>11</sup> B *adds* thereby.

<sup>12</sup> correction of B, weart.



- “surelye whiles thy liffe wold last  
 thou woldest neuer shrinke <sup>1</sup> beside the plaine ;  
 nor Iohn Stanley, *that* child soe younge !  
 156 well I wott *that* <sup>2</sup> thou art slaine !
- “ffarwell Kighlye ! Coward was thou neuer <sup>3</sup> !  
 old Sir Henery the good *Knight*,  
 I left the[e] <sup>4</sup> ruler of Latham, <sup>5</sup>  
 160 to be deputye both day & night.
- “ffarwell Townlye *that* was soe true !  
 & *that* Noble Ashton of Middelton <sup>6</sup> !  
 & the sad Southwarke <sup>7</sup> *that* euer was sure,  
 164 forwell ! I wott *that* thou art gone.
- “farwell Ashton vndeline <sup>8</sup>  
 & Manlye Mullenax <sup>9</sup> ! for thou art slaine ;  
 for doubtlesse while *your* liues wold last  
 168 you <sup>10</sup> wold never shun <sup>11</sup> beside the plaine.
- “ffarwell Adderton <sup>12</sup> with the Leaden Mall !  
 well I know thow art deemed to dye !  
 I may take my leaue att <sup>13</sup> you all !  
 172 the flower of Manhoode is gone from mee !

to John  
Stanley,Kighley,  
Sir Henryand  
Townley,  
and Ashton,  
and  
Southwark,and  
Molineux,and  
Adderton,

<sup>1</sup> A & B, schunte.  
<sup>2</sup> A, howe that.  
<sup>3</sup> A, none.  
<sup>4</sup> A, thee.  
<sup>5</sup> Latham, Lancashire, near Ormskirk, and in the neighbourhood of coal-pits. In its park is a chalybeate water, or spa, called Maudlin's Well, which has wrought many remarkable cures. Though remote from the sea, or salt-water rivers, it used to cast up marine shells in large quantities, till millstones were laid upon the spring, to hinder the sand and shells from boiling up so high as formerly. *Walker's Gazetteer*, 1801.—F.  
<sup>6</sup> Middleton, Lancashire, near the Irk,

four miles north of Manchester. *Walker*.—F.

<sup>7</sup> A, Sotheworthe, B, Sotheworke. There is a Southworth in Lancashire, north of Warrington.—Robson.

<sup>8</sup> A & B, under Lyne. Ashton-under-Line, Lancashire, six miles from Manchester. *Walker*.—F.

<sup>9</sup> A, Molenex, B, Mollenax.—Molineux.—P.

<sup>10</sup> A, ye.

<sup>11</sup> A, schonte, B, schunte.

<sup>12</sup> A, Anderton, B, Aderton. Atherton, in Lancashire, is near West Derby.—Robson.

<sup>13</sup> A, nowe of, B, nowe at.

- and Sir John  
Booth,           “ ffarwell Sir Iohn Booth of Barton,<sup>1</sup> *Knight* !  
                  well I know *that* thou art slaine !  
                  while thy liffe wold last to fight,  
176       thou<sup>2</sup> wold neuer [shun] be-sids<sup>3</sup> the plaine,
- and Butler,  
and Sir  
Bode,           “ ffarwell Butler<sup>4</sup> & Sir Bode<sup>5</sup> !  
                  sure you haue beene euer to mee ;  
                  & soe I know *that* [still<sup>6</sup>] you wold,  
180       if *that* vnslaine<sup>7</sup> you bee.
- and Savage,  
                  “ ffarwell *Christopher*<sup>8</sup> savage, the *Knight*<sup>9</sup> ! [page 120.]  
                  well I know *that* thou art slaine !  
                  for whiles thy life wold last to fight,  
184       thou wold<sup>10</sup> neuer [shun] besids<sup>11</sup> the plaine.
- and Dutton,  
Sir Dane  
and  
Kinderton,  
                  ffarwell Dutton & Sir Dane<sup>12</sup> !  
                  you haue beene euer trew<sup>13</sup> to mee.  
                  ffarwell the Baron<sup>14</sup> of Kinderton<sup>15</sup> !  
188       beside the feild thou wold not<sup>16</sup> flee !
- and Fitton.  
                  “ ffarwell, fitton of Gawsworth<sup>17</sup> !  
                  either<sup>18</sup> thou art taken or slaine ;  
                  <sup>19</sup> doubtelesse while thy life wold Last,  
192       thou wold<sup>20</sup> neuer [shun<sup>21</sup>] beside the plaine.”
- Earl of  
Shrewsbury  
comforts  
him.  
                  as they stood talkinge together there,  
                  the Duke & the Erle trulye,  
                  came ffor to comfort him th[e] trew Talbott  
196       & the noble Erle of Shrewsburye<sup>22</sup> :

<sup>1</sup> Barton, Cheshire, NW. of Malpas. Barton, Lancashire, between Preston and Garstang. *Walker*.—F.

<sup>2</sup> A, woldeste, B, woulde.

<sup>3</sup> shun beside : see st. 41<sup>st</sup>.—P.

<sup>4</sup> A, Butteler.

<sup>5</sup> A, Bolde, B, Bode.

<sup>6</sup> A, still.

<sup>7</sup> unslaine.—P.

<sup>8</sup> MS. xopher.—F.

<sup>9</sup> A, weight, B, wighte.

<sup>10</sup> A, woldeste.

<sup>11</sup> shun beside : see stanza 41<sup>st</sup>.—P.

<sup>12</sup> MS. Dane ; A, Done, B, Downe.

<sup>13</sup> A, by me stode.

<sup>14</sup> Venables.—H.

<sup>15</sup> Kinderton, Cheshire, near Middlewich. *Walker's Gaz.*—F.

<sup>16</sup> A, woldeste.

<sup>17</sup> A, Fytton of Gosworthe, B, Gowsewurthe. Gawsworth Hall is in Cheshire, near Macclesfield. *Walker*, 1801.—F.

<sup>18</sup> A & B, other.

<sup>19</sup> A *prefixes* For.

<sup>20</sup> A, woldeste.

<sup>21</sup> shun.—P.

<sup>22</sup> A, Sherwisbury. *Dele &*.—Robson.

“ plucke vp thy hart, sonne *Thomas*, & be Merry,  
 & let noe tydings greeve thee !  
 am not I godfather to our *King* ?  
 200 my owne god-sonne forsooth is hee.”

he tooke the Duke of Buckingham by the arme,  
 & the Erle of Shewsburye by the other :  
 “ to part with you it is my harme ;  
 204 farwell my father & my brother !

He con-  
 tinues his  
 farewells.

“ farwell Lancaster *that* litle Towne !  
 farwell now for euer & aye !  
 many pore men may pray for my soule  
 208 when they lye weeping in the lane.<sup>1</sup>

Farewell  
 Lancaster,

“ ffarwell Latham, *that* bright bower<sup>2</sup> !  
 9 towers thou beares<sup>3</sup> on hye,  
 & other 9 thou beares on the outer walls ;  
 212 within thee may be lodged *kings* 3.

and Latham,

“ ffarwell Knowsley,<sup>4</sup> *that* litle tower  
 vnderneath the holtes<sup>5</sup> soe whore<sup>6</sup> !  
 euer when I thinke on *that* bright bower,  
 216 white<sup>7</sup> me not<sup>8</sup> though my hart be sore.

and  
 Knowsley,

<sup>1</sup> MS. lane ; B, lawne. in the lane they weeping lye.—Robson.

<sup>2</sup> A, boure.

<sup>3</sup> A, beareste. beares is right in the old northern dialect.—F.

<sup>4</sup> An inhabitant of the house writes to me, “ Knowsley can never have been correctly described as a ‘tower.’ It was in those days, and still for the most part is, a straggling, irregular building, very long and low, with nothing about it resembling a castle. There are two small turrets above one of the entrances, but of no great height. On the whole, I suspect the author of the ballad was influenced rather by the exigencies of rhyme than by a desire to describe with accuracy. There is a sloping ground behind the

house,—hardly enough of it to be called a hill,—and as there is now a good deal of wood about, and in former days there was probably much more, the house may fairly be assumed to have been ‘underneath the holts so hoar.’”—S. “Knowsley: a portion of this mansion, with two round towers, is said to have been built by Thomas, the first Earl of Derby, for the reception of his son-in-law, King Henry VII.” *Domestic Architecture*, vol. iii. pt. ii. p. 214.—F.

<sup>5</sup> holte, a wood, rough ; also a hill (as here).—P.

<sup>6</sup> hore, hoar, hoary white.—P.

<sup>7</sup> A, Wyte.

<sup>8</sup> Wyte me not, *i. e.* blame me not.—P.

- “ffarwell Tocstaffe,<sup>1</sup> *that* trustye parke,  
 & the fayre riuer *that* runes<sup>2</sup> there beside!  
 there I was wont to chase the hinde & hart;  
 220 now therin will I neuer abide!
- and  
 Tocstaffe,  
 “ffarwell bold Birkhead,<sup>3</sup> there was I boorne,  
 within the abbey & that Monesterye;  
 the sweet covent for mee may mourne;  
 224 I gaue to you the tythe of Beeston,<sup>4</sup> trulye.
- and  
 Birkenhead,  
 “ffarwell westchester<sup>5</sup> for euermore,  
 & the watter gate, it is my<sup>6</sup> owne;  
 I giue a mace *pro* the serieant to weare,  
 228 to waite on the Maior, as it is knowne;
- Westchester,  
 “will I neuer come *that* citye within;  
 but, sonne Edward, thou may<sup>7</sup> clayme it of wright.  
 ffarwell westhardin,<sup>8</sup> I may thee<sup>9</sup> myn!  
 232 *Knight* & lord I was of great might!
- and  
 Westharden.  
 “Sweete sonne Edward, white Lookes<sup>10</sup> thou make,  
 & euer haue pittye on the pore cominaltye<sup>11</sup>!  
 ffarwell hope & Hopedale!  
 236 Mould & Moulesdale,<sup>12</sup> god be with thee!  
 I may take leaue with a sorry<sup>13</sup> cheere,  
 and Hope,  
 and Mold.  
 for within thee will I neuer bee.

<sup>1</sup> Tockestafe, B, Tockestaffe. Toxteth.  
 —Robson.

<sup>2</sup> B, renneth.

<sup>3</sup> A, Berkenhede, B, Byrkehead, corrected to Byrkenhead. Birkenhead, Cheshire, between the Dee and the Mersey. *Walker*.—F.

<sup>4</sup> Bidston, Cheshire, between Hyle lake and the river Mersey.—Robson.

<sup>5</sup> See “Robin Hood & Queen Katharine,” above, p. 38, l. 14, &c.—F.

<sup>6</sup> A, myn.

<sup>7</sup> A, mayest.

<sup>8</sup> ? Hawarden.—Robson.

<sup>9</sup> A, thee, B, call thee.

<sup>10</sup> A, bookes, B, bokes.

<sup>11</sup> A, comyntye, B, comyntie.

<sup>12</sup> Hope & Hopesdale, Mole & Molesdale, were manors belonging to the Earl of Derby in the County of Flint. Feb<sup>y</sup> 6. 1661 was act passed for restoring the Earl of Derby to these estates. See History of y<sup>e</sup> House of Lords, 8vo. 1742.—P.

<sup>13</sup> A, hevie, B, heavye.

[The Second Part.<sup>1</sup>]

as they stode talking together there,<sup>2</sup>  
 240 the Duke & the Lords trulye,<sup>2</sup>

While he  
 speaks to  
 him,

2<sup>d</sup> Parte. { Came Iamie<sup>3</sup> Garsed,<sup>4</sup> a yeman of the guard  
                   that had beene brought vp with the Erle of  
                   Derbye :  
                   like the devill, with his fellowes he had fared,  
 244 he s[t]icked<sup>5</sup> 2, & wounded 3 ;

there flees to  
 him Garsed,  
 who has just  
 slain two  
 fellowes and  
 wounded  
 three.

After, with his sword drawn in his hand,  
 he fled to the Noble Earle of Derbye.  
 “stand vp, Iamye<sup>6</sup> !” the Erle said,  
 248 “these tydings nothing liketh mee.

“I haue seene the day I cold haue saued thee,  
 such 30 men if thou hads[t]<sup>7</sup> slaine,  
 & now if I shold speake for thee,  
 252 Sure thow weret<sup>8</sup> to be slaine<sup>9</sup> ;

The Earl  
 doubts  
 whether he  
 can save  
 him now.

[page 121.]

“I will once desire my bretheren eche one<sup>10</sup>  
 that they will speake for thee.”  
 he prayd the Duke of Buckingham  
 256 & alsoe the Erle of Shrewsburye,<sup>11</sup>

He asks his  
 friends to  
 speak for  
 him.

alsoe my Lord fitzwater<sup>12</sup> soe wise,  
 & the good Lord willowbye,<sup>13</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A & B have no divisions into Parts.

<sup>2</sup> MS. leaves these lines in the First Part.—F.

<sup>3</sup> A, James.

<sup>4</sup> A, Garsey, B, Garsyd.

<sup>5</sup> sicked, *i.e.* sickned, made sick, or perhaps sticked, *i.e.* stuck.—P.

<sup>6</sup> A, James.

<sup>7</sup> A, haddest.

<sup>8</sup> A, wearte.

<sup>9</sup> A, slayne.

<sup>10</sup> B, echon.

<sup>11</sup> Robert Radcliffe.—H.

<sup>12</sup> A, Fitzwaters.

<sup>13</sup> Willougby, B, Wyllabee.

Sir Rice apthomas, a *Knicht* of price,  
260 they all spoke for long <sup>1</sup> Iamyē.

Garsed is  
sent for by  
the King,

they had not stayd <sup>2</sup> but a litle while there,  
the Duke & the Erles in their talkinge,  
but straight to the Erle came a messenger  
264 *that* came latelye from the *King*,

to be hanged.

and bad *that* long Iamie <sup>3</sup> shold be sent;  
there shold neither be grith <sup>4</sup> nor grace,  
but on a boughe he shold be hanged  
268 In midst <sup>5</sup> the feild before the Erles face.

“if *that* be soe,” said the Erle of Derbye,  
I trust our prince will better bee;  
such tydings maketh my hart full heavye  
272 afore his grace when *that* wee bee.”

Derby and  
his friends  
go with  
Garsed

the Duke of Buckingham tooke Iamie by the one arme,  
& the Erle of Shrewsburye by the other;  
afore them they put the *King* of Man;  
276 it was the Erle of Darbye & noe other.

the *Lord* fitzwater followed fast,  
& soe did the *Lord* willowbyghe;  
the comfortable cobham <sup>6</sup> mad great hast;  
280 all went with the Noble Erle of Derbye.

the hind Hassall hoved <sup>7</sup> on fast  
with the Lusty Lealand trulye,  
soe did *Sir Alexander* Osbaston,<sup>8</sup>  
284 came in with the Erle of Derbye;

<sup>1</sup> A, for longe.

<sup>2</sup> A & B, standen.

<sup>3</sup> Iamie in MS.—F.

<sup>4</sup> *grith*, preparation, qu.—P. A.-Sax. *gri* 5. 1. Peace or protection such as was given by the king to official men. 2. The privilege of security within a certain

space. Bosworth.—F.

<sup>5</sup> A, amydeste.

<sup>6</sup> Thomas Brooke, Lord Cobham, d. 1521.—H.

<sup>7</sup> A, hied.

<sup>8</sup> A, Osboldstone, B, Osbaston.



the royall Ratchliffe *that* rude was neuer,  
 & the trustye Trafford keene to trye,  
 & wight<sup>1</sup> warburton out of Cheshire,  
 288 all came with the Erle of Darbye ;

Sir Rice ap Thomas, a *Knicht* of Wales,  
 Came<sup>2</sup> with a feirce<sup>3</sup> Menye<sup>4</sup> ;  
 he bent his bowes on the bent<sup>5</sup> to abyde,  
 292 & cleane vnsett<sup>6</sup> the gallow-tree.

when<sup>7</sup> they came afore our *King*,  
 lowlye they kneeled vpon their knees ;  
 the first word *that* our prince did Myn,<sup>8</sup>  
 296 “ welcome ! Dukes & Erles to mee !

before the  
King,

“ the most welcome<sup>9</sup> hither of all  
 is our owne<sup>10</sup> traitor Long Iamie !  
 Iamie ! how Durst thou be soe bold  
 300 as in our *presence* for to bee,

who  
wonders at  
Garsed's  
boldness.

“ to slay thy bretheren within their hold ?  
 thou was sworne<sup>11</sup> to them, & they to thee.”  
 then began long Iamie to speake bold :  
 304 “ my leege, if it please<sup>12</sup> *your* grace to pardon mee,

“ When I was to my supper sett,  
 they called me coward to my face,  
 and of their talking they wold not lett,  
 308 & thus with them I vpbayded was.

Garsed says  
he was  
called  
coward by  
his fellows,

<sup>1</sup> A, mighty evene.

<sup>2</sup> A *inserts* forthe.

<sup>3</sup> A, fyrse, B, feirce.

<sup>4</sup> multitude.—P.

<sup>5</sup> bent, *i. e.* field, see ‘Liffe & Death.’

—P.

<sup>6</sup> *unsett* for *umsett*, surrounded.—F.

<sup>7</sup> A, whenas.

<sup>8</sup> To *myn* or *ming* is used in North-

[amp]tonshire for to *mention*.—P.

<sup>9</sup> The sense seems to require *unwel-*  
*come*.—P. No: welcome to judgment ;  
or spoken ironically.—F.

<sup>10</sup> Correction of B, yondere.

<sup>11</sup> Cp. the sworn brethren in Eger and  
Grine.—F.

<sup>12</sup> A, lyke.

and Lord  
Derby, his  
good patron,  
was called  
coward.

“ thé bade me flee from them apace  
to *that* coward the Erle of Derbye.  
when I was litle & had small grace,  
312 he was my helpe & succour trulye ;

“ he tooke [me] from my father deere,  
& kepted<sup>1</sup> me<sup>2</sup> within his woone<sup>3</sup>  
till I was able of my selfe  
316 both to shoote & picke<sup>4</sup> the stone ;

He reminds  
the King  
how he  
came to be  
a yeoman of  
the guard.

“ then after, vnder Grenwich, vpon a day  
a Scottish Minstrell came to thee,  
& brought a bow of yew<sup>5</sup> to drawe,  
320 & all the guard might not stirr *that* tree.

“ then the bow was giuen to the Erle of Derbye,  
& the Erle deliuered it to mee ;  
7 shoots before *your* face I shott,  
324 & att the 8<sup>th</sup> in sunder it did breake<sup>6</sup> ;

“ Then I bad the Scott bow downe his face [page 122.]  
& gather vp the bow, & bring it to his *King* ;  
then it liked *your* noble grace  
328 into *your* guard for me to bring<sup>7</sup> ;

He could  
never hear  
his Earl  
called  
coward.

“ Sithen I haue lined a merry liffe ;  
I thanke *your* grace & the Erle of Darbye ;  
but to haue the Erle rebuked thus,  
332 *that* my bringer-vp forsooth was hee,

The King  
pardons  
him,

“ I had rather<sup>8</sup> suffer death,” he said,  
“ then be false to the Erle *that* was true to me.”

<sup>1</sup> A, kepte.  
<sup>2</sup> Correction of B, ‘as his own.’—F.  
<sup>3</sup> dwelling.—F.  
<sup>4</sup> To *Pick*, to pitch at a mark. Jamieson.—F.

<sup>5</sup> A & B, vewe.  
<sup>6</sup> A, flee, B, be, *corrected to flee*. flee,  
so y<sup>e</sup> rime [requires].—P.  
<sup>7</sup> me for to bring, qu.—P.  
<sup>8</sup> A, lyuer, B, leaver.

- “Stand vp Iamie!” said our *King*,  
 336 “haue heere my charter, I giue it thee ;
- “let me haue noe more fighting of thee  
 whilest thou art within ffrance<sup>1</sup> Lande.”  
 “then one thing you must grant,” said Iamie,  
 340 “*that* your ward<sup>2</sup> theron may stand,
- “who-soe rebuketh Lancashire or Chesshire,  
 shortly shall be deemed to dye.” and orders  
 our *King*<sup>3</sup> comanded I<sup>4</sup> cry I-wis  
 344 to be proclaimed hastilye ;—
- “if the Dukes & Erles kneele on their knees,  
 itt getteth on sturr the comonaltye<sup>5</sup> ;  
 if wee be vpbrayded thus,  
 348 manye a man is like to dye.”
- the *King* said, “he *that* rebuket<sup>6</sup> Lancashire or Chesshire  
 shall haue his iudgment on the next tree.” that  
Lancashire  
and Chesshire  
shall not be  
scoffed at.
- then soe they were<sup>7</sup> in rest  
 352 for the space<sup>8</sup> of a night, as I wcene.  
 & on the other day, without Leasinge,  
 there came a Messenger from the *Queene* ; Next day  
comes a  
messenger  
from the  
Queen,
- “& when he came before our *King*,  
 356 lowlye he kneeled vpon his knee,  
 & said, “chr[i]st thee saue, our Noble *King*,<sup>9</sup>  
 & thy speed this day may bee !  
 heere greeteth thee well thy loue & liking,<sup>10</sup>  
 350 & our honorable *Queene* &<sup>11</sup> ladye,

<sup>1</sup> A, frenche, B, ffraunse.<sup>2</sup> word, q.—P.<sup>3</sup> A, prince.<sup>4</sup> A, A.<sup>5</sup> B, comynalite.<sup>6</sup> A, rebukith.<sup>7</sup> A *inserts* styll, B, styll.<sup>8</sup> second or next.—F.<sup>9</sup> A, This owere noble kyng, B, This oure noble kyng.<sup>10</sup> A, lyffe & spouse.<sup>11</sup> A, and fair, B, faire.

who tells  
him that  
King James  
is slain.

“ & biddeth you in ffrance to be glad,  
for slaine is your brother-in-law *King Iamie* ;  
& att louelye London he shalbe found,  
364 my comlye prince, in the presence of thee.”

The King  
asks for  
details.

then bespake our comlye prince,  
saiinge,<sup>1</sup> “ who did fight & who did flee?  
& who bare them best of<sup>2</sup> the Mount of fflodden ?  
368 & who his false, & who is<sup>3</sup> true to mee ? ”

The mes-  
senger says  
the success  
is due to  
Lancashire  
and  
Cheshire.

“ Lancashire<sup>4</sup> & Cheshire,” said the Messenger,  
“ they haue done the deed with their hand !  
had not the Erle of derbye beene to thee true,  
372 in great aduenture had beene all England.”

The King  
confers  
honours on  
the Cheshire  
men.

then bespake our prince on hye,<sup>5</sup>  
“ *Sir Raphe*<sup>6</sup> Egertton, my marshall I make thee ;  
*Sir Edward Stanley*, thou shalt be a *Lord*,  
376 *Lord Mounteagle* thou shalt bee ;

Buckingham  
informs  
Derby

“ yonge *Iohn Stanley* shalbe a *Knight*,  
& he is well worthy for to bee.”  
the Duke of Buckingham the tydings hard,<sup>7</sup>  
380 & shortlye ran to the Erle of darbye :

of the good  
tidings  
that have  
come.

“ Brother, plucke vp thy hart & be merye,  
& let noe tydings greeve thee !  
yesterday, thy men called<sup>8</sup> cowerds were,  
384 & this day they haue woone the victorye.”

The King  
receives  
Derby back  
into favour.

the Duke tooke the Erle by the arme,  
& thus they ledden to the prince [trulye<sup>9</sup>].  
7 roods<sup>10</sup> of ground the *King* he came,

<sup>1</sup> A & B, And sayd.

<sup>2</sup> A, uppon. P, at.

<sup>3</sup> A, weare.

<sup>4</sup> A, Lankeshir.

<sup>5</sup> A, with an highe word, B, on highe.

<sup>6</sup> B, Rauphe.

<sup>7</sup> A, thes righte.

<sup>8</sup> A omits called.

<sup>9</sup> A & B, trulye.

<sup>10</sup> B, rowdes.

388 & sayd, "welcome, *King* of man & Erle of Derbye!  
the thing *that* I haue taken from thee,  
I geeve it to thee againe whollye,

392 "The Maurydden <sup>1</sup> of Lancashire & Cheshire both [page 123.]  
att thy bidding euer to bee ;  
ffor those men beene <sup>2</sup> true, Thomas,<sup>3</sup> indeed ;  
they beene trew both to thee & mee."

396 "yett one thing greeveth me," said the Erle,  
& in my hart maketh me heaveye,  
this day to heare thé wan <sup>4</sup> the feild,  
& yesterday cowards <sup>5</sup> to bee." Lord Derby  
wonders  
at the news.

400 "it was a wronge wryting," sayd our *King*,  
"that came ffrom the Erle of Surrey ;  
but I shall him teach his prince to know,  
if euer wee come in our countrye !" The King  
says the first  
account was  
Lord  
Surrey's.

404 "I aske noe more," sayd the Noble erle,<sup>6</sup>  
"ffor all *that* my men haue done trulye,  
but *that* I may be Iudge my selfe <sup>7</sup>  
of *that* Noble Erle of Surreye." Derby asks  
that he may  
judge  
Surrey.

408 "Stand vp, Thomas !" sayd our prince,  
"Lord Marshall I <sup>8</sup> make thee,  
& thou shalt be Iudge <sup>9</sup> thy selfe,  
& as thou saiest, soe shall it bee." The King  
agrees.

<sup>1</sup> ? Welsh, *Mawredd*, greatness, grandeur; *mawreddus*, magnificent, grand. Pughe.—F. A, Marshallynge; B, Manratten.

<sup>2</sup> A, be.

<sup>3</sup> Though the ballad gives Thomas as Lord Derby's name, p. 320, l. 48, and Lord Shrewsbury calls him "Sonne Thomas," p. 327, l. 197, Weber, whose text, Harl. 293, reads "be true to Thomas indeed," puts a note here saying, "We have here

an example of the proverbial popularity of *True Thomas of Ercildom*." Flodden Field, p. 387, n. ||.—F.

<sup>4</sup> A, wane.

<sup>5</sup> A, courds.

<sup>6</sup> A, the erle nowe.

<sup>7</sup> A, that I myselfe his judgmente maye pronounce, B, gyve judgment myselfe.

<sup>8</sup> A inserts will.

<sup>9</sup> A & B, give the judgment.

- Derby will spare his life, he says. 412 "then is his liffe saued," sayd the Erle,  
 "I thanke Iesu & your grace trulye ;  
 if my vnckle slew his father deere,  
 he wold haue venged him on mee."
- The King posts him and Lord Shrewsbury on the south side of Tournay. 416 "thou art verry patient," sayd our King<sup>1</sup> ;  
 "the holy ghost remaines,<sup>2</sup> I thinke, in thee ;  
 on the south side<sup>3</sup> of Turnay thou shalt stande,  
 with my godfather the Erle of shrewsburye."
- In three days it is taken. 420 & soe to *that* seege forth thé went,<sup>4</sup>  
 the noble Shrewsburye & the Erle of Derbye,  
 & thé Laid seege vnto the walls,<sup>5</sup>  
 & wan the towne in dayes 3.<sup>6</sup>
- The King posts Sir Alexander Ratcliffe, too, on the south side. 424 & then bespake our noble King,  
 these were the words said hee,  
 sayes, "come Alexander Ratcliffe, Knight,  
 come hither now vnto mee,  
 ffor thou shalt goe on the south side of Tournay,  
 428 & with thee thou shalt haue 1000<sup>d</sup> 3."<sup>7</sup>
- 432 then forth is gone Alexander Ratcliffe, Knight ;  
 with him he leads men 1000<sup>d</sup> 3 ;  
 but or ere 3 dayes were come to an end,  
 the ffrenchmen away did flee.
- He offers him the governorship of the town, then King Henery planted 300<sup>d</sup> Englishmen  
 that in the citye shold abyde & bee :  
 Alexander Ratcliffe, he wold haue mad him *gouernour*  
 there,

<sup>1</sup> A, our kyng sware.

<sup>2</sup> A, remaynethe. See "Lord of Learn," l. 12, p. 184.—H.

<sup>3</sup> See Hall: "Then the Kyng with all his battayle planted hys siege on the northe parte of the citee. Therle of Shrewsbury with his battayle warded towarde the south syde of the ryver, & there lay that night. Lorde Harberte with the rereward planted his battall in

the west syde of the citee, & with great ordinance daily bett the walles & towers of the citee."—H.

<sup>4</sup> A, foarthe they ganged.

<sup>5</sup> A adds batled.

<sup>6</sup> The Harl. MSS. do not contain the following 86 lines, but end with vv. 510-13.—H.

<sup>7</sup> thousands three, query.—P.



436 but he forsooke it certainlye,  
 & made great intreatye to our *King*  
*that* he might come into England in his com-  
 pa[n]ye.

but Sir  
 Alexander  
 prefers  
 returning to  
 England.

& then bespake Noble *King* Henery,  
 440 & these were the words said hee,  
 sayes, “come hither Rowland Egerton, *Knight*,  
 & come thou hither vnto mee ;

The King  
 offers Sir  
 Rowland  
 Egerton

“for the good service *that* thou hast done,  
 444 well rewarded shalt thou bee.”  
 then forth came Rowland Egerton,  
 & kneeled downe vpon his knee,

saies, “if it like your grace, my gracious *King*,  
 448 the reward *that* you will bestow on mee,  
 I wold verry gladlye haue it in Cheshire,  
 ffor *thats* att home in my owne country.”

& then bespake him Noble *King* Henery,  
 452 & these were the words said hee,  
 “I haue Nothing, Egerton, in all Cheshire  
*that* wilbe any pleasure for thee  
 but 5 Mills stands att Chester townes end,  
 456 thé gone all ouer the water of Dee.”

the five mills  
 on the Dee,  
 at Chester ;

still kneeled Rowland Egerton,  
 & did not rise beside his knee,  
 sayes, “if it like your highnesse, my gracious *King*,  
 460 a Milner <sup>1</sup> called I wold neuer bee.”

but Egerton  
 does not  
 care to be  
 called a  
 miller.

And then bespake him Noble *King* Harrye, [page 124.]  
 these were the words said hee,

<sup>1</sup> Milner, vet. ang. pro Miller. → P.

saith, "Ile make mine avow to god  
 464 & alsoe to the trinitye,  
 there shall neuer be *King* of England  
 but thé shalbe Miller of the Mills of Dee!

The King  
 offers to  
 make him  
 Ranger of  
 Snowden.

"I haue noe other thing, Egerton,  
 468 *that* wilbe for thy delight ;  
 I will giue thee the forrest of Snoden<sup>1</sup> in wales,  
 wherby thou may giue the horne & lease ;  
 in siluer it wilbe verrey white,  
 472 & meethinkes shold thee well please."

Egerton  
 does not  
 care to be  
 that.

Still kneeled Rowland Egerton on his knee ;  
 he sayes, " if itt like your highnes, my gracious  
*King*,  
 a ranger<sup>2</sup> called wold I neuer bee."  
 476 then our *King* was wrathe, & rose away,  
 sayes, " I thinke, Egerton, nothing will please thee."  
 & then bespake him Rowland Egerton  
 kneeling yet still on his knee,

He asks

480 sayes, " if itt like your highnesse, my gracious *King*,  
*that* your highnes pleasure will now heer<sup>3</sup> mee,  
 In Cheshire there lyes a litle grange<sup>4</sup> house,  
 in the Lordsh[i]ppe of Rydeley<sup>5</sup> it doth Lyee,

<sup>1</sup> Snoden, *i. e.* Snowden.—P.

<sup>2</sup> *Ranger* of the Forest is one whose office is to walk daily through his Charge to see, hear, and enquire, as well of Trespasses as Trespassers in his Bayliwick ; to drive the Beasts of the Forest out of the Disforested into the Forested Lands, and to prevent all Trespasses of the Forest. *Glossographia Anglicana Nova*, 1719.—F.

<sup>3</sup> hear.—P.

<sup>4</sup> Fr. Beauregard: m. A Summerhouse or *Graunge*; a house for pleasure, and recreation. Cotgrave. *Grange* (Lat.), a great farm which hath Barns, Stables, Stalls, and other Places necessary for Husbandry. *Gloss. Angl. Nova*.—F.

<sup>5</sup> Compare *Notitia Cestriensis* (Chetham Society), note: "Ridley Hall, the seat of the Egerton family from the time of Henry VIII., who granted the estate to Sir Ralph Egerton, second son of Philip Egerton of Egerton, Esq. as a reward for taking the French standard at Tournay. . . . The house was quadrangular, and approached by a massive gateway." And Leland (*Itin.* vii. 33): "Ridle Hawlle was made of a poure olde place the fairest Gentilmans howse of all Chestreschire by Syr William Standeley, Helper to Kyng Henry VII. It is a ryght goodlye howse of stone & tymber." Ormerod: "The manor of Ridley, which became forfeited to the crown by

- 484 "a tanner there in it did dwell,—  
 my leege, it is but a coto with one eye,—  
 & if *your* grace wold bestow this on mee,  
 full well it wold pleasure me.<sup>1</sup>"
- 488 then bespake our Noble *King* Harrye,  
 & these were the words saith hee,  
 saies, "take thee *that* grange house, Egerton,  
 & the *Lordshippe* of Rydley faire & free ;
- 492 "for the good service thou hast to me done,  
 I will giue it vnto thy heyres & thee :"  
 & thus came Row[land] Egertton  
 to the *Lordshippe* of Rydley faire & free.
- 496 this Noble *King* Harry wan great victoryes in france  
 thorow the Might *that* Christ Jesus did him send :
- first our *King* wan Hans & Gynye,<sup>2</sup>  
 & walled townes, the truth to say ;
- 500 & afterwards wan other 2 townes,  
 the names of them were called turwin & Turnay ;
- high Bullen & base Bullen he wan alsoe,  
 & other village townes many a one,<sup>3</sup>
- 504 & Muttrell<sup>4</sup> he wan alsoe,—  
 the Cronicles of this will not lye,—  
 & kept to Calleis, plainsht<sup>5</sup> with Englishmen,  
 vnto the death *that* he did dye.

for a little  
grange  
house in  
Cheshire,

which is  
given him.

The King  
takes Hans,  
and Guisnes,

Terouenne,  
Tournay,

Boulogne,

and  
Montreuil.

the attainder of Sir William Stanley, was granted by King Henry VIII. as a reward for taking the French standard at Tournay, to Sir Robert Egerton of Ridley, second son of Philip Egerton of Egerton, Esq., the founder of a family whose existence in the county was confined to a few generations, but whose splendour

during that period has never been rivalled by any branch of that ancient stock."—H.

<sup>1</sup> MS. me pleasure. *forte*, pleasure me.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Guisnes.—P.

<sup>3</sup> *a one*. delend. Rhythmi gratia.—P.

<sup>4</sup> Montreuil in Picardy.—P.

<sup>5</sup> plenisht, *i. e.* replenished.—P.

508 thus was lancashire & Cheshire rebuked  
thorow the pollicye of the Erle of Surrey.  
Now god *that* was in Bethlem borne,  
& for vs dyed vpon a tree,  
512 saue *our* Noble prince *that* wereth the crowne,  
& haue mercy on the Erles soule of derby! <sup>1</sup>  
ffins.

<sup>1</sup> A, Shewe thie mersye one the Earle of Derby.

## Eger and Grine.<sup>1</sup>

[In Six Parts.—P.]

OF this once popular, and deservedly popular romance, there are two copies known—the following one of the Folio, now printed from the Folio for the first time; and a copy printed at Aberdeen in 1711,<sup>2</sup> of which an abstract is given by Mr. Ellis in his “Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances,” and a reprint, by Mr. Laing, in his “Early Metrical Tales,” in 1826. The latter copy is evidently a much diluted version of the old romance. “The printer,” says Mr. Ellis, “has evidently followed a very imperfect MS., with which also he seems to have taken great liberties; and the story, as it now stands, is so obscurely told, that the catastrophe is quite unintelligible, and has been in the present abstract supplied by conjecture.”

The diffuseness of the said copy may be appreciated when we state that it consists of 2860 lines, of which 2782 contain the story given in the Folio in 1473 lines, in little more than half the space. The last 60 furnish a feeble continuation of the original story. Sir Graham (so Sir Grime is called there) dies; Sir Eger’s bride discovers the trick that has been played upon her, and betakes herself to a religious life. Sir Eger fights in Holy Land. Returning, and finding his affronted wife dead, he marries Sir Graham’s widow. “This romance,” says Mr. Ellis, “is by no means deficient in merit; but I do not know of its

<sup>1</sup> This Old Piece is not much inferior to one of Ariosto’s Gates.—P. There is a mark as if of contraction over the *n* of *Grine*.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Laing informs the editors that he possesses an edition twenty-four years earlier than this one. “It was a be-

quest,” he writes, “by my old friend Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq., and has this title: ‘*The History of Sir Eger, Sir Grahame, and Sir Gray-Steel*. Printed in the year 1687.’ It is a little 18mo., pp. 72, black letter, without either the place of printing or printer’s name.”

existence in a perfect state, either in MS. or in print, unless it be preserved entire in Bishop Percy's folio."

Every one who cares for old romances will, we think, find pleasure in the Folio version now at last brought to the light. We see no reason for suspecting that it deviates from the original romance in respect of its story. The spelling and the language are considerably corrupted or modernised; but the incidents and circumstances remain as they were. The frame of the picture is damaged; but the picture lives. In the later editions of his "Reliques," in his list of Ancient Metrical Romances, Bishop Percy just mentions his copy. In 1800 he communicated an account of it to Dr. Robert Anderson, for the information of Sir Walter (then plain Walter) Scott, the substance of which is reproduced by Dr. Leyden in his remarks on the romances mentioned in the "Complaint of Scotland" (edited by him in 1801). It is printed *verbatim* in Mr. Laing's Preface to his reprint of the romance.

Sir Walter Scott, after speaking of "Gawen and Galogras," "Galoran of Galloway," and "Sir Tristrem," as romances in which "there does not appear the least trace of a French original," and probably "compiled by Scottish authors from the Celtic traditions which still floated amongst their countrymen," subjoins the hypothesis, that "to this list we might perhaps be authorised in adding the 'History of Sir Edgar and Sir Grime;' for although only a modernised copy is now known to exist, the language is unquestionably Scottish, and the scene is laid in Carrick in Ayrshire." We see no reason for referring it to Celtic traditions. But it may, perhaps, be of domestic growth. Certainly this romance enjoyed an early and extensive popularity in Scotland. Perhaps the earliest mention<sup>1</sup> of it belongs to the year 1497; when the Treasurer's accounts inform us: "ixs" was paid to "twa fithelaris<sup>2</sup> that Sang Gray Steil to the king," James IV., then

<sup>1</sup> See Leyden's *Comp. of Sc.* and Mr. Laing's Preface to his reprint.

<sup>2</sup> Not "Sachelaris." That reading is, as Mr. Laing informs the editors, a transcriber's blunder.



holding his court at Stirling. James V., as we learn from Hume of Godscroft's history of the family of Douglas, "when he was young, loved" Archibald Douglas of Kilspendie "singularly well, for his ability of body, and was wont to call him Gray Steill." Then, as we have already intimated, the romance is referred to in the "Complaynt of Scotland," 1549, as one well and widely known. Sir David Lyndsay, about the same time—who indeed has been set forth by some critics as the author of the "Complaynt," mentions it more than once: as in his "Squire Meldrum"—

I wate he faucht that day als weill  
As did Schir Gryme againes Gray Steill—

in his Interlude of "The Auld Man and his Wife"—

This is the sword that slew Gray Steill  
Necht half a myle beyond Kinneill.

A poem, written in 1574, by John Davidson, then one of the ministers of Edinburgh, published twenty-one years afterwards at Edinburgh, says that poets have in all time delighted to celebrate worthy persons:

Even of Gray Steill, who list to luke,  
Their is set foorth a meikle buke.

"William, first Earl of Gowrie," says Mr. Laing, "is denominated Gray Steill in one of Logan's letters, produced as a proof of that alleged and mysterious conspiracy, which in all probability shall [Anglicè will] remain a question of doubtful interpretation." Subsequently, allusions to our romance abound. "In a curious MS. volume," to quote again from Mr. Laing's valuable Preface, "formerly in the possession of Dr. Burney, entitled 'An Playing Booke for the Lute;' 'Noted and collected' at Aberdeen by Robert Gordon, in the year 1627, is the air of 'Gray Steel;' and there is a satirical poem on the Marquis of Argyle, printed in 1686, which is said 'to be composed in Scottish rhyme,' and is 'appointed to be sung according to the tune of Old Gray Steel.'"

“Besides these allusions,” adds Mr. Laing, “other evidence of the popularity of this romance might have been adduced from common sayings and proverbial expressions which are current to this day in various parts of the country, although all knowledge of the hero and his exploits have long since ceased to be remembered.

“Indeed, this romance would seem, along with the poems of Sir David Lyndsay, and the histories of Robert the Bruce, and of Sir William Wallace, to have formed the standard productions of the vernacular literature of the country. The author of the ‘Scots Hudibrass,’ originally printed at London, 1681, under the title of ‘A Mock Poem, or the Whiggs Supplication,’ in describing Ralph’s Library says:

And here lyes books, and there lyes ballads,  
As Davie Lindsay, and Gray Steel,  
Squire Meldrum, Bevis, and Adam Bell,  
There Bruce and Wallace.

“To this effect, John Taylor, ‘the water poet,’ a noted character in the reign of Charles I., speaks of Sir Degre, Sir Grime, and Sir Gray Steele, as having the same popularity in Scotland that the heroes of other romances enjoyed in their respective countries ‘filling (as he quaintly says) whole volumes with the ayrie imaginations of their unknowne and unmatchable worths.’”<sup>1</sup>

The reader will not, we think, be surprised at the wide popularity these many allusions imply. The poem is not only valuable for its faithful picture of mediæval life, with its adventures, and gallantry, and that mysterious atmosphere we called “romantic,” but for the force and beauty of its story. It has charms beyond those which attract the antiquarian, or the historical eye. The subject of the piece is the true and tried friendship of Sir Eger and Sir Grime. Such a friendship was a

<sup>1</sup> Argument to the verses in praise of the Great O’Toole, originally printed 1623, 8vo., and included in Taylor’s works, 1634, folio, sign. Bb. 2.

favourite subject with the old romance-writers. See "Amys and Amylion," and "Athelstan" (printed from a Caius College MS. in "Reliquiæ Antiquæ"). What Damon and Pythias were to each other, and Pylades and Orestes, that were Eger and Grime.

They were fellows good & fine ;  
They were nothing sib of blood,  
But they were sworn Brethren good ;  
They kept a chamber together at home ;  
Better love loved there never none.

Of such a kind was the fast friendship of Wallace and Graham, the recollection of which, perhaps, may have induced later Scotch reciters or editors of the story to change Grime's name into Graham. Graham had become to them the ideal representative of the friend that sticks closer than a brother.

This romance then, like the Fourth Book of the "Fairy Queen," sings of friendship. It sings how a true knight stood faithfully by his friend when misfortune overtook him, and fought his battle, and won it, and was rewarded with the same happiness which he had so nobly striven to secure for his friend—success in love. The causes of his friend's misfortune are highly characteristic of the age in which the romance was probably composed—the end of the fourteenth or beginning of the fifteenth century. They are: (1) Sir Eger's own adventurous spirit. He is a younger brother, who, "large of blood and bone," but possessing no broad lands, has to fight his way in the world. "Ever he justs and he fights." Ever unvanquished, he wins the love of Winglaine, Earl Bragas' daughter, who has set her heart on marrying such an one. But with her love pledged to him, and with all his honours, he cannot rest from seeking adventure. He hears of a fresh enemy ; he sets off in quest of him.

Upon a time Eger he would forth fare  
To win him worship, as he did see ;  
Whereby that he might praised be  
Above all knights of high degree.

(2) Winglaine's inflexible resolve to give her hand to one who had never known defeat. The new enemy, against whom her lover is gone, is the formidable Sir Gray-Steel. The lover comes back from his encounter with him stained with defeat.

So he came home upon a night  
Sore wounded, & ill was he dight ;  
His knife was forth, his sheath was gone ;  
His scabbard by his thigh was done ;  
A truncheon of a spear he bore,  
And other weapons he bare no more.  
On his bedside he set him down ;  
He siked sore, & feel in swoon.

Winglaine overhears the miserable story he gives his much sorrowing friend of his expedition; and her heart is hardened against him. He has committed what is in her eyes an unpardonable offence—he has been beaten. She laughs to scorn the version of the affair, which the *fidus Achates* circulates, to protect his friend's fair fame. She listens to Sir Grime's intercession with supreme obduracy. She will no longer lay any commands of hers upon him, she says.

All that while Eger was the knight  
That wan the degree in every fight,  
For his sake verily  
Many a better I have put by  
Therefore I will not bid him ride,  
Nor at home I will not bid him abide ;  
Nor of his marriage I have nothing ado ;  
I wot not, Grime, what thou sayest thereto.

But poor, wounded Eger loves her as intensely as ever.

Such is the terrible distress from which friendship delivers him. If Eger can yet overthrow Gray-Steel, or be believed by Winglaine to have overthrown him, all may yet be well. The friend determines himself to go forth against the enemy, but to persuade the lady that her lover has gone. His generous scheme succeeds. He returns triumphant; and makes everybody believe that it is Eger returning so. Winglaine now relents, as she thinks Sir Eger has redeemed his honour; and, after some show

on his part of feigned indifference to her overtures, *prisca redit venus*, and the happy day is fixed.

The Earl & Countess accorded soon ;  
 The Earl sent forth his messenger  
 To great lords far and near,  
 That they should come by the 15th day  
 To the marriage of his daughter gay.  
 And then Sir Eger, that noble knight,  
 Married Winglaine, that lady bright.  
 The feast it lasted forty days  
 With lords & ladies in royal arrays ;  
 And at the forty days end  
 Every man to his own home wend.

And in due time

Winglaine bare to Sir Eger  
 Fifteen children that were fair ;  
 Ten of them were sonnes wight,  
 And five, daughters fair in sight.

Such is the outline of this charming old tale. The central scene is the land of Beam. But the expeditions against Sir Gray-Steel into the Forbidden Country are described at great length and with excellent effect. The introduction of the lady who entertains and nurses, or advises the knights when engaged in them, and who eventually marries Sir Grime, is accompanied with most pleasant and graphic pictures of the lady's bower of chivalric times. As Winglaine represents the sterner side of the female character, Loosepain represents the gentler. Says Sir Eger :

The Moon shone fair, the stars cast light ;  
 Then of a Castle I get a sight,  
 Of a Castle & a Town ;  
 And by an arbour side I light down ;  
 And there I saw fast me by  
 The fairest bower that ever saw I.  
 A little while I tarried then,  
 And a lady came forth of a fresh Arbour ;  
 She came forth of that garden green,  
 And in that bower fain would have been.  
 She was clad in scarlet red  
 And all of fresh gold shone her head ;  
 Her rud was red as rose in rain,  
 A fairer creature never seen.  
*Methought her coming did me good.*

She is full of gentle consideration for the wounded and vanquished knight—for his wounded spirit as well as for his pierced and bruised body.

The Lady lovesome under line  
 With her white hands she did wash mine ;  
 And when she saw my right hand bare,  
 Alas ! my shame is much the mair !  
 The glove was whole, the hand was nomen ;  
 Thereby she might well see I was overcomen ;  
 And *she perceived that I thought shame ;*  
*Therefore she would not ask my name.*  
*Nor at that word she said no mair,*  
*But all good easements I had there.*

This gentle-souled lady proves an excellent doctor—

Why was she called Loosepain ?  
 A better leech was none certain.—

(see v.v. 243–328), and a most kindly nurse. *Haud ignara mali*—her betrothed had been slain by Sir Gray-Steel, and her brother too, in striving to avenge him—she endeavours to forget her own griefs while she “succours” the miserable Sir Eger ; but ever and anon, in the midst of her tender, gracious nursing of him, they recur to her, and she must needs weep. The old romances paint few more beautiful touching pictures than this one :

She sat down by the bedside,  
 She laid a psalter on her knee ;  
 Thereon she played full lovesomely ;  
*And yet for all her sweet playing,*  
*Ofttimes she had full still mourning ;*  
 And her two maidens sweetly sang,  
 And oft thé wept, or their hands wrang ;  
 But I heard never so sweet playing,  
 And ever amongst so sore siking.  
 In the night she came to me oft,  
 And asked me whether I would ought,  
 But always I said her nay,  
 Till it drew near the break of day.

No wonder Sir Eger describes her afterwards as

. . . the gentlest of heart & will  
 That ever man came until.



She receives Sir Grime with the same sweet hospitality—happily he did not need experience her leechcraft, either before or after his combat with Graysteel—disturbed by the same irrepressible sorrow.

Meat nor drink none would he,  
He was so enamoured of that fair lady.

He discovers the secret of her tears.

“Sir,” she said, “I must never be weel  
Till I be avenged of Graysteel,  
For he slew my brother, my fathers heir,  
And also my own lord both fresh & fair;  
For Sir Attelstan shold me have wedd,  
But I came never in his bed.” &c.

So Sir Grime rides forth against Sir Gray-Steel, not only as Eger’s friend, but as Loosepain’s lover. He rides with a lighter heart, therefore; around him the small birds singing, the flowers springing. The lady Loosepain, sitting at home in her chamber, thinks of him gone to the Forbidden Country.

At supper where she was set  
Never a morsel might she eat.  
“Ah!” she sayd, “now I think on that knight,  
That went from me when the day was light!  
Yesternight to the chamber I him led;  
This night Graysteel has made his bed.  
Alas! he is foul lost on him!  
That is much pity for his kin!  
For he is large of blood and bone;  
And goodly nurture he lacketh none.  
And he is fair in arms to fold,  
He is worth to her his weight in gold,—  
*Woe is me for his love in his country!*  
She may think long or she him see!”  
With that she thought on her Lord Attelstan  
That the water out of her eyen ran.

Who is so hard-hearted as not to rejoice when at this juncture—

. . . Grime knocked at the chamber door,  
And a maiden stood there on the floor.

“O madam!” she said, “Now is come that knight  
That went hence when the day was light!”  
And hastily from the board she rise,  
And kissed him twenty sithe.  
“How have you faren on your journey?”  
“Full well, my love,” Sir Grime did say. &c.

Of course the old, old, never wearisome *finale* follows. The brave, true, virgin knight

(“I had never wife,” he says, “nor yet lady.  
I tell you truly by Saint John  
I had never wife nor yet leman.”)

marries the sweet tender-hearted lady. The betrothal—the handfasting—takes place at once; the marriage, after Sir Grime has revisited the land of Beam, and ensured the happiness of his friend, returning to Earl Gares’ land—

There Sir Grime, that noble knight,  
Married Loosepain, that lady bright,  
. . . . .  
A royal wedding was made then.

The third knight of the poem is Sir Gray-Steel. He is described as

. . . . . “A venturous knight,  
That kept a forbidden country both day & night,  
And a fresh island by the sea,  
Where castles were with towers hie.

The Forbidden Country was made an island by a river and the sea together. It was well furnished with parks, and palaces, and castles, and towers, and with watchmen. For the lord of it, his shield and spear were red; his steed so big as to make Sir Egar’s by the side of it look but a foal; his spear was great and long. In the four quarters of his shield were a dragon, an unicorn, a bear, and a wild boar; in the midst “a ramping lion that would bite sore.” His armour is of wonderful and lavish magnificence,

made of silver and gold, and precious stones. He carries a golden mace with a topas at the end of it. His horse's furniture is of the same splendid sort—reins of silk hung with bells of gold, saddle of selcamar,<sup>1</sup> fretted with golden bars, breastplate of Indian silk.<sup>2</sup> Moreover, his strength ebbed and flowed, being greatest at noon, least at midnight. He fought better on horse-back than on foot. He was believed to be invincible. With his hands too he had

. . . A hundred knights & mo,  
Shamefully driven them to dead  
Without succour or any remed,

and made their ladies captive. He was wont to cut off the little finger of the right hand of those he slew or overthrew, probably for some purpose of sorcery.<sup>3</sup> The features of this figure have evidently an Oriental cast. The brilliant opulence of Gray-Steel's appearance and his practice of witchcraft both point to an Oriental origin. He is a terrible infidel. At a later time, when an allegorical application of the old romances was the fashion; when they were being turned to uses never dreamt of by their prime authors, and it was insisted that "more was meant than met the ear"; when those tendencies were working that produced their most glorious result in the "Fairy Queen"; when men were attempting to use for new thoughts the old forms of expression, just as they were retaining for Protestantism the cathedrals that had so long re-echoed the liturgy

<sup>1</sup> Some rich stuff like *siclatoun*.—F.

<sup>2</sup> In an old English poem on the siege of Rouen, A.D. 1418, Henry is described as riding

. . . On a broune stede;  
Of blak damaske was his wede;  
A *peytrelle* of golde full bryjt  
Aboute his necke hynge down rjzt.

*Archæologia*, vol. xxii.

The *peytrelle* or *poitral* was a piece of horse-furniture of this period.—*Planché's British Costume*, p. 230.

"Also the synne of here ornament, or of apparaile, as in thinges that apperteynen to rydyng, as in to many delicat horses . . . and in to curious harnoys, as in sadelis, and bridils, croupours, and *peytrelle*, covered with precious clothing, and riche barres and plates of gold and of silver." Chaucer, *Persones Tale*. Poet. Works, ed. Morris, iii. 298.—F.

<sup>3</sup> Compare the Hand of Glory in "The Antiquary"; in "Thalaba," book v. Fingers seem to have been used in a similar way.—H.

of Rome—at this time the “Forbidden Country” and Sir Gray-Steel may have had assigned them a fresh significance. The religious interpretation of them is obvious. The edition of 1711 reads for the Forbidden Country “The Land of Doubt.” This latter title cannot fail to remind us, if the former did, of certain adventures that befall the hero of the “Pilgrim’s Progress.” Bunyan must have been well familiar with the common versions circulating in his time of the old romances. Perhaps he may have heard a version of this very one from one of the many Scotchmen who for various reasons overran this country in the seventeenth century.

A supposed difficulty remains. We have seen that James, in his youthful days, nick-named a Douglas whom he then loved, his “Gray Steill.” “There might be some reason as to Lord Gowrie’s nick-name,” writes Mr. C. K. Sharpe, *apud* Mr. Laing’s Preface, “for it is plain that Gray Steill was a sort of magician; and Spottiswood says that Gowrie ‘was too curious, and said to have consulted with wizards,’ &c.; but for Lord Eglintoun, it is only known that he fought stoutly for the Solemn League and Covenant, was never vanquished by Sir Grime, and had no deeper dealings with the devil than the rest of his fellow Puritans.” With regard to Douglas, we should conjecture that the name was given him in banter. Affection often uses the seemingly most inapt terms. It expresses itself contrariously. It is much given to irony. It can convert the hardest names into terms of endearment. It can make the rudest speeches civil, the harshest titles complimentary, denunciations into caressings, blows into kisses. So there is no difficulty in James giving his favourite such a hard name. As to Lord Eglintone, if it is only “known that he fought stoutly for the Solemn League and Covenant,” quite enough is known to prepare us for the application of the most abusive terms to him. What with the great differences, and the endless bitter little

differences that "pitted" the face of his age, he must been a very unique person indeed if he did not get called by every possible bad name at one time or another. Naturally enough, the popular taste, requiring brevity in a title, and fascinated by the mystery and weird air that surround Sir Gray-Steel, attached his name to the romance, though it celebrates him and two others; and so, as we have seen, it is often referred to "Graysteel."

We think our readers will agree with Percy's verdict that "it is one of the best of the ancient epic tales" preserved in the Folio—will perhaps extend their praise. It is, indeed, a poem of very high excellence, vivid, picturesque, terse, delicate, tender, vigorous. It breathes the very spirit of romance, and re-creates for us the old sights and scenes of romantic life in all their strange grotesque beauty. The knight-errant in his pride, and in his fall; the Forbidden Land with its weird lord; the castle standing out in the moonshine, as the broken knight rides away from the field of his shame; the scarlet-clad, gold-head-dressed lady who meets, and greets, and doctors, and nurses him; the wilderness and the forest; the wonderful sword Egeking, of whose "guider" "no man ever of woman born durst abide the face befor"; Sir Eger in "a window," reading books of romance; Winglaine on the walls seeing the waygate of her lover; Sir Grime taking his inn at a burgess's house; Loosepain playing her guest to sleep; the avenger riding about the plain in quest of the oppressor; the oppressor rushing on the avenger like a lion "in his woodest time"; the fighting "together fell and sore, the space of a mile and something more"; the hacking, and swooning, and dying; the steeds left to themselves when their masters are dismounted, fighting furiously together after the example of their furiously fighting masters; the castle of stone hard by the terrible field, where the victor sees and hears "ladies, many a one, wringing, and wailing, and riving their hair, striking, and crying, with voices full clear"; the lady doing off his armour and searching



his wounds, and "never so sound as when she saw he had no death wound"—these are some of the pictures that our romance gives us; that teach us how unlike, and how like we are the men who played their parts some five centuries ago on the stage we now are occupying.

In Beame dwells	4	IT fell sometimes <sup>1</sup> in the Land of Beame, there dwelled a Lord within <i>that</i> realme, the greatest he was of renowne except the <i>King that</i> ware the crowne ; thé called him to name Erle Bragas ; he marryed a ladye was fayre of face ; they had noe Child but a daughter younge, in the world was none soe fayre thing :	[page 125.]
Earl Bragas, and has	8	They called <i>that</i> Ladye winglanye <sup>2</sup> ; husband wold she neuer haue none, <sup>3</sup> Neither for gold nor yett for good, nor for noe highnese of his blood, without he would with swords dent <sup>4</sup> win euery battell where he went. soe there were many in <i>that</i> Realme rich, but they cold find but few such, for the Erle rydeth with such a route of Lords & knights hardye & stout. there was in <i>that</i> same time	
a lovely girl, Wing- layne, who'll marry no one unless	12	a curtoous <i>knight</i> called Sir Grime ; & of Garwicke <sup>5</sup> Lord was hee ; he was a wise man and a wittye. soe there was in <i>that</i> same place a young <i>Knight</i> men called Egace, but his name was Sir Eger, for he was but a poore bachlour,	
he wins every battle he fights.	16	Of two friends, Sir <i>Grime</i> of Garwicke	
and Sir <i>Eger</i> ,	24		

<sup>1</sup> sonetimes in MS.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Winglayne.—P.

<sup>3</sup> nane.—P.

<sup>4</sup> *i.e.* dint, as we say, *by meer dint of*,  
&c.—P. Blow.—F.

<sup>5</sup> Garwicke, or rather Garnwicke. See  
p. 143, v. 64 [of MS.]—P. Garwicke,  
l. 61.—F.



for his elder brother was liuande,<sup>1</sup>  
 28 & gouerned all his fathers Land.  
 Egar was large of blood & bone,  
 but broad Lands had hee none,  
 but euermore he wan the honour  
 32 through worshipp of his bright armour ;  
 & for loue *that* he was soe well taught,  
 euer he Iusted & hee fought ;  
 & because he was soe well proued,  
 36 the Erles daughter shee him Loued.  
 they Ladye granted her good will,  
 her father sented<sup>2</sup> there soone till,<sup>3</sup>  
 he was glad *that* shee wold,  
 40 *that* shee wold in hart fold<sup>4</sup>  
 for to take vntill her fere<sup>5</sup>  
 a baru[n]<sup>6</sup> or else a bacheleere.  
 these *Knights* Sir Egar & Sir Grime,  
 44 they were fellowes good & fine ;  
 they were nothing sib<sup>7</sup> of blood,  
 but they were sworne Bretheren good<sup>8</sup> ;  
 they kepted<sup>9</sup> a chamber together att home ;  
 48 better loue Loved there never none.  
 Vpon a time Egar he wold forth fare  
 to win him worshippe, as he did ere,  
 wherby *that* he might praysed bee  
 52 aboue all knights of high degree.  
 soe hee came home vpon a night,  
 sore wounded, & ill was he dight :

the latter  
wins every  
fight,

and Wing-  
layne  
loves him.

Then Eger  
goes out to  
win fame,

but comes  
home  
wounded or  
despoiled.

<sup>1</sup> livande, *i.e.* living.—P.

<sup>2</sup> *i.e.* assented.—P.

<sup>3</sup> *i.e.* to.—P.

<sup>4</sup> either fold, as in folding sheep, fold in one's arms, "enclose or embrace in her heart," or as in folding a cloth, "turn in her heart."—F.

<sup>5</sup> companion, mate, &c.—P.

<sup>6</sup> baroune.—P. a hole in the MS.—F.

<sup>7</sup> related.—P. "But th' Birtle folk are a dhyel on um *sib* an *sib*, rib an'

rib—o' ov a litter—Fittons an' Diggles, an' Fittons and Diggles o'er again." *Edwin Waugh's Sketches of Lancashire Life*, 1857, p. 206.—F.

<sup>8</sup> Compare, in the *Romance of Athelston*, *Rel. Ant.* vol. 2, p. 85 :

For love of here metyng thar,  
They *swoor hem weddyd brethryn* for  
ever mar;

In trowthe trowely dede hem bynde.—F.

<sup>9</sup> kept.—P.

- his kniffe was forth, his sheath was gone,  
 56 his scaberd by his thigh was done,  
 a truncheon of a speare hee bore,  
 & other weapons he bare noe more.  
 on his bed side he sett him downe,  
 60 he siked sore, & fell in swoone.  
 Sir Grime of Garwicke shortlye rose,  
 & ran to Sir Egar, and said, " alas,  
 for thee, Egar, my hart is woe  
 64 *that euer I were soe farr thee froe !*  
 for when wee parted att yonder yate  
 thou was a mightye man, & milde of state ;  
 & well thou seemed, soe god me speede,  
 68 to proue thy manhood on a steede ;  
 & now thou art both pale and greene,<sup>1</sup>  
 & in strong battell thou hast beene ;  
 thou hast beene in strong battell,<sup>2</sup>  
 72 it was neuer litle *that made thee fayle.*"  
 " <sup>3</sup> Now as it hath behappned mee,  
 god, let it neuer behappen thee  
 Nor noe other curteous *Knigh* [page 126.]  
 76 *that euer goeth to the feild to fight,*  
 for to win worshipp as I haue done !  
 I haue bought it deare & lost it soone !  
 for other *Lords* haue biddn<sup>4</sup> att home,  
 80 & saued their bodyes forth of shame,  
 & kepeed<sup>5</sup> their manhood faire & cleane !  
 well broked<sup>6</sup> my loue before mine eyen,  
 & I am hurt & wounded sore,  
 and man- 84 & manhood is lost for euer-more."

<sup>1</sup> Compare *χλωρός*, pale-green, light-green, greenish-yellow, strictly of the colour of young grass, corn, &c. *χλωραί βώπες*, Od. 16, 47, ii., generally pale, *χλωρόν θεός*, pale fear. Il. 479, &c. Lid. and Scott.—H.

<sup>2</sup> battayle.—P.

<sup>3</sup> Egar loquitur.—P.

<sup>4</sup> biden, *i.e.* abode . . . hame.—P.

<sup>5</sup> kept.—P.

<sup>6</sup> ? rejected, lost. See Wedgwood under *broker*. Du. *braken*, To Vomit, to cast, or to Spewe. Hexham.—F.

- then said Grime to Sir Egar,  
 "ye greeue you more then meete were ;  
 for *that* man was neuer soe well cladd,  
 88 nor yett soe doughtye in armes dread,<sup>1</sup>  
 but in battell place he may be distayned.<sup>2</sup>  
 why shold his manhood be reprov'd,  
 or his Ladye or his loue repine? "
- 92 then said Egar, "lett be, Sir Grime!  
 for fairer armour then I had,  
 was neuer Cristian *Knight* in cladd ;  
 I had a body *that* seemed well to doe,  
 96 & weapons *that* well longed therto ;  
 well I trusted my Noble steed,  
 soe *that* I did my good rich weed ;  
 & well I trusted my Noble brand ;  
 100 the best of all I trusted my hart & my hand !  
 I heard tell of a venterous *Knight*  
*that* kept a fforbidden cuntrye bath day & night,  
 & a fresh Iland by the sea  
 104 where castles were with towers hye.  
 ouer the riuer were ryding frythes<sup>3</sup> 2,  
 & soone I chose to the one of tho ;  
 in short while had I rydden  
 108 in *that* Land that was fforbidden,  
 but I heard mouing<sup>4</sup> in the greete<sup>5</sup>  
 as itt had beene of a steeds feete.  
 My horsse gladedd with *that* cheere,  
 112 cast vp his head & was a steere,<sup>6</sup>

and tells  
 Grime his  
 mishap.

He heard of  
 a daring  
 knight  
 who forbad  
 others his  
 land ;

he rode  
 there,

<sup>1</sup> dradde, i.e. dreaded. Chau.—P.  
<sup>2</sup> I quench or put out. *Je destains*.  
 The water that boyleth over wyll  
 quench the fyre. I stayne a thyng, I  
 marre the colour or glosse of it: *Je*  
*destayns*. I distayne, I chaunge the  
 coloure of a thyng: *je destaings*. . .  
 This drinke hath distayned my doublet  
 foule. Palsgrave. *Desteindre*, to distaine,  
 to dead, or take away the colour of.  
 Cotgrave.—F.

<sup>3</sup> *ryding places* in l. 937.—H. ? fords.  
*Frythes*, in *Gawaine and the Greene*  
*Knight*, are enclosed woods, (see Glos-  
 sary). *Firth*, *fyrth*, a sheltered place,  
 enclosure. Jamieson.—F.

<sup>4</sup> moving.—P.

<sup>5</sup> greet, grete, sand or gravel in Rivers  
 —G[awain] D[ouglas]. Gl.—P.

<sup>6</sup> steer, is to stir, move briskly. G.D. ;  
 Chau.—P.

- he groped together as he wold haue runen :  
 I hearkned when more din had comen ;  
 I looked on the way nye before,  
 saw the Knight in red and gold, 116 & see a *Knigh*t come on a sowre <sup>1</sup>;  
 red was his sheild, red was his speare,  
 & all of fresh gold shone his geere ;  
 & by the death *that* I must thole,<sup>2</sup>  
 120 my steed seemed to his but a fole ;  
 his speare *that* was both great & long,  
 faire on his brest he cold itt honge ;  
 & I mine in my rest can folde.  
 charged him, 124 I gaue my horsse what head he wold,  
 our steeds brought vs together soone :  
 alas, *that* meeting I may mone !  
 ffor<sup>3</sup> through coate armour & acton,<sup>4</sup>  
 128 through brest plate & Habergion,  
 through all my armour lesse & more,  
 was run right through the body, Cleane through the body he me bore ;  
 & I still in my sadle sate,  
 132 my good spere on his brest I brake.  
 the 2<sup>d</sup> time he came againe,  
 and his steed slain. he fayled of me, & my steede he has slaine.  
 then I gott vpp delinerlye,<sup>5</sup>  
 136 not halfe soe soone as need had I ;  
 I thought to haue wrocken <sup>6</sup> my steeds bane,  
 but *that* great outrage my selfe hath tane ;  
 Eger then attacked on foot with his sword : 140 I drew a sword of Mettle bright,  
 & egerlye I sought vnto *that* *Knigh*t ;  
 I stroke at him with all my maine, [page 127.]  
 I failed of him, & his steed has<sup>7</sup> slaine.  
 when hee see *that* itt was soe,  
 144 to counter <sup>8</sup> on ffoote he was full throe <sup>9</sup> ;

<sup>1</sup> Sore, is sorrel col<sup>d</sup>; perhaps it is here a horse of that colour; G.D. Sore also signifies valde, vehementer. *Jun.* if so, perhaps *a* is redundant.—P.

<sup>2</sup> suffer.—P.

<sup>3</sup> MS. fpro.—F.

<sup>4</sup> i.e. hocqueton.—P.

<sup>5</sup> nimbly, quickly; vid. Chauc. Gl.—P.

<sup>6</sup> wroken, wreaked, revenged.—P.

<sup>7</sup> have, or *is* or *was*.—P.

<sup>8</sup> encounter.—P.

<sup>9</sup> bold.—F.

hee drew a sword, a worthy weapon ;  
 the first dint *that* on me did happen,  
 throug all my armour, lesse and more,  
 148 7 inches into the sholder he me shore <sup>1</sup> ;  
 & I hitt him with whole pith <sup>2</sup>  
 aboute the girdle, *that* he groned with,  
 & with *that* stroke I cold him lett  
 152 whiles another shortlye on him I sett,  
 & well I wott I had him gotten,  
 but with *that* stroke my sword was broken.  
 then I drew a kniffe,—I had noe other,  
 156 the *which* I had of my owne borne brother,—  
 & he another out of sheath hath tane,  
 & neere hand together are we gone :  
 first he wounded me in the face ;  
 160 my eyen were safe, *that* was my grace ;  
 then I hitt him vpon the head,  
*that* in his helme my blade I leade.<sup>3</sup>  
 god ! lett neuer *Knight* soe woe be gon <sup>4</sup>  
 164 as I was when all my false weapons were done <sup>5</sup> !  
 yett <sup>6</sup> with the haft *that* was left in my hand,  
 fast vpon his face I dange  
*that* the blood sprang out from vnder the steele :  
 168 he lost some teeth, *that* wott I weele.  
 My Habergion *that* was of Millaine<sup>7</sup> fine,—  
 first my fathers and then was mine,  
 & itt had beene in many <sup>8</sup> a thrust,  
 172 & neuer a naile of itt wold burst ;—  
 my acton was <sup>9</sup> of Paris worke,  
 saued me noe more than did my sarke,  
 for his sword was of Noble steele,

the Red  
Knight  
cut him  
7 inches  
into the  
shoulder ;

his sword  
broke,

he got a  
wound in  
the face,

was cut  
through  
habergion

and  
acqueton

<sup>1</sup> did share, divide.—P.

<sup>2</sup> *met.* vigour ; so in Chau.—P.

<sup>3</sup> perhaps laid.—P. leaved, left.—F.

<sup>4</sup> overwhelmed with sorrow.—P.

<sup>5</sup> done.—P.

<sup>6</sup> First written *y'* in the MS. and then  
*ett* added.—F.

<sup>7</sup> Cp. the "*Millaine* knife," l. 167 of  
"King Arthur and the King of Corn-  
wall."—F.

<sup>8</sup> many.—P. Only one stroke, with a  
mark over it, in the MS. for the *n*.—F.

<sup>9</sup> that was.—P.

- 176 he strake hard—and it lasted weele—  
through all my armour more & lesse,  
and neuer ceaced<sup>1</sup> but in the fleshe.  
then, sore<sup>2</sup> foughten, I waxed wearye,  
180 for blood as drye as any tree ;  
I fought soe long, I fell in swoone,<sup>3</sup>  
till betweene his hands I fell downe.  
when I came to my-selfe, my steed<sup>4</sup> was away ;  
184 I looked on the Land where he lay ;  
my steed lay slaine a litle me froe,  
& his head backe striken in tow.  
then I was ware of a runing strand,<sup>5</sup>  
188 & thither I crope<sup>6</sup> on foot & hand,  
& from my eyen I washt the blood ;—  
all was away shold have done me good ;—  
then I looked on my right hand ;  
192 my litle fingar was lackand.  
then I went further on the greene  
where more strong battells hadden beene ;  
a slaine *Knight* & spoyled lay,  
196 his litle fingar was away ;  
& by *that Knight* I might well see  
*that* one man had delt both with him & me.  
then of a saddled horsse I gatt a sight,  
Eger caught  
a horse,  
200 & by him lay a slaine *Knight* ;  
his steede was both good & fine,  
but not halfe soe good as mine.  
rode to  
204 all *that* day did I ryde  
till itt was in the euen tide ;  
the Moone shone fayre, the starres cast light ;  
then of a castle I gott a sight,  
a castle  
208 of a Castle & of a towne,  
& by an arbour side I light downe ;

<sup>1</sup> ceased.—P.<sup>2</sup> being sore fought.—P.<sup>3</sup> Only one stroke of the *n* in the MS.—F.<sup>4</sup> foe ; *sic legerem*.—P.<sup>5</sup> Fr. *plage* : f. A flat and plaine shore or *strand* by the seaside. Cot.—F.<sup>6</sup> crope, *i.e.* crept.—P.



& there I saw fast me by  
 The fairest bower *that* euer saw I. [page 127.<sup>1</sup>] and bower,  
 a little while I tarryed there,  
 212 and a lady came forth of a fresh Arbor; whence  
 shee came forth of *that* garden greene, came a  
 & in that bower faine wold haue beene; lovely lady,  
 shee was cladd <sup>2</sup> in scarlett redd,  
 216 & all of fresh gold shone her heade,  
 her rud was red as rose in raine,  
 a fairer creature was neuer seene.  
 me-thought her coming did me good,  
 220 & straight upon my feete I stode.  
 "Good Sir," quoth shee, "what causes you here to  
 lenge ?  
 for ye had meetter <sup>3</sup> of great easmend <sup>4</sup> ;  
 & heere beside is a castle wight,  
 224 & there be leeches <sup>5</sup> of great sleight,<sup>6</sup>  
 cuning <sup>7</sup> men *with* for to deale,  
 & wonderous good happ haue for to heale ;  
 & there is the gentlest *Lady* att will  
 228 *that* euer man came in misery till ;  
 therefore I counsell you thither to wend,  
 for yee had neede of great easmend."  
 "Lady," said Egar, "as itt be-happened mee,  
 232 I irke to come in any companye.  
 I beseeche you, Lady faire and sweete,  
 helpe *that* I were sounded <sup>8</sup> with one sleepe,  
 & some Easment for me and my hackney.'  
 236 "Sir," sayd shee, "I will doe the best I may.  
 Sir, sith I am first *that* with you mett,  
 I wold *your* neede were the better bett.<sup>9</sup>"  
 then a faire maid, shee tooke my steede,

who asked  
 him to  
 come in and  
 be cured  
 by the  
 gentlest  
 lady living.

Eger went :  
 his steed was  
 stabled,

<sup>1</sup> This is the second page 127, the MS. being wrongly numbered.—F.

<sup>2</sup> MS. has a tag like an *s* to the *d*.—F.

<sup>3</sup> were meeter, qu.—P.

<sup>4</sup> easmend, easement.—P.

<sup>5</sup> physicians.—P.

<sup>6</sup> skill.—P.

<sup>7</sup> cunning.—P.

<sup>8</sup> made sound, eased.—F.

<sup>9</sup> remedied. A.-S. *bétan*, to repair, restore, remedy.—F.

- 240 & into a stable shee did him leade,  
& into a chamber both faire & light  
I was led betweene 2 Ladyes bright.
- his bloody  
armour  
taken off,  
and drink  
given him. 244 all my bloodye armour of me was done,  
the Lady searched my wounds full soone,  
shee gaue me drinke for to restore,  
for neere hand was I bled<sup>1</sup> before;  
there was neuer alle nor wine
- 248 came to mee in soe good a time;  
a siluer bason she cammanded soone,  
& warme water therin to be done;  
the Ladye Loue-some vnde[r] line,<sup>2</sup>
- The lovely  
lady washed  
his hands, 252 with her white hands shee did wash mine,  
& when shee saw my right hand bare,  
alas! my shame is much the more<sup>3</sup>!
- saw his  
finger was  
lost, 256 the gloue was whole, the hand was nomen,<sup>4</sup>  
therby shee might well see I was ouercomen;  
& shee perceiued *that* I thought shame;  
therfore shee would not aske me my name,  
nor att *that* word shee sayd noe more,
- 260 but all good easments I had there.<sup>5</sup>
- put him to  
bed, then till a bed I was brought;  
I slept neuer halfe soe soft;  
the Ladye fayre of Hew & hyde,
- 264 shee sate downe by the bedside;  
shee a laid a souter<sup>6</sup> vpon her knee,  
theron she plaid full lousesomlye,  
& yett for all her sweet playinge,
- and played  
to him, 268 oftymes shee had full still mourninge;  
& her 2 maydens sweetlye sange,
- while her  
maidens  
sang

<sup>1</sup> bled, bled dry, exhausted from loss of blood.—F.

<sup>2</sup> linen.—F. 'under gore (petticoat) or line' was for the woman; 'under shield' for the man:

There was none that undir schilde  
Durstete mete his crokede stede.

*Sir Isumbras*, l. 617.

Fowre knyghtis undir schelde  
Come rydand fulle righte.

*Sir Perceval*, l. 1387.

<sup>3</sup> mair.—P.

<sup>4</sup> nomen, took away.—P.

<sup>5</sup> thore.—P.

<sup>6</sup> souter, i.e. Psalter, Psaltory.—P.

- & oft thé weeped, & their hands wrange ;  
 but I heard neuer soe sweet playinge,  
 272 & euer amongst, soe sore siking. and she  
 in the night shee came to me oft, sighed.  
 & asked me whether I wold ought ;  
 but alwayes I said her Nay  
 276 till it drew neerr to the breake of day ;  
 then all my bloodye tents out shee drew,  
 againe shee tented <sup>1</sup> my wounds anew : [page 128.]  
 wott yee well itt was noe threede,<sup>2</sup>  
 280 the tents *that* into my wounds yeede,  
 they were neither of lake nor Line,<sup>3</sup>  
 but they were silke both good & fine ;  
 twise the tenting of my wounds  
 284 cost *that* Ladye 20 pounds,  
 without spices and salues *that* did me ease,  
 & drinckes *that* did my body well please ;  
 & then shee gaue me drinke in a horne ;  
 288 neuer since the time *that* I was borne  
 such a draught I neuer gatt ;  
 with her hand shee held me after thatt.  
 the drinke shee gaue mee was grasse greene ;  
 292 soone in my wounds itt was seene ;  
 the blood was away, the drinke was there,<sup>4</sup>  
 & all was soft *that* erst was sore <sup>4</sup> ;  
 & methought I was able to run and stand,  
 296 & to haue taken a new battell in hand ;  
 the birds sange in the greene Arbor,  
 I gate on foote and was on steere.  
 the Ladye came to me where I lay,

and she  
sighed.

Next day  
she dressed  
Eger's  
wounds

[page 128.]

with silken  
plugs,

and healed  
them up  
with a  
grass-green  
drink,

which made  
him feel  
ready to  
fight again ;

<sup>1</sup> I tent a sore or a wounde, I put a tente in it. *Je mets vne tente*. You shall never heale this depe wounde if you tent it not. Palsgrave.—F.

<sup>2</sup> thread.—P.

<sup>3</sup> A.-S. *lach*, garment; *lin*, flax. Halliwell gives "Lake. A kind of fine linen. Shirts were formerly made of it. It is

mentioned in a laundress's list of articles in MS. Cantab. Ff. i. 6, f. 141, and by Chaucer. The following passage establishes its colour:—

The daisé y-crowned as white as *lake*,  
 An violetis on bankes be [?] bedene.

MS. Cantab. Ff. i. 6, f. 11."—F.

<sup>4</sup> *thore or sair*.—P.

- She advised 300 these were the words shee to me did say,  
him to stay,  
"I rede you tarry a day or towe  
till you be in better plight to goe ;"  
but I longed soe sore to be at home  
but as he 304 *that* I would needlye<sup>1</sup> take leaue to gone.  
longed to go,  
shee gaue me 2 shirts of raines<sup>2</sup> in fere,  
she let him,  
put them next my body ; I haue them here ;  
& my owne shee did abone,<sup>3</sup>  
308 & my bloudye armour on me hath done,  
saue my heauy habergion ; shee was afraid  
lest they<sup>4</sup> wold haue mad my wounds to bleede ;  
*that* Ladye with her milke white hand,<sup>5</sup>  
tying his 312 to the rason<sup>6</sup> of my saddell shee it bound<sup>7</sup>  
armour and  
her wine to  
the back of  
his saddle.  
with 2 bottels of rich wine,  
& therof haue I liued euer sinne.<sup>8</sup>  
Eger 316 I sayd, "a ! deare<sup>9</sup> good Madam, how may this  
wondered  
that he felt  
so well.  
the coningest leeche in this land be yee ;  
for all my wounds lesse or more,  
of them I feele noe kind of sore  
as I had neuer beene wounded with sword nor  
speare,  
320 nor neuer weapon had done mee deere.<sup>10</sup>"  
"wold god," said shee, "*that* itt were soe !  
but I know well for a day or 2  
froe *that* loue make you once agast,  
324 your oyntments may noe longer last.  
sith you will not abyde with mee,  
lett your Ladye in your countrye  
doe to your wounds as I wold haue done ;  
328 then they will soft and heale full soone."  
one thing did my hart great greeffe,

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.* needs.—P.<sup>2</sup> Fine cloth made at Rennes, in Brit-  
tany.—F.<sup>3</sup> *i.e.* above. G.D.—P.<sup>4</sup> *it. qu.*—P.<sup>5</sup> *honde.*—P.<sup>6</sup> perhaps *arson*, *id.* as *arçon*, Fr.  
saddle-bow.—P.<sup>7</sup> *bonde.*—P.<sup>8</sup> *syne*, since.—P.<sup>9</sup> *ah ! dear !*—P.<sup>10</sup> *dere*, *ledere*, *nocere*, Lye.—P.

I had nothing *that* Ladye to giue ;  
 but my golden beades forth I drew,  
 332 *that* were of fine gold fresh and new.  
 shee wold not receiue them at my hand,  
 but on her bedside I lett them liggand <sup>1</sup> ;  
 I tooke leaue of *that* Ladye bright,  
 336 & homewards rid both day & Night. rode home,  
 I fared full well all *that* while  
 till I came home within 2 mile ;  
 then all my wounds wrought att once  
 340 as kniues had beene beaten thorow my bones ;  
 out of my sadle I fell *that* fraye ; and fainted  
when two  
miles off.  
 when I came to my selfe, my steed was away  
 thus haue I beene in this ffarr countrye,  
 344 such a venterous *Knight* mett with mee.  
 Men called him Sir Gray Steele ;  
 I assayed him, & he ffended weele. His defeater  
was Sir  
Gray-Steele.

[The Second Part.]

Then spake Grime to Sir Egar [page 129.]  
 348 with soft words & faire, Grime  
comfort  
Eger ;  
**2<sup>d</sup> Parte** “ *that* man was neuer soe wise nor worthy,  
 nor yet soe cuning proued in clergie, <sup>2</sup>  
 nor soe doughtye of hart nor hand,  
 352 nor yett so bigg in stowre <sup>3</sup> to stand,  
 but in such companye he may put in  
 but he is as like to loose as win ;  
 & euer I bade you to keepe you weele  
 356 out of the companye of Sir Gray Steele,  
 for he is called by command  
 the best *Knight* in any Land. he had  
warned him  
to keep out  
of Sir Gray-  
Steele's way.  
 sith the Matter is chanced soe,  
 360 wee will take the wayes of choice 2 :

<sup>1</sup> left y<sup>m</sup> liggand, i.e. lying.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Fr. *clergie*, learning, skill, science, Clarkeship. Cot.—F.

<sup>3</sup> battle.—P.

Winglayne  
must know  
nothing  
about it.

from *your* loue and laydye Lained<sup>1</sup> this shalbee ;  
shee shall know nothing of our priuitye."

but litle wist Egar nor Sir Grime

364 where the lady was *that* same time ;

for the Lady *that* Egars loue was,  
her chamber was within a little space ;

of Sir Egar shee soe sore thought

368 *that* shee lay wakened, and slept nought.

a scarlett Mantle hath shee tane,

to Grimes chamber is shee gone ;

shee heard them att a priuie dain<sup>2</sup> ;

But she has  
overheard  
all of it,

372 shee stayd with-out, & came not in.

when shee heard *that* Egars body was in distresse,

shee loued his body mickle the worse.<sup>3</sup>

and despises  
Eger.

words this lady wold not say,

376 but turned her backe & went awaye,

yet soe priuilye shee is not gone

but Grime perceived *that* there was one ;

an vnfolded window opened hee,

380 & saw the way-gate of *that* Ladye.

" what is *that* ? " said Egar, " maketh *that* dinn ? "

Grime sayd, " my spanyell hound wold come in."

to his fellow Sir Egar he said noe more,

384 but he repented *that* she came there.<sup>4</sup>

Grime gets  
doctors for  
Eger,

Gryme hath gotten *that* same night

Leeches *that* beene of great sleight,

coning men with for to deale,

388 *that* had good happ wounds to heale.

yett Long ere day word is gone

*that* Egar the Knight is comen home,

& hath moe wounds with sword & kniffe<sup>5</sup>

who has  
seventeen

392 then had euer man *that* bare liffe :

17 wounds hee hath tane,

<sup>1</sup> lained, *i.e.* concealed.—P.

<sup>2</sup> One stroke of the *u* of *priuie* is wanting. *Dain* may be *dinn*. ? A.-S. *denn*, bed, place of rest.—F.

<sup>3</sup> werse.—P.

<sup>4</sup> thore.—P.

<sup>5</sup> knife.—P.



7 beene thorrow his body ran ;  
 the Leeches cold doe him noe remede,  
 396 but all said " Egar wold be dead."  
 In the morning the Erle & the countesse,  
 to Grymes chamber can thé passe ;  
 the Erle said, " how doth Sir Egar the *Knight* ? "  
 400 then answered Grime both wise and wight :  
 " he doth, my *Lord*, as you may see."  
 " alas ! " said the Erle, " how may this bee ? "  
 Grime answered him hastilye,  
 404 " my *Lord*, I shall tell you gentleye :  
 & <sup>1</sup> vncoth <sup>2</sup> Land he happened in,  
 where townes where both few. & thinn ;  
 giffe he rode neuer soe fast,  
 408 7 dayes the wildernesse did last.  
 he heard tell of a venterous *Knight*  
*that* kept a forbbidden cuntrye day & night,  
 & a mile by the salt sea,  
 412 castles fayre & towers hye ;  
 On the other <sup>3</sup> side a fayre strand, [page 130.]  
 a faire fforrest on the other hand,  
 on the one side run a fresh riuer,  
 416 there might noe man nighe him nere ;  
 for he *that ouer that* riuer shold ryde,  
 strange adventures shold abyde ;  
 hee shold either fight or flee,  
 420 or a weed <sup>4</sup> in that Land leaue shold hee ;  
 the wedd *that* he shold leaue in this land  
 shold be the litle ffigar of his right hand ;  
 & or he knew himselfe to slowe,  
 424 his litle fingar he wold not forgoe.  
 boldlye Egar gaue him battell tho ;  
 his helme and his hawberckes he tooke him fro,  
 soe did he his sword & his spere

wounds,  
seven  
through the  
body.

Earl and  
Lady Bragas  
ask after  
Eger,

and how his  
mishap  
befell.  
Grime  
makes up a  
story,

that Eger  
rode into  
Gray-  
Steele's land,

defeated  
Gray-Steele,

<sup>1</sup> *for an.*—F.

<sup>2</sup> unknown, strange, Gl. Chau.—P.

<sup>3</sup> one side, *sic leg<sup>m</sup>*—P.

<sup>4</sup> wedde, i.e. a pledge.—P.

- 428 & much more of his golden gayre<sup>1</sup> ;  
 and was riding home, & homewards as he rode apace  
 thorow the wylde forrest & the wyldenesse,  
 he thought to haue scaped withouten Lett.
- when fifteen 432 then 15 theeves with Egar Mett ;  
 thieves attacked and wounded him, they thought Egar for to have him sloe,  
 his gold and his good to haue tooke him froe :  
 thrise through them with a spere he ran,
- though he 436 7 he slew, and the *master* man,  
 slew eight of them. yett had hee scaped for all *that* dread ;  
 they shott att him, & slew his steed ;  
 hee found a steed when they were gone,
- 440 wheron Sir Egar is come home ;  
 for if Sir Egar dye this day,  
 farwell flower of *Knight*-hoode for euer & aye ! ”  
 then the Erle proferred 40<sup>li</sup> in Land
- 444 for a Leeche *that* wold take Egar in hand.  
 9 dayes were comen & gone  
 or any Leeche wold<sup>2</sup> Egar vndertane ;  
 it was 9 dayes and some deale more
- Winglayne will not come for nine days ; 448 or his ladye wold come there<sup>3</sup> ;  
 & att the coming of *that* fayre Ladye,  
 her words they were both strange & drye :  
 shee saies, “ how doth *that* wounded *Knight* ? ”
- then asks coldly after Eger, 452 then answered Gryme both wise & wight,  
 “ he doth, Madam, as yee may see.”  
 “ in faith,” said the Lady. “ *thats* litle pittye :  
 he might full well haue bidden<sup>4</sup> att home ;
- 456 worshipp in *that* Land gatt he none ;  
 he gaue a ffigar to lett him gange,  
 the next time he will offer vp the whole hand.”  
 Gryme was euer wont to gange
- 460 in counsell with the ladye to stand,  
 & euer told Egar a fayre tale

<sup>1</sup> geere.—P.<sup>2</sup> had.—P.<sup>3</sup> thore.—P.<sup>4</sup> i.e. bided, abode.—P.

- till the *Knicht* Sir Egar was whole ;  
 for & her want & will<sup>1</sup> had beene to him lenging,  
 464 it wold have letted him of<sup>2</sup> his mending.  
 soe long the Leeches delt with Sir Egar  
 till he might stoutlye goe & stirr ;  
 till itt once beffell vppon a day  
 468 Gryme thought the Ladye to assaye  
 whether shee loued Sir Egar his brother  
 as well as euer shee did before :  
 Grime said, "Madame, by godds might,  
 472 Egar will take a new battell with yonder *Knicht* ;  
 he is to sore wounded yett for to gone ;  
 itt were worshipp to cause him to abyde at home,  
 for he will doe more for you then mee."  
 476 then answered *that* fayre Lady,  
 "all *that*<sup>3</sup> while *that* Egar was<sup>4</sup> the *Knicht*  
*that* wan the degree in euery fight,  
 for his sake verelye  
 480 Manye a better I haue put by ;  
 therfor I will not bidd him ryde,  
 nor att home I will not bid him abyde,  
 Nor of<sup>5</sup> his Marriage I haue Nothing adoe<sup>6</sup> ; [page 131.]  
 484 I wott not, Gryme, what thou saist therto."  
 Gryme turned his backe of the Ladye faire,  
 & went againe to his brother Sir Egar,  
 sett him downe on his bed side,  
 488 & talked these words in *that* tyde :  
 "Egar," he said, "thou & I are brethren sworne,  
 I loued neuer better brother borne ;  
 betwixt vs tow let vs make some cast,  
 492 & find to make our formen<sup>7</sup> fast,  
 for of *our* enemies wee stand in dread,  
 & wee Lye sleeping in our bedd."

Eger gets  
able to walk.

Grime tests  
Winglayne's  
love for  
Eger :

she says,  
while he  
won every-  
thing

she refused  
his betters  
for him ;

but now  
she'll have  
nothing  
to do with  
him.

Grime turns  
his back on  
her,

and asks  
Eger how  
they can be  
revenged on  
their foes.

<sup>1</sup> "wanton will," qu: from this mistake I should suspect this Poem transcribed only from y<sup>e</sup> mouth of a minstrel.—P. *But &* for *if*, and *want* meaning "desire," make sense.—F.

<sup>2</sup> In the MS. there is something like an *e* following the *f*.—F. <sup>3</sup> the.—P.

<sup>4</sup> MS. Egar y<sup>t</sup> was.—F. y<sup>t</sup> Egar was.—P.

<sup>5</sup> with <sup>6</sup> to do: qu.—P. <sup>7</sup> foemen.—P.

- Egar said, " what mistrust haue yee with mee ?  
 496 for this 7 monthes if I here bee,  
 shall neuer a man take my matter <sup>1</sup> in hand  
 till I bee able to auenge my-selfe in Land."
- Grime tells  
 him that 500 A kinder *Knight* then Gryme was one,  
 was neuer bredd of blood nor bone :  
 " methinke you be displeased with mee,  
 & that is not your part for to bee,  
 for sith the last time that ye came home,  
 504 I haue knowen priuie <sup>2</sup> messengers come & gone  
 betwixt your Ladye & Erle Olyes,  
 a Noble *Knight* that doughtye is,  
 of better blood borne then euer were wee,  
 508 & halfe more liuings then such other <sup>3</sup>."  
 then Egar vp his armes sprang,  
 & ffast together his hands dange,  
 with still mourning & siking sore <sup>3</sup>
- Poor Eger  
 mourns and 512 saith, " alas ! my loue & my Ladye fayre,  
 sighs. what haue I done to make you rothe <sup>4</sup>  
 that was euer leene, & now soe Lothe ? "  
 Gryme had of him great pittye,  
 516 " brother," he said, " be councelled by mee ;  
 Grime declares if you will doe after my counsaile,  
 peradventure it will greatly preuaile :  
 another thing, my liffe I dare Lay  
 520 that yee shall wed that Ladye within this monthes day."  
 he shall marry her in  
 a month. " how now ? " quoth Egar, " how may that bee ? "  
 " peace ! " said Gryme, " & I shall tell thee :  
 I haue a brother that men call Palyas,  
 They will take Grime's  
 brother 524 a noble squier & worthye is,  
 Pallyas into council. he is welbeloued within this court  
 of all the Lords round about ;

<sup>1</sup> ? MS. *my hatter* was first written, then seemingly an *m* over the *h*, but only two strokes of it are seen. It can hardly be read *my hatter*, for though Old Norse *hattr* is German *hut* (hat), yet *hattr* has

not *hut's* second metaphorical meaning of "custody, guardianship, care, charge."—F.

<sup>2</sup> Only half the *u* in MS.—F.

<sup>3</sup> *sair*.—P.

<sup>4</sup> *wrothe*.—P.

wee will him call to our counsell,<sup>1</sup>  
 528 *peradventur* he will vs *prevayle* ;  
 & I my selfe will make me sicke at home  
 till a certen space be comen & gone,  
 & *that* such a disease hath taken mee  
 532 *that* I may noe man heare nor noe man see.  
 Palyas my brother shall keepe you att home,  
 & I my selfe will to *that* battell gone,  
 & I shall feitch Gray-steeles right hand,  
 536 or I shall leaue another fingar in *that* Land.”

He shall  
nurse Eger

while Grime  
fights Gray-  
Steele.

[The Third Part.]

They called Pallyas to their counsell,<sup>1</sup>  
 & he assented soone withouten fayle,  
 3<sup>d</sup> Parte for he loued Sir Egar both Euen & morne  
 540 as well as he did Gryme his brother borne.  
 “ & iff you will to this battell goe,  
 yee had neede of good counsell betwene  
 vs 2.  
 Gryme, if thou wilt fight with Sir Gray-steele,  
 544 thou had neede of weapons *that* stand wold weele ;  
 for weapons may be both fresh & new,  
 fikle, false, & full vntrue ;  
 when a weapon faileth when a man hath need,  
 548 all the worse then may hee speede ;  
 And all I say by Sir Egar, [page 132.] Eger had.  
 where was a better *Knight* knowen any where ?  
 when his weapon faild him att most need,  
 552 all the worse then did he speede.”  
 Palyas said, “ there was somtimes in this countrye,  
 Egar, your vnckle Sir Egramye,  
 & when *that* Egramye was liuand  
 556 he had the guiding of a noble brand,

So said, so  
done.

Pallyas  
agrees,

but says  
that Grime  
must have  
a better  
sword than

He will get  
him Eger's  
uncle's  
brand,

<sup>1</sup> counsayle.—P.

*Erkyin*, the name of itt was called Erkyin <sup>1</sup> ;  
well were *that* man had it in keeping !  
first when *that* sword was rought,  
brought to 560 to *King* ffundus it was brought  
King Pfun- full far beyond the greekes sea,  
dus from beyond the  
Greekish  
Sea, and  
left by him  
564 when the *King* departed <sup>2</sup> this world hence,  
he left it with the younge prince <sup>3</sup> ;  
& some sayd *that* Egramye  
shold loue *that* ladye in priuitye ;  
he desired the sword in borrowing ;  
at his death 568 the *King* deceased at that time ;  
& when *that* Egrame was liuande,  
he had the guiding of *that* noble brand ;  
*that* man was neuer of a woman borne,  
with a lady 572 durst abyde the winde his face before.  
living near.  
the Ladyes dwelling is heere nye ;  
shee saith, ‘ there is noe man *that* sword shall see  
till her owne sonne be att age & land,  
576 & able to welde his fathers brande.’”  
Grime will Grime sayd, “ I will goe thither to-morrow at day  
borrow it. to borrow *that* sword if *that* I may.”  
on the morrow when the sun shone bright,  
580 to Egrames Ladie went Grime the *Knight* ;  
kindley he halcht <sup>4</sup> *that* ladye faire :  
Grime goes she saith, “ how doth my Cozin Sir Egar ? ”  
to the lady,  
“ hee will forth, maddam, with all his might  
584 to take a new battell on yonder *Knight* ;  
he prayeth you to lend him his vnckeles brand,  
& there he hath sent you the deeds of his land,  
& all mine I will leaue with you in pawne  
and asks 588 *that* your sword shall safelye come againe.”  
for his  
uncle’s  
brand.  
soe he desired *that* sword soe bright

<sup>1</sup> Erkyin : below 'tis called *Egeking*,  
which perhaps is right.—P.

<sup>2</sup> k<sup>s</sup> departed.—P.

<sup>3</sup> *t. i.* princess.—F.

<sup>4</sup> saluted.—P.



- that shee was loth to with-say <sup>1</sup> that *Knight* ;  
 then shee feitched him forth *that* Noble brand,  
 592 & *received* the deeds of both their lands ;  
 she said, " there was noe fault with Egeking,  
 but for want of grace and *gouerninge* ;  
 for want of grace & good *gouerninge*  
 596 may loose a Kingdome & a *King*,  
 for there is neither *Lin* <sup>2</sup> nor light  
*that* Egeking my sword meeteth with,  
 but gladlye it will through itt gone,  
 600 *that* biting sword, vnto the bone ;  
 but I wold not for both your Lands  
*that* Egeking came in a cowards hands."  
 & yett was faine <sup>3</sup> *Sir Gryme* the *Knight* :  
 604 to Egar he went againe *that* night ;  
 Pallyas he said, " I read you be councelled by mee,  
 & take some gifts to that faire Ladye,  
 to *that* Ladye faire & bright  
 608 *that* Lodged *Sir Egar* soe well the first night."  
 " the best tokens," said *Sir Egar*,  
 beene her sarkes of raines <sup>4</sup> ; I haue them here."  
 he tooke broches & beads in *that* stonde,  
 612 & other Iewells worth 40!  
 & to reward *that* fayre Ladye,  
 & thanke her of her curtesie.  
 " wherby," sayd *Gryme*, " shall I her know  
 616 amongst other Ladyes *that* stands on a row ? "  
 " I shall tell you tokens," sayd *Sir Egar*,  
 Wherby you may know *that* Ladye faire : [page 133.]  
 shee hath on her nose, betweene he[r] eyen,  
 620 like to the Mountenance <sup>5</sup> of a pin ;  
 & *that* [hew] is red, & the other is white,

She gives it him, he depositing his own and Eger's title-deeds as security for its return.

Grime comes back.

Pallyas tells him to take gifts for the lady that healed Eger.

Eger describes her to Grime.

<sup>1</sup> A.-S. *vi\*sæggan*, to deny, gainsay.—F.

<sup>2</sup> *Limme & lith* is to this day a phrase in Scotland for the whole body.—P.

<sup>3</sup> And then was faine, *i.e.* glad.—P.

<sup>4</sup> See l. 305 above, p. 364.—F.

<sup>5</sup> amount, quantity, see Chauc. Gl.—P. [Her eyebrows meet.—F.] so Horace, of Lycoris "tenui fronte."—H.

- there is noe other Ladye her like,  
for shee is the gentlest of hart & will  
624 *that euer man came vntill."*
- Eger and  
Grime dress.  
628 Early on the other day  
theese 2 knights did them array :  
into a window Sir Egar yeede,  
bookes of Romans for to reede  
*that all the court might him heare.*  
the *Knight* was armed & on steere ;  
he came downe into the hall,  
632 & tooke his leaue both of great & small.  
the Erle tooke Egars hand in his fist,  
the countesse comlye cold him Kisse ;  
his oune lady stood there by,  
636 shee wold bere the *Knight* noe companye :  
he sayd, "ffarwell my Lady faire !"  
shee sayd, "god keepe you better then he did ere!"  
& all *that euer* stode her by,  
640 did <sup>1</sup> Marueill her answer was soe dry.  
he went to the chamber or he wold blin <sup>2</sup> ;  
Sir Gryme came forth as he went in,  
Stepped into the stirropp <sup>3</sup> *that* stiffe were in warr,  
644 & Palyas his brother wrought <sup>4</sup> him a spere.  
then wold he noe longer abyde,  
but towards Gray-steele can he ryde.  
to the walls went winglaine, *that* Lady faire,  
648 for to see the waygate of her loue Sir Egar ;  
& Gryme the spurres spared not ; soe weele  
to the steeds sides he let them feele,  
his horsse bouted <sup>5</sup> forth with Noble cheere,  
652 he spowted <sup>6</sup> forward as he had beene a deere  
till he was passed out of her sight.  
to Grymes chamber went *that* Ladye bright :
- Winglayne  
answers  
him coolly.  
He goes  
back to his  
room.  
Grime steps  
out  
and rides off.  
Winglayne  
watches him  
galloping ;  
thinks he is  
Eger ;  
then goes to  
Grime's  
room,

<sup>1</sup> The first *d* is made over a *w* in the MS.—F.

<sup>2</sup> desist, cease.—P.

<sup>3</sup> Percy has put in an *s* above the

line.—F.

<sup>4</sup> *raught*, i.e. reached.—P.

<sup>5</sup> *bouted*, Scot. for bolted.—P.

<sup>6</sup> a Scottish idiom.—P.

- yett long time or shee came there  
 656 Palyas had warned Sir Egar,  
 drawen double curtaines in *that* place  
*that* noe man of Sir Egar noe knowledg hath.<sup>1</sup>  
 Palyas was full of curtesie,  
 660 & sett a chaire for *that* faire Ladye :  
 shee said, “ at the walls, Palyas, I haue beene there  
 to see the ryding forth of Sir Egar ;  
 he rydeth feircely out of the towne  
 664 as he were a wild Lyon.  
 alas ! hee may make great boast & shoure<sup>2</sup>  
 when there is noe man him before ;  
 but when there is man to man, & steed to steede,  
 668 to proue his manhood, then were it neede ! ”  
 oftentimes Egar both cruell & keene  
 for her in strong battells oft hath beene,  
 & oftentimes had put himselfe in warr ;  
 672 & lay & heard her lowte<sup>3</sup> him like a knauc :  
 he wist not how he might him wrecke,<sup>4</sup>  
 but cast vp his armes, & thought to speake.  
 & Palyas was perceiued of that,  
 676 & by the sholders he him gatt ;  
 he held him downe both sad & sore,  
*that* he lay still & sturrd noe more.  
 Palyas was full of curtesie,  
 680 & thus answered *that* faire ladye ;  
 he said, “ Maddame, by gods might,  
 Egar is knowne for the Noblest Knight  
 That euer was borne in the land of Beame, [page 134.]  
 684 & most worshipp hath woon to *that* Relme !  
*that* was well proued in heathenesse<sup>5</sup>  
 when the King of Beame did thither passe ;  
 soe did the Lords of this countrye,  
 688 & alsoe your father, *that* Erle soe free.

and says  
 Eger can  
 show off  
 well enough  
 when there's  
 no one to  
 fight him.

Eger can  
 hardly help  
 speaking,

but Pallyas  
 holds him  
 down,

tells Wing-  
 layne that  
 Eger is the  
 noblest  
 knight of  
 Beame,

<sup>1</sup> has.—P.

<sup>2</sup> stour. qu.—P.

<sup>3</sup> perhaps flowte.—P.

<sup>4</sup> revenge.—P.

<sup>5</sup> sc. the Heathen Land.—P.

that he fought the Sowdan Gornordine		there came a sowdan to a hill, <sup>1</sup> <i>that</i> many christen men had done ill, the name of him was Gornordine, <sup>2</sup>
	692	<i>that</i> many a christen man had put to pine ; & he becalled any cristen <i>Knigh</i> t, or any 5 <i>that</i> with him wold fight.
(whose challenge 500 knights refused),	696	500 <i>Knights</i> were there <i>that</i> day, & all to <i>that</i> battell they saydden nay. Egar thought on you att home, & stale to <i>that</i> battell all alone ; they fought together, as I heard tell,
and slew him. Sixty heathens attacked Eger,	700	on a mountaine top till Gornordine fell. 60 Hethen <sup>3</sup> were in a busment <sup>4</sup> neere, & all brake out vpon Sir Egar : or any reshcew came to him then,
	704	he had kild Gornordine & other ten. then was he rescewed by a Noble <i>Knigh</i> t <i>that</i> euer was proued both hardye & wight, the name of him was Kay of Kaynes, <sup>5</sup>
but he, Kay,	708	a Northeren <i>Knigh</i> t I trow he is ; there were but Egar & other ten, & thé killed 60 or more of the heathen men ; thus they reschewd the Noble Egar,
and ten others killed the sixty.	712	& brought him to the host, as you shall hear. the <i>King</i> of Beame in <i>that</i> stage offered Sir Egar his daughter in Marryage ; yet <i>that</i> gentle <i>Knigh</i> t wold not doe soe,
The king offered Eger his daugh- ter, but he refused her for Wing- layne's sake, who is now his foe.	716	he loued you best [that] now <sup>6</sup> be his foe. you be his foe, he knowes <i>that</i> nowe when he standeth in dread, I know." the Lady was soe wrath with Palyas,

<sup>1</sup> a Sowdan them until, i.e. a Sultan came unto them.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Gornordine or Gorvordine.—P.

<sup>3</sup> Hethen, first written *Lethen*, in MS. and then corrected.—F.

<sup>4</sup> ambushment, i.e. ambuscade.—P.

<sup>5</sup> perhaps Cathness, orig. Kaþnes.—P.

<sup>6</sup> who now.—P. Though *who* in the nominative was in use at the date of the ballad, *that* was the more general relative. See Mr. Weymouth's paper on *who*, Phil. Soc. Trans. 1860-1, p. 64, and Mr. Furnivall's answer to it, Phil. Soc. Trans. 1865, p. 139.—F.

720 shee tooke her leaue & forth shee goth.<sup>1</sup>  
 Now lett vs leaue chyding att home,  
 & speake of Sir Gryme *that* is to the battell gone.

Now of Sir  
 Grime.

[The Fourth Part.]

All the wilderness *that* there bee,  
 724 Grime rode it in dayes 3 ;  
 he mett a squier by the way ;  
 4<sup>d</sup> **Parte** with fayre words Grime can to him say,  
 " Sir," he said, " who is Lord of this countrye ? "  
 728 the squier answered him gentlye,  
 " It is a lord most worthyest in waine,<sup>2</sup>  
 Erle Gares is his name."  
 Grime sayd, " how highteth *that* lords heyre<sup>3</sup> ? "  
 732 he sayd, " he hath none but a daughter fayre."  
 Gryme saith, " who hath *that* Ladye wedd ? "  
 the *Knicht* sayd, " shee neuer came in mans bedd ;  
 but Sir Attelston, a hardye *Knicht*,  
 736 marryed *that* Lady fayre & bright ;  
 for he gaue battell, *that* wott I weele,  
 vpon a day to Sir Gray-Steele :  
 a harder battell then there was done tho,  
 740 was neuer betwixt *Knights* 2 ;  
 but Gray-steele killed Sir Attelstone,  
 a bolder *Knicht* was neuer none.  
 Erle Gares sonne & his heyre,—  
 744 in all the world was none more goodlyere,—  
 he was soe sorry Attelstone was dead,  
 he thought to quitt gray-steele his meede ;  
 boldlye he gaue him battell vpon a day,  
 748 ther-for many a man sayd well-away !  
 & there thé both ended att this bane  
 as many another *Knicht* hath done ;

Sir Grime  
 rode into

Earl Gares'  
 land,

a lord  
 whose  
 daughter  
 was wedded  
 to Sir  
 Attelston.

Gray-Steele  
 killed Attel-  
 ston,

also Earl  
 Gares' son  
 and heir,

<sup>1</sup> gaes.—P.

<sup>2</sup> ? *wone*, dwelling, or Sc. *wane*, man-  
 ner, fashion. Suio-Gothic *wana*, Isl.

*vane*, consuetudo, mos. (Jamieson).—F.

<sup>3</sup> Written above *Ladye Jayre* crossed  
 out.—F.

- and more  
than 100  
knights. 752 ffor I haue wist<sup>1</sup> *that* tyrant with his hands <sup>2</sup> [page 135.]  
kill a 100 *Knights* and some deale moe ;  
shamfulye hath driuen them to dead  
withouten succour or any remed.”  
for all the words he spake in *that* time,  
756 nothing it feared the *Knight Sir Grime*.  
Grime asks  
where the  
widowed  
lady dwells,  
Gryme sayd, “ how ffarr haue wee to *that* citye  
whereas *that* Ladyes dwelling doth bee ? ”  
the *Knight*<sup>2</sup> said “ but miles <sup>2</sup> ;  
760 the one of them I will with you goe.”  
they talked together gentlye  
till he had brought Grime to *that* citye.  
goes there,  
att a burgesse house his ine he hath tane ;  
764 to Seeke the Ladye *Sir Grime* is gone ;  
then he went into a garden greene  
where he saw many Ladyes sheene ;  
recognises  
her by  
Eger's  
description,  
amongst them all he knew her there  
768 by the tokens of *Sir Eger*.  
Egar was hurt vnder the eare ;  
an oyntment Gryme had drawen there ;  
he held the gloue still on his hand  
772 where Egers fingars was lackand ;  
& when *that knight* came her nye,  
he kneeled downe vpon his knee,  
& thanked her with humble cheere  
776 “ sith the last time, madam, *that* I was heere.”  
“ *Sir*,” said shee, “ excused you must hold mee ;  
thus avised, I did you neuer see.”  
and gives her  
Eger's pre-  
sents.  
then hee gaue her the shirts of raines in *that* stond  
780 and other Iewells worth 40<sup>li</sup>,  
& thus rewarded *that* fayre Ladye,  
& thanked her of her curtesie.  
“ Now *Sir*,” sayd shee, “ soe haue I blisse :  
784 how fareth the *Knight that* sent me this ? ”  
“ I doe, Madam, as yee see now,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> known.—P.<sup>2</sup> Squire.—P.<sup>3</sup> ? MS. *may be* how.—F.



therof I thanke great god and you.”  
 “why Sir,” said shee, “but is it yee  
 788 • *that* in such great *perill* here did bee?  
 I am glad to see you so sound in sight.”  
 hastilye shee rose & kist *that Knight*.  
 Gryme Looke vpon *that Ladye* <sup>1</sup> faire:  
 792 soe faire a creature saw I <sup>2</sup> neuer ere;  
 for shee was cladd in scarlett redd,  
 & all of fresh gold shone her head;  
 her rud was red as rose in raine,  
 796 a fairer creature was *neuer* seene.  
 as many men in a matter full nice,—  
 but all men in louing shall *neuer* be wise,—  
 his mind on her was soe sett  
 800 *that* all other matters he qu[i]te forgett;  
 & as thé stood thus talkeand,  
 shee stale the gloue besids his hand.  
 when shee saw his right hand bare,  
 804 softly shee said to him there,  
 “Sir,” said shee, “it was noe marueill though<sup>3</sup> you  
 hidd *your* hond!  
 for such Leeches in this Land are none!  
 there is noe Leech in all this land  
 808 can sett a fingar to a hand,  
 to be as well & as faire  
 as *neuer* weapon had done it deere<sup>4</sup>!  
 but game and bourd<sup>5</sup> Let goe together;  
 812 scorning I can well consider!  
 it was *neuer that Knights* commandement  
 noe scorne hither to mee to send!  
 If thou be comen to scorne mee, [page 136.]  
 816 ffull soone I can scorne thee.” gets angry,  
 before, shee was mild of state,

She kisses  
 him, think-  
 ing he is  
 Eger.

Grime falls  
 in love with  
 her.

She finds  
 him out by  
 his having  
 a little  
 finger,

<sup>1</sup> There is a tag to the *e* as if for *s*.—  
 F.  
<sup>2</sup> hee.—P.

<sup>3</sup> *tho*, then.—P.  
<sup>4</sup> hurt.—P.  
<sup>5</sup> jest.—P.

- Now is shee high and full of hate!  
 & of all the Iewells *that* he hath brought,  
 and throws 820 shee curset<sup>1</sup> them to the ground, & wold them  
 his presents down. naught.<sup>2</sup>
- Grime was neuer soe sore<sup>3</sup> in all his day;  
 he wist neuer a word what he shold say;  
 & as shee was to the chamber passand,  
 Grime is 834 Grime tooke that Ladye by the hand,  
 sorry, and saith, "I beseech you, lady free,  
 explains a word or 2 to hearken mee,  
 &—soe helpe me god & holy dame!—  
 828 I shall tell you how all this matter was done<sup>4</sup>:  
 that he is the *knight that* was heere, he was my brother,  
 going to fight Gray-Steele for Eger. & hee thought me more abler then any other  
 for to take *that* matter in hand:  
 832 he loueth a ladye within his land;  
 if not in enery fight he win *the* gree,<sup>5</sup>  
 of his loue forsaken must he bee."  
 The lady is shee sayd, "yee seeme a gentle *Knight*,  
 pacified, 836 *that* answereth a ladye with soe much right."  
 the Iewells the mayden hath vpp tane,  
 & shee & the *Knight* to chamber are gone.  
 shee sent vnto *that* burgesse place  
 840 a mayden *that* was faire of face;  
 what cost<sup>6</sup> soeuer his steede did take,  
 twice double shee wold it make.  
 and offers a rich supper there was dight,  
 him supper, 844 & shortlye sett before *that Knight*.  
 but he can't eat for love. Meate nor drinke none wold hee,  
 he was soe enamored of *that* fayre Ladye.  
 he longed sore to [bee<sup>7</sup>] a bedd,  
 She shows 848 & to a chamber shee him Led,<sup>6</sup>  
 him to bed, & all his armour of was done,

<sup>1</sup> cost.—P. ? MS. cast.—F.<sup>2</sup> nought.—P.<sup>3</sup> sorry, qu.—P.<sup>4</sup> came, *sic leg<sup>m</sup>*.—P.<sup>5</sup> victory.—P.<sup>6</sup> cost.—P.<sup>7</sup> bee.—P.

& in his bed he was layd soone.  
 the Ladye lousesome of hew & hyde<sup>1</sup>  
 852 sett her downe by his bedside,  
 shee layd a sowter vpon her knee,  
 & theron shee playd full loue-somlye,  
 & her 2 mayds full sweetlye sang,  
 856 & euer they wept, & range<sup>2</sup> their hands.  
 then Spake Gryme to *that* Ladye fayre :  
 “ of one thing, Madam, I have great Marueile,<sup>3</sup>  
 for I heard neuer soe sweet playinge,  
 860 & ofentetimes soe sore weepinge.”  
 shee commanded her sowter to be taken her froe,  
 & sore shee wrange her hands 2 :  
 “ Sir,” shee sayd, “ I must neuer be weele  
 864 till I be auenged on Sir Gray-steele,  
 for he slew my brother, my fathers heyre,  
 & alsoe my owne Lord both fresh & fayre ;  
 for Sir Attelstone shold me haue wedd,  
 868 but I came neuer in his bedd ;  
 he gaue a battell, *that* wott I weele,  
 vpon a day to Sir Gray-steele.  
 a harder battell then was done thoe,  
 872 was neuer betweene *Knights* 2 ;  
 Gray-Steele killed Attelstone ;  
 therfor many a *Knight* made great moane.  
 then my brother *that* was my fathers heyre—  
 876 in all the world was none more goodlyer—  
 he was soe sorry for my husband indeed,  
 he thought to have quitt Gray-steele his Meede :  
 boldlye he gaue him battell vpon a day ;  
 880 therfore many a man sayd wellaway !  
 And there they both ended att *that* bone [page 137.]  
 as many another *Knight* hath done ;  
 for I haue wist *that* tyrant with his hands 2

and plays on  
a psaltery to  
him, while  
her maids  
lament.

She tells him  
she can  
never be  
happy till  
she is  
avenged on  
Gray-Steele,

who slew  
her hus-  
band and  
brother.

<sup>1</sup> pellis, cutis, *hyd.* *Wright's Vocab.*  
p. 44.—F.

<sup>2</sup> their hands rang or wrang.—P.  
<sup>3</sup> perhaps *care*.—P.

- 884 to haue a killed a 100 *Knights* & moe,  
& shamefully driuen them to dead  
with-outen succour or any remedeye.<sup>1</sup>  
& if thou be comen to fight with that *Knight*,
- If he will  
avenge her,  
let him note  
that Gray-  
Steele's 888 Iesu defend thee in thy right !  
there is noe woman aliue *that* knoweth so weele  
as I doe of the *Condicions* of Sir Gray-steele,  
for euerye houre from Midnight till noone,
- strength de-  
creases from  
noon to  
midnight, 892 eche hower he increaseth the strenght of a man<sup>2</sup> ;  
& euery houer from Noone till Midnight,  
euery hower he bateth the strenght of a *Knight*.  
looke thou make thy first counter like a *Knight*,
- 896 & enter into his armour bright ;  
looke boldlye vpon him thou breake thy spere  
as a manfull *Knight* in warr<sup>3</sup> ;  
then light downe rudlye<sup>4</sup> for thy best boote<sup>5</sup> ;
- and that he  
is better on  
horseback  
than on  
foot. 900 the tyrant is better on horsbacke then on foote ;  
presse stiflye vpon him in *that* stoure  
as a *Knight* will thinke<sup>6</sup> on his paramoure ;  
but I will not bid yee thinke on me,
- 904 but thinke on your ladye whersoever shee bee ;  
& let not that tyrant, if *that* he wold,  
lett you of *that* couenant *that* Ladye to holde."  
then shee tooke leaue of *that* gentle *Knight* ;
- 908 to her chamber shee is gone with her maidens bright.  
Sir Gryme longed sore for the day ;  
the Ostler<sup>7</sup> soone can him arraye,  
he armed the *Knight* & brought him his steede,
- Next day  
Grime arms, 912 & he gaue him red gold for his meede.  
a rich brea[k]fast<sup>8</sup> there was dight,  
& shortly sett before *that* *Knight*,  
but meate nor drinke none wold hee

<sup>1</sup> remead.—P.<sup>2</sup> mon.—P.<sup>3</sup> weir, Scottice.—P.<sup>4</sup> readily.—P.<sup>5</sup> advantage.—P.<sup>6</sup> who thinks.—P.<sup>7</sup> *i.e.* the chamberlain, *Hostelier*, or *maitre d'hotel*; but see page 140, line 206 [of MS.]—P.<sup>8</sup> The *k* added in MS. by P.—F.

916 but a cuppe of wine & soppes 3.  
 he tooke leaue of *that* Ladye cleare,  
 & rydeth towards the fresh riuier.<sup>1</sup>

takes a cup  
 of wine, and  
 rides for-  
 ward.

[The Fifth Part.]

Early in *that* May morning,  
 920 merrely when the burds can sing,  
 the throstlecocke, the Nightingale,  
 5<sup>d</sup> **Parte** the laueracke & the wild woodhall,<sup>2</sup>  
 the rookes risen in euery riuier,  
 924 the birds made a blissfull bere<sup>3</sup> ;  
 It was a heauenly Melodye  
*pro* a *Knight* that did a louer bee,  
 on the one side to heare the small birds singing,  
 928 on the other side the flowers springing.  
 then drew forth of the dales the dun deere,  
 the sun it shone both fresh & cleere,  
 Phebus gott vp with his golden beames,  
 932 ouer all the land soe light it gleames ;  
 hee looked vpon the other side,  
 see *parkes* & palaces of Mickle pryde,  
 with 7 townes by the salt sea  
 936 with castles fayre & towers hyee.  
 ouer the riuier were ryding places 2,  
 & soone Grime chose to the one of tho ;  
 & then he wold noe longer abyde,  
 940 but into Gray-steeles Land can he ryde ;  
 & yett was feared Sir Gryme the *Knight*  
 lest he wold haue tarryed him till night ;  
 but, god wott, he had noe cause to doe soe ;  
 944 for Gray-steele had ouer-waches 2.  
 they went & told their *Master* anon right,  
 “ into *your* Land is comen a *Knight*,

On a merry  
 May morn,

when birds  
 make  
 melody

and the  
 bright sun  
 shines,

Grime rides

into Gray-  
 Steele's land.

Gray-Steele's  
 watchers  
 tell him ;

<sup>1</sup> rivere.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Perhaps, wode wal. The witwall  
 or golden ouzle, a bird of the Thrush

kind. G. ad Chau.—P.

<sup>3</sup> here, noise. vid. page 388, lin. 145  
 [of MS.]—P.

- and 3<sup>h</sup> he hath rydden about the plaine,  
 948 And now is he bowne to turne home againe." [page 138.]  
 "Nay," sayd Gray-steele, "by St. John!  
 this one yeere he shall not goe home,  
 but he shall either fight or flee,  
 952 or a wed in this land leaue shall hee."  
 they brought him red sheeld & red spere,  
 & all of fresh gold shone his geere;  
 his brest plate was purpelye pight,  
 956 his helmett itt shone with gold soe bright,  
 his shankes full seemlye shone,  
 was sett with gold & precious stone,  
 his armes with plate & splents<sup>1</sup> dight  
 960 were sett with gold & siluer bright;  
 with his sheelde on his brest him before,  
 theron was a dragon & a vnicorne;  
 on the other side a beare & a wyld bore,  
 964 in the Middest a ramping Lyon *that* wold byt[e<sup>2</sup>] sore;  
 about his necke withouten fayle  
 a gorgett rought with rich Mayle,  
 with his helme sett on his head soe hye;  
 his golden 968 a mase<sup>3</sup> of gold full royallye,  
 mace set  
 with jewels,  
 on the top stode a Carbunckle<sup>4</sup> bright,  
 it shone as Moone doth in the night;  
 his sadle with selcamoure<sup>5</sup> was sett,  
 972 with barrs of gold richlye frett;  
 his petrill<sup>6</sup> was of silke of Inde,  
 his steed was of a furley<sup>7</sup> kinde,  
 his steed  
 with bells  
 with raines of silke raught to his hand,

<sup>1</sup> Splints. Small overlapping plates for the defence of the bend of the arm above the elbow, and which allowed of free motion. They are mentioned as early as Edward the Third's time. Fairholt's *Costume in England*, p. 586.—F.

<sup>2</sup> The *e* added in MS. by Percy.—F.

<sup>3</sup> mace.—P.

<sup>4</sup> topas.—P.

<sup>5</sup> Cp. "Cielaton, a rich stuff from India. K. Alysaunder, 1964. Fr. *ciglaton*; Lat. *cyclas*." Herbert Coleridge's Glossary.—F.

<sup>6</sup> peitrill.—P. Petrell, a breastplate. Kennett (in Halliwell). Fr. *Poictrail*, a Petrell for a horse. Cotgrave.—F.

<sup>7</sup> ferley, *i.e.* wondrous.—P.



- 976 with bells of gold theratt ringand.<sup>1</sup>  
 he stepped into his stirropp well armed in war,<sup>2</sup>  
 a *Knight* kneeled & raught him a spere ;  
 & then wold he noe longer abyde,  
 980 but straight to *Sir Grime* cold he ryde.  
 when *Grime* was ware of *Gray-steele*,  
 through comfort his hart came to him weele ;  
 he sayd, " thou wounded my brother *Sir Egar* !  
 984 *that* deed, traytor, thou shall buy full sore.<sup>3</sup>"  
*Gray-steele* answered neuer a word,  
 but came on *Sir Grime* as he was woode ;  
 they smoten their steeds with spurres bright,  
 988 & ran together with all their might ;  
 but *Gray-steele* came on *Sir Grime*  
 like a lyon in his woodest time ;  
 soe did *Grime* vpon *Sir Gray-steele*,  
 992 & attilde<sup>4</sup> him a dint *that* bote<sup>5</sup> full weele ;  
 thorow all his armour lesse & more,  
 cleane thorow the body he him bore,  
*that* all his girthers burst in sunder ;  
 996 the *Knight* & salle<sup>6</sup> & all came vnder.  
 through the strenght of *Gryime* & his steede  
 he smote downe *Gray-steele*, & ouer him yeede ;  
 & well perceiued *Gray-steele* then  
 1000 *that* he was macht with a Noble man.  
 then young *grime* start out of stray,<sup>7</sup>  
 & from his stirrops he light *that* day ;  
 he thought on *that* Ladye yore,  
 1004 how shee had taught him to doe before ;

of gold on  
its reins.

He takes a  
spear

and charges  
*Grime* like  
mad.

*Grime* runs

him right  
through  
the body,

unhorse  
him,

leaps down,

draws Ege-  
king,

<sup>1</sup> Compare Chaucer's *Monk* (*Prol. Cant. Tales*, ed. Morris, v. ii. p. 6, l. 169-171):

And whan he rood, men might his bridel  
 heere  
 Gyngle in a whistlyng wynd so cleere,  
 And eek as lowde as doth the chapel  
 belle.—F.

<sup>2</sup> weir. q.—P.

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<sup>3</sup> sair.—P.

<sup>4</sup> attilde, *i.e.* ettled, aimed, Scot.—P.

<sup>5</sup> did bite.—P.

<sup>6</sup> saddle.—P.

<sup>7</sup> ? *stray* here must be from *extra*, on the outside, without, as in the ordinary sense of *stray*, but with the meaning of "on the outside of the horse, the saddle."—F.

- he shooke out his sword Egeking ;  
the other mett him manffully without leasing ;  
Grime sought him on one side  
and cuts through Gray-Steele's armour 1008 & raught him a wound full wyde ;  
a 100<sup>d</sup>. Mailes he shore assunder,  
& all the stufte *that* was there vnder ;  
throughout all his armour bright,  
five inches into his shoulder. 1012 5 inch into the sholder, the sword light.  
but Gray-steele neuer with noe man mett  
*that* 2 such dints did on him sett ;  
Gray-Steele pays him back 1016 then thought Gray-steele, *that* warryour wight,  
to quitt Sir Grime *that* Noble Knight :  
He hytt him on the helme on hye [page 139.]  
*that* the fire as flynt out can flye ;  
or euer he cold handle Egeking againe,  
with three blows that nearly kill him ; 1020 3 doughtye dints he sett on him certaine  
*that* almost Sir Gryme was slaine,  
the least of them might haue beene a mans bane. .  
thus these Noble burnes<sup>1</sup> in battele  
1024 hacked & hewed with Swords of Mettle.  
through rich many & myny plee<sup>2</sup>  
the red blood blemished both their blee.  
but Grime 1028 Sir Grime was learned in his child-hood  
full Noblye to handle a sworde ;  
wounds Gray-Steele in one knee. with an arkward stroke ffull slee<sup>3</sup>  
he hitt Sir Gray-Steele on the knee ;  
if he were neuer soe wight of hand,  
1032 on the one foote he might but stand :  
“ thou wounded my brother Sir Egar ;  
*that* deed thou shalt abuy full sore<sup>4</sup> ! ”  
then answered Gray-steele, *that* warryour wight,  
1036 “ wherefore vpbraydest thou me with *that* Knight ? ”  
<sup>5</sup> “ for he neuer went by watter nor Lande,

<sup>1</sup> barnes, *i.e.* men.—P.<sup>2</sup> It *should* be Mail & many plie. See Reliques, vol. I. pag. 10, ver. 21 & Glos.—P.<sup>3</sup> sly.—P.<sup>4</sup> sair.—P.<sup>5</sup> Grime answered.—P.

- but he was as good as [t]he<sup>1</sup> both of hart & hand ;  
 & hee had beene weaponed as well as I  
 1040 he had beene worth both thee & mee.”  
 he hitt Sir Gryme on the cainell<sup>2</sup> bone ;  
 a quarter of his sheeled away his gone<sup>3</sup> ;  
 the other he claue in tow  
 1044 *that* it ffell into the feyld soe far him froe ;  
 his Noble sword Egeking  
 went from him without Leasing.  
 but Grime was wight upon the land,  
 1048 he followed fast after & gatt his brand ;  
 but on<sup>4</sup> Gray-Steele had had his other foote  
 to haue holpen him in neede and boote,  
 I cold not thinke how Gryme the *Knight*  
 1052 shold haue comen againe to *that* Ladye bright.  
 when he had gotten againe Ege-king,  
 fell were the dints he sett on him ;  
 with an arkeward stroke full sore  
 1056 through Liuer & longs Gray-steele he bore.  
 Gray-Steele went walling<sup>5</sup> woode  
 when his sydes fomed of his harts blood ;  
 then *perceiued* the *Knight* Sir Grime  
 1060 *that* Gray-Steele was in poynt of time.  
 Grime sayd, “ yeeld thee, Sir Gray-steele,  
 for thou can neuer doe<sup>6</sup> soe weele.”  
 the other said, “ thou mayst lightlye lye ;  
 1064 *that* man shall I neuer see ;  
*that* man was neuer of woman borne  
 shall make me yeelde, one man to one.”

Gray-Steele  
hits Grime  
on the  
collar-bone,

and knocks  
his sword  
out of his  
hand.

Grime  
recovers it,

cuts Gray-  
Steele

through the  
liver and  
lungs,

and calls on  
him to  
yield.

<sup>1</sup> thee both.—P.

<sup>2</sup> The *Cainell* or *Kennel bone of the neck* is still current in Northamptonshire. See *Canel bone* in Bailey's Dict.—P.

But swiche a fairenesse of a nekke  
Had[de] that swete, that boon nor  
brekke,  
Nas ther noon seen that mys-satte ;  
Hyt was white, smothe, streght, and  
pure flatte,

Withouten hole or *canel boon*,  
As be semynge had[de] she noon.”

Chaucer. *The Boke of the Duchesse*, l. 942, vol. v., p. 183, ed. Morris, 1866.—F.

<sup>3</sup> is gone.—P.

<sup>4</sup> and [= if].—P.

<sup>5</sup> *i.e.* boiling, raging mad.—P.

<sup>6</sup> get on, fight.—F.

- In return,  
Gray-Steele
- 1068 he was soe angry att Grimes words  
*that* both his hands he sett on his sword,  
& with all his strenght *that* was in him Leade,<sup>1</sup>  
he sett itt on Sir Grimes heade  
*that* such a stroke he neuer gate,
- 1072 nor noe Knight *that* was his mate.  
he thought his head roue<sup>2</sup> assunder,  
his necke cracked *that* was vnder,  
his eares brushed<sup>3</sup> out of blood.
- nearly splits  
Grime's  
head.
- 1076 the Knight stackered<sup>4</sup> with *that* stroke, & stoode,  
for & he & had<sup>5</sup> once fallen to the ground,  
the Lady had neuer seene him sound.  
thus they fought together fell & sore
- At last,
- 1080 the space of a mile and somthing more.  
Gray-steele bled withouten fayle,  
his visage waxed pan and wale<sup>6</sup>;
- Grime grips  
Gray-Steele  
by the  
throat,  
throws him  
down, and  
kills him.
- 1084 Grime att his gorgett he gate a gripe, [page 140.]  
& fast he followed in after itt,  
& backward to the ground he him bare ;  
he let him neuer recouer more ;  
his brest-plate from him he cast,
- 1088 & thrise to the hart he him thrust :  
thus vngracious deeds without mending  
can neuer scape without an ill endinge.  
all this I say by Sir Gray-Steele,
- 1092 for fortune had led him long and weele ;  
I haue wist *that* Knight with his hands tow  
slay 100 Knights and moe,  
shamefullye driuen them to dead
- Gray-Steele  
lies slain ;
- 1096 without succour or any remed ;  
& he lyeth slaine with a poore Knight  
& for<sup>7</sup> his sworne brother came to fight.

<sup>1</sup> laid. qu.—P. (or leavde, left.—F.)

<sup>2</sup> rove, *i.e.* riven.—P.

<sup>3</sup> brasted.—P. "To *brusch*, v. n. to burst forth, to rush, to issue with violence. *Wallace*." Jamieson.—F.

<sup>4</sup> staggered.—P. Old Norse *stakra*,

to totter (Wedg.); Scotch *stacker*, *stakker*; Swed. *stagra*. (Jam.)—F.

<sup>5</sup> & had *may be* xhad in MS.—F.

<sup>6</sup> wan & pale.—P.

<sup>7</sup> that for.—P.

- then Gryme looked by him soone ;  
 1100 they <sup>1</sup> steeds were fighting, as they had done ;  
 in sonder he parted the steeds 2 ;  
 to Graysteeles saddle can he goe ;  
 he right the Girthes, <sup>2</sup> & saddled the steed,  
 1104 & againe to the dead body he yeede,  
 & pulled forth his Noble Brand,  
 & smote of Sir Gray-steeles hande :  
 “ My brother left a fingar in this land with thee,  
 1108 therefore thy whole hand shall he see.”  
 hee looked vp to the castle of stone,  
 & see <sup>3</sup> Ladyes manye a <sup>4</sup> one  
 wringing, & wayling, & riuing there heare, <sup>5</sup>  
 1112 striking, & crying with voices full cleere.  
 wight men, they wold not blin,  
 horsse & harnessse *pro* <sup>6</sup> to win :  
 it was euer Sir Gray-steeles desiring  
 1116 that for his death shold be made noe chalishing. <sup>7</sup>  
 Grime leapt on Sir Gray-steeles steed,  
 his owne by the bridle he cold him leade,  
 & he rode towards the fresh riuer, <sup>8</sup>  
 1120 there was noe man durst nye him nere ;  
 yett it was an howre within the night  
 before he came againe to *that* Ladye bright.  
 he rode strayght to the burgesse dore,  
 1124 the ostler mett him on the flore :  
 “ O Master ! ” he sayd, “ now is come *that* Knight  
*that* went hence when the day was light ;  
 he hath brought with him Sir Gray-steeles steede,  
 1128 & much more of his golden weede ;  
 he hath brought with him his chaine of gold—

Grime takes  
his steed,

cuts off his  
hand,

leaps on  
the steed,

and rides  
back to his

lady.

<sup>1</sup> their.—P.

<sup>2</sup> righted the girths. qu.—P.

<sup>3</sup> saw.—P.

<sup>4</sup> Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.

<sup>5</sup> hair.—P.

<sup>6</sup> *pro*, *i.e.* for.—P.

<sup>7</sup> Fr. *chaloir*: importer, se soucier,

avoir soin, se mettre en peine, prendre  
soin, de *calere*. Roquefort. I care nat,  
I regarde nat or estyme nat a thyng: *Il*  
*ne men chault*. Palsgrave. *Se chaloir*  
*de*, to passe, care, take thought for.  
Cotgrave.—F.

<sup>8</sup> rivere.—P.

- his saddle harness is fayre to behold,—  
 with other more of his golden geere ;  
 1132 in all this land there is none such to were.”  
 then to the dore fast cold they hye,  
 bold men & yeomanrye.<sup>1</sup>  
 the Burgesse asked the *Knight*  
 Grime re- 1136 whether he wold lodg with him all night.  
 fuses to stop  
 in the town, Grime sayd, “to lye in a strange Land—  
 & here is a strong Castle att hand—  
 methinke itt were a great follye ;  
 but goes to 1140 I wott not who is my freind or my enemye.”  
 his lady’s  
 chamber. hee tooke the hand, & the gloue of gold soe gay ;  
 to the Ladyes chamber hee tooke the way  
 att supper where shee was sett,  
 1144 but neuer a Morsel might shee eate :  
 She is la-  
 menting his “a !” shee sayd,<sup>2</sup> “now I thinke on *that Knight*  
*that* went from me when the day was light !  
 yesternight to the chamber I him Ledd ;  
 probable 1148 this night Gray-steele hath made his bed !  
 death, alas ! he is foule lost on him !  
*that* is much pittye for all his kine !  
 for he is large of blood & bone,  
 1152 & goodlye nurture lacketh he none ;  
 & he his<sup>3</sup> fayre in armes to fold,  
 He is worth to her his waight in gold ; [page 141.]  
 woe is me, for his loue in his countrye !  
 and think- 1156 shee may thinke longe or she him see ! ”  
 ing on her  
 lost hus- with *that* she thought on her Lord Attelstone  
 band, *that* they water out of her eyen ran.  
 when Grime  
 knocks at 1160 with *that* Grime knocked att the chamber dore,  
 the door. & a maiden stode ther on<sup>4</sup> the flore ;  
 “O Madam !” shee said, “now is come *that Knight*  
*that* went hence when the day was light.”  
 She rises, & hastilye from the bord shee rise,

<sup>1</sup> yeomanrye.—P.    <sup>2</sup> Ah ! shee s<sup>d</sup>.—P.    cp. l. 1227-8, p. 393.—F.  
<sup>3</sup> is.—P.    ? his fair one, his love ; but    <sup>4</sup> MS. *theron*.—F.



- 1164 & kissed him 20 sithe<sup>1</sup> :  
 "how haue you farren<sup>2</sup> on your Iourney?"  
 "full well, my loue," Sir Grime did say,  
 "for I haue taken such a surtye<sup>3</sup> on yonder *Knight*  
 1168 *that* pore men in his country may haue right;  
 Merchants may both buy and sell  
 within the lands where they doe dwell."  
 he gaue her the hand & the gloue gay,  
 1172 & sayd, "lay vp this till itt be day."  
 shee tooke the gloue att<sup>4</sup> him,  
 but shee wist not *that* they hand was in;  
 & as they stooode still on the ground,  
 1176 the hand fell out ther in<sup>5</sup> *that* stond,  
 & when shee looked on *that* hand  
*that* had slaine her brother and her husband,  
 noe marueill though her hart did grisse,<sup>6</sup>  
 1180 the red blood in her face did rise:  
 it was red rowed<sup>7</sup> for to see,  
 with fingars more then other three;  
 on euerye fingar a gay gold ring,  
 1184 a *precious* stone or a goodly thing;  
 & yet shee hath it vp tane  
 & put into the gloue againe,  
 & vnto a coffer did shee goe,  
 1188 & vnlocked lockes one or 2.  
 a rich supper there was dight  
 & sett before *that* worthy *Knight*,  
 but meate nor drinke he might none;  
 1192 he was soe furbrished,<sup>8</sup> body and bone,  
 he longed sore to be a bedd.  
 & to a chamber shee him Ledd,

and kisses  
him twenty  
times.

He gives  
her Gray-  
Steele's  
hand

which had  
slain her  
husband  
and brother,

and she  
locks it up,

puts Grime  
to bed,

<sup>1</sup> times.—P.

<sup>2</sup> *i.e.* fared.—P.

<sup>3</sup> suretye.—P.

<sup>4</sup> *i.e.* at his hand.—P.

<sup>5</sup> MS. therin.—F.

<sup>6</sup> grise.—P. First written *greefe* in the MS. and then corrected.—F.

<sup>7</sup> colour, *rud* of a cheek: A.-S. *rud*, red.—F.

<sup>8</sup> *For-brissute*, broken, bruised (Halliwell's Gloss.). Dutch *verbryzeld*, crushed, grinded, bruised (Sewel). A.-S. *brysan*, to bruise; *forbrytan*, to break in pieces, smash, bruise (Bosworth).—F.

- examines  
his wounds, 1196 & all his armour of was done,  
& the Lady searched his wounds soone.  
the Lady<sup>1</sup> was neuer soe soe sounde  
when shee saw hee had no death<sup>1</sup> wound<sup>1</sup>;  
for euer thought *that* fayre Ladye  
and thinks  
she'll marry  
him. 1200 his wedded wife *that* shee shold bee.  
& when shee had this done,  
to her owne chamber shee went soone ;  
shee tooke out the hand & the gloue of gold ;  
Then she  
takes Gray-  
Steele's  
hand 1204 to her fathers hall shee sayd shee wold,  
att supper when he was sett,  
& many Lords withouten lett.  
& when shee came into the hall,  
1208 finely shce halched<sup>2</sup> on them all :  
" I can tell you tydings, father, will like you weelle ;  
to Earl  
Gares, slaine is your enemye Sir Gray-steelee." (*so*)  
then they laughed all ffull hastilye,  
1212 said, " Maddam, it seemeth to be a lye :  
*that* man was neuer borne of a woman  
cold neuer kill Gray-steele, one man to one.<sup>3</sup> "  
she cast out the hand and the gloue of gold ;  
shows it  
him, 1216 all had Marueill did it behold,  
for it was red rowed for to see,  
with fingars more then other 3,  
& on euerye fingar a fine gold ring,<sup>4</sup>  
1220 a precious stone or a goodlye thing.  
the Erle sayd, " daughter, wher dwelleth *that*  
*Knigh*t ? "
- [page 142.] Then answered *that* Ladye both faire [&] bright,  
& sayth, " father, his name I cannott myn,<sup>5</sup>  
and tells  
him who  
won it. 1224 but he was borne in the Land of Beame ;  
he is large of blood & bone,  
& goodlye Nurture lacketh none ;

<sup>1</sup> There are tags like *esses* to these letters in the MS.—F.

<sup>2</sup> saluted.—P.

<sup>3</sup> man to man. qu.—P.

<sup>4</sup> One stroke only of the *n* is in the MS ; over it is a mark of contraction.—F.

<sup>5</sup> mention.—P.

- he is faire in armes to fold,  
 1228 he is worth his waight in gold ;  
 but he rydeth in the morning when it is day."  
 "that I sett gods forbott," the Erle can say,  
 "for I wold [not] for <sup>1</sup> a iooo<sup>!</sup>  
 1232 of florences <sup>2</sup> red & rounde,  
 vnrewarded of me *that* he shold goe  
*that* soe manfully hath uenged mee on my foe."  
 Earlye on the other day  
 1236 Sir Gryme radylye<sup>3</sup> can him array ;  
 & as hee was his leaue takeand,  
 the erle came att his hand ;  
 & when the Erle came him nye,  
 1240 Sir Gryme sett <sup>4</sup> him on his knee,  
 & thanked him with humble cheerre  
 for the great refreshing he had there.  
 the Erle tooke Gryme by the hand,  
 1244 & said, "gentle *Knight*, doe thou vpp stand !  
 & as thou art a warriour wight,  
 tarry with me this day & this night."  
 "my *Lord*," hee said, "I am at *your* will ;  
 1248 all *your* comandement to fulfill."  
 then a squier tooke the steeds tow,  
 & to a stable then can he goe ;  
 the Erle tooke Gryme by the hand,  
 1252 to the pallace thé yode Leadand ;  
 a rich dinner ther men might see,  
 of Meate & drinke was great plentye ;  
 the certaine sooth If I shold say,  
 1256 he was meate fellow for <sup>5</sup> the *Ladye* gay.  
 & when the dinner was all done,  
 the Erle tooke Grime into a chamber soone,

On the  
second day,

Earl Gares  
comes to  
Grime,

asks him  
to stay  
another day,

takes him  
to the  
palace,

seats him at  
dinner next  
his daugh-  
ter,

<sup>1</sup> not for.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Florins, formerly worth about 3s. 4d.  
apiece:

I salle the gyffe ten thousand ponde  
Of *florence* that bene rede and rounde.

*Sir Isumbras*, l. 294–5, in *Thornton Romances*, p. 100. Halliwell's *Glossary*.—F.

<sup>3</sup> The top of the *a* in *radylye* is open,  
nearly like *u*.—F.

<sup>4</sup> *i.e.* knelt down.—P.

<sup>5</sup> *i.e.* messmate to, &c.—P.

- & spurred<sup>1</sup> him gentlye,  
 asks him if he's married, 1260 "Sir, beene you marryed in your countrye?"  
 Grime answered him hastilye,  
 "I had neuer wiffe nor yett Ladye :  
 and on Grime saying no, 1264 I tell you truly, by *Saint John*,  
 I had neuer wiffe nor yett Lemman."  
 the Erle sayd, "I am glad indeed,  
 for all the better here may you speede ;  
 offers him his daughter. 1268 for I haue a daughter *that* is my heyre  
 of all my Lands, *that* is soe faire ;  
 & if thou wilt wed *that Ladye* free,  
 with all my hart I will giue her thee."  
 Grime accepts her, 1272 great thankes Gryme to him can make ;  
 saith, "I loue her to well to forsake!"  
 and afore the Erle & Bishopps<sup>3</sup>  
 Gryme handfasted<sup>2</sup> *that* faire Ladye.  
 the betrothal is made, 1276 the day of Marryage itt was sett,  
*that* Gryme shold come againe without Let.  
 the Erle feitched him in *that* stonde  
 2 robes was worth 400<sup>li</sup>  
 they were all beaten gold begon ;—  
 1280 he gaue Egar the better when he came home.—  
 and Grime rides home. he tooke Leane of the Erle & the Ladye,  
 & rydes home into his countrye.

## [The Sixth Part.]

- When Grime reaches a forest near home, 1284  
 6<sup>d</sup> Parte { He came to a forrest a priuye way,  
 & leaueth his steed & his palfrey ;  
 & when he had soe doone,  
 he goes on foot to his room, 1288 { he went to his chamber right soone,  
 & priuyllye knocked on the dore,  
 [&] Palyas his brother stood on the flore.

<sup>1</sup> spurred, *i.e.* asked him.—P.<sup>2</sup> plighted hands, *i.e.* betrothed.—P.  
 A.-S. *handfæstan*, to pledge one's hand.  
 Of Mary's betrothal to Joseph, the *Ormu-**lum* (i. 81, l. 2389-90) says :& ꝥho wass *hanndfesst* an god mann  
 þatt Josæp was ꝥehattenn.—F.

- Palyas was neuer more glad & blyth [page 143.]  
 when he see his brother come home aline.  
 "how fareth Sir Egar?" Sir Grime can say.  
 1292 "the better *that* you haue sped on your Iourney."  
 "rise, Sir Egar, & arme thee weele tells Eger  
 both in Iron & in steele, to arm,  
 & goe into yonder forreste free, go to the  
 1296 & Pallyas my Brother shall goe with thee; forest,  
 & there thou shalt find Sir Gray-steeles steed, take Gray-  
 & much more of his golden weede; Steele's  
 there thou shalt find his chaine of gold, steed and  
 1300 his sadle harnessse full fayre to behold, armour,  
 with other more of his golden geere;  
 in all this land is none such to weare.  
 to-morrow when the sunn shineth bright,  
 1304 Looke thou gett into thy Ladyes sight, show him-  
 & looke thou as strange to her bee self to Win-  
 as shee in times past hath been to thee; glayne, and  
 for & thou doe not as shee hath done before, treat her  
 1308 thou shalst loose my loue for euermore." scorfully.  
 then forth went Egar & Pallyas  
 where the steeds & steuen<sup>1</sup> was.  
 a scarlett Mantle Grime hath tane;  
 1312 to the Erles chamber hee his gone Grime goes  
 with still Mourning & sighing sore,<sup>2</sup> to Earl  
 "alas! slaine is my brother Sir Egar! Bragas,  
 for 7 dayes are comen and gone  
 1316 sith he promised me to bee att home; says Eger  
 he rode forth wounded verry sore; has been  
 alas! my sorrow is much the more! away seven  
 thy<sup>3</sup> great pride of thy daughter free days, and  
 1320 made him in this great perill to bee; must be  
 alas *that* euer shee was borne! killed,  
 the best Knight *that* euer was in this world is  
 forlorne!"

<sup>1</sup> ? stuffs. O. Fr. *estouvoir*, conven- est nécessaire. Roquefort.—F.  
 ance, nécessité, provision de tout ce qui <sup>2</sup> sair.—P. <sup>3</sup> the.—P.

- Gryme vpon his way can goe ;  
 The Earl and Countess, 1324 the Erle & the Countesse were full woe ;  
 then they bowned<sup>1</sup> them both more & lesse  
 to the parish church to hear a Masse.  
 after Mass, when the Masse was all done,  
 1328 to the pallace thé went full soone.  
 one looked betwene him & the sunn,  
 sais, "methinkes I see tow armed *Knights* come."  
 another sayd, "Nay indeed,  
 1332 it is an armed *Knight* ryding, and leads a steede."  
 & when they *Knight* came them neere,  
 all wist it was Sir Egar ;  
 but Gryme was the first man  
 see Eger coming.  
 They welcome him. 1336 *that euer* welcomed Sir Egar home.<sup>2</sup>  
 the Erle tooke Egars hand in his,  
 the countesse cold him comlye Kisse ;  
 his own Lady winglaine wold haue done soe ;  
 He turns his back on Winglayne, and rebukes her. 1340 he turned his backe & rode her froe,  
 & said, "parting is a priuye payne,  
 but old freinds<sup>3</sup> cannott be called againe !  
 for the great kindnesse I haue found att thee,  
 1344 fforgotten shalt thou neuer bee."  
 he turned his steede in *that* tyde,  
 & said to Garnwicke he wold ryde.  
 the Lady sooned<sup>4</sup> when he did goe ;  
 She swoons. Her father begs Grime 1348 the Erle & the Countesse were full woe ;  
 the Erle profered Gryme 40<sup>l</sup> of Land,<sup>5</sup>  
 of florences *that* were fayre & round,  
 for to gett the good will of Egar his daughter to :  
 to bring Eger round. 1352 I hope *that* was ethe<sup>6</sup> to doe.  
 Grime went forth on his way,  
 & faire words to Egar [can he say<sup>7</sup> :]  
 1356 "abyde & speake a word with mee,

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.* made them ready.—P.<sup>2</sup> hame.—P.<sup>3</sup> friendes.—P.<sup>4</sup> swooned.—P.<sup>5</sup> Londe.—P.<sup>6</sup> A.-S. *edð*, easy.—F.<sup>7</sup> MS. partly cut away : words read by Percy.—F.



- Brother," he said, "for Charitye." [page 144.]  
 Egar sayd, "here I am at your will;  
 whatere you command, Ile fulfill."  
 a squier tooke his steeds tow,  
 1360 & to a stable can he goe.  
 Gryme tooke Egar by the hand,  
 to their owne chamber they went Leadand, Grime takes  
 & all his armour of hath done, Eger to  
 his room,  
 1364 & laid it downe where he put it on.  
 Gryme feitched forth tow robes in *that* stond, puts robes  
 the worse was worth 400<sup>l</sup> of beaten  
 gold on him,  
 thé were all of beaten gold begon :  
 1368 he put the better Egar on ;  
 then was Egar the seemlyest man<sup>1</sup>  
*that* was in all Christendonne.  
 Gryme tooke him by the hand,  
 1372 to the palace thé yode Leadand<sup>2</sup> : leads him to  
 the palace,  
 a rich dinner there Men might see,  
 Meate & drinke there was plentye ;—  
 certaine sooth if I shold say,  
 1376 he was meate fellow with the Ladye gay ;— seats him by  
 Winglayne,  
 & when the dinner was all done,  
 Grime tooke the Erle to councell soone : and tells  
 Earl Bragas  
 "as my Lord Egar is the *Knight*  
 1380 *that* winneth the worshipp in euery fight, that Eger  
 will marry  
 her.  
 & if hee shall haue your daughter free,  
 att your owne will I haue gotten him to bee ;  
 I read anon *that* it were done."  
 1384 the Erle & the Countesse accorded soone ;  
 the Erle sent forth his messenger  
 to great *Lords* both far & neere, The nobles  
 are sum-  
 moned to  
 the wedding,  
 1388 *that* they shold come by the 15 day  
 to the marryage of his daughter gay.  
 & there Sir Egar, *that* Noble *Knight*,  
 Marryed winglayne, *that* Ladye Bright.

<sup>1</sup> mon.—P.

<sup>2</sup> yode leadand (went leading).—P.

- the feast  
lasts forty  
days,
- 1392 the feast it Lasted fortye dayes,  
with *Lords* & *Ladyes* in royall arrayes ;  
& at the 40 dayes end,  
euerye man to his owne home wend,  
eche man home into his countrye ;
- and then  
Eger and  
Grime ride  
to Earle  
Gares,
- 1396 soe did Egar, Grime, & Pallyas, all 3,  
they neuer stinted nor blan,<sup>1</sup>  
to Earle Gares Land till thé came.  
the Erle wist he wold be there,  
1400 he mett them with a royal fere,<sup>2</sup>  
with a 100 *Knights* in royall array  
mett Egar & Grime in the way,  
with much myrth of *Minstrelsy*,
- who wel-  
comes them,  
and Grime  
weds the  
Lady Loose-  
paine.
- 1404 & welcomed them into *that* countrye ;  
& there Sir Gryme, *that Noble Knight*,  
marryed Loosepine, *that Ladye bright*.  
why was shee called Loospaine ?  
1408 a better Leech was none certaine.  
a royall wedding was made there,<sup>3</sup>  
as good as was the other before ;  
& when 5 dayes done did<sup>4</sup> hee,
- All ride into  
Gray-Steele's  
land,
- 1412 Egar desired all the Erles meanye  
to ryde with him into Gray-steeles Land,  
to resigne all into his brothers hand.  
they chose Pallyas to be their *Captain wight* ;  
1416 the Erle dubd him, and made a *Knight*,  
& by councell of *Lords* with him did bee,  
hee gaue him a 100<sup>li</sup> of fee.  
then wold they noe longer abyde,  
1420 but into Gray-steeles Land can they ryde ;  
they brake his *parkes* & killed his deere,  
rasen<sup>5</sup> his hauens & shipps soe Cleere ;  
They tooke townes & castles of stone.
- kill his deer,  
destroy his  
ships,
- 1424 Gray-steele had neuer a child but one

[page 145.]

<sup>1</sup> desisted.—P.<sup>4</sup> had.—P.<sup>2</sup> company.—P.<sup>5</sup> razed.—P.<sup>3</sup> thore.—P.

- that* was a daughter fayre & free ;  
 vntill *that* castle shee did flee ;  
 Egar tooke *that* Lady, as I vnderstand,  
 1428 & brought her into Earle Gares land.  
 when *that* Ladye the Earle did see,  
 shee kneeled downe vpon her knee,  
 & said, "if my father were a tyrant & your enemye,  
 1432 neuer take my Land froe me."  
 the Erle sayd, "for thy curtesye  
 all the better the matter may bee :  
 for to weld thy Land & thee  
 1436 choose thee any *Knight that* thou he[r]e see."  
 amongst all *that* there was  
 shee chose vnto Pallyas.  
 glad & blythe was Baron & *Knight*,  
 1440 soe were Egar & Gryme *that* were soe wight ;  
 & there Sir Pallyas, *that* Noble *Knight*,  
 marryed Emyas *that* was soe bright.  
 a royall wedding was made thore,  
 1444 as good as was the other before.  
 I neuer wist man *that* proued soe weele  
 as did Sir Grine vpon Sir Gray-steele,  
 for he gate to his brother Sir Egar  
 1448 an Erles Land & a ladye faire ;  
 he gate himselfe an Erles lande,  
 the fairest Lady *that* was Liuande ;  
 he gate his brother Pallyas  
 1452 a barrons daughter & a Barronage.  
 Winglaine bare to Sir Egar  
 10 children *that* were fayre ;  
 10 of them were sonnes wight,  
 1456 & 5, daughters fayre in sight.  
 & Loosepine bare to Sir Grime  
 10 children in short time ;  
 7 of them sonnes was,  
 1460 & 3 were daughters faire of face.

and let his  
daughter  
Emyas

choose  
Pallyas for  
her hus-  
band.

Pallyas and  
Emyas are  
married.

Well done,  
Sir Grime!

you've set up  
Sir Eger,  
yourself and

Pallyas.

Eger has  
fifteen  
children,

Grime ten,

Pallyas  
three.

Emyeas bare to Sir Pallyas

3 Children in short spacee ;

2 of them sonnes were,

1464 the 3 was a daughter faire and cleere ;

after, shee was marryed to a *Knight*

*that* proued both hardye & wight.

there was noe man in noe countrye

1468 *that* durst displease those brethren 3 :

for 2 of them were Erles free,

the 3<sup>d</sup> was a Barron in his countrye ;

& thus they liued & made an end.<sup>1</sup>

God bring  
them all to  
bliss, and  
us too!  
Amen!

1472 to the blisse of heauen their soules bringe!

I pray Jesus *that* wee<sup>2</sup> soe may

bring vs the blisse *that* Lasteth Aye!

ffins.

<sup>1</sup> endinge, *sic leg<sup>m</sup>*.—P.

<sup>2</sup> hee.—P.

ARTHUR<sup>1</sup>:A GENERAL INTRODUCTION TO "MERLINE" AND  
"KINGE ARTHURS DEATH."

THE case for Arthur's historical existence stands thus. Discarding the vague words Keltic and Welsh, we find Britain divided in historical times between five main branches of the same race. Of these, to begin from the North, the *Scoti or Gaelic Highlanders* have traditions of Irish growth about Finn or Fingal, and none about Arthur. The Dean of Lismore's book, edited by Mr. Skene, will prove this. The only mention of Arthur in it is by a Macgregor, probably of the fifteenth century. (2) *The Strathclyde Britons or Picts*. Of these Fordun is the earliest historian, who takes his account from Geoffrey of Monmouth, and says that Arthur was chosen king at Cilcester, probably Cirencester, and was buried at Avalon. Boetius, who, like Geoffrey, makes Arthur the bastard son of Uther, by a Cornish nobleman's wife, makes London his capital, and represents him as defeating the Scots and Picts in a great battle. (3) *The Cumbrian Britons*. To these belong the bards, Llywarch Hen, Aneurin and Taliesin, who with one exception celebrate Urien and his son, and the princess Bun, &c., all Northern personages. The one exception is the poem on the battle of Longborth, and whether the verse about Arthur be spurious or not, it speaks of him in connection with a hero of "the wooded country of

<sup>1</sup> See Herbert Coleridge's essay on *Seynt Graal* (Roxburghe Club, 1863), and "Arthur," in the 2nd volume of the *Morte Arthur*, ed. 1864.

Domnonia," and describes a battle known to the Saxon chronicle and probably against the West Saxons. (4) *The Welsh*. I don't think Mr. Nash speaks too strongly in saying that the genuine Welsh traditions know no more of Arthur than of the Druids. (5) *The Devonians or Domnonians*. We have three books more or less historical belonging to this district. The "Historia Britonum Nennii" (so called<sup>1</sup>), written probably in the eighth century, and added to in the ninth,<sup>2</sup> treats at length of Arthur. The "Vita S. Gildæ," date unknown, but evidently ancient, treats also, and not very inconsistently, of Arthur, though with no particular reverence for him. Lastly, Gildas proper (prior to Bede) does not name Arthur, but dates from his most famous battle, the "Bellum Badonicum," and attacks Maglocunus or Maelgoun for having made fierce war on his uncle the king, with several circumstances that resemble the legendary history of Arthur and Lancelot; e.g., Maelgoun turns monk, marries unlawfully, &c. Take next William of Malmesbury, who wrote before Geoffrey's book had infected history. Malmesbury, in his book on the antiquities of Glastonbury Church, mentions by name two estates which Arthur gave to the Abbey, and assigns as the reason a legend not to be found in Geoffrey. Giraldus Cambrensis, who denounced Geoffrey of Monmouth as an impudent liar, relates how Arthur's tomb in Glastonbury was opened, and two bodies found with hair so decomposed that it pulverised at a touch, and a leaden plate inscribed with the

<sup>1</sup> The ascription of the *Historia Britonum* to Nennius has occasioned much discussion. Its accuracy depends mainly on the authority of the MS. Bibl. Pub. Cant. Ff. i. 27, 2 (of the twelfth century) as it is the only ancient copy which contains both Prologues in the original hand, and without the authority of those Prologues the work might be assigned to any other person; indeed one of the earliest manuscripts of this work assigns it to Mark the Anchorite, while no fewer than

seventeen MSS. have rubrics ascribing it to Gildas; besides which facts, whenever the work is cited by any early English historian (Geoffrey of Monmouth, Henry of Huntingdon, and William of Malmesbury) it is never attributed to Nennius, but, on the contrary, to Gildas.—Hardy, *Catalogue*, vol. i. p. 321.

<sup>2</sup> The earliest MS. is at latest of the eleventh century. Wanley and Petrie assign it to the tenth.—Hardy, *ib.* p. 322.



king's name. Lastly, the belief in Arthur's resurrection was confined to or at least strongest in Armorica, which was partly peopled with Devonian exiles, patriots who would naturally cling to heroic memories.

Dr. Guest, in his valuable paper “On Welsh and English rule in Somersetshire after the capture of Bath, A.D. 577,” (*Archæological Journal*, 1859,) regards Arthur as historical, and identifies him with Owain Finddu, son of Aurelius Ambrosius.

Against all the proofs I have alleged, and which for the time and its scanty records are really considerable, there are only two reasons of any weight (*a*) that Arthur has become a hero of romance: the eponymus of his race, to whom all its great deeds are ascribed; (*b*) that he is claimed by several districts. The first argument would demolish Alfred, Charlemagne, &c. Assume Geoffrey's book destroyed, and there would be nothing extravagant in the histories of Arthur. Surely then the real value of these is independent of an uncritical and bombastic but poetical narrative into which a twelfth-century writer has interwoven them with other materials.

The argument from localities is not more valid. It is the essence of popular poetry to carry with it its own geography. Mr. Skene has shown clearly that there are at least two Fenian topographies, the Irish and the Scotch. Now assuming Arthur's history to become first extensively popular in the twelfth century, who are most likely to take it up and identify it with localities in their own neighbourhood? the Saxons or Saxonised settlers in Devonian, or the Welsh and Picts of Galloway? Surely the latter. Which history can best be interpolated with strange facts? the history of the conquered and civilised western counties, or that of districts which long maintained their barbarous independence? Again, the latter. Accordingly Cornwall, as best answering these conditions among the south-western counties, is the one that has made best fight for Arthur. The real value of the

Arthurian geography is not to identify him with any locality, but to bring out in all possible completeness a list of local names that may once have been genuine somewhere, and that are certainly useful for philology.

The remarks above were written by Mr. Charles H. Pearson, author of "The Early and Middle Ages of England," after reading the Introduction by myself, here following. As Mr. Pearson is the most trustworthy of our historians on the period of which he treats, his view will, I have no doubt, meet with ultimate acceptance. Still, in speaking of Arthur, we are dealing with probabilities, not certainties. The Life of Gildas, on which Mr. Pearson relies, is assigned by Mr. Thomas Wright, on the authority of the very MS. which Mr. Stevenson printed, as well as that of a Corpus (Cambridge) MS. of the thirteenth century, to Caradoc of Lancarvan in the twelfth century ("Biogr. Lit." p. 119, note). Mr. Wright's conclusion on this Life and the other Life of Gildas by an anonymous monk of the abbey of St. Gildas de Ruys, who is said to have lived in the eleventh century, is, "the mass of errors which is here presented to us compels us to the only rational supposition, that the whole is a fable, created probably during the latter part of the eleventh, and the twelfth centuries, the period at which so many other fabulous narratives took their rise," p. 124. Of the book attributed to Gildas himself, Mr. Wright says, "that no circumstance in it affords the slightest support to the *biographies* of its author," p. 126. Of Nennius's History, Mr. Wright says, "The earliest MSS. give it as an anonymous treatise. The name of Nennius is not joined with it until the beginning of the thirteenth century; and both then and afterwards it is as frequently given under the name of Gildas; . . . the compiler evidently intended that it should pass for a work written soon after the middle of the seventh century. . . . The tract which goes under the name of Nennius is, as might be supposed from what has been said above, of very little historical value; but it

derives a certain degree of importance from those very parts which are least historical. The stories of the first colonisation of our islands, of the exploits of King Arthur, and, above all, of Merlin and his wonderful birth and prophecies, which are not found elsewhere before the twelfth century, exercised great influence upon the literature of succeeding ages, and through it they have presented many mysterious questions to exercise the learning and ingenuity of modern historians.” (T. Wright, “Biogr. Brit. Lit.,” Anglo-Saxon Period, p. 138-41.)

Now I do not mean for a moment to set up the authority of Mr. Wright and myself against Mr. Pearson’s and Dr. Guest’s; but the impression of the uncertainty about Arthur is so strong on me, that I leave the following remarks as they were written before Mr. Pearson’s able comment on, if not refutation of, them, which is printed above.

There is no evidence, in the proper sense of the term, that such a person as Arthur ever existed.<sup>1</sup> But as the habit of early writers was not, I take it, to invent a hero “on thair awene heidis,” as Hampole would phrase it, but to magnify the deeds of a man who really had lived, and add heroic actions and qualities to him without end, transferring to him also those of his con-

<sup>1</sup> This is said with all due deference to Mr. Pearson’s authority in his *Early and Middle Ages of England*. His view of Arthur, at p. 56-8 of the work last mentioned, I accept as the most probable, and believe in it. He states: “My view of Arthur’s position as a king, is chiefly derived from the *Vita S. Gildæ* prefixed to the works of Gildas (Eng. Hist. Soc.). The modern conception of him appears first in Nennius.” Mr. Pearson makes Arthur sovereign of a territory in the South-west of England, of which Camelot or Cadbury in Somersetshire was the capital. He defeated the Saxons at Bath, and so preserved the British power in the west for another generation, when the feebleness of his successors and a disastrous battle at Sarum ruined it. This shows what “the real merit of Arthur’s

struggle was, and why his countrymen preserved in their songs the name of the last prince under whom they were independent and lords of the soil.” Instead of “the hero of romance, history only knows him as the petty prince of a Devonian principality, whose wife, the Guenever of romance, was carried off by Maelgoum of North Wales, and scarcely recovered by treaty after a year’s fighting. No doubt there were some real noblenesses in Arthur’s character, which have given him a life beyond the grave, as the type of the knight ideal among men; that ideal which the imaginative Keltic race has exalted through all time, above the more statesman-like virtues that secure life and property, or success in national enterprises.”

temporaries, successors, or predecessors, I think it reasonable to suppose that an original of Arthur was once in the flesh. Where he lived it is difficult to say. The Welsh traditions put him in Wales; Geoffrey of Monmouth (who is said to have translated an Armorican MS.) and most of the later romance-writers put him in the South of England; others of the romancers put him in Cumberland and the North of England; the Breton song-writers put him in Brittany. In Cornwall, Wales, and the North of England, Keltic chieftains would naturally have been continuing to the last the struggle against the Saxon invaders. And if, of the leaders in each of these three districts, one chieftain had greater success than the rest, and for a time made ebb the flow of the Saxon tide, to him in aftertime would the deeds of the other leaders be attributed; he, in all three regions, would represent the chief who in each fought and lost the Keltic fight. There can be little doubt that, as Mr. Pearson has pointed out, Arthur owes his reputed victories on the Continent to the conquests of the Emperor Máximus, who, himself of British descent, raised his standard in Britain in A.D. 382, and "by the defeat and death of Gratian was left the undisputed master of Britain, Gaul, Spain, and Italy, the western half of the Roman Empire." Iceland, Norway, Dacia &c. were added to Arthur's conquests by Geoffrey<sup>1</sup> and the romance-writers; for, when once on a list of names or numbers, the pens of legendists, Latin and French, as well as Jewish, were apt to run. The date of Arthur's death is fixed by Geoffrey of Monmouth in A.D. 542, and even admitting that the historical Arthur may have been a South-England man, Mr. John S. Stuart Glennie, the latest investigator into the Arthurian topography known to me, contends that it has yet to be shown that any region contains so many localities with Arthurian names or Arthurian traditions attached to them as South Scotland and North England. Mr.

<sup>1</sup> Bk. ix. chap. x-xi.



Glennie's essay is to appear with Part III. of the prose “Merlin” edited by Mr. Wheatley for the Early English Text Society.

For the date at which Arthur is first mentioned by any writer, I dare not refer to the Welsh legends. Kelts of strong imagination and faith have a list of a succession of poets at and after his time, with specimens (I believe) of their works that leave on the patriot's mind no shadow of doubt as to the existence of their hero. But a Nash, a Watts, and other critics, have made such sad havoc among the Welsh theories, that until the reconstructor called for by Mr. Matthew Arnold appears, one must leave the whole matter alone, stating only Mr. Nash's conclusion, so far as the printed materials have allowed him to judge. (What may be in the thousands of Welsh MSS. to our shame remaining unprinted, who shall say?) “It is evident that the genuine Welsh traditions knew no more of Arthur than they did of the Druids. It is by no means clear that the Welsh had ever heard of Arthur as a king before Rhys ap Tewdwr brought the Roll of the Round Table to Glamorganshire in the twelfth century. Moreover, there is not, except in the spurious verse added to the stanzas on the Battle of Longborth, a single poem extant which relates any warlike feats of Arthur against the Saxon.” (“Taliesin,” p. 327–8.) Not till the twelfth and thirteenth centuries are Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table taken up by the Storiawr, whose romances we find in the Mabinogion. (*Ib.* p. 323.) “It is evident from a cursory perusal of the collection of Welsh romances called the ‘Mabinogion,’ that there are two distinct sets, or, as it is the fashion to call them, cycles of romances, the one of native growth, which may be compared to the Irish romances of Fionn Mac Cumbal and Manannan Mac Lir [“Taliesin,” p. 326–7], in which there is no chivalry, [no Arthur,] and little, if any, Christianity; the other, in which the old romance of the Kelt has been mixed up and interwoven with the splendid fiction of the Arthurian chivalry, a fiction

which, though of foreign origin, was eagerly seized and appropriated by the Welsh bards, to whom it was recommended as much by its intrinsic merit as by the welcome flattery with which it consoled a vanquished and fallen nationality." ("Hist. of the Holy Graal," Pref. p. vii. ed. F. J. F. for Roxburghe Club, 1861.) Turning to English Latin-writing authors, we find that Nennius—who is said by some to have lived in the eighth century, and by others in the tenth—narrates, as history of course, the legends of Merlin's birth and Vortigern's castle, and afterwards speaks of Arthur thus, after Hengist's death :

"Then it was, that the magnanimous Arthur, with all the kings and military force of Britain, fought against the Saxons. And though there were many more noble than himself, yet he was twelve times chosen their commander, and was as often conqueror. The first battle in which he was engaged, was at the mouth of the river Gleni.<sup>1</sup> The second, third, fourth, and fifth, were on another river, by the Britons called Duglas,<sup>2</sup> in the region Linnis. The sixth, on the river Bassas.<sup>3</sup> The seventh in the wood Celidon, which the Britons call Cat Coit Celidon.<sup>4</sup> The eighth was near Gurnion castle,<sup>5</sup> where Arthur bore the image of the Holy Virgin,<sup>6</sup> mother of God, upon his shoulders, and through the power of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the holy Mary, put the Saxons to flight and pursued them the whole day with great slaughter.<sup>7</sup> The ninth was at the City of Legion,<sup>8</sup> which

<sup>1</sup> Supposed by some to be the Glem, in Lincolnshire; but most probably the Glen, in the northern part of Northumberland.

<sup>2</sup> Or Dubglas. The little river Duglas, which formed the southern boundary of Lothian. Whitaker says, the river Duglas, in Lancashire, near Wigan.

<sup>3</sup> Not a river, but an isolated rock in the Frith of Forth, near the town of North Berwick, called "The Bass." Some think it is the river Lusas, in Hampshire.

<sup>4</sup> The Caledonian forest, or the forest of Englewood, extending from Penrith to Carlisle.

<sup>5</sup> Variouslly supposed to be in Cornwall, or Binchester in Durham, but most probably the Roman station of Gariolennum, near Yarmouth, in Norfolk.

<sup>6</sup> V. R. The image of the Cross of

Christ, and of the perpetual Virgin St. Mary.

<sup>7</sup> V. R. For Arthur proceeded to Jerusalem, and there made a cross to the size of the Saviour's cross, and there it was consecrated, and for three successive days he fasted, watched, and prayed, before the Lord's cross, that the Lord would give him the victory, by this sign, over the heathen; which also took place, and he took with him the image of St. Mary, the fragments of which are still preserved in great veneration at Wedale, in English Wodale, in Latin *Vallis doloris*. Wodale is a village in the province of Lodonesia, but now of the jurisdiction of the bishop of St. Andrew's, of Scotland, six miles on the west of that heretofore noble and eminent monastery of Meilros.

<sup>8</sup> Exeter.



is called Cair Lion. The tenth was on the banks of the river Trat Treuroit.<sup>1</sup> The eleventh was on the mountain Bregouin, which we call Cat Bregion.<sup>2</sup> The twelfth was a most severe contest, when Arthur penetrated to the hill of Badon.<sup>3</sup> In this engagement, nine hundred and forty fell by his hand alone, no one but the Lord affording him assistance. In all these engagements the Britons were successful. For no strength can avail against the will of the Almighty.”

I have taken Mr. Gunn's and Dr. Giles's translations and their notes; and it will be observed that, with the perhaps doubtful exceptions of Gurnion, Cair Lion, Trat Treuroit, and Badon, all the places mentioned may be identified with localities in the region that Mr. Stuart Glennie calls Arthurian Scotland, and maintains to be the chief country of at least the *traditional* Arthur.

Next comes the originator of the Arthur of romance, Geoffrey of Monmouth, who was Bishop of St. Asaph in 1152, and died in 1154. He gives us in his “*Historia Britonum*” or “*Gesta Regum Britanniae*,”—a well-known historical romance often taken for true history, the Seventh Book of which was written in 1147—the picture of Arthur which subsequent writers have followed in the main, altering, filling in, and colouring it as they saw fit.<sup>4</sup> For the fables Geoffrey tells about our hero, he is denounced as an impudent liar by a prosaic contemporary, William of

<sup>1</sup> Or Ribroit, the Brue, in Somersetshire; or the Ribble, in Lancashire.

<sup>2</sup> Or Agned Cathregonion, Cadbury, in Somersetshire; or Edinburgh.

<sup>3</sup> Bath.

<sup>4</sup> So popular did this work (of Geoffrey's) become, that he obtained the title of Galfridus Arturus, on account of the halo with which he had surrounded the great fabulous, or at least semi-fabulous, hero, king Arthur. His work was soon translated into Anglo-Norman, into English, and even into Welsh; and each successive continuator added such legendary lore as came within his knowledge, or such fictions as he drew from his own imagination. Gradually Geoffrey's work

became the great fountain of romance out of which the poets of successive generations have drawn a flood of fiction, that has left an indelible impress upon our mediæval literature. Indeed, it is hardly going beyond bounds to say, that there is scarcely an European tale of chivalry, down to the sixteenth century, that is not derived, directly or indirectly, from Geoffrey of Monmouth. If he had never written, our literature would not, in all probability, have been graced by the exquisite dramas of Lear and Cymbeline; and much of the materials which he has woven into his work, would no doubt have perished.—T. Duffus Hardy, *Catalogue*, p. 349.

Newburgh, who could not see how Geoffrey's fictions, bred of his "unbridled lust of lying," as Newburgh suggests, would enrich the world of Art and become a possession for ever. In 1155 or 1156 A.D. Wace completed his Old-French versification of Geoffrey's work, and called his poem "Le Brut." About 1200 A.D. Layamon, "priest of Lower Arley, otherwise Arley Regis, 3½ miles south-east of Bewdley in Worcestershire," translated or adapted and enlarged Wace's "Brut" of 15,300 lines into nearly 32,250 lines of verse of his own English, of the stage of the language usually known as Semi-Saxon.<sup>1</sup> To Layamon we owe the first mention in English of the Round Table, and of Arthur's being carried to the island of Avilion.<sup>2</sup> Robert of Gloucester and Robert of Brunne in their Chronicles also follow Geoffrey and Wace, altering and expanding at pleasure. But between Wace and Layamon come the true creators of the Arthur story as we know it. To the brilliant court of Henry II. we owe the chivalry of the legends; to the crusades of the Lionheart the crowning glory of them, "The Quest of the Holy Graal," the purity of which has made the Arthur legends shine with a moral lustre not their own.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Some scholars condemn the use of this term, and some people, who like to make a fuss about nothing in reviews, get violent about it; but it is wanted to mark that stage of the language between the Saxon or oldest form of English, and the third stage called Early English. It was no doubt originally given to denote that this second stage of the language contained forms half way between Saxon and Early English. As all but the merest tyros know what the term means, and as no better name has yet been proposed, the old one must be retained, for the present at least.

<sup>2</sup> And ich wulle uaren to Aualun;  
to uairest alre maidene.

to Argante þere quene;  
aluen swiþe sceone (an elf most fair).

Layamon, v. iii. p. 144.

On this Mr. Pearson says, "Is not Laya-

mon's story of Arthur being carried to Avilion (supposed to be in Somersetshire) derived from his own residence at Arley, and so a proof of what I have said about fictitious geographies growing up?"

<sup>3</sup> Ascham's denunciation of *Morte Arthur* in his *Schoolmaster* (p. 159, ed. Giles), is well known: "The whole pleasure of which book standeth in two special points—in open manslaughter and bold bawdry. In which book those be counted the noblest knights that do kill most men without any quarrel, and commit foulest adulteries by subtlest shifts." At p. 7 of his *Toxophilus*, he also says, "In our fathers' time nothing was read but books of feigned chivalry, wherein a man by reading should be led to none other end but only to manslaughter and bawdry. These books (as I have heard

Walter Map and Robert de Borron—probably one of Lord Byron’s ancestors<sup>1</sup>—took the group of Keltic legends of which Geoffrey of Monmouth reported part, added to them the beautiful conception of the Graal, and produced the immortal succession of romances partly digested for us by Maleore and told us by Tennyson. They are set down in the following order by Sir F. Madden in his “Syr Gawayne,” Pref. p. x.

1. “The History of the Holy Graal,” by R. de Borron. Bringing the sacred vessel from Jerusalem to England.

2. “Merlin,” by R. de Borron. Merlin’s history, and Arthur’s before his return to England from Rome, to punish Modred.

3. “Lancelot of the Lake,” by Walter Map.

4. “The Quest of the Holy Graal,” by Walter Map. Avowed in England before Arthur’s expedition to invade Lancelot.

5. “Le Mort Artus,” by Walter Map. Lancelot’s love discovered, Arthur’s invasion of his land, Modred’s treason, Arthur’s death, &c.

To these were added—

6. The first Part of the romance of “Tristan,” by Luces Seigneur de Gast.

7. The conclusion of “Tristan,” by Helie de Borron.

8. The romance of “Gyron le Courtois,” by Helie de Borron.

9. The metrical romances of Chrestien de Troyes, between 1170 and 1195.

10. The later prose compilations of Rusticien de Pise and his followers in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

Written by authors of the court, for readers of the court, these romances were all in Norman French<sup>2</sup>: at least no Latin original has come down to us, though one is often referred to. The English Arthur literature was not, like the Robin Hood, one of

say), were made, the most part, in abbeys and monasteries: a very likely and fit fruit of such an idle and blind kind of living.”

<sup>1</sup> See Prof. Pearson’s interesting Essay in vol. ii. of *Seynt Graal*.

<sup>2</sup> For the early printed editions of them, see Brunet.

ballads for the people, as Mr. Hales has well observed, but of romances for the nobles. If we want Arthur as the people's hero, we must turn to Brittany, and hear the ballad's "Forth, after Arthur, on the foe!"<sup>1</sup> the hated Saxon. The Anglo-Norman noble did not want this presentment of his hero, and accordingly did not get it; the writers for him borrowed but little from Keltic sources for the full details of their picture of chivalric life, and owed their highest inspiration to Christian, not Keltic<sup>2</sup> lore.

These English French-writing authors do not only expand Geoffrey and Wace; they recast the story, and put a new purpose into it. Their main variation from the old type is their not bringing back Arthur from his Roman expedition in order to punish Modred's treason, but because he has humbled the Emperor Lucius (who demanded tribute from him), and has accomplished the object of his desire. This peaceful return to England admits of the introduction of all the knightly and marvellous adventures known to us through Maleore's abstract of them. Arthur, as Herbert Coleridge says, "retires somewhat into the background, while the narrative is occupied with the deeds of other important personages who are now for the first time brought forward. The principal figures are those of Lancelot, Tristram, Lamorak, Galahad and Percival." The legend of the Holy Graal, in which Arthur is nobody, is introduced by way of parenthesis, and dramatic unity is imparted

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Tom Taylor's most spirited Englishing of *Bale Arzur* one of the Breton ballads in M. de Villemarqué's collection. He read it to us in a lecture he gave at The Working Men's College some twelve years ago, and its trumpet tone is still in my ears. (See *Ballads and Songs of Brittany*, by Tom Taylor, 1865, p. 23-5: the tune is at p. 224.)

<sup>2</sup> The subsequent addition of the legend of the San Graal seems never to have taken root in Wales, and never to have

been incorporated with the genuine Welsh or mixed Arthurian romances by the native minstrels or *storiawr* of Wales. It is in fact evident, that the story of Joseph of Arimathæa in the legend of the Holy Graal was known only to the Welsh literati of the fifteenth century from a rare MS. in Welsh, which had clearly been translated from a foreign original.—Mr. D. W. Nash, in Pref. to *History of the Holy Graal*, vol. i. p. viii.



to the whole story by making Arthur the father, through a chance incestuous intercourse with his own sister, of Modred, and then tracing the course of the avenging Fate which punishes Arthur by the adultery of his Queen and the mutual slaying of himself and his son by each other's hand. At least, this is the moral which the story, to my surprise at first, seemed to bear on the face of it, and which, after much resistance, my late friend Herbert Coleridge adopted. By it, as he says, “the legend acquires a kind of dramatic unity; it exhibits in Æschylean phrase the working out of an Ate, a retribution long delayed, but surely developing itself at last: just as the original sin of Tantalus pervaded every generation of his house till the curse finally worked itself out in the madness and deliverance of Orestes; just as also, in the great Scandinavian epos, the curse of Andvari destroyed each possessor in succession till the destined atonement was made in the death of Atli and his sons.” The expedition in which Arthur was engaged when Modred's treason was committed, was by Walter Map and his fellows made to be the King's invasion of Lancelot in France, in revenge for the seduction of his Queen, an invasion to which Gawaine compelled the reluctant Arthur. On Arthur's landing at Richborough he is opposed by Modred, whom he beats, but with the loss of Gawaine. Modred makes a second stand at Barendowne or Winchester, is again beaten by Arthur, then flees to Cornwall, where, at Camlan, or Camelford, or Camelerton (“Arthur,” p. 18, l. 605), by seeming accident, the proposals for a peace are frustrated, that great battle in the West is fought, and father, son, and the whole Round Table slain, save Lukyn, (and Lancelot and his knights, who are on their way to Arthur's help). Guinevere afterwards refuses Lancelot's prayer to marry him; she enters a convent, he a hermitage; and both soon rest in the grave.

Of English versions of parts of the story of De Borron, Map, and their followers, we have only, so far as I know, and excluding the ballads here, and in Professor Child's collection, &c.—

I. "Le Morte Arthur" of the Harleian MS. 2252, printed in 1819 for the Roxburghe Club at the cost of Mr. Thomas Ponton, and re-edited by me in 1864 for Messrs. Macmillan. "Le Morte Arthur" does not follow exactly any of the French romances, though at the end it is nearer the "Lancelot" than "La Mort au Roi Artus." It begins with a tournament at Winchester, called after Arthur's return from Rome, and carries the story through the Maid of Ascolot's love for Lancelot, his saving Guinevere from being burnt on suspicion of having poisoned Syr Mador's brother, his adultery with Guinevere and its discovery, Arthur's invasion of his land, the King's return and death after slaying Modred, Guinevere's and Lancelot's turning nun and monk, and dying, she being laid at rest by the side of her lord. The details of the last battle, of Excalaber's being "cast into the salt flood," of Arthur's being taken to the Vale of Avelon and buried there, are given with much more minuteness than in any other of our old poems.

II. Sir Thomas Maleore's "Morte Darthur," (Caxton, 1485, Southey 1817; modernised 1634, ed. twice 1816, ed. Wright 1858, 1866), an abstract of the books of "Merlin," "Balyn and Balan," "Lancelot," "Tristram," "Quest of the Holy Graal," "Percival," "Gawayne," "Morte Arthur"; an epitome, more or less complete, of the French romances, containing what is for the English student *the* history of Arthur.

As to the other English versions, the "Morte Arthur," edited from the Thornton MS. about 1440 A.D. by Mr. Halliwell in 1857, and re-edited in 1865 for the Early English Text Society by Mr. Perry, follows in the main the early story of Geoffrey, but contains only its second part, the invasion of Rome by Arthur after his marriage—an invasion attributed to Arthur in consequence of the successful pretendership of the Briton Maximus to the West-Roman empire. This poem is a most vigorous and successful specimen of alliterative verse, parts of it possessing also great beauty. It rejects all the Map and Borron



recasting of the old story, brings Arthur back from Rome to punish Modred, says nothing of Calyburne's being cast away, and lets the King die in the “Ile of Aveloyne,” after ordering Modred's sons to be “sleyghely slayne, and slongene in watyrs.”

The verse “Arthur” that I edited for the Early English Text Society in 1864 is a short account, in 642 lines, of the King's life and deeds after the early version of Geoffrey.

Besides these, we have in English, of poems relating to, but not directly of Arthur, 1. The “Lancelot of the Laik,” MS. ab. 1500 A.D. (edited by Mr. Stevenson for the Maitland Club in 1839, and by Mr. Skeat for the Early English Text Society in 1855), which contains only the story of “the invasion of Arthur's territory by “le roy de oultre les marches, nommé galehault (in English *Galiot*), and the defeat of the said king by Arthur and his allies,” translated and enlarged from the French “Lancelot.” 2. The two poems not translated from any French original, so far as we know, “The Anturs of Arther at the Tarnewathelan” (the Tarn Wadlyng of our Folio) and “The Avowyng of Kyng Arther, Sir Gawan, Sir Kaye and Sir Bawdewyn of Bretan” edited by Mr. Robson for the Camden Society in 1842, from Mr. Blackburne's MS. ab. 1430–40 A.D. in the Lancashire dialect, after prior editions of the first by Pinkerton, Laing, and Madden, from other MSS. The scene of these poems is Cumberland, Westmoreland, and the South-west of Scotland, and they seem to belong to a different set from the Geoffrey and Map legends. 3. The collection of poems called “Syr Gawayne,” edited by Sir F. Madden for the Bannatyne Club in 1839 from MSS. ranging from 1320 to 1620 A.D. Of these, the original of Gawayn and the Grene Knyght appears to exist in the “Roman de Perceval,” written in verse by Chrestien de Troyes at the close of the twelfth century, and continued after his death by Gautier de Denet and Manessier at the beginning of the thirteenth, (Syr G. p. 305). Of “Golagros and Gawayne” Sir F. Madden says that the author “has borrowed the entire outline of

his romance from the French "Roman de Perceval." "Syre Gawene and the Carle of Carelyle," "the original from which the modernised copy in the Percy MS. was taken," has for its original "the beautiful fabliau of 'Le Chevalier à l'Épée,' printed in Meon's 'Recueil,' tome i. p. 127, 8vo, 1823, and previously analysed by Le Grand" (Syr G. p. 345). The entire story of "The Jeaste of Syr Gawayne" is in the French "Roman de Perceval," fol. lxxiv b. (Syr G. p. 349). "Kyng Arthur and the King of Cornwall" is adapted from a French Charlemagne romance (Syr G. p. 357). 4. "Sir Tristrem," edited by Sir W. Scott from the Affleck MS. ab. 1320-30 A.D. is taken from the French "Tristan." 5. "Lybius Disconius," or Syr Gyngelayne, son of Syr Gawayne, is from the French "Li Beau Desconnu." 6. Herry Lonelich's translation of De Borron's French History of the Holy Graal I edited from the Corpus MS. (ab. 1440 A.D.) for the Roxburghe Club in 1862-3; and Gautiers Map's French "Queste del Saint Graal" I also edited for the Roxburghe in 1864. 7. Of the English versions of the French "Merlin" a short account will be found in the pages next following. One copy of Lydgate's poem on Arthur, "Arthurus *conquestor*," is in the Lansdowne MS. 699, fol. 51-61. It begins "Was evir prynce myhte hym silff assure," and ends "off blood vnkynde, borne of oo kynreede." It is only a chapter of Lydgate's translation of Bochas's "Fables of Princes," (see Pynson's edition 1527, fol. clxxxx. sign. MM. back, col. 2, &c.)

We owe, then, the whole of our Early English Arthur-literature to Geoffrey of Monmouth and our French-writing authors of Henry II.'s or Cœur-de-Lion's time; and all of it that has affected most strongly the English mind since, is due to Walter Map, Robert and Helye de Borron, and their fellows of the crusading time. Lady Charlotte Guest's edition of the "Mabinogion," and Mr. Tennyson's "Enid" have lately popularised some of the Welsh Arthur-legends. May she and he soon give us scores more of them!

## Merline.

[In 9 Parts or Cantos containing 2391 verses, giving an *account* of the Birth, Parentage & Juvenile Adventures of that famous old British Prophet. N.B.—This Poem is more correct & perfect than most in this book. A very curious old Poem, & may be considered as one of the first attempts in Epic Poetry by the English.—Percy. *First* is a mistake.—F.]

THE Essay by Mr. H. D. Nash, prefixed to the first part of the prose “Merlin” edited by Mr. H. B. Wheatley for the Early English Text Society in 1865, is the most valuable clearer-up of the mist hanging over the Enchanter-Bard that has yet appeared.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Nash shows that in the Merlin of Romance three persons are confounded: first, the prophetic child Ambrosius, first mentioned by Nennius, and by him or his copier confounded with, secondly, the Roman-British leader Ambrosius Aurelianus, the conqueror of Vortigern. To this compound prophet and conqueror the name Merlin was afterwards applied; and the Duinity was made a Trinity by merging, thirdly, into that other Merlin called Silvestris or Caledonius, and by the Welsh *Merddin Wyllt*, of whom Mr. Nash says, “it appears to be historically certain that, about the date of the sixth century, there lived a personage who under this name of *Merddin*, or, as it is written in the oldest Welsh form, *Myrtin*, acquired celebrity as a bard, if not as one gifted with supernatural powers.” Though “the pedigree of this last Merlin or *Merddin Wyllt* is as well ascertained as that of any other British celebrity,” yet to him have been ascribed—by the legend-writers whom Geoffrey of Monmouth followed, and by the later composers of the French romances, who enlarged and added to Geoffrey’s tales—the birth from a nun by an Incubus, and other romantic fictions belonging to the

<sup>1</sup> M. de Villemarqué’s judgment seems enquirers may consult his *Myrdhiann* to me not so sound as Mr. Nash’s; but (Paris, 1862).—F.

prophet and magician Merlin Ambrosius, the supposed contemporary of Vortigern, Arthur, and the Ambrosius Aurelianus with whom he was confounded.

The story of Merlin is first told by Nennius (one of our chief authorities for Arthur's life) in sections 40-2 of his "Historia Britonum" (p. 401-3 of the translation in Bohn's Library), but the name there given to the boy is "Ambrosius, in British Embres guletic, t. i. king Ambrosius." Nennius makes Vortigern's wise men counsel him to build a city to defend himself; he pitches on a site, the top of one of the mountains of Heremus, (? Snowdon,) and sets his workmen to build the city. All the materials disappear in one night; fresh ones are got together a second and a third time, but vanish as before. The wise men say that the ground must be sprinkled with the blood of a child born without a father. Such a one is found; but confounds the wise men by asking what is under the pavement where the citadel is to be built. They know not. The boy says two vases, wherein is a tent, and in that two serpents. His words are proved true: the red serpent drives the white one from the tent, and then disappears. The boy expounds the omen: that the Kelts shall drive out the Saxons; he is to remain in Snowdon (?); Vortigern is to go elsewhere. So the boy is left in possession of the western provinces of Britain, and Vortigern goes to the region named Gueneri, where he built the city Guorthe-girn, supposed by some to be near Carlisle; by others at Gwent, Monmouthshire; by others in Radnorshire, and by others to be Caermarthen; though in section 47 Nennius says, "Again Vortigern ignominiously flew from St. Germanus to the kingdom of the Dimetæ, where, on the river Towy, he built a castle which he named Cair Guothergirn. . . . On the third night, at the third hour, (in answer to Germanus's prayers,) fire fell suddenly from heaven, and totally burned the castle. Vortigern, the daughter of Hengist, his other wives, and all the inhabitants,



both men and women, miserably perished,—such was the end of this unhappy king, as we find written in the life of St. Germanus.” Such is the legend that has been altered and expanded into the following poem.

The Romance of Merlin exists in English in its completest form in the prose version above mentioned, now being published by the Early English Text Society from the unique MS., about 1440–50 A.D., in the Cambridge University Library; but even that wants its last leaf. Of Herry Lonelich’s verse translation in the unique MS.—about 1440–60 A.D.—at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, about two fifths are left.<sup>1</sup> Of the earliest English version, in the Auchinleck MS., about 1220–30 A.D., printed by Mr. W. D. D. Turnbull for the Abbotsford Club in 1838 as “Arthur and Merlin,” only 9772 lines are extant.<sup>2</sup> These carry Arthur’s history up to his betrothal to Guenour, and end with his second battle against the enemies of her father Leodegan, after she has armed and kissed her lover. The Lincoln’s Inn “Merlin”—the second poem in the Society’s MS. No. 150, about 1430 A.D.—contains 15 leaves, extends only to l. 1910 of the Auchinleck, p. 71, contains 1657 lines (if the numberer of them has counted right, which I doubt), and ends with the death of Vortiger, p. 42 of the E. E. Text Soc. “Merlin,” and the last line of Part 7 of our Percy folio text. It is, in fact, an original of the first Seven Parts of our poem, 200 years earlier than it, and a better text than it, from which our copy may well have been

<sup>1</sup> It ends in the middle of a battle (between King Claudas and Arthur, I think). See my edition of the *History of the Holy Graal* (Roxburghe Club, 1861), vol. i. p. li. note. Extracts from it are printed at the end of vol. ii. of the *Graal*, and in Nasmith’s *Catalogue of the Corpus MSS.*—F.

<sup>2</sup> The last century Douce MS. 124, seems to be merely a copy of the Auchinleck version, or one nearly the same. It begins at l. 1909 of that:—

Thus ended sir fortiger,  
þat misbileued a fewe 3er,  
þei he wer strong of miȝt,  
To nouȝ[t] him brouȝt his vnriȝt.  
Sir vter pendragon  
Wiþ his folk went anon, &c.

It contains 8020 lines, and ends where the Auchinleck version ends, at l. 9772, with—

And after ȝeden hem to rest.

modernised and slightly altered. Compare the first 16 lines of the Lincoln's Inn MS. here following, with the first 16 of our poem; and also the last 28 lines of the former, given in the note at p. 479, with the last 28 lines of Part 7 of our poem, on the same page.

H<sup>E</sup> þat made wiþ his hond  
 wynd and water, wode and lond,  
 3eue heom alle good endyngē,  
 4 þat wolon listne þis talkyngē!  
 And y s̄chal telle 3ow byfore  
 how Merlyn was geten and bore,  
 And of his wisdoms al-so,  
 8 And oþre happes mony mo,  
 sum whyle by-feol in engelonde.  
 3e þat wol þis vndurstonde,  
 In Engelond þer was a kyngē,  
 12 A noble mon in al thyngē;  
 In weorre he was war and wy3ht,  
 Kyngē Constaunce for soþe he hy3t  
 A dou3hty mon he was of dede,  
 16 And ry3t wys he was of rede.  
 (*Merlin*: in Linc. Inn MS. 150.)

The Lincoln's Inn MS. is abstracted by Ellis in his "Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances," pp. 77-98 (ed. Bohn, 1848); and at pp. 99-142 the Auchinleck MS. continuation of the story is also abstracted.

The Douce MS. 236 is of the fifteenth century; it begins at l. 27 of our poem, consists of 36 leaves, averaging 18 lines to a page, making 1296 lines, or thereabouts, and ends with chapter ii., p. 41 of the E. E. Text Soc. version, line 1732, p. 476 of the present poem. Here are its beginning and end:—

After his fader deyng  
 Soþe to say *with*-outen blame  
 Moyne was þat childes name  
 þe oþer children were of gret renoun  
 þat on hy3te vter þat oþer pendragon  
 þus me gan here names calle  
 þe brut hit wytnessed soþe *with* alle  
 In þat tyme as we fendē in book  
 A gret syknesse þat kyng took



þat of þis world he sculde wende  
 And after his barons he gan sende  
 And whanne þey weren come echon  
 Kyng constantyn seide a-non  
 Lordyngys lestneþ he sayde lasse & mare  
 For out of þis world now y schal fare  
 þarfore y pray 3ow for loue of me  
 þat trewe 3e be pur charite  
 And þat no treson be 3ow a-mong  
 For his loue þat suffrede deþ on þe croys *with wronge*  
 [fol. 1 b.] Wan y am ded *and* loke in clay  
 Helpeþ my childryn what 3e may  
 Makeþ moyne myn eldest sone  
 Of englond to bere þe crowne  
 And þat to hym trewe 3e be  
 I 3ow pray pur charyte.

Ends—

So moche folk comeþ soþ to say  
 þat no man hem nombre may  
*With* helme on hefd & bronye bryzt  
 And comeþ hedurward *with* þe to fyzt  
 þey sweryþ þat þei nellyþ stynte nouzt,  
 Tyl þu be to deþe brouzt  
 For nouzt þey wylyþ a-byde  
 Nyzt & day þey wylyþ ryde  
 And buþ at Wynchestre al-mast  
 þar-fore sende a-boute in gret hast  
 To al þy frendes fer & ner  
 þe to helpen *with* al here power.

“This Douce MS. 236 differs much from the Abbotsford ‘Arthour and Merlin,’ and a leaf or two in it are wanting,” says Mr. G. Parker, to whom I owe the details of the Oxford MSS.

A fragment of 62 lines in the hand-writing of Stow the chronicler in Harl. MS. No. 6223, fol. 1 of the MS. or fol. 123 of the volume in which it is bound (printed by Mr. Turnbull in his “Exordial Observations” to “Arthour and Merlin,” p. x-xiii), ends with line 65 of our text, and varies but little from it. These are all the English *Merlins* (except his Prophecies) that I have heard of. The present version follows the early Auchinleck one in postponing the account of Merlin’s birth to the second part or chapter, whereas the Cambridge University text and the French original (MS. Addit. Brit. Mus. No. 10,292)

put it first. This birth was from a virgin by a fiend of the air (a fiend of hell not being able to accomplish it), in order that its product might undo the work of the other supposed virgin's son, Christ, and secure man to the devil. The details of the plan and its defeat are narrated in the text, which also tells of the death of King Constantine, and the murder of his eldest son, King Moyne, in consequence of a hint from his traitorous steward, Vortiger. Vortiger is then made king, and defeats the Danes, but afterwards calls them in against his rebellious barons. He attempts to build a castle of refuge, but its walls fall down every night. Merlin is sought for, and explains how the fighting of two dragons causes this fall. He has them unearthed, and the castle is finished. Constantine's two younger sons, Pendragon and Uther, invade England, and burn Vortiger in his castle. Pendragon is crowned, seeks out Merlin for counsel how to repel fresh Danish invaders, kills them all at the battle of Salisbury, but loses his own life. And here the present text ends, at p. 57, line 1, of the Early English Text Society's "Merlin." All this happens before the birth of Arthur, son of Uther, who succeeds his brother Pendragon on the throne of England, and adds his name to his own.

God bless all  
who listen  
to me!

4

I will tell  
you how  
Merlin was  
born,  
and other  
haps.

8

Once upon a  
time was a  
King,

12

**H**EE that made with his hand  
both winde, water, and lande,  
giue them all good ending  
*that will Listen to my talking!*  
& I shall you informe  
how Merlyn was gotten & borne,  
& of his wisdome alsoe,  
& other happs many mooe  
*which then befell in England.*  
he *that will this vnderstand:*  
In England there was a *King,*  
a Noble man in all thinge,

- In warr he was ware & wight,<sup>1</sup> [page 146.]  
 Constantine forsooth he hight ; Constantine,  
 a doughtye man he was of deed,  
 & right wise he was of reede <sup>2</sup> ;  
 16 *King* he was of great honor,  
 & holden prince & Emperour.  
 for *King* Anguish <sup>3</sup> of Denmarke,  
 20 & many a Sarazen <sup>4</sup> stoute & starke,  
 warred on him withouten fayle,  
 & he ouercame them in battaile  
 that they durst him not abyde,  
 24 & droue them out of feild <sup>5</sup> that tyde.  
 then had The Kinge sonnes <sup>3</sup>,  
 the fairest children that might bee ;  
 the eledest sonne,<sup>6</sup> that shold be *King*,  
 28 was called Moyne,<sup>7</sup> with[out] Leasing.<sup>8</sup>  
 the othe[r] were of great renowne,  
 both Vther & Pendragon.<sup>9</sup>  
 in that time (wee find in booke)  
 32 a great sicknesse the *King* tooke,  
 that out of this world he must wende ;  
 & after his Barrons he did send ;  
 & wen <sup>10</sup> they were comen euerecheone,  
 36 the *King* said to them anon,  
 "Lords," he said to them<sup>11</sup> anon,  
 "out of this world must I gon : <sup>12</sup>  
 for gods loue & Charitye,  
 40 & for the loue you owe to me,

<sup>1</sup> stout & active.—P.<sup>2</sup> counsel.—P.<sup>3</sup> corruptè pro Hengist.—P.<sup>4</sup> here it means only Pagan.—P.<sup>5</sup> field.—P.<sup>6</sup> some in MS.—F.<sup>7</sup> In the old Chronicles his name is said to have been Constance ; but for as much as he is also said to have been a Monk, that may account for his being here called *Moyne*, or perhaps it should be *Le Moyne*, *i. e.* the Monk.—P.<sup>8</sup> without leasing, *i. e.* without Lying.—P. The line in Stow's fragment, Harl. MS. 6223, runs :—

Moyen he hight with out lesynge.—F.

<sup>9</sup> Stow's copy adds :Thus men dyd theyr names calle,  
As ther brutes wytnessythe all.—F.<sup>10</sup> when.—P. whan, Harl. MS.—F.<sup>11</sup> then in MS.—F.<sup>12</sup> gone, *i. e.* go.—P.

after his death	44	when I am dead & locked in clay, helpe my Children in what you may, & take Moyne my Eldest sonne, <sup>1</sup> & make him <i>King</i> , & giue him crowne ; hold him for your Lord," said hee.
to make Moyne king.	48	all they granted itt shold soe bee. then had the <i>King</i> a steward fayre <i>that</i> was called Sir Vortiger ; his truth to the <i>King</i> he plight to helpe his children <i>with</i> all his might ;
This they promised, and Steward Vortiger did so too ;	52	but soone the traytor was forsworne, & brake troth he had made before. for the <i>King</i> out of this world went, & faire was buryed verament ; att winchester, without Leasinge, there was made his buryinge.
the traitor !	56	Erles & Barons soone anon tooke them together euerechone ; <i>with-out</i> any more dwellinge <sup>2</sup>
Constantine dies, and is buried at Winchester.	60	they made Moyne Lord & <i>King</i> ; but the Steward, Sir Vortiger, was full wrath, as you may heere, & stooode <sup>3</sup> there againe <i>with</i> all his might
His lords	64	both by day & eke by night, for he thought himselfe <i>with</i> treason <sup>4</sup> to be Lord & <i>King</i> <i>with</i> Crowne. as soone as Moyne was chosen <i>King</i> ,
make Moyne king, to Vortiger's disgust.	68	into denmarke the word can springe : <i>King</i> Anguis <sup>5</sup> hard it then, & therof was both glad & faine <sup>6</sup> ; soone Messengers in <i>that</i> ilke tyde <sup>7</sup>
When the Dane Anguis hears the news,		

<sup>1</sup> MS. some.—F.<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* delaying, vid. P[age] 356, st. 21, [of MS.]—P.<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* against that ; so *thereto* is *to that*, &c.—P.<sup>4</sup> Stow's fragment, Harl. 6223, ends here.—F.<sup>5</sup> MS. Angius ; but the dot in the MS. is not always over the right stroke. The Affleck text has *Angys*, p. 5, l. 109.—F.<sup>6</sup> faine, joiful.—P.<sup>7</sup> *i. e.* that same time.—P.

- 72 he sent ouer all the land wyde,  
after many sarazens<sup>1</sup> stout & starke,  
& of Saxons, & of Denmarke  
a 100 thousand, & yett moe,  
76 on horss backe & on foote alsoe.  
then wold they noe longer abyde ;  
but dight them<sup>2</sup> to shipp *that* tyde,  
& brought into England, I saine,  
80 many a doughtye Sarazen.  
but England was called then<sup>3</sup>  
Mikle<sup>4</sup> Brittain of euery man.  
Then the word wyde sprange<sup>5</sup> [page 147.]  
84 how the Danish *King* with wronge  
wrought in England Mickle woe.  
*King* Moyne heard *that* it was soe ;  
he went vnto Sir Vortiger,  
88 & prayed him with lowlye cheere,  
& besought him of his honor  
for to be his gouernor  
against his foemen to fight.  
92 he answered him anon-right,  
& fained himsele sicke, as traytor strong,  
& said with wright & not with wrong,<sup>6</sup>  
“ he wold neuer come in battaile  
96 when his strenght began to faile ; ”  
for all this he said aforehand,  
for he thought to be *King* of *that* Land.  
the *King*, he wold him noe more pray,  
100 but tooke his leaue & went his way.  
Messengers he sent *that* tyde  
to all the Lands on euery side,  
for Erles, Barons, & *Knights*,

he gathers

over 100,000  
men,and ships  
them to  
England(Great  
Britain).Moyne asks  
Vortigerto command  
for him.The traitor  
declines.Moyne  
summons  
his lords ;

<sup>1</sup> Ver. 73 & 74. It plainly appears here that Saracens is not a misnomer for Saxons.—P.

<sup>2</sup> betook them ; so in Chauc. Mo. 553.—P.

<sup>3</sup> MS. them.—F.

<sup>4</sup> mickle, *i. e.* great.—P.

<sup>5</sup> sprung, spronge.—P.

<sup>6</sup> perhaps “not with right but with wrong.”—P. The Affleck text, p. 6, l. 129-30, has only—

And feined him that he no might,  
At batayle com for to fight.—F.

	104	to come & helpe him in his fights. & when they were all come, & their armes done vpon,
they give the Danes battle,	108	thé pricked forth without fayle to giue the Danes <i>King</i> bataille. there was clouen many a sheeld, & many <i>knight</i> fallen in feild. all <i>that</i> they mett in strond, <sup>1</sup>
and are put to flight.	112	horsse & man fell to the ground. soone the English men, the sooth to say, were discomffitt & fled awaye ; to Winchester thé fleden thoe
Anguis	116	with much sorrow, care, & woe. but the Danish <i>King</i> before, much of his ffolke he had forlore ;
sends for fresh Danes,	120	& then forthe he sent his sond sone <sup>2</sup> into his owne Land, <sup>3</sup> to all <sup>4</sup> <i>that</i> might weapons beare, shold come & helpe him in this warre ; of warre wold he neuer blinne, <sup>5</sup>
and wars on for half a year. The barons take counsel,	124	Cytyes & castles for to winne : in England he warrd full sore halfe a yeare & some deale more. all the Barons in England <sup>6</sup>
	128	took them together in <i>that</i> stond, <sup>7</sup> what was best for them to done for to avenge them of their fone. when they were comen all arright,
say Moyne is no good,  Vortiger	132	Erles & Barrons, Lords & Knights, thé <sup>8</sup> said Moyne their young <i>King</i> was but a Brotherlinge, & said " if Vortiger <i>King</i> were,

<sup>1</sup> here it signifies the country in general; so in Chauc.—P.

<sup>2</sup> MS. some.—F.

<sup>3</sup> Lond.—P.

<sup>4</sup> That all.—P.

<sup>5</sup> blinn, cessare.—P.

<sup>6</sup> Englund.—P.

<sup>7</sup> *i. e.* time.—P.

<sup>8</sup> *i. e.* the Lords said.—P.



- 136 he wold bring them out of care ; ”  
 they said anon, both old & younge,  
*that* Vortiger shold be their *King*.  
 & when they had spoken all this,
- 140 12 Barrons they send Iwis  
 to Sir Vortiger the <sup>1</sup> bold,  
 to witt whether he nay wold <sup>2</sup>  
 against their foemen to stand,  
 144 to driue them out of England.  
 & when the Barrons all in fere <sup>3</sup>  
 were come to Sir Vortiger,  
 well & hendlye <sup>4</sup> they him greete,  
 148 & on they d[e]ske by him they seete ; <sup>5</sup>  
 & bade <sup>6</sup> them with words still  
 for to say what was their will.  
 & thé answered ffayre againe,  
 152 & bade *that* he shold them saine  
 why he wold not with them gone  
 ffor to avenge them of their fone,  
 & sayden, “ sith Constantine was dead  
 156 wee haue had a sorry read <sup>7</sup> ; ”  
 & bade *that* he shold take in hand  
 to warre them out of England.  
 then answered Sir Vortiger  
 160 as a man of great power,  
 “ I was yett neuer your *King* ;  
 why pray you me of such a thinge ?  
 nor yett neuer here beforne,  
 164 nor to you was neuer sworne  
 for to helpe you att your neede ;  
 & therefore, soe god me speede,  
 wend home vnto your *King*,  
 168 & pray him in all thing

should be  
king.

They send  
twelve  
barons to  
Vortiger,

and ask him

[page 148.]  
why he will  
not help  
them fight.

Vortiger  
says

he is not  
their king ;

<sup>1</sup> MS. they.—F. the.—P.

<sup>2</sup> ne wold, *i. e.* would not.—P.

<sup>3</sup> all together.—P.

<sup>4</sup> hendly, gently.—P.

<sup>5</sup> on the Deis by him they sit, *i. e.* at  
the high table.—P.

<sup>6</sup> He bade.—P.

<sup>7</sup> counsel.—P.

he'll not help them.		to helpe you against your fone, for helpe of me gett you none."
" Our king is young and timid.	172	then answered a bold Barron, " our <i>King</i> is but a younge one ; for when he seeth a sword drawne, he weeneth to bee slown <sup>1</sup> ; hee doth vs noe other good, but flyeth away as he were wood.
Had you been with us we should have won."	176	had thou beene amongst vs all, <i>that</i> chance had neuer beffalle ; thus saine all our Peeres."
" Ah, it was a pity to make such a fool king !	180	" I trow well," said Vortiger ; " certaine it was great dole <sup>2</sup> to make a kinge of such a foole ; had you made a Man your <i>King</i> , he had saved you in all thinge ; but sithen siker you bee, helpe gett you none of mee.
If he were dead I'd help you."	184	but if your <i>King</i> were dead aflight, I wold helpe you with all my Might," then said the Barrons eche one, " will yee <i>that</i> wee our <i>King</i> slown <sup>3</sup> ? "
	188	" Nay," he sayd, " with-ouen strife while your younge <i>King</i> is aline, helpe gett you None I-wis."
The barons go back to Winchester,	192	the Barrons tooke leaue with this ; to winchester they went all there the <i>King</i> was in halle ; & as he sate att Meate they run to him in great heate ; & as he sate att the bord,
	196	or euer he spake any word, thé run all to him anon
and cut off	200	

<sup>1</sup> perhaps *slawne*, *stone*, slain : see below, ver. 194, pag. 159, ver. 66 [of MS.].—P. The *f* of *slown* is crossed as for *f*, and so is that of *saine*, l. 179, while the

*f* of *flyeth*, l. 176, is uncrossed as *f*.—F.

<sup>2</sup> sorrow, misfortune.—P.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* slew, (slewen).—P.

- & smitten of his head full soone. Moyne's head.
- & when the *King* was thus slowe,<sup>1</sup>
- 204 Ereles,<sup>2</sup> Barrons, hye & lowe, Then all consult,  
tooken them all to reede<sup>3</sup>  
*that* a *King* they must haue need,  
all England for to warre
- 208 against them *that* will or darre.  
then had Moyne brethren tow,  
younge Children they were alsoe,  
the one hight Vther, the other Pendragon.
- 212 then saiden the Barrons euerye one, and agree  
“ *that* they shold neuer speede  
but if a doughtye man of deede  
were chosen to be their *King* in fere ; ”
- 216 & sweren *that* Sir Vortiger that Vortiger  
was a doughtye man of deede,  
stout & stale<sup>4</sup> worth of a steede :  
thé swaeren then together eche one,
- 220 *that* other *King* they wold haue none.  
then was there neither *Knight* nor swaine  
*that* durst speake them againe,  
but granted it, both old & younge,
- 224 to make Sir Vortiger their *King*. shall be king.  
soe in the time of Aprill, as yee may heere,  
the 12<sup>5</sup> Barrons came to Vortiger, So in April  
And said *that* Englands right [page 149.] barons tell  
Vortiger
- 228 was lorne thorow their *King* a-plight,<sup>6</sup>  
& he was dead without Leasing,  
& his 2 brothers were to young  
to hold the Kingdome in hand,
- 232 “ therefore the commons of the Land  
haue you chosen with Honour that he has  
been chosen

<sup>1</sup> slo, *i. e.* slaine.—P.<sup>2</sup> Erles.—P.<sup>3</sup> counsel.—P.<sup>4</sup> stalworth, brave, stout.—P. There is something like *le* repeated, before the*w* in the MS.—F.<sup>5</sup> ? MS. cut away.—F.<sup>6</sup> apligt, adv. immediately, at once.  
H. Coleridge.—F.

emperor ;  
and he is  
kinged.

236

for to be their Emperour."  
blithe & glad was Vortyger,  
& anon was *King* without danger.

## [The Second Part.]

Two faithfu  
barons

240

2<sup>d</sup> Parte.

Att the feast of the turnament  
the Barrons *that* were gent,  
*that* all the treason vnderstoode,  
they had ruth of the right blood,  
*that* they <sup>1</sup> children <sup>2</sup> shold be done to  
dead ;  
therefore they tooke another reade,  
& token Vther & Pendragon,  
& passed ouer the seas anon.

take Uther  
and Pen-  
dragon  
beyond sea.

244

Of their passage wist noe moe  
but the hend <sup>3</sup> barrons 2.

Vortiger  
conspires

248

& when the feast was all hold,  
Vortiger the traitor bold  
lett make accompackement <sup>4</sup>

to slay

252

of erles & barrons *that* were gent,  
att *which* Parliament they had hight  
for to haue slaine they children right.

Uther and  
Pendragon,

but they are  
not to be  
found.

256

Vortiger commanded anon  
for to feitch Vther & Pendragon.  
fast about all they sought,

260

but they cold find them nought.  
when Vortiger this vnderstoode,  
then hee waxed almost woode,  
but neuer-the-lesse Sir Vortiger  
did giue comāndment far & neere  
to Duke, Erle, Barron, & *Knight*,  
to make them rydey <sup>5</sup> for to fight;  
& soone thé dight them I-wis

Vortiger

<sup>1</sup> the.—P.

<sup>2</sup> MS. childrem.—F.

<sup>3</sup> gentle.—P.

<sup>4</sup> a compactment, *i.e.* compact.—P.

<sup>5</sup> ready.—P.

264	with armes & with horsse of price. & when they were ready dight, forsooth it is a seemlye sight : with helme one head, & bright banner,	assembles his host,
268	all went forth with Vortiger. the <i>King</i> of Denmarke with pryde brought his host by his syde ; either host can other assayle ;	Anguis his,
272	there might you see a strong battele. the English folkes, sooth to say, they foughten so well <i>that</i> day <i>that King Anguish</i> in <i>that</i> tyde	and the fight begins.
276	was vpon the worsse side, & fledd away as he were woode into a Castle faire & goode ; & manye of his host alsoe,	Anguish is beaten, and flees to a castle.
280	fast away can they goe ; & Vortiger with his rowte besett the castle all aboute. & when t[h]ey had Long Laine,	Vortiger besieges him.
284	Vortiger send to them for to saine <sup>1</sup> “ if he peace passe must, hee wolde take all his host & wende into his countrie,	He offers to  go back to Denmark,
288	& neuer after <i>that</i> day wold he passe the sea stronde, ne come to warr in Englande. <sup>2</sup> ” & when this couenant was all done,	and never invade England again.
292	<i>that</i> they wold not into England come, Vortiger tooke his councell & lett them passe certaine ; & soe they went to the sea,	His terms are agreed to, and his Danes go home.
296	& passed to their owne countrie. Vortiger then tooke his ost & went thence with a great boaste ;	The English hold feast.

<sup>1</sup> MS. faine.—F. They send to Vort<sup>r</sup>. to saine.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Englonde.—P.

- he held feast many a day  
 300 with much solace<sup>1</sup> & with play.  
 And when the feast was all helde,<sup>2</sup> [page 150.]  
 the 12 Barrons *that* I erst of told,  
 Moynes murderers ask *that* had slaine Moynes the King,  
 304 they bethought them of a wonderous thing,  
 Vortiger *that* they wold wend to Vortiger  
 & aske him meede & liverr,<sup>3</sup>  
 & said, "Vortiger, now you bee aboue,  
 for a reward for killing Moynes. 308 now yeelde vs meede! for thy Loue  
 wee slew our right King by kind;  
 now will wee see if thou bee hynde;  
 for wee brought thee to thine aboue;  
 312 thinke what wee did for *your* loue!"  
 Vortiger King Vortiger answered againe:  
 with Egar Moode he can saine:  
 "by the law *that* god made  
 316 you shall haue as yee bade!  
 for yee are traitors starke & stronge,  
 & haue slaine *your* King with wronge,  
 & yee haue wrought against the law!  
 320 & therefore yee shall both hang & draw."  
 he did take horssees fleete,  
 & tyed them to their fleete,  
 & then drew them on a pauement,  
 has them drawn and hanged. 324 & sithen hanged them verament.  
 Their kindred rise against Vortiger,  
 then Many an Erle & Barron hynde  
 that were of the Barrons Kinde,  
 to Vortiger they ran anon  
 328 as his most deadlye fone;  
 hard on him can they fight,  
 for to slay him thé thought right.  
 Vortiger with Might & Maine,  
 give him battle, 332 he with his host went them againe;

<sup>1</sup> ? MS. salace.—F.<sup>2</sup> holde, idem.—P.<sup>3</sup> livere, liveray, wages, pay, &c. (li-  
verée Fr.). Urry.—P.



- a strong battell there was dight,  
 & many a head ther of smitt,  
 soe *that* Vortiger *that* day  
 336 was glad for to scape away. and he flees.  
 anon the Barrons send their sonde  
 wyde ouer all England <sup>1</sup> The barons  
 to all their ffreinds, sibb & couthe,<sup>2</sup> make a wider  
 340 East, west, North & southe, summons of  
 & told them *that* sooth tyde, their friends,  
 ' how Vortiger with great despighte,  
 with great treason & with wrong,  
 344 their kinred had drawen & honge.'  
 wrath then was many a man,  
 & al together swarren then  
*that* they wold not assunder breake  
 348 till they were on him wreake.<sup>3</sup> and all swear  
 euerye man on other besought, not to part  
 a great host on him they brought, till ven-  
 & foughten with Sir Vortiger geance is had  
 352 9 monthes of this yeere, on Vortiger.  
*that* many a Lady fayre & free  
 lost her Lord & her <sup>4</sup> meanye.<sup>5</sup>  
 then the warr endured long,  
 356 & the Barrons waxed strong  
*that* Vortiger had not power  
 against them longer to endure. Vortiger is  
 Messengers anon hee tooke, worsted,  
 360 & made them sworne vpon a booke  
*that* they shold his <sup>6</sup> arrand gone ; and sends  
 & letters he tooke to them anon, messengers  
 & sent them ouer the seas I-wis  
 364 to Denmarke, vnto King Anguis,  
 & *that* hee shold come att neede  
 with all the power *that* he might lead, to ask  
 Anguis of  
 Denmark to  
 help him.

<sup>1</sup> Englonde.—P.<sup>2</sup> sibb, kindred; couthe, acquaintance.—P.<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* revenged.—P.<sup>4</sup> his, or perhaps for the'r.—P.<sup>5</sup> family, company, retinue.—P<sup>6</sup> on his.—P.

against his foemen for to fight  
 368 *that* wold deprive him of his right.  
 then was *King* Anguis blythe,  
 Anguis musters his host,  
 & Messengers hee sent swithe <sup>1</sup>  
 to Duke, Erle, Barron, & *Knight*,  
 372 & to all *that* weapon beare might.  
 Then to shipp they went blithe,  
 sails to England,  
 And ouer the sea can they driue ; [page 151.]  
 & when they came to vortiger,  
 376 he welcomed them with merry cheere,  
 & seized <sup>2</sup> there into his hands  
 and gets a grant of half England.  
 halfe the realme of England  
*that* he had, or haue might,  
 380 for to helpe him in his right.  
 when this couenant was made fast,  
 all they dighten them in hast  
 into Battelle for to wend  
 They fight the barons near Salisbury,  
 384 with the Barrons *that* were hende ;  
 besids Salsbury a Lyte,<sup>3</sup>  
 there the battell can thé smite.  
 many a bold Champion,  
 388 & many a 1000, in *that* stonde  
 were slaine & brought to ground ;  
 many a Ladye & damsell  
 can weepe *that* day with teares fell.  
 392 then had Vortiger 10  
 against one of the Barrons men ;  
 and beat them.  
 discomfitted they were *that* day ;  
 with great sorrow thé fled away ;  
 Vortiger 396 & vortiger, *that* wold not spare,  
 but hunted them as hound doth hare,  
 them *that* he did ouertake,  
 noe other peace did he make,  
 hangs all he catches. 400 but did them all to-draw & hange.

<sup>1</sup> soon, presently.—P.

<sup>3</sup> a little.—P.

<sup>2</sup> gave possession. a Law-term.—P.

- but sithen all *that* was wrong ;  
 many a Barron hynde & free  
 fled out of his owne countrye,  
 404 & dwelled out many a yeere  
 for loue<sup>1</sup> of Sir Vortiger.  
 then Vortiger ceazed into his hands  
 the Lands & rents of all the Barrons ;  
 408 & both wiffe, Chyld, & swaine,  
 he drone out of the Lannd certaine.  
 King Anguis had verament  
 a daughter *that* was faire & gent,  
 412 *that* was heathen Sarazen ;  
 & Vortiger for loue fine  
 vndertooke her for his wiffe,  
 & liued in cursing<sup>2</sup> all his liffe,  
 416 for he did make the Christen Men  
 to Marry the heathen women,  
 soe *that* nighe all England  
 was fallen into the devills hand ;  
 420 & thus they liued many a yeere.  
 soe on a day Sir Vortiger  
 bethought him on the children tow  
*that* out of the Land were fledden thoe,<sup>3</sup>  
 424 & alsoe he bethought him then  
 of many another doughtye Man  
*that* hee had fleemed<sup>4</sup> out of the Land,  
 & in his hart gan vnderstand  
 428 *that* it was a sorry happe,  
 & doubted him of an afterclappe.  
 anon he sent Messengers  
 ouer all the Land for Carpenters,  
 432 & for good Massons alsoe,  
 the best *that* were in Land thoe.

Many barons  
flee the  
country,

and Vortiger  
takes their  
lands.

He marries  
Anguis's  
daughter,

and turns  
heathen.

For fear of  
Constantine's  
children

and his  
banished  
lords,

he sends for  
carpenters  
and masons,

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.* sake, or perhaps along of.—P.  
? feare. The Affleck text has not the  
line.—F.

<sup>2</sup> *i.e.* in excommunication.—P.

<sup>3</sup> *i.e.* then.—P.

<sup>4</sup> fleem, banish, drive away. Urry.—P.

Many a 1000 there came anon  
*that colde worke Lime & stone ;*  
 436 & when they were comen all,  
 the *King* anon to them gan call,  
 & said, "Lordings, I haue thought  
 a strong castle to be wrought  
 of bigge timber, lime, & stone,  
*that* such another be noe-were none,  
 if euer I haue any need,  
 my liffe therin *that* I may Lead.  
 444 the Castle yee shall make surlye  
 vpon the plaine of Salsburye ;  
 goe & doe as I you bade,  
*that* itt be surlye & <sup>1</sup> well made,  
 448 And you shall haue to *your* hyer  
 as much as you shall desire."  
 the workemen went forthe thoe,  
 15000 <sup>2</sup> & yett moe,  
 452 hewen timber, caruing stone,  
 & laid a foundation there anon.  
 some Laid, & some bore,<sup>3</sup>  
 & some can the worke arreare.<sup>4</sup>  
 456 *that* ilke day, round about  
 itt was brest high without doubt.<sup>5</sup>  
 when itt came to the night,  
 to their bedd they went wright,  
 & came againe vpon the Morrow  
 & found a thing of much sorrow,  
 for all the fondation thé found  
 lying abroad vpon the ground,  
 464 & all to-torne, both Lime & stone.  
 thé had great wonder, euerye one :

whom he  
orders to  
build a very  
strong castle

on Salisbury  
Plain.

The 15,000  
workmen

raise the  
work breast  
high the  
first day.

Next  
morning it  
is all thrown  
down and  
scattered  
about.

[page 152.]

<sup>1</sup> MS. broken away.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Three thousand, in Affleck text,  
p. 21, l. 530.—F.

<sup>3</sup> bare.—P.

<sup>4</sup> *i.e.* rear.—P.

<sup>5</sup> The Affleck text (p. 21, l. 538-40)

refers to its authority (Wace's *Brut*.)  
and the workmen's rights:

So it is written in the brout ;  
And wenten hom tho it was night,  
So it is werkmennes right. —F.

- better read then cold they None,  
 but began it new againe,  
 468 & sped <sup>1</sup> as well, the sooth to say,  
 as thé did the first daye.  
 & when the euening was comen,  
 thé went to bedd all soone.  
 472 on morrow they came anon,  
 & found it cast downe, lime & stone,  
 & was spredd both heere & the[r]e ;  
 & thus they faren halfe a yeere.  
 476 When the *King* heard of this,  
 great wonder he had I-wis,  
 & oft asked both young & old,  
 & of the wonder wold be told,  
 480 & why the worke might not stand.  
 there was none within the land,  
 highe nor lowe, Learned <sup>2</sup> nor Clarke,  
*that* cold tell him of the worke.<sup>3</sup>  
 484 *King* Vortiger sate in his hall  
 amongst his Barrons & *Knights* all,  
 & sware he wold neuer spare  
 vntill he wist why it were ;  
 488 & anon he sent his sonde  
 ouer all England <sup>4</sup>  
 after Clerkes old & younges  
*that* cold tell him wonderous things.  
 492 the Messengers forth went,  
 & did the *Kings* Comandement ;  
 many a wise Clarke they sought ;  
 before the *King* they all were brought.  
 496 *King* Vortiger opposed <sup>5</sup> them all  
 why his worke did downe fall ;  
 but there was none *that* cold him tell.

They raise it  
up again,

and again  
find it  
thrown  
down during  
the night.

The king is  
astonished ;

no one can  
tell him why  
the work  
won't stand.

He sends for  
learned  
clerks,

and asks  
them why  
the work  
falls down.  
They can't  
tell ;

<sup>1</sup> sped, *i. e.* did speed.—P.

<sup>2</sup> perhaps lay.—P.

<sup>3</sup> werke.—P.

<sup>4</sup> Englund.—P.

<sup>5</sup> appose, examine, ask questions ; *hinc*  
pose. Urry. Jun.—P.

		then he sware he wold them quell <sup>1</sup>
	500	but if they wold say in hast why this worke was downe cast. 10 Masters he tooke anon, the wisest of them euery one <sup>2</sup> ; 504 into a chamber they were doe <i>that</i> noe <sup>3</sup> man might come them to. soe one day verament thé looked into the firmament, 508 & vnder the welkin their shewed a skye <sup>4</sup> <i>that</i> shewedd them witterlye <sup>5</sup> <i>that</i> in 5 winters there beforne a knaue child <sup>6</sup> there was borne, 512 begotten without any man ; & if they had <i>that</i> child then, & sley <sup>7</sup> him hastilye then or he spoke to any man, 516 and smeere the worke with his blood, then shold <i>that</i> worke be sure & goode :'' thus the sky shewed them there, <sup>8</sup> And passed away without more. [page 153.]
so he locks the ten wisest up in a room.		
They see a cloud which shows		
that the blood of a child not begotten by man.		
smeared on the work, will make it stand.		
The clerks report this to Vortiger,	520	then were the clarkes gladd & blythe, & came to Vortiger sithe, <sup>9</sup> & told him without lesse <sup>10</sup> of a knaue child <i>that</i> was gotten I-wis 524 without seede of any man : thus they saydden euerye one, ' doe send & feitch <i>that</i> child whether hee bee in towne or feild ; 528 & doe him slay hastilye,

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* kill.—P.<sup>2</sup> The Affleck text has, l. 585, p. 23 :Astromiens these weren,  
Wiser neuer non neren.—F.<sup>3</sup> The *e* is made over an *a* between *no*  
and *man*.—F.<sup>4</sup> Old Norse and Sw. *sky*, a cloud.—F.<sup>5</sup> *i. e.* certainly: vid. Chauc.—P.<sup>6</sup> *i. e.* a Male child: so in Chauc.—P.<sup>7</sup> slay or slew.—P. See the legend of  
St. Oran of Iona, in Mr. Nash's Essay,  
p. vi.—F.<sup>8</sup> thore: Chauc.—P.<sup>9</sup> swithe, quickly.—F.<sup>10</sup> leaze, lease.—P.



- & take the blood of his bodye  
 & smere the worke rond about,  
 & it shall stand without doubt.<sup>1</sup>  
 532 glad & blithe was Vortiger,  
 & called to him 12 Messengers,  
 & parted them in veritye,  
*that neuer a one might other see;*  
 536 he sent them forth vpon his sond<sup>1</sup>  
 vnto 4 parts of England,<sup>2</sup>  
 & commanded *that they stint*<sup>3</sup> nought  
 till he were befor him brought.  
 540 anon the Messengers forth went  
 and did the *Kings* commandement ;  
 & *Sir vortiger* the bold  
 caused the clarkes to be hold  
 544 till the Messengers came againe,  
 to witt what thé wold saine,  
 & sware by Iesu, heauen *King*,  
 “ if they made any Leasinge,  
 548 noe ransome shold for them gone,  
 but they shold dye euerye one.”  
 now let vs tell of these Messengers  
*that went from Sir Vortigers*  
 552 for to seeke the child soe younge ;  
 & yee shall heare a wonderous thing  
 & if yee will a stond dwell<sup>4</sup> ;  
 of *that Chyld* I shall you tell,  
 556 on what Manner the Messenger  
 brought him to *Sir Vortiger*,  
 & what hee hight withouten lesse,<sup>5</sup>  
 & of what kind he is,  
 560 *that yee may vnderstand & witt*  
 thorrow what skill he was gett.

Vortiger  
sends  
twelve  
messengers,

and till they  
return the  
clerks are  
detained.

I'll tell you  
about these  
messengers

and this  
child.

<sup>1</sup> sonde, message.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Englonde.—P.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* stay, desist.—P.

<sup>4</sup> wait a while.—P.

<sup>5</sup> lease, lese: Chauc.—P.

## [The Third Part.]

[How Merlin was begotten and born.]

The angels	564	}	Dauid the prophet, & Moyses,
			wittensesse & saith how itt was
		}	<i>that</i> god had made thorrow his Might
			heauen full of Angells bright :
through Lucifer's pride became	568	}	the ioy <i>that</i> thé hadden then,
			forsooth no tounge tell can,
		}	till Lwcifer, with guilt of pryde,
			& all <i>that</i> held with him <i>that</i> tyde,
			Such vengeance god on them can take
black fiends,			<i>that</i> they are now feinds blake.
and fell, like hail, into hell.	572		& I find in holy ritt,
			thé fell from heauen to hell pitt
			6 dayes & 7 nights,
			as thicke as hayle in thunder lights ;
	576		& when it was our Ladyes <sup>1</sup> will,
			heauen closed againe full still.
			the feendes <i>that</i> I told of ere,
			fallen out of heauen with Lucifer ;
Some fiends bide in the air,	580		those <i>that</i> bidden <sup>2</sup> on the ayre on haight,
			fell thé beene, stronge <sup>3</sup> & sleight ;
			of they ayre thé take their light,
can take man's shape,	584		& haue great strenght & might
			after man to make a bodye
			fayre of coulour & rudye,
			discending downe among mankind
			to tise men to deadlye sinne.
and tempt to sin.	588		all they wist well beforne
			<i>that</i> Jesu wold on Mary be borne ;
			therto the feendes hadden enuye,
These fiends agree to beget a boy on a virgin,			& said to the earth thé wolden hye

<sup>1</sup> The Attributes of the Deity are here applied to y<sup>e</sup> Virgin Mary.—P.

<sup>2</sup> biden, *i. e.* bide.—P.

<sup>3</sup> They been fell, strong.—P.

- 592 to neigh on earth a maiden Mild,  
& begett on her a child. to undo  
Christ's  
work.
- Thus thé wend the world to haue filed,<sup>1</sup> [page 154.]  
but att the Last they were beguiled :
- 596 I shall you tell how itt was ;  
now yee may heere a wonderous case.  
in *that* time, I vndestand,  
a rich man was in England,
- 600 & had a good woman to his wiffe,  
& liued together a cleane liffe ; An  
Englishman  
has a wife,  
a sonne they had, & daughters 3,  
the fairest children *that* might bee. a son,  
and three  
daughters.
- 604 anon a feende *that* I of told,<sup>2</sup> An Air-  
Fiend  
*that* woonen in the ayre soe bold ;  
&<sup>3</sup> for to tempt *that* good woman tempts the  
wife  
he light on the earth then,
- 608 & in her body had great might,  
& brought her into striffe & fight,  
& made her after with Egar Moode  
to cursse her child as shee was woode. to curse  
her son
- 612 vpon a day att Euen Late,  
thorrow the feend, with great hate  
with her sonne she gan to grame,<sup>4</sup>  
& curst him fast by his name,
- 616 & to the devill shee him behight and give him  
over to the  
Devil.  
with all her power & her might.  
then was the feende glad & blythe,  
& thought to doe him shame swithe ;
- 620 & when it was come to night, That night  
the fiend  
the feende went to her house right,  
& strangled her sonne where he lay. strangles the  
son.  
the wiffe rose<sup>5</sup> vp when it was day,

<sup>1</sup> filed, *i. e.* defiled.—P. MS. cut away. There is part left of one letter more than filed.—F.

<sup>2</sup> of those I told.—P.

<sup>3</sup> *del<sup>d</sup>*.—P.

<sup>4</sup> Grame, grief, vexation, anger, mad-

ness. S. *Gram*, furor. Urry. Here it is a verb.—P. A.-S. *gramian*, to anger.—F.

<sup>5</sup> MS. has a letter like *p* between *rose* and *vp*.—F.

Next morn- ing the mother strangles herself; and her husband dies for grief,	624	& found her ssonne dead att Morrow, & went & strangled her selfe for sorrowe ; & when her Lord heard this, anon swithe for sorrow I-wis sodainlye he dyed thoe
unshriven.  Their neighbours	628	without shrift <sup>1</sup> or houzell <sup>2</sup> alsoe. the folke of the cuntrye <i>that</i> tyde, <i>that</i> wooned there neere beside, came together then to see, & had ruth & great pittye, & many a man <i>that</i> day weeped, & sayd "well-awaye" for <i>that</i> good man & his wiffe <i>that</i> had liued soe good a liffe !
lament their deaths.	636	an Hermitt <i>that</i> wooned there beside, came to see them there <i>that</i> tyde—
The hermit	640	Blasye forsooth his name was— & oft for them he sayd "alas !" <i>that</i> it was beffallen soe, in his heart he was full woe, & said it was verament thorrow the ffeendes incomberment. <sup>3</sup> the daughters he found there alieue ; the Hermitt hee can them shriue ; & when he had done & sayd, fayre penance on them he Layd ; & when hee had done soc, home again can he goe.
Blasye	644	says it's the Devil's doing; he shrives the daughters,
sets them penance,	648	then the Maydens all in fere <sup>4</sup> served god with blythe cheere. in all England then was the vsage, if any woman did outrage (but if itt were in her spousage, <sup>5</sup> )
and they serve God. (In England then, if any woman, not a harlot, fornicated,	656	

<sup>1</sup> confession.—P.<sup>2</sup> receiving the Eucharist: S. *hust.*  
Eucharistia. Lye.—P.<sup>3</sup> incombrous is used by Chaucer for  
combersome.—P.<sup>4</sup> together.—P. <sup>5</sup> spousing.—P.

- if any man old or younge  
 might it witt of *that* countrye,  
 all qu[i]cke shee shold doluen <sup>1</sup> bee,  
 660 but if it were a light woman called  
 to all men *that* aske her wold.  
 soe the ffeend *that* had might,  
*that* wooned in the ayre <sup>2</sup> light,  
 664 into the earth he light downe then,  
 & went vnto an old woman,  
 & hight her both gold & fee  
 to wende to the sisters <sup>3</sup>,  
 668 the eldest mayden to enchant,  
 some younge mans body to enfante <sup>3</sup> ;  
 And shee might bring her therto,  
 he hett <sup>4</sup> her gold for euer-more. [page 155.]  
 672 *that* old Queane was full glad,  
 & did as the devill her badde,  
 & went to the sisters <sup>3</sup>.  
 as soone as shee might them see,  
 676 to the eldest sister soone she saiyd  
 " alas, my deere sweete Mayd !  
 thou hast fayre feete & hande, <sup>5</sup>  
 a gentle body for to sounde,  
 680 white hayre & long arme ;  
 I-wise it is much harme  
*that* thy bodye might not assay  
 with some younge man for to play,  
 684 *that* yee might find in euery place  
 game, mirth, & great solace."  
 " certaine," said the maiden then,  
 " if *that* I take any man,  
 688 but if it were in spousing,  
 any man either old or younge,

she was  
buried  
alive.)

The Fiend  
of the Air

promises an  
old woman  
gold and  
land

if she will  
make the  
eldest sister  
commit  
fornication.

The old  
quean

goes to the  
sisters,

and tells the  
eldest  
what a pity  
it is that

with her  
beauty

she should  
not enjoy  
some young  
man.

" But if I  
took any  
man,

<sup>1</sup> dug, buried. Chauc.—P.

<sup>2</sup> The Air-Fiends (l. 580) were a separate set from the Hell-Fiends (l. 573).—F.

<sup>3</sup> Fr. *enfant* is to bring forth a child (Cotgrave).—F.

<sup>4</sup> promis'd.—P.

<sup>5</sup> honde.—P.

- and it got  
known,  
I should be  
buried  
alive." 692 "Not at all,  
& itt were knowen in this countrye,  
all quicke I shold doluen bee."  
" nay, certaine," said the old queane,  
" yee may it doe without deane <sup>1</sup>  
both in bower & in bedd,  
although noe man doe you wedd ;  
696 & therefore dread thee nought,  
for it needs neuer be forth brought ;  
it need never  
be known ;  
do as I tell  
you." 700 thou diddest neuer a better deede."  
soe thorow the queanes inchantment  
& the feends incumberment,  
the eldest sister, the sooth to say,  
lett a young man with her play ;  
704 & when shee liked best the game,  
it turned her to much shame,  
for shee was taken & forth drawen,  
is caught,  
& of her game shee was knowen,  
and buried 708 & for *that* worke doluen was.  
alive.  
many a man sayd for her " alas !"  
The fiend  
next beguiles  
the second  
sister,  
and makes  
her  
a man's  
mistress. 712 the ffeende yett another while  
the other sister he can beguile,  
& made her to loue a faire young man,  
& after was his lemman <sup>2</sup> then.  
shee was taken forth-wise,  
& brought before the hye Iustice  
716 She only es-  
capes death  
her iudgment to vnderstand,  
as itt was the law of the Land.  
the Iustice opposed <sup>3</sup> her thoe  
wherfore shee had done soe ;  
720 by professing  
shee answered as shee was taught,  
& said shee forsooke itt nought,  
& said shee was a light woman  
herself a  
common  
prostitute,  
to all *that* wold come to her common ;

<sup>1</sup> ? *dean*, a din, a noise, Essex (in Halliwell); or for A.-S. *teona*, reproach.—F.

<sup>2</sup> mistress.—P.

<sup>3</sup> apposed, examined.—P.



- 724 & soe shee scaped them away,  
soe *that* her followed all that day  
of Harlotts <sup>1</sup> a great race  
to fyle her body for *that* case.
- 728 yett the feende in *that* while  
the 3<sup>d</sup> sister can beguile.  
then was the youngest sister soe woe  
*that* nye her hart burst in tow,  
732 for her mother had hangd her selfe,<sup>2</sup>  
& her one sister quicke was delfe,<sup>3</sup>  
& for that her father dyed amisse,  
& her brother was strangled I-wis,  
736 her other sister a whore stronge,  
*that* harlotts was euer among;  
almost for sorrow & for thought  
in wan-hope <sup>4</sup> shee was brought.  
740 to the Hermitt shee went then,  
to that hight Blassye, *that* good man,  
& told him all the sooth beforne,  
How all her kindred were forlorne. [page 156.]
- 744 the Hermitt had wonder great;  
on gods halfe he her besett,  
"I bid thee haue god in thy mind,  
& let be the lore of the feende,"  
748 & bade her 'forsake in any wise  
pryde, hate, & couetise,  
alsoe sloth and enuye,  
& mans flesh in lecherye,  
752 all such workes for to flee;'  
& bade her 'gods servant bee,'  
& bade her to 'take good keepe  
*that* shee layd her not downe to sleepe,

and being  
defiled by  
many men.

The third  
sister is  
nearly dead  
for grief,

and nearly  
brought to  
despair.

She goes to  
Hermit  
Blassye,

who bids her  
keep God in  
mind,

forsake  
sin,

be God's  
servant,

never go to  
sleep

<sup>1</sup> *Harlot*, apud Chauc. is a loose person of either sex. Urry.—P. Harlotte, *Scurrus*; Promptorium; see Mr. Way's note <sup>4</sup> to it there, p. 227; and a very curious passage about "the *harlotis* that handelithe women," in *The Knight de la*

*Tour Landry*, now in the press for the Early English Text Society, p. 81.—F.

<sup>2</sup> *selve*.—P. <sup>3</sup> *delfe*.—P.

<sup>4</sup> *wan-hope*, despair; so *wan-grace* is want of grace. *Wan* is privative apud A.-S. Gl. ad G. D.—P.

	756	& namelye <sup>1</sup> not in the night, vnlesse shee had a Candle light, & windowes & dores in <i>that</i> stond to be spurred <sup>2</sup> to roafe and ground,
without a candle burning, doors barred,		
and making the sign of the Cross aloud.	760	& make there againe with good noyce the signe of the holy crosse. <sup>3</sup> & when he had taught her soe, home againe can shee goe,
She does all this, and yet the	764	& served god with hart glad, & did as the hermitt her bade ; & yett the feend thorow enuye beguiled her with treacherye,
fend beguiles her,	768	& brought her into a dreerye cheere : I shall you tell in what manner. vpon a day verament with neighbors to Ale shee went ;
thus :		
one day		
	772	long shee sate, & did amisse <i>that</i> drunken shee was I-wis. her other sister <i>that</i> I of told, <i>that</i> was a whore stout & bold,
she gets drunk ; calls her bad second sister		
	776	came thither <i>that</i> same day with many harlotts for to play, & missaide her sister as shee was wood, & called her other then good.
no good,		
	780	soe long shee Chidd <sup>4</sup> in a resse, <sup>5</sup> the whore start vp without lesse, & went to her sister in a rage, & smote her on the visage.
and gets a blow in the face for it.		
She goes home ;	784	then home to her chamber shee can goe, & made to the dores betweene them tow, & cryed out ; & Neighbors came,
her neigh- bours		

<sup>1</sup> especially: Namely, *Præcipue*. Prom.—F.

<sup>2</sup> spurred, sparred, &c., *i.e.* spar'd, bolted, locked, from *spar*, a wood bar, or bolt. Urry in Chauc.—P. A.-S. *spar-ran*, to spar, shut, stop.—F.

<sup>3</sup> croise. *qu.*—P.

<sup>4</sup> MS. has either *Child* or *Chidd*, with the short stroke of the *d* dotted for *i.*—F.

<sup>5</sup> res. rees, rese, rage, ap<sup>d</sup> Chauc. Urry.—P.

- & the whore soone thé name  
 788 & drouen her away anon,  
 & the harlotts euerye one.  
 when they were driuen away,  
 the maid *that* in the chamber Lay  
 792 all made, as shee were woode,  
 weeped & fared as shee were with ill moode.  
 & when it was come to night,  
 vpon the bed shee fell downe right,  
 796 all both shodd & cladde ;  
 shee fell on sleepe, & all was madd,  
 & forgott her howse vnblested,  
 as the hermitt had her vised.<sup>1</sup>  
 800 then was the ffeende glad & blythe,  
 & thought to doe her shame swithe ;  
 ouer all well hee might,  
 for there was noe crosse made *that* night.  
 804 & to the Mayd anon he went,  
 & thought all christendome to haue shent.<sup>2</sup>  
 a traine<sup>3</sup> of a childe he put in her thoe,  
 & passed away where hee cam<sup>4</sup> froe.  
 808 & when *that* woman was awaked,  
 & found her body lying naked,  
 & shee grope with her hands,<sup>5</sup>  
 & some seed there shee found,  
 812 wherby shee wende<sup>6</sup> witterlye  
*that* some man had Lyen her by.  
 Then shee rose vp in hast,  
 [page 157.]  
 & found her dore sparred fast.  
 816 when shee found *that* it was soe,  
 in her hart shee was full woe,  
 & thought it was some wicked thinge

drive away  
the bad  
sister,

and the  
youngest one

goes to sleep  
in her shoes  
and clothes,

forgetting to  
bless her  
house.

The fiend,  
glad,

goes to her,

and begets a  
child on her.

She wakes,

finds that  
some one has  
lain by her,

and as her  
door is  
locked,

it must have  
been a

<sup>1</sup> A.-S. *wisian*, to instruct, direct.—F.

<sup>2</sup> The child begotten by the fiend on the virgin was intended by the devils to undo the work of Christ, supposed to have been begotten by the Holy Ghost on a virgin. See l. 1077, and 1082-3.—F.

<sup>3</sup> ? MS. seemingly traine *altered to* braine: ? orig. *straine*, A.-S. *stréonan*, *stryman*, to beget, procreate, breed.—F.

<sup>4</sup> MS. cann.—F.

<sup>5</sup> honde.—P.

<sup>6</sup> ween'd.—P.

wicked thing.		<i>that</i> wold her to shame bringe. <sup>1</sup>
	820	all the night shee made great sorrowe, & to the Hermitt shee went att morrowe, & told him all the case.
She goes to Blasye in the morning,		the hermitt sayd, "alas! alas!
and he says	824	<i>that</i> shee had broken her pennance ;" & said it was the ffeends combrance. "A! good father!" said shee thoe, "what if itt be fallen soe
it's the fiend's doing.		<i>that</i> a child be on me gotten, & any man may it witten, then shall I be deluen anon all quicke, both bodye & bone. <sup>2</sup> "
"If so,	828	"certaine," said the good man, "my deere daughter, after then I shall you helpe with all my might till of itt I haue sight.
and men know I'm with child,		836
I shall be buried alive."	832	goe home, daughter, now, mine, & haue gods blessing & mine, for he may—& his will bee— out of thy sorrow bringe thee."
Blasye promises her		840
his help :		home shee went with dreerye moode, & serued god with hart good ; & euerye day after then her wombe will greater began <sup>3</sup> soe <i>that</i> shee might it not hyde, but itt was perceiued in <i>that</i> tyde. then was shee taken forsoothe I-wisse, & brought afore the hye Iustice.
God may rescue her.		844
Her preg- nancy is seen,		the Iustice opposed <sup>4</sup> her thoe why shee had done soe ; & for shee wrought against <sup>5</sup> the law,
she is taken before a judge, and	848	

<sup>1</sup> MS. bright: bringe.—P.

<sup>2</sup> borne in MS.—F.

<sup>3</sup> still . . . became, or to greaten began.  
—P. A.-S. *begân*, to go over.—F.

<sup>4</sup> examined.—P. Aposen or oposen,  
*Oppono* (3 MSS. cited in Promptorium)

*Oppono*, to bring forward, adduce, allege,  
&c. by way of accusation, &c. *White's*  
*Dict.*—F.

<sup>5</sup> The first *a* is made over a *b* in the  
MS.—F.

- he Iudged her for to be slowe.<sup>1</sup>  
 852 & shee answered & said, "nay,  
 I wrought neuer against the law,<sup>2</sup>"  
 & sware by him *that* dyed on tree,  
 "was neuer man *that* neighed mee  
 856 with fleshly lust or Lecherye,  
 nor kissed my body with villanye.<sup>3</sup>"  
 the Iustice answered anon,  
 "Dame, thou Lyst by S<sup>t</sup> Iohn !  
 860 thy words beene false & wylde,  
 when men may see thou art with childe !  
 in this world was neuer childe borne  
 but mans seede there was beforne,  
 864 saue Iesu christ thorrow his might  
 was borne of a mayden bright.  
 how may thou for shame then  
 say thou had neuer part of any man,  
 868 when I myselfe they<sup>4</sup> soothe may see  
*that* a child is gotten of thee ?"  
 "certaine, Sir," shee said then,  
 "I goe with child without any man.  
 872 by him," shee said, "*that* made this day,  
 there was neuer [man] *that* by me Lay ;  
 but as I slept one night,  
 by mee lay a Selcoth<sup>5</sup> wight ;  
 876 but I wist neuer what it was,  
 therefore I doe me in thy grace."  
 the Iustice said with-ouen fayle,  
 "I neuer hard of such a marueil !  
 880 to-day nay<sup>6</sup> shall the woman be delfe  
 till I haue asked wiffes 12  
 if any child may be made

condemned  
to death.  
She protests

that never  
man lay by  
her.

The judge  
says  
she lies.

"No child  
but Christ  
was ever  
borne  
without  
man's seed."

She protests  
again that  
she is not  
with child

by any man

but by a  
Strange  
Being.

The judge  
defers her  
doom

till he has  
consulted  
twelve wives

<sup>1</sup> slo, slaw, slain.—P.

<sup>2</sup> lay.—P.

<sup>3</sup> The *n* has only one stroke in the MS.—F.

<sup>4</sup> the.—P.

<sup>5</sup> selcoth, strange, uncommon (Gl. ad G. Doug).—P. A.-S. *seld-cuð*, seldom known, rare, wonderful. (Bosworth).—F.

<sup>6</sup> ne shall.—P.

- whether a  
child can be  
made with-  
out a man. 884 without getting of Manhood ;  
& if thé say itt may soe bee,  
all quitt shalt thou goe, & free ;  
And if thé say *that* it may nay ; [page 158.]  
all quicke, men shall delfe thee to-day.”
- The twelve  
wives  
answer  
“ None but  
Christ.” 888 on 12 wiues shee did her anon,  
& they answered euery one,  
*that* “ neuer child was borne of maiden  
but Iesu Christ,” they all saydden.
- Blasye 892 Blasye the Hermitt vpstart then,  
to answer the iustice he began,  
says that “ Sir Iustice,” he sayd thoe,  
“ hear me in a word or tow :
- he believes 896 *that*<sup>1</sup> this woman hath told eche deale,  
the young certez I beleene itt weele ;  
sister ; & yee beleeven her right nought.  
by god & all<sup>2</sup> this world wrought,
- he has 900 I haue her shriuen & taught the law,  
confessed her, and she to mee wold shee neuer a-know<sup>3</sup>  
never ac- *that* any man for any meede  
knowledged that a man neighed her body with fleshlye deede ;  
had lain with her. 904 therefore it is against the law  
*that* shee doluen shold be this day.  
giff shee haue serued for to spilt,<sup>4</sup>
- Moreover, 908 the chylde in her wombe hath not gilt<sup>5</sup> ;  
even if she deserve death,  
her child does not ; therefore  
confine her & put her not this time to dead,<sup>6</sup>  
but doe her in warde before  
till her child 912 till the childe be bore ;  
& then,” he sayd, “ god itt wott,  
is two years 2 yeere keepe it shee motte,  
old. & peradventure,” he sayd, “ then  
the child may proue a good man.”

<sup>1</sup> that which, what.—F.<sup>2</sup> that all.—P.<sup>3</sup> acknow, confess, to acknowledge.

Urry.—P.

<sup>4</sup> deserved to be spilt.—P.<sup>5</sup> guilt.—P<sup>6</sup> to the dead, vid. Pt 4. P.



916	then said the Iustice, “ Hermitt, thy words are full wise ; therefore by thy doome I will ; noe man to-day shall her spill.”	The judge agrees,
920	they <sup>1</sup> Iustice commanded anon to lead her to a tower of stone, & <i>that</i> noe wight shold with her goe but a midswiffe, & noe moe.	and has her put in a stone tower.
924	the tower was strong & hye, <i>that</i> noe man might come her nye ; a window there was made thoe, & a cord tyed therto	
928	to draw therein all thinke, <sup>2</sup> fire & water, Meate & drinke. & when the time was comen, Shee bare a selcoth sonne.	In due time she bears a strange son,

[The Fourth Part.]

[Of Merlin, from his birth till he is seven years old.]

932	{	Right faire shape he had then, all the forme <i>that</i> fell for a man ; blacke he was without lase, <sup>3</sup> & rough as a swine he was.	black, and as rough as a sow.
4 <sup>d</sup> Parte.		then they midwiffe anon-right was afeard of that sight ; & for he was soe rough of hyde, ffull well shee wist <i>that</i> tyde	The midwife
940		That he was neuer gotten by any <sup>4</sup> man, & full faine shee wold then in hell that he had beene her froe, <i>that</i> neuer man had seene him moe.	wishes him in Hell.
944		the Hermitt <i>that</i> hight Blassye wist full well sikerlye	Blasye

<sup>1</sup> the.—P.

<sup>2</sup> thinge.—P.

<sup>3</sup> lese, loss, lying. Urry.—P.

<sup>4</sup> ? MS. my.—F.

comes, inquires how they've got on,	948	the time the Child shold be borne, & to the tower he came att Morne, & called vpward to them yare, <sup>1</sup> & asked them how they did fare. they <sup>2</sup> midwiffe said without lesse <sup>3</sup> a knaue child there borne was.
and asks for the child, to christen him.	952	“ take him me,” he sayd then, “ & I shall make him a christen man ; whether he dye, or liue abyde, the fairer grace he may betyde.”
The baby is let down to him by a cord,	956	full glad was the midwiffe, <sup>4</sup> & caught the chyld be-liue, <sup>5</sup> & by a cord shee lett him downe, & Blassy gaue him his benison, <sup>6</sup>
baptized, and christened Merlin,	960	& bare him home with merry moode, & batptized <sup>7</sup> him in the holy floode, And called him to his christendome, <sup>8</sup> & named him Merlyin in gods name.
by which the Hell- Fiends	964	thorrow <i>that</i> name, I you tell, all the ffeends <i>that</i> were in hell were agreeved, & that full sore ; therefore was their power bore. <sup>9</sup>
lose their power.	968	& when he had christened him soe, home againe he bare him thoe, & in the cord he can <sup>10</sup> him laine ; the Midwiffe drew him vp againe, & he bade her without blame call him Merlyne by his name.
Blasye takes Merlin to the midwife,	972	the midwiffe bare him anon-right to the fflyer <i>that</i> was bright, & as shee warmed him by the fyer
who warms him at the fire,	976	

[page 159.]

<sup>1</sup> yare, acutus, Lye : ready, Urry.—P.<sup>2</sup> the.—P.<sup>3</sup> lese.—P. lies.—F.<sup>4</sup> The *w* is made over an *f* in the MS.—F.<sup>5</sup> instantly, forthwith.—P.<sup>6</sup> benediction.—P.<sup>7</sup> The first *t* is very near the *p* ; perhaps it has been altered to part of it.—F.<sup>8</sup> at (his baptism).—P.<sup>9</sup> lore, q.—P.<sup>10</sup> gan—laine (lay).—P.

- shee beheld this <sup>1</sup> lodlye cheere <sup>2</sup> :  
 " alas," said shee, " art thou Merlyn ?  
 whence art thou, of what kinne ?  
 980 who whas thy father by night or day ?  
*that* noe man I-witt <sup>3</sup> itt may.  
 it is great ruth, by heauens *King*,  
*that* for thy loue, thou foule thinge,  
 984 thy mother shalbe slaine with woe !  
 alas the time it shalbe soe !  
 I wold thow were farr in the sea,  
*that* thy mother might scape free ! "
- 988 when Merlyn hard her speake soe,  
 he bradde open his eyen towe,  
 & lodlye <sup>4</sup> on her can hee looke,  
 & his head on her hee shooke,  
 992 & gan to cry with lowd dinne :  
 " thou lyst," he sayd, " thou foule queane !  
 my mother," he sayd, " shall noe man quell  
 for nothing *that* men can tell ;  
 996 whilest I may speak or gone,  
 mauger them *that* wold her slone,<sup>5</sup>  
 I shall saue her liffe for this ;  
*that* you shall see & heare I-wis."
- 1000 when the Midwiffe, shee heard *that*,  
 shee fell downe almost flatt ;  
 shee gan to quake as shee were wood,  
 & had rather then any good  
 1004 *that* shee had beene farr away ;  
 soe had his mother where she Lay ;  
 soe sore they were of him agast,  
 thé blessed them, & that full fast,  
 1008 & cryed on him in gods name  
*that* he shold doe them noe shame ;  
 & fast on him they can crye

asks  
who his  
father was,

and laments  
that his  
mother  
should be  
killed for  
him.

Merlin looks  
savage,

tells the old  
woman she  
lies, and says

he will save  
his mother.

The midwife

quakes like  
mad,

and Merlin's  
mother is  
frightened.

They ask  
him

<sup>1</sup> his.—P.

<sup>2</sup> chere, countenance, visage. mien.  
G. ad G. D.—P.

<sup>3</sup> A.-S. *gewitan*, understand.—F.

<sup>4</sup> hideous.—P.

<sup>5</sup> slone, slay.—P.

in God's name what he is.	1012	in gods name & St. Marye he shold them tell what hee were, & what misaduenture brought him there.
Merlin		he did lye & held him still, & lett them crye all their ffill ;
will not answer a word.	1016	& if they shold haue slaine him tho, he wold not speake a word moe. & thé <sup>1</sup> 3 liued there with much sorrow & with care ;
After half a year,	1020	& for after halfe a yeere, as shee held him by the fyer, ruffullye shee gan to greete,
his mother laments her coming burial alive.	1024	& said to him, " my sonne sweete, for thy loue, with-outen <sup>2</sup> weene, all quicke dolue shall I beene."
Merlin says		he answered & said, " Nay, Dame, thou gabbes <sup>3</sup> by this day ;
no one shall hurt her :	1028	there is neithe[r] man nor Iustice <i>that</i> shall yee deeme <sup>4</sup> in noe wise then whilst I may either goe or speak, in earth thy body for to wreak."
he makes her glad,	1032	Then was his mother a blythe woman [page 160.] & euerye day after then he made her gladd & bold, & Maruelous tales to her he told.
and tells her tales.	1036	when he cold speake & gone, the Iustice was ready anon, & bade bring forth anon then befor him <i>that</i> ilke woman
The judge orders her to be brought up for judgment,	1040	for to receiue her iudgment. & when shee came in present, the Iustice forgatt itt nought, but Egerlye he said his thought,
and swears	1044	& sware anon by heaucens Queene

<sup>1</sup> these three.—P.<sup>2</sup> without . . . . so in Chauc.—P.<sup>3</sup> ? for gabbes, *talkest nonsense ; or* fables.—F.<sup>4</sup> *deme, inter alia* iudicare.—P.

- all quicke shee shold doluen beene.  
 then the childe answered with words Bold—  
 & he was but 2 yeeres old—
- 1048 he sayd to the Iustice with Egar Moode,  
 “ Sir Iustice ! thou can but litle goode  
 to doe my mother to the dead,  
 & wotts not by what reade,
- 1052 saue a chance *that* to her ffell ;  
 therefore thou dost not to her well ;  
 for euerye man will wott well then  
*that* against chance may be noe man,
- 1056 & thorrow chance I was begott ;  
 therefore euerye man may well wott  
*that* my mother ought nought  
 for my lone to death be brought.”
- 1060 great wonder had both old & younge  
 of the childs answering.  
 then the Iustice was ffull wrath,  
 & on Loud sware an oathe
- 1064 ‘ all quicke shee shold doluen bec.’  
 “ Nay ! ” said Merlyn, “ soe Mote I thee,  
 thou shalt her neuer bring therto  
 for ought that euer thou canst doe !
- 1068 it shall not goe as thou wilt,  
 for shee hath done no guiltt,  
 & I shall proue itt through skill,  
 Mauer of them *that* wold her spill.
- 1072 my father *that* begatt mee  
 is a feende of great potencye,  
 & is in the ayre aboue the light,  
 & tempts men both day & night ;
- 1076 & therefore to my mother he went,  
 & wend all christendome to haue shent,  
 & gott mee on her with-out Leasinge,  
 & shee therof wist no thing.
- 1080 & for shee wist not when it was,
- she shall be  
 buried alive.  
 Merlin (only  
 2 years old)
- answers
- that  
 accidents
- cannot be  
 guarded  
 against,  
 and by one  
 he was  
 begotten,  
 so that his  
 mother  
 ought not to  
 die for that.
- The judge  
 swears she  
*shall* be  
 buried alive.
- “ No, she  
 shall not.”  
 says Merlin ;
- “ my father  
 is a Fiend  
 of the Air,
- and got me  
 on my  
 mother, to  
 destroy  
 Christen-  
 dom,
- she knowing  
 nothing of it

- and being  
therefore  
guiltless.
- 1084
- And God  
has turned  
me good,  
to help  
England,
- 1088
- and I can  
tell you all  
things.
- You, Judge,  
do not know  
who your  
own father  
was."
- 1092
- 1096
- " I do ; my  
father was  
a baron ;  
my mother  
is still  
alive."
- 1100
- " Send for  
her then,  
and we'll  
see."
- 1104
- The judge  
does send.  
His mother  
comes,
- 1108
- 1112
- I proue *that* shee is guiltlesse ;  
for all the feends wenden by mee  
to haue shent all christentye,  
& had <sup>1</sup> of me a wicked ffoode <sup>2</sup> ;  
but god hath turned me to goode ;  
for now I am of god sende  
for to helpe all Englande ;  
& forsoothe," hee said then,  
" pardie, tell you I can  
all *that* euer was & now is.  
I can you tell well I-wis  
thou dost not wott, Iustice then,  
who was thy father *that* thee wanne ;  
& therefore I proue *that* mother thine  
rather to be doluen then mine."  
hearken now all the striffe  
how Merlyne saued his mothers liffe !  
then was the Iustice in hart woe,  
& to Merlyne he said thoe,  
" thou Liest ! " he sayd, " thou glutton !  
my father was a good Barron,  
& my mother a ladye free ;  
yett on liue thou may her see."  
" Sir," said Merlyne then anon,  
" say[n]d <sup>3</sup> after her full soone,  
And I shall make her to be knowen,  
or else hange me on to drawen."  
the Iustice after his mother sent ;  
& when shee was comen present,  
the Iustice before them all  
to Merlyn can he call ;  
he said to him, " Belanye,<sup>4</sup>

[page 161.]

<sup>1</sup> thro'.—P.<sup>2</sup> fewd. qu.—P. "*Fode* is found in early writers, especially in the old metrical romances, in the sense of *man, woman, girl, or boy.*" Halliwell's Gloss. " I haveread somewhere *the fendis fode*, i. e. an imp of the devil."—Th. Wright.<sup>3</sup> Send.—P.<sup>4</sup> forté, Belamy, good friend, apud Chauc.—P.



- be now soe bold & hardye  
to proue thy tale, if thou can,  
*that* thou saidest of this woman.”
- 1116 Merlyn said to the Iustice,  
“ Sir, thy words be not wise ;  
if I tell theese folke beforne  
how thow was gotten & borne,  
1120 then shold it spring wyde & broad,  
& thou shold lose thy manhood ;  
then shall thy mother doluen bee,  
& all were for the loue of thee.”
- 1124 the Iustice then vnderstoode  
*that* Merlyn cold mikle <sup>1</sup> good.  
then to a chamber can they goe,  
he & Merlyne, & noe moe.
- 1128 “ Merlyn,” he said, “ I pray thee,  
what was *that* man *that* begatte me ? ”  
“ Sir,” he said, “ by St. Simon,  
it was the *parson* of the towne !
- 1132 hee thee gott, by St. Iane,<sup>2</sup>  
vpon this woman *that* is thy dame.”  
the Lady said, “ thow fowle thinge !  
thou hast made a starke Leasinge !
- 1136 his ffather was a noble Baron,  
& a man holden of great renowne ;  
& thou art a misebegott wretch ;  
I pray thee god devill thee <sup>3</sup> feitch !
- 1140 in wyld fyer thou shalt be brent,  
for with wronge thou hast my <sup>4</sup> shent.”  
“ Dame,” sayd Merlyn, “ hold thee still,  
for itt were both right [&] skill,
- 1144 for I wott with-ouen weene  
thou deserue doluen to beene,  
ffor sithe thou was to this world brought,

and he dares  
Merlin to  
prove his  
charge.

Merlin  
advises him  
not to have  
it done in  
public,

or his  
mother will  
be put to  
death.  
The judge

takes Merlin  
to a private  
room,

and asks  
who begat  
him, the  
judge.

“ The  
parson,”  
says Merlin.

“ That’s a  
lie,” says the  
judge’s  
mother :

“ may the  
Devil take  
you.”

“ Be quiet ;

I know all  
your doings :

<sup>1</sup> knew much.—F.

<sup>2</sup> for Jame.—F.

<sup>3</sup> I pray God the devill thee. [Pencil  
note].—P.

<sup>4</sup> me.—P.

		all the worke <i>that</i> thou hast wrought,	
	1148	I can tell itt euerye word better then thou, by our Lord, how thy sonne was begotten. <sup>1</sup>	
I can tell you how your son was got ;	1152	dame, if thou haue forgotten, I can tell you all the case, how, & where, & when itt was, & thou shalt be ashamed sore ; thee were better speake noe more."	
you had better say no more.	1156	thee were better speake noe more." the Lady was sore dismayd, & Merlyn forth his tale sayd :	
When your lord went to Carlisle,	1160	" Dame," he said verament, " <i>that</i> time thy Lord to Carlile went,— itt was by night & not by day,— the parson in thy bed Lay ; att thy chamber dore thy Lord can knocke, & thou didest on thy smocke	
the parson lay with you ; your lord came home ;	1164	& was sore afrayd <i>that</i> tyde, & vndidst a windowe wyde, & there the parson thou out Lett, & he ran away full tyte. <sup>2</sup>	
you let the parson out of the window ;	1168	dame," he said, " <i>that</i> ilke night was begotten thy sonne the <i>Knicht</i> .	
but your son was begotten.	1172	Dame," he sayd, "lye I ougnt ? " shee stood still & sayd nought. then was the Iustice wrath & woe, & to his mother he sayd thoe, " Dame," hee <sup>3</sup> sayd, " how goeth this ? " " sonne," shee said, " all sooth <sup>4</sup> I-wis !	
Do I lie ? "	1176	for if thou hang me with a corde, hee belyeth me neuer a word." The Iustice for shame waxes redd,	[page 162.]
" No, it's all true."	1180	& on his mother shooke his head, & bade her in hast wend home	
The judge tells his mother to go home shamed.			

<sup>1</sup> begotten.—P. MS. forgotten, ?*for* forthgotten.—F.

<sup>2</sup> quickly.—F.

<sup>3</sup> hee.—P. MS. shee.—F.

<sup>4</sup> true.—P.

	with much shame as shee come.	
	“ belyue,” sayd Merlyn, “ send after a spye,	“ Send a spy
	for to the parson shee will her hye,	after her.”
1184	& all the sooth shee will him saine	says Merlin,
	how <i>that</i> I haue them betraine ;	“ or she’ll
	& when the parson hath hard this,	tell all to
	anon for shame & sorrowe I-wis	the parson,
1188	to a bridge he will flee,	
	& after noe man shall him see,	and he, for
	into the watter start he will,	shame,
	liffe & soule for to spill :	
	& but itt [be] sooth <sup>1</sup> <i>that</i> I say,	will drown
1192	boldye hang me to day.”	himself.”
	the Iustice withouten fayle	
	did after Merlyns counsayle ;	The judge
	he sent after a spye bold,	sends the
1196	& found itt as Merline told ;	spy ;
	& the Iustice, for Merlins sake,	
	him & his mother he lett take,	finds
	& lett them goe quitt & free	Merlin’s
1200	before the folke of <i>that</i> countrye.	words true ;
	& when Merlin was 7 <sup>2</sup> yeere old,	and lets him
	he was both stout & bold ;	and his
	his mother he did a Nun make,	mother go
1204	& blacke habitt he let her take,	free.
	& from <i>that</i> time verament	When
	shee serued god with good entent.	Merlin is
		seven, he
		makes his
		mother turn
		nun,
		and she
		serves God
		truly.

<sup>1</sup> it’s sooth.—P.

Pt. 5, ver. 185 [of MS.; p. 465, l. 1392

<sup>2</sup> It should be *five*, vide *infra*, p. 164, here].—P.

## [The Fifth Part.]

[Vortiger's messengers find Merlin, and he goes to the Court.]

Let us now tell of the messengers.	1208	5 <sup>d</sup> Parte.	{	Now let vs of his mother fayle, & turne vs to another tale, & speake wee of the messenger <sup>1</sup> <i>that</i> wenten from Sir Vortiger <sup>2</sup> for to seeke Merlin the bold, to haue his blood, as I you told. soe 3 of them came by chance into the place where merlyn was
Three come where Merlin is	1216	playing with his mates,	}	On playing, as he can goe with other children many moe. & as thé played in <i>that</i> stead <sup>3</sup> one of his ffellows him misdeed, & gan to crye on Merlyn thoe, "thou cursed srow, <sup>4</sup> thou goe vs froe! <sup>5</sup> thou art a fowle thing gotten amisse! noe man wotts what thy father is!"
one of whom tells him	1220	that no one knows who his father is. The messengers hear this, think they have found their boy,	}	the Messengers came fast bye, & harden well the child crye: soone anon they were bethought <i>that</i> it was the childe they after sought, & eche one his sword out droughe. & Merlin shooke his head, & laughe, "heere comen the <i>Kings</i> Messengers <i>that</i> haue me sought both farr & neere for to haue my harts blood! now thé thinke itt in their Moode for to slay me this day; but by my truth, if <i>that</i> I may, or <i>that</i> they part away from mee, well good ffreinds shall wee bee."
and draw their swords. Merlin	1228	knows they want to kill him,	}	1232
but means to make	1236	friends of them;	}	

<sup>1</sup> messengers.—P.<sup>2</sup> Vortiger's.—P.<sup>3</sup> place.—P.<sup>4</sup> cursed shrow.—P.<sup>5</sup> qu. MS. free.—F.

- Merlyn anon to them ran :
- hee greetes them fayre, as he well can,
- 1240 & welcomed the Messenger, welcomes  
them ;  
says he  
knows  
they want
- & sayes, "yee come from Sir Vortiger ;  
me to slay is all *your* thought,  
therof shall yee speed nought ;
- 1244 & for to beare *your King* my blood,  
*that* neuer shall doe him good ;  
for they *that* told him *that* tydinge,  
lyed of me a strong leasing,
- 1248 & said my blood *without* wronge  
shold make his castle stiffe & strong." [page 163.]
- the Messengers had wonder then,  
& sayd to Merlyn anon,
- 1252 "how can thou tell vs this priu[i]tye ?  
tell vs the sooth, I pray thee,  
*that* wee may haue tokeinge <sup>1</sup>  
to auow our tale before our *King*."
- 1256 Merlin Led them a good pace  
till hee came where his mother was ;  
shee told them all the sooth beforne  
how Merlyne was gatten & borne,
- 1260 & of his wisdome & of his reede,  
& how hee saued her from deade.  
the Messengers, as I you tell,  
all night there did dwell ;
- 1264 att Morrow, soone when it was day,  
thé tooke leaue to wend awaye ;  
alsoe Merlyn *that* ilke tyde  
rode on a palfray them beside,
- 1268 & wentt forth all in fere  
towards *King* Vortiger.  
as they thorow the countrie came,  
in a towne their inne they tane,
- 1272 soe *that* Merlyne, as I you tell, They stop  
at a town,  
where

<sup>1</sup> Either means *token*, or is miswritten for *tokeninge*.— F.

Merlin laughs at seeing shoes on sale.		came there as shoone were to sell. a great laughter vp he tooke ; the Messengers fast on him can lookee, & full soone asked him thoe wherfore <i>that</i> he laughed soe. then sayd Merlyne, "see yee nought the young man <i>that</i> the shoone hath bought ? he wendes to liue them to weare ; but by my hood I dare well sweare his wretched liffe hee shall forgoe or <i>that</i> he is one gate come to." the Messengers att <i>that</i> tyde, after <i>that</i> man can they ryde, & found him dead as any stone or <i>that</i> he had a furlong gone. in <i>that</i> towne thé dwelled all night : on morrow, when it was daylight, thé dight their horssees, & made them yare on their journey for to fare ; & as they went on their Iourney thorow a towne in <i>that</i> countrye he came by a church yard ; he mett a course <sup>1</sup> thither-ward, with preists & Clarkes singing befor[n]e <sup>2</sup> ; the corpes were on a beere borne ; many a man therwith can gone. Merlyn beheld them cuerye one ; a great laughter he vptooke. the Messengers on him can looke, & asked him with hart free why he laughed soe hartilye ; he said, "amongst these folkes then I see an old sillye Man <i>that</i> doth sore & fast weepe ; he ought better to skipp & leape :
The messen- gers ask why he laughs.	1276	
"Because the buyer of the shoes thinks he shall live to wear them, but he will die forth- with."	1280	
	1284	
The man is then found dead.	1288	
Next day		
they ride on,	1292	
and meet a corpse.	1296	
Merlin bursts out laughing,	1300	
and says that "one old man there weeping, ought to laugh ;	1304	

<sup>1</sup> corse [in pencil].— P.<sup>2</sup> beforne, l. 1343. — F.



- 1308 & others here goe & singe  
*that* ought better their hands to wringe ;  
 I shall you tell certainlye,  
*that* you may know the cause whye :
- 1312 *that* corse *that* dead is & cold,  
 was a childe of 10 yeeres old ;  
*that* ilke preist," he sayd thoe,  
 " *that* goeth before & singeth soe,
- 1316 he was the father *that* the child begott ;  
 & if he were bethought of *that*,  
 he wold his hands wring sore,  
 & for *that* child sorrow more ;
- 1320 Now he singeth with Ioy & blisse  
 as the chyld had neuer beene his ;  
 & to see the seely husband  
 for sorrow & care wring his hands,<sup>1</sup>
- 1324 therefore he is a Mickle ffoole  
*that* for his foomen maketh dole."  
 the Messengers eueriche one  
 to the chylds mother went anon,
- 1328 & Merlyn in a litle throw<sup>2</sup>  
 made the Mother to be know,<sup>3</sup>  
 wherfore shee cold not say nay,  
 but euer prayd them naught to say.
- 1332 then were the Messengers blythe,  
 & on their Iourney ridden swithe.  
 as they ridden on their way,  
 it was vpon the 3<sup>d</sup> daye,
- 1336 when it was about the prime,  
 then laughe Merlyne the 3<sup>d</sup> time<sup>4</sup> ;  
 then asked they all in fere  
 why he Made such laughing cheere.
- 1340 then said Merlyne I-wisse

and others  
singing,  
to weep ;

for the  
corpse is  
that of a  
child of 10 ;  
the priest  
singing is

its father,

[page 164.] and sings as  
if he were  
not ;  
while the  
mother's  
husband is  
wringing his  
hands :

for which he  
is a Big  
Fool."

The messen-  
gers ask the  
child's  
mother if  
this is true.

She says  
" Yes, but  
don't tell  
any one."

On the third  
day

Merlin  
laughs  
again

<sup>1</sup> hand.—P.

<sup>2</sup> throw, a cast, a stroke. Chaucer  
uses it as the French do *coup*, for a short

space. Urry.—P. A.-S. *þrag*, *þrah*, a  
season, time, space.—Th. Wright.

<sup>3</sup> ? beknow, know thoroughly.—F.

<sup>4</sup> tine in the MS.—F.

		“ there-of I laugh, noe wonder is ; for sithe the time <i>that</i> yee were borne, such wonder heard yee neuer beforne ;
and tells his reason :	1344	I shall you tell with-outen othe <i>that</i> yee shall find trew & soothe. this ilke day, by my truth, in the <i>Kings</i> house is mickle ruth
	1348	of the <i>Kings</i> Chamberlaine ; for the Queene, sooth to sayne, hath Lyed on him a leasing stronge ; therefore shee <sup>1</sup> shall be dead with wronge :
Vortiger's Queen has made a lying charge against his chamber- lain (who is a woman in man's clothes).	1352	for his chamberlaine is a woman, & goeth in the clothing as a man ; & for shee is fayre & bright of hew, the false queene <i>that</i> is vntrew, besought her to her Lemman dearne <sup>2</sup> ; & shee answered, & can her warne, & sayd, ‘ shee must <i>that</i> game forsake ; for noe comfort shee wold her make ; therefore the Queene was a foole, for had shee witt of her toole, & how short itt was wrought, shee wold of loue asked her nought.’
The Queen desired her in lust ;	1356	
she refused,	1360	the Queene forthwith was affrayd, & wend well to have beene bewrayd, & thought <i>that</i> shee shold be shent ; & before the <i>King</i> anon shee went, & sayd <i>that</i> his chamberlaine with strenght wold haue her forlaine. <sup>3</sup> the <i>king</i> therof was wonderous wrath, & swore many a great othe <i>that</i> shee shold both hang & draw : & <i>that</i> were against the law ; therefore wend you whome <sup>4</sup> belyue
pleading inability.		
Whereupon the Queen	1364	
accused her to the King of trying to violate her.	1368	
The King swore the chamberlain should be hung.	1372	
“ Do you then make		

<sup>1</sup> viz. the chamberlaine.—P.<sup>2</sup> A.-S. *dearn*, secret, hidden.—F.<sup>3</sup> *forlyne*, fornicari, adulterari. Chauc.  
*forliuggan*, Sax. eod. sensu. Lye.—P.<sup>4</sup> home.—P.

- 1376 as fast as yee may driue,  
& say to Vortiger the king,  
the Queene hath made a strong Leasing  
vpon his chamberlaine for hate ;  
therfor bydd *that* shee <sup>1</sup> be take ;
- 1380 & search the chamberlaine then,  
& he shall find shee is a woman ! ”  
A knight there was both stout & stearne,  
& pricked forth the truth to Learne,
- 1384 & he made noe tarrying  
till he came before the King.  
when hee came into the hall,  
downe on his knees can hee fall,
- 1388 & said, thorow many a country he <sup>2</sup> went  
“ on thy Message as thou vs sent,  
to seeke a child of selcoth Land <sup>3</sup> ;  
& such a one haue wee founde
- 1392 *that* is but 5 wynters old :  
you heard neuer none soe bolde ;  
he is clypped child Merline,  
he can tell all Mannour of thing ;
- 1396 of all *that* was & now is  
He can tell you well I-wis ;  
he can tell you full well  
what <sup>4</sup> thing troubles *your* castell,
- 1400 why itt may not stand on plaine,  
& alsoe of *your* chamberlaine  
*that* yee haue ment <sup>5</sup> to draw & hang <sup>6</sup> :  
he saith ‘ forsoothe itt is for wrong
- 1404 for to slay a woman  
*that* goeth in clothing as a man ;  
& therefore doe as I you fayne,<sup>7</sup>  
& doe take the chamberlayne,
- haste, and  
tell Vortiger  
that his  
Queen has  
lied,
- and that  
his cham-  
berlain is a  
woman.”  
A knight  
rides on
- to Vortiger,
- and tells  
him
- “ We have  
found  
a strange  
child
- called  
*Merlin*,
- [page 165.] who can  
tell you  
everything,
- why your  
castle won't  
stand,  
and all  
about your  
chamber-  
lain,
- who is, in  
fact, a  
woman  
in man's  
clothes.

<sup>1</sup> Hee, the king, or shee, *i.e.* the cham-  
berlaine be taken and confined.—P.

<sup>2</sup> we.—P.

<sup>3</sup> Londe.—P.

<sup>4</sup> wthat in MS.—F.

<sup>5</sup> ment, meant.—P.

<sup>6</sup> hong.—P.

<sup>7</sup> for sayne.—F.

- Have her  
looked at,  
and you'll  
find her  
one." 1408 & of her bonds yee her vnbinde;  
a woman fayre yee shall her finde;  
& but itt be soe, with right Lawe  
doe mee to hang & drawe.' "
- Vortiger 1412 Vortiger a-wondred was,  
& all *that* hearden of *that* case.  
he commanded his men all  
his chamberlayne to bring in all <sup>1</sup>;  
1416 anon thé serched her *that* stonde,<sup>2</sup>  
& a woman shee was founde.  
wrath then was Sir Vortiger,  
& asked of *that* Messenger  
1420 " Who told him he was a woman ? "
- " Merlin,  
who can  
tell all  
things." 1424 " fforsooth Sir," hee sayd then,  
" Merlyn it was *that* this can say  
as wee rydden by the waye;  
for he can tell—& lye nought—  
all things *that* euer were wrought;  
& all *that* euer you can him saine,  
he will tell you sooth Certaine."
- Vortiger, 1428 Vortiger was glad & blythe,  
& said to the Messenger swithe,  
" I shall yee giue both Land & ploughe,  
& make yee a man right good enoughe;  
1432 therefore I command anon-right,  
Duke, Erle, Barron & *Knight*,  
to dight their horsse, & make them yare  
forth with Vortiger to fare."
- with all his  
nobles, 1436 then wold he noe longer abyde,  
but leapt to horsse, & forth gan ryde  
to speake with Merlyn the younge,  
for glad he was of his comminge.
- rides forth  
to meet  
Merlin. 1440 but when it was come to night,  
with Merlyne he Mett right;  
as soone as he can him meete,
- At night  
they meet.

<sup>1</sup> Hall, qu.—P.<sup>2</sup> time.—P.

- with fayre words hee can him greeete.  
 1444 of many things he spoke then—  
 some of them tell I can—  
 with much Ioy, & verament  
 to the Kings court thé went,  
 1448 & were att ease all *that* night.  
 & on the Morrow when it was light,  
 to *that* steede<sup>1</sup> they went by-deene<sup>2</sup>  
 where the castle shold haue bene
- talk  
together,  
  
and return  
to the court.  
  
Next  
morning  
they go to  
the site of  
the castle.

## [The Sixth Part.]

[Of the castle building; the dragon's fight and its meaning.]

- 1452 { “Sonne,” he sayd to Merlin then,  
 “tell me, chyld, if thou can,  
 why my castle in this stonde  
 6<sup>d</sup> Parte { is euerye night fallen to ground,  
 & why it may stand nought,  
 of soe strong things as itt is rought.”  
 then said Merlyn to the King,  
 “yee shall heare a wonderous thing:  
 1460 Heere in this ground Deepe  
 is a water strong and steepe;  
 vnder the watter are stones towe,  
 much & strong, & broad alsoe;  
 1464 beneathe the stones vnder the Mold  
 tow dragons Lyen there fould<sup>3</sup>;  
 the one is white as<sup>4</sup> Milke reeme,<sup>5</sup>  
 the other red as any gleame;  
 1468 grislye they are of sight both,
- Vortiger  
asks Merlin  
  
why his  
castle falls  
down every  
night.  
  
Merlin says  
  
“deep down  
here is a  
spring;  
under it  
broad  
stones;  
  
under them  
two  
dragons,  
  
one milk-  
white,  
one flame-  
red.

<sup>1</sup> place.—P.<sup>2</sup> by deene, bedene, instantly, forthwith.

—P.

<sup>3</sup> do fold.—P.<sup>4</sup> The ‘&’ is struck out in the MS.  
before *as*.—F.<sup>5</sup> milk creame, *forté* milk or creame.—P. “*Ream* is used for *cream* in theNorthern dialect. This same line occurs  
in *Arthur & Merlin*, p. 55:That on is white so *milkes rem*,

but the next differs rather:

That other is red so *feris lem*.”

T. Wright.

		& fare together as the wrothe ;	
Every night they fight,		& euerye day when itt is night they begin a strong fight,	
and their blast upsets your castle ;	1472	<i>that</i> through the strenght of their blast The worke thé can downe cast ;	[page 166.]
were they away, your castle would stand."	1476	& if the dragons were away, then might they <sup>1</sup> workemen worke euerye day, & make thy worke both strong and still, & to stand att thy owne will. doe now looke, & thou shalt see <i>that</i> it is soothe <i>that</i> I tell thee."	
Vortiger tells his men	1480	Vortiger Commanded anon all his workemen euerye one— 15000 & yett moe—	
to see whether it's true. They dig down, find a spring,	1484	he bade them looke whether it were soe. anon they doluen in the ground, and a watter there they found : amonge them all, the soothe to tell, thé Made a full deepe well,	
drain the water out,	1488	& the watter thé brought out thoe ; & when thé hadden done <sup>2</sup> soe, beneath the watter in the ground	
and find two great stones ;	1492	2 great stones there they found. many men there they were the 2 stones vp to reare ;	
these they lift up,		& when they were vp hent, 2 dragons there were bent ;	
and see two dragons,	1496	foule they were for to behold ; & found itt right as Merlyn tolde, the one dragon as red as fyer,	
one fire-red,		with bright eyen as Bason cleare ; his tayle was great & nothing small, his bodye was vnryde <sup>3</sup> with-all ;	
	1500		

<sup>1</sup> delend.—P.<sup>2</sup> The *d* is made over an *s* in the MS.  
—F.<sup>3</sup> forte *unrude*, horrible, hideous. see  
p. 387, v. 171 [of MS.] Vid. Gloss. to  
Gaw. Douglas.—P.



	his shape May noe man tell, he looked like a feende of hell.	
1504	the white dragon lay him by, sterne of Looke & grislye ; his mouth & throate yawned wide, <sup>1</sup> the fyer brast out on euery side ;	shaped like a fiend ; the other, white,
1508	his tayle was ragged like a feend, & vpon his tayles end there was shaped a grislye head to fight with <i>that</i> dragon redd ;	spitting fire,  and with a head at his tail's end.
1512	for Merlyn said, forsooth I plight, soe grislye they were both in sight, <i>that</i> when thé shold vprise, many a man they shall agrise. <sup>2</sup>	
1516	anon thé ryssden <sup>3</sup> out of their den ; then was feard many a man ; of all the folke there was <i>that</i> tyde, durst not one of them abyde.	All the workmen run away from fright.
1520	the redd dragon & the white, hard together can thé smite both with mouth & with tayle ; betweene them was a hard battele <sup>4</sup>	The dragons fight  fiercely
1524	<i>that</i> they <sup>5</sup> earth quaked thoe ; & lodlye whether waxed alsoe ; soe strong fyer they cast anon <i>that</i> they <sup>5</sup> plaines therof shone ;	
1528	soe they fought, forsoothe to say, all the long summers day they neuer stinted their fighting till men to Euensong did ringe.	the whole day  till evening,
1532	soe in <i>that</i> time, as I you tell, the red dragon <i>that</i> as soe fell,	when the red dragon

<sup>1</sup> In the MS. one stroke of the *w* is dotted for *i*.—F.

<sup>2</sup> agrise, affright, attack, sett upon. A.-S. *agrisan*, horrere, Gl. ad G.D.—P.

<sup>3</sup> ? MS. *d* is seemingly made over the two *ss* in the MS.—F.

<sup>4</sup> battayle.—P.

<sup>5</sup> the.—P.

drives the white one into the plain.	1536	draue the white from a downe <sup>1</sup> into the plaines a great verome, <sup>2</sup> till they came into a valley ; & there they rested them both tway, & there the white recouered his flight & waxed Egar for to fight, & Egerlye with-out fayle	
Here they rest till the white recovers,	1540	the redd dragon he can assayle ; & there the wh[i]te with all his might hent the red anon right, & to the ground he him cast, & with the fyer of his blast altogether he brent the red,	
attacks the red,	1544	That neuer after was found shread, but dust vpon the ground lay. & the white went away, & neuer sithe <i>that</i> time then heard noe man where he became.	[page 167.]
and burns him right up to dust.	1548	then sayd Merlyn the younge among them all before the <i>King</i> , & said to him with words bold, “ now is itt sooth <i>that</i> I you tolde ? itt is soothe ; yee may itt see ; therfore <i>Sir King</i> , I pray thee, doe yee the clarkes afore mee bring <i>that</i> Laid on mee that Leasing.”	
Then the white dragon disappears.	1552	& he asked them the <i>King</i> beforne “ Why thé wold his blood were Lorne. <sup>3</sup> ” & thé answered with words myld, dreadfullye before the chylde, & sayden, “ thé saw witterlye beneath the welkin a skye, & shewed him all his begott,	
Merlin	1556	to have the clerks brought up who laid the blame on him. He demands why they sought his death. They say	
asks Vortiger	1560	they saw a cloud in the heaven	
that told them	1564	& shewed him all his begott,	

<sup>1</sup> downe, Collis. A.-S. *dun*. Collis,  
Mons. Jun.—P. ? adown, down below.  
—F.

<sup>2</sup> *fortè* Venome.—P. ? randoune; see  
randome, l. 1820.—F.

<sup>3</sup> lost, undone. Urry's Chauc.—P.

- how hee was on earth lote,<sup>1</sup>  
 1568 & thorrow his blood the Kings castle  
 shold stande both strong & weele."  
 then said Merlyn thoe,  
 "hee was a shrew <sup>2</sup> that told you soe ;  
 1572 that skye," he sayd, "that showed you that,  
 he was the father that mee begatt,  
 & for I serue him not att will,  
 therefore he wold my blood spill ;  
 1576 & for that he hath beguiled you soe,  
 Sir Vortiger, I pray you thoe,  
 that yee grant them their liffe ;  
 all my wrath I them forgieue."  
 1580 the King his asking granted swithe ;  
 then were the clarkes glad & blythe ;  
 forth they went, both more & mynne,  
 & with them went Merlyne.  
 1584 Merlyn was with vortiger  
 to his counsell all that yeere ;  
 through his wisdom & counsayle  
 the castle was built strong & well ;  
 1588 & when the castle was all wrought,  
 Erles & Barrons the King besought  
 that he wold know att<sup>3</sup> Merlyn thoe  
 why the dragons foughten soe ;  
 1592 itt was some tokening, thé sayd all,  
 that some aduenture shold befall.  
 Merlyn was brought befor the King,  
 & he him asked without Leasinge  
 1596 what that tokening might meane,  
 the fighting of the dragons keene.  
 Merlyn stode & Made danger.<sup>4</sup>

his blood  
 would make  
 the castle  
 stand.  
 Merlin says

the cloud  
 was his  
 father,

who wanted  
 to kill him,

and beguiled  
 them,

but he  
 forgives  
 them.

Merlin stays  
 a year with  
 Vortiger,

and directs  
 the building  
 of his castle.

The nobles  
 ask that  
 Merlin  
 may explain  
 why the  
 dragons  
 fought so.

Vortiger  
 asks him.

Merlin  
 won't  
 answer.

<sup>1</sup> *lote*, vet. particip. pro *alighted*.—P.

<sup>2</sup> a villain. Urry ad Chauc.—P.

<sup>3</sup> of.—P.

<sup>4</sup> Compare "Comme le tavernier faisoit  
*dangier* ou difficulté de ce faire."—

Carpentier. "With *danger* uttren we  
 all our chaffare," (Chaucer, *Wyf of  
 Bathe*), i.e. we make difficulties about  
 uttering our ware." Wedgwood.—F.

		then bespake Sir Vortiger,
Vortiger threatens to kill him.	1600	& sayd, "Merlyn, but thou me tell, anon I shall cause thee to be quell."
Merlin		then answered Merlyn a-plaint <sup>1</sup> with great wrath anon-wright, <sup>2</sup>
	1604	& sayd, "withouten weene <sup>3</sup> <i>that</i> day shall neuer be seene <sup>3</sup> ; if thou take thy sword in hand me to slay or bring in band,
ridicules this ;	1608	yett may thou fayle of all thy fare, <sup>4</sup> as the hound doth of the hare. I warne you well, Sir vortiger, I giue nothing of thy danger <sup>5</sup> !
is not afraid of him ; but will tell him all if he'll guarantee his safety.	1612	but if thou wilt find me a borrowe <sup>6</sup> <i>that</i> thou shalt doe me noe sorrowe, then will I tell you all bydeene the fightinge of the dragons keene. <sup>7</sup> "
Merlin then says, " You, Vortiger, are the foul red dragon :	1616	then said Merlyn to the King, " Sir, vnderstand well my sayinge ; the red dragon so foule of sight betokeneth thy selfe & all thy Might ;
	1620	for through thy false <i>procuringe</i> Moyn was slaine, the younge King. thou see the red dragon the white droue ffar downe into the groue : <span style="float: right;">[page 168.]</span>
you had Moyn slain.		
You banished Constantine's heirs.	1624	<i>that</i> betoekneth the heyres <i>that</i> thou didst fleame <sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Aplizt*, adv., immediately, at once: Rob. of Glo'ster, 54. Coleridge's Gloss.—F.

<sup>2</sup> *anonrightes*, adv. immediately. Aly-saunder, 824. Coleridge's Gloss.—F.

<sup>3</sup> These two lines are written as one in the MS.—F.

<sup>4</sup> way, It. [?] condition, welfare. Urry.—P.

<sup>5</sup> out of danger from thee.—P. "To be in the *Danger* of any one, *estre en son danger*, came to signify to be subjected to any one, to be in his power, or liable to a penalty to be inflicted by him or at

his suit ; and hence the ordinary acceptation of the word at the present day : 'In *danger* of the judgment, in *danger* of Hell-fire.' Wedgwood.—F.

<sup>6</sup> pledge, surety.—P. A.-S. *borh*.—F.

<sup>7</sup> Hiatus.—P. The prose romance says, "And Vortiger made hym soche suerte as he wolde" (p. 39) ; but it makes Vortiger ask the question without any suggestion from his nobles, immediately after the dragons' fight, and before the clerks are summoned.—F.

<sup>8</sup> bannish.—P. A.-S. *flyman*.—F.

- with wrong out of the realme.  
 soe all the folke *that* with them held  
 both in towne and in feilde,  
 1628 the white dragon doth signifie ;  
 the right heyres haue great envye  
*that* thou holdeth all their Land<sup>1</sup>  
 against them with much wronge ;  
 1632 alsoe the wh[i]te, can you well say,  
 recovered his flyght into the Valley,  
 & droue the redd dragon againe  
 till he came to the plaine,  
 1636 & to the ground he him cast,  
 & with the fyre of his blast  
 all to powder he burnt the redd,  
*that* neuer of him was found a shread.  
 1640 *that* betokens the heyres soe younge  
<sup>2</sup> are now waxen, & succour found,  
 & are readye with many<sup>3</sup> a Knight  
 against thee to hold fight.  
 1644 into this castle they shall thee driue  
 with thy child & thy wiffe ;  
<sup>4</sup> & all beene with thee then,  
 into the ground shall the brenn ;  
 1648 & the King Sir Anguis  
 shall be slaine, and hold noe price ;  
 his kingdome & thine alsoe  
 shall doe England Mickle woe.  
 1652 the head vpon the white dragons tayle,  
*that* betokens withouten fayle,  
 the heyres *that* be trew<sup>5</sup> and good  
 shall destroy all thy blood :  
 1656 Sir Vortiger, this is the tokeninge

Their  
friends are

the white  
dragon ;

and the  
white's  
recovering,

and burning  
the red to  
powder,

means that  
the young  
heirs

are ready to  
fight,

and will  
drive you  
into your  
castle,

and burn  
you all.

The head on  
the white's  
tail

shows that  
the true  
heirs shall  
kill all your  
kin."

<sup>1</sup> Londe.—P.

<sup>2</sup> I w<sup>d</sup> read "are waxen now with succour strong."—P.

<sup>3</sup> Only half the *n* in MS.—F.

<sup>4</sup> and when all ; *or* and all that been.

—P. Instances of the omission of the relative have occurred before.—F.

<sup>5</sup> trew, true.—P. The *t* is made over a *d* in MS.—F.

- of the dragons fighting !  
 as I thee say withouten othe  
 thou shalt it find siker<sup>1</sup> & troth.”
- Vortiger 1660  
 sadly asks still him stood Sir vortiger,  
 & bote his lip with dreery cheere,  
 & sayd to Merline withouten fayle,  
 “you must tell mee some counsell<sup>2</sup>
- Merlin for 1664  
 counsel. without any more striffe,  
 how I may best leade my liffe.”
- Merlin says 1668  
 Vortiger  
*must* die ;  
 there is no  
 help for it. then Merlyne sayd without weene,  
 “thus must itt needs beene,  
 & therefore soe haue I rest :  
 I can noe read, but doe thy best.”
- Vortiger 1672  
 says he'll  
 kill him. vortiger sayd, “but [thou] me tell,  
 anon I shall doe thee quell.”
- Merlin 1676  
 vanishes, he start vp & wold him haue wrought<sup>3</sup> ;  
 but where he was he wist nought,  
 soe soone hee was away then  
*that* in the hall wist noe man,  
 hye nor lowe, swaine nor groome,  
*that* whist where Merlyne was become.
- goes to 1680  
 Blasye, then went Merlyn hastilye  
 to the Hermitt *that* hight Blassey,  
 & told him without leasing  
 how he had serued the king ;  
 & told him without wronge  
 the fighting of the dragons stronge.
- tells him all 1684  
 about it ; of the red & of the white  
 a great Booke he did endite,  
 & told *that* the red dragon  
 betokens much destruction
- and Blasye 1688  
 writes down  
 in a great  
 book through vortigers kinred I-wis,  
 & the heathen *king* Anguis ;  
 in England shold be afterward  
 strong battailes & happs hard.

<sup>1</sup> firm, sure.—P.<sup>2</sup> counsayle.—P.<sup>3</sup> reached, seized.—P.



- |      |   |             |   |
|------|---|-------------|---|
| 1692 | all <i>that</i> Merline tolde & sayd,<br>in good writting itt was layd,<br>of all the ventures, I vnderstand,<br><i>that</i> euer shold fall in England ;         |             | all that<br>Merlin said.                                      |
| 1696 | But for itt is soe darke a thing<br><i>that</i> Merlyn made in his sayinge,<br><i>that</i> few men withouten weene<br>can vnderstand what itt meane ;             | [page 169.] | But it is so<br>dark<br><br>that few can<br>understand<br>it. |
| 1700 | but on <sup>1</sup> yee will a stond dwell,<br>of other things I will you tell.<br>of the hend children tow,<br>Vther & Pendragon alsoe,                          |             | I'll now tell<br>you how<br>Uther and<br>Pendragon            |
| 1704 | I told, as I you vnderstand,<br>how they were fleamed out of the Land ;<br>now will I tell you in certaine,<br>in what manner thé came againe                     |             | came back,  |
| 1708 | with great strenght & power,<br>& how he <sup>2</sup> draue Sir Vortiger<br>forth into his castle strong<br>for his vnright & for his wronge ;                    |             | drove Sir<br>Vortiger<br>into his<br>castle,                  |
| 1712 | & how thé brent him flesh & bone,<br>& how they can <i>king</i> Anguis slaine, <sup>3</sup><br>I will yee tell in what Mannour :<br>listen now & you shall heere. |             | and then<br>burnt him.  |

[The Seventh Part.]

- |      |   |  |  |
|------|---|--|--|
| 1716 | { | The merriest time itt is in may ;<br>then springs the summers day ;<br>soe in <i>that</i> time, as yee may heere,<br>the Barrons came to vortiger, | In merry<br>May,   |
| 1720 |   | & said, " my Lord the kinge,<br>wee haue brought you heard tydinge<br>of Pendragon <i>that</i> is thye foe,<br>& of Vther his brother alsoe ;      | Vortiger's<br>barons tell<br>him<br><br>that<br>Pendragon<br>and Uther |

<sup>1</sup> For *an*, *if*.—F.

<sup>2</sup> A.-S. *hi*, *they*.—F.

<sup>3</sup> *slone*, *idem*.—P.

- have  
invaded his  
land, 1724 They are comen into this Land  
with many a *Knight* doughtye of hand,  
& they will stint nought  
till thou be to ground brought ;
- and are at  
Winchester.  
He must  
summon his  
friends. 1728 they are att Winchester almost ;  
therefore send about in hast  
to all thy freinds, I thee reed,  
for thou had neuer soe much need."
- Vortiger  
sends 1732 vp him start vortigers,  
& called to him Messengers ;  
to winchester he them sent,  
& bade them, thorrow his commandement,
- to  
Winchester  
and orders  
the gates to  
be shut. 1736 ' against Vther & Pendragon  
thé shold shutt the gates anon ;  
as they wold his loue winne,  
they shold not let them come in ;
- 1740 & he wold come anon-right  
to helpe them with all his might.'  
other Messengers he sent anon  
to *king* Anguis soone,
- He also  
sends  
to King  
Anguis to  
come and  
help him. 1744 & bade him ' come to helpe att neede,  
with all the folke *that* he might leade,  
for to fight against his fone  
*that* were comen him to slone.'
- Anguis  
comes ;  
they march  
off ; 1748 when *King* Anguis he was come,  
the way to winchester they nume<sup>1</sup> ;  
& or they were halfe way there,  
Vther & Pendragon comen weare
- but Uther  
and Pen-  
dragon are  
already at  
Winchester ; 1752 to winchester<sup>2</sup> towne soe nye,  
& reard their Bannors on hye ;  
armes thé shewed rich there<sup>3</sup>  
*that* had beene their fathers before.

<sup>1</sup> nume, or nome, *i.e.* took.—P.

<sup>2</sup> The prose romance puts Winchester within sight of the sea—"the same day saugh thei of Wynchester the shippes comynge by the see," (p. 41)—and omits the battle, and defection of the hundred

knights, mentioned here, though it makes the people turn against Vortiger, and the latter take refuge in his castle, and get burnt, all in half a page of text.—F.

<sup>3</sup> there.—P.

- 1756 then the burgesse *that* they Banners knew,  
att the first he <sup>1</sup> can them rue  
the death of Constantine the King,  
& of Moyne *that* was slaine soe younge,
- 1760 & said 'vortiger was a Traitor,  
& all that wold him succor ;'  
& said 'thé wold let into the towne  
both Vther and Pendragon,
- 1764 & ceaze there into their hands,  
for they were right heyres of the land.'  
they sett open the gates wyde,  
& lett Pendragon in ryde,
- 1768 And Vther his brother alsoe, [page 170.]  
& all *that* came with them 2 ;  
& yeelden to them both towne & tower,  
& didden them full great honor,
- 1772 *that* euer after winchester then  
great thanke & freedome wan.  
when *that* vortiger the fell  
the sooth Tydings hard tell,
- 1776 *that* Vther & Pendragon  
were let into winchester towne,  
then he comanded his men fast  
to goe to winchester in hast.
- 1780 & when Pendragon vnder-nome,<sup>2</sup>  
*that* vortiger did thither come,  
he cast open the gates wyde ;  
& all they can out ryde,
- 1784 & dighten them without fayle  
to giue Sir Vortiger battayle.  
but the English Barrons all in fere  
*that* were comen with Vortiger,
- 1788 when thé can they <sup>3</sup> folke seene  
*that* were some time of their kine,

the  
burgesses of  
which town

say Vortiger  
is a traitor ;

and  
therefore  
they open  
the gates to  
Pendragon,

and give up  
town and  
tower to  
him and his  
host.

Vortiger  
hears of this,

and orders  
his men to  
march on  
Winchester.  
Pendragon

at once  
issues out  
to give  
Vortiger  
battle,

On seeing  
Pendragon,  
a hundred of  
Vortiger's  
barons

<sup>1</sup> they . . . rue ; to pity, lament.  
Jun.—P. A.—S. *hi*, they.—F.

<sup>2</sup> received, it perceived. Chauc., *vid.*  
Urry. Lye.—P.

<sup>3</sup> the.—P. they, those.—F.

- (with Vortiger was many a *Knight*  
*that* knew the Banners anon-right ;  
 1792 well a 100 there were  
*that* had serued their father deere,  
 turn against him, & saiden ‘Vortiger was false in feild,  
 & all *that* euer with him helde,’)  
 and attack him. 1796 to vortiger thé ran soone,  
 & thought for to haue slaine him anon.  
 they had ment to haue slaine him there,  
 but all too litle was their power,  
 1800 for against one of them  
 vortiger had 20 men  
*that* were comen altogether  
 with *King* Anguis thither.  
 1804 *King* Vortiger & Anguis  
 for wrath were neere wood I-wisse ;  
 orders them to be surrounded, he commanded all his route  
 to besett them all aboute,  
 1808 & sware there shold scape none,  
 but they shold all be slaine.<sup>1</sup>  
 and all slain. Lance they broke, & shafts thé drew,  
 many of the Barrons thé slew ;  
 Many are slain, 1812 but they were strong & wight,  
 though they fight hard. & fought againe with all their might ;  
 for nothing wold thé yeeld then,  
 but slew many a heathen man ;  
 1816 fast on him <sup>2</sup> they can hew,  
 but alas, they were to few !  
 One baron breaks through, yett one Baron was soe stronge  
*that* hee scaped out of the thronge ;  
 1820 hee pricked his steed with great randome  
 gallops to Pendragon, till he came to Pendragon ;  
 he sayd, “thou art heyre of this land,  
 to my tale doe vnderstand !  
 1824 for the loue of thy Brother & thee

<sup>1</sup> slone, *id.*—P.<sup>2</sup> A.-S. *hem*, them.—F.

- hither I come to helpe thee,  
 & therfor now are wee shent ;  
 for our good will to thee meant,  
 1828 *King vortiger & King Anguis,*  
 with many a Sarazen of great price  
 shall hew vs downe to the ground,  
 but yee vs helpe in this stonde.”  
 1832 itt was noe reed to bid him <sup>1</sup> ryde :  
 the folke spurred out ou euerye syde,  
 & when they were together mett,  
 there were strokes wel besett :  
 1836 there fought Vther & Pendragon  
 as they were woode Lyons ;  
 Many a sarazens head anon  
 thé stroke of by the Necke bone.  
 1840 Many folke *that* ilke tyde <sup>2</sup>  
 were slaine on both syds <sup>3</sup> ;  
*King Vortiger, without fayle,*  
 was ouercome in *that* battele <sup>4</sup> ;  
 1844 & Mawgre him & all his  
*that* were with *king* Anguis,  
 thé were driuen soe nye  
*that* into a castle they can flee,  
 1848 & *that* was both strong & merrye,

and appeals  
to him

to come to  
the rescue  
of his  
friends.

Pendragon's  
men charge ;

he and  
Uther fight  
like raging  
lions.

Vortiger is  
defeated,

[page 171.]

and takes  
refuge  
in a castle  
on Salisbury  
Plain.

<sup>1</sup> them or hem.—P.

<sup>2</sup> The last twenty-eight lines of the Lincoln's Inn MS. of Merlin are as follows :

1630 Gret folke on boþe syde  
 þer was slawe at þat tide.  
 Kyng Fortager wiþ-owte faile  
 was overcome in þat bataile ;  
 And mawgre him and alle his  
 þat weoren wiþ kyng Aungys,  
 þey weore dryuen so nygh  
 Into a castel þat þey fleigh  
 þat was boþe god and mury  
 vpon þe playn of salesbury.  
 1640 Pendragon and his broþir vter  
 Prikeden after sir fortager ;  
 And when þey to þat castel come,  
 wilde fuyr a-non þey nome,

And casten hit ouer þe wal wiþ  
 gynne.

And al so swiþe hit was wiþ-ynne,  
 hit gan to breanne owt of wit  
 þat noman myghte staunchen hit ;  
 And fortager wiþ child and wyf  
 And al þat was þer-ynne on lyue,  
 1650 Best and mon, wiþ lym and lyth,  
 hit brente down wiþ-oute gryth.  
 Fortager regnede here  
 Al fully seouen ȝere.  
 Now preyȝe we ihesu, heouene kyng,  
 And his moder þat sweete þynge,  
 he blesse ows alle wiþ his hond,  
 And sende ows pes in Engelond.

Explicit Merlyn.—F.

<sup>3</sup> either syde. *sic legerem*.—P.

<sup>4</sup> battayle.—P.

Pendragon and Uther		vpon the plaine of salsburye. Pendragon & his brother Vther pricked after Sir Vortiger ;
cast wild fire	1852	& when they to the castle came, wylde fyer soone them nume <sup>1</sup>
into the castle,		& cast itt in with a gynne <sup>2</sup> ; & as soone as itt was within,
and it soon	1856	itt gann to bren out of witt <i>that</i> noe man might stanch itt ;
burns up Vortiger, and all other beasts and men with him.	1860	& vortiger, with child & wiffe <i>that</i> were theere in their liffe, beast & man, with lymes & lythe, <sup>3</sup> were brenned all forthwith.
He reigned seven years.	1864	Vortiger raigned heere ffullye the space of 7 yeere. now pray wee all the heauens <i>King</i> ,
God send us peace in England !		& his mother, <i>that</i> sweet thinge, he blesse vs all with his hand, & send vs peace in England !

## [The Eighth Part.]

Uther and Pendragon besiege Anguis in his strong castle,	1868	} Now when vortiger was brent, Vther & Pendragon went for to beseege <i>king</i> Anguis in his castle soe strong of price, wither he was fled for dread & doubt. & Pendragon with all his rout besett him soe on euery side <i>that</i> noe man might scape <i>that</i> tyde.
but without success at first.	1876	
	8 <sup>d</sup> Parte	But <i>King</i> Anguis within <i>that</i> castle was bestowed soe wonderous well, & soe stronglye itt was wrought

<sup>1</sup> name, *i.e.* took.—P.  
<sup>2</sup> engine.—F.

<sup>3</sup> lythe, joint. A.-S. *lið*, artus, mem-  
brum, articulus. G.D. Lye.—P.



	<i>that</i> noe man might deere itt nought.	
1880	& when they had beseeged him longe about they castle <i>that</i> was soc stronge, & when noe man might him deere, <sup>1</sup> 5 Barrons comen there	Then five barons
1884	<i>that</i> had beene with vortiger, & told Pendragon & vther how Merlyne was begotten & borne, & how he came the <i>King</i> beforne,	tell Pendragon and Uther about Merlin.
1888	& what words he him tolde of the dragons vnder the Mould, & how the <i>King</i> wold haue him slaine, & noe man wott where he become, <sup>2</sup>	and what he told Vortiger about the two dragons.
1892	& said, "Sir, verament & Merline were here present, throughe his counsell you shall anon Kinge Anguis ouer-come."	They say that if Merlin were present,
1896	Pendragon was wound[r]ed thoe, & soe was his brother Vther alsoe, & sent anon the <i>Knights</i> 5 for to seeke Merlyn beliuie,	Anguis would soon be overcome. Pendragon and Uther send the knights to seek out Merlin,
1900	& bade them, if they found the child, to pray him with words milde to "come & speake with Pendragon & Vther in his pauillyon,	and beg him to come and help them to
1904	him to wishe, <sup>3</sup> & them to reade, & if hee might, helpe them att neede for to winne <i>that</i> strong hold, & he shold haue what he wold."	win Anguis's stronghold.
1908	the Messengers forth went to seeke Merlyn with good entent, & fare <sup>4</sup> & wyde they him sought, but of him they heard right nought.	The messengers
1912	soe on a day the Messengers,	can hear nothing of Merlin,

<sup>1</sup> *dere* Chaucero, est *ledere, nocere*.  
Lye.—P.

<sup>2</sup> became.—P.

<sup>3</sup> *wisse*, to direct, instruct, teach, show.  
Gl. ad Chauc.—P.

<sup>4</sup> *far*.—P.

till one day in a west- country tavern		as they were sett att their dinners in a taverne in the west countrye, with meate & drinke great plentye,—	
an old white- bearded churl comes in	1916	an old churle, hee came in with a white beard vpon his chine, & a staffe in his hand he had, & shoone on feete full well made,	
and begs for something to eat.	1920	And begunn to craue more, & said he was an hungred sore, & praid them on the bench aboue to giue him something for gods loue.	[page 172.]
They refuse to give him anything,	1924	& thé then sayd, with-out Leasinge, “ <i>that</i> he shold haue of them nothings,” & sayd “if that the churle be old, he is a stronge man & a bolde, & might goe worke for his meate if he itt wold with truth gett ;”	
say he is strong and can work ;	1928	& called to him euereche one, & bade him trusse <sup>1</sup> & away gone, & sware by the ruth <i>that</i> god them gaue, he shold drinke with his owne staffe. then Merlyn <sup>2</sup> answered yorne <sup>3</sup>	
he must pack,		“fellow,” hee sayd, “I am noe churle I am an old man of this worlde, & many wonders seene & hearde ; & yee be wretches & younge of blood, & forsooth can litle good ; & if yee knew as yee nay can, <sup>4</sup> yee shold scorne noe old man ; yee shold be in the <i>Kings</i> neede, for old men can thee wishe and reede	
or have a dose of bark with the stick inside.	1932		
Merlin says he's a man of the world, and they are impudent young scamps	1936		
who should know better than to scorn an old man.	1940		

<sup>1</sup> to truss, to pack up, close together. Johnson.—P.

<sup>2</sup> The name ought to be concealed here from what follows below, ver. 105. This should be an error of the Transcriber, & these 2 lines corrupt. *forté*

the old man.—P. The prose romance omits almost all the details here given. See page 42-3.—F.

<sup>3</sup> yerne, presently, quickly, eagerly. Gl. ad Chauc.—P.

<sup>4</sup> ne can.—P.

- 1944 where yee shold find Merlyn the chylde ;  
therefore the *King* was full wilde  
to send madmen out off rage  
for to goe on such a message ;
- 1948 for Merlyn is of such Manner,  
if he stood before you here  
& spake to you right att this dore,  
you shold know him neuer the more ;
- 1952 for 3<sup>re</sup> this day you haue him mett,  
& yett yee know him neuer the bett.  
& therefore wend home, by my reed,  
for him to find you shall not speed ;
- 1956 & bydd *that* prince take Barrons 5,  
& bydde come & speake to Merlyn belyue,  
& say *that* he shall them abyde  
right here by this forrests side.”
- 1960 & when he had said to them this,  
anon he was away I-wisse,  
& there wist none of them  
where this old man was become.
- 1964 the Messengers wondred all  
where the churle was befall,  
& all about they him sought,  
but of him they heard nought ;
- 1968 for in story it is told,  
the Churle *that* was soe stout & bold,  
*that* spake soe to the Messengers  
as thé sate att their dinners,
- 1972 forsooth itt was merline the younge  
*that* made to them this scorninge.  
the Messenger went soone anon,  
& told Vther & Pendragon,
- 1976 & <sup>1</sup> how the churle to them had tolde  
& sware to them with words bold,  
& told them how Merlyne the chylde
- The King  
must have  
been out of  
his wits to  
send such  
madmen  
out after  
Merlin.
- They have  
seen him  
thrice that  
day and not  
known him :  
they'd  
better go  
home
- and tell the  
King to send  
five decent  
barons after  
Merlin,  
who will  
meet them  
by the  
forest.  
The old  
churl  
vanishes ;
- the  
messengers
- can't find  
where to ;  
and indeed
- the churl  
that scorned  
them
- was Merlin  
himself.
- So they go  
back to  
Uther and  
Pendragon,
- and tell

<sup>1</sup> delend.—P.

them that Merlin is awaiting five fresh barons from them.	1980	was byding in the fforrest wylde, & bade them take Barrons 5, to come and speake with him belyue ; & sayd Merlyn wold them abyde att such a place by the forrest syde.
Pendragon hands the siege of Anguis over to Uther,	1984	Pendragon had wonder thoe, & Vther his brother alsoe. Pendragon bade his brother gent to the seege to take good tent, <sup>1</sup>
	1988	<i>that</i> king Anguis scaped not away neither by night nor yett by day till they were of him wreake, <sup>2</sup> for he wold goe with Merlyn speake. <sup>3</sup>
and goes himself to see Merlin.	1992	then Pendragon with Barrons 5, went forth alsoe belyue. And [when] Pendragon was <sup>4</sup> forth went, [page 173.]
Merlin then appears to Uther,	1996	Merlyn anon verament wist full well <i>that</i> he was gone, & to Vther he came anon,— as itt were a stout garrison <sup>5</sup> he came to Vthers Pauillyon,—
and warns him	2000	& said, “Vther, listen to mee, for of thy harme I will warne thee, ffor I know well with-uten fayle
that Anguis		all <i>king</i> Angrius counsaile ;
means to make a night attack on him ;	2004	for he will come this ilke night with many a man full well dight, & into the forrest slippe anon for to waite thee for to sloen ;
wherefore he must warn his host	2008	but herof haue thou noe dowbt, but warne thy host all about

<sup>1</sup> to take tent, to take heed ; tent, attention, notice. Gl. ad G. D.—P.

<sup>2</sup> wroke or wrake.—P.

<sup>3</sup> where . . spoke or spake.—P. MS. is right.—F.

<sup>4</sup> had, or delend.—P.

<sup>5</sup> forté, one of the garrison.—P.

Support: Old French, “*garison*, sûreté, sauveté, provision, tout ce qui est nécessaire ; *garnison* vivres, provision, tout ce qui est nécessaire (cf. *garison*) renfort. *Burquy's Gloss.* The military sense of *renfort*, reinforcement, suits here.—F.

	<i>that they be armed swithe &amp; weele both in Iron &amp; eke in steele,</i>	to arm at once,
2012	& gather to-gether all thy host, & hold yee still with-uten bost till <i>that</i> hee bee amonge ye comen, <sup>1</sup> for he shalbe the first groome	and keep still till the attack comes ;
2016	<i>that</i> shall vpon thy pauillion ren ; & looke <i>that</i> thou be ready then, & heard <sup>2</sup> on him looke thow hewe, & spare not that old shrewe,	then be ready ;
2020	for thou shalt slay him with thy hand, & winne <sup>3</sup> the price from all this land.” & when he had told him all this case, he vanished away from <i>that</i> place.	bear hard on that old shrew Anguis, and kill him.
2024	great wonder had Vther thoe <i>that</i> he was escaped soe, & thought itt was gods sonde <sup>4</sup> <i>that</i> warned him <i>that</i> stonde,	Merlin vanishes. Uther thinks him God's messenger.
2028	<i>that</i> had soe warned him of his fone, & was soe lightlye from him gone. & when itt drew vnto the night, King Anguis anon-right	At night Anguis arms
2032	did arme his men wrath <sup>5</sup> & prest, <sup>6</sup> 3000 men of the best, & said how a spye had tolde <i>that</i> Pendragon, the prince bold,	3,000 men, tells them Pendragon has left his camp ;
2036	forth into the countrye is <sup>7</sup> gone, & left his brother Vther att home ; therfore, he sayd, he will <sup>8</sup> out breake, & on other <sup>9</sup> he wold him wreake,	and therefore they must attack Uther,
2040	& sware an othe by Mahound <sup>10</sup>	

<sup>1</sup> come.—P. MS. has conen.—F.<sup>2</sup> hard.—P.<sup>3</sup> wime in MS.—F.<sup>4</sup> a message, anything that may be sent. *God's sonde*, of God's sending. Urry's Chauc.—P.<sup>5</sup> rath, soon, early, Chauc. *hinc*. rather.—P.<sup>6</sup> prest, ready, Chauc.—P.<sup>7</sup> was.—P.<sup>8</sup> wolde.—P.<sup>9</sup> Uther.—P.<sup>10</sup> This Poem was probably written

and kill him.		he wold kill him in his Pauillyon. & soone they were ready dight ; then <i>King</i> Anguis anon-right forthe of the castle he can ryde with 3000 by his syde, & forthe he went without bost vntill he came to Vthers host.	
Anguis sallies out with 3,000 men ;	2044	& when he was comen right where Vthers Pauillyon was pight, <sup>1</sup> <i>King</i> Anguis, a fell felon, he hyed him to the Pauillyon & thought to slay Vther therin ; but he was beguiled thorow Merlyne, for Merlyne had <i>that ilke</i> Morrow warned Vther of all the sorrow	
hies to Uther's pavilion to kill him, but is sold by Merlin,	2052	how <i>King</i> Anguis was bethought ; therefore in his Pauillyon was he nought, <sup>2</sup> but had taken the feild with-out, with many a hardye man & stout.	
for Uther is in the field ;	2060	& Vther was a hardy man ; vpon king Anguis hee ran, & smote him att the first blow <i>that</i> he cane him ouer-throwe ; & Vther with his sword soe smart he smote him thorow the hart, & hent him by the head anon, & stroke itt from the necke bone.	
charges Anguis, overthrows him,	2064	And when the Sarazens this can see, [page 174.] fast away can they flee to the Castle euer-eche <sup>3</sup> one, & left their Lord all alone.	
stabs him through the heart, and cuts his head off. The heathens flee,	2068	but or thé Might scape againe,	
	2072		

about the time of the Crusados, when all Europe so rung of the Sarracens and Mahomed, so that it became a general name for a Pagan & false God or idol.—P. The name can only prove that this poem was not written before the Cru-

sades. The names of the Saracens, and Mahound (for an idol), continued in use till perhaps the seventeenth century.—Th. Wright.

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.* pitched, præt. obsolete.—P.

<sup>2</sup> not.—P. <sup>3</sup> everiche.—P.



500 were all slayne  
of the stoutest *that* were there,  
*that* came with their *King I-fere*.<sup>1</sup>

losing 500  
men.

[The Ninth Part.]

[Of Pendragon; his search for Merlin; and his death.]

- |                      |  |   |                                    |
|----------------------|--|---|------------------------------------|
| 2076                 | {  | Now let vs be for a season,<br>& let us turne to Pendragon<br><i>that</i> was gone to the forrest wilde<br>to speake with Merlyn the chylde.<br>the first time he asked for Merlyn,<br>he see a heardsman keeping swine<br>with an old hatt vpon his head,<br>& in gray russett was he cladd, | Pendragon<br>goes to the<br>forest |
| 9 <sup>d</sup> Parte |  | after Merlin,   |                                    |
| 2084                 |  | And a good staffe in his hand,<br>& a white whelpe him followande;<br>stalworth he seemed, & well made.<br>the prince anon to him roade <sup>2</sup> ;  | and sees a<br>swineherd,           |
| 2088                 |  | & well fayre he can him fraine <sup>3</sup><br>giff he heard ought of Merlyn,<br>& whether hee cold tell him any tythands <sup>4</sup><br>where was his most wininge. <sup>5</sup>  | whom he<br>asks to tell<br>him     |
| 2092                 | “yea, Sir,” he sayd, “by St. Marye,<br>right now was Merlyn here with mee;<br>& thou had comen eare, <sup>6</sup> indeed,<br>thou might haue found him in <i>that</i> stead <sup>7</sup> ; | where<br>Merlin lives.<br>“He was<br>here just<br>now”;   |                                    |
| 2096                 | & if thou can Merlyn ken, <sup>8</sup><br>he is not yett far gone;<br>& therefore ryde forth in this way<br>as fast as euer thou may,  |   |                                    |
| 2100                 | & on thy right hand rathe <sup>9</sup>   | take the<br>first turn to<br>the right,   |                                    |

<sup>1</sup> together.—P.

<sup>2</sup> rade, rode.—P.

<sup>3</sup> *i.e.* freine, ask.—P.

<sup>4</sup> tyding.—P.

<sup>5</sup> most his wonninge [dwelling].—P.

<sup>6</sup> ere, before. (Gl. ad G. D.)—P.

<sup>7</sup> place.—P.

<sup>8</sup> conne.—P.

<sup>9</sup> soon.—P.

		thou shalt find a verry faire path <i>that</i> thorrow the faire forrest Lyeth, & in <i>that</i> way thou ryde swithe, & seekerlye <sup>1</sup> with-outhe weene soone thou may Merlyn seene."
and you are sure to see him."	2104	
Pendragon		then was the prince glad & blythe, & sped him forth swithe ;
	2108	& as he hard, soe he itt found, a well faire path on his right hand. <sup>2</sup> thé turned their horsse euereche one, & in <i>that</i> path thé rydden anon,
takes the right-hand road,		& with Merlyn they Metten then, & as itt were a stout Champyon, <sup>3</sup> & bare a great packe on his backe ; & to him the prince full faire spake,
meets a man (Merlin),	2112	& asked him if hee see Merlyn :
	2116	"yea," said he, "by St Martin, a little heere before <i>your</i> sight ; he is not farr, I you plyght.
whom he asks if he has seen Merlin. "Yes, and he is not far off ;	2120	to you I say by S <sup>t</sup> Iohn, he is not yett far gone ; & therefore ryde forth believe as fast as <i>your</i> horsse may driue,
ride on,		& yee shall find him in a wyle <sup>4</sup> :
and you will meet him before you have gone a mile."	2124	by then yee haue rydden a myle, with Merlyn yee shall meete then, or yee shall speake with some other man
	2128	<i>that</i> shall you tell full right where you shall haue of Merlyn a sight."
		& when he had thus sayd, thé pricked forth in a brayd <sup>5</sup> ;
They ride on,	2132	& by they <sup>6</sup> had rydden a stonde, as he him said with-out wronge,

<sup>1</sup> sickerlye, surely.—P.<sup>2</sup> honde.—P.<sup>3</sup> *legerim* Chapmon.—P.<sup>4</sup> while.—P.<sup>5</sup> a starting; *braid*, arose, awoke, also  
a start. (Gl. ad Chauc.)—P.<sup>6</sup> by then they.—P.

- he mett with Merlyn on the playne,  
 as he were a doughtye swaine,  
 2136 all cloathed in robes soe gay  
 as it had beene a monkes<sup>1</sup> gray,  
 & bare a ganelocke<sup>2</sup> in his hand ;  
 his speeche was of another Land.  
 2140 he, when the prince had him mett,  
 faire & hendlye he did him greete.  
 then the prince was all heaueye,  
 & asked him of his curtesie  
 2144 If he mett by the way [page 175.] asks  
 with chyld Merlyn *that* day : whether he  
 " yea, Sir," hee said, " by S<sup>t</sup> Michaelle, has met  
 Merlyn I know verry well ; Merlin.  
 2148 for right now sikerlye " Yes,  
 Merlyn was here fast by ; I know him  
 & had yee rydden a litle bett, well,  
 with Merlyn yee might haue mett ;  
 2152 but Sir, I say with-out othee,<sup>3</sup>  
 he is a quante<sup>4</sup> boy for-soothe ; he is a  
 soe well I know Merlyns thought, quaint boy ;  
 with-out my helpe you find him nought ;  
 2156 & if of him yee will haue spech,  
 then must you doe as I to you teache :  
 att the next towne here beside,  
 there you must Merlyn abyde,  
 2160 & in the towne take *your* ine,<sup>5</sup>  
 & certainly then child Merlyn  
 shall come to you this ilke night,  
 & there yee shall of him haue sight,  
 2164 & then yee may both Lowed & still  
 speake with Merlyn all<sup>6</sup> that you will."  
 then was the prince blythe & glad, Pendragon

<sup>1</sup> monke.—P.<sup>2</sup> a staff, vid. Bailey. An earlier meaning was "spear or javelin:" see Halliwell's Gloss.—F.<sup>3</sup> othe, oath.—P.<sup>4</sup> *quaint*, strange, odd. Gl. ad Chauc.—P.<sup>5</sup> inne.—P.<sup>6</sup> delend.—P.

		& pricked forth as he were madd,
puts up in the town,	2168	& tooke his inne in the towne as shold a lord of great renowne. Now May you heare in this time
and Merlin comes to him	2172	how Merlyn came the 5 <sup>th</sup> time, & how he the prince Mett, & on what manner he him grett, & became to him as counsellour <sup>1</sup> : hearken to me & you shall heare.
	2176	when itt was with-in the night, Merlyn came to the <i>King</i> full right, right in the guise of a swayne as he was in the forrest seene,
in the guise of a swain.	2180	& sayd—as I find in the booke— “ Sir Prince, god send you good lucke ! loe, I am heere <i>that</i> thou hast sought ! tell me what is thy thought, & what thou wilt to me saine, for I wold heare thee wonderous faine.”
Merlin announces himself to Pendragon, and says he will gladly hear all he has to say.	2184	then vpstart Pendragon, & into his armes he him nume <sup>2</sup> ;
Pendragon		to bide with him he did him craue, & what hee wold aske, he should haue. & Merlyn sayd verament
asks him to stop with him.	2188	“ he wold be att his commandement ; ouer all, where-soe he were, he wold be att his bydding yare. <sup>3</sup> ”
Merlin consents,	2192	then was the prince gladd & blyth, & thanked Merlyn many a sythe. <sup>4</sup>
	2196	then sayd Merlyn, “ Sir, will you heare ? I come from thy brother deere ; for through my councill hee hath this night slaine <i>King</i> Anguis, I you plight.”
and tells him that Uther has slain <i>King</i> Anguis.		
Pendragon	2200	then was the prince blythe & gladd,

<sup>1</sup> a counsellere. *qu.*—P.<sup>2</sup> nume, *i.e.* took.—P.<sup>3</sup> ready.—P.<sup>4</sup> time, (*vices*).—P.

- & great solace & myrth made ;  
 & all *that* were there were full faine,  
 & on the Morrow rod<sup>1</sup> home againe,  
 2204 & found *King Anguis* slaine,<sup>2</sup>  
 his head sett vp, his body drawne.  
 Pendragon asked Vther I-wis  
 ' who had slaine *King Anguis* ? '  
 2208 & he answered and can saine  
 that he [was<sup>3</sup>] warned by a swayne.  
 when he had told all how he did,  
 he thanked god in *that* steade.  
 2212 then be-spake Pendragon,  
 & sayd to Vther anon,  
 " hee *that* thee holpe att need thine,  
 forsooth itt was child Merlyn  
 2216 That standeth now here by thee." [page 176.]  
 Vther him thanked with hart free,  
 & prayd him then in all thing  
*that* he wold be att his bidding.  
 2220 then thé wenten to the castle with-out lesse,<sup>4</sup>  
 wherein many a Sarazen was,  
*that* noe man might to them winne  
 by noe manner of gynne ;  
 2224 & therefore the oste<sup>5</sup> still lay,  
 till after vpon the 3<sup>d</sup> day  
 word came from the Sarazen  
 where thé lay in castle fine,  
 2228 *that* they wold yeeld up the castle ;  
 if they might passe well  
 to their Land with-uten dere,<sup>6</sup>  
 vpon a booke thé wold sweare  
 2232 *that* they shold neuer againe come.  
 but Merlyn sent them word soone  
*that* they shold pass eache one  
 Their terms  
 are accepted,

and his  
company  
ride home,

find Anguis  
dead,  
and ask who  
slew him.

Uther tells  
him how he  
was warned  
by a swain.

" That was  
Merlin,"  
says  
Pendragon.

They all lay  
siege to the  
castle

till the  
Saracens  
(Saxons)  
offer to  
surrender it.

Their terms  
are accepted,

<sup>1</sup> rode.—P.

<sup>2</sup> slawne.—P.

<sup>3</sup> was, qu.—P.

<sup>4</sup> lese.—P.

<sup>5</sup> *i.e.* host.—P.

<sup>6</sup> hurt, damage.—P.

- by leaue of his Pendragon.
- 2236 & when they had all sworne & some<sup>1</sup>  
*that* they wold neuer in this land come,  
 they passed anon to the sea strond  
 & went into their owne Land.<sup>2</sup>
- and they  
 return home.
- Pendragon  
 is made  
 king,  
 reigns three  
 years, 2240 then to Pendragon the crowne they name,<sup>3</sup>  
 & *King* of Englande he became,  
 & in England he raigned *King*  
 but 3 yeere with-out Leasing,
- and is then  
 slain : 2244 & after he was slaine rathe<sup>4</sup>  
 with Sarazens, & *that* was scathe<sup>5</sup> ;  
 I shall you tell in whatt manner<sup>6</sup> ;  
 listen a while & you shall heare.
- I'll tell you  
 how.  
 In Denmark  
 were two  
 Saracens  
 of King  
 Anguis's  
 kin, 2248 *that* time in the Land of Denmarke  
 2 Sarazens where, stout & starke,  
 & were of *King* Anguis kinde,  
 of his next blood *that* was soe hynde;
- 2252 the one was come of the Brother,  
 & of the sister come the other ;  
 strong men thew were, & fell,  
 & their names I can you tell ;
- Sir Gamor,  
 and Sir  
 Malador, 2256 the one was called *Sir* Gamor,  
 & the other *Sir* Malador.  
 Gamor came of the brother beforne,  
 the other was of the sister borne,
- great lords, 2260 great *Lords* were they of Land :  
*Sir* Malador held in his hand  
 2 duchyes, & Gamor 3 ;
- and stout, 2264 stowter men might none bee.  
 when they heard how *king* Anguis

<sup>1</sup> rather "sworne all and some."—P. The *imesis* is allowable in early English.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Lond.—P. Instead of what follow till the arrival of the Danes in England, the Prose Romance, p. 50-4, has a story of a baron, envious of Merlin, who, as Merlin prophesied, breaks his neck; then Merlin's foretelling of two days fight,

and, on the third, the appearance of a flying dragon in the air, which will give the British victory.—F.

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* took, from nym, to take.—P.

<sup>4</sup> early, soon.—P.

<sup>5</sup> Loss, damage, hurt. Gl. ad Chauc.—P.

<sup>6</sup> P. has added an *e* to the end.—F.



- in England was slaine I-wis,  
altogether can they speake,  
theire vnckles death they wold wreake ;  
2268 & soe great an oste together they brought  
*that* they <sup>1</sup> number they can tell nought ;  
but vnto shipp they gone anon,  
& the seas<sup>2</sup> to flowe began.
- 2272 the winde soe well began to blow <sup>3</sup>  
*that* they landed att Bristowe.  
then Merlyn knew itt well anon,  
& told it vther & Pendragon,  
2276 ‘how there was comen from Denmarke  
a stronge oste stout & starke,  
with many Sarazens of Price,  
for to Auenge *King* Anguis.’
- 2280 “In England,” sayd Merlyn then,  
“such an oste was neuer seene ;  
I say to you *with-ou*ten Layne,  
the one of you shalbe slayne ;  
2284 & whether of you soe ere it is,  
shall haue to meede heauens blisse.”  
but for noe meede he wold not saine  
whether of them shold be slaine ;  
but neuer-the-lesse yee shall heare.
- 2288 Merlyn Loued<sup>4</sup> well Vther,  
the least heere <sup>5</sup> *that* was on his crowne,  
then all the body of Pendragon. [page 177.]
- 2292 Hee bade them dight them anon  
against their foemen for to gone,  
& sayd ‘Pendragon *with-out* fayle  
Vppon the Land shold them assayle ;’  
“& Vther, alsoe I bidd thee,  
2296 thou shalt wend by the sea,  
& looke *that* theree scapen none
- who resolve  
to avenge  
Anguis's  
death.  
They gather  
a great host,  
set sail,
- and land at  
Bristol.  
Merlin  
knows it ;  
tells Uther  
and  
Pendragon  
of it ;
- and says it  
will be the  
death of one  
of them ;
- he will not  
say which :
- but you  
shall hear  
(Merlin  
loves Uther  
best).
- Merlin bids
- Pendragon  
attack the  
Saracen  
Danes  
in front by  
land,  
while Uther,  
in their rear,  
takes care

<sup>1</sup> the.—P.<sup>2</sup> MS. may be *seat*.—F.<sup>3</sup> The *b* is an altered *f*.—F.<sup>4</sup> better.—P.<sup>5</sup> hair.—P

- that none  
escape by  
sea.  
Pendragon 2300 till they be slaine euerye-eche<sup>1</sup> one.”  
Pendragon was a doughtye Knight,  
& fell & Egar for to fight ;  
he neuer for stroakes wold forbear  
against noe man with sheeld or speare,  
nor better did with-uten fayle,  
2304 & *that* was seene in *that* Battaile ;  
he tooke his oaste with might & mayne,  
& went the Sarazens fast againe ;  
& when they were together mett,  
fiercely, 2308 there were strokes sadlye sett ;  
many a heathen Sarazen  
he cloue downe to the chin ;  
and kills so  
many of  
them 2312 many a man was sticked tho,  
& many a good steed was slayne alsoe.  
the Booke saith with-uten Lye  
there was done such chualrye ;  
of the folke *that* Pendragon fell,  
noe man can the number tell.  
2316 & Vther to the sea went,  
& Merlyn told him verament  
*that* he shold not that day be slaine.  
2320 then was Vther wonderous fayne,<sup>2</sup>  
& in his hart soe wonderous Lyght  
*that* hee was feirce & fell in fight,  
& Egerlye with-out fayle  
and he  
assails 2324 the Sarazens he can assayle,  
& fast against them can stryde<sup>3</sup>  
*that* many a Sarazen lost their liffe.  
Pendragon 2328 Pendragon & his folke in hast  
the Sarazens fast to ground thé cast,  
*that* there were none against them stoode,  
but fledd away as they were wood.  
puts the  
Saracen  
Danes to  
flight.  
Uther  
interrupts  
them in  
their rear ; 2332 but Vther in *that* ilke tyde  
kept them in on the other syde ;
- <sup>1</sup> everiche one.—P.      <sup>2</sup> glad.—P.      <sup>3</sup> strive or striffe.—P.

- with strong Battayle & strokes hard  
 he droue them all againe backward ;  
 & when *that* they noe further might,  
 2336 on Pendragon can thé light,  
 a 100 Sarazens on a rowte  
 att once Layd him all about.  
 who-soe had seene Pendragon then,<sup>1</sup>  
 2340 he might haue seene a Doughtye man ;  
 for all *that* he might euer reach,  
 trulye thé need noe other Leech.  
 the Sarazens stout & grim,  
 2344 slew his steed vnder him ;  
 & when hee had Lost his steed,  
 great ruthe itt is in bookes to reede  
 how *that* he on foote stood  
 2348 till *that* he lost his harts bloode.  
 a 100 Sarazens att a brayd <sup>2</sup>  
 all att once att him Layd,  
 & broken him body & arme,  
 2352 & slew him there ; & *that* was harme.  
 & when *that* Vither vnderstoode  
 his brother was slaine, he waxt neere woode,  
 & bade his men fast fight,  
 2356 & he bestirrde him like a *Knight* :  
 of all the Sarazens *that* were left alieue  
 there scaped noe more but 5.  
 of the Christian men were but slane  
 2360 3031 certane ;  
 & in that ilke country thoe  
 a mile might noe man goe—  
 neither by dale nor by downe—  
 2364 but he shold tread on a dead man.<sup>3</sup>  
 And when itt was against the night,  
 Vther had discomfited them in fight ;  
 he went home into his inne,

drives them  
back ;

and  
a hundred  
surround  
Pendragon,

kill his  
steed,

and then he  
fights on  
foot till he  
is slain.  
A hundred  
Danes  
rush at him,

and slay  
him, sad to  
say.  
Uther

bids his men  
fight fast,

and only five  
Danes escape  
alive.

3031 Chris-  
tians are  
killed.

[page 178.]

Uther goes  
home at  
night.

<sup>1</sup> than.—P.

<sup>2</sup> on a sudden.—F.

<sup>3</sup> mon.—P.

	2368	& asket councell of Merlyne.
Pendragon's corpse is found,		Pendragon was out sought,
		& to the church full fayre brought;
and buried at Glaston- bury.	2372	he was grauen & layd full Merrye in the towne of Glasenburye, & thus ended <i>that</i> doughtye <i>Knight</i> .
God save his soul! and the souls of all who die for the Right!	2376	God grant his soule to blisse soe bright! & all <i>that</i> done soe for the right, I pray Iesu for his might he grant them heauens blisse aboue!
Amen!		AMEN, AMEN, for his mothers loue!

ffins.

[ "*Dulcina*," printed in the *Loose Songs*, follows here, p. 178 of the MS.]

### King : Arthurs Death.<sup>1</sup>

PERCY remarks in a note to l. 96, p. 501 below, at the end of the first part of the following ballad, page 180 of the MS., "Hitherto the King himself speaks. In what follows the Poet carries on the narrative. From the difference of style and meter they should seem to be two different songs." This is evidently the case. The original ballad must have ended with l. 96, and is a simple narrative by Arthur of who and what he was, what countries he won, what giants and men he killed; how, while he was emperor at Rome, news of Mordred's treason came to him; how he returned and fought him, losing all his own valiant knights, and killing Mordred and every one of his men. Then a subsequent minstrel or copier must have thought "what a pity that all the details of that last great battle in the West should be left out!" So he set to work to add them, and has told again the oft-told tale that never dies: how the chance drawing of a sword by a knight to kill an adder, let loose on one another the hosts that were waiting to part as friends; how on that bloody field all Britain's "noble Chivalry took their end"—for one man's sin the fairest company that e'er was thought of, died;—how the fruit of Arthur's incest wounded to the death his father-king; how Duke Lukin, after thrice failing to obey his Lord's commands, threw Escalberd into the stream, and

. . . ranne againe to tell the *King*.  
but the *King* was gone from vnder the tree;

<sup>1</sup> A very curious Romantic old Ballad, or rather two. see st. 25.—P.

N.B. The facts here referred to may be found related at large in the Old Chronicles, especially an old Cronycle Folio, black Lettre, printed at Antwerp 1493, by Gerard de leeuw.—P.

The former part of this Ballad is upon the Plan of Guy & Phillis. see Page 252.—P.

N.B. In this and the following, I made many corrections which I did not think it necessary to enumerate.—P.

but to what place he cold not tell,  
for neuer after hee did him see ;  
but he see a barge from the land goe,  
& heardè Ladyes houle & cry. . .

Arthur is  
my name,

OFF Bruite his blood<sup>1</sup> in Brittainè borne,  
King Arthur I am to name ;  
through christendome & heathynesse<sup>2</sup>  
4 well knowen is my worthy fame.

and I believe  
in God.

In Iesus christ I doe beleue,  
I am a christyan borne<sup>3</sup> ;  
the father, sone, & holy gost,  
8 one god, I doe adore.

I ruled  
Britain  
in A.D. 490,

in the 490 yeere  
over Brittainè I did rayne  
after my savior christ his byrth,  
12 What time I did maintaine

[page 179.]

and kept the  
Round  
Table  
of 130  
knights,

the fellow-shipp of the table round,  
soe ffamous in those dayes,  
wheratt 100 Noble *Knights*  
16 & 30: sitt<sup>4</sup> alwayes,

feared thro'  
the world.

who for their deeds & Martiall ffeates—  
as bookes done yett record—  
amongst all<sup>5</sup> Nations  
20 wer feared through the world.

Uther begat  
me on  
Agyana.

& in the castle of Tyntagill<sup>6</sup>  
King Vther mee begate  
of Agyana,<sup>7</sup> a bewtyous Ladye,<sup>8</sup>  
24 & come of his estate.

<sup>1</sup> Brutus' blood, rather Bruty's.—P.

<sup>2</sup> As wel in Cristendom as *hethenesse*.  
Chauc. *Cant. T. Prol.* Harl. MS. 7334.  
—F.

<sup>3</sup> bore is used in G.D. for borne

passim.—P.

<sup>5</sup> other.—P. pronounce na-ti-ons.—F.

<sup>6</sup> Tyntagel.—P.

<sup>7</sup> It is *Igerne* in the old Chronicles.—P.

<sup>8</sup> dame.—P.

<sup>4</sup> sat.—P.



- & when I was 15 yeere old,  
 then was I crowned *King* ;  
 all Brittainē was att an vprore,  
 28 I did to quiett bringe,
- & droue the Saxons from the realme,  
 who had opprest this Land ;  
 & then I conquered througe Manly feats  
 32 all Scottlande<sup>1</sup> with my hands.<sup>2</sup>
- Ireland, Denmarke,<sup>3</sup> Norway,  
 these countryes wan I all,  
 Iseland, Gotheland, & Swethland,  
 36 & made their *Kings* my thrall.
- 5 *Kings* of Pauye<sup>4</sup> I did kill  
 amidst *that* bloody strife ;  
 besides the grecian Emperour,  
 40 who alsoe Lost his liffe.
- I conquered all Gallya  
*that* now is called ffrance,  
 & I slew the hardy froland feild,<sup>5</sup>  
 44 My honor to advance ;
- & the vgly Gyant Danibus<sup>6</sup>  
 soe terrible [to] vewe,  
*that* in St Barnards mount did Lye,  
 48 by force of armes I slew ;
- & <sup>7</sup> Lucyes the Emperour of Roome,  
 I brought to deadly wracke ;
- At fifteen  
 I was  
 crowned,
- drove out  
 the Saxons,  
 and  
 conquered  
 Scotland,
- Denmark,  
 and Iceland.
- I killed five  
 Pavian kings  
 and a Greek  
 emperor.
- I conquered  
 France,  
 slew Frollo,
- the giant  
 Danibus,
- Lucius of  
 Rome,  
 and 1000  
 of his  
 knights.

<sup>1</sup> All Scotl<sup>d</sup> then thro' manly feats  
 I conquerd with my hands.  
*sic legerim.*—P.

<sup>2</sup> hand.—P.

<sup>3</sup> and.—P.

<sup>4</sup> Pavye.—P.

<sup>5</sup> Froll in field : Froll or Frolle, accord-  
 ing to the old Chronicles, was a Roman  
*knight*, Governor of France.—P.

<sup>6</sup> called Dynabus in the Chronicles.  
 —P.

<sup>7</sup> delend.—P.

- & a 1000 more of Noble *Knights*  
 52 for feare did turne their backes,
- Then I  
 passed  
 Mountjoye,  
 whose carkasse I did send to Roome,  
 cladd poorlye on a beere.  
 & afterward I past Mountioye,  
 56 the next approaching yeere ;
- and in Rome  
 was crowned  
 emperor.  
 then I came to roome,<sup>1</sup> where I was mett  
 right as a conquerour,  
 & by all the cardinalls solempnye  
 60 I was crowned an Emperour.
- Then, news  
 came of  
 Mordred's  
 adultery  
 one winter [there] I made <sup>2</sup> abode,  
 & then word to me was brought  
 how Mordred, my sonne,<sup>3</sup> had <sup>4</sup>oppressed the  
 crowne,  
 64 what treason he had wrought
- with my  
 queen.  
 I came  
 home.  
 att home in Brittainne heere with my Queene ;  
 therefore I came with speede  
 to Brittainne backe with all my power,  
 68 to quitt<sup>5</sup> *that* traiterous deede.
- Mordred  
 opposed my  
 landing,  
 but I  
 effected it,  
 & when att Sandwiche I did Land,  
 where<sup>6</sup> Mordred me with-stoode<sup>7</sup> ;  
 but yett att last I landed there  
 72 with effusion of Much blood,
- losing Str  
 Gawaine.  
 ffor there my nephew Sir Gawaine dyed,  
 being wounded on<sup>8</sup> *that* sore<sup>9</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Rome.—P.<sup>2</sup> there I made.—P.<sup>3</sup> In *the* Chronicles &c. he is called his nephew.—P. The romances make him Arthur's son by incestuous intercourse with his sister, King Lot's wife.—F.<sup>4</sup> per.—P. (*so*) <sup>5</sup> *i.e.* requite.—P.<sup>6</sup> there.—P.<sup>7</sup> There is a dip-stroke between the *d* and *e*.—F.<sup>8</sup> in that sore.—P.The w<sup>ch</sup> Sir Lancelot in fight.

Had, &amp;c.—P.

<sup>9</sup> shore.—P.

- that Sir Lancelott in fight*  
 76     had giuen him before.<sup>1</sup>
- thence chased I Mordred away,  
       who fledd to London wright<sup>2</sup> ;  
 ffrom London to winchester,  
 80     & to Cor[n]walle, hee tooke his flyght ;
- & still I him pursued with speed  
       till at the Last wee mett,  
 wherby appointed<sup>3</sup> day of fight  
 84     was<sup>4</sup> agreeede & sett,                     [page 180.]
- <sup>5</sup> where wee did fight soe Mortallye  
       of liue eche other to<sup>6</sup> deprive,  
*that* of 100:1000 men  
 88     scarce one was left aliue ;
- there all the Noble chinalrye  
       of Brittain tooke their end !  
 O ! see how fickle is their state<sup>7</sup>  
 92     *that* doe vpon<sup>8</sup> feates depend !
- there all the traiterous men were slaine,  
       not one escaped away ;  
 & there dyed all my Vallyant *Knights* !  
 96     alas *that* woefull day !<sup>9</sup>

I chased  
Mordred  
to Cornwall,

till we met.

We fought ;  
nearly  
100,000 were  
slain,

all Britain's  
noble  
knights!

All Mor-  
dred's men  
were killed,  
and all my  
valiant  
knights.  
Alas!

## [Part II.]

but vpon a Monday<sup>10</sup> after Trinity sonday  
 this battaile foughten cold bee,

On Trinity  
Sunday  
before the  
battle

<sup>1</sup> l. 76 & 75 are written in one line in the MS.—F.

<sup>2</sup> right.—P.

<sup>3</sup> an appointed.—P.

<sup>4</sup> there was.—P.

<sup>5</sup> where we did fight of mortal life Eche other to deprive.—P.

<sup>6</sup> life each to.—P.

<sup>7</sup> state.—P. The *e* has a flourish like *s* at the end.—F.

<sup>8</sup> on.—P.

<sup>9</sup> Percy's note here is printed in the Introduction to this Poem.—F.

<sup>10</sup> The Morn.—P.

- where many a *Knicht* cryed well-away!  
 100      alacke, the more pittye!
- Gawain's  
ghost  
appears to  
Arthur,  
 but vpon Sunday in the euening then,  
 when the *King* in his bedd did Lye,  
 he thought Sir Gawaine to him came,  
 104      & thus to him did say<sup>1</sup>:
- and prays  
him not to  
fight next  
day,  
 "Now as you are my vnckle deere,  
 I pray you be ruled by mee,  
 doe not fight as to-morrow day,<sup>2</sup>  
 108      but put the battelle of if you may<sup>3</sup>;
- as Lancelot  
and his  
knights  
are away in  
France.  
 "for Sir Lancelott is now in france,  
 & many *Knights* with him full hardye,  
 & with-in this Month here hee wilbe,  
 112      great aide wilbe<sup>4</sup> to thee."
- Arthur tells  
his nobles  
his vision.  
 hee wakened forth of his dreames:  
 to his Nobles *that* told hee,  
 how he thought Sir Gawaine to him came,  
 116      & these words sayd Certainly.
- They advise  
negotiation  
with  
Mordred.  
 & then thé gaue the *King* councell all,  
 vpon Munday Earlye  
*that* hee shold send one of his heralds of armes  
 120      to *parle*<sup>5</sup> with his sonne, if itt might bee.
- Arthur  
sends twelve  
knights to  
the parley,  
 & 12 knights *King* Arthur chose,  
 the best in his companye,  
*that* they shold goe to meete his sonne,  
 124      to agree if itt cold bee.

<sup>1</sup> crye.—P.<sup>2</sup> delend.—P.<sup>3</sup> but put it off if you may.—P.<sup>4</sup> to give.—P.<sup>5</sup> *parle*, *parly*.—P.

- & the *King* charged all his host  
 in readynesse for to bee,  
*that* Noe man shold noe weapons sturr  
 128 with-out a sword<sup>1</sup> drawne amongst his *Knights* thé  
 see.
- & Mordred vpon the other part,  
 12 of his *Knights* chose hee  
*that* they shold goe to meete his father  
 132 betweene those 2 hosts fayre & free.
- & Mordred charged his ost  
 in like mannor most certainly,  
*that* noe man shold noe weapons sturre  
 136 with-out a sword drawne amongst<sup>2</sup> them thé see ;
- for he durst not his father trust,  
 nor the father the sonne<sup>3</sup> certainley.  
 alacke ! this was a woefull case  
 140 as euer was in christentye !
- but when they were mett together there,  
 & agreed of all things as itt shold bee,  
 & a monthes League then there was  
 144 before the battele foughten shold bee,
- an Adder came forth of Bush,  
 stunge one of *king* Arthurs *Knights* below his knee :  
 alacke ! this was a woefull chance  
 148 as euer was in christentye !
- the *Knight* he found him wounded there,  
 & see the wild worme there to bee ;  
 his sword out of his scabberd he drew ;  
 152 alas ! itt was the more pittye !

and orders  
 his host not  
 to stir  
 unless any  
 knight  
 draws his  
 sword.

Mordred  
 also sends  
 twelve  
 knights,

and gives  
 like orders  
 to his host.

Neither  
 could  
 trust the  
 other.

The knights  
 agree on  
 a truce ;

an adder  
 stings one  
 of them ;

he draws  
 his sword ;

<sup>1</sup> unless swordes.—P.

<sup>2</sup> against.—P.

<sup>3</sup> some in MS.—F.

the hosts  
join battle;

& when these 2 osts saw they sword drawn,  
thé Ioyned battell certainlye,

and of  
100,000 men  
only three  
are left,

156 Till of a 100:1000 : men  
of one side was left but 3.

[page 181.]

but all were slaine *that* durst abyde,  
but some awaye *that* did flee.

1. Arthur,

160 *King* Arthur vpon his owne partye  
himselſe alieue cold be,

2. Duke  
Lukin,  
and 3.  
Bedever.

& Lukin the Duke of Gloster,  
& Bedever his Butler certainlye.

164 the *King* looked about him there,  
& saw his *Knights* all slaine to bee ;

Arthur  
moans to  
see his  
knights  
slain and  
Mordred  
alive.

168 “ Alas ! ” then sayd Noble *King* Arthur  
“ *that* euer this sight I see !  
to see all my good *Knights* lye slaine,  
& the traitor yett alieue to bee !

He will slay  
Mordred.

172 “ loe where he leanes vpon his sword hillts  
amongst his dead men certainlye !  
I will goe slay him att this time ;  
neuer att better advantage I shall him see.”

Duke Lukin  
dissuades  
him,

176 “ Nay ! stay here, my Leege ! ” then said the Duke,  
“ for loue & charitye !  
for wee haue the battell woone,  
for yett alieue wee<sup>1</sup> are but 3 : ”

but Arthur  
mounts his  
horse,

180 the *King* wold not be *perswaded* then,  
but his horsse then Mounted hee ;  
his Butler t[hat] helped<sup>2</sup> him to horsse,  
his bowells gushed to his knee.

<sup>1</sup> altho alive we.—P.

<sup>2</sup> ‘ helped, or as he helped.’—P. MS. thelped.—F.



- “ alas ! ” then said noble *king* Arthur,  
 “ *that* this sight I euer see,  
 to see this good *knight* for to be slaine  
 184 for loue <sup>1</sup> for to helpe mee ! ”
- he put his speare into his rest,  
 & att his sonne he ryd feirclye,  
 & through him there his speare he thrust  
 188 a fatham thorow his body.
- the sonne he felld<sup>2</sup> him wounded there,  
 & knew <sup>3</sup> his death then to bee ;  
 he thrust himselfe vpon his speare,  
 192 & gaue his father a wound certainlye.
- but there dyed *Sir Mordred*  
 presently vpon *that* tree.  
 but or ere the *King* returned againe,  
 196 his butler was dead certainlye.
- then bespake him<sup>4</sup> Noble *King* Arthur,  
 these were the words sayd hee,  
 sayes, “ take my sword *Escalberd* <sup>5</sup>  
 200 from my side fayre & free,  
 & throw itt into this riuer heere ;  
 for all the vse of weapons Ile deliuer vppe,  
 heere vnderneath this tree.”
- 204 the Duke to the riuer side he went,  
 & his sword in threw hee ;  
 & then he kept *Escalberd*,  
 I tell you certainlye ;

grieues over  
Bedever's  
wounds,

charges at  
Mordred,  
and spears  
him through.

Mordred  
wounds  
Arthur,

and dies on  
his spear.

Bedever dies  
too.

Arthur  
bids Lukin  
throw  
*Escalberd*

into the  
river.

Lukin  
throws in  
his own  
sword,  
and keeps  
*Escalberd*.

<sup>1</sup> for his love.—P.

<sup>2</sup> felt.—P.

<sup>3</sup> MS. may be know.—F.

<sup>4</sup> viz. Lukyn, Duke of Gloster.—P.

<sup>5</sup> Caliburn, the sword of *King* Arthur' was presented A.D. 1191 to Tancred, *King* of Sicily, by our *King* Richard I. See Rapin, vol. i.—P.

- 208 & then he came to tell the *King*.  
 the *king* said, "Lukin, what did thou see?"  
 Arthur asks  
 what he saw.  
 "Nothing."  
 "noe thing, my leege," the[n]<sup>1</sup> sayd the duke,  
 "I tell you certainlye."
- "Go again,  
 and throw in  
 my sword." 212 "O goe againe," said the *king*,  
 "for loue & charitye,  
 & throw my sword into *that* riuer,  
*that* neuer I doe itt see."
- Lukin  
 throws in  
 the  
 scabbard,  
 216 the Duke to the riuer side he went,  
 & the *kings* scaberd in threw hee;  
 & still he kept Escalbard  
 for vertue sake faire & free.
- and tells  
 Arthur  
 he saw  
 nothing.  
 220 he came againe to tell the *King*;  
 the *King* sayd, "Lukin, what did thou see?"  
 "nothing, my leege," then sayd the Duke,  
 "I tell you certainlye."
- Arthur  
 threatens to  
 kill him.  
 224 "O goe againe, Lukin," said the *King*, [page 182.]  
 "or the one of vs shall dye."  
 Lukin  
 throws in  
 Escalberd;  
 then the Duke to the riuer sid went,  
 & then *Kings* sword then threw hee:
- a hand and  
 arm  
 catch it.  
 228 a hand & an arme did meete *that* sword,  
 & flourished 3 times certainlye.
- Lukin finds  
 Arthur  
 vanished,  
 he came againe to tell the *King*,  
 but the *King* was gone from vnder the tree,<sup>2</sup>
- and sees a  
 barge go  
 from the  
 shore.  
 232 but to what place, he cold not tell,  
 for neuer after hee did him see,  
 but he see a barge from the land goe,  
 & hearde Ladyes<sup>3</sup> houle & cry certainlye;

<sup>1</sup> then.—P.<sup>2</sup> This is the tradition alluded to by Don Quixote.—P.<sup>3</sup> By this word old English writersexpressed what *the* Romans called *Nymphæ*, &c. Summo ulularunt vertice *Nymphæ*. Æn. 4, 168.—P.

- 236 but whether the *king* was there or noe  
 he knew not certainlye.  
 the Duke walked by *that* Riuers side  
 till a chappell there found hee,
- 240 & a preist by the aulter<sup>1</sup> side there stood.  
 the Duke kneeled downe there on his knee  
 & prayed the preists, "for christs sake  
 the rights<sup>2</sup> of the church bestow on mee!"
- 244 for many dangerous wounds he had vpon him,<sup>3</sup>  
 & liklye he was to dye.  
 & there the Duke liued in prayer  
 till the time *that* hee did dye.
- 248 <sup>4</sup> *King* Arthur liued *King* 22 yeere  
 in honor and great fame,  
 & thus by death suddenlye  
 was depriued from the same.
- ffins.

Lukin walks  
to a chapel,

prays for the  
rites of the  
church,

and lives  
there till he  
dies.

Arthur  
reigned  
twenty-two  
years.

<sup>1</sup> altar.—P.

<sup>2</sup> rites.—P.

<sup>3</sup> delend.—P.

<sup>4</sup> I take this stanza to belong to the  
first part.—P.

[*The loose songs "Of a Puritane" and "Cooke Laurell"*  
*follow, pages 182-4 of the MS.*]

## Kinge John & Bishoppe.

[Page 184 of MS.]

“IN most copies of y<sup>e</sup> old song 'tis ‘the Abbots of Canterbury,’” says Percy’s note in the manuscript. Another copy is “In the printed collection of old Ballads, 1726, Vol. 2. p. 43. N. viii.,” but “N.B. This song is more ancient and very different from the printed copy: containing double the quantity.” In his Introduction to “K. John and the Abbot of Canterbury,” “Reliques,” v. 2, p. 302, 1st ed., the Bishop says, “The common popular ballad of ‘King John and the Abbot’ seems to have been abridged and modernized about the time of James I. from one much older, intitled ‘King John and the Bishop of Canterbury.’ The editor’s folio MS. contains a copy of this last, but in too corrupt a state to be reprinted; it however afforded many lines worth revising, which will be found inserted in the ensuing stanzas [of “K. John and the Abbot”], chiefly printed from an ancient black-letter copy “to the tune of Derrydown.” Besides the above names, the tune is also referred to as “A Cobbler there was,” and as “Death and the Cobler” (Chappell’s “Pop. Music,” i. 348; tune at p. 350). “Both ‘The King and the Abbot’ and ‘The King and the Bishop’ are in the catalogue of ballads printed by Thackeray in the reign of Charles II. The story upon which these ballads are founded can be traced back to the fifteenth century” (*ib.* p. 350).

I'll tell you  
a tale of  
King John,

a bad lot he, 4

OFF an ancient story Ile tell you anon,  
of a notable prince *that* was called King Iohn,  
in England was borne, with maine & with might  
hee did much<sup>1</sup> wrong, & mainteined litle right.

<sup>1</sup> mickle.—P.

- this Noble prince was vexed in veretye,  
 for he was angry with the bishopp of canterbury  
 ffor his house-keeping & his good cheere.
- 8 thé rode post for him, as you shall heare ;  
 they rode post for him verry hastilye ;  
 the King sayd the bishopp kept a better house then  
 hee ;
- a 100 men euen, as I say,<sup>1</sup>
- 12 the Bishopp kept in his house euerye day,  
 & 50 gold chaines,<sup>2</sup> without any doubt,  
 in veluett coates waited the Bishopp about.  
 the Bishopp, he came to the court anon
- 16 before his prince *that* was called King Iohn.  
 as soone as the Bishopp the King did see,  
 "O," quoth the King,<sup>3</sup> "Bishopp, thow art welcome  
 to mee !
- there is noe man soe welcome to towne
- 20 as thou *that* workes<sup>4</sup> treason against my crowne."  
 "My leege," quoth the Bishopp, "I wold it were  
 knowne ;  
 I spend, your grace, nothing but *that thats*<sup>5</sup> my  
 owne ;  
 I trust your grace will doe me noe deare<sup>6</sup>
- 24 for spending my<sup>8</sup> owne trew gotten geere."  
 "yes," quoth the king, "Bishopp, thou must needs  
 dye<sup>8</sup> :

and he was  
angry with  
the Bishop  
of Canter-  
bury

for being  
richer than  
himself.

The Bishop  
comes to  
court ;

King Iohn  
welcomes  
him,

accuses him  
of treason,

and says he  
must die  
unless  
he answers

<sup>1</sup> hear say, conj.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Neck-chains were occasionally worn during the middle ages by knights and gentlemen ; and to them were [*was orig.*] afterwards appended the badges of royalty and nobility. In the sixteenth century gentlemen ushers and stewards used generally to wear *gold chains* as badges of office. In Middleton's "Mad World, my Masters," 1608, Sir Bounteous Progress, a rich old knight, exclaims : "Run, sirrah, call in my chief gentleman in the *chain of gold.*" Peacham, writing in 1638, says of the days of Elizabeth :

"*Chains of gold* were then of lords, knights, and gentlemen, commonly worn ; but a *chain of gold* now (to so high a rate is gold raised) is as much as some of them are worth." (Fairholt's *Costume in England*, p. 416-17.)—F.

<sup>3</sup> 'q<sup>th</sup> he, Bp.' conj.—P.

<sup>4</sup> workest.—P. *workes* is right in the Northern dialect.—F.

<sup>5</sup> what is.—P.

<sup>6</sup> injury.—F.

<sup>7</sup> of my.—P.

<sup>8</sup> needs must thou die.—P.

three questions :		except thou can answer me questions 3, thy head shalbe smitten quite from thy bodye, & all thy liuing remayne vnto mee.
1. What he, the King,	28	first," quoth the <i>King</i> , "tell me in this steade, with this crowne of gold heere vpon <sup>1</sup> my head, amongst my Nobilitye <sup>2</sup> with Ioy & much Mirth, lett me know within one penny what I am worth :
is worth.	32	secondlye, tell me without any dowbt how soone I may goe the whole world about :
2. How soon he can go round the world.		& thirdly, tell mee or euer I stinte, <sup>3</sup>
3. What he is thinking about.	36	what is the thing, Bishopp, <i>that</i> I doe thinke. 20 dayes pardon thoust haue trulye, <sup>4</sup> & <sup>5</sup> come againe <sup>6</sup> & answer <sup>7</sup> mee."
The Bishop		the Bishopp bade the <i>King</i> 'god night' <sup>8</sup> att a word.
	40	he rode betwixt Cambridge & oxenford, but neuer a Doctor there was soe wise cold shew him these questions or enterprise ; wherewith the Bishopp was nothing gladd,
can't find any one to answer the questions,	44	but in his hart was heauy & sadd, & hyed him home to a house in the countrye To ease some part of his Melanchollye. [page 185.]
and goes home very sad.		his halfe brother dwelt there, was feirce & fell, noe better but a shepard to the Bishoppe him-sell ; the shepard came to the Bishopp anon, saying, "my Lord, you are welcome home ! what ayles you," quoth the shepard, " <i>that</i> you are soe sadd,
His half-brother, a shepherd,	48	& had wonte to haue beene soe Merry & gladd ? "
asks what ails him.	52	"Nothing," quoth the Bishopp, "I ayle att this time, will not thee <sup>9</sup> availe to know, Brother mine."
"Nothing."		

<sup>1</sup> on.—P.<sup>2</sup> all my nobles.—P.<sup>3</sup> you shrink.—P.<sup>4</sup> verilye.—P. On *thoust*, see note <sup>4</sup>,  
p. 20.—F.<sup>5</sup> then.—P.<sup>6</sup> truly.—P.<sup>7</sup> to.—P.<sup>8</sup> goodnight.—P.<sup>9</sup> that will thee.—P.



- “ Brother,” quoth the Sheppard, “ you haue heard  
itt,<sup>1</sup>
- 56 *that a ffoole may teach a wisemane witt* <sup>2</sup> ;  
say me therefore what-soeuer you will,  
& if I doe you noe good, Ile doe you noe ill.”
- Quoth the Bishop : “ I haue beene att thy court anon,  
60 before my prince is called *King Iohn*,  
& there he hath charged mee  
against his crowne with traitorye ;  
if I cannott answer his Misterye,  
64 3 questions hee hath *propounded* to mee,  
he will haue my Land soe faire & free,  
& alsoe the head from my bodye.
- the first question was, ‘ to tell him in *that* stead  
68 with the crowne of gold vpon his head,  
amongst his Nobilitye <sup>3</sup> with Ioy & much mirth,  
to lett him know within one peny<sup>e</sup> what hee is  
worth ;’
- & secondlye ‘ to tell him with-out any doubt  
72 how soone he may goe the whole world about ;’  
& thirdlye, ‘ to tell him, or ere I stint,  
what is the thinge *that* he does<sup>4</sup> thinke.’ ”
- “ Brother,” quoth the shepard, “ you are a man of  
Learninge ;
- 76 what neede you stand in doubt of soe small a  
thinge ?
- lend me,” quoth the shepard, “ *your Ministers* <sup>5</sup>  
apparrell,
- Ile ryde to the court & answere *your* quarrell ;  
lend me *your* serving men, say me not nay ;
- 80 with all *your* best horsse<sup>s</sup> *that* ryd on the way,  
Ile to the court, this matter to stay ;

“ Brother, a  
fool may  
teach a wise  
man ; tell  
me your  
trouble.”

The Bishop  
tells his  
half-brother

the three  
questions  
which he  
must answer  
or die :

1. What  
King Iohn  
is worth.

2. How  
quickly he  
can circle  
the world.  
3. What he  
is thinking  
about.

“ Mere  
trifles,”  
says the  
Shepherd.  
“ Lend me  
your dress,

men,  
and horses,

and I’ll to  
court and

<sup>1</sup> never heard yet. Pr. copy.—P.

<sup>2</sup> ‘ A fool may put somewhat in a wise  
body’s head :’ Ray, in Bohn’s *Handbook*,  
p. 94. ‘ Fools may sometimes give wise  
men counsel :’ *ib.* p. 356. ‘ A fool may

give a wise man a counsel :’ *Proverbs of  
Scotland*, ed. Hislop, 1862, p. 281.—F.

<sup>3</sup> all his nobles.—P.

<sup>4</sup> that he doth.—P.

<sup>5</sup> Abbots or Bishops.—P.

answer the  
King."

Ile speake with *King* Iohn & heare what heele say."  
the Bishopp with speed prepared then  
84 to sett forth the shepard with horsse & man <sup>1</sup> ;  
the shepard was liuely with-out any doubt ;  
I wott a royall companye came to the court.

The  
Shepherd  
comes to  
court.

the shepard hee came to the court anon  
88 before [his] prince *that* was called *King* Iohn.  
as soone as the *king* the shepard did see,

King John  
asks, " Can  
you answer  
my ques-  
tions ? "

" O," quoth the king, " Bishopp, thou art welcome  
to me ! "

the shepard was soe like the Bishopp his brother,  
92 the *King* cold not know the one from the other.

Quoth the *King*, " Bishopp, thou art welcome to me  
if thou can answer me my questions 3 ! "

said the shepard, " if it please *your* grace,  
96 show mee what the first quest[i]on was."

" What was  
the first ? "  
" To tell me  
what I am  
worth."

" first," quoth the *king*, " tell mee in this stead  
with the crowne of gold vpon my head,  
amongst<sup>2</sup> my nobilitye<sup>3</sup> with Ioy & much mirth,  
100 within one pennye what I am worth."

" Twenty-  
nine pence,  
1d. less than  
Christ was  
sold for."

Quoth the shepard, " to make<sup>4</sup> *your* grace noe offence,  
I thinke you are worth 29 pence;  
for our *Lord* Iesus, *that* bought vs all,  
104 for 30 pence was sold into thrall  
amongst the cursed Iewes, as I to you doe showe ;  
but I know christ was one penye better then you."

2. " How  
soon can I  
go round the  
world ? "

then the *King* laught, & swore by St. Andrew  
108 he was not thought to bee of such a small value.  
" Secondlye, tell mee with-out any doubt  
how soone I may goe the world round about."  
saies the shepard, " it<sup>5</sup> is noe time with *your* grace  
to scorne ;

" Follow the  
sun,

112 but rise betime with the sun in the Morne,  
& follow his course till his vprising,

<sup>1</sup> horses and men.—P.

<sup>2</sup> all.—P.

<sup>3</sup> nobles, con<sup>l</sup>.—P.

<sup>4</sup> give.—P.

<sup>5</sup> this.—P.

- & then you may know *with-out* any Leasing—  
 & this<sup>1</sup> *your* grace shall proue the same—
- 116 you are come to the same place from whence you and you'll do  
 came ; it
- 24 houres,<sup>2</sup> *with-out* any doubt, [page 186.] in twenty-  
*your* grace may the world goe round about ; four hours.”
- the world round about, euen as I doe say,  
 120 if *with* the sun you can goe the next way.”
- “ & thirdlye tell me or euer I<sup>3</sup> stint, 3. “ What do  
 what is the thing, Bishoppe, *that* I doe thinke.” I think ? ”
- “ *that* shall I doe,” quoth the shepard ; “ for veretye “ That I am  
 124 you thinke I am the Bishopp of Canterburye.” the Bishop,
- “ why ? art not thou ? the truth tell to me ;  
 for I doe thinke soe,” quoth the king, “ by St.  
 Marye.”
- “ not soe,” quoth the shepard ; “ the truth shalbe and I aint ! ”  
 knowne,
- 128 I am his poore shepard ; my brother is att home.”
- “ why,” quoth the King, “ if itt soe bee, John offers  
 Ile make thee Bishopp here to<sup>4</sup> mee.” his Bishop.
- “ Noe, Sir,” quoth the shepard, “ I pray you be The  
 still, Shepherd  
 refuses.
- 132 for Ile not bee Bishop but against my will ;  
 for I am not fitt for any such deede,  
 for I can neither write nor reede.”
- “ why then,” quoth the king, “ Ile giue thee cleere John gives  
 136 a patten<sup>5</sup> of 300 pound a yeere ; him 300l.  
 that I will giue thee franke & free ; a year,
- take thee *that*, shepard, for coming<sup>6</sup> to me.  
 free pardon Ile giue,” the kings grace said,  
 140 “ to saue the Bishopp, his land & his head ; and pardons  
 with him nor thee Ile be nothing wrath<sup>7</sup> ; the Bishop.  
 here is the pardon for him & thee both.”

<sup>1</sup> thus.—P.<sup>2</sup> then in 24.—P.<sup>3</sup> you, vid. supra.—P.<sup>4</sup> here unto.—P.<sup>5</sup> patent.—P.<sup>6</sup> coming in MS.—F. coming.—P.<sup>7</sup> wroth.—P.

The Shepherd rides home,	144	then the shepard he had noe more to say, but tooke the <i>pardon</i> & rode his way. when he came to the Bishopps place, the Bishopp asket anon how all things was :
tells the Bishop	148	“ Brother,” quoth the shepard, “ I haue well sped, for I haue saued both <i>your Land</i> & <i>your head</i> ; the <i>King</i> with you is nothing wrath, for heere is the <i>pardon</i> for you & mee both.”
he is pardoned,		then the Bishopes hart was of a Merry cheere, “ brother, thy paines Ile quitt them cleare, for I will giue thee a patent to thee & to thine of 50 <sup>li</sup> a yeere land good & fine.”
and the Bishop gives him land worth 50 <i>l.</i> a year.	152	“ I will to thee noe longer croche <sup>1</sup> nor creepe, nor Ile serue thee noe more to keepe thy sheepe.”
“ No more keeping sheep for me, then!”	156	whereeuer wist you shepard before, <i>that</i> had in his head witt such store to pleasure a Bishopp in such a like case, to answer 3 questions to the <i>Kings</i> grace ? whereeuer wist you shepard gett cleare 350 <sup>li</sup> pound a yeere ?
Who ever heard of such a clever shepherd before ?	160	I neuer hard of his fellow before, nor I neuer shall. now I need to say noe more: I neuer knew shepeard <i>that</i> gott such a liuinge But David the shepeard <i>that</i> was a <i>King</i> .
I never did,	164	
except King David.		ffins.

<sup>1</sup> crouch.—P.

### Marye Ambree.

PERCY's Introduction is: "In the year 1584, the Spaniards, under the command of Alexander Farnese, prince of Parma, began to gain great advantages in Flanders and Brabant, by recovering many strong-holds and cities from the Hollanders, as Ghent (called then by the English Gaunt), Antwerp, Mechlin, &c. See Stow's Annals, p. 711. Some attempt made with the assistance of English volunteers to retrieve the former of those places probably gave occasion to this ballad. I can find no mention of our heroine in history, but the following rhymes rendered her famous among our poets. Ben Jonson often mentions and calls any remarkable virago by her name. See his 'Epicæne,' first acted in 1609, Act 4, sc. 2. His 'Tale of a Tub,' Act 1, sc. 4. And his masque intitled 'The Fortunate Isles,' 1626, where he quotes the very words of the ballad,

". . . *Mary Ambree,*  
(Who marched so free,  
To the siege of Gaunt,  
And death could not daunt  
As the ballad doth vaunt),  
Were a braver wight &c.

She is also mentioned in Fletcher's 'Scornful Lady,' Act 5, *sub finem*:

" 'My large gentlewoman, my Mary Ambree, had I but seen into you, you should have had another bedfellow.'

---

<sup>1</sup> An English virago, not inferior to the Pucelle d'Orleans.—P.

“<sup>1</sup> It is likewise evident, that she is the virago intended by Butler in ‘Hudibras’ (P. i. c. 3. v. 365), by her being coupled with Joan d’Arc, the celebrated ‘Pucelle d’Orleans.’

“A bold virago stout and tall  
As *Joan of France*, or English *Mall*.”<sup>1</sup>

“This ballad [in the *Reliques*] is printed from a black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, improved from the Editor’s folio MS. and by conjecture.<sup>2</sup> The full title is, ‘The valorous acts performed at Gaunt by the brave bonnie lass Mary Ambree, who in revenge of her lover’s death did play her part most gallantly. The tune is the blind beggar &c.’” Mr. Chappell has printed the tune in his “Popular Music,” vol. i. p. 159.

At the siege  
of Ghent

CAPTAINÉ couragious, whome death cold daunte,  
beseeged the Citye brauelye, the citty of gaunt<sup>3</sup>!  
they mustered their soliders by 2 & by 3:  
4 & the fformost in Battele was Mary Aumbree!

Mary’s lover  
was slain.

When braue Sir Iohn Maior was slaine in *that* fight,  
*that* was her true loue, her Ioy & delight,  
shee swore his death vnreuenged shold not bee<sup>4</sup>;  
8 was not this a braue, bonnye lasse, Mary Aumbree?

She swore to  
revenge him

with fire  
and sword.

The death of her trueloue shee meant to requite  
with fire & ffamine [&]<sup>5</sup> sword shining bright,  
which lately was slaine most villanouslye;  
12 was not this a braue, bonnye Lasse, Mary Aumbree?

<sup>1</sup> Not in the first, second, and third editions of the *Reliques*. Inserted in the fourth, edited by Percy’s nephew.—F.

<sup>2</sup> “Compared with another in the Editor’s folio MS.” 1st. edn. 1765; “improved from the Editor’s folio MS.” 2nd.

edn. 1767, and 3rd. 1775.—P.

<sup>3</sup> bravely besieged the city of G<sup>t</sup>.—P.

<sup>4</sup> that his death revenged should bee.—P.

<sup>5</sup> & famine & sword.—P.



- 16 Shee cladd her selfe from the top to the toe  
in buffe<sup>1</sup> of the brauest most seemlye to show,  
& a faire shirt of Male slipped on shee ;  
was not this a braue, bonye lasse, Mary Aumbree ?
- 20 A helmett of prooffe<sup>2</sup> shee tooke on her head,  
& a strong arminge sword shee wore by her side ;  
a goodly fayre gauntlett on her hand put shee ;  
was not this &c.
- 24 Shee tooke her sword & her targett in hand, [page 187.]  
bidding all such as wold, wayte on her band.  
to waite on her person there came 1000<sup>3</sup> 3 ;  
was not this a braue &c.
- 28 " My soldiers," shee saith, " soe valiant & bold,  
now ffollow your *Captain* which you doe beholde ;  
in the fight formost my selfe will I bee ! "  
was not &c.
- 32 Then cryed out her souldiers, & loude thé did say,  
" soe well thou becomes this gallant array,  
thy hands & thy weapons doe well soe agree,  
there was neuer none like to Mary Aumbree !"
- 36 Shee cheared her good souldiers *that* foughten for  
life,  
with the cominge of Ancyents,<sup>3</sup> with drum & with  
fife,  
that braue sonding<sup>4</sup> trumpetts with ingines soe free,  
att last thé made mention of Mary Aumbree.

She clad  
herself  
in mail,

put on  
helm  
and  
gauntlet,

and got  
3,000 men.

" Soldiers,  
follow me,"  
she says.

They cry.  
" There's  
none like  
thee."

She cheers  
her soldiers  
with music,

<sup>1</sup> *Buff-coat*. A leathern outer-garment, made exceedingly strong and unyielding, and sometimes an eighth of an inch thick, exclusive of the lining. They were much used by the soldiers in the civil wars. *Fairholt*.—F.

<sup>2</sup> proof.—P.

<sup>3</sup> An *ancient* or *anshent*, a flag or streamer, set up in the stern of a ship. *Phillips*.—F.

<sup>4</sup> sounding.—P.

and  
promises  
to save  
them.

“ Before *that* I doe see the worst of you all  
come in the danger of *your* enemyes thrall,  
this hand & this sword shall first sett him free ;”  
40 was not &c.

She routs  
her foes,

Shee forward went on in Battaile array,  
& straight shee did make her foes flye away ;  
7 houres in sckirmish continued shee ;  
44 was not &c.

fires into  
them,

The skyes shee did fill with the smoke of her shott,  
in her enemies bodyes with bulletts soe hott ;  
for one of her owne men, a sckore<sup>1</sup> killed shee ;  
48 was not &c.

and cuts a  
traitorous  
gunner in  
three.

Then did her gunner spoyle her intent,  
pelletts & powder away had he sent :  
then with her sword shee cutt him in 3,  
52 was not &c.

She is  
betrayed,  
retires to a  
castle,

Then was shee caused to make a retyre,  
being falsely betrayd, as itt doth appeare ;  
then to saue her selfe into a castle went shee ;  
56 was not &c.

and is sur-  
rounded.

Her foes thé besett her on euerye side,  
thinking in *that* castle shee wold not abyde ;  
to beate downe those walls they all did agree ;  
60 was not &c.

She dares  
any three of  
her foes.

Shee tooke her sword & her targett in hand,  
shee came to the walls, and vpon them did stand,  
their<sup>2</sup> daring their Captaine to match any 3,  
64 was not &c.

<sup>1</sup> score.—P.

<sup>2</sup> there.—P.

68 “Thou English *Captain*, what woldest thou giue  
to ransome thy liffe *which* else must not liue?  
come downe quickly, & yeeld thee to mee!”  
then smiled sweetlye Mary Aumbree;

They call  
on her  
to yield.

72 “Good gentle *Captain*, what thinke you by mee,  
or whom in my likenesse you take mee to bee?”  
“a *knight*, sir, of England, & *Captain* soe free,  
*that* I meane to take away prisoner with me.”

76 “Good gentle *Captain*, behold in *your* sight  
2 brests in my bosome, & therefore no knight;  
noe *Knight*, Sir, of England, nor *Captain* soe free,  
but eue[n]<sup>1</sup> a pore<sup>2</sup> bony<sup>2</sup> Lasse, Mary Aumbree.”

She says  
she is no  
knight,  
only Mary  
Aumbree;

80 “If thou beest a woman as thou dost declare,  
*that* hast mangled our soliders, & made them soe  
bare;  
the like in my liffe I neuer did see;  
therefore Ile honor thee, Mary Aumbree.”

84 “Giue<sup>3</sup> I be a woman, as well thou doest see,  
*Captain*, thou gettst noe redemption of mee  
without thou wilt fight with blowes 2 or 3.”  
was not &c.

her foe will  
get nought  
of her with-  
out blows.

88 God send in warrs, such euent I abide,  
god send such a solider to stand by my side!  
then safely *preserued* my *person* wilbe;  
there was neuer none like to Mary Aumbree!

God send  
one like her  
to fight by  
me!

<sup>1</sup> even.—P. read *e'en*.—F.

<sup>2</sup> one of these seems redundant.—P.

<sup>3</sup> giff, *i.e.* if.—P.

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## Appendix.

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### THE BODLEIAN FRAGMENTS

OF

### Sir Lamwell.

Malone, 941 ; and Douce fragments, II. 95.

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THE statement in the Introduction to *Sir Lambewell*, p. 142, line 6, that "the print [of *Sir Lamwell*], with the exception of one single page preserved in the Douce collection, has perished," is wrong. Mr. Halliwell, in a note to me of last June, said :

"Some years ago, I had *another* unique fragment of 'Syr Lamwell,' differing from that in the Douce collection. Thinking it better for both to be preserved together, I gave my fragment to the Bodleian Library. Both these fragments might be worth printing in your Appendices, if you print any. At any rate, I thought it no harm to name it to you."

This fragment of nine leaves—eight of which only belong to *Sir Lamwell*—is now reprinted here, with some of the lost part filled up in italics, by guess<sup>1</sup> and by comparison with the text of the Folio and the Douce leaf. The Halliwell fragment corresponds, with omissions and additions, to the first 420 lines of our Folio text, pp. 144–57. The Douce fragment of one leaf corresponds—also with omissions and additions—to lines 344–95 of our text, pp. 155–7. The Douce and Halliwell (or Malone) texts are of the same type—both containing the same omissions from, and additions

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Skeat has kindly helped me.—F.

to the Folio text; but the Douce and Halliwell versions are of different editions—the Halliwell one being the more carefully printed, and seemingly the earlier. It contains one line that the Douce leaves out, and does not print *Aals* for *Alas*, *lyese* for *lyfe*, *exe* for *eye*, &c., as the Douce does, lines 12, 13. Altogether this matter forms an interesting little bit of bibliographical cram, which justifies the reproduction of the fragments here.—F.

## ¶ THE TREATY.

[leaf 1.]

<i>I sing of kin]</i> . . .	ges by the dayes of Arthur	[leaf 16.]
<i>Who held Brit]</i> . . .	ayne in great honoure	
<i>And in his time a]</i> . . .	great whyle	
<i>He sojourned in m]</i> . . .	ery carlyle	4
<i>To him there ca]</i> . . .	m many an heyre	
<i>As he had many a w]</i> . . .	yde where	
<i>Of his Round Ta]</i> . . .	ble the knyghtes all	
<i>Had much mirt]</i> . . .	he in bowre and in hall	8
<i>From every land of]</i> . . .	the worlde so wyde	
<i>They came to hi]</i> . . .	n on euery syde	
<i>Both yonge knights and]</i>	squyers eke	
<i>All bold bachel]</i> . . .	ers came hym to seke	12
<sup>1</sup> <i>For he was of gre]</i> . . .	t noblenes	
<i>And feastes were in hi]</i>	s courte alwayes	
<i>And he gave gifts]</i> . . .	and treasure	
<i>To knights that weren]</i>	of honoure <sup>1</sup>	16
<i>And with him there]</i> . . .	was a bachelere	
<i>Who had been there m]</i>	any a yere	
<i>A yonge knight]</i> . . .	of moche myght	
<i>Sir Lamwell]</i> . . .	forsothe he hyght	20
<i>And he]</i> . . .	gaue gyftes myghtely	
<i>And spared not]</i> . . .	but gaue full largely	
<i>His good so largely]</i> . . .	he it spente	
<i>Much more he gaue th]</i> . . .	an he had rente	24
<i>Soe outrageous]</i> . . .	ly he it sette	
<i>That he became]</i> . . .	fer in dette	
<i>And when he sa]</i> . . .	we well that all was gone	
<i>Then he began]</i> . . .	to make his mone	28
<sup>2</sup> <i>And said Alack w]</i> . . .	o is that man	
<i>That no good]</i> . . .	hathe ne no good can	

<sup>1-1</sup> Not in the Folio.—F. different in the Folio, which adds

<sup>2</sup> The two following lines are two after them.—F.



- When he is far in a st*] . . raunge lande  
*And no good h*] . . . . athe I vnderstande 32
- <sup>1</sup> Men wyll me holde for a v[*ile wrecche*; [leaf 2.]  
 Where I become, certeyns I *ne recche*.  
 He lepte vpon a fayre cours[*er*  
 Without chylde or yet squy[*er* 36  
 And rode so forthe in great [*haste*  
 For to dryue awaye sore lo[  
 His waye he taketh toward [*the west*  
 Bytwene a water and a fo[*rest* 40  
 The sonne was at the euy[n]*tide*  
 He lyghted there downe an[*d thought to abide*  
<sup>2</sup> For he was hote in the we[*ther fayre*,  
 He toke his mantell and [*lapped hym there*,<sup>2</sup> 44  
 And layde hym downe tha[*t knight free*  
 Vnder the shadowe of a tr[*ee*  
<sup>3</sup> Alas he sayd no good I ha[*vs*  
 I wote not whether to go [*or lave* 48  
 And all the knyghtes that [*I knew*  
 Of the rounde table that b[*e true*  
 Echeone to haue me was [*glad*  
 Nowe wyll they be on me [*sad* 52  
 Weleawaye than is my [*case*  
 With sore wepyng his h[*cart did pase*  
 With sorrowe and care th[*as he had thore*<sup>3</sup>  
 Tyll on slepyng that he [*fell sore* 56  
 All for-sobbed and for-w[*orn*.
- [? 8 lines cut off: lines 61-66 of the Folio, p. 146 above.]
- <sup>4</sup> *Mantles they h*] . . . . ad of reed veluet [leaf 2b.]  
*Fringed with go*] . . . . lde full well set 68  
*And they were tyred a*] . boue ouer all  
*On their heads with*] . . a Joly curnall<sup>5</sup>  
*Their faces as whit*] . . e as snowe or downe  
*Of lovesome co*] . . . . loure and eyen browne 72
- <sup>6</sup> *Such had h*] . . . . e neuer before se  
*He thought thei*] . . . . n aungelles of heuen hye<sup>6</sup>  
*And one of them had a go*] lde basyne  
*And the other a to*] . . . well of alysene 76  
*Lamwell, they nighe*] . . de hym bothe twayne  
*He rose, a*] . . . . nd wente them agayne  
*Welcome, said he,*] . . . damoysselles so free

<sup>1</sup> For the next two lines the Folio has twenty, l. 31-50.—F.

<sup>2-2</sup> Not in the Folio.—F.

<sup>3-3</sup> Not in the Folio.—F.

<sup>4</sup> Line 67 of Folio.—F.

<sup>5</sup> curuall, *orig.*—F.

<sup>6-6</sup> Not in the Folio.—F.

<sup>1</sup> <i>Sir Knight, they</i> ]	. . . answered well be ye	80
<i>Our lady thats b</i> ]	. . . ryght as the floure	
<i>Thee greetes Sir L</i> ]	. . . amwell as paramoure	
<i>And prays you</i> ]	. . . to come and speke with her	
<i>If it should be your w</i> ]	. . . yll nowe syr	84
<i>Lamwell answered them</i> ]	. . . bothe there	
<i>I am most fain w</i> ]	. . . ith you to fare	
<sup>2</sup> <i>Your mistress, bring ye me</i> ]	her two	
<i>And from her will</i> ]	. . . I neuer go	
<i>He washed his fac</i> ]	. . . e and handes also	
<i>And with these may</i> ]	. . . dens than dyde he go	90
[8 lines cut off: lines 101-8, p. 147-8, above].		
kyng	Alyxander the conqueroure	[leaf 3.]
Ne	Salamon in his moost honoure	100
Ne yet	Charlemayne the ryche kyng	
Had they	neuer suche a thyng	
He founde	in that paulyon	
The kynges	doughter of Mylyon	104
That is	an yle in fayry	
In oxyan	full nere therby	
There laye	a bed of moche pryce	
Couered	ouer in goodly wyse	108
Theron	sate a mayden bryght	
Almost	naked vp ryght	
All her	clothes besyde her laye	
Full sengle	she sate I saye	112
In a mantell	of whyte armyne	
Couered	ouer with golde full fyne	
The mantell	downe for hete she dyde	
Ryght vnder	the gyrdell stede	116
There was	she as whyte as lylly in maye	
Or snowe	that fallethe in wynter daye	
Blossome	on brere ne floure	
Was nothyng	to her coloure	120
The reed	rose that was so newe	
To her reednesse	was it no hewe	
[8 lines cut off: lines 131-8 of the Folio].		
Lamwell	she sayd my harte swete	[leaf 36.]
For thy loue	my harte I lete	132
There is	no kyng ne emperoure	
That and I	loued hym paramoure	
As moche	as I do nowe the	

<sup>1</sup> Folio has three lines for this one.—F.      <sup>2</sup> Folio has ten lines for two here.—F.

- But they wolde be ryght glad of me 136
- <sup>1</sup> Lamwell behelde that lady bryght  
Her loue hym rauysshed anone ryght<sup>1</sup>  
He sate hym downe the lady besyde  
Damoysell he sayd tyde what betyde 140  
Euermore bothe lowde and styll  
Commaunde me ryght at your wyll
- <sup>2</sup> Syr knyght she sayd curtoyse and hende 142  
I knowe thy state bothe fyrst and ende  
Wylte thou trustly to me take  
And all other for me forsake  
I shall mayntayne thyne honoure  
With golde and syluer and ryche treasoure 146  
On euery man spende greatly  
And ryche gyftes largely  
The more thou spende the meryer thou syt  
I shall the fynde ynoughe of it 150
- <sup>3</sup> His loue brente lyke the fyre  
For than she had all his desyre<sup>3</sup>  
Of her profer he was full blythe

[?8 lines cut off: lines 161-4 of the Folio, with 164-8, p. 149, altered  
for the next 2 of this text.]

- Also they wasshed and downe sette [leaf 4.] 162  
And at soupere together they ete  
Mete and drynke they had plente  
Of euery thyng that was daynte  
After soupere whan daye was gone 166  
To bedde they wente bothe anone
- <sup>4</sup> All that nyght they laye in fere  
And dyd that theyr wylles were  
For playe they sleped lytell that nyght  
Till it began to be daye lyght 170  
Lamwell she sayd ryse and go nowe  
Golde and syluer take ynoughe with you
- <sup>5</sup> Largely to spende on euery man 174  
For ye shall haue ynoughe than  
And when ye wyll gentyll knyght  
To speke with me by daye or nyght  
Vnto some secrete place ye go 178  
And thynke on me so and so

<sup>1-1</sup> Not in the Folio.—F. Folio has eight, l. 173-80, p. 150.  
<sup>2</sup> Folio inserts four lines here, —F.  
1. 149-52.—F. <sup>5</sup> For the next two lines the  
<sup>3-3</sup> Not in the Folio.—F. Folio has three, l. 188-90, and  
<sup>4</sup> For the next two lines the transposes four, l. 191-94.—F.

And I shall anone with you be	
No man saue you shall se me	
<sup>1</sup> Of one thyng syr I the defendaunte	
Of me syr to make thyne auaunte	182
For yf thou do beware beforne	
For euer thou hast my loue forlorne <sup>1</sup>	
The maydens brought hym his hors anone	
He taketh his leue and forthe is gone	186
<sup>2</sup> Of treasure he hathe great plente	
And so rode he thrughe the cyte	
Whan that he came there he shulde bene	
A meryer man had they not sene	190
<sup>3</sup> Hym selfe he rode full rychely	
And his squyers full stoutely <sup>3</sup>	
Lamwell maketh the noble feestes	[leaf 4b.]
Lamwell fynde mynstrelles that gestes	194
<sup>4</sup> Lamwell byethe the great stedes	
Lamwell gyueth the ryche wedes	
Lamwell geueth plente of mete and drynke	
Lamwell helpe there as he nede coude thynke <sup>4</sup>	198
Lamwell rewarde relygyous	
Lamwell helped euery pore hous	
For were he knyght squyre or swayne	
With his goodes he helped them	202
Of his largenes euery man wote	
But no man knewe howe he it gote	
And whan hym lyked pryuely and styll	
His lady was redy at his wyll	206
Well happy were nowe that man	
That in these dayes had suche one	
<sup>5</sup> But on a tyme syr Gawayne	
That curtoys knyght and syr Ewayne	210
Syr Lamwell with them also	
And other knyghtes twenty and mo	
Wente to playe them on the grene	
Vnder the towre there as was the quene	214
These knyghtes on theyr game played tho	
And sythe to daunsynge gan they go	
Syr Lamwell was before set	
For his large spence they loued hym bet	218
The quene in her towre behelde this all	
She sayde yonder is large Lamwell	

<sup>1-1</sup> Lines 191-94 of the Folio.—F.<sup>2</sup> The Folio inserts lines 203-4 here.—F.<sup>3-3</sup> Not in the Folio.—F.<sup>4-4</sup> Not in the Folio.—F.<sup>5</sup> Part II. in the Folio.—F.

Of all the knyghtes that ben there	
Is none so fayre a bachelere	222
And hathe neyther lemman ne wyfe	
I wolde he loued me as his lyfe	
Betyde me well betyde me yll	[leaf 5.]
I shall she sayd go wete his wyll	226
She toke with her a company	
Of damoysselles that were ryght praty	
And gothe her downe anone ryghtes	
For to daunce with the knyghtes	230
The quene went to the fyrst ende	
Bytwene Gawen and Lamwell the hende	
And all her maydens so forthe ryghtes	
One and one bytwene two knyghtes [sic]	234
Whan all the daunsynge dyde aslake	
The quene Lamwell to counsaile gan take	
Shortely she sayd thou gentyll knyght	
I have loued and dothe with all my myght	238
And as moche desyre I the	
As Arthoure the kynge so fre	
Good happe is nowe to the tane	
To loue me and none other woman	242
Madame he sayd nay certays	
I wyll not be traytoure neuer my dayes	
I owe the kynge feate and homage	
Shall I neuer do hym that domage	246
Fye on the thou false cowarde	
Dastarde harlot that thou arte	
That thou luyest it is pyte	
That louest no woman nor woman the	250
<sup>1</sup> Me thynke harlot thou shuldest be fayne	
And answer me with ye agayne	
Syth I the loue ywys	
Before all that in the courte is	254
But as thou arte so thou doost	
No woman on the wyll make boost <sup>2</sup>	
The knyght was sore agreued tho	[leaf 5b.]
And answered her and sayd ryght so <sup>1</sup>	258
Madame he sayde thou sayst thy wyll	
I can loue bothe lowde and styll	
And am loued with my lemman	
That fayrer hathe no gentyllman	262
Nor none so fayre this saye I	

<sup>1</sup> Not in the Folio.—F.

<sup>2</sup> The signature at the foot of the page is "Syr Lam. . . . 33."—G.P.

Neyther mayden nor yet lady	
That the symplest mayde with her I wene	
Ouer the madame myght be a quene	266
Then was she ashamed and full wrothe	
She cleped her maydens and forthe gothe	
To chaumbre she went all heuy	
For tene and angre she wolde dye	270
Kynge Arthure came from huntynge	
Glad and mery for all thyng	
To the quenes chaumbre gone is he	
And she fell downe vpon her kne	274
Sone lorde gan she crye	
Helpe me lorde or I dye	
And without ye Juge ryght	
I shall dye this enders nyght	278
I spake with Lamwell on my game	
And he besought me of shame	
As a full vylayne traytoure	
He wolde haue done me dyshonoure	282
<sup>1</sup> And of a lemman praysement he made	
That the symplest mayde she had	
Myght be a quene ouer me	
And all lorde in dyspyte of the	286
The kynge therwith waxed wrothe	
And for angre he swore his othe	
That Lamwell shulde abyde the lawe	[leaf 6.]
To be hanged and drawe	290
He commaunded foure knyghtes	
To fetche the traytoure forthe ryghtes	
The foure knyghtes seketh hym anone	
But to his chambre was he gone	294
Alas he sayd my lyfe is lorne	
Hereof she warned me beforne	
Of all thynges that I dyde vse	
Of her shulde I neuer make rouse	298
He cleped and called and her besought	
But all that auayled hym nought	
He wepte and sorowed and he dyde crye	
And on his knees he prayed her of marcy	302
<sup>2</sup> He bete his body and his heed eke	
And cursed his mouthe of her dyde speke <sup>3</sup>	
O my lady o gentyll creature	
How shall my wretched body endure	306

<sup>1</sup> Folio inserts here, lines 287-8,  
p. 153.—F.

<sup>2-3</sup> Not in the Folio. See line  
308, p. 154.—F.



My worldes blysse I haue forlorne  
 And falsely vnto my lady forsworne  
 For sorowe and care he made that stounde  
 He fell on sowne vpon the grounde 310  
 So longe he laye that the knyghtes came  
 And in his chambre they toke hym than 312  
 And as a thefe they ledde hym th[en

[<sup>p</sup> 8 lines cut off: lines 318–24 in the *Folio*, p. 154.]

Lamwell answered with mylde mode [leaf 6b.]

And tolde hym the sothe euery worde  
 That it was none otherwyse than so 326  
 That wolde he make good tho

What all the courte wolde to hym loke  
 Twelue knyghtes were put to a boke  
 The sothe to saye in that case 330  
 All together as it was

These twelue knyghtes as I wene  
 knewe the rule of the quene  
 All thoughte the kynge was bolde and stoute 334  
 She was wycked out and oute  
 And she had suche a comforte

To haue lemmans vnder her lorde  
<sup>1</sup> Wherby they coude all tell 338  
 It was longe of her and not of Lamwell <sup>1</sup>

Here of they quyte a trewe man  
 And sythe they spake forthe on  
 That yf he myght his lemman brynge 342  
 Of whome he made his auauntynge  
 And yf he myght proue in place

<sup>2</sup> That her maydens fayrer was  
 And also bryghter and shene 346  
 And of more beaute than the quene

[8 lines cut off: l. 4–11 of the *Douce fragment*, l. 347–54 of the *Folio*, which also has 8 lines, l. 355–62, for the next 4 here and in the *Douce version*.]

Alas he sayd I shall dye [leaf 7.]  
 My lefe I shall se neuer [*with eye*  
 Ete nor drynke wolde he [*neuer*  
 But wepynge and in w[*o was euer* 360  
 So is he with sorowe [*nome*  
 He wolde his endyng[e] [*day were come*  
 That he myght from his [*life go*

<sup>1-1</sup> Not in the *Folio*. See lines 338–9.—F.

<sup>2</sup> The *Douce fragment* begins here.—F.

Eche man for hym wa[s ful wo	364
For a larger spender th[en he	
Came neuer in that c[oun tree	
Therto was he fyers [and bolde	
None better in the ky[nges housholde	368
The daye was [come of his appearing	
They brought th[e knyght before the kyng	
His borowes that h[ys suertyes was	
To apere before the ky[nges face	372
The kyng lete it be re[hersed there	
Bothe the playnte and [his answeere	
He bad hym brynge hi[s Leman in sight	
And he answered tha[t he ne myght	376
<sup>1</sup> The wordes that I sa[yed eche one	
Wete ye well I lyed [of none	
If I so myght be take[n thereby	
In that quarell wold [I dye <sup>1</sup>	380
For this I saye to you [alone	

[8 lines cut off: l. 35-42 of the Douce fragment; l. 380-82 of the Folio.]

Or yet to come with] . . . in her boure	[leaf 7b.]
But if it were for her] . . . pleasoure	
<sup>2</sup> I would desyre no mo] . . . re of ryght	
But once of her to hau] . . . e a syght	392
Forsooth, for no] . . . more wold I care	
But to th] . . . e dethe wolde I fare <sup>2</sup>	
Not to displease her si] . . . kerly	
<sup>3</sup> Yet would I ye saw her] . . . or that I dye	396
But it is not at my wil] . . . lynge	
It is as she wyll this w] . . . orthy thyng <sup>3</sup>	
Bryng her forth the ky] . . . nge sayse	
That thou now so fast d] . . . othe prayse	400
To prove the soth that thou sa] yst of	
Forsoth my lord that can I] nought	
The kyng sayed vnto] . . . hym thore	
Forsoth thy disworsh] . . . yp is the more	404
What may we all kno] . . . we here by	
But that thou liest lou] . . . de on hye	
The barons all had com] . . . maundement <sup>4</sup>	
That they should gi] . . . ue iugement <sup>5</sup>	408

<sup>1-1</sup> Not in the Folio.—F.

<sup>2-2</sup> Not in the Folio. See lines 384-5, p. 156.—F.

<sup>3-3</sup> Not in the Folio. See lines 386-7, p. 156.—F.

<sup>4</sup> The Douce fragment ends here.—F.

<sup>5</sup> The Folio inserts here, l. 397-8, p. 157.—F.

<i>Then bespake the Erle of C]</i>	<i>ornewayne</i>	
<i>Who was one of the co]</i>	<i>. . unsayle</i>	
<i>And sayd we know the kin]</i>	<i>. ge our lorde</i>	
<i>His own mouth it dot]</i>	<i>. . . h recorde</i>	412
[? 8 lines cut off: l. 403-410 of the Folio.]		
Therefore syrs by our rede		[leaf 8.]
We wyll the kynge suche	[ <i>way lede</i>	
That he shall commaund	[ <i>him to goe</i>	
And voyde hys courte for	[ <i>evermoe</i>	424
Whyle they stode thus spe	[ <i>king</i>	
They sawe two ladyes co	[ <i>me ryding</i>	
<sup>1</sup> That was bryght as bloss	[ <i>om on bryer</i>	
On whyte palfrays with	[ <i>rich attire</i>	428
Fayrer creatures with they	[ <i>r hew</i>	
Ne better attyred they neu	[ <i>er knew</i>	
All them iuged on them t	[ <i>o be set</i>	
Ouer the quene as Lamw	[ <i>ell had het</i> <sup>1</sup>	432
Than sayd Gawayne that	[ <i>gentle knight</i>	
Lamwell drede the for no	[ <i>wight</i>	
Here comethe thy lemman	[ <i>yond maist thou see</i>	
<sup>2</sup> Truely the fayrest creature	[ <i>of blee</i>	436
That euer man sawe befor	[ <i>with ey</i>	
Lo where she rydethe vpon	[ <i>a palfrey</i>	
More fayrer they be certay	[ <i>n bag fer</i>	
Than euer the praysement	[ <i>thou madest er</i> <sup>2</sup>	440
Lamwell behelde them bo	[ <i>th with thought</i>	
And sayde of them two ne	[ <i>know I nought</i>	
<sup>3</sup> They are nothyng so fayre	[ <i>as my lemman</i>	
Of theyr seruauntes maye	[ <i>they be than</i>	444
But wete ye well and we	[ <i>ferre sought</i>	
Myne owne lemman is it	[ <i>nought parde</i>	
To her I trespaced so great	[ <i>lie</i>	
I wote I shall her neuer se	<sup>3</sup>	448
The maydens that came so	[ <i>riding</i>	
Wentte to the castell to the k	[ <i>ing</i>	
Whan they came syr Lamw	[ <i>ell nigh</i>	
Obeysaunce to hym they m	[ <i>ade humbly</i>	452
<i>No tarrying with th]</i>	<i>. em that they made</i>	[leaf 8b.]
<i>But to the King bo]</i>	<i>. the they rade</i>	
<i>To him they cai]</i>	<i>. . ne and saluted hym there</i>	
<i>Let dresse the walls]</i>	<i>. of a chaumbre fayre,</i>	456

<sup>1-1</sup> Four different lines in the Folio, l. 417-20, p. 157.—F.

<sup>2-2</sup> The Folio gives line 424 for these five.—F.

<sup>3-3</sup> For these six lines the Folio has line 427, p. 158, and has eleven lines following which differ from the next fourteen here.—F.

<i>Our Lady of price]</i>	. . is here comynge	
<i>Of al the world th]</i>	. . e fayrest thyng	
<i>With clothes of gol]</i>	. . de hange it eke	
<i>Strew it with carpet]</i>	. . tes vnder her fete	460
<i>Soon will ye know]</i>	. . what wyll she done	
<i>Her fairness all ye]</i>	. . shall wete sone	
<sup>1</sup> <i>The King comma]</i>	. . nded for her sake	
<i>The fairest chamber]</i>	. . e to them take	464
<i>The ladyes are gone to]</i>	. bowre on hye	
<i>The King then bade his]</i>	baronye	
<i>Have done &amp; gi]</i>	. . ue your iugement	
<i>The Barons a]</i>	. . . nswered verament	468
<i>We have beholden]</i>	. . these maydens so bryght	
<i>And ye have letted us]</i>	. by this lyght	
<i>But to it Lord now will]</i>	. we gone	
<i>We will have don]</i>	. . e sone anone	472
<i>A new speech they]</i>	. . began tho	
<i>Some said well a]</i>	. . nd some sayd not so	
<i>Some to death th]</i>	. . ey wolde hym deme	
<i>For to please the k]</i>	. ynge and quene	476
<i>And other some wold]</i>	. e make hym chere	
<i>Whilst they stood thus]</i>	. pledynge in fere	
<i>Other two mayd]</i>	. . ens came rydyng	
<i>Much fairer tha]</i>	. . n the other two	480
<i>Upon two good]</i>	. . ly mules of spayne	
<i>Their saddles an]</i>	. . d brydels were campayne	
<i>They were cloth]</i>	. . ed in ryche atyre	
<i>That every man]</i>	. . had great desyre <sup>2</sup>	484

<sup>1</sup> Cp. line 339, p. 158 of the Folio text.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Line 460, p. 158 of the Folio text.—F.

This fragment, that follows the foregoing, does not belong to *Sir Lamwell*:

[7(?) lines cut off.]

. . . . . ought [leaf 9.]  
 . . . . . orth brough  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . . kynge than  
 . . . . . man  
 . . . . . e mete and dryn  
 after thynke  
 d myght  
 s lyght  
 he

ht  
 n leue  
 [(?)12 lines cut off.]  
 ow [leaf 9b.]  
 that he hy  
 as \* \* one  
 ger was he o  
 ntes he gaue  
 as sparcle  
 e myght no ma  
 his caple was sle  
 an that he thus lo  
 Erle out of the bat  
 Vpon an hyghe mount  
 his Erle there chau  
 d set hym on a full  
 an went . . .  
 [End of Fragments.]

## MR. HALLIWELL'S MS. NOTES TO THE MALONE COPY.

' A portion of the romance of Sir Launfal. Unique.

' The only fragment of this remarkably curious poem hitherto known consists of a portion of a single leaf, particularly described at the end of the folio Catalogue of the Douce collection in the Bodleian.

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Malone, 941.

## DOUCE FRAGMENTS,

CORRESPONDING (BUT WITH OMISSIONS AND ADDITIONS) TO  
LINES 344-395 OF THE PERCY FOLIO, VOL. I, P. 155-7.

That her maidens fairer was  
And also brighter <sup>1</sup> shene  
And of more beautye then the quene,  
And also of countenance and of hewe  
They would quite hym as trewe  
yf he myght not stande there til,  
He should abyde the kynges wyl,  
This verdit was geuen before the king  
The day was set her in to bryng  
Suerties her founde to come agayne  
Syr Gawayne, and syr Ewayne,  
<sup>2</sup>Aals<sup>3</sup> (he sayed) I shal dye, 12  
My lyese<sup>3</sup> I shal neuer see with exe<sup>3</sup>  
Eate nor drinke would he neuer,  
But in wepyng and wo was euer,<sup>2</sup>  
So is he with sorow nome 16

<sup>1</sup> Bright & *Folio*, line 345; 362 of the *Folio*, p. 155-6, above.  
brighter and, *Halliwell*.—F. —F.

<sup>2-2</sup> These differ from lines 355- <sup>3</sup> So in original.—G. Parker.

He woulde his endyng day were come,  
 [That he might from his life goe<sup>1</sup>]  
 Eche man for hym was ful wo  
 For a large spender then he 20  
 Came neuer in that countree  
 Therto was he fiers and bolde  
 Neuer a better in the kynges housholde,  
 The day was come of his appearing, 24  
 They brought the knyght before the kyng,  
 Hys borowes that hys suertyes was,  
 To appere before the kynges face <sup>2</sup>  
 The kyng let it be rehersed there 28  
 Both the plenty and his answer, e,  
 He bad hym bryng hys Lemon in sight,  
 And he answeret, that he ne myght.

## B. iii.

<sup>3</sup> The wordes that I sayed eche one [back of leaf.] 32  
 Wete ye wel I lyed of none  
 Yf I so myght be taken thereby,  
 In that quarel would I dye  
 For thys I say to you a lone <sup>3</sup> 36  
 A Fairer then she was nener [*sic*] none  
 But of beautye and of shape  
 I am to symple to touche her lape  
<sup>4</sup> There was neuer man yet I wate 40  
 Emperour kyng, or high estate  
 Where euer they dwel far or nere  
 For her fairenes myght be her pere <sup>4</sup>  
 Nor yet come within her boure, 44  
 But if it were for her pleasure  
<sup>5</sup> I would desyre no more of right  
 But once of her to haue a sight  
 Truly my lorde for no more would I care 48  
 Forthwith then to death would I fare <sup>5</sup>  
 Not to displese her sikerly  
 Yet would I ye saw her or I dye,  
<sup>6</sup> But it is not al my willing 52  
 It is as she wyll that worthie thing, <sup>6</sup>  
 Bryng her forth the kyng sayes,  
 That thou now so fast doest praise,  
 To proue the soth that thou sayest of,

<sup>1</sup> Line 365, p. 156, above.—F.<sup>2</sup> They brought him forth, alas!  
line 374, p. 156, above.—F.<sup>3-3</sup> Not in the Folio.—F.<sup>4-4</sup> Not in the Folio.—F.<sup>5-5</sup> Not in the Folio.—F.<sup>6-6</sup> Not in the Folio.—F.



Forsoth my lord that can I not,  
The kyng sayed vnto him thore,  
Forsoth thy disworship hys the more.  
What may we know al hereby  
But that thou liest loude and hye.  
The barons all had commaundement.  
. . . . . of

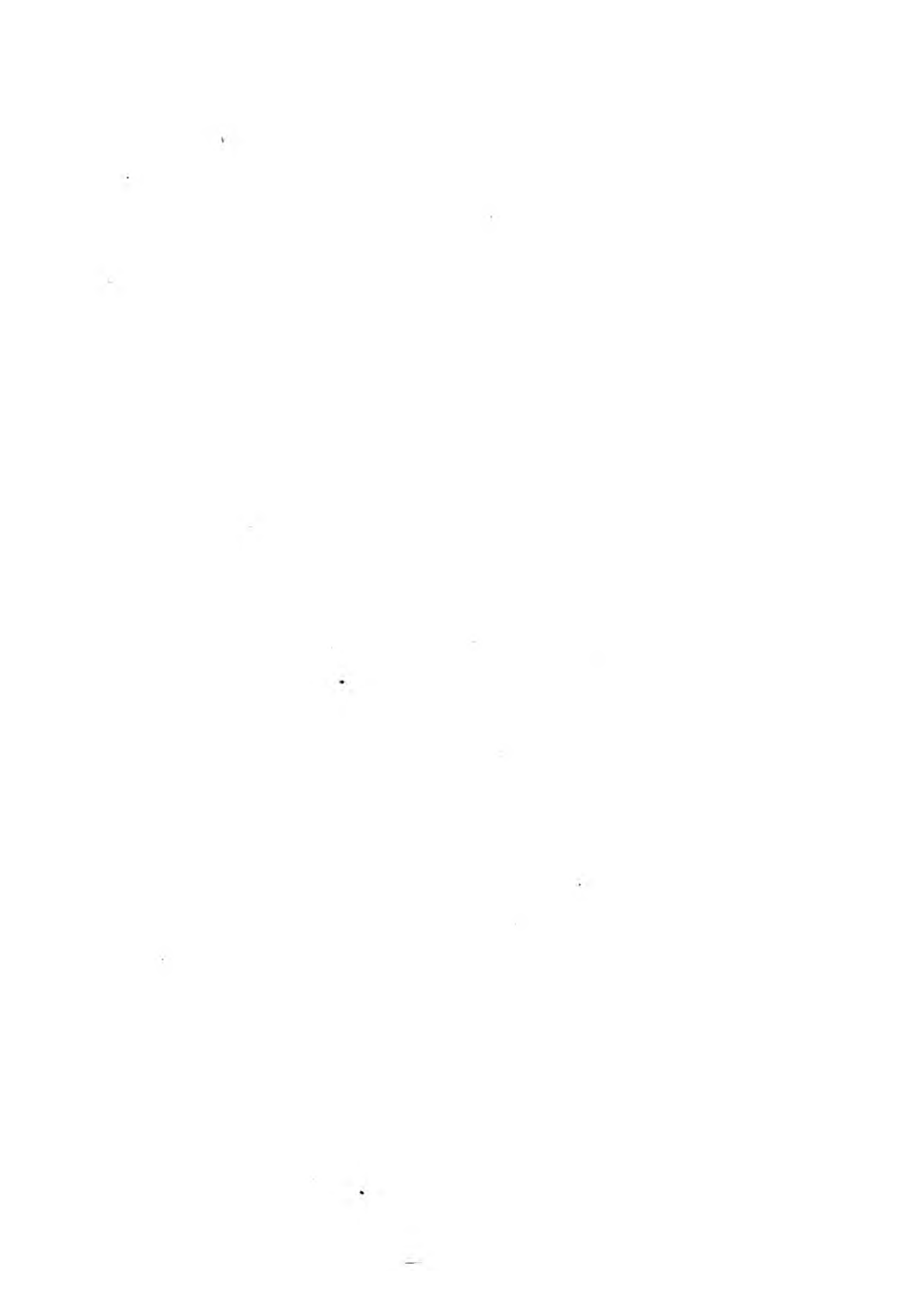
60

[*End of Fragment.*]

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