



# Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

<http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks>



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.

OXFORD  
UNIVERSITY  
SCHOOL OF  
ENGLISH

ENGLISH FACULTY LIBRARY  
*St. Cross Building, Oxford*







2

Oxford University  
ENGLISH FACULTY LIBRARY  
Manor Road  
Oxford OX1 3UQ  
Telephone: (0865) 71050

Opening Hours:

Monday to Friday: 9.30 a.m. to 7 p.m. in Full Term.  
(9.30 a.m. to 1 p.m., and 2 p.m. to 4 p.m. in Vacations.)  
Saturday: 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. in Full Term only (closed in Vacations).  
The Library is closed for ten days at Christmas and at Easter, on  
Encaenia Day, and for six weeks in August and September.

*This book should be returned on or before the latest date  
below:*

28 JUN 1996

13 MAR 2003  
CANCELLED  
MAY 2003

CANCELLED  
08 MAY 1997

CANCELLED  
16 MAY 1999

CANCELLED  
24 FEB 2003

*Readers are asked to protect Library books from rain, etc  
Any volumes which are lost, defaced with notes, or otherwise  
damaged, may have to be replaced by the Reader responsible.*



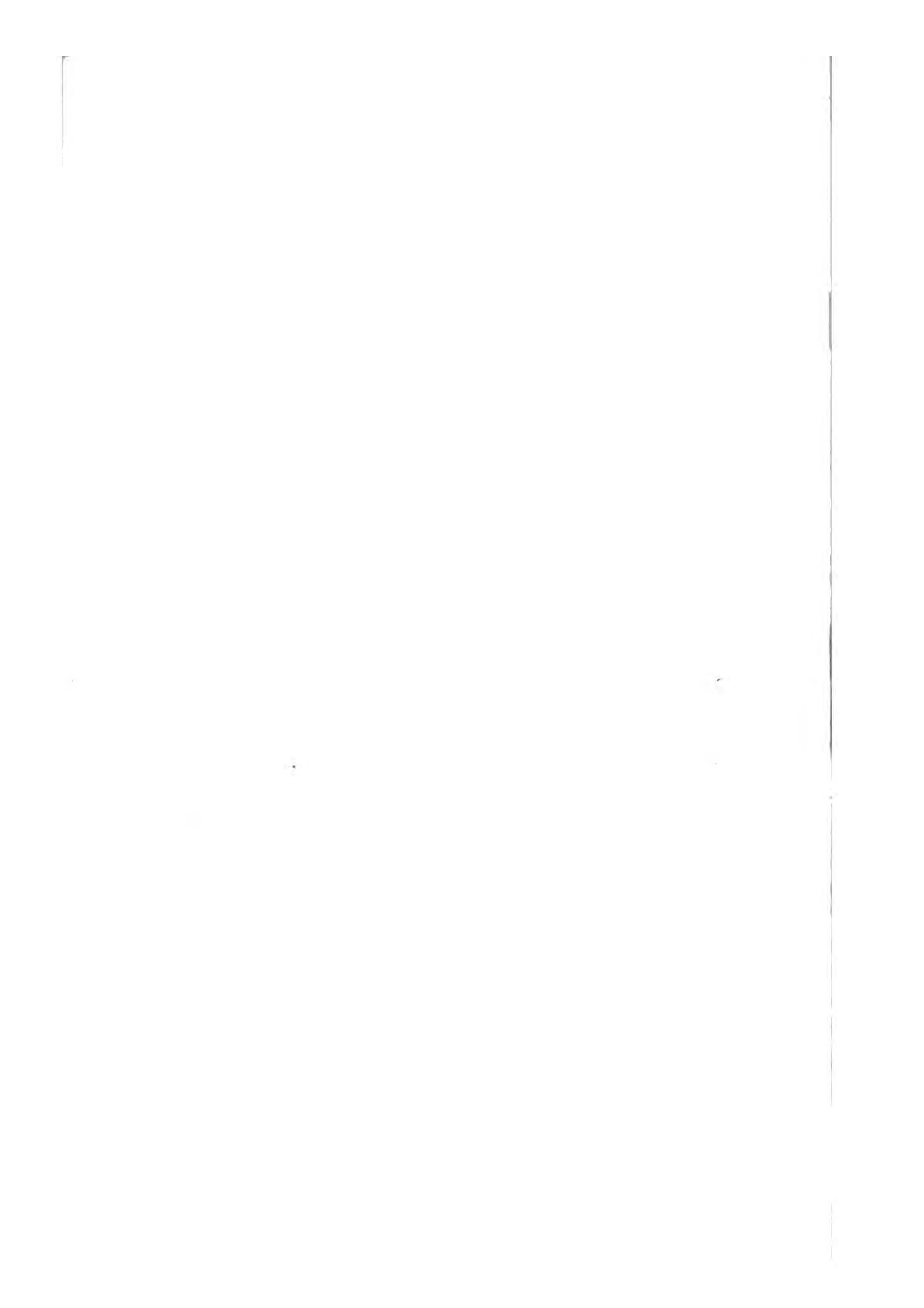
3000294600





G 11.2 [Per]





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

---

**Ballads and Romances.**

---

EDITED BY

**JOHN W. HALES, M.A.**

LATE FELLOW AND ASSISTANT TUTOR OF CHRIST'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

AND

**FREDERICK J. FURNIVALL, M.A.**

OF TRINITY HALL, CAMBRIDGE.

(ASSISTED BY PROFESSOR CHILD, W. CHAPPELL, Esq., &c. &c.)

**Vol. II.—Part I.**

LONDON :

**N. TRÜBNER & CO., 60 PATERNOSTER ROW.**

1867.

*Price Four Shillings and Sixpence.*



# Early English Text Society.

## Committee of Management:

DANBY P. FRY, Esq.	RICHARD MORRIS, Esq.
FREDERICK J. FURNIVALL, Esq.	H. T. PARKER, Esq.
FITZEDWARD HALL, Esq.	REV. GEORGE G. PERRY.
REV. J. RAWSON LUMBY.	REV. WALTER W. SKEAT.
HENRY B. WHEATLEY, Esq.	

(With power to add Workers to their number.)

## Honorary Secretary:

HENRY B. WHEATLEY, Esq., 53 BERNERS STREET, LONDON, W.

## Bankers:

THE UNION BANK OF LONDON, REGENT STREET BRANCH,  
14 ARGYLL PLACE, W.

The Publications for 1864-65 and '66 are out of print, but a *Reprinting Fund* is now open for reprinting them. Thirty members are wanted to complete the 1864 subscription. A few copies of separate texts remain: of No. 4,—Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight, ab. 1320—30, edited by R. Morris, Esq., 10s.; and No. 5, of the Orthographie and Congruitie of the Britan Tongue, be Alexander Hume, ab. 1617 A.D., edited by Henry B. Wheatley, Esq., 4s.

No. 1 is Early English Alliterative Poems, ab. 1320—30, A.D.; 2, Arthur, ab. 1440 A.D.; 3, Lauder on the Dewtie of Kyngis, &c. 1556 A.D.; 6, Lancelot of the Laik, ab. 1500; 7, Genesis and	Exodus, ab. 1250; 8, Morte Arthure, ab. 1440; 9, Thynne on Chaucer's Works, 1598; 10, Merlin, ab. 1450, Pt. I.; 11, Lyndesay's Monarche, &c. 1552, Pt. I.; 12, The Wright's Chaste Wife, ab. 1462.
---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

## The Publications for 1866 are—

13. SEINTE MARHERETE, be Meiden ant Martyr. Three Texts of ab. A.D. 1200, 1310, 1330. First edited in 1862 by the Rev. Oswald Cockayne, M.A., and now re-issued. 2s.
14. THE ROMANCE OF KYNG HORN, FLORIS AND BLANCHEFLOUR, AND THE ASSUMPTION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN. Edited from the MS. in the Library of the University of Cambridge, by the Rev. J. Rawson Lumby. 3s. 6d.
15. POLITICAL, RELIGIOUS, AND LOVE POEMS, from the Lambeth MS. No. 306, and other sources. Edited by F. J. Furnivall, Esq., M.A. 7s. 6d.
16. A TRETICE IN ENGLISCH breuely drawe out of be book of Quintis essencijs in Latyn, þat Hermys be prophete and king of Egipt, after be flood of Noe, fader of Philosophris, hadde by reuelaciouns of an aungil of God to him sente. Edited from the Sloane MS. 73, by F. J. Furnivall, Esq., M.A. 1s.
17. PARALLEL EXTRACTS FROM TWENTY-NINE MSS. OF PIERS PLOWMAN, with Comments, and a Proposal for the Society's Three-Text Edition of the Poem. By the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A. 1s.
18. HALI MEIDENHAD, ab. 1200 A.D. Edited for the first time from the MS. (with a translation), by the Rev. Oswald Cockayne, M.A. 1s.
19. SIR DAVID LYNDESAY'S MONARCHE, Part II., the Complaynt of the King's Papingo, and other Minor Poems. Edited from the first editions, by Fitzedward Hall, Esq., D.C.L. 3s. 6d.
20. SOME TREATISES BY RICHARD ROLLE DE HAMPOLE. Edited from Robert of Thornton's MS., ab. 1440 A.D., by the Rev. G. Perry, M.A. 1s.
21. MERLIN, OR THE EARLY HISTORY OF ARTHUR. Edited for the first time from the unique MS. in the Cambridge University Library about 1450 A.D. Part II. Edited by Henry B. Wheatley, Esq. 4s.
22. THE ROMANCE OF PARTENAY OR LUSIGNEN. Edited for the first time from the unique MS. in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A. 6s.
23. DAN MICHEL'S AYENBITE OF INWYT, or Remorse of Conscience, in the Kentish dialect, 1340 A.D. Edited from the unique MS. in the British Museum, by Richard Morris, Esq. 10s. 6d.

The Society's Report, January 1867, with Lists of Texts to be published in future years, etc., etc. can be had on application to the Hon. Secretary, HENRY B. WHEATLEY, Esq., 53 Berners Street, W.

**Bishop Percy's Folio MS.**

**Ballads and Romances.**

**Vol. II.**



LONDON: PRINTED BY  
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE  
AND PARLIAMENT STREET

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

---

**Ballads and Romances.**

---

EDITED BY

JOHN W. HALES, M.A.

FELLOW AND LATE ASSISTANT-TUTOR OF CHRIST'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

AND

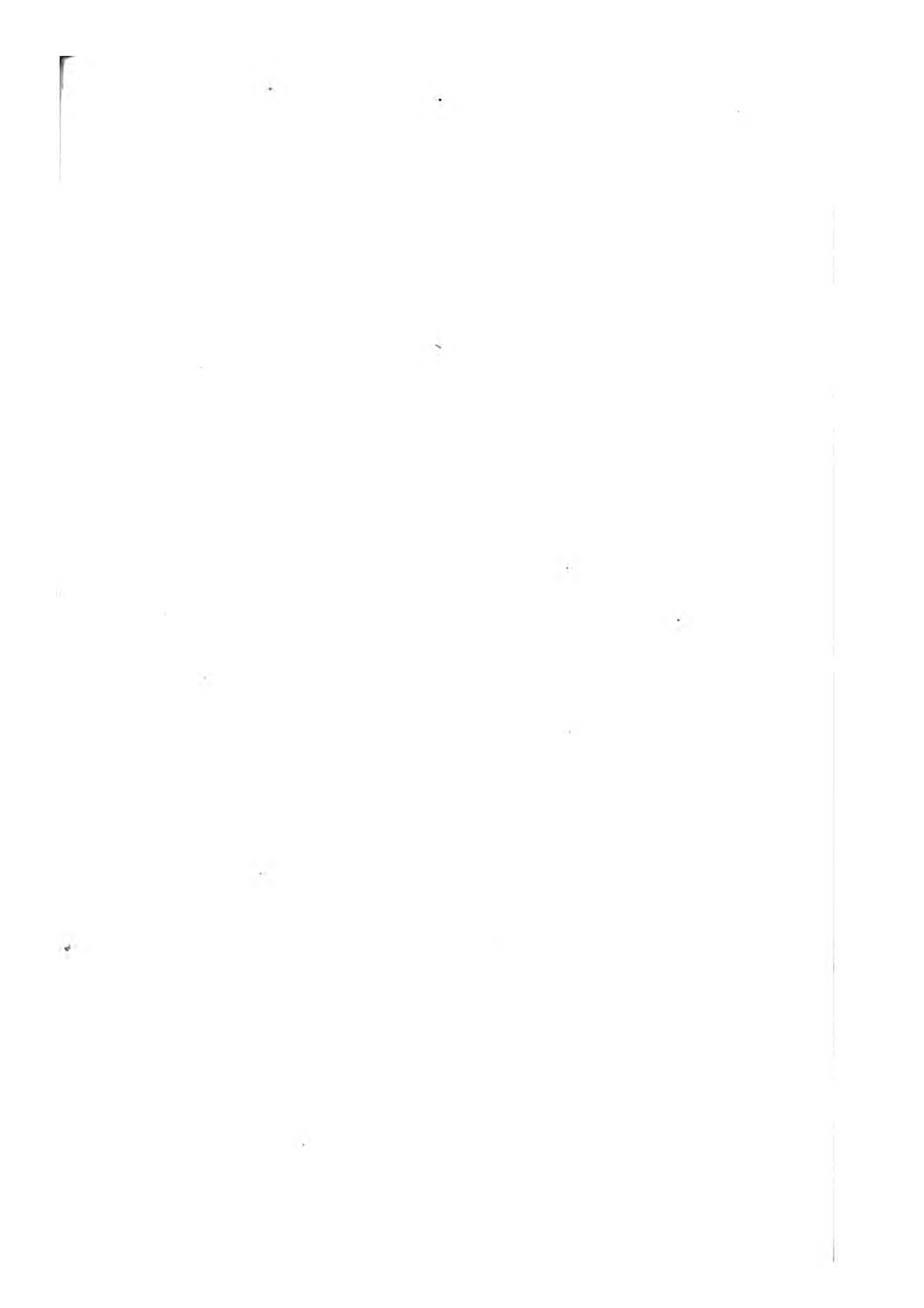
FREDERICK J. FURNIVALL, M.A.

OF TRINITY HALL, CAMBRIDGE.

(ASSISTED BY PROF. CHILD, OF HARVARD UNIV., U.S.; W. CHAPPELL, Esq., &c. &c.)

**Vol. II.**

LONDON:  
N. TRÜBNER & CO., 60 PATERNOSTER ROW.  
1868.



## PREFACE

TO

### THE SECOND VOLUME.

---

As the first volume was specially that of Arthur and Gawaine, of Robin Hood and his great compeer, now almost forgotten, 'Randolph, Erl of Chestre,' so this second volume is specially that of Sir Grey, who did such mighty deeds for England, and the pathos of whose death in his hermit's cell near Warwick has never yet been worthily sung.

But the Arthur and Gawaine stories are here continued in *The Grene Knight*, the *Boy and Mantle*, and *Libius Disconius*; and we have besides, in the present volume, versions of some of the best of our English ballads, *Chevy Chase*, *Childe Waters*, *Bell my Wiffe*, *Bessie off Bednall*, &c. Of one of the best of them, *King Estmere*, Percy's ruthless hands (p. 200, note) have prevented us giving the MS. version of the folio. We have been unable to find any other MS. or printed copy of this ballad, and have therefore been obliged to put side by side in an appendix Percy's two printed versions of it, with all their differences from each other marked in italics, so that readers may judge for themselves as to his probable amount of alteration in the other parts.

The folio version of *Bell my Wiffe*—a ballad to which Shakspeare's quotation of it in *Othello* has secured immortality—is believed to be the earliest known; and as it just filled a page

PREFACE TO THE SECOND VOLUME.

in the MS. it was chosen for photolithographing, and an impression of it will be given with Vol. III. for Vol. I.

*John de Reeue* is (among other pieces) here printed for the first time, and if it can be taken in any degree as a picture of the bondman's condition at the time it represents, or even the time it was written, it is of considerable historical value. At any rate, it shows us a merry scene of early English life. *Conscience's* tale is of a darker tint, but is valuable for its sketch of the corruptions of its times. The other historical ballads treat of fights and plots abroad and at home—of Agincourt, Buckingham's Fall, the Siege of Cadiz, Durham Field, Northumberland besieged by Douglas, &c. &c.,—but none of them are of more than average merit.

Mr. Hales has written all the Introductions, except those to *Cales Voyage* (for which the Editors are indebted to Mr. John Bruce, the Director of the Camden Society), to *Earle Bodwell* (which is reprinted from the first edition of Bishop Percy's *Reliques*), to *Boy and Mantle* (which is reprinted from Professor Child's *Ballads*), and the following by Mr. Furnivall: *Come, Come*; *Conscience*; *Agincourte Battell*; and *Libius Discorius*. Mr. Hales has also written the Introductory Essay on The Revival of Ballad Poetry in the Eighteenth Century.

For the text Mr. Furnivall is, as before, mainly responsible, and has to thank Mr. W. A. Dalziel for his help in reading the copy and proof with the MS. The contractions of the MS. are printed in italics in the text.

To the Revs. Alexander Dyce, W. W. Skeat, J. Roberts, and Archdeacon Hale; to Messrs. Chappell, Bruce, T. Wright, Planché, and Jones, the Editors tender their thanks for help in divers ways.

February 4, 1868.



CONTENTS

OF

THE SECOND VOLUME.



	PAGE
THE REVIVAL OF BALLAD POETRY IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY . . . . .	v
ON "BONDMAN," THE NAME AND THE CLASS . . . . .	xxxiii
NOTES . . . . .	lxiii
CHEVY CHASE . . . . .	1
WHEN LOVE WITH UNCONFINED WINGS . . . . .	17
CLORIS, FAREWELL, I NEEDS MUST GO . . . . .	21
THE KINGE ENJOYES HIS RIGHTS AGAINE . . . . .	24
THE ÆGIPTIAN QUENE . . . . .	26
HOLLOWE, ME FANCYE . . . . .	30
NEWARKE . . . . .	33
AMONGST THE MIRTLES . . . . .	35
THE WORLDE IS CHANGED, AND WEE HAVE CHOYCES . . . . .	37
THE TRIBE OF BANBURYE . . . . .	39
AY ME, AY ME! PORE SISLEY AND UNDONE . . . . .	43
FAINE WOLDE I CHANGE MY MAIDEN LIFE . . . . .	46
WHEN FIRST I SAWE HER FACE . . . . .	48
HOW FAYRE SHEE BE . . . . .	50
COME, COME, COME, SHALL WEE MASQUE OR MUM . . . . .	52
THE GRENE KNIGHT . . . . .	56
SIR TRIAMORE . . . . .	78
GUYE AND AMARANT . . . . .	136
CALES VOYAGE . . . . .	144
KINGE AND MILLER . . . . .	147
AGINCOURTE BATTELL ( <i>see Appendix, p. 595</i> ) . . . . .	158

	PAGE
CONSCIENCE . . . . .	174
DURHAM FEILDE . . . . .	190
GUY AND PHILLIS ( <i>for the beginning, see Appendix, p. 608</i> ) . . . . .	201
JOHN A SIDE . . . . .	203
RISINGE IN THE NORTHE . . . . .	210
NORTHUMBERLAND BETRAYD BY DOWGLAS . . . . .	217
GUYE OF GISBORNE . . . . .	227
HEREFFORD AND NORFOLKE . . . . .	238
LADYES FALL . . . . .	246
BUCKINGAM BETRAYD BY BANISTER . . . . .	253
EARLE BODWELL . . . . .	260
BISHOPPE AND BROWNE . . . . .	265
CHILDE WATERS . . . . .	269
BESSIE OFF BEDNALL . . . . .	279
HUGH SPENCER . . . . .	290
KINGE ADLER . . . . .	296
BOY AND MANTLE . . . . .	301
WHITE ROSE AND RED . . . . .	312
BELL MY WIFFE . . . . .	320
I LIVE WHERE I LOVE . . . . .	325
YOUNGE ANDREW . . . . .	327
A JIGGE . . . . .	334
EGLAMORE . . . . .	338
THE EMPEROUR AND THE CHILDE . . . . .	390
SITTINGE LATE . . . . .	400
LIBIUS DISCONIUS . . . . .	404
CHILDE MAURICE . . . . .	500
PHILLIS HOE . . . . .	507
GUY AND COLEBRANDE . . . . .	509
JOHN DE REEVE . . . . .	559
APPENDIX . . . . .	595
TWO AGINCOURT BALLADS . . . . .	595
KING ESTMERE ( <i>two versions, from the 1st and 4th editions of</i> <i>The Reliques</i> ) . . . . .	600
GUY AND PHILLIS ( <i>the first eleven stanzas of</i> ) . . . . .	608

CORRIGENDA.

- p. 9, l. 68, for *armour* read *armor*.  
p. 16, l. 253, for *and* read *&*.  
p. 23, l. 9, for [and] read *&*.  
p. 28, l. 6, for *with* read *with*.  
    l. 22, for *between* read *betweene*.  
p. 29, l. 77, for *their* read *them*.  
p. 41, l. 9, for *up* read *vp*.  
p. 46, l. 7, for *bells* read *bell*.  
p. 60, note 8, for *theye* read *they*.  
p. 63, l. 134; p. 66, l. 203, 215; for *and* read *&*.  
p. 72, note 3: *the r has fallen out of the A.-Sax. Gram.*  
p. 77, note, col. 1, l. 2; for *missed*. As *read* *missed*, as.  
p. 140, l. 109, add *witt* at the end of the line.  
    note 1, for *Strowt yn* read *Strowtyn*.  
p. 159, l. 7, for *1569* read *1659*.  
p. 164, note 2, for *terme* read *tenne*.  
p. 254, l. 12, for *Robert* read *Richard*.  
p. 379, notes, col. 2, for "1867" read "*Babees Book, &c. 1868.*"  
N.B. The reading of the vol. with the MS. was stopt at p. 74 by the return of the MS. to its owners.





## THE REVIVAL OF BALLAD POETRY IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.



THE last century in England was in more respects than one a valley of dry bones. About the middle of it, "they were very many," and "they were very dry." Shortly afterwards, "behold, a noise," and the bones began to come together. These signs of life were followed by a growing animation. From the four quarters came the wind, and breathed on the quickening mass. From the north it came in its strength; from the east and the west it blew vigorously; from the south it rushed with a wild furious sweeping blast that changed the face of the valley. So at last the century revived—its dull lack-lustre eyes brightened—its stagnant pulse leapt—it lived.

I do not now propose to attempt a full description of this mighty revival. But I propose confining myself to one particular feature of it—the appreciation of our older literature, and especially of our ballad poetry. The century that had long been fully satisfied with its own productions, at last recognised that the English literature of ages that had preceded it was not wholly barbarous. The century that had given up itself to rules, and reduced the art of poetry to a mechanical trick, at last acknowledged graces beyond the reach of its art. At last it was brought to see that there were more things in heaven and earth than were dreamt of in its philosophy.

It discovered that there were innumerable beauties around it to which it had long been blind. It left its gardens and its

elaborate manipulations of nature to see Nature herself. It gave over refining the lily and gilding the rose to look at the flowers in their simple beauty. It became conscious of the exquisite beauties and glories of Switzerland, of the English lakes, of Wales. New worlds of splendour, and of noble enjoyment, dawned upon it. Not greater discoveries were made by Columbus and his followers four centuries before than were then made. The age, with all its self-complaisance, had been living in a prison. The doors were thrown open, and it came forth to feel and enjoy the fresh breezes and the gracious sunshine. A huger, more dismal, more cramping Bastile than that of Paris fell along with it. The age saw at the same time that, besides the beauties of nature, there were beauties that the art of former days had bequeathed it. It began to discern the subtle loveliness of old cathedral churches that studded the country. It had long eyed them with much disfavour. It had sadly disfigured them with adornments of its own devising, and according with its own notions. It had deplored them as monstrous relics of a profound barbarism. But at last the scales fell from its eyes, and it saw that these "tabernacles of the Lord of Hosts" were "amiable." It awoke to their supreme, lavish, refined beautifulness. So with respect to other branches of Gothic art, other fruits of the old Romantic times, they came to a better appreciation of them. Poets and poems that had for many a day been relegated to neglect and oblivion, were more frankly and fairly valued. Voices that had long been silenced or ignored began to find a hearing and a heeding audience. As Greek literature was revived in the fifteenth, so was Romantic in the eighteenth.

A fair criterion of the progress of the century in the recognition of the Romantic age is its appreciation of Chaucer. The most important event of the century regarding him is the appearance of Tyrwhitt's edition of him in 1775. Then at last

an attempt was made to vindicate his fame from the imputation of rudeness; to show that he, no less than the eighteenth-century poets, had some sense of melody, some talent for character-drawing, some power of language. Spenser was more readily and continuously accepted. The age sympathised with the moralising part of his genius, and found pleasure in imitating him. But, as I have said, I propose now considering the history of our ballad poetry; and to it I turn.

The most signal event regarding it is the publication of Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* in 1765. Let us see how the century was prepared, or had been preparing, for that famous publication.

Our English ballads, though highly popular in the Elizabethan age, as innumerable allusions to them in Shakespeare and the other dramatists, and in the general literature of the time, show, were yet never collected into any volume, save in *Garlands*, till the year 1723. They wandered up and down the country without even sheepskins or goatskins to protect them. They flew about like the birds of the air, and sung songs dear to the heart of the common people—songs whose power was sometimes confessed by the higher classes, but not so thoroughly appreciated as to induce them to exert themselves for their preservation. They were looked down upon as things that were very good in their proper place, but which must not be admitted into higher society. They were admired in a condescending manner. They were much better than could be expected. But no one thought of them as popular lyrics of great intrinsic value. No one put forth a hand to save them from perishing. The custom of covering the walls of houses with them that happily prevailed in the seventeenth century did something for their preservation. So secured, they had a better chance of keeping a place in men's memories, and meeting some day appreciative eyes. Towards the end of the said century were made one or two



collections of the broad sheets containing them. The black-letter literature of the people was collected rather for its curiousness than its power or beauty, by antiquaries rather than by poets or enjoyers of poetry. Whatever their motives, let us praise Wood and Harley, Selden<sup>1</sup> and Pepys, Rawlinson, Douce, and Bagford, for their services in gathering together and protecting the frail outcasts from destruction. They were as great benefactors of the old ballads as Captain Coram was of foundlings. Be their names glorified!

There can be no doubt that the powerful mind of Dryden justly appreciated the strength of our old literature, although he so far bows before the spirit of his age as to deface it for the reception of that age. Even when he revised and spoiled Chaucer's works, he felt the power of them. But he resigned his own judgment to that of his contemporaries. This Samson in his captivity consented to make merry and carouse with his captors—to translate the songs he loved into the Philistine dialect. He had a fine appreciation of the old ballads. "I have heard," says a *Spectator*, "that the late Lord Dorset, who had the greatest wit tempered with the greatest candour, and was one of the finest critics as well as the best poets of his age, had a numerous collection of old English ballads, and took a particular pleasure in the reading of them. I can affirm the same of Mr. Dryden, and know several of the most refined writers of our present age who are of the same humour." He is, I think, the first collector of poems who conceded to popular ballads their due place,—who admitted them into the society of other poems—poems by the most Eminent Hands,—who perceived their excellence, and welcomed them accordingly. To other collectors of that date it was as disgraceful to a poem as to a man to have no father,

<sup>1</sup> Tradition says that Pepys "borrowed" a part of his Collection from Selden, and forgot to return it.—W. C.

or to be suspected of a common origin. Dryden rose above this prejudice. He showed one or two ballads the same hospitality as he extended to the poetasters of Oxford and Cambridge, whose name was Legion at this time. In the *Miscellany Poems*, edited by him, of which the first volume appeared in 1684, the last in 1708, eight years after his death, are to be found "Little Musgrave and the Lady Bernard," certainly one of the most vigorous ballads in our language; "Chevy Chase," with a rhyming Latin translation; "Johnnie Armstrong," "Gilderoy," "The Miller and the King's Daughters." But the evil that men do lives after them. Dryden, in his "Knight's Tale" and other works, had set the fashion of imitating and modernising our old poems. That fashion survived him. For more than half a century after his death, with the exception of the insertion of two or three in Playford's<sup>1</sup> *Wit and Mirth, or Pills to purge Melancholy*, and of the *Collection of Old Ballads* above referred to, we have produced in England imitations or adaptations of ballads—no faithful reprint of the genuine thing. The wine that the age had given it to drink was a miserable dilution, or only coloured water. Conspicuous amongst these imitators or adapters were Parnell, Prior, and Tickell. But there were two men in Queen Anne's time who had a genuine relish for old ballads, and who said a good word for them. These were Addison and Rowe. Addison's taste for them had been awakened during his travels on the Continent. "When I travelled," he writes, "I took a particular delight in hearing the songs and fables that are come from father to son, and are most in vogue among the common people of the countries through which I passed; for it is impossible that anything should be universally tasted and approved by a multitude, though they are only the rabble of a nation, which hath not in it some peculiar aptness

<sup>1</sup> This Collection, though generally called D'Urfey's, was Henry Playford's (1719), in six volumes. Five were printed in 1714; the first volume in D'Urfey edited only the last edition 1699.—W. C.

to please and gratify the mind of man." He gives, as is well known, two numbers of the *Spectator* to a consideration of "Chevy Chase," one to that of the "Children in the Wood." "The old song of 'Chevy Chase,'" he writes, "is the favourite ballad of the common people of England, and Ben Jonson used to say he had rather have been the author of it than of all his works." Then he quotes Sir Philip Sidney's famous words; and then adds, "For my own part I am so professed an admirer of this antiquated song that I shall give my reader a critick upon it, without any further apology for so doing." And he proceeds to investigate the poem according to the critical rules of his time. He compares it with other heroic poems, and illustrates it from Virgil and Horace. He read the old ballad in the light of his age—viewed and reviewed it in a somewhat narrow spirit. But he did read it—he did look at it. In spite of the confining criticism and hypercriticism of the day, he did feel and recognise its power. "Thus we see," his *examen* concludes, "how the thoughts of this poem, which naturally arise from the subject, are always simple, and sometimes exquisitely noble; that the language is often very sounding, and that the whole is written with a true poetical spirit." In another paper he calls attention to and expresses the "most exquisite pleasure" he had received from "The Two Children in the Wood," which he had encountered pasted upon the wall of some house in the country. He describes it as "one of the darling songs of the common people," and as having been "the delight of most Englishmen in some part of their age;" and then he discusses it after his manner. "The tale of it is a pretty tragical story, and pleases for no other reason but because it is a copy of nature. There is even a despicable simplicity in the verse; and yet because the sentiments appear genuine and unaffected, they are able to move the mind of the most polite reader with inward meltings of humanity and compassion." But he could not bring his

contemporaries to sympathise with him. They would not hear, charmed he never so wisely. His "Chevy Chase" papers were ridiculed and parodied by Dennis and Wagstaff and kindred spirits. To them perhaps he alludes in the concluding words of his notice of the other ballad he reviews: "As for the little conceited wits of the age," he writes, "who can only show their judgment by finding fault, they cannot be supposed to admire those productions which have nothing to recommend them but the beauties of nature, when they do not know how to relish even those compositions that, with all the beauties of nature, have also the additional advantages of art." He fought a losing battle. What appreciation of the old things there was at the beginning of the century was rapidly decaying. An age of elaborate artificiality, and studied affectation, was dawning.

I have mentioned Rowe as sharing Addison's appreciation of the old ballads. He takes for one of his plays a subject that was the theme of a widely popular ballad, and in introducing his tragedy, deprecates the adverse prejudices of his audience, and speaks boldly in favour of the elder literature, and against the wretched affectations of his time. The Prologue to his "Jane Shore," first acted in 1713, opens thus:

To-night, if you have brought your good old taste,  
 We'll treat you with a downright English feast,  
 A tale which, told long since in homely wise,  
 Hath never failed of melting gentle eyes.  
 Let no nice sir despise the hapless dame  
 Because recording ballads chaunt her name;  
 Those venerable ancient song-enditers  
 Soared many a pitch above our modern writers.  
 They caterwauled in no romantic ditty,  
 Sighing for Philis's or Cloe's pity;  
 Justly they drew the Fair, and spoke her plain,  
 And sung her by her Christian name—'twas Jane.  
 Our numbers may be more refined than those,  
 But what we've gained in verse, we've lost in prose;  
 Their words no shuffling double-meaning knew,  
 Their speech was homely, but their hearts were true.

In such an age immortal Shakespear wrote.  
 By no quaint rules nor hampering critics taught,  
 With rough majestic force they moved the heart,  
 And strength and nature made amends for art.  
 Our humble author does his steps pursue ;  
 He owns he had the mighty bard in view ;  
 And in these scenes has made it more his care  
 To rouse the passions than to charm the ear.

But this advocacy, too, of a better taste was doomed to fail. Rowe, as Addison, spoke in vain. The literary dominion of France was growing more and more supreme. Protests in behalf of, our old masters were urged fruitlessly. The charms of our ballad poetry were disregarded, were despised.

There were, however, others besides Addison and Rowe who had some slight sense of those charms, as for instance those whom we have named—Parnell, Tickell, Prior. Parnell's acquaintance with our older literature is shown in his "Fairy Tale in the Ancient English Style." It is but a feeble piece, written in a favourite Romance metre—the metre of Chaucer's "Tale of Sir Topas"—and decorated with occasional bits of bad grammar to give it an antique look. Tickell's friendship with Addison could not but have conduced to some familiarity on his part with the old ballads. He seems to have been inspired by them in no ordinary degree. Apropos of his "Lucy and Colin," Goldsmith remarks: "Through all Tickell's works there is a strain of ballad-thinking, if I may so express it; and in this professed ballad he seems to have surpassed himself. It is perhaps the best in our language in this way." The writer of it has evidently drunk from the old wells. The story is simple. It is told in a queer style—a sort of strange compromise between the simplicity of the old ballad language and the superfine verbiage that was rising into esteem in Tickell's own day. Lucy, the reader may remember, is deserted by her lover for a richer bride. She cannot survive this cruelty. She says, to quote well-known lines,



I hear a voice you cannot hear,  
 Which says I must not stay.  
 I see a hand you cannot see,  
 Which beckons me away.

She is buried on the day of her false lover's marriage. The funeral cortège encounters the hymeneal. The bridegroom's old passion, too late, revives.

Confusion, shame, remorse, despair  
 At once his bosom swell ;  
 The damps of death bedew his brow ;  
 He shook, he groaned, he fell.

There is not the true note here, but there is a distant echo of it. In the handsome folio volume of poems published by Matthew Prior in 1718 was printed the "Not-Browne Maide," not for its own sake, but for the sake of a piece called "Henry and Emma," an extremely loose paraphrase of it, that the reader might see how magic was Mr. Prior's touch, who could transmute so rude an effort into a work so finely polished. However, Prior deserves some credit for having brought the old poem forward at all. His "Henry and Emma" won great applause. What a strange, instructive, significant fact, that when it and its original were placed before them, men should deliberately choose it! A morbid taste was prevailing with a vengeance. No plea that the language was obscure can be advanced in this case, as for Dryden's and Pope's versions of the *Canterbury Tales*. There is no obscurity in these words :

O Lorde, what is  
 This worldis blisse,  
 That chaungeth as the mone !  
 The somers day  
 In lusty may  
 Is derked before the none.  
 I hear you say  
 Farewel ! Nay, nay,  
 We departe not soo sone ;  
 Why say ye so ?  
 Wheder wyle ye goo ?

Alas ! what have ye done ?  
 Alle my welfare  
 To sorow and care  
 Shulde chaunge yf ye were gon ;  
 For in my mynde  
 Of all mankynde  
 I loue but you alone.

But Prior's age did not care for their simple beauty. It could not value that art *quæ celat artem*. It could not enjoy wild flowers. To the above delightful speech it preferred the following :

What is our bliss, that changeth with the moon,  
 And day of life, that darkens ere 'tis noon ?  
 What is true passion, if unblest it dies ?  
 And where is Emma's joy, if Henry flies ?  
 If love, alas ! be pain, the pain I bear  
 No thought can figure, and no tongue declare.  
 Ne'er faithful woman felt, nor false one feign'd  
 The flames which long have in my bosom reign'd ;  
 The god of love himself inhabits there,  
 With all his rage, and dread, and grief, and care,  
 His complement of stores and total war.  
 O ! cease then coldly to suspect my love,  
 And let my deed at least my faith approve.  
 Alas ! no youth shall my endearments share,  
 Nor day nor night shall interrupt my care ;  
 No future story shall with truth upbraid  
 The cold indifference of the nut-brown maid ;  
 Nor to hard banishment shall Henry run,  
 While careless Emma sleeps on beds of down.  
 View me resolved, where'er thou lead'st, to go,  
 Friend to thy pain, and partner of thy woe ;  
 For I attest fair Venus and her son,  
 That I, of all mankind, will love but thee alone.

Early in the reign of George I., then, the old ballads had grown insipid. Men had no longer eyes to see their wild graces. An age of rules was shocked by their fine irregularity. A moralising and sentimentalising age was horrified at their plain-spokenness and objectivity. A didactic age could conceive no interest in such spontaneous songs. It had narrow ideas of what is instructive, and it wanted instructing. It did not under-

stand the singing as the linnet sings. It wanted its theories illustrated, discussed, enforced. In a word, it confounded poetry and morality. It did not cultivate, and it lost the faculty of pure enjoyment. No wonder then, if, finding no response to its ideas in the old ballads, it turned away from them, and would not answer when they called, would not dance when they piped.

But even at this time, when they were rapidly nearing the *nadir* of their popularity, the ballads found a friend. In 1723 appeared a volume of collected ballads, followed three years afterwards by a second, in 1727 by a third. These three volumes formed that first collection of English ballads (there is only one Scotch<sup>1</sup> ballad among them) to which we have above adverted. Denmark had made collections of its ballads in 1591 and in 1695; Spain in 1510, 1555, 1566, and 1615. England—save the earlier Garlands—first did so in 1723. Scotland, without, so far as we know, any knowledge of what had been done in England, in the following year, when Allan Ramsay, a great student of “the Bruce,” “the Wallis,” and Lyndsay’s works,

<sup>1</sup> Songs and ballads of rustic and of humble life were called “Scotch” from about the middle of the 17th century, and without any intention of imputing to them a Scottish origin, or that they were imitations. The same had before been called “Northern.” Mr. Payne Collier repeatedly reminds the readers of the Registers of the Stationers’ Company that this word “northern” means “rustic.” (See *Notes and Queries*, Dec. 28, 1861, p. 514; Feb. 8, 1862, p. 106; Feb. 21, 1863, p. 145.) The substitution of “Scotch” seems to have commenced during the civil war, and perhaps only after Charles II. had been crowned King of Scots, when “Scotch” at length became a popular, and even a party word with the Cavaliers. The first writer in whom I have noted the change is Martin Parker, author of the famous Cavalier ballad “When the King shall enjoy his own again.” (See, for instance, “A pair of turtle doves, or a

dainty new Scotch dialogue between a yong man and his mistresse,” subscribed Martin Parker, *Pop. Music*, p. 452.) After him came Tom D’Urfey, and many more. The use extended till, at length, even ballads relating to the northern counties of England, and so, in every sense “northern,” were reprinted as Scotch. (See, for instance, “Nanny O,” *Pop. Music*, p. 610, note *a.*) This conventional meaning of “Scotch” seems to have been accepted in Scotland as well as in England, for in no other sense could Allan Ramsay claim, among others, Gay’s ballad, “Black-ey’d Susan,” in the very first part of “A miscellany of Scots Sings,” or W. Thomson appropriate songs by Ambrose Phillips and other well-known Englishmen, in his *Orpheus Caledonius*. This remark is necessary because Percy has, throughout, taken the words “northern” and “Scotch” only in their literal local sense. —W. C.

having "observed that Readers of the best and most exquisite Discernment frequently complain of our modern Writings as filled with affected Delicacies and studied Refinements, which they would gladly exchange for that natural strength of thought and simplicity of stile our Forefathers practised," published his "Ever-Green, being a collection of Scots Poems wrote by the Ingenious before 1600," and in the same year "The Tea-Table Miscellany, or a Collection of Scots Sangs, in three volumes." All three collections seem to have enjoyed a fair success. Who was the author of the English one is not known.<sup>1</sup> It is called "A collection of Old Ballads corrected from the best and most ancient copies extant, with Introductions, Historical, Critical, or Humorous, illustrated with copper plates." The editor adopts an apologetic motto for his book—some of the above-quoted words of Rowe. He writes, too, in an apologetic vein. "There are many," he says, "who perhaps will think it ridiculous enough to enter seriously into a Dissertation upon Ballads." He is evidently rather afraid of being thought a frivolous creature by his lofty-minded contemporaries. He is a little uneasy in introducing his protégées to the polished public. But he does his duty by them bravely, only indulging himself now and then in a little superior laugh at their expense. He gives what account he can of the theme of each one, and shows always a thorough interest in his work. But the time was not yet ripe for his labours. The popularity that attended the first appearance of his collection soon ceased. The predominant character of the age was not changed. The old voices could not yet secure a hearing. The age clung to its idols. Its Pharisaic spirit was too strong to be restrained. It could not yet believe that out of the mouth of the common people there was ordained strength.

After the middle of the century some promise was shown of

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Farmer ascribes it to Ambrose Phillips. See Lowndes, under "Ballads."—W. C.



a better era. In Capell's "Prolusions, or Select Pieces of Antient Poetry, compil'd with great care from their several Originals, and offer'd to the Publick as Specimens of the Integrity that should be found in the Editions of Worthy Authors," published in 1760, appeared the "Not-browne Mayde," no longer accompanied by a modernised version. This book gives hints of the reaction that was coming against the old manipulating method. "Fidelity to the best Texts," is its watchword. In the same year (1760) appeared Macpherson's *Ossian*, and produced an immense sensation. Bishop Percy, with the good wishes and assistance of many then distinguished men—of Shenstone, Garrick, Joseph Warton, Farmer—was supplementing the treasures of his wonderful Folio MS. from other quarters, and preparing the materials of his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. About the same time (1764) appeared Evans's "Specimens of the Poetry of the Antient Welsh Bards." Mallet's work on "the remains of the Mythology and Poetry of the Celtes, particularly of Scandinavia," had already been published some years.<sup>1</sup> About the same time Gray was writing his Welsh and Scandinavian pieces.<sup>2</sup> At the same time Chatterton was striving to satisfy the new taste that was spreading with forgeries of old poems.<sup>3</sup> The first decade, then, of George III.'s reign is most memorable in the history of the

<sup>1</sup> Mallet (P.-H.) Introduction à l'histoire de Dannemark, où l'on traite de la religion, des mœurs et usages des anciens danois etc. *Copenhagen*, 1755-56. *Les Monumens de la Mythologie et de la Poésie des Celtes* (trad. des *Edda*) ouvrage qui fait partie de cette introduction, ont aussi paru séparément avec un titre particulier, en 1756. *Brunet*. Percy's translation was published in 1770.—F.

<sup>2</sup> In 1767 he [Gray] had intended a second tour to Scotland. At Dr. Beattie's desire, a new edition of his poems was published by Foulis at

Glasgow; and at the same time Dodsley was also printing them in London. In both these editions, the "Long Story" was omitted. Some pieces of Welch and Norwegian poetry, written in a bold and original manner, were inserted in its place. *Mitford's Life of Gray*, Works, i. xlix.-l.—F.

<sup>3</sup> Published in 1777. He died Aug. 25th, 1770. His first article, purporting to be the transcript of an ancient MS. entitled "A Description of the Fryers' first passage over the Old Bridge," appeared in Farley's Journal, Bristol, Oct. 1768. *Penny Cycl.*—F.

revival of our ballad poetry. Then commenced an appreciation of it which has grown stronger and stronger with the lapse of years. Then it found itself so well supported that it was able to hold up its head in spite of peremptory contemptuous criticism. It feared no more the frowns of the great. Its beauty was no longer to be hid—its light no longer veiled away from men's eyes. "Even from the tomb the voice of nature cried." In the midst of conventionalisms and artificialities, Simplicity and Truth asserted themselves. The age was growing sick and weary of its old darlings; growing sensible that there was no salvation in them, no infallibility, no supreme delight in their worship:

Naturam expellas furcâ, tamen usque recurret.

Cinderella had sat by the kitchen fire for many a day. For many a day the elder sisters, tricked out in all the modish finery of the time, every attitude studied, every look elaborated every movement affected, had possessed the drawing-room in all their fashionable state. Cinderella down in the kitchen had heard the rustle of their fine silks and satins, and the sound of their polite conversation. She had been perplexed by their polished verbiage, and felt her own awkwardness and rusticity. She had never dared to think herself beautiful. No admiring eyes ever came near her in which she might mirror herself. She had never dared to think her voice sweet. No rapt ears ever drank in fondly its accents. She felt herself a plain-faced, dull-souled, uninteresting person, not worthy to receive any attention from any one of the fine gentlemen who adored her sisters, or to enter their well-mannered society. But her lowliness was to be regarded. The songs she had sung in the kitchen to the servants—her humble, unpretentious songs—they were to find greater favour than ever did those of her much-complimented sisters. She too was to be the *belle* of balls. It was about the year 1760 when the possibility of so

great a change in her condition became first conceivable. She met with many enemies, who clamoured that the kitchen was her proper place, and vehemently opposed her admission into any higher room. The Prince was long in finding her out. The sisters put many an obstacle between him and her. They could not understand the failure of their own attractions. They could not appreciate the excellence of hers. But at last the Prince found her, and took her in all her simple sweetness to himself. At last, to lay metaphors aside, England acknowledged the power and beauty of the ballads that had suffered for so long a time such grievous neglect.

At the accession of George III., William Whitehead was in the third year of his adornment of the Poet Laureateship. "The Pleasures of Imagination," "The Schoolmistress," "The Complaint, or Night Thoughts on Life, Death, and Immortality"—works which had been given to the world some sixteen or eighteen years before—were at the zenith of their fame. The general character of our literature at this time was wholly didactic. We cannot wonder, then, if the appearance of a poetry that was weighted with no overbearing moral, or other purpose, produced a tremendous effect. We may be prepared to understand the prodigious excitement caused by the publication in 1760 of "The Works of Ossian the Son of Fingal, translated from the Gaelic language by James Macpherson." With all their magniloquence, they did not sermonise; they expressed some genuine feeling. Amidst all their affected cries there was a true voice audible. Three years subsequently, Bishop Percy, moved by Ossian's popularity, published a translation from the Icelandic language of five pieces of Runic poetry.

In the following year, 1764, appeared "Some Specimens of the Poetry of the Ancient Welsh Bards translated into English, with Explanatory Notes on the Historical Passages, and a short Account of Men and Places mentioned by the Bards, in order

to give the Curious some Idea of the Taste and Sentiments of our Ancesters and their Manner of Writing, by the Rev. Mr. Evan Evans, curate of Glanvair Talyhaern in Denbighshire"—a work with which Gray was familiar. Shortly afterwards appeared Gray's own translations, made from translations, of Norse and Welsh pieces: "The Fatal Sisters," "The Descent of Odin," "The Triumphs of Owen," and "The Death of Hoel." About the time, then, of the appearance of the *Reliques* in 1765, there was dispersed over the country some slight knowledge of the old Celtic and of Scandinavian poetry.

And now the age was ripe for the reception of such a collection of old ballads as had been published some forty years, but had then, after a short-lived circulation, fallen into neglect. Thomas Percy, the son of a grocer at Bridgenorth, Shropshire, a graduate of Oxford, vicar of Easton Maudit, Northamptonshire, was by nature something of an antiquarian. When "very young," he became possessed of a folio MS. of old ballads and romances. "This very curious old MS." he says in a memorandum made in the old folio itself, "in its present mutilated state, but unbound and sadly torn, I rescued from destruction, and begged at the hands of my worthy friend Humphrey Pitt, Esq. then living at Shiffnal in Shropshire, afterwards of Prior Lee 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." "When I first got possession of this MS." he says in another entry in the same place, "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." Besides this famous folio, he possessed also a quarto MS. volume of similar pieces, supposed



to be the same as one still in the hands of his family, and containing only copies of printed poems. The folio has remained in the hands of the Bishop's family in the greatest privacy hitherto; Jamieson and Sir F. Madden being (I believe) the only editors who have printed from it, though Dibdin was allowed to catalogue part of it. It is now at last, as our readers know, being printed just as it is. These volumes had in Percy a (for that time) highly appreciative possessor. He determined to introduce to the public some specimens of their contents. This proposal was promoted by the sympathy of many then distinguished men: of Shenstone, Bird, Grainger, Steevens, Farmer, and by others of still greater and more enduring note—Garrick and Goldsmith. At last, in 1765 appeared *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, consisting of Old Heroic Ballads, Songs, and other pieces of our earlier poets (chiefly of the Lyric kind) together with some few of later date.* The editor, even as the editor of the collection of 1723, of whom we have spoken, has, manifestly, some misgivings about the character of his protégées. He is not quite sure how they will be received by his polite contemporaries. He speaks of them, in his Dedication of his volumes to the Countess of Northumberland (he was extremely ambitious to connect himself with the great Percies of the North), as “the rude songs of ancient minstrels,” “the barbarous productions of unpolished ages,” and is troubled for fear lest he should be guilty of some impropriety in hoping that they “can obtain the approbation or the notice of her, who adorns courts by her presence, and diffuses elegance by her example. But this impropriety, it is presumed, will disappear when it is declared that these poems are presented to your Ladyship, not as labours of art but as effusions of nature, shewing the first efforts of ancient genius, and exhibiting the customs and opinions of remote ages.” In his Preface he says that “as most of” the contents of his folio MS. “are of great simplicity, and seem to have

been merely written for the people, the possessor was long in doubt, whether in the present state of improved literature they could be deemed worthy the attention of the public. At length the importunity of his friends prevailed." "In a polished age, like the present, he adds, "I am sensible that many of these reliques of antiquity will require great allowances to be made for them. Yet have they, for the most part, a pleasing simplicity, and many artless graces, which in the opinion of no mean critics [a foot-note cites Addison, Dryden, Lord Dorset &c., and Selden] have been thought to compensate for the want of higher beauties, and if they do not dazzle the imagination [Did "The School-mistress," "The Sugar-cane," dazzle the imagination?] are frequently found to interest the heart." Still more striking are the following words: "To atone for the rudeness of the more obsolete poems, each volume concludes with a few modern attempts in the same kind of writing." And then he buttresses his volumes with eminent names—Shenstone, Thomas Warton, Garrick, Johnson (we shall see presently how far Johnson was likely to smile on his undertaking), which "names of so many men of learning and character, the editor hopes will serve as an amulet, to guard him from every unfavourable censure for having bestowed any attention on a parcel of Old Ballads. It was at the request of many of these gentlemen, and of others eminent for their genius and taste, that this little work was undertaken. To prepare it for the press has been the amusement of now and then a vacant hour amid the leisure and retirement of rural life, and hath only served as a relaxation from graver studies. It hath been taken up and thrown aside for many months during an interval of four or five years." With such apologies and antidotes did the Reliques make their *débüt*! How strange—what a wonderful tale of altered taste it tells—that in order to make "Chevy Chase," "Edom o' Gordon," "Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard," endurable, to reconcile

the reader to their rudeness, such charming *chaperones* should be assigned them as “Bryan and Pereene, a West Indian ballad by Dr. Grainger,” “Jemmy Dawson, by Mr. Shenstone”! “Bryan and Pereene,” “founded on a real fact,” narrates how Pereene, “the pride of Indian dames,” went down to the sea-shore to meet her lover, who, after an absence in England of one long long year one month and day, was returning to St. Christopher’s and his mistress.

Soon as his well-known ship she spied  
 She cast her weeds away,  
 And to the palmy shore she hied  
 All in her best array.

In sea-green silk, so neatly clad  
 She there impatient stood ;

Bryan, seeing her in the said sea-green silk, impatient also, leapt overboard in the hope of reaching her sooner.

The crew with wonder saw the lad  
 Repell the foaming flood.

Her hands a handkerchief display’d,  
 Which he at parting gave ;  
 Well-pleas’d the token he survey’d,  
 And manlier beat the wave.

Her fair companions one and all  
 Rejoicing crowd the strand ;  
 For now her lover swam in call,  
 And almost touch’d the land.

Then through the white surf did she haste,  
 To clasp her lovely swain ;  
 When ah ! a shark bit through his waist,  
 His heart’s blood dy’d the main.

He shriek’d ! his half sprang from the wave,  
 Streaming with purple gore,  
 And soon it found a living grave,  
 And ah ! was seen no more.

Now haste, now haste, ye maids, I pray,  
Fetch water from the spring;  
She falls, she swoons, she dies away,  
And soon her knell they ring.

And so the doleful ditty ends with an injunction to the "fair," to strew her tomb with fresh flowerets every May morning, to the end that they and their lovers may not come to similar distress." Jemmy Dawson was one of the Manchester rebels who took part in the '45, and was hanged, drawn, and quartered on Kennington Common in 1746.

Their colours and their sash he wore,  
And in the fatal dress was found ;  
And now he must that death endure,  
Which gives the brave the keenest wound.

How pale was then his true love's cheek,  
When Jemmy's sentence reach'd her ear ;  
For never yet did Alpine snows,  
So pale, nor yet so chill appear.

With faltering voice she weeping said,  
Oh ! Dawson, monarch of my heart,  
Think not thy death shall end our loves,  
For thou and I will never part.

Poor Kitty inflexibly witnesses his execution.

The dismal scene was o'er and past,  
The lover's mournful hearse retir'd ;  
The maid drew back her languid head,  
And sighing forth his name expir'd.

Such were the pieces whose elegance was to make atonement to the readers of a century ago, for the barbarousness of the other components of the *Reliques*.

This barbarousness was further mitigated by an application of a polishing process to the ballads themselves. Percy performed the offices of a sort of tireman for them. He dressed and adorned them to go into polite society. To how great an extent he laboured in their service, is now at last manifested by the publication of the Folio. The old MS. contained many



pieces which, it would seem, were considered hopeless. No amount of manipulation could ever make them presentable. It contained many pieces and many fragments—thanks to the anxiety of Mr. Humphrey Pitt's servants to light his fires!—which the art of the editorial refiner of the eighteenth century deemed capable of adaptation; and Percy adapted them. The old ballads could reckon on no genuine sympathy. They were, so to speak, the songs of Zion in a strange land.

Percy, as the extracts we have quoted from his Dedication and Preface have shown, was not free from the prejudices of his time. He was but slightly in advance of them; but he *was* in advance of them. He *did* recognise the power and beauty of the old poetry, more deeply, perhaps, than he ever dared confess. And, though unconscious of the greatness of the work he was doing, did for us—for Europe—an unutterable service. He was, to the end, curiously unconscious of it. He had given a deadly blow to a terrible giant, and freed many captives from his thralldom, without knowing. Men are often reminded to be delicately careful in their actions, because they know not what harm they may do. They might sometimes be encouraged by the thought that they know not what good they do. Certainly Percy performed for English literature a far higher service than he ever dreamt of. He always regarded the *Reliques* as something rather frivolous. "I read 'Edwin and Angelina' to Mr. Percy some years ago," writes Goldsmith, in 1767, to the printer of the *St. James' Chronicle*, who had assigned Goldsmith's ballad to Percy, "and he (as we both considered these things as trifles at best) told me, with his usual goodhumour, the next time I saw him, that he had taken my plan to form the fragments of Shakespeare into a ballad of his own. He then read me his little cento, if I may so call it, and I highly approved of it." "I am so little interested about *the amusements of my youth*," writes Percy to his

publisher in 1794, "that, had it not been for the benefit of my nephew, I could contentedly have let the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry* remain unpublished." The great effect the memorable work produced came "not with observation."

With all the consideration Percy showed for the prevailing taste, he did not succeed in winning over to his support certain great leaders of it. He was extremely solicitous to secure the approval of the leader of the leaders of it—of that supreme potentate, Dr. Johnson. In his Preface he twice mentions him: first, as having urged him to publish a selection from the Folio ("He could refuse nothing," he says, "to such judges as the author of the *Rambler*, and the late Mr. Shenstone,"); and secondly, as having lightened his editorial task with his assistance ("To the friendship of Mr. Johnson," he writes, "he owes many valuable hints for the conduct of his work"). But, for all these complimentary mentions, Johnson seems to have liked neither the work nor its author, as may be seen in *Boswell* again and again; thus: "The conversation having turned on modern imitations of ancient ballads, and some one having praised their simplicity, he treated them with that ridicule which he always displayed when that subject was mentioned." The 177th number of the *Rambler* gives a satirical account of a Club of Antiquaries. Hirsute, we are told, had a passion for black-letter books; Ferratus for coins; Chartophylax for gazettes; "Cantilenus turned all his thoughts upon old ballads, for he considered them as the genuine records of the natural taste. He offered to show me a copy of *The Children of the Wood*, which he firmly believed to be of the first edition, and by the help of which the text might be freed from several corruptions, if this age of barbarity had any claim to such favours from him." In his *Life of Addison*, after a sarcastic reference to his *Spectators* on "Chevy Chase," and Wagstaff's ridicule of them, he adds, in modification of Dennis's *reductio*

*ad absurdum* of Addison's canon—that "Chevy Chase" pleases, and ought to please, because it is natural—"In Chevy Chase there is not much of either bombast or affectation, but there is chill and lifeless imbecility. The story cannot possibly be told in a manner that shall make less impression on the mind." With what horror the ghost of Sir Philip Sidney must have been struck if ever it was aware of this crushing dictum! Still more suggestive are his observations on another old ballad. "The greatest of all his amorous essays," he remarks in his *Life of Prior*, "is Henry and Emma—a dull and tedious dialogue, which excites neither esteem for the man nor tenderness for the woman. The example of Emma, who resolves to follow an outlawed murderer wherever fear and guilt shall drive him, deserves no imitation [would Johnson have said that the "Laocoon," or the "Venus de Medici," deserved an imitation?], and the experiment by which Henry tries the lady's constancy is such as must end either in infamy to her or in disappointment to himself." With these terrible sentences in our ear, let us read these stanzas:

Though it be songe  
Of old & yonge,  
That I shold be to blame,  
Theyrs be the charge  
That speke so large  
In hastyng of my name;  
*For I wyll prove*  
*That faythfulle love,*  
*It is devoyd of shame;*  
In your dystresse,  
And hevynesse,  
To part with you the same;  
And sure all tho  
That do not so  
True lovers are they none.  
For in my mynde  
Of all mankynde  
I love but you alone.

And,

I thinke nat nay  
 But as ye say,  
 It is no mayden's lore ;  
 But love may make  
 Me for your sake,  
 As I have sayd before,  
 To come on foote  
 To hunt, to shote  
 To gete us mete in store ;  
 For so that I  
 Your companey  
 May have, I ask no more.  
 From which to part,  
 It makyth my hart  
 As colde as ony stone ;  
 For in my mynde  
 Of all mankynde  
 I love but you alone.

Read these high passionate words, and think of Johnson's criticism.<sup>1</sup> He misses, evidently, the point of the poem—does not see how one noble idea permeates and vivifies every line, and glorifies the self-abandonment confessed.

Here may ye see  
 That women be  
 In love, meke, kynde, and stable ;  
 Late never man  
 Reprove them than,  
 Or call them variable ;  
 But rather pray  
 God that we may  
 To them be comfortable.

His criticism of the "Nut-brown Maid" makes his dislike of the old ballads intelligible enough. We can understand now how he came to despise and abuse them, and parody their form in this wise :

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Mr. Gilpin's (Saurey-Gilpin, an artist, 1733-1807,) remark, *apud* Nichols and Steevens' *Hogarth*, on the seventh plate of the Rake's Progress: "The episode of the fainting woman might have given way to many circumstances more proper to the occasion. This is

the same woman whom the Rake discards in the first print, by whom he is rescued in the fourth, who is present at his marriage, who follows him into jail, and lastly to Bedlam. The thought is rather unnatural, and the moral certainly culpable."



The tender infant, meek and mild,  
 Fell down upon a stone;  
 The nurse took up the squealing child,  
 But still the child squeal'd on.

Warburton, Hurd, and others heartily concurred in his opinion. Warburton thought that the old ballads were utterly despicable by the side of the exalted literature of his own and recent times. He called them "specious funguses compared to the oak."

But in the face of this contumely, looked down on and sneered at by the learning and refinement of the age, the old ballads grew dear to the heart of the nation. They stirred emotions that had long lain dormant. They revived fires that had long slumbered. The nation lay in prison like its old Troubadour king; in its durance it heard its minstrel singing beneath the window its old songs, and its heart leapt in its bosom. It recognised the well-known, though long-neglected, strains that it had heard and loved in the days of its youth. The old love revived. The captive could not at once cast off its fetters, and go forth. But a yearning for liberty awoke in it; a wild, growing, passionate longing for liberty, for real, not artificial flowers; for true feeling, not sentimentalism; for the fresh life-giving breezes of the open country, not the languid airs of enclosed courts.

As one who long in populous city pent,  
 Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,  
 Forth issuing on a summer's morn, to breathe  
 Among the pleasant villages and farms  
 Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight,  
 The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,  
 Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound,

so did the nation issue forth from its confinement, and conceive truer, more comprehensive joys.

The publication of the *Reliques*, then, constitutes an epoch in the history of the great revival of taste, in whose blessings we

now participate. After 1765, before the end of the century, numerous collections of old ballads, in Scotland and in England, by Evans, Pinkerton, Hurd, Ritson, were made. The noble reformation, that received so great an impulse in 1765, advanced thenceforward steadily. The taste that was awakened never slumbered again. The recognition of our old life and poetry that the *Reliques* gave, was at last gloriously confirmed and established by Walter Scott. That great minstrel was profoundly influenced by the *Reliques*, both directly and indirectly, through Burger and others who had drunk deep of its waters.

“Among the valuable acquisitions,” says Scott in his Autobiography, writing of his studies after his leaving Edinburgh High School, “I made about this time, was an acquaintance with Tasso’s ‘Jerusalem Delivered’ through the flat medium of Mr. Hoole’s translation. But above all I then first became acquainted with Bishop Percy’s *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*. As I had been from infancy devoted to legendary lore of this nature, and only reluctantly withdrew my attention from the scarcity of materials and the rudeness of those which I possessed, it may be imagined, but cannot be described, with what delight I saw pieces of the same kind which had amused my childhood, and still continued in secret the Delilahs of my imagination, considered as the subject of sober research, grave commentary, and apt illustration by an editor who showed his practical genius was capable of emulating the best qualities of what his pious labour preserved. I remember well the spot where I read these volumes for the first time. It was beneath a huge plantain tree, in the ruins of what had been intended for an old-fashioned arbour in the garden I have mentioned. The summer day sped onwards so fast that, notwithstanding the sharp appetite of thirteen, I forgot the hour of dinner, was sought for with anxiety, and was still found entranced in my intellectual banquet. To read and

to remember was in this instance the same thing, and henceforth I overwhelmed my schoolfellows and all who would hearken to me with tragical recitations from the ballads of Bishop Percy. The first time too I could scrape a few shillings together, which were not common occurrences with me, I bought unto myself a copy of these beloved volumes; nor do I believe I ever read a book half so frequently or with half the enthusiasm."



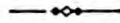


## ON "BONDMAN,"

THE NAME AND THE CLASS,

WITH REFERENCE TO THE BALLAD OF "JOHN DE REEUE,"

By F. J. FURNIVALL.



JOHNSON'S definition of *bondman* is "a man slave." To it his latest editor, Dr. Latham, puts neither addition nor qualification; and the popular notion undoubtedly is, that whenever the word is used, of Early English times or modern, a *slave* is understood, one whose person, wife, children, and property, are wholly in his owner's power. We have to ask how far this popular notion is true with regard to our Bondmen, John de Reeue, Hobkin or Hodgkin long, and Hob o' the Lathe, and their class.

I do not find the word *bondman* in English till about 1250 A.D., taking that as the date of the *Owl and Nightingale*:

Moni chapmon and moni cniht  
Luveþ and halt <sup>1</sup> his wif ariht;  
And swa deþ moni *bondeman*.

(*Owl and Nightingale*, l. 1575, p. 49, ed. Stratmann, 1868.)

The earlier word was *bonde*, and the earliest the Anglo-Saxon *bonda*, which Thorpe rightly derives and defines as follows in his glossary to the *Ancient Laws*:

*Bonda*, boor, paterfamilias. This word was probably introduced by the Danes, and seems occasionally to have been used for *ceorl*; its immediate derivation is from O. N. *búandi*, contr[acted to] *bóndi*, villicus, colonus qui foco utitur proprio; part. pres. used substantively of *at buá*. Goth. *gabáian* habitare; modern Danish *bonde*, peasant, husbandman.

Bosworth on the other hand defines *Bonda* as

1. One bound, a husband, householder. 2. A proprietor, husbandman, boor: *Bonde-land* land held under restrictions, copyhold.

<sup>1</sup> MS. Cot. *hlad*.

Whether 'one bound' (as if from *bond*, and -*a* one who has; like *wæd* a garment, *wæda* one who has a garment,) is the original sense of the word, is more than doubtful; and till the proof is produced, I reject the meaning as original,<sup>1</sup> though no doubt at a later period this sense prevailed over the Scandinavian one. Mr. Wedgwood says under Husband:

From Old Norse *bua* (the equivalent of G. *bauen*, Du. *bowen*, to till, cultivate, prepare) are *bu* a household, farm, cattle; *buandi*, *bondi*,<sup>2</sup> N. *bonde* the possessor of a farm, husbandman; *husbond* or

<sup>1</sup> *bóndi* (*d. i.* *bóandi* = *búandi*, *der Bonde, freier Grundbesitzer, Hausvater, pl. bændr mariti.*—Möbius.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Cockayne says "The word *Bond* bound has no existence but in Somner, whence others have copied it. Bosworth has built on *Bond* a guess, *Bonda* one bound, which is a delusion. For *Bound*, the true word is *bunden*, and for a *Bond*, *bend*." Mr. Earle also rejects the derivation from *bond*, and the meaning "one bound." Mr. Thorpe says that Etymüller (p. 293) questions the *búandi*, *bóndi* derivation, but without sufficient grounds, in Mr. Thorpe's opinion. Haldorson accepts it "*Bondi* m. paterfamilias (quasi *bóandi*, *búandi*) en Husfader, Husbande, L. Colonus, ruricola, en Bonde, *Stórbændr* prædicatores (Bonds with a large house and extensive ground), *Smabændr* villici (Bonds with a small house and little yard)." Mr. Skeat notes "Bosworth also gives *Buend*, *bugend*, *bugigend*, as meaning an inhabitant, a farmer, from *búan*, to dwell, cultivate. This comes nearer to the Dan. and Sw. *bonde* as regards etymology, though it is not so near in form. Cf. A.-Sax. *búan*, Mæso-Goth. *bauan*, *gabauan*, to dwell, *bauains*, a dwelling-place. The G. *bauer*, peasant, is the Du. *boer*, and our *boor*. It is curious that the Du. *boer*, as well as the Sw. and Dan. *bonde*, signifies 'a pawn at chess.' I do not see how you distinguish between A.-Sax. *bonda* and A.-Sax. *buend*, unless you call the former a Danish word. In modern Danish the *d* is not sounded, and the *o* has an *oo* sound, so that *bonde* is called *boon-ne* (Lund's Danish Grammar)."

Professor Bosworth has kindly sent me the following note in support of the

first meaning he assigns to *bonda*. It unfortunately came too late—in consequence of the illness of his amanuensis—to be worked up or noticed in the text. "Bunda, *bonda*, an; m. I. *A wedded or married man, a husband*; maritus, sponsus. II. *The father or head of a family, a householder*; paterfamilias, œconomus. Then follow numerous examples, in proof of these meanings. I've gone over again all the examples, and I have enlarged what I had previously written, as to the origin of 'Bunda, *bonda*,' and given the detail in the following pages.—J. B." "Every word has its history by which its introduction and use are best ascertained. Bede tells us [Bk. I, 25, 2.] that Ethelbert king of Kent married a Christian, Bertha, a Frankish princess. The Queen prepared the way for the friendly reception of Augustine and his missionary followers, by Ethelbert in A. D. 597, who was the first to found a school in Kent, and wrote laws which are said to be "ásette on Augustinus dæge," established in the time of Augustine, between A. D. 597 and 604. The cultivation and writing of Anglo-Saxon [Englisc] began with the conversion of Ethelbert. Marriage, and the household arrangements depending upon it, were regulated by the law of the Church, and indigenious compound words were formed to express that law:—thus *æ law*, *divine law*; *Cristes æ Christi lex*, *Rihte æ legitimum matrimonium Bd. 4, 5*—*æw wedlock*, *marriage*, *æw-boren lawfully born*, *born in wedlock*—*æw-brica m. wedlock breaker*, *m. an adulterer*, *æw-brice f. an adulteress*, *æw-fæst-mann marriage-fast-man a wedded man*, *a husband*; *æw-nian to wed*, *take*

*husband* the master of the house. Dan. *bonde* peasant, countryman, villager, clown.

Where the word occurs in the Anglo-Saxon Laws, Thorpe translates it "proprietor," and then "husband," meaning "husband who is a proprietor."

Swa ymbe friðes-bóte, swa þam *bondan* si selost, 7 þam þeófan si laðost.—*Æthelredes Domas*, vi. xxxii.<sup>1</sup>

So concerning "frithes-bot," as may be best to the *proprietor* and most hostile to the thief.—*Ancient Laws*, i. 322-3.

*a wife*—*æw-nung wedding, marriage*—*æw-wif a wedded woman*.—*Hús-bunda*,—*bonda a house binder, husband, householder*. This expressive compound is one of the oldest in the language. It is found in the interpolated passage of Matt. xx. between v. 28 and 29. The passage is in all the Anglo-Saxon MSS. of the Gospels, except the interlineary glosses. The *A.-Sax.* is a literal version of the Augustinian MS. in the Bodleian Library, Oxford [*Codex. August.* 857. D. 2, 14], from the Old Italic version, from which the Latin Vulgate of the Gospels was formed by St. Jerome about A. D. 384. Though we do not know the exact dates when the Gospels were translated from Latin into *A.-Sax.*, Cuthbert assures us that Bede finished the last Gospel, St. John, on May 27, 735, [See Pref. to Goth. and *A.-Sax. Gos. Bos.* p. ix-xii]. As the three preceding Gospels were most likely translated before St. John, then the following sentence was written before 735, Se *hús-bonda* [*hús-bunda* in *MS. Camb. li.* 2, 11,] *háte ðé árisan and rýman ðam óðrum, the householder bid thee rise and make room for the other. Notes to Bosworth's Goth. and A.-Sax. Gos. Mt. xx.* 28; p. 576. *Hús-bonda* is also used by Elfric in his version of the Scriptures about 970 [Ex. 3, 22.] *Bunda*, *bonda one wedded or bound, a husband*, from *bindan*; *p. band, bundon*; *pp. bunden*; *to bind*, must have been of earlier origin than the compound *hús-bunda*. It is a well-known rule that in *A.-Sax.* a *person or agent* is denoted by

adding a,\* as *bytl a hammer, bytla a hammerer, ánweald rule, government, ánwealda a ruler, governor*,—*bunden, bund bound, bunda, bonda one bound, a husband*. *Bunda* might be *banda*, as well as *bonda*, for *a* is often used for *o*, as *monn* for *mann a man*. The early use of *hús-bunda, -bonda* would at once indicate, that it was not likely to be of Norse or Icelandic origin. It could not be derived from the Norse *búa to dwell, part. búandi bóandi dwelling*, nor even from the cognate *A.-Sax. búan to dwell*, because the *ú* and *ó* are long in the Norse *búa to dwell, búandi, bóandi dwelling*, and the *A.-Sax. búan to dwell, búende dwelling, búend, búenda a dweller*, while the *ú* and *o* are always short in *bunda* and *bonda*. So in other compounds from *bindan to bind*, as *bunde-land bond or leased land, land let on binding conditions*. *Bunda* then is a pure Anglo-Saxon word, derived from *bindan to bind*. *Búan to dwell, with the part. búende dwelling*, and the noun *búend, es*; *m. a dweller*, is quite a distinct word. *Búend* has its own numerous compounds; as,—*Land-búend a land dweller, a farmer; agricola. Án-búend one dwelling alone, a hermit; ceaster-, eg-, corp-, feor-, fold-, grund-, her-, ig-, land-, neah-, sund-, woruld- and þeód-búend.*"

<sup>1</sup> Ethelred, son of Edgar, succeeded to the throne, on the murder of his brother Edward, in the year 978, and died in 1016.—Thorpe's note in *Laws and Inst. of England*, vol. i. p. 280.

\* To a substantive, not a verb or participle.—F.

Again, in the same sentence nearly repeated in *Cnutes Domas*, viii. (Canute died 12 Nov. 1035) "þam bondan, for the proprietor," p. 380-1. At p. 414-15, *Cnutes Domas*, lxxiii.

Conjux incolat eandem Sedem quam Maritus.

LXXIII. And þær se *bonda* sæt unwyd 7 unbecrafod, sitte þ̅ wif 7 þa cild on þan ylcan unbesacen. And gif se *bonda* ær he dead wære, beclypod wære, þonne andwyrðan þa yrfenuman, swa he sylf sceolde peah he lif hæfde.

And where the *husband* dwelt without claim or contest, let the wife and the children dwell in the same, unassailed by litigation. And if the husband, before he was dead, had been cited, then let the heirs answer, as himself should have done if he had lived.

So the Laws of King Henry the First (who reigned 1100-35 A.D.), repeating the last provision, say :

§ 5 Et ubi *bunda* manserit sine calumpnia, sint uxor et pueri in eodem, sine querela &c.—*Ancient Laws*, i. 526.

In 1048 A.D. the Saxon Chronicle uses *bunda* for a householding cultivator or farmer :

Da he [Eustatius] wæs sume mila oððe mare beheonan Dofran . þa dyde he on his byrnan . and his ge-feran ealle . and foran to Dofran . þa hi þider comon . þa woldon hi innian hi þær heom sylfan gelicode . þa com an his manna . and wolde wician æt anes *bundan*<sup>1</sup>. huse, his unðances . and gewundode þone *husbundon* . and se *husbunda*<sup>2</sup> ofsloh þone oðerne. Ða weard Eustatius uppon his horse . and his ge-feoran uppon heora . and ferdon to þan *husbundon* . and ofslogon hine binnan his agenan heorðæ . and wendon him þa up to pære burge-weard . and ofslogon ægðer ge wiðinnan ge wiðutan . ma þanne xx manna.—*Saxon Chronicle*, ed. Earle, p. 177 (A.D. 1048.)

When he [Eustathius] was some miles or more beyond Dover, then put he on his armour, and all his companions (did likewise), and went to Dover. When they came thither, then would they lodge where they pleased. Then came one of his men, and would dwell at the house of a *cultivator* (or householder) against his will, and wounded the *cultivator*; and the *cultivator* slew the other. Then Eustathius got upon his horse, and his companions on theirs, and went to the *cultivator*, and slew him within his own hearth; and

<sup>1</sup> bundan, *gen. sing. goodman*, 1048. *Glossarial Index*.

<sup>2</sup> The equivalence of the *husbunda* with the *bunda* here is enough to ex-

plode the "moral-etymology" of a *husband* being so called because he is the band or binder-together of the house, even if Dr. Bosworth be right.



went then up to the guard of the city, and slew both within and without more than 20 men.

In a passage in *Hickes* the (no doubt) free *bunda*, paying a fine, is contrasted with the *thræll* who gets a flogging:

And gif hwa ðis ne zelæste . þonne gebete he þ̅ swa swa hit zelaʒod is . *bunda* mid xxx peñ. ðræl mid his hyde . þezn mid xxx scill.—From *Hickes's Dissertatio Epistolaris*, p. 108.

And if any one does not perform this, then let him make amends for that as is laid-down-by-law: the *bonde* with xxx pence, the thrall with his hide, the thane with xxx shillings.

Thus far then the evidence—for I do not admit Bosworth's "one bound" as right—points to the *bonde* being a freeman, and if not a landed proprietor, still a free tenant. The evidence of the freedom is strengthened if we may regard the Danish-named *bonde* as a Saxon-named *churl*—the name of one seeming to be used for the other, as Mr. Thorpe observes, for the *ceorla* was a free man, the "ordinary freeman" of Anglo-Saxon society, though obliged by "the feudal system" which "may be traced throughout all Anglo-Saxon history, to provide himself with a lord, that he might be amenable to justice when called upon."<sup>1</sup> Still, this vassalage was no *bondage* in the later or the modern sense of the term; the vassal churl was a freeman still, if we may trust Heywood.

In Alfred's time, and later, the *ceorl* had slaves. Sec. 25 of Alfred's Laws (translated) is:

If a man commit a rape upon a *ceorl's* female slave (*mennen*), let him make bōt (amends) to the *ceorl* with 5 shillings, and let the *wite* (fine) be 60 shillings. *Anc. Laws*, i. 79.

The A.-S. laws of Ranks enact that,

if a *ceorl* thrived, so that he had fully five hides of his own land, church and kitchen, bell-house, and "burh"-gate-seat, and special duty in the king's hall, then was he thenceforth of thane-right worthy.—*Anc. Laws*, i. 191.

Thorpe defines *ceorl* thus:

*Ceorl*. O.H.G. *charal*. A freeman of ignoble rank, a churl, *twy-hinde* man, *villanus*, *illiberalis*.

*Twyhynde* (*Man*), a man whose 'wér-gild' was 200 shillings. This was the lowest class of Anglo-Saxon aristocracy. *Twelf-hynde*

<sup>1</sup> Heywood's *Distinctions in Society*, 1818, p. 325.

(*Man*), a man whose *wér-gild* was 1200 shillings. This was the highest class of Anglo-Saxon aristocracy.

The slave was a *þræl* or *þeow*. Mr. Thorpe considers *þræl* to be a Scandinavian word.

Next comes the question, did these bondes or ceorls continue free till the time of the Conquest? Kemble says not:

‘Finally, the nobles-by-birth themselves became absorbed in the ever-widening whirlpool; day by day the freemen, deprived of their old national defences, wringing with difficulty a precarious subsistence from incessant labour, sullenly yielded to a yoke which they could not shake off, and commended themselves (such was the phrase) to the protection of a lord; till a complete change having thus been operated in the opinions of men, and consequently in every relation of society, a new order of things was consummated, in which the honours and security of service became more anxiously desired than a needy and unsafe freedom; and the alods being finally surrendered, to be taken back as *beneficia*, under mediate lords, the foundations of the royal, feudal system were securely laid on every side.—Kemble, *The Saxons in England*, vol. i. p. 184.

The very curious and instructive dialogue of Ælfric numbers among the serfs the *yrðling* or ploughman,<sup>1</sup> whose occupation the author nevertheless places at the head of all the crafts, with perhaps a partial exception in favour of the smith’s.—*Ibid.* p. 216.

Mr. C. H. Pearson also says not:

Not only were slaves increasing, but freemen were disappearing. The ceorl is never mentioned in our laws after Edward the elder’s time. If he became the villan of a later period, he was already semi-servile before the Norman conquest. If he passed into the freeman,<sup>2</sup> sometimes holding in his own right, and sometimes under a lord’s protection, the class did not number 5 per cent. of the population at the time when Domesday was compiled, was virtually confined to Norfolk and Suffolk, and had not even a representative in the counties south of the Thames. It is evident that the bulk of the Saxon people was in no proper sense, and at no time free. Even the free in name were virtually bound down to the soil with the possession of which their rights were connected, and from which their subsistence was derived; . . . the idea that any man might go where he would, live as he liked, think or express his thoughts freely, would have been repugnant to the whole tenour of a constitution which started from the Old Testament as a model, preserved or incorporated the traditions of Roman law, and regarded the regulation of life as the duty of the legislator.

<sup>1</sup> This should be compared with the second extract from *Havelok* below.

<sup>2</sup> Had he not always been free?

The mention of *villan* brings us to the Conquest<sup>1</sup> and to Domesday-book. On every page of the latter *villani* are mentioned, and the articles of enquiry for the composition of it show that the enquiry into the population and property of each district "was conducted by the king's barons, upon the oaths of the sheriff of each county, and all the barons, and their French-born vassals, and of the hundredary (reeve of the hundred), priest, steward, and *six villeins of every vill*," &c. (Heywood, p. 290, note). The question for us is, are we to take as free men or not these villans, who were to help in settling what "served for centuries as the basis of all taxation, and the authority by which all disputes about landed tenures and customs were decided," who were to state "on oath what amount of land there was in the district, whether it was wood, meadow, or pasture, what was its value, what services were due from its owners; and generally the numbers of free and bond on the estate" (*Pearson*, i. 374).

The arguments of Serjeant Heywood for the identity<sup>2</sup> of the *villein* with the *ceorl* or *twihynde man* seem to me very strong indeed; and Mr. Pearson tells me that in the earlier use of the word *villanus*, the first which he knows,—namely, that in the preamble to the Decree of the Bishops and Witan of Kent about keeping the peace under Athelstan, which speaks of *Thaini, Comites, et Villani*,—he thinks that "villan" means "ceorl" very literally.

Serjeant Heywood first shows that the *Textus Roffensis*, in explaining a passage from the *Judicia Civitatis Lundoniæ* like that quoted above from the Anglo-Saxon Laws<sup>3</sup> "makes it

<sup>1</sup> Of the name *villanus* Serjt. Heywood says, "I have not met with it in any authentic documents till about the time of the Conquest, but it is found in the laws of Edward the Confessor, William the Conqueror, and Henry the first. Among the Saxons were many words descriptive of persons engaged in husbandry, as *ceorls*, *cyrlisc men*, *geneats*, *tunesmen*, *landsmen*, &c., but the proper appellation for a villan has not been ascertained."—Pp. 290-1. But see the next paragraph above.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Pearson says we must "understand it with the reservation that while the vast majority of the *ceorl* class had degraded into the position of villans, others were distributed in the different

ranks of society as freemen, socmen, and perhaps in some cases bordars and cottars. It must be remembered that the *Rectitudines Singularum Personarum* use the word *villanus* to translate the Saxon *geneat*, and that the word *ceorla* does not occur in the whole document."

<sup>3</sup> De gentis et legis honoribus. Fuit quondam in legibus Anglorum ea gens et lex pro honoribus, et ibi erant sapientes populi honore digni, quilibet pro sua ratione; comes et *colonus*, thanus et rusticus (*ceorl and ceorl, thegen and theowen*).

Et si *colonus* tamen sit, qui habeat integras quinque hydas terræ, ecclesiam et culinam, turrim sacram (*hell hus*) et

relate to villan and not to ceorls (*L. coloni*), whence we may infer that the author considered them as the same persons" (*Dissertation*, p. 185). He next shows that the eighth law of William the Conqueror, which makes the were of a villan only 100 shillings, was probably wrongly transcribed; and that the seventieth law of Henry I. expressly defines the free twihind as a villan:—"the were of a twihind, that is, a villan, is five pounds: *twyhindi, i. villani, wera est IV lib'*;"—and the 76th law classes the twihinds among the free men. Also that

in other parts of the laws, villans are ranked with ceorls and twihinds. Moreover the weres of a cyrlisc man & [that is, or] a villan are expressly mentioned, and required to be regulated in the same manner as that of a twelfhind.<sup>1</sup>—*Heywood*, p. 295.

Another proof may be adduced from their being liable to the payment of reliefs which never were called for from the servile class. When, therefore, provision was made in the laws of William the Conqueror for the exaction of a relief from every villan, of his best beast, whether a horse, an ox, or a cow, we must conclude that, at the time of compiling those laws, namely, about four years after the Conquest, a villan was a freeman,

and this notwithstanding the concluding words of the law, *et postea sint omnes villani in franco plegio*, which must be taken as confirming an old truth, for the payment of one relief—which villans before the Conquest had paid—could not have turned an unfree man into a free one. Serjeant Heywood adds:

Another powerful argument in favor of the supposition that villans ranked among freemen, arises from the consideration that, unless this had been the case, the bulk of the population of England must have been found in the servile class. We cannot imagine that the farmers, who held at the payment of rent, either in money or kind, could be so very numerous as to furnish victuals for the armies which were collected, provide members for all the tythings, and crowd the public assemblies which were held for judicial purposes. But upon the demesne lands of almost every lord, villans might be found, and if they were admitted to bear the name, and partake of the privileges of freemen, and rank with ceorls or twihinds, the difficulty vanishes (p. 300).

atrii sedem (*burhgeat sett*) ac officium distinctum (*sunder note*) in aula regis, ille tunc in posterum sit jure thani (*th-gen rihtas*) dignus.—*Heywood*, p. 184. *Text. Roff.* 46 has for *colonus* of the above, *villanus*. "Et si *villanus* ita crevisset sua probitate, quod pleniter

habere quinque hidas de suo proprio allodii &c. *ib.* p. 185.

<sup>1</sup> Eodem modo per omnia *de cyrlisci vel villani wera fieri debet secundum modum suum, sicut de duodecies centeno diximus.—Il. Hen. i.* 76; *Wilkins*, 270, in *Heywood*, p. 295 n.



Professor Pearson looks on the villans as 'bond upon bond land,' and as to the numbers of them and the freemen and the population generally at Domesday, gives Sir Henry Ellis's and Sir James Macintosh's calculations as follows :

We may probably place it [the population] at rather over than under 1,800,000 ; a number which may seem small, but which was not doubled till the reign of Charles II., six hundred years later. Reverting to the actual survey, we find about two thousand persons who held immediately of the king (E 1400, M 1599), or who were attached to the king's person (M 326), or who had no holding, but were free to serve as they would (M 213). The second class, the free upon bond-land, comprised more than 50,000 ; under-tenants or vavasors (E 7171, M 2899) ; burghers (E 7968, M 17,105) ; soc-men (E 23,072, M 23,404) ; freemen, holding by military service, or having been degraded into tenants to obtain protection (E 14,284) ; and ecclesiastics (E 994, M 1564). The largest class of all was the semi-servile. Of these villeins (E 108,407, M 102,704), and bordars,<sup>1</sup> or cottiers (E 88,922, M 80,320), make up the mass, about 200,000 in all. They were bond upon bond-land, that is to say, their land owed a certain tribute to its owner, and they owed certain services to the land ; they could not quit it without permission from their lord. But they were not mere property ; they could not be sold off the soil into service of a different kind, like the few slaves who still remained in England, and who numbered roughly about 25,000.

The large number of the middle classes, and the small number of slaves, are points in this estimate that deserve consideration. It is clear that the conquest did not introduce any new refinement in servitude. In a matter where we have no certain data, all statements must be made guardedly ; but the language of chroniclers and laws, and the probabilities of what would result from the anarchy and war that had so long desolated England under its native kings induce a belief that the conquest was a gain to all classes, except the highest, in matters of freedom. In Essex the number of freemen positively increased, and the change may probably be ascribed to the growing wool-trade with Flanders, as we find sheep multiplying on the great estates, and with the change from arable to pasture-land fewer labourers would be required. The fact that the large and privileged class of soc-men was especially numerous in two counties, Norfolk and Suffolk, in which a desperate revolt had been pitilessly put down, seems to show that existing rights were not lightly tampered with. In Bedfordshire, however, the soc-men were degraded to serfs, probably through the lawless dealing of its Angevine sheriff, Raoul Taillebois, and the county accordingly fell off in rental beyond any other in

<sup>1</sup> Heywood draws a distinction between the villans and bordars, cottars, &c., who are generally mentioned after them in Domesday.

England south of Humber, though it had enjoyed a singular exemption from all the ravages of war.

The concluding paragraph of the foregoing extract is printed because in it is, for me, pointed out the true cause of the villan's hardships, of the exactions of which his class so bitterly complained, the character of the Norman baron, and his power over his dependants. The thirtieth law of Henry I. speaks in moderated phrase the spirit of the earlier time. It calls the villans with the *cocseti* and *pardingi* (probably bondmen inferior to the villans) *hujusmodi viles vel inopes personæ*, declares them disqualified to be reckoned among judges, excludes them from bringing any civil suits in the county or hundred courts, and refers them, for the redress of injuries, to the courts of their own barons (Heywood, p. 291).<sup>1</sup>

And it is (I believe) precisely because Edward I. made a resolute attempt to break down this power of the barons over their villans,<sup>2</sup> which must have often been awfully abused,—and not only tried to, but did to some extent substitute his own judges' court for the barons' one<sup>3</sup>—thereby rescuing many a villan from a bondman's fate; it is for this reason that he is the hero of our ballad of *John de Reeve*. Not only for the long shanks with which he strode against Wales, or the hammer he wielded against Scotland, was the first king who conceived and fought for the unity of Great Britain dear to the villans of

<sup>1</sup> Villani vero, vel cocseti vel pardingi vel qui sunt hujusmodi viles vel inopes personæ, non sunt inter legum judices numerandi, unde nec in hundredo vel comitatu pecuniam suam, vel dominorum suorum forisfaciunt, si justitiam sine judicio dimittant, sed summonitis terrarum dominis inforcietur placitum termino competenti, si fuerint vel non fuerint antea summoniti cum secuti jus æstimatis.—*L. Hen. i. c. 30; Wilkins, 248, in Heywood, p. 292.*

<sup>2</sup> One of the first Acts of his (Edward I.'s) Administration, after his Arrival from the Holy Land, was to inquire into the State of the Demesnes, and of the Rights and Revenues of the Crown, and concerning the Conduct of the Sheriffs and other Officers and Ministers, who had defrauded the King and grievously oppressed the People (Annals of Waverley, 235) *Hundred Rolls, i. 10.* On the

inquiries of this Commission the first chapter of the Statute of Gloucester, relating to Liberties, Franchises and Quo Warranto (by what warrant the Parties held or claimed) was founded (*ib.*).

<sup>3</sup> See below, and also the Statute of 4 Edw. I. A Statute concerning Justices being assigned, called Rageman. "It is accorded by our Lord the King, and by his Council, that Justices shall go throughout the Land to inquire, hear, and determine all the Complaints and Suits for Trespasses committed within these twenty-five years past, before the Feast of Saint Michael, in the fourth year of King Edward; as well by the King's Bailiffs & Officers as by other Bailiffs, & by all other Persons whomsoever. And this is to be understood as well of outrageous Takings, and all Manner of Trespasses, Quarrels, and Offences done unto the King and others,

his own<sup>1</sup> and after times. His steps and his blows came nearer their homes, and did something to clear oppressors out of their path. When in easier days they could sing of olden time, they gave the long king a merry night with three of their kin, and remembered with gratitude England's "first thoroughly constitutional" sovereign. This I gather from one of a series of interesting articles on the "Rights, Disabilities, and Wages of the English Peasantry" in the new Series of the *Law Magazine and Review*. But I am anticipating.

In the time of Edward I. bondage was looked upon as no part of the common law; it existed by sufferance and by local usage, and was recognised, but only barely tolerated by the law. The law was on the side of freedom. A leaper or land-loper, as a fugitive was called, could rarely be recovered in a summary manner; if he chose to deny his bondage, the writ of *nefty* did not give the Sheriff authority to seize him; the question of his condition had to stand over until the Assizes, or had to be argued in the Court of Common Pleas.—*Law Mag.* 1862, vol. xiii, p. 38-9.

We need not attribute a long range of foresight, or very enlightened views of freedom, to the counsellors of Edward I. Their resistance to villenage was instinctive rather than deliberate. Villenage in their eyes appeared to be a consequence of those powers of local jurisdiction which had been indispensable in former times on account of the weakness of the central power, but were no longer wanted since the central power had become truly imperial. The same landlords who claimed a right to keep their dependents in bondage, usually claimed some degree of judicial power; they claimed to have a more or less extensive cognizance over crimes committed, and criminals arrested within their precincts. Such a claim could only rest upon prescription; any such pretension not

touched in the Inquests heretofore found by the King's command, as of Trespasses committed since. And the King willeth, that for Relief of the People (*pour le allegaunce del poeple*) and speedy execution of Justice, That the Complaints of every one be heard before the afore-said Justices, & determined, as well by Writ as without, according to the Articles delivered unto the same Justices; & this is to be understood as well within Franchise as without. Also the King willeth that the same Justices do hear and determine the Complaints of those who will complain of Matters done by any one contrary to the King's Statutes, as well of what concerneth the King as the people." See also the Statutes of

Gloucester or *Quo Warranto* of 6 Edw. I.

"And the Sheriffs shall cause it to be commonly proclaimed throughout their Bailliwicks, that is to say, in Cities, Boroughs, Market towns, and elsewhere, that all those who claim to have any Franchises, by the Charters of the King's Predecessors, Kings of England, or in other manner, shall come before the King, or before the Justices in Eyre, at a certain day and place, to show what sort of Franchise they claim to have, and by what Warrant."

<sup>1</sup> I do not forget the groans of "The Song of the Husbandman" (temp. Edw. I.) printed in Wright's *Political Songs* for the Camden Society.

supported by immemorial usage would soon be upset by the King's attorney. The general Government struggled hard to extend its jurisdiction, to extinguish the private courts, to bring as many cases as possible before the Courts at Westminster, and before the Justices in Eyre. The private courts were not abolished, but gradually superseded. After all that the lords could do to keep their villeins from Assizes, villeins constantly became jurors, and bond-lands were constantly drawn into the King's Courts, and were thus in the way to be drawn into freeholds. Perhaps every circuit of the judges emancipated a number of bondmen.—*Ib.* p. 40.

In seeking for the light in which the Norman baron would regard his Saxon villans, I think that Mr. Thomas Wright<sup>1</sup> is justified in his adduction of the following instances,

The chronicler Benoit (as well as his rival Wace) extols Duke Richard II. for the hatred which he bore towards the agricultural or servile class: "he would suffer none but knights to have employment in his house; never was a villan or one of rustic blood admitted into his intimacy; for the villan, forsooth, is always hankering after the filth in which he was bred."—p. 237,

pe pridde cumeð efter, & is wurst fikelare, ase ich er seide: vor he preiseð pene vuele, & his vuele deden, ase pe pe seið to pe knihte þet robbeð his poure men, "A, sire! hwat tu dest wel. Uor euere me schal pene cheorl pilken & peolien: uor he is ase pe wiði, þet sprutteð ut pe betere þæt me hine ofte cropped."

The third flatterer cometh after, and is the worse, as I said before, for he praiseth the wicked and his evil deeds; as he who said to *the knight that robbed his poor vassals*, "Ah, sire! truly thou doest well. For *men ought always to pluck and pillage the churl*; for he is like the willow, which sprouteth out the better that it is often cropped."

—*Ancren Riwele* (? ab. 1230 A.D.) p. 87, Camden Soc. 1853 (quoted in part by Wright).

and in referring to those most interesting Norman-French satires on the villans that M. Francisque Michel published, and which contain such passages as the following:

Que Diex lor envoit grant meschief,  
Et mal au cuer, et mal au chief,  
Mal ès bouche, et pis ès dens,  
Et mal dehors, et mal dedens . . .  
Et le mal c'on dist ne-me-touche,  
Mal en orelle, et mal en bouche!

(*Des XXIII Manières de Vilains*, Paris, 1833, p. 12.)

<sup>1</sup> Paper on the political condition of the English Peasantry during the Middle Ages, in *Archæologia*, vol. xxx. p. 205-44.



"Why should villans eat beef, or any dainty food?" inquires the writer of *Le Despit au Vilain*; "they ought to eat, for their Sunday diet, nettles, reeds, briars, and straw, while pea shells are good enough for their every-day food. . . . They ought to go forth naked, on bare feet in the meadows to eat grass with the horned oxen. . . . The share of the villan is folly, and sottishness and filth; if all the goods and all the gold of this world were his, the villan would be but a villan still."—*Wright*, p. 238.<sup>1</sup>

Though Mr. Wright's conclusion as to "the condition of the English peasant or villan during the 12th, 13th, and 14th centuries" may be exaggerated, yet much truth in it there must be:

Tied to the ground on which he was born in a state of galling bondage, exposed to daily insult and oppression, he served a master who was a stranger to him both by blood and language. The object of his lord's extortions, frequently plundered with impunity, and heavily taxed by the king, he received in return only an imperfect and precarious security for his person or his property. The villan was virtually an outlaw; he could not legally inherit or hold "lordship," and he could bring no action, and, as it appears, give no testimony in a court of law. He was not even capable of giving education to his children, or of putting them to a trade, unless he had previously been able to obtain or purchase their freedom, which depended on his own pecuniary means, and on the will and caprice of the lord of the soil.

All Norman barons were not brutes of the Ivo Taillebois<sup>2</sup> type, but I look on it as certain that the bitter cry of the villans which reaches us from the pages of the old chroniclers and writers is not a mere bit of rhetoric, but speaks what the villans and poor really suffered and felt.

I also look to the generations immediately succeeding the Conquest for the growth of the legal view of villanage and its consequences which is stated by Littleton (ab. 1480 A.D.) and

<sup>1</sup> On the property needed for a Norman villan to marry on, see the tract *De l'Oustillement au Villain* (xiii<sup>e</sup> siècle) Paris 1863.

<sup>2</sup> He was one of the most cruel and hateful scoundrels who ever defaced God's earth. He used to make the poor Saxons serve him on bended knee, and then in requital burned their houses, drowned their cattle, and set his bulldogs to torment them. With diabolical cruelty he made them incapable of work by breaking their limbs and backs;—

and as the Chronicle declares, "he twisted, crushed, tortured, tore, imprisoned and excruciated them." See also Henry of Huntingdon's account of Robert de Belesme, Earl of Shropshire. "He preferred the slaughter of his captives to their ransom. He tore out the eyes of his own children, when in sport they hid their faces under his cloak. He impaled persons of both sexes on stakes. To butcher men in the most horrible manner was to him an agreeable feast." (*Farrar*.)



Coke, among others, from Bracton, Fleta, &c. and which justified any amount of rapacity and exaction on the part of the feudal superior. There were two classes of villans, 1. *regardant*, attached to the soil of a manor, and sold with it like a cowshed or an ox, but seemingly not liable to be removed from it, though Littleton's words allow the removal; 2. *in gross*, landless, and attached to the person of a lord, and saleable or grantable to another lord, like a chattel.

*Littleton translated* (ed. 1813). § 181. Also there is a villein regardant, and a villein in gross. A villein regardant is, as if a man be seised of a manor to which a villein is regardant, and he which is seised of the said manor, or they whose estate be both in the same manor, have been seised of the villein and of his ancestors as villeins and neifs<sup>1</sup> regardant to the same manor, time out of memory of man. And villein in gross is where a man is seised of a manor, whereunto a villein is regardant, and granteth the same villein by his deed to another; then he is a villein in gross, and not regardant.

§ 172. Tenure in villenage, is most properly when a villein holdeth of his lord, to whom he is a villein, certain lands or tenements according to the custom of the manor, or otherwise at the will of his lord, and to do his lord villein service, as to carry and recarry the dung of his lord out of the city, or out of his lord's manor, unto the land of his lord, and to spread the same upon the land, and such like.

Or as Coke puts it, fol. 120 *b*.

He is called regardant to the mannour, because he had the charge to do all base or villenous services within the same, and to gard and keepe the same from all filthie or loathsome things that might annoy it: and his service is not certaine, but he must have regard to that which is commanded unto him. And therefore he is called regardant, *a quo præstandum servitium incertum et indeterminatum, ubi scire non potuit vespere quale servitium fieri debet mane, viz. ubi quis facere tenetur quicquid ei præceptum fuerit* (Bract. li. 2, fo. 26, Mir. ca. 2, sect. 12) as before hath beene observed (vid. sect. 84).

He says also at fol. 121 *b*.

Things incorporeall which lye in grant, as advowsons, villeins, commons, and the like, many be appendant to things corporeall, as a mannour, house, or lands.

As illustrations of the truth and the working of these legal

<sup>1</sup> A woman which is villein is called a *neif*, § 186.

doctrines, take the following instances out of many. About 1250 A.D., says Mr. Wright in *Archæol.* vol. xxx, quoting Madox's *Formulare Anglicanum* 318-418,

The abbot and convent of Bruerne sold "Hugh the shepherd, their naif or villan of Certelle, with all his chattels and all his progeny, for 4*s.* sterling;" and the abbot bought of Matilda, relict of John the physician, for 20*s.*, "Richard, son of William de Estende of Linham, her villan, with all his chattels and all his progeny;" and for half a mark of silver, a villan of Philip de Mandeville "with all his chattels and all his progeny."

Early in Henry III. (1216-72 A.D. his reign) Walter de Beauchamp granted by charter "all the land which Richard de Grafton held of him, and Richard himself, with all his offspring." . . . In 1317 Roger de Felton gave to Geoffry Foune certain lands, tenements &c. in the town and territory of Glanton, "with all his villans in the same town, and with their chattels and offspring."

We may also note the dictum of Cowel's *Institutes*: "Villaines are not to marry without consent of their patrons."—*W. G.'s translation*, 1651, p. 24.

But the sharpest pinch of the matter lay in the theory—and practice often, I do not doubt—that all the villan's goods were his lord's,<sup>1</sup> that whatever the lord took from him, he had no remedy against the lord for.

Sect. 189, fol. 123 *b.* Also, every villein is able and free to sue all manner of actions against everie person, except against his lord, to whom he is villeine.

On which Coke says:

For a villeine shall not have an appeale of robberie against his lord, for that he may lawfully take the goods of the villeine as his own (18 Edw. 3, 32; 11 Hen. 4, 93; 1 Hen. 4, 6; 29 Hen. 6, tit. Coron. 17). And there is no diversitie herein, whether he be a vilein regardant or in grosse, although some have said the contrary.

And look at what early book you will,—Homilies, Political Songs, Robert of Brunne<sup>2</sup>, Chaucer, Gower, &c.—if it touches the subject at all, you are sure to find the lords' and their stewards' arbitrary extortions complained of and reprov'd.

Before quitting this branch of the subject it may be well to quote on it the words of the editor of Domesday, Sir Henry

<sup>1</sup> Cp. the extract from Chaucer, p. 554-5 below.

<sup>2</sup> See the quotation from his *Handlyng Synne* below.

Ellis. After a longish quotation from Blackstone's Commentaries upon the villani, he says (*General Introduction to Domesday Book*, vol. i. p. 80):

There are, however, numerous entries in the Domesday Survey which indicate the Villani of that period to have been very different from Bondmen. They appear to have answered to the Saxon Ceorls, while the Servi answered to the Deowas or Esnen. By a degradation of the Ceorls and an improvement in the state of the Esnen, the two classes were brought gradually nearer together, till at last the military oppression of the Normans thrusting down all degrees of tenants and servants into one common slavery, or at least into strict dependance, one name was adopted for both of them as a generic term, that of *Villeins regardant*.

The next questions are, how long were the words *bonde* and *bondman* used for the villan class; and when did their bondage cease; or at least, did it continue, and if so, with what amelioration did it continue, up to the time when our ballad may be supposed to have been written?

As the names require extracts, the two questions may be treated together.

Archdeacon Hale, writing of the land and villans of the Priory of St. Mary's, Worcester, in or about 1240 A.D. says:

The quantity of land in villenage in each manor being fixed, and the quantity of labour due from it fixed also, it follows that the lords of manors were not arbitrary masters who had unlimited power over the person and property of these tenants. There is, however, too much reason to believe that, taking into account the labour of various kinds to which the holder of a small quantity of villan land was liable, he paid what was equivalent to a high rent. His position as a holder of land, which would descend to his family, was superior to that of the modern labourer; and yet he might not be better off in a pecuniary point of view. His place in society was marked also by the obligation to give "Thac et Thol, auxilium et merchet, et in obitu melius catallum." (*Thac* was "Pig-money, a payment made by the villans to the lord in the autumn for every pig (the sows excepted), of a year old one penny, and under the year a halfpenny. *Thol*, the Penny paid by the villans for licence to sell a horse or ox." *Hale*, p. xx, xli. On *Thol*, see also p. lii.)

This fixity of rent, and Professor Rogers's pleasant view of things, make one side of the question; the legal power of the lord over all his villan's property, and the exactions out of him complained of by preachers, poets, and writers, the other.

In *Layamon* the word *bonde* is used once, in the de-

scription of the treacherous slaughter of Vortiger and his companions by Hengest and his:

*Earlier text, 1200-20.*

þer wes of Salesburi  
an oht *bonde* icumen;  
æenne muchelne mæin clubbe  
he bar on his rugge.

*Later text, bef. 1300.*

þar was a *bond* of Salusburi,  
þat bar on his honde  
ane mochele club,  
for to breke stones.

The earlier text Sir F. Madden translates:

There was a bold *churl*<sup>1</sup> of Salisbury come; he bore on his back a great strong club.

In one of a series of interesting articles on the "Rights, Disabilities, and Wages of the Ancient English Peasantry," in the *Law Magazine and Review*, New Series, xi. 259, &c., I find at p. 263, under the date of 1279 A.D.

At the same place [Mollond at Castle Camps, in the south-eastern corner of Cambridgeshire] there were several [27] tenants, [four of whom are women,] described as *Bondi*, bondmen.<sup>2</sup> One of them [i.e. each, except 12 who held in couples] held 16 acres of land in villenage. It does not appear that he paid any mail or gable. He returned a goose and a hen, worth 3d., 20 eggs worth  $\frac{1}{2}$ d., and a quarter of oats worth 12d. He worked for the lord twice a week from Michaelmas to Pentecost, and thrice a week from Pentecost to Michaelmas, and ploughed nine acres in the year. It is plain that this man was an operative tenant.<sup>3</sup>

*Havelok the Dane* comes next, and in it the bondman is the peasant or ploughman:

Thider komen bothe stronge and wayke;  
Thider komen lesse and more,  
That in the borw thanne weren thore;  
Champiouns, and starke laddes,  
*Londemen* with here gaddes,  
Als he comen fro the plow;  
There was sembling inow:

(ed. Madden, p. 39, l. 1012-1018.)

Another drem dremede me ek,  
That ich fley over the salte se  
Til Engeland, and al with me  
That euere was in Denemark lyues,

<sup>1</sup> *Ceorl* is used in the book in the general sense of *man*.

<sup>2</sup> ? Bondes, who might be freemen. They are given between the Customary Tenants and the Cottars.

<sup>3</sup> *Bondi*. Hugo Ruge tenet xvi. acras terre in villenagio, & dat j aucam et j

gallinam, & valent iij d.; xx. ova que valent obolum [ $\frac{1}{2}$ d.], & j quarterium avenæ quod valet xij d., & facit a festo Sancti Michaelis usque Pentecostam, etc. —2 *Hundred Rolls* (ed. 1818), 425, col. 1.

But *bondemen*, and here wines,  
 And that ich kom til Engelond,  
 Al closede it intil min hond,  
 And Goldeboro y gaf the :—

(*The same*, p. 50, l. 1304–1311.)

In the *Song of the Husbandman*, of the reign of Edward I. (1272–1307 A.D.) in Wright's *Political Songs*, Camden Soc. p. 150, *bonde* represents the "peasant" class.

Thus me pileth the pore, and pyketh ful clene,  
 The ryche raymeth withouten eny ryht ;  
 Ar londes and ar leodes liggeth fol lene,  
 Thorh b[i]ddyng of baylyfs such harm heth hight.  
 Meni of religione we halt hem ful hene,  
 Baroun and *bonde*, the clerc and the knyght.

(MS. Harl. 2253, leaf 64.)

In 1297, taking that as Robert of Gloucester's date, he says of William the Conqueror and his 'high men :

Hii to-draweth þe sely *bonde men*, as wolde hem hulde ywys.—  
 ii. 370.

which the latter reading gives as

Hii tormenteth hure *tenauntes*, as hulde hem they wolde.

Again in one of the *Lives of Saints*, said to have been written by Robert of Gloucester, is this passage :

If a *bondeman* hadde a sone : to clergie idrawe,  
 He ne scholde, without his loverdes leve : not icrouned beo.

(ab. 1306–10 A.D. *Life of Beket*, l. 552.)

Robert of Brunne, in the lifelike sketch which he gives us of the England—or, at least, the Lincolnshire—of 1303, as he tells the men of his day of their sins, of course does not forget the bondman and his lord, of course remembers the poor :

Blessyd be alle poorë men,  
 For God almy<sup>3</sup>ty loueþ þem.

(*Handlyng Synne*, p. 180, l. 5741–2.)

One tale that he tells shows a certain independence on the part of a bondman, and I therefore take that first, from the *Handlyng Synne*, p. 269–70. In a Norfolk village a knight's house and homestead (manor) were near the churchyard, into which his herdsman let his cattle, and they defiled the graves. A *bonde man* saw that, was woe that the beasts should there go, went to the lord, and said, "Lord, your herdsman do wrong to let your beasts defile these graves. Where



men's bones lie, beasts should do no nastiness." The Lord's answer was "somewhat vile," "A pretty thing indeed to honour such churls' bones! What honour need men pay to such churls' livid bodies?" And then the bonde-man said him words full well together laid:

The lord that made of earth-e, earls,  
Of the same earth made he churls:  
Earlès might, and lordès stut, (strut)  
As churlès shall in earth be put,  
Earlès, churlès, all at ones; (once)  
Shall none know your, from our, bones.

Which reproof the lord took in good part (few would have done so, says Robert of Brunne <sup>1</sup>), and promised that his beasts should no more break into the churchyard.

But still there is evidence enough in the *Handlyng Synne* that if a lord wanted a bondman's wife or daughter, he would not only carry her off, but brag of it afterwards (p. 231, l. 7420-7); and as to the treatment of the poor by their superiors, Robert of Brunne asks—he is not here translating Wadington—

Lord, how shul þese robbers fare,  
Þat þe pore pepyl pelyn ful bare,—  
Erlès, knygtès, and barouns  
And ouþer lordyngès of tounnes,  
Justyses, shryues and baylyuys,  
Þat þe lawès alle to-ryues,  
And þe pore men alle to-pyle?  
To ryche men do þey but as þey wylle.—  
(p. 212, l. 6790-7.)

He goes on denouncing them who "pyle and bete many pore men," and contrasts their conduct with that of Dives to Lazarus, whom Dives did not rob of gold or fee,

He dyde but lete an hounde hym to:  
Ye rychē men, weyl wers ȝe do!  
Ye wyl noun houndes to hem lete,  
But, ȝe self, hem *ste and bete*.  
He ne dyde but wernede hym of hys mete;  
And ȝe robbe al þat ȝe mow gete.  
Ye are as Dyues þat wyl naghte ȝgue;  
And wers: for ȝe robbe þat þey [the poor] shulde by lyue.  
(*Handlyng Synne*, p. 213, l. 6812-19.)

In a previous passage the lords' arbitrary exactions from

<sup>1</sup> þyr are but fewē lordēs now  
þat turne a wrde so wel to prow;  
But who seyþ hem any skylle,  
Mysseye aȝen fouly þey wylle.

Lordynges,—þyr are ynnow of þo;  
Of gentyll men, þyr are but fo  
[few].

men in bondage—or *vileyngage* as Wadington has it—are expressly mentioned :

And 3yf a lorde of a tounne  
 Robbe his men oute of resoune,  
 þoghe hyt be yn *bondage*,  
 A3ens ry3t he doþe outrage.  
 He shal so take þat he [the bondman] may lyue,  
 And as lawe of londe wyl for3yue ;  
 For 3yf he take ouer mesure,  
 Lytyl tymè shal hyt dure.  
 þoghe God haue 3eue þe seynorye,  
 He 3af hym no leue to do robborye ;  
 For god haþ ordeyned al mennys state,  
 How to lyue, and yn what gate ;  
 And þo3t he 3yue one ouer oþer my3t,  
 He wyl þat he do hym but ry3t.  
 þys ys þe ry3t of Goddys loking :  
 3elde euery man hys owne þyng.  
 But God takeþ euermore veniaunce  
 Of lordys, for swych myschaunce,  
 For swych robbery þat þey make,  
 þat ofte of þe poure men take.

He then tells a tale of what a Knight suffered in Purgatory (or hell) fire, for robbing a poor man of a cloth, and winds up with the moral :

Certys þefte ry3t wykkede ys . . .  
 Namly<sup>1</sup> pore men for to pele  
 Or robbe or bete wyb-oute skyle.<sup>2</sup>

The next reference to the word in Stratmann's *Dictionary* is to *William and the Werwolf*, (better, *William of Palerne* : E. E. Text Soc. 1868, *Extra Series*,) of ab. 1340 A.D. l. 216.

do quickliche crie þurth eche cuntre of þi king-riche  
 þat barouns burgeys & bonde<sup>3</sup> & alle oþer burnes  
 þat mowe wigtly in any wise walken a-boute  
 þat þei wende wigtly as wide as þi reaume.

(*William and Werwolf*, p. 77, ed. Madden.)

In William of Malvern's<sup>4</sup> *Vision of Piers Ploughman*, about 1362 A.D. we have :

<sup>1</sup> especially.

<sup>2</sup> reason.

<sup>3</sup> Bonde, *n.* S. Bondsmen, villains ; as opposed to the orders of barons and burgesses, 77.—*Glossary to the above*. But the *bonde* are still one of the three principal orders of men, as shown by the "other burnes" who are not worth specifying.—Skeat.

<sup>4</sup> Mr. Hales's name for the author of the *Vision*, who is sometimes called Langland. As there is no real evidence for the name Langland, I prefer the vaguer title William of Malvern, though Malvern is only mentioned in the first of the poems of which the *Vision* is composed.

Barouns and Burgeis · and *Bonde-men* also  
I sau; in þat Semble.—(p. 6, l. 96, ed. Skeat.)

In Wright's edition of the *Vision*, i. 88, l. 2859 is—

And as a *bonde-man* of his bacon his berde was bidraueled.

And part of the knight's duty is—

And misbeode þou not þi *bondemen* · þe beter þou schalt spede.  
(Pas. vii. l. 45, Vernon Text, ed. Skeat, p. 76.)

In the third text of the *Vision* we read—

*Bondmen* and bastardes · and beggers children,  
These bylongeth to labour · and lordes children sholde seruen,  
Bothe God and good men · as here degree asketh  
·  
And sith, *bondemenne* barnes · han be made bisshopes,  
And barnes bastardes · han ben archidekenes;  
And sopers and here sones · for selver han be knyghtes,  
And lordene sones here laboreres.—(ab. 1380. *Vision of Piers Plowman*.  
Whitaker's text. Passus Sextus.)

Mr. Skeat says that the various readings in the MSS. of the *Vision* show that *bondage* or *bondages* was used for *bondemen*, and that *bonde* is thus connected with the verb to *bind*. Chaucer uses *bondemen* and *bondfolk*<sup>1</sup> as the equivalents of *cherls* and *thralles* in his *Persones Tale, de Avaritia* (p. 282 ed. Wright, quoted below, p. 554–5), while in *The Frere's Tale* the use is of one bound :

Disposith youre hertes to withstonde  
The fend, that wolde make yow thral and *bonde*.<sup>2</sup>

The year 1394, or thereabouts, gives us that wonderful picture of a bondeman or ploughman whom its painter *saw*,

<sup>1</sup> And fartherover, ther as the lawe sayth, that temporel goodes of *bondfolk* been the goodes of her lordes; ye, that is to understonde, the goodes of the imperour, to defende hem in here righte, beut *not to robbe hem ne to reve hem*.

<sup>2</sup> In the *Elegy on the Death of King Edward III.* the phrase "bide her bonde" is glossed "remain as their captive."

This goode schip, I may remene  
[so]  
To the Chilvalrye of this londe,  
Sum time thei counted noujt a bene.  
Beo al Ffrance Ich understonde

Thei tok & slou; hem with heore  
honde  
The power of Ffrance both smal  
and grete,  
And broujt ther Kyng hider to bide  
her *bonde*.  
And nou ri;zt sone hit [the ship]  
is for;rete.

Myrc's use of *bonde* is this:

Fyrst þow moste þys mynne,  
What he ys þat doth þe synne,  
Wheþer hyt be heo or he,  
Yonge or olde, *bonde*, or fre,  
Pore or ryche, or in offys.  
(Ab. 1430, Myrc, *Instructions for Parish Priests*, p. 47.)

and which will not be out of the mind of anyone who has studied it:

And as y wente be þe waie · wepyng for sorowe,  
 [I] sei; a sely man me by · opon þe plow hongen.  
 His cote was of a cloute · þat cary was y-called,  
 His hod was full of holes · & his heer oute,  
 Wiþ his knopped schon · clouted full þykke;  
 His ton todeden out · as he þe londe treddede,  
 His hosen ouerhongen his hokschyne · on eueriche a side,  
 Al beslombred in fen · as he þe plow folwede;  
 Twey myteynes, as mete · maad all of cloutes;  
 Þe fyngers weren for-werd · & ful of fen honged.  
 Dis whit waselede in þe [fen] · almost to þe ancle,  
 Foure roþeren hym by-forn · þat feble were [worþen];  
 Men myzte reken ich a ryb · so reufull þey weren.  
 His wijf walked him wiþ · wiþ a longe gode,  
 In a cutted cote · cutted full heyze,  
 Wrapped in a wynwe schete · to weren hire fro weders,<sup>1</sup>  
 Barfote on þe bare ijs · þat þe blod folwede.  
 And at þe londes ende laye · a litell crom-bolle,  
 And þeron lay a litell childe · lapped in cloutes,  
 And tweyne of tweie 3eres olde · opon a-no þer syde,  
 And alle þey songen o songe · þat sorwe was to heren;  
 Þey crieden alle o cry · a carefull note.

(*Pierce the Ploughman's Crede*, l. 420-441, ed. Skeat, 1867.)

Those last two lines sum up for me the English history of the English poor (as has been said elsewhere), it was "full of care."

Frater Galfridus, about 1440, has in the Promptorium

Bonde, as a man or woman, *Servus, serva*.  
 Bondman . *Servus, nativus* [neif.]  
 Bondschepe . *Nativitas*: but Bondage . *Servitus*.

That the lord's power over his bondmen was a reality, and that he "frequently took advantage of his power to tyrannize, is proved by the example of Sir Simon Burley, the tutor of Richard II., who seized forcibly an industrious artizan at Gravesend, on the plea of his being his escaped bondsman, and, when his exorbitant demand was refused, threw him into the prison of Rochester Castle."—(Wright in *Archæol.* xxx. 235.) And that the Lord's power over his bondman existed into the 16th century is shown by the following extracts.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> It is a wyues occupation, to *wynowe* all manner of cornes, to make malte, to washe and wrynge, to make heyre, shere corne, and in time of nede to helpe her husbände to fyll the mucke-wayne or dounge-carte, *dryue the ploughe*, to loode

hay, corne, and suche other. ? 1523. —Fitzherbert's *Husbandry*, ed. 1767, p. 92.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Wright says, "We can trace these charters of manumission [of vil-lans] down to a very late period. In 2

In 1519 among the Duke of Buckingham's payments in Prof. Brewer's *Calendar*, iii., Pt. i. p. 498, is—

25 March, to Walter Parker, 40£, "restored to him for a fine by him made to me, for that he was my *bondman*, and made free during his life, for that I gave him a patent."

In 1521 on

"The Duke's Lands . . . at Caurs (in Wales) are "Many *bondmen* both rich and poor.—*ib.* p. 509.

In 1523 (?), Fitzherbert says :

Customary tenauntes/ are those that holde their landes of their lorde by cople of courte role/ after the custome of the manere. And there may be many tenauntes with-in the same manere y<sup>t</sup> have no cople/ and yet holde be lyke custome and seruyce at the wyll of the lorde. and in myne opinyon/ it began soone after the conquest/ whan Wyllyam Conquerour had conquered this realme/ he rewarded all those that came with hym in his voyage royall accordyng to their degre. And to honourable men he gaue/ lordshippes/ maners/ landes/ and tenementes/ with all the inhabytauntes/ men and women dwelling in the same/ to do with them at their pleasure. And those honourable men thought y<sup>t</sup> they must nedes haue seruauntes and tenauntes/ and their landes occupied with tyllage. Wherefore they pardoned the inhabytauntes of their lyues/ and caused them to do all maner of seruyce that was to be done/ were it neuer so vyle/ and caused them to occupye their landes and tenementes in tyllage and toke of them suche rentes/ customes/ and seruyces/ as it pleased them to haue. And also toke all their goodes & catell at all tymes at their pleasure/ and called them their *bonde men*. and sythe that tyme/ many noble men bothe spirytually and temporally, of their godly disposycion/ haue made to dyuers of the sayd *bonde men* manumissions, and graunted them fredome and lybertie. and set to them their landes and tenementes to occupy/ after dyuers maners of rentes/ customes/ and seruyces, the whiche is vsed in dyuers places vnto this daye. how be it in some places the *bonde men* contynue as yet/ the whiche me semeth is the grettest inconuenyent that nowe is suffred by the lawe. That is, to haue any christen man bonden to another/ and to haue the rule of his body/ landes and goodes/ that his wife chylde and seruauntes have laboured/ for all their lyfe tyme/ to be so taken/ lyke as and it were extorcion or bribery. And many tymes

Ric. II., just before the peasants' insurrection, John Wyard or 'Alspach' manumits a female villan, and gives her, with her liberty, her goods and chattels, and the liberty of all her offspring : and

we have a charter of affranchisement by the priory of Beauvalle in 6 Hen. V. A.D. 1419, and another by George Nevile, lord Bergevenny, as late as 2 Hen. VIII., A.D. 1511."



by colour therof/ there be many fre men taken as *bonde men*/ and their landes and goodes taken fro them/ so that they shall not be able to sue for remedy/ to prove them selfe fre of blode. And that is moost commenly/ where the fre men have the same name as the *bonde men* haue/ or that his auncesters of whome he is comen/ was manumised before his byrthe. In suche cause there can nat be to great a punysshement. for as me semeth/ there shulde no man be bonde but to god/ and to his king and prince ouer hym. Quia deus non facit exceptionem personarum. For god maketh no excepcyon of any person.—Fitzherbert's *Boke of Surveyeng & Improumentes* Cap. xiii. fol. xxvi.

I do not carry these extracts further, because those that have been given—and they might be ten-folded with ease—sufficiently prove the reality of the hardships which the bondmen suffered, and that certain of these hardships were in being as late as Fitzherbert's time, about 1520. Vague talk that the doctrine of the law-books was never carried out in practice, that monkish writers exaggerated a molehill into a mountain &c., will not do in the face of the evidence that literature supplies. "Master Fitzherbarde" was not a sentimentalist, but a practical horsebreeder, farmer and surveyor,<sup>1</sup> and spoke of the bondmen's evils as he would speak of his broodmares' ailments. There is no need for us then to imagine—as Professor Rogers does, in his very valuable and interesting *History of Prices*, i. 81—a cause, of which no trace has come down to us, for Wat Tyler's rebellion. Cause enough, and to spare, there was in the condition of the men, if only that shown in their demand "that we, our wives and children, shall be free." Granted that the students of literature and charters alone get from them too dark a view of the state of the early poor,—as Mr. Wright may have done—yet we must declare that the student of prices on college lands alone gets a too rose-coloured view, and that the wrongs of the bondmen were real and deep; even Chaucer and Froissart witness it.

On this *bonde* and *bondeman* question I conclude then, though with much diffidence, and acknowledging the insufficiency of the evidence for some points: 1, that the *bonde* was originally free, that he was the Saxon ceorl or twihind, with a Danish name; 2, that if not partially before, yet wholly after, the Conquest, his class, or the greater part of it, became bondmen or villans, bond on bond-land; 3, that gradually they threw off their ser-

<sup>1</sup> It must be a mistake to identify him with Sir Anthony Fitzherbert.

vice and signs of bondage, taking the first decided step in advance in Edward I.'s time, the second and more decided one in Edward III. and Richard II.'s time; 4, that in 1520 the burden of bondage was still heavy. (It gradually disappeared,<sup>1</sup> except so far as our present copyhold fines and heriots represent it. Slavery was abolished by a statute of Charles II. The attempt to abolish it in 1526 proved a vain one. *Wright*.)

But our bondman was John *the Reeve*, though no special duties of his as Reeve are alluded to in the Ballad. On those duties in Anglo-Saxon times the reader may consult the references in Thorpe's Index to the *Ancient Laws*, vol. i., and section 12 of the *Institutes of Polity*, in vol. ii. p. 320-1. The office of Reeve was one that every villan was bound to serve, and although the *Law Magazine* says it was one which the villan rather declined and avoided,<sup>2</sup> it must have been one which, in later times at least, helped to fill its holder's pockets. The Reeve's duty was to manage his lord's demesne, to superintend the service-tenant's work on it, to collect the lord's dues and rent in money and kind, and submit his accounts yearly to the auditor. As the Sloane MS. *Boke of Curtesye* says of the greve or reve—

*Grauyes*, and baylys and parker,  
Schone come to acountes euery yere  
Byfore þo auditour of þo lorde onone,  
þat schulde be trew as any stone,  
Yf he dose hom no ryȝt lele,  
To a baron of chekker þay mun hit pele.  
(*Babees Book*, p. 318, l. 589-94.)

And as William of Malvern says—

<sup>1</sup> The name seems to have lasted longer in Scotland than in England; see Jamieson's Dictionary, 4to, 1825, Supplement:

"BONDAGE, Bonnage, *s.* The designation given to the services due by a tenant to the proprietor, or by a cottager to the farmer. [Used in] Angus."

"Another set of payments consisted in services, emphatically called *Bonage* (from bondage). And these were exacted either in seed-time, in ploughing and harrowing the proprietor's land,—or in summer, in the carriage of his coals, or other fuel; and in harvest, in cutting down his crop."—*Agricultural Survey of Kincardineshire*, p. 213.

The late abridgement of Jamieson gives "*Bonday Warkis*, the time a tenant or vassal is bound to work for the proprietor."

<sup>2</sup> The chief incidents of base tenure which affected the villein's person are collected in one of Edward II.'s Yearbooks. (5 Ed. II.) They were,—1. The blood fine, or marriage ransom; 2. the taille or tallage, a variable charge, supplanted by regular taxation, unless it endured under the name of chevage; 3. the obligation of undertaking the office of reeve or bailiff, an invidious dignity which the villein rather declined and avoided.—*Law Mag. & Rev.* xiii. 41.

I make Piers the Plowman my procuratour and my reve,  
And registrar to receyve.<sup>1</sup>

*Redde quod debes* (v. ii. p. 411, ed. Wright).

And again—

Thanne lough ther a lord, and "by this light" seide,  
"I holde it right and reson, of my reve to take  
Al that myn auditour, or ellis my steward  
Counseileth me bi hir acounte and my clerkes writyng.  
With *spiritus intellectus* thei seke the revs rolles ;  
And with *spiritus fortitudinis* fecche it I wole after."

(*Vision*, ii. 423.)

Need one quote Chaucer's sketch of the Reeve—

Wel cowde he kepe a gerner and a bynne ;  
Ther was non auditour cowde on him wynne.  
Wel wiste he by the drought, and by the reyn,  
The yeeldyng of his seed, and of his greyn.  
His lordes scheep, his neet, [and] his dayerie,  
His swyn, his hors, his stoor, and his pultrie,  
Was holly in this reeves governynge,  
And by his covenaut yaf the rekenynge,  
Syn that his lord was twenti yeer of age ;  
Ther couthe noman bringe him in arrerage.  
Ther nas baillif, ne herde, ne other hyne,  
That they ne knewe his sleight and his covyne ;  
They were adrad of him, as of the deth.  
His wonyng was ful fair upon an heth ;  
With grene trees i-schadewed was his place.  
He cowde bettre than his lord purchase.  
Ful riche he was i-stored prively,  
His lord wel couthe he plese subtilly,  
To geve and lene him of his owne good,  
And have a thank, a cote, and eek an hood.  
In youthe he lerned hadde a good mester ;  
He was a wel good wright, a carpenter.  
This reeve sat upon a well good stot,  
That was a pomely gray, and highte Scot.  
A long surcote of pers uppon he hadde,  
And by his side he bar a rusty bladde.

Our Reeve too has "a rusty bladde," rides a good horse, has a fair dwelling, and is "ful riche istored prively," but Hodgkin Long and Hob of the Lathe are "not adrad of him as of the deth." As he was the King's reeve and should have collected taxes<sup>2</sup> as well as dues and rents,<sup>3</sup> he ought to have been a good scribe and summer-up, but the ballad does not read as if he was. His

<sup>1</sup> See the extract at the end of this paper, line 12 from foot.

<sup>2</sup> If Mr. Toulmin Smith be right in his view, p. 557 note below.

<sup>3</sup> Toulmin Smith's *Parish*, p. 506, refers to a rentcharge paid to the King's reeve.

enemy is not the auditor, of whom we hear nothing, but the courtier or purveyor who could report his wealth to the King, and get leave, or take it, to put the screw on him. He sells his wheat (l. 144) to get it out of sight (?);—money could be more easily hidden;—and he has a thousand pounds and some deal more.

The supper of his pretended poverty—bean-bread, rusty bacon, broth, lean salt beef, and sour ale, may well have been bondman's food in Edward I.'s time, better than many got in Edward III.'s, as William of Malvern shows (*Vision*, Passus VII. l. 267–82, ed. Skeat, p. 88–9, text A); but could the supper of his actual wealth, boar's head and capons, woodcocks, venison, swans, conies, curlews, crane, heron, pigeons, partridges, and sweets of many kinds, have been ever Reeve's food then? I trow not. Chaucer's Frankeleyn couldn't have given a better spread in Richard II.'s time, and John Russell's Franklen in Henry VI.'s days (ab. 1450–60 A.D., say,) hardly exceeded it:

*A Feste for a Franklin.*

“ **A** Frankeñ may make a feste Improbabille,  
brawne with mustard is concordable,  
bakoñ *ser* ued with pesoñ,

beef or motoñ stewed *seruysable*,  
Boyled Chykoñ or capoñ agreeable,  
convenient for þe sesoñ;

Rosted goose & pygge fulle profitable,  
Capoñ / Bakemete, or Custade Costable,  
whēn eggis & crayme be gesoñ.

þefore stuffe of household is behoveable,  
Mortrowes or Iusselle ar delectable  
for þe second course by resoñ.

Thañ veel, lambe, kyd, or cony,  
Chykoñ or pigeoñ rosted tendurly,  
bakemetes or dowcettes with alle.

þeñ followynge frytowrs, & a leche lovely;  
suche *seruise* in sesoun is fulle semely  
To *serue* with bothe chambur & halle.

Theñ appuls & peris with spices delicately  
Aftur þe terme of þe yere fulle deynteithly,  
with bred and chese to calle.

Spised cakes and wafurs worthily  
withe bragot & methē, þus meñ may meryly  
plese welle bothe gret & smalle.”

(*Babees Book*, p. 170-1.)

Edward I.'s order for his own coronation feast was 380 head of cattle, 430 sheep, 450 pigs, 18 wild boars, 278 fitches of bacon, and 19,660 capons and fowls (Macfarlane, *Cab. Hist.* iv. 11, referring to Rymer). Only in bacon, boar, and capons could the king have come up to his reeve. To what date then are we to bring the ballad down? I don't know, and, if the reason I have assigned for its being tacked on to Edward I. be the right one, I don't care; for the main point to me is its connection with him. But taking the ballad as it stands, the mention of the *Galliard* in it, l. 530, p. 579, shows that it was recast, if not composed, after 1541, when that dance was introduced. Also the Northern forms *baine*, l. 504, *gange*, l. 209, 343, 864, *strang*, l. 332, *seile*, l. 502, *ryke*, l. 263, *farrand*, l. 353, 358, &c., the present no-rhymes of *both* and *lath*, l. 623-4, 641-2, *arse* and *worse*, l. 668-9, *kneele* and *soule*, l. 806-7, &c., show that our version is an altered copy of a Northern original, or Northern copy. I say copy, because if *lathe* is the Anglo-Saxon *læð*, a division of the county peculiar to Kent, the scene of the ballad must have been Kent; but Chaucer's use of the word in its sense of barn, in his *Reeve's Tale*—

Why nad thou put the capil in the *lathe*?<sup>1</sup>

and Brockett's in his *Glossary of North Country Words*,

*Lathe* or *Leathe*, a place for storing hay and corn in winter—a barn.

saves us from the necessity of supposing a double transformation of the ballad, though this would be authorised by the ascription of it to "the south-west country" in l. 909. The Northern saint sworn by in l. 744, St. William, Archbp. of York in the 12th century, tends to confirm the Northern origin, as does the "clerke out of Lancashire" who read the roll that contained the tale, l. 8-12.

<sup>1</sup> The *Promptorium* gives "Berne of lathe (or lathe P.), *Horreum*," p. 33, and Mr. Way says, "Lathe, which does not occur in its proper place in the *Promptorium*, is possibly a word of Danish introduction into the eastern counties," Lade, *horreum*, Dan. Skinner observes that "it was very commonly used in Lancashire." At p. 288 he also says that Bp. Kennett notices it also as a Lincolnshire word, and that Harrison,

speaking of the partition of England into shires and lathes, says "Some, as it were roming, or rouing at the name Lath, do saie that it is derived of a barn, which is called in Old English a *lath*, as they coniecture." "*Horreum est locus ubi reponitur annona*, a barne, a lathe. *Grangia*, lathe or grange.—Ortus. *Orreum, granarium, lathe*."—Vocab. Roy. MS., 17, C. xvii. Way.



If asked to guess a date for the composition of the ballad, I should guess the earlier half of the 15th century, while for the recast of it I should guess the latter half of the 16th, or the former half of the 17th. The tradition embodied in it is, I doubt not, of the 13th century.

Let me add, before ending this long rigmarole,<sup>1</sup> that John the Reeve was a well-known typical personage, like Piers Plowman, &c., as is shown by the following extract from a discussion on the Real Presence in the Harleian MS. 207 :

[leaf 1],

Bonum est sperare in domino quem et sperare

[1532.]

The Banckett of Iohan the Reve. Vnto peirs ploughman. Laurens laborer. Thomlyn Tailyor. And hobb of the hille. with other.

[leaf 2]

[A] relacion maide. by hobb of the hille vnto Sir Iohañ the pariche preste vpon A communicacion. Betwene. Iacke Iolie Servyngman of thone partie. And. Iohañ the reve. Peirs plowghman. Lawrence Laborer. Thomlyn tailyor. And hobb of the hille of thother partie. Wherin the said Sir Iohan wold maike none Awnswer vnto he knewe the olde vecar mynde. the wiche saide vecar wrote lyenge in his bedd veray seeke. and delyuerde hys mynde in wrytynge. vnto his pariche preste. And the said prest delyuerd the same booke to hobb of the hille. counsellynge hym to learne it. wherebye he myght be more able to maike better Answere to suche light fellows if he chaunced to here any suche Communicacion in tyme to comme. Hobb of the hille said vnto sir Iohañ .;. Good morow Sir Iohan .;. And he Answered .;. Good morrowe hobb .;. Hobb said .;. Sir Iohan I am veray glade of our metyng .;. For I am desirouse of your counselle in a weightie matter Sir Iohañ said. Marie ye shalle haue the beste councelle that is in me .;. What is your matter Bie my faithe Sir .;. yesterdaie My master [leaf 2 b.] and Iohan the reve maid a feaste. And piers plewghman. Laurence laborer. And Thomlyn tailyor was at dyner at our house, And I serued them at dyner. And or halfe dyner was done. comme in a Servyng man called Iacke Iolie. Rent getherar vnto my ladie. For my master Iohan the reve was Receuor this yeare : And when Iack[e] Iolie was sett downe. He demaünded whether we had any messe or no .;. And my master saide

<sup>1</sup> I ought to apologise for its shortcomings. It has been put together in great haste, Mr. Hales having been unfortunately unable to treat its subject, for which Part II. has been kept back four months. Feeling obliged to say something on the question to excuse

the delay named, I have set down opinions, many of which, though hastily expressed, have not been hastily formed, as my long connection with working men and with Early English may guarantee.

we hadde, and trustede to haue .;. Than saide Iacke Iolie that we war blynded for waunt of teachyngē. for it is plane ydolatrie to beleue *that* the bodie and bloude of criste ar in firme of breade and wyne ministrede in the alter, And for his purpose he Aleged Many Sayenges, As of Martyn luther. Eocolampadius. Caralstadij. Iohan Firtz Malangton, with many dyuerse other .;. Than peirs ploughman waxed woundrus Angrie. and called Iacke Iolie. fals heritike. Than my master desired them bothe to be content in his house. and to reason the matte<sup>r</sup> gentlie. And thei warre bothe contente So to doo.;

## NOTES.

- p. xxx. "Evans, Pinkerton, Hurd, Ritson." Here *Hurd* is a mistake for *Herd*, who published two vols. of *Scottish Ballads*.—D. (= Alexander Dyce.)
- p. 1, *Chevy Chase*. See Mr. Maidment's comments on this "modern version" in his *Scottish Ballads*, 1868, i. 81.—F.  
that "expliceth," quoth Richard Sheale, does *not* mean that Sheale was the *author*, but the *scribe*. So one of the *Piers Plowman MS.*, (Harl. 3954) ends—*quod Herun, &c.*—Skeat.
- p. 2, "*That day*" &c. In the "*Complaynt of Scotland*," which was not written before 1547, mention is made of the "*Hunttiss of Chevot*," and of "*The persee and mongumrye met*," as if these were the titles of two separate ballads. That these were two distinct ballads founded on the battle of Otterbourne, and known in Scotland by the above titles, is extremely probable; for though, in the Scottish ballad of the "*Battle of Otterbourne*" the line "*The Percy and Montgomery met*" occurs, the name of Cheviot is never mentioned. Dr. Percy, in quoting the above line from the "*Complaynt of Scotland*," gives "*That day, that day, that gentil day*" as the following one; but that is, in fact, the title of another ballad or song. Dr. Rimbault. *Musical Illustrations*, p. 1.
- p. 5, *Battle of Otterbourne*. See Mr. Robert White's full account of it, with an appendix and illustrations. London, 1857.—F.
- p. 6, l. 7 from foot: *for Wold read Henry Bold*. Another edition, says Mr. E. Peacock, is a fep. 8vo. of 39 pages. "*Chevy Chase, a ballad, in Latin Verse, by Henry Bold, accompanied by the original English Text*. London, Printed by Henry Bryer, Bridge St. Blackfriars, 1818."
- p. 8, l. 30, read *fat buckes*.—Ch. (= F. J. Child.)
- p. 11, l. 123, *lyons woode*, beyond doubt.—Ch. *layd on lode* (= a load), as Skeat explains, is, I think, certain.—Ch.
- p. 12, l. 143, "*which struck*," (as in *Old Ballads*, 1723) is certainly the reading.—Ch.
- p. 14, l. 198: *sorry you left too full*: no doubt of *doleful*.—Ch.
- p. 17, *When Loue with vnconfined wings*. This version is very corrupt, and inferior to the printed copy of 1649. See my edition of *Lovelace*, 1864.—Hazlitt.
- p. 20, l. 8, 16, 24, *enioyes*. This is exactly the reverse of what the poet meant and wrote.—Hazlitt. The right burden is, "*Know no such Liberty*," but the 4th or last stanza has "*Injoy such Liberty*."—F.

- p. 21, *Cloris*. See my communication to *Notes and Queries*, 3rd Series viii. 435, and Bell's edition of Waller.—Hazlitt.
- p. 24, l. 3. The Percy Society reprinted the edition of 1686, but imperfectly.—Hazlitt.
- p. 28, l. 13, *read* yeilded.—Ch.
- p. 30, In Scots poems, &c., as Percy says, we find "Hollow, my Fancie:" but there are 17 stanzas, and many differences. The last 9—including only the last of those in the MS. which is also the last in the Scots Poems copy—are said to have been "writ by Colonel Clealand of my Lord Augus's regiment, when he was a student in the College of Edinburgh, and 18 years of age."—Ch.
- p. 35, l. 2. 1639 as the date of Carew's death is only conjectural.—H. (= W. C. Hazlitt.)
- p. 37, l. 6. 1731. This *Collection* was printed in 1662, 8vo, and again, with some changes, in 1731, 2 vols. 12mo.—H.
- p. 38, l. 22, for *soine* read *sinne* (the idea is that the Lower House sinnes when it *does sit*).—Ch.
- p. 39, note. Percy's *Lumford* is of course a penslip for *Lunsford*. Sir Walter Scott, in a note to chap. xx. of *Woodstock*, gives another version of the 2nd verse of this Ballad, and an account of Lunsford, but there are mistakes in it. Scott's verse is—

The post who came from Coventry  
Riding in a red rocket,  
Did tidings tell, how Lunsford fell,  
A child's hand in his pocket.

The same child-eating scandal is noticed in *Rump Songs*, pt. i. p. 65:

From Fielding and from Vavasour,  
Both ill-affected men;  
From Lunsford eke deliver us,  
That eateth up children.

The best account of Lunsford that I know is in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. 106, pt. i. 350, 602; pt. ii. 32, 148; vol. 107, pt. i. 265. Cf. *Rushworth Hist. Col.*, vol. iii. pt. i. p. 459; Add. MSS. 1519 f. 26, 6358 f. 50, 5702 p. 118.

There is an engraving among the King's Pamphlets in the British Museum—I cannot give the press mark—representing Sir Thomas Lunsford at full length. In the background is a church in flames, and a soldier with a drawn sword pursuing a woman; a companion is catching another woman by her hair. Under the engraving are these lines:

I'll helpe to kill, to pillage, and destroy  
All the opposers of the Prelacy.  
My fortunes are grown small, my friends are less,  
I'll venture, therefore, life to have redress;  
By picking, stéaling, or by cutting throates,  
Although my practise cross the kingdom's votes.

- p. 45, l. 32, for *witt* read *woe*.—Ch.
- p. 50, *How fayre shee be*. The earliest appearance of this song of Wither's was in *A Description of Love*, 1620; then again it appeared at the end of *Faire Virtue &c.*, 1622, unless the undated sheet in the Pepysian Library be older, which is more than possible.—Hazlitt.

- p. 52, l. 2, read *hollydom* (halidom); Note the rhyme.—Ch.  
 l. 3, omit *I*.—Ch.
- p. 53, l. 12, Percy is right, and Mr. Chappell wrong: the rhyme is with *braines*, not *square*.—Ch.  
 l. 19, *drouth*, for rhyme, as Percy suggests.—Ch.  
 l. 25, drop *of*, hurts metre and sense: 'will you be the taster?' is the meaning.—Ch.  
 l. 28, Exus = Naxos of course: 29, *coyle*, *rare*.—Ch.  
 l. 29, *coyse* should be *coyle*: compare l. 2.—D.  
 l. 34, for *of* read *on*.—Ch.
- p. 54, l. 42, read *toward*: 50, *sword's*.—Ch.  
 l. 54, read *Cynthia's fellow*, *Muses' deere*, i.e. (Diana's mate, darling of the Muses).—Ch.
- p. 55, l. 72, *grace*: some word like *care* is wanted.—Ch.
- p. 56, *The Grene Knight*. Gascoigne the poet, when he was on service in the Low Countries, tells us that he acquired the nickname of *The Green Knight* under circumstances of a peculiar character.—Hazlitt.
- p. 63, l. 123, note, Percy's '*gan*' is wrong.—Ch.  
 l. 126, *thy* should be *thee*: you can do nothing with the Sax. *þy*.—Ch.  
 l. 146, 147, read *praye*, *blin*; (transpose the ; and ,).—Ch.
- p. 64, 168 (he had *sayd* nothing), *gy. hele?* (i.e. so have I *hele*).—Ch.
- p. 65, note 4, read *Egilsson*: *braid* is well enough explained by the A.-Sax. *brædan*, here, *gripe*.—Ch.
- p. 67, l. 255, *kell*, i.e. caul, net-work for a lady's head. The note on this word is quite from the purpose. [So it is]. Compare—  
 Faire be thy wives, right lovesom, white, and small :  
 Clere be thy virgyns, lusty under *kellys*.  
 London! thowe art the flowre of cities all.  
 Dunbar. *Reliq. Ant.* i. 206.—F.  
 The line describes *Bredbeddle's wife*, not Sir Gawaine: see it referred to in Madden's *Glossary*, to *Syr Gawayne*, under "*kell*."—D.
- p. 67, l. 236, *rougt* = were sorry for, Sax. *hreówian*.—Ch.
- p. 71, l. 349, *frauce*, apparently from French *froisser*, clash, dash, &c.—Ch.  
 l. 355 and note. How *could* "beleue" be right? To say nothing of l. 478, the rhyme required proves it to be wrong.—D.
- p. 72, l. 364, *tho* seems to me more likely to be right.—Ch.
- p. 74, l. 429: the meaning can hardly be *proved* about Gawaine: *proved by* is gone through by, performed by, I should say.—Ch.
- p. 75, l. 461, *throe*: rightly explained in note. Icel. *þrâr* has the same meaning as *thra* in G. Doug.: and so Sax. *þræá*, found only in composition.—Ch.
- p. 76, l. 496, *other* = second, as in Sax. So l. 523.—Ch.
- p. 82, l. 68, "& heard them speake" should be "& heard *him* speake."—D. and Ch.
- p. 83, l. 75, *the* = *thy*.—Ch.



- p. 86, l. 177, *noe more*, read *noe moe*.—D.
- p. 88, l. 211, *some spending money*. The author must have written something like *money for spending*.—D. Read *money for spending*.—Ch.  
 l. 214, *you heyre*, read *your heyre*.—D.
- p. 90, l. 273, drop  $\xi$  (caught from l. 271 or 268); *thereto* makes sense.—Ch.
- p. 92, l. 336, for *said* read *had*.—Ch.
- p. 94, l. 399, *fone* should be *foe* (unless in the concluding line of the stanza *goe* be an error for *gone*).—D.  
 l. 402, read *go[n]e*.—Ch.
- p. 98, l. 523, *other* = second : cf. l. 496.—Ch.  
 l. 534, *soe bee*, read *soe beene*.—D.
- p. 99, l. 556, "for to his graue he rann" ought manifestly to be "for to his *mas- ters* graue he rann": compare l. 543.—D.  
 l. 557, read *followed*.—Ch.
- p. 104, l. 693, *thither wold he wend*, ? read *thither wold he right*.—D.
- p. 108, l. 800, read *rest*.—Ch.  
 l. 807, why not read *shiver*? *shimmer* makes no sense.—Ch.
- p. 111, l. 895, *noe more*, read *noe moe*.—D. and Ch.
- p. 112, l. 919, *in the crye*, an undoubted error for *in the stowre*.—D.
- p. 113, l. 964, *was past*, read *was gane*, or *gaen* (i.e. gone).—D.
- p. 117, l. 1048, read *with thee*.—Ch.  
 l. 1067, I should understand *yerning* as eager, &c. It is very expressive of the noise of a dog who wants a thing very much.—Ch.
- p. 119, l. 1125, for *his heire*, read *is neire*.—Ch. I took it for *is here*.—F.
- p. 120, l. 1165, read *come*.—Ch.
- p. 122, l. 1202, *bused*, ? *bustled*, made a stir, made a "towre".—Ch.  
 l. 1207, read *fyery wood*?—Ch.
- p. 125, l. 1300, read *moe*.—Ch.  
 l. 1305, *feelds*, certainly *fells*.—D.
- p. 128, l. 1403, *blithe*, read *bliue* (i.e. quickly).—D.
- p. 132, l. 1496, *affrayd* should be *aghaste*—Copland's ed. having the right reading in l. 1494, *wonder faste*, and *brast* being the final word of l. 1500.—D.
- p. 133, l. 1528, *Sir Marrokee the hight*. If this be right, it means "they called him Sir Marrock": but *qy. he hight* (i.e. he was called)?—D. Why not, *he hight*?—Ch.
- p. 136, *Guye and Amarant*. This is a portion of *The Famous Historie of Guy Erle of Warwicke*, &c., by S. Rowlands; and I cannot but think that Mr. F. mistakes the nature and intention of it. Rowlands is evidently imitating the serio-comic romance poetry of Italy, a kind of writing which has been popular in that country, from Pulci down to Fortiguerra.—D.

- p. 136. I do not understand note 3, "torn out &c."—Ch. Page 253 of the MS. was torn out, Percy said, to send *King Estmere*, which was on it, to press.—F.
- p. 137, l. 45, *recovers* = *recover his*, of course.—Ch.
- p. 139, l. 92, *this coward art*, read *this coward act*.—D.
- p. 140, l. 135, (probably) *den[a]yd*.—Ch.
- p. 145, l. 2, *Rhé*. "The Duke of Buckingham's Manifestation of Remonstrance, with a Journal of his Proceedings in the Isle of Ree, 1627, 4to." An unhappy View of the whole Behaviour of my Lord Duke of Buckingham at the French Island called the Isle of Rhee, discovered by Colonel William Fleetwood, an unfortunate commander in that untoward service, 1648. This most fierce and prejudiced impeachment of an expedition, ill planned and unhappily terminated, is reprinted in the fifth volume of the *Somers Collection of Tracts. Lowndes. The Expedition to the Isle of Rhe*, by Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury. Edited by Lord Powis for the Philobiblon Soc. 1860.—F.
- p. 147, *King and Miller*, the first known edition was imprinted at London, by Edward Allde [circa 1600].—Hazlitt.
- p. 148, l. 2, read *the Reeve*.—Ch.
- p. 155, l. 186, read *a botts*.—Ch.
- p. 160, l. 1, for *is* read *It is*.  
l. 2, for *differen* read *different*.
- p. 163, l. 13, }  
p. 169, l. 72, } 60,000 is evidently the right reading, as the metre shows.—Ch.
- p. 168, l. 57, *and last*, read *at last*.—D.
- p. 172, the last line of notes, *hurms* should be *harms*.—D.  
l. 135. In Rymer, ix. 317–18, is Robert Waterton's petition to be repaid the costs of the Duke of York, and the prisoners (1) Count de Ewe, (2) Arthur de Bretagne, (3) le Mareschall Buchecaud, Perron de Lupe, and Cuchart de Sesse, these 3, at s. 23, 4d. a day, and other travelling expenses. At p. 334, Rymer, ix, are "Beds, curtains, &c. for the Dukes of Orleans and Burbon, at Eltham, the Tower of London, Westminster, Windsor, and diverse other places." p. 360 is, de Domino de Lyne, prisonaris.—F.
- p. 174, *Conscience*. Compare *The Booke in Meeter of Robin Conscience*, ? about 1550; and Allde's edition before 1600, printed in Halliwell's *Contributions to Early English Literature*, 1849, and with 4 additional stanzas in Hazlitt's *Early Popular Poetry*, iii. 221. Compare also *A piece of Friar Bacons Brazen-heads Propheties*, 1604, (Percy Society, 1844,) Lauder's poem on *the Nature of Scotland twiching the Intertainment of virtewus men that lacketh Ryches, &c.*, and Martin Parker's *Robin Conscience*, or Conscionable Robin. His Progresse thorow Court, City, and Countrey: with his bad entertainment at each severall place. Very pleasant and merry to bee read. Written in English by M. P.  
Charitie's cold, mens hearts are hard,  
And most doores against Conscience bard.  
London 1635, 8vo., 11 leaves, *Bodleian*. (Burton's Books) *Hazlitt's Handbook*.—F.
- p. 186, l. 49, read *denide*.—Ch.

- p. 188, l. 104, *sore* should be dropped and the line not indented: *sore* is evidently caught from the line above.—Ch.
- p. 190, Harl. MS. 4843 (paper). Article 11 is "Anno Domini millesimo cccxlv die Martis, in vigilia Lucæ Evangelistæ, hora Matutina ix. commissum fuit bellum inter Anglos et Scotos non longe a Dunelmia, in loco ubi nunc stat crux vulgariter dictus Nevillcrosse" Poema rhythmicum, [leaf] 241. Harl. Catal.
- p. 191, l. 2, hearken to me a litle [while?].—Ch.
- p. 199, l. 245, read *brother*, ("to the King of ffrance" is a marginal gloss).—Ch.  
 l. 245, &c., *brothers* should be *brother*; and the words *to the King of ffrance* is a gloss crept into the text.—D.
- p. 200, last line but two of note, for 63-6 read 63-8. (Durham Feilde is likely enough by the author of Flodden Field).—Ch.
- p. 201, See the "Discendants from Guy, Earl of Warwick; i.e. of the family of Arden of Parke-Hall in Com. Warwic. who were indeed descended from the Great Turchil, who lived at the time of the Conquest." Harl. MS. 853, leaf 113. Mr. Halliwell in his *Descriptive Notices of Early English Histories*, p. 47-8, says of the story of Guy: "This tale was dramatized early in the 17th century, and Taylor mentions having seen it acted at the Maidenhead of Islington." "After supper we had a play of the life and death of Guy in Warwicke, played by the Right Honourable the Earle of Darbie his men." *Penniless Pilgrimage*, ed. 1630, p. 140." Dr. Rimbault prints the tune of the ballad at p. 46-7 of his *Musical Illustrations*, from the Ballad Opera of "Robin Hood," performed at Lee and Harper's Booth in 1730. The ballad, he says, "was entered on the Stationers' books, 5th January, 1591-2."—F.
- p. 202, l. 37, *the grave* is a ridiculous blunder for *the cave*.—D.  
 l. 47, *ingrauen in Mold* should be *ingrauen ins tone*. Here the scribe repeated by mistake the word *Mold* from the first line of the stanza.—D.
- p. 203, last line but 4, read "Mangertoun."—Ch.
- p. 203, l. 5 from foot. *Nephew to the Laird of Mangertoun* (misprinted Margertoun). This reference to the nephew of the Lord of Mangerton, the chief of the Armstrongs, leads to the inference that the circumstances on which the ballad is founded had occurred previous to the rescue of William Armstrong of Kinmont, as Sir Richard Maitland was born in 1496, and died at the advanced age of ninety, on the 20th of March, 1586. Jock, in 1569, gave protection to the Countess of Northumberland, after the unfortunate rising and defeat of her husband and the Earl of Westmoreland, when they were both compelled to fly from England. After an unsuccessful attempt to take refuge in Liddesdale, they were compelled to put themselves under the protection of the Armstrongs of the Debateable land. The Countess, who did not accompany them, her tire-woman and ten other persons who were with her, were unscrupulously despoiled by the Liddesdale reivers of their horses, so that the poor lady was left on foot at John of the Side's house, a cottage not to be compared to many a dog-kennel in England." Maidment's *Scottish Ballads*, i. 182-3. Maidment also gives the ballad of *Hobbie Noble* at p. 191, showing how he was betrayed into the hands of his enemies by the Armstrongs, whose Jock he had rescued.—F.
- p. 204, l. 4, *he is gone*, read *he is gane* or *gaen* (i.e. gone).—D.  
 l. 6, (of Maitland) read *ane* for *and*.—Ch.

- p. 217, l. 14, *has received*, read *had received*.—D.
- p. 222, l. 106, *fface* seems to be an error for *eye*.—D.  
l. 126, . after “yee.”—Ch.
- p. 226, l. 214, for *land* read *man*? (Percy has *laird*, but that reading is not likely in this English ballad).—Ch.
- p. 235, note 5, “and *delend*.” Perhaps so; but in old ballads *and* is sometimes redundant.—D.
- p. 237, l. 232, *soe fast runn*, read *soe fast rinn*.—D.
- p. 240, l. 63, *with speares in brest*. This, of course, should be *with speares in rest*.—D. (?—F.)  
l. 64, . after “flight.”—Ch.
- p. 279, *Bessie off Bednall*. There are several plays on this subject. The earliest is *The Blind Beggar of Bednal-Green, with the merry humor of Tom Stroud the Norfolk Yeoman, as it was divers times publickly acted by the Princes Servants. Written by John Day, 1659, 4to*. The latest was by my friend Sheridan Knowles.—D.
- p. 292, l. 56, for *shinne*, read, as in the next stanza, *shoone*.—D.
- p. 297, l. 35, *pinn*. I prefer *pin* as a corruption of *point*, as in “He’s but one *pin* above a natural.” Cartwright. Cf. our use of *peg*.  
The calendar, right glad to find  
His friend in *merry pin*.  
John Gilpin.—Skeat.
- p. 306, l. 43, *wadded*. Surely the context, “gaule” and “greene” and “black,” shows that “*wadded*” should be “*watchet*” (i. e. pale blue).—D. (? woaded.—F.)
- p. 313, l. 13, *sonne*. Here, to be consistent, we must read *sonne[s]*.—D.
- p. 315, l. 70, “*scarlett and redd*,” a blunder for “*scarlett redd*.”—D.
- p. 319, l. 200, *giusts*; of course, “*giusts*” should be “*giufts*” (gifts).—D.
- p. 323, l. 30, “itt is now but a *sigh* clout, as you may see.” The note on this line is strangely wrong. “*A sigh clout*” is a clout for *sighing* (or, more properly, *sieing*), i. e. straining milk.—D. I only know *siling* for straining.—F.
- p. 328, l. 22, for *Lay*, ? read *he laines* (i. e. conceals).—D.
- p. 341, *Sir Eglamore*. “*Sir Eglamore*” must have been originally written in Northern rather than in Southern English, as appears from internal evidence. We find innumerable rimes which are *no* rimes, but which become so at once when translated into a Northumbrian dialect. Is it not clear that such rimes as *taketh* and *goeth* should be *tais* and *gais*? That for *tane* and *bone* we should read *tane* and *bane*? So, too, *rore* (riming to *were*) ought to be *rair*. *Driueth* and *cliffes* should be *driffis* and *cliffis*. *Drew* and *loughe* (laughed) should be *dreuch* and *leuch*. *Abode* must be *abaid*, if it is to rime with *made* (or *maid*). And finally, as a crucial instance, it is almost impossible to believe that the *four* words in stanza 75—*pace*, *rose*, *was*, and *taketh*, were not intended to rime together in the forms *pas*, *ras*, *was*, and *tais* or *tas*. To take one more case, for *rest*, *trust*, *cast*, and *last* (st. 4), read

*rest, trist, kest, lest.* And when we further observe that the rimes may be thus emended throughout the *whole poem*, surely the inference that it was of Northern origin becomes almost a certainty.—Skeat.

p. 343, l. 65, for “& show your hart & love,” ? read “—hart and love *her to*” ?—D.

p. 344, l. 93, )

p. 345, l. 132, )

p. 352, l. 320, )

p. 355, l. 403, )

In these lines, *more* should be *mair*.—D.

p. 359, l. 505, for *home* read *hame*.—D.

p. 367, l. 702, *head*. There the rhyme determines that for “head” we must substitute the A.-S. *heved*.—D.

p. 369, l. 766, for *yeelde* read *yode* (not, as Percy says, *yeede*).—D.

p. 369, *A Cauileere*. See Gervase Markham’s chapter “Of Hawking with all sorts of Hawkes,” &c., in his *Countray Contentments*, 1615, Bk. I, p. 87–97. “The pleasure of hawking . . . is a most Princely and serious delight.”—F.

p. 373, l. 856, for *rose* read *rase*.—D.

p. 382, l. 1119, for *more* read *moe*.—D.

p. 384, l. 1117, for *went hee* read *hee gone*.

p. 387, note 1. As the true reading is undoubtedly “*man*,” why say anything about the meaning of “*May*”?—D.

p. 388, l. 1285, for *dwell* read *wend*.—D.

p. 390, *The Emperour and the Childe*, or Valentine & Orson. See Halliwell’s *Descriptive Notices*, 1848, p. 29–30, as to the Romance, and the prose story.

p. 401, l. 12, “that *ginnye* his ffilly wold haue her owne will.” Here “*Ginnye*” is the name of “his ffilly.” If the MS. has “*grimye*,” it is an error.—D.

p. 419, l. 106, for *young* read *ying*.—D.

p. 432, l. 439, “& said, Cozen will!  
who hath done to you this shame?”

Here “will” sounds very ridiculously, as if the 3 knights were using the familiar abbreviation of their cousin’s name! Read undoubtedly (comparing Ritson’s text of the passage),

“& said, Cozen *William*,  
who hath done to you this shame?”—D.

p. 454, l. 1078, “both old & young.” } In both places “young” should be  
p. 496, l. 2223, “both old and young.” } “*ying*.”—D.

p. 493, note 1. *Wivre*. See a drawing of one at p. 9 of the *Bestiaire d’Amour* of Richard de Fournival, Paris, 1860; and Mons. Hippeau’s note at p. 103–4.—F.

p. 500, *Childe Maurice*. See R. Jamieson’s notes to this ballad in his *Pop. Bal. and Songs*, i. 16–21.—F.



p. 505, l. 98, *and dryed it on the grasse*. Jamieson compares

Hom gan his swerd gripe  
 Ant on his arm hit wype:  
 The Sarazyn he hit so,  
 That his hed fel to ys to.

Ritson's *Met. Rom.* vol. ii. p. 116.—F.

p. 506, l. 117, *wicked be my merry men all*. Jamieson compares with this the last 3 stanzas of Little Musgrave (i. 122, note): "Woe worth you, woe worth my merry men all," and says, "The same kind of remonstrance with those about him occurs in Lee's tragedy of 'Alexander the Great' after the murder of Clitus." Most men want to put their sins on other people's shoulders.—F.

p. 521, the extract from Lane's MS. Harl. 5243, is only his address to the reader, before his Poem on Guy.—F.

p. 536, l. 284, for *noone* read "*noone time*." (Compare, *ante*, p. 468, l. 1441,—

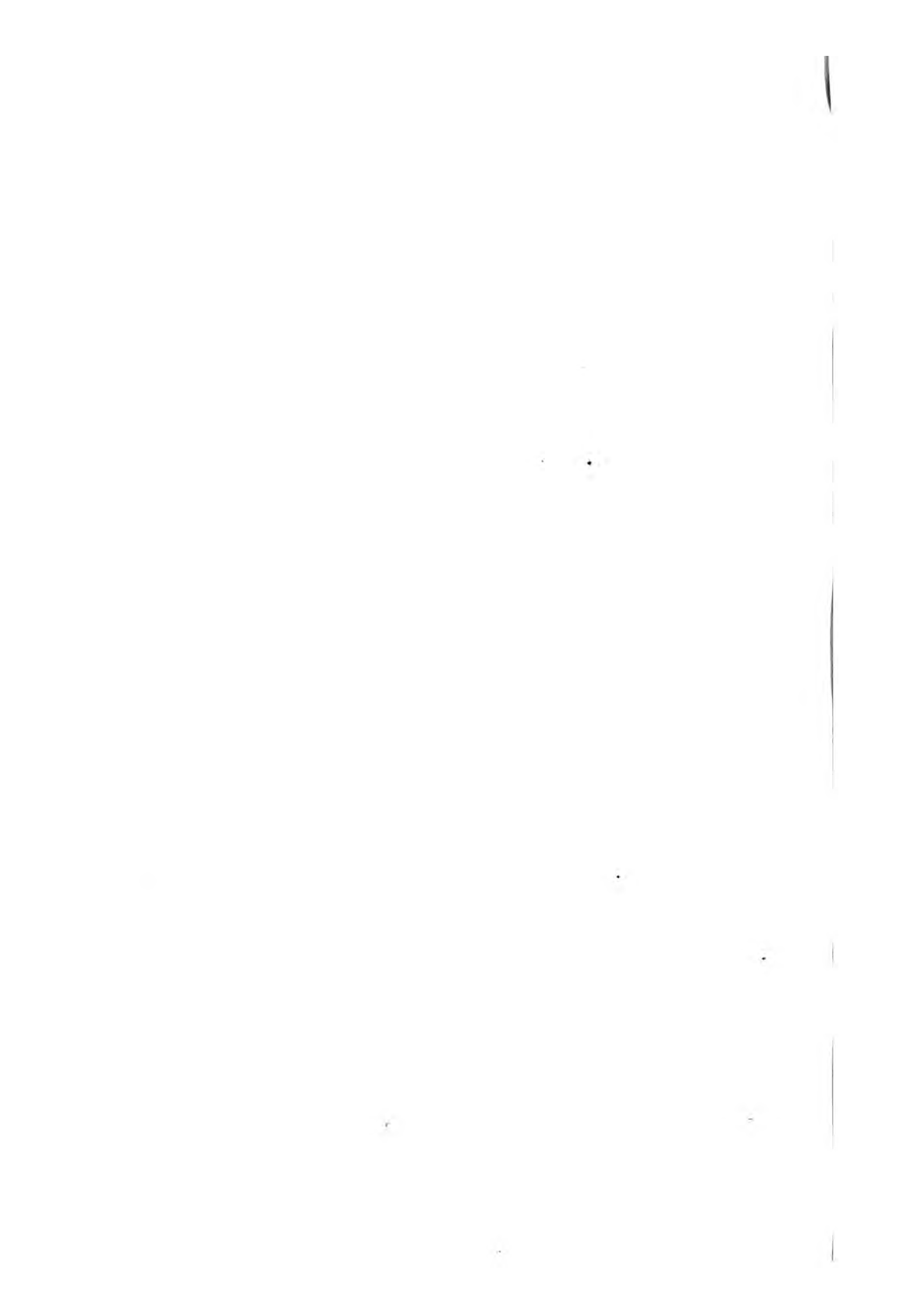
"*ffro*: the hower of *prime*  
 till it was *euensong time*.")—D.

p. 536, l. 290, for *there* read *thore*.—D.

p. 541, l. 432. There is a church in Winchester called St. Swithin's, which is merely a large room over the archway of King's Gate, but it has no pretensions to the antiquity mentioned in your letter. The sword and axe of the giant were probably ordered to be hung up in the cathedral church, which was originally dedicated under the title of St. Peter and St. Paul; but the body of St. Swithin having been transferred from the churchyard into the sumptuous shrine built for its reception, the cathedral from thenceforth down to the time of Henry VIII. was distinguished by the name of *Saint Swithin*, and this is no doubt the church alluded to.—Walter Bailey.

p. 579, l. 529, *John de Reeve*. The mention of the *galliard* here, a dance not introduced into England till about 1541, confirms what the language shows, that our version of the poem is a late one.—F.

p. 582, l. 606, On *Chape*, see Wedgwood's Dict. i. 321.



# Bishop Percy's Folio MS.

## Ballads and Romances.



### Chevy Chase : <sup>1</sup>

THERE are two principal versions of this well-known ballad—an old, and a modern one. The copy preserved in the Folio is a slightly various form of the latter.

The oldest copy of the old version is preserved in a MS. in the Ashmolean Collection at Oxford. This was printed by Hearne, in 1719, in the Preface to his edition of *Gulielmus Neubrigiensis*. “To the MS. copy,” says Percy, “is subjoined the name of the author, Rychard Sheale [expliceth quoth Rychard Sheale]; whom Hearne had so little judgement as to suppose to be the same with a R. Sheal, who was living in 1588.” The general character of the language, if there were no other proof, proves that the ballad is of a much earlier date than 1588; but probably Hearne is right in identifying the subscribed “R. Sheale” with the well-known ballad-singer of that name, who flourished, or more truly withered, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. This Sheale was in some sort the last of the minstrels. There are

<sup>1</sup> In *the* printed *Collection* of Old Ballads. 1727. Vol. 1. p. 108. No. xiv. N.B. The Readings in the Margin [here transferred to the foot-notes] are taken from the Scotch Edition printed at

Glasgow 8<sup>vo</sup> 1747.—Which is remarkable for the wilful Corruptions made in all y<sup>e</sup> Passages which concern the two Nations.—P.

extant some lines of his, of very inferior merit, wherein he bewails his miserable condition. He narrates with many sighs and groans how he has been robbed, left destitute, and no man gave unto him. Certainly, if these lines are a fair specimen of his talents, one cannot wonder that he found the world somewhat cold. And certainly the author of those lines could never have written "The Hunting of the Cheviot." But he may have sung it many and many a time, and passed with many an audience for the author. And hence, perhaps, the subscription of his name to the Ashmolean copy. The ballad in his time was extensively popular. Sir Philip Sidney refers to it in a well-known passage (though, as Prof. Child suggests, it is not impossible that he may mean the "Battle of Otterbourne"), as commonly sung by "blind crowders." Many years before Sidney wrote his *Defence of Poetry*, the *Complaint of Scotland*, written in 1548, speaks of "The Huntis of Chevot," and quotes the line,

That day, that day, that gentill day,

which is apparently a memory-quotation, or perhaps a Scotch version of

That day, that day, that dredfull day.

This evidence of its popularity in the middle of the sixteenth century, coupled with the antiquity of the language (though much of that "antiquity" belongs to the dialect in which, rather than to the time at which, it was written), justify the assigning of the ballad to the fifteenth century.

This ballad is historically highly valuable for the picture it gives of Border warfare in its more chivalrous days, when ennobled by generosity and honour. The hewing and hacking lose their horrors in the atmosphere of romance thrown around them. And the main incidents of the piece are no doubt generally true.

Such fierce collisions as here represented must often have

occurred, and from the same cause here given. "It was one of the Laws of the Marches frequently renewed between the two nations, that neither party should hunt in the other's borders without leave from the proprietors or their deputies." This permission the high-spirited Borderer was not always disposed to ask. He did not care to beg for favours. He would make no secret of his purposed sport, so that if the warden of the March about to be trespassed upon chose to oppose him, he was not prevented from doing so by ignorance of his intention. In this way the proclamation of a hunting expedition across the Borders was in reality a challenge to a contest. An excellent illustration of the perpetual possibility of an encounter, which attended and recommended these defiant expeditions, is to be found in the *Memoirs of Carey, Earl of Monmouth*. Carey was Warden of the Marches in Queen Mary's time, and gives the following account :

"There had been an ancient custom of the borders, when they were at quiet, for the opposite border to send the warden of the Middle Marche, to desire leave that they might come into the borders of England, and hunt with their greyhounds for deer, towards the end of summer, which was denied them. Towards the end of Sir John Foster's government, they would, without asking leave, come into England and hunt at their pleasure, and stay their own time. I wrote to Farnehurst, the warden over against me, that I was no way willing to hinder them of their accustomed sports; and that if, according to the ancient custom, they would send to me for leave, they should have all the contentment I could give them; if otherwise, they would continue their wonted course, I would do my best to hinder them. Within a month after, they came and hunted as they used to do, without leave, and cut down wood, and carried it away. Towards the end of summer, they came again to their wonted sports. I sent my two deputies with all the speed they



could make, and they took along with them such gentlemen as were in their way, with my forty horse, and about one o'clock they came up to them, and set upon them. Some hurt was done, but I gave especial order they should do as little hurt, and shed as little blood as possible they could. They took a dozen of the principal gentlemen that were there, and brought them to me to Witherington, where I then lay; I made them welcome, and gave them the best entertainment I could; they lay in the castle two or three days, and so I sent them home, they assuring me that they would never hunt again without leave. The Scots king complained to Queen Elizabeth very grievously of this fact."

"Mr. Addison, in his celebrated criticism on that ancient ballad of Chevy Chase, *Spect.* No. 20, mistakes the ground of the quarrel. It was not any particular animosity or deadly feud between the two principal actors, but was a contest of privilege and jurisdiction between them, respecting their offices, as lords wardens of the marches assigned." Extract from the Report of Sir Thomas Carlton, of Carlton Hall, 1547, in Hutchinson's *History of Cumberland*, pp. 28-9.

The general spirit of the ballad then is historical. But the details are not authentic. "That which is commonly sung of the Hunting of Cheviot," says Godscroft, writing in his James VI.'s time, and apparently referring to a version of the ballad then circulating in Scotland, "seemeth indeed poetical and a mere fiction, perhaps to stir up virtue; yet a fiction whereof there is no mention, either in Scottish or English Chronicle." An event to which it might possibly refer according to Collins, in his *Peerage*, was the Battle of Pepperden, fought in 1436, as Hector Boethius informs us, "not far from the Cheviot hills, between the Earl of Northumberland, and Earl William Douglas of Angus, with a small army of about four thousand men each, in which the latter had the advantage. As this seems to have been a private conflict between these two great chieftains of the Borders,

rather than a national war, it has been thought to have given rise to the celebrated old ballad of Chevy Chase; which to render it more pathetic and interesting, has been heightened with tragical incidents wholly fictitious." But in any case these were great Border names. Percy and Douglas were typical chieftains. Moreover on the field of Otterbourne a Percy and a Douglas had fought fiercely together, man against man, under very similar circumstances. That field was much celebrated in Border poetry, and elsewhere. The ballad on the Hunting of the Cheviot,—borrowed largely from that on the Battle of Otterbourne,—was, in fact, in course of time believed to celebrate the same event. Observe these lines of it:

This was the Hontynge of the Cheviat;  
That tear began this spurn:  
Old men that knowen the grownde well yenough;  
Call it the Battell of Otterburn.

This attempt made at the identification of two actions is noticeable. We are afraid that the "old men" scarcely knew the ground well enough. Otterbourne is but some 30 miles from Newcastle. Douglas met Percy, the "Hunting" tells us, in Teviotdale. In a word, the two ballads represent two different features of the old Border life—the Raid and the defiant Hunt. But they had much in common, and so were soon confused together.

Of the battle of Otterbourne, fought in 1388, there are historical accounts in abundance—Fordun's, Froissart's, Holinshed's, Godscroft's. See *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. Of the ballad concerning it—whose account is mainly accurate—indeed the facts somewhat trammel the poet's wings,—there are three versions: the English one, given by Percy in his *Reliques*, from a Harl. MS. in the earlier editions, from a more perfect Cotton MS. (Cleop. iv. f. 64) in the fourth, and two Scotch ones, to be found, one in the *Minstrelsy*, the other in Herd's *Scottish*

*Songs.* The differences between the English and Scotch versions are such as might be expected—are of a patriotic kind. The main difference between the two Scotch versions relates to the death of Douglas.

Of the versions of “the Hunting of the Cheviat,” that preserved in the Folio is, as we have said, the modernised one; not that heard by Sidney, who calls what he heard “the rude and ill-apparelled song of a barbarous age;” a description not applicable to the present version. When this modernisation was made, cannot be said exactly. “That it could not be much later than Queen Elizabeth’s time,” says Percy, “appears from the phrase ‘doleful dumps;’ which in that age carried no ill sound with it, but to the next generation became ridiculous. We have seen it pass uncensured in a sonnet that was at that time in request, and where it could not fail to have been taken notice of, had it been the least exceptionable [in “a song to the lute in Musicke” from the *Paradise of Daintie Devises*, 1596], yet in about half a century after, it was become burlesque. *Vide* Hudibras, Pt. i. c. iii. v. 95.” Its presence in the Folio MS. shows that it was not made later than the first half of the seventeenth century. It soon became the current version. Addison in his *critique* in the *Spectator* knows of no other. A comparison of it with the old versions will show, besides one or two verbal blunders, that much of its vigour has been lost in the process of translation.

Of all our ballads this perhaps has enjoyed the widest popularity, both North and South of the Tweed. This popularity has scarcely ever decayed. It was translated into rhyming Latin verses by a Mr. Wold of New College, Oxford, at the instance of Dr. Compton, Bishop of London, in 1685.

Vivat Rex noster nobilis,  
Omnis in tuto sit;  
Venatus olim flebilis  
Chevino luco fit.

It circulated on many a broad sheet. It was eulogised in

the *Spectator* in Queen Anne's reign. It was printed wherever anything of the kind was printed in the succeeding years, when such things were held in but slight esteem. It is as it were the *Epic* of Border poetry.

	GOD Prosper long our noble <i>King</i> ,	[page 188]
	our liffes & saftyes all !	
	a woefull hunting once there was	A woeful
4	in Cheuy Chase befall.	hunt was
		held in
		Chevy
		Chase.
	to driue the deere with hound and horne	
	Erle Pearcy took the way :	Earl Percy
	the Child may rue <i>that</i> is vnborne	
s	the hunting of <i>that</i> day !	
	the stout Erle of Northumberland	
	a vow to god did make,	vowed to
	his pleasure in the Scottish woods	kill Scotch
12	3 sommers days to take ;	deer for
		three days.
	the cheefest harts in Cheuy C[h]ase	
	to kill & beare away.	
	these tydings to Erle douglas came	Douglas
16	in Scotland where he Lay,	
	who sent Erle Pearcy <i>present</i> word	said he'd
	he wold <i>prevent</i> his sport.	stop that
	the English Erle, not fearing that, <sup>1</sup>	sport.
20	did to the woods resort	But Percy
		went to his
		hunt
	with 1500 <sup>2</sup> bowmen bold,	with 1500
	all chosen men of Might,	bowmen,
	who knew ffull well in time of neede	
24	to ayme their shafts arright.	

<sup>1</sup> this.—P.

<sup>2</sup> 2000.—P.

- the Gallant Greyhound <sup>1</sup> swiftly ran  
to Chase the fallow deere ;  
and on Monday began his hunt. 28 on Munday they began to hunt  
ere <sup>2</sup> daylight did appeare ;
- By noon 100 bucks are slain. & long before high noone thé had  
a 100 fatbuckes slaine.  
After dinner, they 32 then hauing dined, the drouyers went  
to rouze the deare <sup>3</sup> againe ;
- The Bowmen mustered on the hills,  
well able to endure ;  
theire backsids all *with* special care  
36 *that* they <sup>4</sup> were guarded sure.
- hunt again, the hounds ran swiftly through the woods  
the Nimble deere to take,  
and the hills echo their cries. 40 *that* with <sup>5</sup> their cryes the hills & dales  
an Eccho shrill did make.
- Percy Lord Pearcy to the Quarry <sup>6</sup> went  
to veiw the tender deere ;  
wonders whether Douglas will appear. 44 quoth he, " Erle douglas promised once  
this day to meete me heere ;
- " but if I thought he wold not come,  
noe longer wold I stay."  
with *that* a braue younge gentlman  
48 thus to the Erle did say,
- " There he is,  
with 2000 men ! " 52 " Loe, yonder doth Erle douglas come,  
hÿs men in armour bright,  
full 20 hundred <sup>7</sup> Scottish speres  
all Marching in our sight,

<sup>1</sup> greyhounds.—P.<sup>2</sup> when.—P.<sup>3</sup> them up.—P.<sup>4</sup> that day.—P.<sup>5</sup> And with.—P.<sup>6</sup> Quarry.—P.<sup>7</sup> 15,00.—P.



- “ all pleasant men of Tiuynedale <sup>1</sup>  
fast by the riuer Tweede.”
- 56 “ O ceaze your sportts ! ” <sup>2</sup> Erle Percy said, Percy calls  
“ and take your bowes with speede, on his men
- “ & now with me, my countrymen,  
your courage forth advance ! to be brave ;  
for there was neuer Champion yett <sup>3</sup>  
60 in Scotland nor in ffrance
- “ that euer did on horsbacke come,  
& if my hap <sup>4</sup> it were, he will fight  
I durst encounter man for man, anyone,  
64 with him to breake a spere.” man to man.
- Erle douglas on his <sup>5</sup> Milke white steede, Douglas  
Most Like a Baron bold,  
rode formost of his company,  
68 whose armour shone like gold : [page 189]
- “ shew me,” sayd hee, “ whose men you bee asks whose  
that hunt soe boldly heere, men they are  
that without my consent doe chase that hunt  
72 & kill my fallow deere.” his deer.
- the first man that did <sup>6</sup> answer make  
was noble Percy hee, Percy  
who sayd, “ wee list not to declare, will not tell,  
76 nor shew whose men wee bee,
- “ yett wee will <sup>7</sup> spend our deerest blood but will  
thy cheefest <sup>8</sup> harts to slay.” fight for the  
then douglas swore a solempne oathe, right to  
80 and thus in rage did say, hunt.  
Douglas  
declares
- <sup>1</sup> men of pleasant Tiviotdale.—P.      <sup>5</sup> a.—P.  
<sup>2</sup> Then cease sport.—P.      <sup>6</sup> man that first did.—P.  
<sup>3</sup> For ne'er was there a champion.—P.      <sup>7</sup> will we.—P.  
<sup>4</sup> but if my hap.—P.      <sup>8</sup> the choicest.—P.

- that one of  
them must  
die,
- 84     “ Ere thus I will outbraued bee,  
          one of vs tow shall dye !  
I know thee well ! an Erle thou art,  
      Lord Percy ! soe am I ;
- and as it  
would  
be wrong to  
kill their  
guiltless  
men,
- 88     “ but trust me, Pearcy, pittye it were,  
          & great offence, to Kill  
then any of these our guiltlesse <sup>1</sup> men,  
      for they haue done none ill <sup>2</sup> ;
- he chal-  
lenges Percy  
to single  
combat.  
Percy  
accepts.
- 92     “ Let thou <sup>3</sup> & I the battell trye,  
          and set our men aside.”  
“ accurst bee [he !] ” Erle <sup>4</sup> Pearcye sayd,  
      “ by whome it is denyed.”
- A squire,  
Withering-  
ton,  
protests
- 96     then stept a gallant Squire forth,—  
          witherington was his name,—  
who said, “ I wold not haue it told  
      to Henery our King, for shame,
- that he'll  
not look on  
while Percy  
fights :
- 100    “ *that* ere my captaine fought on foote,  
          & I stand looking on :  
you bee 2 Erles,” <sup>5</sup> quoth witherington,  
      “ & I a Squier alone,
- he'll fight  
too.
- 104    “ Ile doe the best *that* doe I may,<sup>6</sup>  
          while I haue power to stand !  
while I haue power to weeld my <sup>7</sup> sword,  
      Ile fight *with* hart & hand ! ”
- The English  
archers  
shoot, and  
kill 80 Scots.
- 108    Our English archers bend <sup>8</sup> their bowes—  
          their harts were good & trew,—  
att the first flight of arrowes sent,  
      full foure score scotts <sup>9</sup> thé slew.

<sup>1</sup> harmless.—P.<sup>2</sup> no ill.—P.<sup>3</sup> thee.—P.<sup>4</sup> he, Lord.—P.<sup>5</sup> Lords.—P.<sup>6</sup> that e'er I may.—P.<sup>7</sup> a.—P.<sup>8</sup> Scottish bent.—P.<sup>9</sup> they 4 score English.—P.

- to drine the deere with hound & horne,  
 dauglas <sup>1</sup> Bade on the bent ;  
 2 Captaines <sup>2</sup> moued with Mickle might,<sup>3</sup>  
 112 their speres to shiuers went.
- they closed full fast on euerye side,  
 noe slacknes there was found,  
 but <sup>4</sup> many a gallant gentleman  
 116 Lay gasping on the ground.
- O Christ! it was great greeue <sup>5</sup> to see  
 how eche man chose his spere,<sup>6</sup>  
 & how the blood out of their brests <sup>7</sup>  
 120 did gush like water cleare! <sup>8</sup>
- at last these 2 stout Erles <sup>9</sup> did meet  
 Like Captaines of great might ;  
 like Lyons moods <sup>10</sup> they Layd on Lode,<sup>11</sup>  
 124 thé made a cruell fight.
- thé fought, vntill they both did sweat,  
 with swords of tempered steele,  
 till blood [a-]downe their cheekes like raine  
 128 thé trickling downe did feele.<sup>12</sup>
- “ O yeeld thee, Pearcye ! ” <sup>13</sup> Douglas sayd,  
 “ & <sup>14</sup> infaith I will thee bringe  
 where thou shall high advanced bee  
 132 by Iames our scottish King ;

The foes  
close,

and many  
are slain.

Christ! it  
was sad to  
see.

Percy and  
Douglas

fight

till their  
blood drops  
like rain.

Douglas  
calls on  
Percy to  
yield.

<sup>1</sup> The Scotch Editor thinks this sh<sup>d</sup> be Piercy.—P.

<sup>2</sup> a cap<sup>t</sup>.—P.

<sup>3</sup> pride.—P.

<sup>4</sup> and.—P.

<sup>5</sup> grief.—P.

<sup>6</sup> And likewise for to hear.—P.

<sup>7</sup> The Cries of Men lying in their gore.—P.

<sup>8</sup> And lying here & there.—P.

<sup>9</sup> Lords.—P.

<sup>10</sup> mov'd.—P. ? for *woode*, wild.—F. or 'the *mood* or pluck' of lions.—Skeat.

<sup>11</sup> ? A.-S. *leód*, a man ; or for *hlude*, loudly.—F. or (*a*)load, laid on heavily.—Skeat.

<sup>12</sup> Until the blood like drops of rain They trickling down did feel.—P.

<sup>13</sup> yield the Lord P.—P.

<sup>14</sup> d.—P.

- "thy ransome I will freely giue,  
 & this <sup>1</sup> report of thee,  
 thou art the most couragious *Knight*  
 136 [that ever I did see.<sup>2</sup>]"
- Percy will  
 never yield  
 to a Scot.  
 "Noe, Douglas!" quoth Erle<sup>3</sup> Percy then, [page 190  
 "thy *profer* I doe scorne;  
 I will not yeelde to any scott  
 140 *that euer yett was borne!*"
- An English  
 arrow  
 kills  
 Douglas,  
 with *that* there came an arrow keene  
 out of an english bow,  
 who <sup>4</sup> scorke Erle douglas on the brest <sup>5</sup>  
 144 a deepe and deadlye blow;
- exhorting  
 his men to  
 fight.  
 who neuer sayd <sup>6</sup> more words then these,  
 "fight on, my merrymen all!  
 for why, my life is att [an] end,  
 148 *Lord Pearcy sees my <sup>7</sup> fall.*"
- Percy  
 then leauing liffe, Erle Pearcy tooke  
 the dead man by the hand;  
 laments  
 over his  
 dead foe;  
 152 who <sup>8</sup> said, "Erle dowglas! for thy <sup>9</sup> sake  
 wold I had lost my Land!
- a braver  
 knight ne'er  
 died.  
 "O christ! my verry hart doth bleed  
 for <sup>10</sup> sorrow for thy sake!  
 for sure, a more redoubted <sup>11</sup> *Knight*,  
 156 *Mischance cold <sup>12</sup> neuer take!*"

<sup>1</sup> thus.—P.<sup>2</sup> That ever I did see.—P.<sup>3</sup> Lord.—P.<sup>4</sup> which.—P. *scorke*, for *storke*, stroke, struck; *skorke* means scorch; see *skorche* in Halliwell's Gloss.—F.<sup>5</sup> to y<sup>e</sup> heart.—P.<sup>6</sup> spake.—P.<sup>7</sup> me.—P.<sup>8</sup> And.—P.<sup>9</sup> life.—P.<sup>10</sup> with.—P.<sup>11</sup> renowned.—P.<sup>12</sup> did.—P.

a *Knight* amongst the scotts there was,  
 which <sup>1</sup> saw Erle Douglas dye,  
 who streight in hart did vow revenge  
 160 vpon the Lord <sup>2</sup> Pearcy ;

A Scotch  
 knight,  
 Sir Hugh  
 Montgom-  
 ery, vows  
 revenge on  
 Percy,

## [Part II.]

2<sup>d</sup> parte. { Sir Hugh Mountgomerye was he called,  
 who, with a spere full bright,  
 well mounted on a gallant steed,  
 ran feircly through the fight,

gallops to

And <sup>3</sup> past the English archers all  
 without all dread or feare,  
 & through Erle Percyes Body then  
 168 he thrust his hatfull spere

him, and  
 runs him

with such a vehement force & might  
 that his body he did gore,<sup>4</sup>  
 the staff ran <sup>5</sup> through the other side  
 172 a large cloth yard & more.

right  
 through the  
 body.

thus <sup>6</sup> did both those Nobles dye,  
 whose courage none cold staine.  
 an English archer then perceiued  
 176 the Noble Erle was slaine,

An English  
 archer

he had [a] good bow <sup>7</sup> in his hand  
 made of a trusty tree ;  
 an arrow of a cloth yard long <sup>8</sup>  
 180 to the hard head haled <sup>9</sup> hee,

<sup>1</sup> that.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Earl.—P.

<sup>3</sup> He.—P.

<sup>4</sup> His body he did gore.—P.

<sup>5</sup> spear went.—P.

<sup>6</sup> So thus.—P.

<sup>7</sup> a bow bent.—P.

<sup>8</sup> length.—P.

<sup>9</sup> unto the head drew.—P.



- shoots Mont-  
gomery
- 184
- through the  
heart.
- The fight  
lasts all day.
- Names of  
the English  
knights  
slain.
- 192
- Withering-  
ton fights on  
his stumps  
when his  
legs are cut  
off.
- 200
- Names of  
the Scotch  
knights  
slain.
- 204
- against Sir Hugh Mountgomerye <sup>1</sup>  
his shaft full right <sup>2</sup> he sett ;  
the grey goose winge *that* was there-on,  
in his harts bloode <sup>3</sup> was wett.
- this fight from breake of day did last <sup>4</sup>  
till setting of the sun,  
for when thé rung the Euening bell  
the Battele scarce was done.
- with <sup>5</sup> stout Erle Percy there was slaine <sup>6</sup>  
Sir Iohn of Egerton,<sup>7</sup>  
Sir Robert Harcliffe & Sir William,<sup>8</sup>  
Sir Iames that bold barron ;
- & with Sir George & <sup>9</sup> Sir Iames,  
both *Knights* of good account ;  
& good Sir Raphe Rebbye <sup>10</sup> there was slaine,  
whose prowesse <sup>11</sup> did surmount.
- for witherington needs must I wayle  
as one in too full <sup>12</sup> dumpes,  
for when his leggs were smitten of,  
he fought vpon his stumpes.
- And with Erle dowglas there was slaine  
Sir Hugh Mountgomerye,  
<sup>13</sup> & Sir Charles Morrell <sup>14</sup> *that* from feelde  
one foote wold neuer flee ;

<sup>1</sup> then.—P.<sup>2</sup> so right his shaft.—P.<sup>3</sup> heart-blood.—P.<sup>4</sup> did last from break.—P.<sup>5</sup> the.—P.<sup>6</sup> There is a dot for the *i*, but nothing more in the MS.—F.<sup>7</sup> Ogerton.—P.<sup>8</sup> Ratcliffe & Sir John.—P.<sup>9</sup> Sir George also & good.—P.<sup>10</sup> Good . . . Rabby.—P.<sup>11</sup> courage.—P.<sup>12</sup> doleful.—P.<sup>13</sup> d.—P.<sup>14</sup> Murray.—P.

- Sir Roger Heuer of Harcliffe tow,—<sup>1</sup>  
 his sisters sonne was hee,—  
 Sir david Lambwell well<sup>2</sup> esteemed,  
 208 but saved he cold<sup>3</sup> not bee ;
- & the Lord Maxwell in like case<sup>4</sup>  
 with Douglas he did dye ;<sup>5</sup>  
 212 <sup>6</sup> of 20<sup>7</sup> hundred scottish speeres,  
 scarce 55 did flye ;
- of 1500 Englishmen  
 went home but 53<sup>6</sup> ;  
 the rest in Cheuy chase were slaine,  
 216 Vnder the greenwoode tree. [page 191]
- Next day did many widdowes come  
 their husbands to bewayle ;  
 they washt<sup>8</sup> their wounds in brinish teares,  
 220 but all wold not<sup>9</sup> prevayle.
- theyr bodyes bathed in purple blood,  
 thé bore with them away,  
 they kist them dead a 1000 times  
 224 ere thé<sup>10</sup> were cladd in clay. and carry the corpses off to the grave.
- the<sup>11</sup> newes was<sup>12</sup> brought to Eddenborrow  
 where Scottlands King did rayne,  
 that brane Erle Douglas soddainlye  
 228 was with an arrow slaine.

<sup>1</sup> Sir Cha. Murray of Ratcliffe too.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Lamb so well.—P.

<sup>3</sup> yet saved could.—P.

<sup>4</sup> wise.—P.

<sup>5</sup> did with Earl D<sup>r</sup> die.—P.

<sup>6-8</sup> Of 1500 Scottish spears  
 went home but 53,

Of 20,00 Englishmen  
 scarce 55 did flee.—P.

<sup>7</sup> 15.—P.

<sup>8</sup> MS. they washt they.—F. d.—P.

<sup>9</sup> could not.—P.

<sup>10</sup> when they.—P.

<sup>11</sup> These.—P. <sup>12</sup> were.—P.

King James laments the loss of Douglas. No such captain has he left.	232	<p>“<sup>1</sup> O heavy newes ! ” <i>King</i> James can say,  “ Scotland may wittnesse bee  I haue not any <i>Captaine</i> more  of such account as hee ! ”</p>
King Henry  laments Percy's loss ;	236	<p>like tydings to <i>King</i> Henery came  within as short a space,  <i>that</i> Percy of Northumberland  in Cheuy chase was slaine.<sup>2</sup></p> <p>“ Now god be with him ! ” said our <i>King</i>,  “ sith it will noe better bee,<sup>3</sup>  I trust I haue within my realme  500 as good as hee !</p> <p>“<sup>4</sup> yett shall not Scotts nor Scotland say  but I will vengeance take,  &amp; be revenged on them all  for braue Erle Percyes sake.”</p> <p><sup>4</sup> this vow the <i>King</i> did well performe  after on humble downe ;  in one day 50 <i>Knights</i> were slayne,  with Lords of great renowne,  &amp; <sup>5</sup> of the rest of small <sup>6</sup> account,  did many hundreds dye :  thus endeth the hunting in <sup>7</sup> Cheuy Chase  made <sup>8</sup> by the Erle Pearcy.</p> <p>God saue our <sup>9</sup> <i>King</i>, and blesse this <sup>10</sup> land  with plentye, Ioy, &amp; peace ;  &amp; grant hencforth <i>that</i> foule debate  twixt noble men may ceaze !</p> <p style="text-align: center;">ffins.</p>
he has 500 as good still left,	240	
but he will take ven- geance for Percy's death.	244	
And he did on Humble Downe, killing Lords, and	248	
hundreds of less account.	252	
God grant  that strife between noble men may cease !	256	

<sup>1</sup> Now God be with him, *cried* our king,  
Sith will no better be !  
I trust I haue &c.—P.  
<sup>2</sup> Was slain in Cheuy Chase.—P.  
<sup>3</sup> O heavy news, K. Henry said,  
Engl<sup>d</sup> can witness be.—P.

<sup>4</sup> These 2 stanzas omitted in y<sup>e</sup> Scotch  
Edition.—P. See note, p. 1.—F.  
<sup>5</sup> Now.—P.                   <sup>6</sup> mean.—P.  
<sup>7</sup> of.—P.                   <sup>8</sup> led.—P.  
<sup>9</sup> the.—P.                   <sup>10</sup> the.—P.

### When Love with unconfined.<sup>1</sup>

LOVELACE'S songs were in great request in his day. They were set to music by popular composers of the time,—by Dr. John Wilson, by Mr. John Lanier, by Mr. Henry Lawes whom Dante was to give Fame leave to set higher than his Casella—and circulated widely in Royalist Society. Till 1649—the author was born in 1618—they led a scattered and wandering life. In that year they were gathered together and published in a volume entitled “Lucasta, Epodes, Odes, Sonnets, Songs, &c. to which is added Aramanta a Pastorall, by Richard Lovelace, Esq.” Meanwhile there were, no doubt, in vogue many versions of the greater favourites, more or less inaccurate. The copy of the exquisite song beginning “When Love with unconfined wings,” here printed from the Folio MS., is one of these.

Of all the Cavalier poets Lovelace is the most charming. He is a true cavalier; he is a true poet. The world, that has long turned away its ear from Cowley and Cleveland, still listens to his sweet voice. Are there any gems brighter than his song “to Lucasta on going to the Wars,” or that to “Althea from Prison”? How chivalrous the thought of them! How tremulously delicate the expression!

His life was full of sadness. The son of a Kentish knight, educated at the Charterhouse and at Gloucester Hall, Oxford,

<sup>1</sup> Written by Col. John Lovelase [t. i. Oxon. Vol. 2<sup>d</sup>. Written by the Author Richard Lovelace]. See Wood's *Athenæ* when imprison'd.—P.

“the most amiable and beautiful person that eye ever beheld, a person also of innate modesty, virtue and courtly deportment, which made him then [at Oxford], but especially after, when he retired to the great city, most admired and adored by the female sex.” Thus physically endowed, thus happily circumstanced, he was yet crossed in love, and died in a state of destitution.

Lucy Sacheverell—the Lux Casta or Lucasta of his poems, from the nunnery of whose chaste breast and quiet mind he had fled to war and arms, that “dear” whom he loved so much because he loved honour more—misled by a report that he had died of wounds received at Dunkirk while commanding a regiment, of his own forming, in the service of the French king, became the wife of somebody else. The close of the civil war, in which he had devoted both his services and his fortunes to his king’s cause, found him beggared. His loyalist zeal got him twice into prison. “During the time of his confinement,” says Wood of the first imprisonment, “he lived beyond the income of his estate, either to keep up the credit and reputation of the king’s cause by furnishing men with horses and arms, or by relieving ingenious men in want, whether scholars, musicians, soldiers, &c.; also by furnishing his two brothers Colonel Franc. Lovelace, and Capt. Will. Lovelace (afterwards slain at Caermarthen) with men and money for the king’s cause, and his other brother called Dudley Posthumus Lovelace with monys for his maintenance in Holland to study tactics of fortification in that school of war.” “After the murther of King Charles I., Lovelace was set at liberty [from his second captivity], and having by that time consumed all his estate, grew very melancholy (which brought him at length into a consumption), became very poor in body and purse, was the object of charity, went in ragged cloaths (whereas when he was in his glory he wore cloth of gold and silver), and mostly lodged in obscure and dirty places, more befitting the worst of beggars and poorest of servants, &c. . .



He died in a very mean lodging in Gunpowder alley near Shoe-lane, and was buried at the west end of the church of St. Bride alias Bridget in London, near to the body of his kinsman, Will. Lovelace of Gray's Inn, Esq."—"Richard Lovelace, Esq.," says Aubrey, "obiit in a cellar in Long Acre, a little before the restauration of his ma<sup>tie</sup>. Mr. Edm. Wyld, &c., had made collections for him and given him money. . . . Geo. Petty, haberdasher, in Fleet Street, carried XXs to him every Munday morning from Sir — Many, and Charles Cotton, Esq., for months, but was never repay'd." He died in 1658, and so was saved from experiencing Stuart gratitude. These accounts of his dismal indigence may perhaps be coloured. But there can be no doubt he ended in extreme poverty, in a sad contrast to the brilliancy of his early days.

The following song was written during his first captivity. He had been chosen by his county to present a Petition to the House of Commons "for the restoring of the king to his rights, and for settling the government." He presented it, and by way of answer was committed to the Gate House at Westminster. But his mind, innocent and quiet, took his prison for a hermitage. His gaolers heard him singing in his bonds. Love with wings that brooked no confinement hovered near him. Brought by that chainless spirit, the divine Althea came to visit him in his durance. She led away the captive into a second captivity. With her fair hair she wove fresh bonds for him; she laid on new fetters with her eyes. But he revelled in these chains. Having freedom in his soul, angels alone that are above enjoyed such liberty.

---

WHEN Love with vnconfined wings  
 hovers within my gates,  
 & my divine Althea brings  
 4 to whisper at my grates,

When my  
 love visits  
 my prison,

I am free  
as a bird.

when I lye tangled in her heere  
& fettered *with* her eye,  
the burds *that* wanton in the ayre  
8 enioyes <sup>1</sup> such Lybertye.

When I,  
confined,  
sing my  
king's  
goodness,

When, Lynett like confined, I  
*with* shriller note shall sing  
the mercy, goodnesse, maiestye  
12 & glory of my kinge,  
when I shall voice aloud how good

I am free as  
the winds.

he is, how great shold bee,  
the enlarged winds *that* curles the floods <sup>2</sup>  
16 enioyes such Lybertye.

When I  
drink with  
boon com-  
panions

to our cause,

When flowing cupps run swiftly round  
*with* woe-allaying theames,  
our carlesse heads *with* roses crowned,  
20 our harts *with* Loyall flames,  
when thirsty soules in wine wee steepe,  
when cupps and bowles goe free,  
fishes *that* tyele in the deepe  
24 enioyes such Lybertye.

I am as free  
as a fish.

Though in  
prison,

yet with a  
pure soul

and free  
love,

I am free as  
an angel.

Stone walls doe not a prison make,  
nor Iron barrs a cage,  
the spotlesse soule an[d] Inocent <sup>3</sup>  
28 Calls this an hermitage.  
if I haue freedome in my loue,  
& in my soule am free,  
angells alone *that* sores aboute  
32 enioyes such Lybertye!

[page 192]

ffins.

<sup>1</sup> This final *s* and several others have  
been marked through by a later hand.  
—F.

<sup>2</sup> flood.—P.

<sup>3</sup> These lines differ from the usual  
reading.—Skeat.

### Cloris.<sup>1</sup>

SEVERAL collections of Waller's Poems appeared as early as 1645, while he was living in France. The first edition "corrected and publish'd with the approbation of the Author" came out in 1664. "When the Author of these verses," says the Printer to the Reader in this one, "(written only to please himself and such particular persons to whom they were directed), returned from abroad some years since, He was troubled to find his name in print, but somewhat satisfied to see his lines so ill rendered, that he might justly disown them, and say to a mistaking Printer, as one did to an ill Reciter, *male dum recitas, incipis esse tuum*. Having been ever since pressed to correct the many and gross faults (such as use to be in impressions wholly neglected by the authors) his answer was, That he made these when ill verses had more favour and escaped better than good ones do in this age, the severity whereof he thought not unhappily diverted by these faults in the impression, which hitherto have hung upon his Book, as the Turks hang old raggs (or such like ugly things) upon their fairest Horses, and other goodly creatures, to secure them against fascination; and for those of a more confind understanding (who pretend not to censure) as they admire most what they least comprehend, so his Verses (mained to that degree that himself scarce knew what to make of many of them), might that way at least have a title to some Admiration, which is no small matter, if what an old Author observes be true, that the

<sup>1</sup> An elegant old song written by Mr. Waller. See his Poems.—P.

aim of Orators is Victory, of Historians Truth, and of Poets Admiration; He had reason, therefore, to indulge those faults in his Book whereby It might be reconciled to some, and commended to others." But the considerations expressed in this longwinded and somewhat confusing manner, were overcome by the importunity of the worthy Printer, and the Poet at last gave leave "to assure the Reader, that the Poems which have been so long and so ill set forth under his name, are here to be found as he first writ them, as also to add some others which have since been composed by him." The following song does not occur in this edition; nor in that of 1682, "the Fourth Edition with several Additions never before printed." It appears in that of 1711, "the eight edition, with additions," and no doubt in several of the preceding editions.

The song is a fair specimen of Waller's average style. It exhibits his faults, and his merits—his affectation, and strained gallantry, with something of his elegance and grace.

His life was not a noble one. He was not inspired by that spirit which enabled Lovelace to sing that

Stone walls do not a prison make, Nor iron bars a cage.

He lived from 1605 to 1687, from the year of the Gunpowder Treason to the year before the Revolution. He sat in Parliament, for various places, from his nineteenth year to his death, except from 1643 to the Restoration, in which period his connection with the Royalist Plot of 1643 suspended his public life.

Cloris, I  
must go,

or lose my  
sight.

CLORIS, farwell! I needs must goe!

for if with thee I longer stay,

thine eyes *prevayle* upon me soe,

4 I shall grow blynd & lose my way.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Lines 2, 3, 4, are almost all eaten away by the ink of the title at the back.—F.

- flame of thy bewty & thy youth,  
 amongst the rest me hither brought ;  
 but finding fame fall short of truth,  
 8     made me <sup>1</sup> stay longer then I thought.
- ffor I am engaged by word [and] othe  
 a servant to anothers will ;  
 but for thy loue wold forfitt both,  
 12     were I but sure to keepe itt still.
- But what assurance can I take,  
 when thou, fore-knowing this abuse,  
 for some [more <sup>2</sup>] worthy louers sake  
 16     mayst leaue me with soe Iust excuse.
- ffor thou wilt say it, "it was <sup>3</sup> not thy fault  
 that I to thee <sup>4</sup> vnconstant proue,  
 but were by mine <sup>5</sup> example taught  
 20     to breake thy othe to mend thy loue."
- Noe, Cloris, Noe ! I will returne,  
 & rayse thy story to that height  
 that strangers shall att distance burne,  
 24     & shee distrust thee <sup>6</sup> reprobate.
- Then shall my loue this Doubt displace,  
 & gaine the trust that I may come  
 & sometimes banquet on thy face,  
 28     but make my constant meales att home.

Report  
brought me  
hither ;

your beauty  
keeps me.

Though I  
am be-  
trothed,

I'd break  
my troth if  
I could  
secure you ;

but how  
could I ?

You'd jilt  
me, and

plead my  
example as  
your excuse.

No ! I'll go,  
and praise  
your beauty  
from afar,

seeing you  
sometimes  
but loving  
my own  
love.

<sup>1</sup> my. Qu.—P.

<sup>2</sup> more.—P. A *may* that precedes *for*  
in the MS. is crossed out.—F.

<sup>3</sup> is.—P.

<sup>4</sup> thou to me. Qu.—P.

<sup>5</sup> One stroke too few in the MS.—F.

<sup>6</sup> mee. Qu.—P.



**The kinge enioyes his righ[ts againe.]<sup>1</sup>**

THIS song occurs in the *Roxburghe Collection of Ballads*, iii. 256, in the *Loyal Garland containing choice Songs and Sonnets of our late Revolution* (London, 1671, Reprinted by the Percy Society), in a *Collection of Loyal Songs*, in Ritson's *Ancient Songs*. Mr. Chappell, in his *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, ii. 434–9, gives the air to which it was sung, along with much information concerning it (which should be read), and nine more stanzas than are included in our Folio. It was written by Martin Parker, as appears from the following extract from the *Gossips' Feast or Morall Tales*, 1647: "The gossips were well pleased with the contents of this ancient ballad, and Gammer Gowty-legs replied 'By my faith, Martin Parker never got a fairer brat; no, not when he penn'd that sweet ballad, *When the King inioyes his own againe.*'" It was an extreme favourite with the Cavaliers.

Booker, Pond, Rivers, Swallow, Dove, Dade, and Hammond, were eminent astrologers and almanack-makers. See *Ritson*, and *Chappell*, ii. 437, note <sup>a</sup>.

---

WHAT Booker can prognosticate,  
consider[i]ng now the kingdomes state?  
I thinke my selfe to be as wise  
4 as he that gaseth <sup>2</sup> on the skyes;  
my skill goes beyond the depth of Pond <sup>3</sup>  
or Riuers in the greatest raine,  
wherby I can tell *that* all things will goe well  
8 when the *King* enioyes his rights againe.

Who can  
foretell

when the  
King will  
enjoy his  
own againe?

<sup>1</sup> An old Cavilier Song.—P.

<sup>2</sup> gazeth.—P.

<sup>3</sup> ponds.—P.

- There is neither swallow, doue nor dade,  
 can sore more high, or deeper wade  
 to shew a reason from the starres,  
 12 what causeth these our ciuill warres.  
 the man in the moone may weare out his shoo[ne <sup>1</sup>]  
 in running after Charles his wayne ;  
 but all is to noe end, for the times will not me[nd <sup>2</sup>]  
 16 till the *King* enioyes his right againe.
- ffull 40 yeeres his royall crowne  
 hath beene his fathers and his owne,  
 & is there any more nor <sup>3</sup> hee  
 20 that in the same shold sharrers <sup>4</sup> bee,  
 or who better may the scepter sway  
 then he that hath such rights to raine?  
 there is noe hopes of a peace, or the war to ce[ase <sup>5</sup>],  
 24 till the *King* enioyes his right againe.
- Although for a time you see Whitehall  
 with cobwebbs hanging on the wall  
 instead of silkes & siluer braue  
 28 which fformerly ['t] was <sup>6</sup> wont [to] haue,  
 with a sweete perfume in euery roome  
 delightfull to *that* princely traine :  
 which againe shalbe when the times you see  
 32 *that* the *King* enioyes his right againe.<sup>7</sup>  
 ffins.

No stargazer  
 can tell  
 what causes  
 our civil  
 wars.

The times  
 won't mend  
 till the King  
 has his own.

Who has  
 better right  
 to the crown  
 than our  
 King ?

[page 193] Though  
 Whitehall is  
 all cobwebs  
 now,  
 soon it will  
 be silks

and per-  
 fumes,

when the  
 King enjoys  
 his right  
 again.

<sup>1</sup> shoone.—P.

<sup>2</sup> mend.—P.

<sup>3</sup> than.—P.

<sup>4</sup> sharers.—P.

<sup>5</sup> cease.—P.

<sup>6</sup> formerly 't was.—P.

<sup>7</sup> This fourth stanza is put before the  
 third in the copy that Mr. Chappell  
 prints, ii. 438.

## The Ægyptian Quene.<sup>1</sup>

THIS song under the title of *Mark Anthony* is found, *minus* vv. 13–20 inclusive, in *Poems by J. C.* 1651, the first edition of Cleveland's Poems, and in such of the many subsequent ones as we have examined, those of 1654 (B. in the notes below), of 1677 (C. in the notes), and of 1687 (D. in the notes). Our copy is probably a bad one of the verses before they were printed, when lines 13–20 were cut out. The song is marked by Cleveland's characteristic vigour and tendency to "conceits."

John Cleveland sang and suffered much in the Royal cause. Educated at Christ's College, elected a Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge—"To cherish such hopes," says an old biographer of him, "the Lady Margaret drew forth both her breasts"—he joined the King at Oxford when the breach with the Parliament became irreparable, and gallantly adhered to the King's fortunes to the end. After the capture of Newark, when he was Judge Advocate, he seems to have led, for some years, a life of wretched vagrancy. In 1655 he was taken prisoner. He made an appeal to Cromwell, which was heard. He did not live to see the restoration of the race which he had served with all his trenchant wit, with the truest devotion. April 29, 1659, is the date of his death.

As the copy in our folio MS. is corrupt in many places, we give here the copy from the first edition of 1651, collated with the editions of 1654, 1677, and 1687.

### MARK ANTHONY.

WHEN as the Nightingale chanted her Vespers,  
And the wild Forester couch'd on the ground,  
*Venus* invited me in th' Evening whispers,  
4 Unto a fragrant field with Roses crown'd :

<sup>1</sup> Not an inelegant old song. Corrected by an Edition in Cleveland's Poems. 12<sup>mo</sup> 1687. p. 65.—P.

- Where she before had sent  
 My wishes complement,  
 Unto my hearts content  
 8 Plaid with me on the Green,  
     Never Mark Anthony  
     Dallied more wantonly  
     With the fair Egyptian Queen.
- 12 First on her cherry cheeks I mine eyes feasted,  
 Then<sup>1</sup> fear of surfeiting made me retire:  
 Next on her warm<sup>2</sup> lips, which when I tasted,  
 My duller spirits made<sup>3</sup> active as fire.
- 16 Then we began to dart  
 Each at anothers heart,  
 Arrows that knew no smart:  
 Sweet lips and smiles between,  
 20 Never Mark, &c.

- Wanting a glass to plate her amber tresses,  
 Which like a bracelet rich decked mine arm,  
 Gawdier then *Juno* wears when as she graces  
 24 *Jove* with embraces more stately than warm.  
     Then did she peep in mine  
     Eyes humour Christalline;  
     I in her eyes was seen,  
 28 As if we one had been.  
     Never Mark, &c.

- Mystical Grammar of amorous glances,  
 Feeling of pulses the Physick of Love,  
 32 Rhetorical courtings and Musical Dances;  
 Numbring of kisses Arithmetick prove.  
     Eyes like Astronomy,  
     Streight limb'd Geometry:  
 36 In her heart's ingeny  
 Our wits are sharp and keen.  
     Never Mark, &c.

WHEN as the Nightingale chanted her vesper,<sup>4</sup> At eve  
 & the wyld fayryes lay coucht<sup>5</sup> on the ground,  
 Venus invited me to an euening Wisper,<sup>6</sup> my Love  
 4 to fragrant feelds<sup>7</sup> with roses crounde to toy with

<sup>1</sup> Thence.—B. C. D.

<sup>2</sup> warmer.—B. C. D.

<sup>3</sup> made me.—C. D.

<sup>4</sup> her vespers.—P.

<sup>5</sup> forrester coucht. I w<sup>d</sup> read here

forresters, *i.e.* the deer, the Inhabitants  
 of the forrest.—P.

<sup>6</sup> in th' evening whispers.—P.

<sup>7</sup> Unto a frag<sup>t</sup> field.—P.

- her in the fields.      *which*<sup>1</sup> shee before had sent her cheefest complement,  
                                          Vnto my<sup>2</sup> harts content sport<sup>3</sup> with me on the  
                                          greene ;
- We dallied like Antony and Cleopatra.      Neuer marke Anthony dallyed more wantonly  
                                          8      With his fayre Ægyptian queene<sup>4</sup> !
- I looked at her cheeks,  
                                          ffirst on her Cherry cheekes I my eyes<sup>5</sup> feasted ;  
                                          thence feare of surffetting made me retyre,  
                                          kissed her lips,  
                                          then to her warmed [lips],<sup>6</sup> which when I tasted,  
                                          12      my spiritts duld were made actiue by<sup>7</sup> fyer.
- pressed her hand,  
                                          <sup>8</sup> this heat againe to calme, her moyst hand yeelderd  
                                          balme ;  
                                          whilest wee Ioyned<sup>9</sup> palme to palme as if wee one  
                                          had beene,  
                                          Neuer marke Anthony dallyed more wantonly  
                                          16      with his fayre Cor<sup>10</sup> egyptian queene !
- twined mine in her hair,  
                                          Then in her golden heere<sup>11</sup> I my hands twined ;  
                                          shee her hands in my lockes twisted againe,  
                                          as if her heere had beene fetters assigned,  
                                          20      Sweet litle Cupid<sup>12</sup> Loose captiue<sup>13</sup> to chayne ;  
                                          soe did wee often dart one at anothers hart  
                                          arrows *that* felt<sup>14</sup> noe smart, sweet lookes and  
                                          smiles<sup>15</sup> between.  
                                          Neuer, &c.
- Her tresses deckt my      24      Wa[ying a glass to platt] those amorus tresses<sup>16</sup>  
                                          which like a [bracelet] deckt richly mine arme,

<sup>1</sup> Where.—P. For her cheefest *Percy puts* my wishes.—F.

<sup>2</sup> And to my. query.—P.

<sup>3</sup> Play'd.—P.

<sup>4</sup> Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.

<sup>5</sup> mine eyes.—P.

<sup>6</sup> warmer lips.—P.

<sup>7</sup> active as.—P.

<sup>8</sup> N.B. from hence to [So did we often dart] is wanting in the printed Copy.—P.

<sup>9</sup> A *t* is between *Ioyned* and *palme* in the MS. *as if wee one had beene* has been first written as a separate line, then

struck out and written after *palme* ; then *one had bee* was struck out, and copied in again by Percy.—F.

<sup>10</sup> ? MS.—F.

<sup>11</sup> haire.—P.

<sup>12</sup> After the *d* Percy puts '*s*.—F.

<sup>13</sup> After the *e* Percy adds *s*.—F.

<sup>14</sup> fett, fetch'd.—query: it is knew no sm! in print.—P.

<sup>15</sup> Lipps and smiles.—P.

<sup>16</sup> Wayting a glass to platt (plait) her amber tresses.—P. The ink of the heading *The king enioyes* on the back has eaten the MS. away.—F.



- gaudyer then Iuno was *which*<sup>1</sup> when shee blessed<sup>2</sup> arm like a  
 Ioue with Euers races<sup>3</sup> more richly<sup>4</sup> their warme. bracelet ;
- 28 shee sweetely peept in eyne *that* was more cristalline,  
*which* by reflection shine ech eye and eye was seene. she peept  
 Neuer, &c. sweetly at  
 me,
- Misticall grammers<sup>5</sup> of<sup>6</sup> amorus glances,  
 32 feeling of pulses, the phisicke of loue, and in her  
 Reticall courtings & musicall dances, glances  
 numbring of kisses arithemeticke proues<sup>7</sup> ;  
 Eyes like astronomy, strayght limbes geometry,  
 36 in her harts enginy<sup>8</sup> ther eyes & eyes were seene.<sup>9</sup> I saw kisses  
 Neuer, &c. alone.

ffins.

<sup>1</sup> Juno wears.—P.<sup>2</sup> presses (graces) Pr. Copy.—P.<sup>3</sup> So in the MS.—F. embraces.—P.<sup>4</sup> stately. P.C.—P.<sup>5</sup> *grammars*; grammar of: pr. Copy.  
—P. Note the Seven Sciences—Grammar,  
Physic, Rhetoric, Music, Arithmetic,

Astronomy, Geometry.—Skeat.

<sup>6</sup> are. query.—P.<sup>7</sup> prove. p.c.—P.<sup>8</sup> Arts Ingeny.—P.<sup>9</sup> our wits were sharp and keen.  
Printed Copy.—P.

[“*The Mode of France*,” and “*Be not affrayd*,” printed in Lo. and  
 Hum. Songs, p. 45–8, follow here in the MS.]

## Hollowe me ffancye.

THIS song, says Percy's marginal note, is "printed in a collection of Scots Poems, Edingboro', 1713, pag. 142."

*Mens prætrepidans avet vagari.* Led by Fancy, it throws off for the nonce the fetters of the body, and "dances through the welkin." It inspects the phenomena of cloudland, rejoices *rerum cognoscere causas*. Then, turning its gaze downwards, it studies that great ant-hill the earth. It sees mankind rushing to and fro upon it, with all their various pursuits, humours, passions. At last the much-travelled spirit wearies. Its wings droop, and it implores its ever-vigorous guide to lead it no further. The great world-prospect, with its tumult and turmoil, is too tremendous a vision. So the spirit hies it back to its home, the body.

---

Melancholy,	IN: a Melancholly fancy, out of my selfe,
I dance	thorrow the welkin dance I,
	all the world survayinge, noe where stayinge ;
like an elf	4 like vnto the fierye elfe, <sup>1</sup>
over moun-	over the topps of hiest mountaines skipping,
tains,	ouer the plaines, the woods, the valleys, tripping, <sup>2</sup>
plains,	ouer the seas without oare of <sup>3</sup> shipping,
and woods.	8 hollow, me fancy ! wither wilt thou goe ?

<sup>1</sup> fairy elfe.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.

<sup>3</sup> oare or.—P.

- Amydst the cloudy vapors, faine wold I see  
 what are those burning tapors  
*which* benight vs and affright vs,  
 12 & what the Meetors <sup>1</sup> bee.  
 ffaine wold I know what is the roaring thunder, [page 195]  
 & the bright Lightning *which* cleeuēs the clouds in  
 sunder, what the thunder,  
 lightning,  
 & what the cometts are att *which* men gaze & wonder. and cometts.  
 16 Hollow, me &c.
- Looke but downe below me where you may be bold,  
 where none can see or know mee ;  
 all the world of gadding, running of madding,  
 20 none can their stations hold :  
 One, he sitts drooping all in a dumpish passion ;  
 another, he is for Mirth and recreation ;  
 the 3<sup>d</sup>, he hangs his head because hees out of fassion.  
 24 Hollow, &c.
- See, See, See, what a bustling !  
 Now I descry one another Iustlynge !  
 how they are turmoyling, one another foyling,  
 28 & how I past them bye !  
 hee *thats* aboue, him *thats* below <sup>2</sup> despiseth ;  
 hee *thats* below, doth enuye him <sup>2</sup> *that* ryseth ;  
 euerye man his plot & counter <sup>2</sup> plott deviseth.  
 32 Hollow.
- Shipps, Shipps, Shipps, I descry now !  
 crossing the maine Ile goe too, and try now  
 what they are *proiecting* & *protecting* ;  
 36 & when thé turne againe.  
 One, hees to keepe his country from inuadinge ;  
 another, he is for Merchandise & tradinge ;  
 the other Lyes att home like *summers* cattle shadding.<sup>3</sup>  
 40 Hollow.

I'd like to see what the stars and meteors are ;

what the thunder, lightning, and cometts.

I'd like to look down on the bustling world,

and see one man in the dumps, another all mirth ;

others jostling their fellows,

high despising low, low envying high ;

shipmen

projecting

defence from foes or gain in trade.

<sup>1</sup> meteors.—P.      <sup>2</sup> MS. blotted.—F.      <sup>3</sup> ? getting into a shed or the shade.—F.

I can't go  
on.  
Fancy, come  
back to me;

leave off  
soaring,  
and keep to  
your book.

Hollow, me fancy, hollow !  
I pray thee come vnto mee, I can noe longer follow !  
I pray thee come & try [me] ; doe not flye me !  
44 Sithe itt will noe better bee,  
come, come away ! Leave of thy Lofty soringe !  
come stay att home, & on this booke be poring !  
for he *that* gads abroad, he hath the lesse in storange.  
48 welcome, my fancye ! welcome home to mee !

ffins.

## Newarke.<sup>1</sup>

THIS song may very well have been written, as Percy suggests, by Cleveland to cheer the garrison of Newark; when, during the Royalist occupation of it, he was Judge Advocate. See Introduction to "Egyptian Queen."

"In the reign of Charles I. Newark was garrisoned for the King, and held in subjection the whole of this country, excepting the town of Nottingham; and a great part of Lincolnshire was laid under contribution; here that unfortunate sovereign established a mint. . . . During this contest the town sustained three sieges: in the first, all Northgate was burnt by order of the governor, Sir John Henderson; in the second, when under the government of Sir John, afterwards Lord, Byron, the town was relieved by the arrival from Chester of Prince Rupert, who, according to Clarendon, in an action between his forces and the parliamentarians under Sir John Meldrum, on Beacon Hill, half a mile eastward of the town, took four thousand prisoners and thirteen pieces of artillery; in the third siege, after the display of much prowess and several vigorous sallies, the fortress remained unimpaired; afterwards Lord Bellasis, then governor, surrendered the town to the Scottish army, by the King's order, on the 8th of May, 1646. At the close of this siege, the works and circumvallations were demolished by the country people, with the exception of two considerable earth-works, which are now nearly perfect, and are called the King's Sconce and the Queen's Sconce; about this time the castle also was destroyed." (Lewis' *Topogr. Dict. of England*.)

<sup>1</sup> Very probably writ by Jack Cleveland during the siege of Newark upon Trent; to Chear the Garrison: where he was judge advocate.—P.



Fill us a  
cup!

Here's a  
health to  
King  
Charles.

We dread  
not our foes.

If Leslie gets  
hold of 'em  
he'll play  
the devil  
and all.

Drink to our  
garrison.

I fear no foe,

for our  
Maurice is  
coming.

OUR: braines are asleepe, then fyll vs <sup>1</sup> a cupp  
of capping sacke & clarett;  
here is a health to *King* Charles! then drinke it all vp,  
4 his cause will fare better for itt.  
did not an ould arke saue noye <sup>2</sup> in a fflood?  
why may not a new arke to vs be vs <sup>3</sup> good?  
wee dread not their forces, they are all made of wood,  
8 then wheele & turne about againe.

Though all beyond trent be sold to the Scott,  
to men of a new protestation  
if Sandye come there, twill fall to their Lott  
12 to haue a new signed possession;  
but if once Lesly gett [them] in his power,  
gods Leard! heele play the devill & all!  
but let him take heed how hee comes there,  
16 lest Sweetelipps ring him a peale in his care.

Then tosse itt vp merrilye, fill to the brim!  
wee haue a new health to remember;  
heeres a health to our garrisons! drinke it to them,  
20 theyle keepe vs all warme in December.  
I care not a figg what enemy comes;  
for wee doe account them but hop-of-my-thumbes;  
for Morrise <sup>4</sup> our prince is coming amaine  
24 to rowte & make them run againe.

ffins.

<sup>1</sup> MS. vis or vus.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Old Ark—Noë.—P.

<sup>3</sup> as.—F.

<sup>4</sup> Maurice.—P.

### Amongst the mirtles.<sup>1</sup>

THE first collection of Carew's poems was made in 1640, the year after his death. But many of them had been set to music during his life; others no doubt had circulated in MS.

"He was a person," says Clarendon, "of a pleasant and facetious wit, and made many poems (especially in the amorous way), which for the sharpness of the fancy and the elegance of the language in which that fancy was spread, were at least equal, if not superior to any of that time: but his glory was that after fifty years of his life spent with less severity or exactness than it ought to have been, he died with great remorse for that license, and with the greatest manifestation of Christianity, that his best friends could desire."

AMongst the Mirtles as I walket,  
 loue & my thoughts sights this <sup>2</sup> inter-talket:  
 "tell me," said I in deepe distresse,  
 4 "Where may I find [my sheperdesse.<sup>3</sup>]" Where can I  
find my  
shepherdess?

"Thou foole!" said loue, "knowes thou not this?" [page 196]  
 in euery thing *thats* good shee is. She's in all  
that's good,  
her hue in  
the tulip,  
 in yonder tulepe goe & seeke,  
 8 there thou may find her lipp, her cheeke;

"In yonder enameled Pancye,  
 there thou shalt haue her curyou eye;  
 in bloome of peach & rosee <sup>4</sup> budd,  
 12 there waue the streamers of her blood;" her eye in  
the pansy,

<sup>1</sup> A very elegant old song. Writ by Mr. Thomas Carew. See his poems, 8<sup>o</sup> L. 1640.—P.

<sup>2</sup> thus.—P.; and sights marked for

omission by Percy.—F.

<sup>3</sup> The MS. is cut away.—F.

<sup>4</sup> rosee.—P.

her hand in  
the lily,

the scent of  
her bosom  
on the hills.

I went to  
pluck these  
flowers,

but all  
vanished.

So shall pass  
my joy!

“ In <sup>1</sup> brightest Lyllyes *that* heere stand,  
the <sup>2</sup> emblemes of her whiter hands ;  
in yonder rising hill, their smells <sup>3</sup>  
16 such sweet as in her bosome dwells.”

“ It is trew,” said I; & therevpon  
I went to plucke them one by one  
to make of parts a vnyon ;  
20 butt on a sudden all was gone.

With *that* I stopt, sayd, “ loue,<sup>4</sup> these bee,  
fond man, resemblance-is of thee <sup>5</sup> ;  
& as these flowers, thy Ioyes shall dye  
24 Euen in the twinkling of an eye,

“ And all thy hopes of her shall wither  
Like these short sweetes soe knitt together.”

ff[ns.]

<sup>1</sup> The.—P.

<sup>2</sup> are.—P.

<sup>3</sup> there smells.—P.

<sup>4</sup> stop'd. S<sup>d</sup> Love &c.—P.

<sup>5</sup> resemblances of thee.—P.

## The worlde is changed.<sup>1</sup>

SONGS of a very similar kind are common enough in the collections of Royalist poems: as, for instance, "The Humble Petition of the House of Commons" in *A Collection of Loyal Songs written against the Rump Parliament between the years 1639 and 1661, 1731.*

If Charles thou wilt but be so kind  
To give us leave to take our mind,  
Of all thy store;  
When we thy Loyal Subjects, find  
Th'ast nothing left to give behind  
We'll ask no more.

and "Pym's Anarchy" in the same collection:

Ask me no more, why there appears  
Daily such troops of Dragoons?  
Since it is requisite, you know,  
They rob *cum privilegio*.

Ask me no more, why from Blackwall  
Great Tumults come into Whitehall?  
Since it's allow'd, by free consent,  
The Privilege of Parliament.

Ask me no more, for I grow dull,  
Why Hotham kept the Town of Hull?  
This answer I in brief do sing,  
All things were thus when Pym was King.

THE: world is changed, & wee haue choyces,  
not by most reason, but most voyces;  
the Lyon is trampled by the Mouse,  
4 the lower is the vpper house,  
& thus from laus<sup>2</sup> orders come,  
but now their orders laus<sup>2</sup> frome.

Not Reason,  
but most  
voices rule.

The lower  
house is the  
upper.

<sup>1</sup> A good old Cavilier song.—P.

<sup>2</sup> qu. Caus.—F.

They want  
to enslave  
their king,

and put him  
under Pym.

Charles  
would rather  
not.

No petitions  
are to be  
presented  
but their  
own.

In all humilitye they craue  
8 their *soueraigne* to be their slaue,  
beseeching him *that* hee wold bee  
betrayd to them most Loyallye ;  
for it were Meeknesse soe in him  
12 to be a vice-Roy vntoy Pyim.<sup>1</sup>

If *that* hee wold but once Lay downe  
his scepter, maiestye, & crowne,  
hee shalbe made in time to come  
16 the greatest prince in christendome.  
Charles, att this time hauing noe neede,  
thankes them as much as if they did.

Petitions none must be *presented*  
20 but what are by themselves inuented,  
that once a month thé thinke it fitting  
to fast from soine <sup>2</sup> because from sittinge ;  
Such blessings to the Land are sent  
24 by priuiledge of Parlaiment.

ffins.

<sup>1</sup> unto Pym.—P.

<sup>2</sup> ? MS. *some*, with a dot over the first stroke of the *n*.—F.



### The tribe off Banburpe.<sup>1</sup>

THIS song, not before printed so far as we know, gives an insolent Cavalier account, put in the mouth of a Puritan, of the occupation of Banbury by a Royalist force. Banbury was visited more than once by such a force during the Civil War of 1642-6. The visit here referred to was paid in the very beginning of the disturbances, some seventeen days before the Royal Standard was set up at Nottingham. When the King and the Parliament each insisted on having the management of the militia, the former appointed the Earl of Northampton to "array" it in Warwickshire, the latter Lord Brook. In July the Parliament granted its deputy six pieces of ordnance to strengthen his castle, at Warwick. These were conveyed as far as Banbury by the 29th. The attempt to convey them on to Warwick was barred by Lord Northampton. The two lords at last agreed that they should be carried back to Banbury, and that neither party should remove them without giving the other three days' notice. On the 6th and 7th of August great alarm began to prevail in the town, that the enemy was meditating an assault, and a seizure of the said ordnance. On Sunday night, the 7th, the enemy was discovered by a scout, coming down Hardwick lane in great force. But "the night growing extreme dark, they forbore all that night." Then next morning a parley was held, when the Cavaliers by turns cajoled and threatened the fearful citizens. At last:—

The town being in a sad case, not knowing how they would deal with them, exposed themselves and town on Munday morning [the 8th], and in a while after they came in with about 5 or 600 horses,

---

<sup>1</sup> An old Cavalier Song on the Taking of Banbury by Colonel Lumford.—P.

but 300 good ones, and the rest sorry jades, anything [they] could get from the poor countrey men, some at work; and as beggarly riders set on them, though for the present they flourished with money, yet their cloths bewrayed them to be neither gentlemen nor Cavaliers. And having fil'd the town with horses the chief of them came to the Red Lion Inne, and desired to speak with Colonell Feines and Captaine Vivers, who were in the Castle, to whom reply was made, they should, if they would send two as considerable men in lieu, which they did; then they produced the Commission of Array, and required them to deliver the Ordnance, otherwise they would take them by force, and fire the town. And having obtained that they came for, the ordnance and ammunition thereunto belonging, they clear'd the town againe, and were all departed before night, who carried them to the E. of Northhamptons house [Compton Wyngate], and it was thought they intended to goe to Warwicke castle the next day, but the Lord Brooke had noe notice from the Earle of three dayes warning, as was agreed between them; There was also Colonell Lunsford, and divers Lords too long to name; There was the Lord Wilmot, who kept backe the town of Atherbury from coming in to aide Banbury, and threatned he would hang up the men and send the souldiers to their wives and children; There was also the Lord Dunsmore.—“Proceedings at Banbvry since the Ordnance went down for the Lord Brooke to fortifie Warwick Castle,” 4to, 1642. Among the King's Pamphlets in the Brit. Mus. *apud Beesley's "History of Banbury,"* p. 302.

On July 7

ON : the 7th day on the 7 month,  
most Lamentablye

the Cavi-  
liers took  
Banbury.

the men of Babylon did spoyle  
4 the tribe of Banburye.

We had news  
of Lunsford's  
coming,

A brother post from couentry  
ryding in a blew rockett,<sup>1</sup>  
sayes, “ Colbronde Lunsford comes, I saw,  
8 with a childs arme hang in his pockett.”

<sup>1</sup> A.-S. *roc*, clothing, an outer garment, a coat, jacket, vest: Bosworth, Germ. *rock*, a coat. Chaucer describes dame Fraunchise in a *rocket*, see Fairholt's Glossary:

Fulle wel [y-] clothed was Fraunchise,  
For ther is no cloth sittith bet  
On damyselle, than doth *rocket*.  
A womman wel more fetys is

- Then wee called up our men of warr,  
 younge Viuers, Cooke & Denys,<sup>1</sup>  
 whome our Lord Sea<sup>2</sup> placed vnder  
 12 his Sonne Master ffyenys.<sup>3</sup> and called  
out our men  
of war,
- When hee came neere, he sent vs word  
 that hee was coming downe,  
 & wold, vnles wee lett him in,  
 16 Granado<sup>4</sup> all our towne. butLunsford  
said he'd  
  
grenado our  
town,
- Then was our Colbronde—fines,<sup>5</sup>—& me,  
 in a most woefull case ;  
 for neither he nor I did know  
 20 who this granado was.
- wee had 8 gunnes called ordinance,<sup>6</sup>  
 & foure score Musquetiers,<sup>7</sup>  
 yett all this wold not serue to stop  
 24 those Philistime cauleeres. and our guns  
and men  
  
[page 197] couldn't stop  
him.
- Good people, thé did send in men  
 from Dorchester & Wickam ;  
 but wher this Gyant did them see,  
 28 good Lord, how he did kick han<sup>8</sup> !

In *roket* than in cote, ywis.

The whyte *roket* rydled faire, &c.

*Romaunt of the Rose*, l. 1238-43, Poet.  
Works, ed. Morris, vi. 38.

"Rocket, a surplys:" Palsgrave.

"Skelton describes Elinor Rumming  
the Alewife in a gray russet *rocket*."

*Rocket*, a cloak without a cope: Randle  
Holme;" in Fairholt.

*Rocket*, a frocke; loose gaberdine, or  
gowne of canuas or course linnen, worne  
by a labourer over the rest of his clothes;  
also, a Prelates Rocket: Cotgrave. See  
the woodcut in Fairholt, p. 220.—F.

<sup>1</sup> There is a dot over the stroke follow-

ing the *e* in the MS.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Say.—P.

<sup>3</sup> Fiennes.—P.

<sup>4</sup> Fr. *Grenade*. A Pomegranet; also,  
a ball of wild-fire, made like a Pome-  
granet: Cotgrave. An iron case filled  
with powder and bits of iron, like the  
seeds in a pomegranate: Wedgwood.  
—F.

<sup>5</sup> Fiennes.—P.

<sup>6</sup> Ordinance, all sorts of Artillery, or  
great Guns us'd in War. Phillips.—F.

<sup>7</sup> Musquetiers.—P. The last *e* is made  
over a *y* in the MS.—F.

<sup>8</sup> kick 'em.—P.

He swore  
and threat-  
ened us so

“ You round heads, rebels, rougs,<sup>1</sup> ” quoth hee,  
“ Ile crop & slitt eche eare,  
& leaue you neither arme nor lege  
32 much longer then *your* heere<sup>2</sup> ! ”

that we  
opened our  
gates,

Then wee sett ope our gates<sup>3</sup> full wyde ;  
they swarmed in like bees,  
& they were all arraydd in buffe  
36 thicker then our towne cheese.<sup>4</sup>

and his  
blood-  
thirsty men

Now god deliuer vs, we pray,  
from such blood-thirstye men,  
forom<sup>5</sup> Leuyathan Lunsford  
40 who eateth our children !

hung us and  
plundered  
us.

ffor Banburye, the tinkers crye,  
you hanged vs vp by twelues ;  
now since Lunsford hath plundred you,  
44 you may goe hang *your* selues.

ffins.

<sup>1</sup> rogues.—P.

<sup>2</sup> haire. N.B. The Roundheads were  
so called from wearing their hair cropt  
short.—P.

<sup>3</sup> gater in the MS.—F.

<sup>4</sup> Banbury Cheese.—P.

<sup>5</sup> this.—P.

[“*Doe you meane to overthrowe me,*” and “*A Maid & a Younge Man,*”  
printed in Lo. and Hum. Songs, p. 49–52, follow here in  
the MS.]

Ay : me : Ay me :

THE Editors have not found any printed copy of this song. Mr. Chappell informs them that there is a tune in the *Dancing Master* of 1657 entitled "Ay me, or the Symphony," but it requires words of a different metre to that of this song.

"A fling at the Scots, probably writ in James I. time" is Percy's MS. note; or, as Mr. Halliwell says of *Joky will prove a gentillman*,<sup>1</sup> a "satire . . . doubtlessly levelled against the numerous train of Scotch adventurers who wisely emigrated to England in the time of James I., in the full expectation of being distinguished by the particular favour and patronage of their native sovereign." Poor Sisly, the chief speaker in the piece, laments the dropping off of her suitors. She once had twelve, and now she has but one. The first was handsome; the ten following were all well-to-do in the world in one way or another; the one that yet remains has no merit of either sort. The others were Welsh, Dutch, French, or Spanish; this one is a sorry Scotchman. A doleful state of things; but the best must be made of it. At any rate, as this last lingering wooer is a beggar, he can never be declared bankrupt. But indeed begging is the way to wealth now-a-days—begging for appointments, &c. In *Joky will prove* such begging is introduced as the cause of the marvellous change of the hero's cowhide shoes into Spanish-leather ones decked with roses, of his tweldepenny stockings into "silken blewe," of his list garters into silk tasselled with gold and silver, &c.

<sup>1</sup> Reprinted from *The Archæologist in Satirical Songs* (Percy Society), p. 127.



Thy hose and thy dublett, which were full plaine,  
Whereof great store of lice [did] containe,  
Is turned nowe. Well fare thy braine  
*That can by begginge this maintayne!*  
By my fay, and by Saint Ann,  
Joky will prove a gentilman!

Moved by this disinterested consideration—that begging is the winning game—Sisly resolves to give the constant Scot the right to beg for her as well as himself.

Oh dear!  
I had twelve  
suitors,

and all are  
gone but  
one,  
the worst of  
all,

a regular  
weed.

The rest  
were good,

this one's  
naught,

“AY: me, ay me, pore sisley, & vndone<sup>1</sup>!  
I had 12 sutors, now I have but one!  
they all were wealthy; had I beene but wise;  
4 now haue all left me since I haue beene soe nice,<sup>2</sup>  
but only one, and him all Maidens scorne,  
for hees the worst I thinke *that* ere was borne.”  
“peace good sisley! peace & say noe more!  
8 bad mends in time; good salue heales many a sore.”  
“ffaith such a one as I cold none but loue,<sup>3</sup>  
for<sup>4</sup> few or none of them doe constant proue;  
a man in shape, *proportion*, looke, and showe,  
12 much like a Mushroome in one night doth grow;  
proud as a Iay *thats* of a comely hew,  
cladd like a Musele in a capp of blew.<sup>5</sup>”  
“peace, good sisley! peace, & say noe more!  
16 be Merry, wench, & lett the welkin rore!”  
“The first I had was framed in bewtyes mold,  
the second: 3<sup>d</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup> had store of gold,  
the 5. 6. 7. 8<sup>th</sup> had trades eche one,  
20 the best had goods & lands to liue vpon;  
Now may I weepe, sigh, sobb, & ring my hands,  
since this hath neither witt, trade, goods, nor Land[s.]”

<sup>1</sup> I'm vndone.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Particular; not Fr. *niais*, a simple, witlesse, vnexperienced gull. *Nice*, dull, simple: Cotgrave.—F.

<sup>3</sup> As none but I *could* love.—P.

<sup>4</sup> But.—P.

<sup>5</sup> The Scotch cap. See *Blew-cap for me* in *Sat. Songs*, p. 130, &c.—F.

“ peace, good sisley ; peace & take *that* one  
24 *that* staves behind when all the rest are gone ! ”

“ He [is,] as <sup>1</sup> turkes doe say, noe renegatoe,<sup>2</sup>  
noe Portugall, Gallowne, or reformato <sup>3</sup> ;  
but in playne termes some say he is a scott,  
28 *that* by his witts some old cast suite hath gott,  
& now is as <sup>4</sup> briske <sup>5</sup> as my <sup>6</sup> Bristow Taylor,  
& swaggers like a pander or a saylor.<sup>7</sup> ”  
“ kisse him, sisley, kisse him, he may proue the best,  
32 & vse him kindly, but witt bee all the rest.”

a Scot,  
in a cast-off  
suite.

“ One was a welchman, her wold <sup>8</sup> scorne to crye ;  
& 3 were Dutchmen *that* sill <sup>9</sup> drunke wold bee ;  
& 6 were frenchemen *that* were pockye proude ;  
36 & one a spanyard *that* cold bragg alowd.  
Now all are gone, & way <sup>10</sup> not me a figge,  
but one poore Scott who can doe nought but begg.”  
“ take him, sisley ! take him, for itt is noe doubt,  
40 his trades *that* beggs, heele neuer prooffe <sup>11</sup> banquerout.”

My other  
suitors were  
Welch,  
Dutch, &c.

This one is a  
poor begging  
Scot.

“ Nay, sure, Ile haue him, for all people say  
that men by begging grow rich now a day,  
& *that* oftentimes is gotten with a word  
44 att great mens hands *that* neuer was woone by sword.  
then welcome Scotchman, wee will weded bee,  
& one day thou shalt begg for thee and mee.”  
“ well sayd, sisley ! well said ! on another day,  
48 by begging thou maist weare a garland gay ! ”

But I'll take  
him ;  
begging's a  
good trade  
now ;

and he'll beg  
for us both.

<sup>1</sup> He is, as, &c.—P.

<sup>2</sup> renegado.—P.

<sup>3</sup> reformado.—P. Sp. *reformado*, reformed. Minsheu. *Reformado*, or *Reformed Officer*, an Officer whose Company or Troop is disbanded, and yet be continu'd in whole or half Pay; still being in the way of Preferment, and keeping his Right of Seniority: Also a Gentleman who serves as a Volunteer in a Man of War, in Order to learn Experience, and

succeed the Principal Officers. Phillips.—F.

<sup>4</sup> It may be *al* in the MS.—F.

<sup>5</sup> And now's as brisk.—P.

<sup>6</sup> any.—P.

<sup>7</sup> ? MS. Jaylor.—F.

<sup>8</sup> hur wold, &c.—P.

<sup>9</sup> still.—P.

<sup>10</sup> weigh.—P.

<sup>11</sup> The Man that begs will ne'er prove.—P.

## ffaine : wolde : I change :

[page 199]

THIS is the song of one who entertains a supreme horror of living and dying an old maid. She has been told by old wives, no doubt well informed on the subject, that those who do so are employed subsequently in "leading apes in hell;"<sup>1</sup> after which singular occupation she feels no great hankering. "To the church," then, is the word. Ding-dong away, Marriage bells.

I want to  
change my  
maiden life,

4 "FAINE wold I change my maiden liffe  
to tast of loues true Ioyes."  
"What? liffe! woldest<sup>2</sup> thou chuse to bee a wiffe?  
maids wishes are but toyes."  
"how can there bee a greater hell then liue a maid  
soe long,<sup>3</sup>  
a mayd soe long?  
to the church ring out the Marriage bells,  
8 ding dong, ding dong, ding dong!"

for I'm  
nearly six-  
teen,

12 "Beffore *that* 15 yeeres were spent,  
I knew, & haue a sonne."  
"how old art thou?" "sixteene next Lent."  
"alas, wee are both vndone!"  
how can there bee &c.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Dyce says: "The only instances of the expression *leading apes in* (or *into*) *hell*, which at present occur to me, are these:—

"— and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bearward, and *lead his apes into hell*."—Shakespeare's *Much ado about Nothing*, act ii. sc. 1.

"— but keeping my maidenhead till it was stale, I am condemned to *lead apes in hell*."—Shirley's *Love-Tricks*, act iii.

sc. 5; *Works*, vol. i. p. 53, ed. Gifford and Dyce.

"This phrase, which is still in common use, never has been (and *never will be*) satisfactorily explained. Steevens suggests, 'That women who refused to bear children, should, after death, be condemned to the care of apes in leading-strings, might have been considered as an act of posthumous retribution.'—F.

<sup>2</sup> why would'st.—P.

<sup>3</sup> ? MS.—F. so long.—P.

- “Besides, I heard an old wiffe tell  
*that all true maids must dye.*”  
 16 “what must they doe ? ” “lead apes in hell !  
 a dolefull destinye.”
- “& wee will lead noe apes in hell ;  
 · <sup>1</sup> weele change our maiden song, our maiden song ;  
 20 to the church ring out the Marriage bells,  
 wee haue liued true mayds to <sup>2</sup> longe.”
- ffins.

and true  
 maids die  
 and lead apes  
 in hell.

I won't do  
 that,

but will off  
 to church.

<sup>1</sup> “Weele change” is in the 18th line in the MS.—F.

<sup>2</sup> too.—P.

### When first I sawe.

THIS song occurs, as Mr. Chappell remarks, in the *Golden Garland of Princely Delight*, 3rd edition, 1620. Mr. Chappell adds a fourth stanza from later copies, “such as *Wit's Interpreter*, third edition, 8vo. 1671 :”

If I have wronged you, tell me wherein,  
 And I will soon amend it ;  
 In recompense of such a sin,  
 Here is my heart, I'll send it.  
 If that will not your mercy move,  
 Then for my life I care not ;  
 Then, O then, torment me still,  
 And take my life and spare not.

He gives the tune to which the song was sung, composed by Thomas Ford (one of the musicians in the suite of Prince Henry, the eldest son of James I.), who published it in his *Musick of Sundrie Kindes*, in 1607.

I loved you  
 at first sight,

WHEN first I saw her face, I resolved <sup>1</sup>  
 to honor & renowne thee ;  
 but if I be disdayned, I wishe

and you bade  
 me love ;

4     *that* I had neuer knowne thee.

I asked leaue ; you bade me loue ;  
 is itt now time to chyde mee ?

O : no : no : no ! I loue you still, what fortune euer  
 betyde mee !

8     If I admire or praise you too much,  
        *that* fortune [you] might <sup>2</sup> forgiue mee ;  
 or that my hand hath straid but to touch,<sup>3</sup>  
        thenn might you iustly leaue mee,

<sup>1</sup> thee I resolv'd.—P.   <sup>2</sup> that fault you might.—P.   <sup>3</sup> MS. teach.—F. to touch.—P.



12 but I that liked, & you *that* loued,  
 is now a time to wrangle?  
 O no: no: no, my hart is ffixt, & will not new  
 entangle. will you  
now quarrel  
with me?

The sun, whose beames most glorious are,  
 16 rejecteth <sup>1</sup> noe beholder;  
 your faire face, past all compare, Your beauty  
 makes my faint hart the bolder.  
 when bewtye likes, & witt delights,  
 20 & showes of Loue doe bind mee;  
 there, there! O there! whersoever I goe,  
 He leaue my hart behind mee! has stolen  
my heart.

ffins.

<sup>1</sup> MS. & reacheth.—F.

[“*A Creature for Feature,*” and “*Lye alone,*” printed in  
 Lo. and Hum. Songs, p. 53–56, follow here in the MS.]

## How fayre shce be.<sup>1</sup>

THIS well-known song by George Wither (1590–1667) appeared in 1619, appended to his *Fidelia*, and again in *Juvenilia*, in 1633, in “Fair Virtue the Mistress of Philarete.” It was reprinted again and again, sometimes with another stanza. The version here given is slightly corrupt. “A copy of this song,” says Mr. Chappell, “is in the Pepys collection, i. 230, entitled A new song of a young man’s opinion of the difference between good and bad women. To a pleasant new tune. It is also in the second part of the Golden Garland of Princely Delights, third edition 1620, entitled The Shepherd’s Resolution. To the tune of The Young Man’s Opinion.”

Shall I kill  
myself

because my  
love doesn’t  
care for me ?

Not I.

SHALL: I, wasting in dispayre,  
dye because a womans fayre ?  
or make pale my cheekes with care <sup>2</sup>  
4 because anothers rose-ye<sup>e</sup> <sup>3</sup> are ?  
Be shce fairer then the day  
or the flowry Meads in may,  
if shce thinke not well of mee,  
8 What care I how fayre shce bee ?

Shall my foolish hart be pind  
because I see a woman kind,  
or a well disposed nature  
12 with <sup>4</sup> a comlye feature ?

<sup>1</sup> An elegant old Song by Withers. This song is in *the Tea Table Miscellany* of Allan Ramsay, 1753, page 304. But the Printed Copy wants the 2<sup>d</sup> stanza:— it containing only three. It is also in Dryden’s Misc. V. 6. p. 335, with the

omission of St. 2<sup>d</sup>.—P.

<sup>2</sup> shall my Cheeks look pale with care (printed Copy).—P.

<sup>3</sup> rosie are.—P.

<sup>4</sup> matched or joined.—P.

- Be shee Meeker, kinder, then  
 the turtledoue or Pelican,  
 if shee be not soe to me,  
 16 what care I how kind shee bee ?
- Shall a womans vertues <sup>1</sup> moue  
 me to *perish* for her loue,  
 or her worthy merritts knowne  
 20 make me quite forgett mine owne ?  
 were shee with *that* goodness blest,  
 as may meritt name of best,  
 if shee be not soe to me,  
 24 what care I how good shee bee ?
- <sup>2</sup>Be shee good or kind or fayre,  
 I will *neuer* more disp[air ;]  
 if shee loue me, this beleue,  
 28 I will dye ere shee shall g[reue ;]  
 if shee slight me when I woe,  
 I will scorne & lett her goe.  
 or if shee be not <sup>3</sup> for mee,  
 32 what care I <sup>4</sup> for whom shee bee ?
- If she's not  
 kind to me,  
 let her go.
- Shall I  
 perish for  
 her love ?
- Not I.
- If she slight  
 me,  
 let her go.
- What care I ?

<sup>1</sup> goodness (printed Copy).—P.

<sup>2</sup> The following four lines are written  
 in two in the MS.—F.

<sup>3</sup> Percy inserts *fit*.—F.

<sup>4</sup> A *whom* struck out follows *I* in the  
 MS.—F.

[“*Downe sate the Shepard,*” and “*Men that more,*” printed in  
 Lo. and Hum. Songs, p. 57–60, follow here in the MS.]

Come : Come : Come :<sup>1</sup>

[page 202]

THIS is, says Percy in his marginal note in the Folio, "A curious old drinking song, supposed to be sung by an old gouty Bacchanal." Not content with fellow mortal toppers, the old roisterer calls on all the Gods to join him in his carouse. Not his the Lotus-eater's conception of the Deities. He does not think that "careless of mankind they lie beside their nectar . . . where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands," smile at the music centred in the doleful song of lamentation, the ancient tale of wrong, from the "ill-used race of men that cleave the soil." He sees them madding their brains for "a little care of the world's affair," "utterly consumed with sharp distress" at the world's misery; and he calls on them to be such fools no longer—to "let mortals do as well as they may"—while they, the Gods, take up their wine and drink with him. Mars, Momus, Mercury, Apollo, Vulcan, the great Jove himself, dread Juno, and Venus, Goddess of Love—none are excused—all must join; the grape is sweet, and wine for them as well as men: let all quaff, and sing fa la la!—F.

Let's be jolly!	COME: Come, come! shall wee Masque or mum?
	by my holly day, <sup>2</sup> what a coyle is heere!
	some must <sup>3</sup> sway, & some obay I,
	4 or else, I pray, who stands in feare?
Though we have the gout,	though <sup>4</sup> my toe, <i>that</i> I limpe on soe, <sup>5</sup>
	doe cause my woe & wellaway,
wine'll make us sing.	yett this sweet spring & another thing
	8 will make you sing fa.la.la.la.la.

<sup>1</sup> A curious old drinking song, supposed to be sung by an old gouty Bacchanal.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Dame.—P.

<sup>3</sup> *mist* in the MS.—F.

<sup>4</sup> what tho'.—P.

<sup>5</sup> *sc.* with the Gout.—P.

- fellow gods, will you fall att odds?  
 what a fury madds *your* morttall<sup>1</sup> braines!  
 for a litle care of the worlds affare,  
 12 will you fret, will you square,<sup>2</sup> will you vex, will  
 you vai[r?]<sup>3</sup>  
 No, gods! no! let fury go,<sup>4</sup>  
 & Morttalls doe as well as they may!  
 for this sweet &c.
- 16 God of Moes,<sup>5</sup> with thy toting Nose,  
 with thy mouth *that* growes to thy Lolling eare,  
 stretch thy mouth from North to south,  
 & quench thy drought<sup>6</sup> in vinigar!  
 20 though thy tounge be too Large & too Longe  
 to sing this song of fa la la la la,  
 Ioyne Momus grace to vulcans pace,  
 & with a filthy face crye "waw waw waw!"
- 24 Brother Mine, thou<sup>7</sup> art god of wine!  
 will you tast of the wine<sup>8</sup> to the companye?  
 King of quaffe, carrouse & doffe  
 your Liquor of, and follow mee!  
 28<sup>9</sup> Sweete soyle of Exus Ile,  
 wherin this coyse<sup>10</sup> was euery day,  
 for this sweet &c.
- Mercurye, thou Olimpian spye!  
 32 wilt thou wash thine eye in this fontaine cleere?  
 when<sup>11</sup> you goe to the world below,  
 you shall light of noe such Liquor there,
- Don't bothe r  
about  
business.
- Momus,  
drink  
vinegar!
- Sing with us  
somehow!
- Bacchus,  
join me in a  
bowl!
- Mercury,  
drink!

<sup>1</sup> immortal, qu.—P.<sup>2</sup> i. e. quarrel.—P.<sup>3</sup> will you vex *your* vaines.—P. *Vair* for *veer*, turn. It should rhyme with *square*.—Chappell.<sup>4</sup> ? MS. *gott*, with *t t* blotched out.—F.<sup>5</sup> Mows, i. e. Mockery. Sc. Momus.—P.<sup>6</sup> drowth.—P.<sup>7</sup> that.—P.<sup>8</sup> vine.—P.<sup>9</sup> To the.—P.<sup>10</sup> ? MS. *coyle*.—F. ? *coyse*, body.—Halliwell.<sup>11</sup> whene'er.—P.



- though <sup>1</sup> you were a winged stare  
 36 & flyeth <sup>2</sup> farr as shineth day ;  
 Wine'll wing your heart. yett heeres a thing your hart will wing,  
 & make you sing &c.
- Mars,  
 40 You *that* are the god of warr,  
 a cruell starr *peruerse* & froward,  
 Mars ! prepare thy warlicke speare,  
 & targett ! heers a combatt towards !  
<sup>3</sup> then fox <sup>4</sup> me, & Ile fox thee ;  
 stop strife, and drink. 44 then lets agree, & end this fray,  
 since this sweet &c.
- Venus,  
 Venus queene, for bewtye scene,  
 in youth soe greene, & loued soe young,  
 48 thou *that* art mine owne sweet hart,  
 you drink too! shalt haue a part in Cuppe [&] songe <sup>5</sup> ;  
 though my foot be wrong, my swords full long  
 & hart full strong; cast care away,  
 52 Since this sweet &c.
- Apollo,  
 Great Appollo, crowned with yellow,<sup>6</sup>  
 Cynthus, fellow <sup>7</sup>-muses deere !  
 here's wine for you !  
 It will refine your music. 56 heere is wine, itt must be thine,  
 itt will refine thy Musicke cleere ;  
 to the wire of this sweet lire  
 you must aspire another day,  
 for this sweet &c.
- Juno, 60 Iuno clere, & mother dere,  
 you come in the rere of a bowsing feast ;

<sup>1</sup> Altho', or even tho', or perhaps

What tho' you are a winged star  
 And fly as far.—P.

<sup>2</sup> and flew as, as, That flyeth.—P.

<sup>3</sup> Do thou fox me.—P.

<sup>4</sup> a toping Word.—P. *Fox*, to make tipsy. A cant term. See Hobson's Jests,

1607, repr. p. 33. Halliwell.—F.

<sup>5</sup> Cup & song.—P.

<sup>6</sup> Cloath'd in yellow.—P.

<sup>7</sup> Cease to follow, or Quit thy fellow, or With thy fellow.—P. Apollo was surnamed *Cynthus*, and Diana *Cynthia*, as they were born on Mount Cynthus, which was sacred to them. Lempriere.—F.



## The Grene Knight.<sup>1</sup>

[In 2 Parts.—P.]

THIS is a late, popular version of the old romance of “Sir Gawain and the Green Knight,” preserved amongst the Cottonian MSS. (Nero A. X. fol. 91) edited by Sir Frederick Madden for the Bannatyne Club in 1839 and by Richard Morris Esq. for the Early English Text Society in 1864.<sup>2</sup> The old romance, written, according to Mr. Morris, about 1320 A.D., by the author of the Early English Alliterative Poems also printed by the E. E. Text Society, is lengthy, is written in alliterative metre, and is as difficult as the old alliterative poems usually are. To dissipate this besetting obscurity, to relieve this apparent tediousness, the present translation and abridgement was made. The form is changed; the language is modernised. In a word, the old romance was adapted to the taste and understanding of the translator’s time. Moreover, it was made to explain a custom of that time—a custom followed by an Order that was instituted, according to Selden and Camden, some three-quarters of a century (A.D. 1399) after the time when, according to Mr. Morris, the poem first appeared. It explains why

Knights of the bathe weare the lace  
 Untill they have wonen their shoen,  
 Or else a ladye of hye estate  
 From about his necke shall it take  
 For the doughtye deede hee hath done.

On this point SOMERSET HERALD has kindly furnished us with the following note: \_\_\_\_\_

<sup>1</sup> A curious adventure of Sir Gawaine, explaining a custome used by the Knights of the Bath.—P.

N.B. See a *Fragment* p. 29 [of MS.; vol. i. p. 70, l. 213 of text] wherein is mention of a Green *Knight* & decapita-

tion p. 29–31 [of MS.; pp. 70–3 of text].—P.

<sup>2</sup> In his edition of *Syr Gawayne*, Sir F. Madden printed the present poem as No. III. in his Appendix, p. 224–242.

College of Arms, June 8.

It appears to have been the custom of Knights of the Bath, from at least as early as the reign of Henry IV., to wear a lace or shoulder knot of white silk on the left shoulder of their mantles or gowns, ("theis xxxii nw kniztes preceding immediately before the king in theire gownis,<sup>1</sup> and hoodis, and tookins of whizte silke upon theire shouldeirs as is accustumid att the Bath:" MS. *temp.* Edw. IV., fragment published by Hearne at the end of Sprott's Chronicle, p. 88). This lace was to be worn till it should be taken off by the hand of the prince or of some noble lady, upon the knight's having performed "some brave and considerable action," vide Anstis's History of the Order. What this custom originated in does not appear, and the writer of the poem has only exercised the allowed privilege of his craft, in attributing the derivation to the adventure of Sir Gawaine and "the Lady gay" in this legend of "The Green Knight."

In the Statutes of the Order, 11th of George I. 1725, it is commanded that they shall wear on the left shoulder of their mantle "the lace of white silk antiently worn by the said knights," but there is no mention of its being taken off at any time for any reason.

J. R. PLANCHÉ.

The recast belongs then to an age which was beginning to study itself, and to enquire into the origin of practices which it found itself observing. It is an infant antiquarian effort. But the poem has lost much of its vigour in the translation. It is in its present shape but a shadow of itself. Moreover, the following copy appears much mutilated. Several half-stanzas have dropped out altogether, probably through the sheer carelessness of the scribe.

The two leading persons of the romance are the well-known Sir Gawain, of King Arthur's court, and Sir Bredbeddle of the West country—the same knight who appears in *King Arthur and the King of Cornwall*, vol. i. p. 67. The main interest rests upon Sir Gawain. His "points three"—his boldness, his courtesy, his hardiness—are all proved. He is eager for adventures; he unshrinkingly pursues them to the end; he bears extreme hardships patiently; his courtesy is shown in his nobly

<sup>1</sup> Froissart says, "un double cordeau de soÿe blanche a blanches loupettes pendans."

resisting the overtures made him by his host's wife, whom Agostes has brought to his bedside.

The ladye kissed him times three,  
 Saith, " Without I have the love of thee,  
 My life standeth in dere."  
 Sir Gawaine blushed on the Lady bright,  
 Saith, " Your husband is a gentle Knight,  
 By Him that bought mee deare!  
 To me itt were great shame,  
 If I shold doe him any grame,  
 That hath beene kind to mee."

All these provings are given much more fully in the original romance. But enough is given here to uphold the fame of the chivalrous knight. See the *Turk and Gowin*.

When  
 Arthur  
 lived, he  
 ruled all  
 Brittain,

LIST! wen<sup>1</sup> Arthur he was King,  
 he had all att his leadinge  
 the broad Ile of Brittain;

4 England & Scotland one was,  
 & wales stood in the same case,  
 the truth itt is not to layne.<sup>2</sup>

and lived, for  
 a time, in  
 peace.

8 he drive allyance<sup>3</sup> out of this Ile,  
 soe Arthur liued in peace a while,  
 as men<sup>4</sup> of Mickle maine,

To stop his  
 knights con-  
 tending for  
 precedency,

12 *knights* strong of<sup>5</sup> their degree  
 [strove] which of them hiest shold bee ;  
 therof Arthur was not faine ;

he made the  
 Round  
 Table,

hee made the round table for their behoue,  
 that none of them shold sitt aboue,

that all

but all shold sitt as one,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> when.—P.

<sup>2</sup> without layne, i. e. without lying.—  
 or without altering the line (only dele *it*  
*is*) it is " Not to conceal the truth."—P.  
 Old Norse *leyna*, to hide.—F.

<sup>3</sup> drave aliens.—P.

<sup>4</sup> man.—P.

<sup>5</sup> Kn<sup>ts</sup> strove of (about) &c.—P.

<sup>6</sup> at one.—P. Compare *Arthur*, E. E.  
 Text Soc., p. 2, l. 43–53 :

At Cayrlyone, wythoute fable,  
 he let make þe Rounde table :



- 16 the *King* himselve in state royall,  
 Dame Gueneuer our queene withall,  
 seemlye of body and bone.
- itt fell againe the christmase,  
 20 many came to *that* Lords place,  
 to *that* worthye one  
 with helme on <sup>1</sup> head, & brand bright,  
 all *that* tooke order of *knight*;  
 24 none wold linger att home.
- there was noe castle nor manour free  
*that* might harbour *that* companye,  
 their puissance was soe great.
- 28 their tents vp thé pight <sup>2</sup>  
 for to lodge there all *that* night,  
 therto were sett to meate.
- Messengers there came [&] went <sup>3</sup>  
 32 with much victualls verament  
 both by way & streete ;  
 wine & wild fowle thither was brought,  
 within they spared nought  
 36 for gold, & they might itt gett.
- Now of *King* Arthur noe more I mell <sup>4</sup> ;  
 but of a venterous *knight* I will you tell <sup>5</sup>  
*that* dwelled in the west countrye <sup>6</sup> ;  
 40 *Sir* Bredbeddle, for sooth he hett <sup>7</sup> ;  
 he was a man of Mickele might,  
 & *Lord* of great bewtye.

might be  
equal.

One Christ-  
mas many  
knights  
came to  
Arthur's  
court.

No house  
could hold  
all of them,

so they  
pitched their  
tents,

and food  
was served  
to them.

But I shall  
leave  
Arthur,  
and tell you  
about  
*Sir* Bred-  
beddle.

And why þat he maked hyt þus,  
 þis was þe resoun y-wyss,  
 þat no man schulde sytt aboue oþer,  
 ne haue indignacioun of hys broþer ;  
 And alle hadde .oo. seruyse,  
 For no pryde scholde aryse  
 For any degree of syttyng  
 Oþer for any seruyng.—F.

<sup>1</sup> MS. &.—F.

<sup>2</sup> pitched, or put.—P.

<sup>3</sup> and went.—P.

<sup>4</sup> mell, meddle, fr. mêler. Urry.—P.

<sup>5</sup> I tell.—P.

<sup>6</sup> See line 515.—F.

<sup>7</sup> hight, was called.—P. The earlier  
romance makes the knight's name "Bern-

- he had a lady to his <sup>1</sup> wiffe,  
 He loved his 44 he loued her deerlye as his liffe,  
 wife dearly, shee was both blyth and blee <sup>2</sup> ;  
 but she loved Sir because Sir Gawaine was stiffe in stowre,  
 Gawaine. shee loued him priuilye paramour,<sup>3</sup>  
 48 & <sup>4</sup> shee neuer him see.
- Her mother Agostes *that* was her mother ;  
 Agostes dealt in it was witchcraft & noe other  
 witchcraft, *that* shee dealt with all ;
- could trans- 52 shee cold transpose *knights* & swaine  
 form men, like as in battaile they were slaine,  
 wounded <sup>5</sup> both Lim & lightt,<sup>6</sup>  
 and told Bredbeddle shee taught her sonne the *knight* alsoe  
 to go, trans- 56 in transposed likenesse he shold goe <sup>7</sup>  
 formed, both by fell and frythe ;
- to Arthur's 60 shee said, " thou shalt to Arthurs hall ;  
 court to see adventures. for there great aduentures shall befall  
 That euer saw *King* or *Knight*." [page 204]  
 all was for her daughters sake,  
 This was in *that* which she <sup>8</sup> soe sadlye spake  
 order to get to her sonne-in-law the *Knight*,  
 Gawaine 64 because Sir Gawaine was bold and hardye,

lak de Hautdesert" (p. 78, l. 2445); it does not make his wife fall in love with Gawain, but Bernlak sends her to tempt him (p. 75, l. 2362). Gawain comes out of the temptation as one of the most faultless men that ever walked on foot, and as much above other knights as a pearl is above white pese (l. 2364). The enchantress is *Morgne la Faye*, Arthur's half-sister and Gawaine's aunt; and she sends Bernlak to Arthur's court in the hope that his talking with his head in hand would bereave all Arthur's knights of their wits, and grieve Guinevere, and make her die (p. 78, l. 2460). The description of *Morgne la Faye* (p. 30-1) is

very good, with her rough yellow wrinkled cheeks, her covered neck, her black chin muffled up with white veils, her forehead enfolded in silk, showing only her black brows, eyes, nose, and lips "sowe to se and sellyly bled."—F.

<sup>1</sup> MS. wis.—F.

<sup>2</sup> so bright of blee, *blee* is colour, complexion, bleo S. Color. Urry.—P.

<sup>3</sup> I w<sup>d</sup> read par amour.—P.

<sup>4</sup> and yet.—P.

<sup>5</sup> and wound.—P.

<sup>6</sup> lythe, a joint, a limb, a nerve, Sax. lix, artus. Urry.—P.

<sup>7</sup> to go.—P.

<sup>8</sup> MS. *that* theye *which*.—F.

- & therto full of curtesye,<sup>1</sup>  
to bring him into her sight.
- the knight said "soe mote I thee,  
68 to Arthurs court will I mee hye  
for to praise thee right,  
& to proue Gawaines points 3;  
& *that* be true *that* men tell me,  
72 by Mary Most of Might."
- earlye, soone as itt was day,  
the *Knicht* dressed him full gay,  
vmstrode<sup>2</sup> a full good steede;  
76 helme and hawberke both he hent,  
a long fauchion verament  
to fend them in his neede.
- that*<sup>3</sup> was a lolly sight to seene,  
80 when horsse and armour was all greene,  
& weapon *that* hee bare.  
when *that* burne was harnisht still,  
his countenance he became right well,  
84 I dare itt safelye sweare.
- that* time att Carleile lay our *King*;  
att a Castle of flatting was his dwelling,  
in the fforrest of delamore.<sup>4</sup>  
88 for sooth he<sup>5</sup> rode, the sooth to say,  
to Carleile<sup>6</sup> he came on Christmas day,  
into *that* fayre cuntrye.<sup>7</sup>
- brought to her daughter.
- Bredbeddle agrees to go,
- and prove whether Gawaine is so good.
- Bredbeddle starts next day  
on horse-back.
- He was a goodly sight, in his green armour, and on his green horse.
- Arthur is at Carlisle, at Castle Flatting, in Delamere Forest.
- Bredbeddle arrives on Christmas day.

<sup>1</sup> "bat fyne fader of nurture" the old romance calls him, p. 29, l. 919.—F.

<sup>2</sup> and strode, i.e. bestrode.—P. *um* = round. See the elaborate description of the knight, his armour and horse, in the old romance, p. 5-6, l. 151-202.—F.

<sup>3</sup> Yt, i.e. *it*.—P.

<sup>4</sup> Delamere.—P. In Cheshire.—H.

<sup>5</sup> for soe hee.—P.

<sup>6</sup> Camylot, in the old romance.—F.

<sup>7</sup> cuntrye faire.—P.

- The porter  
asks  
him where  
he's going to.
- 92 when he into *that* place came,<sup>1</sup>  
the porter thought him a Maruelous groome :  
he saith, " Sir, wither wold yee ? "  
hee said, " I am a venterous *Knight*,  
& of your *King* wold haue sight,
- " To see  
King Arthur  
and his  
lords."
- 96 & other *Lords that* heere bee."
- The porter
- noe word to him the porter spake,  
but left him standing att the gate,  
& went forth, as I weene,
- tells Arthur
- 100 & kneeled downe before the *King* ;  
saith, " in lifes dayes old or younge,  
such a sight I haue not seene !
- of the Green  
Knight's  
arrival,
- " for yonder att your gates right ; "  
104 he saith, " hee is <sup>2</sup> a venterous *Knight* ;  
all his vesture is greene."
- and the  
king  
orders him  
to be let in.
- 108 then spake the *King* proudest in all,<sup>3</sup>  
saith, " bring him into the hall ;  
let vs see what hee doth meane."
- Bredbeddle  
comes,
- when the greene *Knight* came before the *King*,  
he stood in his stirrops strechinge,  
& spoke with voice cleere,
- wishes  
Arthur God  
speed,
- 112 & saith, " *King* Arthur, god saue thee  
as thou sittest in thy prosperitee,  
& Maintaine thine honor <sup>4</sup> !
- and says he  
has come
- 116 " why <sup>5</sup> thou wold me nothing but right ;  
I am come hither a venterous [*Knight*,<sup>6</sup>]  
& kayred <sup>7</sup> thorrow cuntrye farr,<sup>8</sup>  
to proue poynts in thy pallace  
*that* longeth to manhood in euerye case
- to challenge  
his lords to  
a trial of  
manhood.
- 120 among thy *Lords* deere."

<sup>1</sup> come or was come.—P.<sup>2</sup> there is.—P.<sup>3</sup> first or foremost of all.—P.<sup>4</sup> honnere.—P.<sup>5</sup> for why, because.—F.<sup>6</sup> Knight.—P.<sup>7</sup> have gone ; A.-S. *cérran*, *cirran*, to turn, pass over or by.—F.<sup>8</sup> farre, or perhaps faire.—P.

- the *King*, he sayd <sup>1</sup> full still <sup>2</sup> Arthur  
 till he had said all his will ;  
 certein thus can <sup>3</sup> he say :
- 124 “ as I am true *knight* and *King*,  
 thou shalt haue thy askinge !  
 I will not say thy nay,<sup>4</sup> consents to  
 let him try
- “ whether thou wilt <sup>5</sup> on foote fighting,  
 128 or on steed backe <sup>6</sup> iusting on foot,  
 for loue of Ladyes gay. or horse-  
 back.  
 If & thine armor be not fine,  
 I will giue thee *part* of mine.”
- 132 “ god amercy, *Lord* ! ” can he say,  
 “ here I make a challenging Bredbeddle  
 among the Lords both old and younge challenges  
*that* worthy beene in weede, Arthur's  
 lords :  
 136 *which* of them will take in hand <sup>7</sup>— he'll let any  
 hee *that* is both stiffe and stronge one  
 and full good att need—
- “ I shall lay my head downe, [page 205] cut his head  
 140 strike itt of if he can <sup>8</sup> off,  
 with a stroke to garr <sup>9</sup> itt bleed,  
 for this day 12 monthe another at his :  
 let me see who will answer this, for a return  
 cut at his  
 executioner's  
 head a year  
 hence  
 144 a knight <sup>10</sup> *that* is doughtye of deed ;
- “ for this day 12 month, the sooth to say,  
 let him come to me & seicth his praye ;  
 rudlye,<sup>11</sup> or euer hee blin,<sup>12</sup>

<sup>1</sup> satt.—P.<sup>2</sup> quietly.—P.<sup>3</sup> certes then 'gan.—P.<sup>4</sup> say thee nay.—P. *þy* is the abla-  
 tive of the A.-Sax. demonstrative pro-  
 noun, *se, sco, þæt*.—F.<sup>5</sup> wilt be.—P. wilt = wishest, pre-  
 ferest.—H.<sup>6</sup> on steed-back, i. e. on horse-back.  
 —P.<sup>7</sup> hond.—P.<sup>8</sup> con.—P.<sup>9</sup> *gar*, cause.—F.<sup>10</sup> perhaps To a k! —P.<sup>11</sup> redlye, i. e. readily. Vid. G.D.—P.<sup>12</sup> *blin*, linger, delay.—P.



at the  
Greene  
Chappell.

148 whither to come, I shall him tell,  
the readie way to the greene chappell,  
*that* place I will be in."

the *King* att ease sate full still,

152 & all his lords said but litle <sup>1</sup>  
till he had said all his will.

Kay

vpp stood Sir Kay *that* crabbed *knight*,  
spake mightye words *that* were of height,  
156 *that* were both Loud and shrill ;

accepts the  
challenge.

" I shall strike his necke in tooe,  
the head away the body free."

The other  
knights tell  
Kay to be  
quiet ;  
he's always  
getting into  
a mess.

160 *thé* bade him all be still,  
saith,<sup>2</sup> " Kay, of thy dints make noe rouse,<sup>3</sup>  
thou wottest full litle what <sup>4</sup> thou does <sup>5</sup> ;  
noe good, but Mickle ill."

Eche man wold this deed haue done.

Sir Gawaine

164 vp start Sir Gawaine soone,  
vpon his knees can kneele,  
he said, "*that* were great villanye  
without you put this deede to me,  
168 my leege, as I haue sayd ;

says it will  
be too bad if  
Arthur  
doesn't let  
him take the  
adventure.

Arthur  
consents,

" remember, I am *your* sisters sonne."

the *King* said, " I grant thy boone ;  
but mirth is best att meelee ;

but not till  
after dinner.

172 cheere thy guest, and giue him wine,  
& after dinner, to itt fine,  
& sett the buffett well ! "

<sup>1</sup> littel.—P.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. they say.—P.

<sup>3</sup> praise, extolling, boast.—Jun. per-

haps *roust*, noise. G. Doug.—P.

<sup>4</sup> that.—P.

<sup>5</sup> doest.—P.

- now the greene *Knicht* is set att meate,  
 176 seemlye <sup>1</sup> serued in his seate,  
       beside the round table.  
 to talke of his welfare, nothing he needs,  
 like a *Knicht* himselfe he feeds,  
 180 with long time reasnable.<sup>2</sup>
- when the dinner, it was done,  
 the *King* said to *Sir Gawaine* soone,  
       withouten any fable  
 184 he said, "on <sup>3</sup> you will doe this deede,  
 I pray *Iesus* be *your* speede !  
       this *knicht* is nothing vnstable."<sup>3</sup>
- the greene *Knicht* his head downe layd ;  
 188 *Sir Gawaine*, to the axe he braid <sup>4</sup>  
       to strike with eger will ;  
 he stroke the necke bone in twaine,  
 the blood burst out in euerye vaine,  
 192 the head from the body fell.
- the greene *Knicht* his head vp hent,<sup>5</sup>  
 into his saddle wightilye <sup>6</sup> he sprent,  
       spake words both Lowd & shrill,  
 196 saith : " *Gawaine* ! thinke on thy couenant !  
 this day 12 monthes see thou ne want  
       to come to the greene chappell ! "
- Bredbeddle  
 dines.  
  
 Arthur  
 wishes  
*Gawaine*  
  
 God speed.  
 Bredbeddle  
 is a stiff one.  
  
*Gawaine*  
  
 chops off  
 Bredbeddle's  
 head.  
  
 Bredbeddle  
 picks it up,  
 jumps into  
 his saddle,  
  
 reminds  
*Gawaine* to  
 meet him  
 twelve  
 months  
 hence,

<sup>1</sup> MS. *seemlye*, with a horizontal line and two vertical strokes over the *n*, denoting a contraction, and showing that I ought to have read as *m* the similar *n* in the heading of "Eger and Grine," vol. i. p. 341. The title would then have corresponded with the text; but never having noticed the contraction before, I hesitated to alter the MS.—F.

<sup>2</sup> reasonable.—P.

<sup>3</sup> an.—P.

<sup>4</sup> See Herbert Coleridge's *Glossary* on this word, Old Norse *bregða*. He abstracts from Egilson. As a neuter verb it is used "of any violent motion of body, as to leap."—F.

<sup>5</sup> took.—P. The old romance makes some of the knights kick the head with their feet, l. 428.—F.

<sup>6</sup> actively.—P.

- All had great maruell, *that thé see*  
 200 *that he spake so merrilye*  
       & bare his head in his hand.  
 rides off,       forth att the hall dore he rode right,  
                   and *that saw both King and knight*  
 204       and Lords *that were in land.*
- without the hall dore, the sooth to saine,  
 hee sett his head vpon againe,<sup>1</sup>  
 puts his head on again,  
 and promises Gawaine a better buffet.  
 208       saies, “ Arthur, haue heere my hand !  
       when-soeuer the *Knicht* cometh to mee,  
       a better buffett sickerlye  
       I dare him well warrand.”
- the greene *Knicht* away went.  
 212 all this was done by enchantment       [page 206]  
       *that the old witch had wrought.*  
 Arthur is very sorry for Gawaine,  
       sore sicke fell Arthur the *King*,  
       and for him made great mourning  
 216       that into such bale was brought.
- the *Queen*, shee weeped for his sake ;  
 sorry was Sir Lancelott dulake,  
 & other were dreery in thought  
 220 because he was brought into great perill ;  
       his mightye manhood will not availe,  
       *that before hath freshlye fought.*
- so is Lancelot.  
 Gawaine cheers them up,  
 224 Sir Gawaine comfort *King* and *Queen*,  
       & all the doughtye there be-deene <sup>2</sup> ;  
       he bade thé shold be still ;  
       said, “ of my deede I was neuer feard,<sup>3</sup>  
       nor yett I am nothing a-dread,  
 swears that   228       I swere by *Saint* Michaell ;

<sup>1</sup> The old romance makes the head open its eyelids and speak while it's on the knight's hand, l. 446.—F.

<sup>2</sup> immediately.—P. or all together.—F.

<sup>3</sup> fraid.—P.

- “for when draweth toward my day,  
I will dresse me in mine array  
my promise to fulfill.
- 232 Sir,” he saith, “as I haue blis,  
I wott not where the greene chappell is,  
therefore seeke itt I will.”
- the royall Couett<sup>1</sup> verament
- 236 all rought<sup>2</sup> Sir Gawaines intent,  
they thought itt was the best.  
they went forth into the feild,  
*knights that* ware both speare and sheeld
- 240 thé priced<sup>3</sup> forth full prest<sup>4</sup> ;
- some chuse them to Iustinge,  
some to dance, Renell, and sing ;  
of mirth thé wold not rest.
- 244 all they swore together in fere,  
*that* and Sir Gawaine ouer-come were,  
thé wold bren all the west.
- Now leaue wee the *King* in his pallace.
- 248 the greene *Knight* come home is  
to his owne Castle ;  
this folke frend<sup>5</sup> when he came home  
what doughtye deeds he had done.
- 252 nothing he wold them tell ;
- full well hee wist in certaine  
*that* his wiffe loued Sir Gawaine  
*that* comelye was vnder kell.<sup>6</sup>
- 256 listen, *Lords*<sup>7</sup> ! & yee will sitt,  
& yee shall heere the second ffitt,  
what adventures Sir Gawaine befell.

he'll keep  
his pledge,

and will  
seek out  
the Green  
Chapel.

The court  
approve,

and go forth

to joust,

revel,

and sport,

swearing to  
revenge  
Gawaine if  
he's killed.

Bredbeddle  
reaches his  
home,

tells no one  
what he has  
done,

but knows  
that his wife  
loves  
Gawaine.

<sup>1</sup> royall Courtt.—P. ? covey, Fr. *couée*.—F.

<sup>2</sup> ? reached, took in.—F.

<sup>3</sup> pricked.—P.

<sup>4</sup> ready.—P.

<sup>5</sup> His folke freyn'd, i. e. inquired.—P.

<sup>6</sup> A child's caul, any thin membrane. "Rim or *kell* wherein the bowels are lapt." Florio, p. 340. Sir John "rofe my kell" (deflowered me) MS. Cantab. Ff. v. 48, fo. 111, Halliwell's Gloss.—F.

<sup>7</sup> Lordings.—P.

## [Part II.]

The year is up, and Gawaine must go.	260	{	The day is come <i>that</i> Gawaine must gone ;
The king and court grieve.	264		Knights & Ladyes waxed wann <i>that</i> were without in <i>that</i> place ; the King himselve siked ill, ther Queen a swounding almost fell, to <i>that</i> Iorney when he shold passe.

His steed was dapple- grey,	268	When he was in armour bright, he was one of the goodlyest <i>Knights</i> <i>that</i> euer in brittaine was borne. they brought Sir Gawaine a steed, was dapple gray and good att need, <sup>1</sup> I tell withouten scorne ;
-----------------------------------	-----	----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

his bridle jewelled,	272	his bridle was with stones sett, with gold & pearle ouerfrett, & stones of great vertue ; he was of a furley <sup>2</sup> kind ;
his stirrups silk ;	276	his stirropps were of silke of ynd ; I tell you this tale for true.

he glittered like gold.	280	when he rode ouer the Mold, his geere glistered as gold. by the way as he rode, many furleys <sup>3</sup> he there did see, fowles by the water did flee, by brimes & bankes soe broad.
----------------------------	-----	--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

<sup>1</sup> Gryngolet is the steed's name in the old romance, but his colour is not given. All the jolly bits about his trappings, and Gawaine's armour, with its pentangel devised by Solomon, and called in English "the endeles knot," are omitted

here.—F.

<sup>2</sup> *ferlie*, wonder, wonderful ; Sax. *ferlic*, repentinus, horrendus, Gl. ad G.D.—P.

<sup>3</sup> ? MS. *furlegs*, for ferlies, wonders.—F.

many furleys there saw hee  
 284 of wolues & wild beasts sikerlye ;  
       on hunting hee tooke most heede.  
 forth he rode, the sooth to tell,  
 for to seeke the greene chappell,  
 288 he wist not where <sup>1</sup> indeed.

Gawaine sees  
 wondrous  
 beasts ;

As he rode in an eue[n]ing late,  
 riding downe a greene gate,<sup>2</sup>  
       a faire castell saw hee,<sup>3</sup>  
 292 that seemed a place of Mickle pride ;  
 thitherward Sir Gawaine can ryde  
       to gett some harborrowe.<sup>4</sup>

[page 207]

discerns a  
 castle,

rides to  
 it,

thither he came in the twylyght,  
 296 he was ware of a gentle *Knight*,  
       the *Lord* of the place was hee.  
 Meekly to him Sir Gawaine can speake,  
 & asked him, "for *King* Arthurs sake,  
 300 of harborrowe I pray thee !

and asks its  
 lord

lodging

"I am a far Labordd Knight,  
 I pray you lodge me all this night."  
       he sayd him not nay,  
 304 hee tooke him by the arme & led him to the hall.  
 a poore child <sup>5</sup> can hee call,  
       saith, "dight well this palfrey."

for the night.

The lord  
 leads him in,

into a chamber thé went a full great speed ;  
 308 there thé found all things readye att need,  
       I dare safelye swere ;

<sup>1</sup> The *h* is made over an *er* in the MS.  
 —F.

<sup>2</sup> gate, way, Isl. Gata, *via*. Gl. ad G.D.  
 —P.

<sup>3</sup> hee saw, or saw he there.—P.

<sup>4</sup> *harburee* or *harbere*. Lodging. Urry.  
 —P.

<sup>5</sup> "Sere segges," several men, "stabeled  
 his stede, stif men in-noze." Old Rom.  
 which has a fine description of the  
 castle and room, &c.—F.



fier in chambers burning bright,  
 candles in chandlers <sup>1</sup> burning light ;  
 and they go to supper. 312 to supper *thé* went full yare.<sup>2</sup>  
 The lord's wife he sent after his Ladye bright  
 to come to supp with *that* gentle *Knicht*,  
 & shee came blythe with-all ;  
 316 forth shee came then anon,  
 her Maids following her eche one  
 in robes of rich pall.<sup>3</sup>  
 as shee sate att her supper,  
 sups with them, 320 euer-more the Ladye clere  
 Sir Gawaine shee looked vpon.  
 when the supper it was done,  
 and then retires. shee tooke her Maids, & to her chamber gone.<sup>4</sup>  
 he cheered the *Knicht* & gaue him wine,  
 324 & said, "welcome, by St. Martine !  
 I pray you take itt for none ill ;  
 The lord asks Gawaine 328 one thing, Sir, I wold you pray ;  
 what he has come there for. what you make soe farr this way ?  
 the truth you wold me tell ;  
 "I am a *Knicht*, & soe are yee ;  
 He will keep his counsel. 332 Your concell, an you will tell mee,  
 forsooth keepe itt I will ;  
 for if itt be poynt of any dread,  
 perchance I may helpe att need  
 336 either lowd or still."  
 for <sup>5</sup> his words *that* were soe smooth,  
 had Sir Gawaine wist the soothe,  
 Gawaine tells him all, not knowing he was in all he wold not haue told,

<sup>1</sup> Candlesticks.—P.

<sup>2</sup> *Yare*, acutus, ready, eager, nimble.—P.

<sup>3</sup> any rich or fine Cloth, but properly purple: taken from the Robe worn by Bishops.—P. See the description of the

Ladye in the old romance, with "Hir brest & hir bryzt þrote bare displayed," (p. 30-1).—F.

<sup>4</sup> Next line wanting in the MS.—F.

<sup>5</sup> for all.—P. The old romance keeps the secret till the end.—F.

- 340 for *that* was the greene *Knight*  
*that* hee was lodged with that night,  
 & harbarrowes<sup>1</sup> in his hold. Bredbeddle's  
castle.
- he saith, "as to the greene chappell,  
 344 thitherward I can you tell,  
 itt is but furlongs 3. Bredbeddle  
directs  
Gawaine to  
the Green  
Chapel,  
 the *Master* of it is a venterous *Knight*,  
 & workes by witchcraft day & night,  
 348 with many a great furley.<sup>2</sup> (whose  
master  
works  
witchcraft),
- "if he worke with neuer soe much france,<sup>3</sup>  
 he is curteous as he sees cause.  
 I tell you sikerlye,  
 352 you shall abyde, & take *your* rest,  
 & I will into yonder fforrest  
 vnder the greenwood tree." but advises  
him to stay  
and rest.
- they plight their truthes<sup>4</sup> to beleue,<sup>5</sup>  
 356 either with other for to deale,  
 whether it were siluer or gold;  
 he said, "we 2 both [sworn<sup>6</sup>] wilbe,  
 what soeuer god sends you & mee,  
 360 to be parted on the Mold." They agree  
to share  
  
whatever  
either may  
get.
- The greene *Knight* went on hunting<sup>7</sup>;  
 Sir Gawaine in the castle beinge,  
 lay sleeping in his bed.

<sup>1</sup> harberow'd, lodged.—P.

<sup>2</sup> wonder.—P.

<sup>3</sup> perhaps *frais*—to make a noise, crash. G. ad G.D.—P.

<sup>4</sup> trothes.—P.

<sup>5</sup> be leil.—P. See Leele, l. 478. But if the text is right, see Wedgwood on *believe* in his *English Etymology*. "The fundamental notion seems to be, to approve, to sanction an arrangement, to deem an object in accordance with a certain standard of fitness."—F.

<sup>6</sup> ? See l. 481, "wee were *both*." The old romance sets out the agreement at length, l. 1105-9: What the Green Knight wins hunting in the wood, Gawaine is to have; what Gawaine gets at home, the Green Knight is to have—"Sweet, swap we so, swear with truth, whether, man, loss befall, or better."—F.

<sup>7</sup> The spirited accounts in the old romance of the three-days' hunt of the deer, wild boar, and fox, are all left out here. All the go is taken out of the poem.—F.



- then spake *that* Ladye gay,  
 392 saith, "tell me some <sup>1</sup> of your Iourney,  
     your succour I may bee ;  
 if itt be poynt of any warr,  
 there shall noe man doe you noe darr <sup>2</sup>  
 396 & yee wilbe gouerned by mee ;
- "for heere I haue a lace of silke,  
 it is as white as any milke,  
     & of a great value."  
 400 shee saith, "I dare safelye sweare  
 there shall noe man doe you deere <sup>3</sup>  
     when you haue it <sup>4</sup> vpon you."
- Sir Gawaine spake mildlye in the place,  
 404 he thanked the Lady & tooke the lace,  
     & promised her to come againe.  
 the *Knight* in the fforrest slew many a hind,  
 other venison he cold none find  
 408 but wild bores on the plaine.
- plentye of does & wild swine,  
 foxes & other ravine,  
     as I hard true men tell.  
 412 Sir Gawaine swore sickerlye  
     "home <sup>5</sup> to your owne, welcome you bee,  
     by him *that* harrowes hell !"
- the greene *Knight* his venison downe Layd ;  
 416 then to Sir Gawaine thus hee said,  
     "tell me anon in heght, <sup>6</sup>  
     what noueltyes *that* you haue won,  
     for heers plenty of venison."  
 420 Sir Gawaine said full right,

The wife

offers to  
help Ga-  
waine in his  
adventure,and will  
give him a  
silk lacethat will  
protect him  
from all  
harm.Gawaine  
takes the  
lace.Bredbeddle,  
after  
hunting,is welcomed  
home by  
Gawaine.He shares  
his venison  
with Ga-  
waine,<sup>1</sup> Sir.—P.<sup>2</sup> A.-S. *dar*, injury, hurt.—F.<sup>3</sup> hurt, vid. supra [p. 72, n. 2].—P.<sup>4</sup> on you.—P. There is a bit of a *p*or & in the MS. between *it* and *upon*.—F.<sup>5</sup> to your own home welcome, &c.  
—P.<sup>6</sup> speed; like *highing*, from to *high*.—F.

- Sir Gawaine sware by S<sup>t</sup>. Leonard,<sup>1</sup>  
 “such as god sends, you shall haue *part* :”  
 in his armes he hent the *Knight*,  
 and Ga-  
 waine gives  
 him his  
 three kisses,  
 424 & there he kissed him times 3,  
 saith, “heere is such as god sends mee,  
 by Mary most of Might.”
- but keeps  
 back the  
 lace.  
 428 euer priuilye he held the *Lace* :  
*that* was all the villanye *that* euer was  
 prooued by <sup>2</sup> Sir Gawaine the gay.  
 then to bed soone thé went,  
 & sleeped there verament
- Next day 432 till morrow itt was day.
- Gawaine  
 takes leave,  
 then Sir Gawaine soe curteous & free,  
 his leaue soone taketh hee  
 att <sup>3</sup> the Lady soe gaye ;  
 436 Hee thanked her, & tooke the lace, [page 209]  
 & rode towards the chappell apace ;  
 he knew noe whitt the way.
- and rides  
 towards the  
 chapel.  
 euer more in his thought he had  
 440 whether he shold worke as the Ladye bade,  
*that* was soe curteous & sheene.  
 the greene *knight* rode another way ;  
 he transposed him in another array,  
 444 before as it was greene.
- Bredbeddle  
 rides there  
 too.
- Gawaine  
 hears a horn,  
 as Sir Gawaine rode ouer the plaine,  
 he hard one high <sup>4</sup> vpon a Mountaine  
 a horne blowne full lowde.

<sup>1</sup> November 6.—S. Leonard or Lionart may be termed the Howard of the sixth century. He was . . probably received into the Church at the same time as his royal master, Clovis, with whom he was in high favour, and who gave him permission to set many of the prisoners at liberty

who were confined in the dungeons which his charity prompted him to visit. *Notes on the Months*, p. 341.

<sup>2</sup> on.—P. A.-Sax. *be*, *bi*, of, concerning.—F.

<sup>3</sup> of.—P. *Att* is right.—F.

<sup>4</sup> on high.—P.

- 448 he looked after the greene chappell,  
 he saw itt stand vnder a hill  
 couered with euyes <sup>1</sup> about;
- he looked after the greene *Knight*,  
 452 he hard him wehett a fauchion bright,  
*that* the hills rang about.  
 the *Knight* spake with strong cheere,  
 said, "yee be welcome, S[ir] Gawaine heere,  
 456 it behooveth thee to Lowte." <sup>2</sup>  
 he stroke, & litle perced the skin,  
 vnneth the flesh within.  
 then Sir Gawaine had noe doubt;
- 460 he saith, "thou shontest <sup>3</sup>! why dost thou soe?"  
 then Sir Gawaine in hart waxed throe <sup>4</sup>;  
 vpon his ffeete can stand,  
 & soone he drew out his sword,  
 464 & saith, "traitor! if thou speake a word,  
 thy life is in my hand <sup>5</sup>;  
 I had but one stroke att thee,  
 & thou hast had another att mee,  
 468 noe falshood in me thou found!"
- the *Knight* said withouten laine,  
 "I wend I had Sir Gawaine slaine,  
 the gentlest *Knight* in this land <sup>6</sup>;  
 472 men told me of great renowne,  
 of curtesie thou might haue woon the crowne  
 aboute both free & bound,<sup>7</sup>
- and sees the  
Green  
Chapel,  
 and the  
Green  
Knight;  
 who calls  
him to lay  
down his  
head,  
 then strikes,  
 but hardly  
cuts through  
the flesh.  
 He re-  
proaches  
Gawaine for  
shrinking.  
 Gawaine  
threatens  
to kill him.  
 Bredbeddle  
answers that  
Gawaine

<sup>1</sup> I suppose *Ivyes* or perhaps *Eughes*, *i.e.* yews.—P.

<sup>2</sup> some great omission. Note in MS. *Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight* makes Gawaine answer that he is ready and will not shrink. "Then the grim man seizes his grim tool," strikes, and as it comes gliding down, Gawaine shrinks a little. Bredbeddle (that is, Bernlak de Hautdesert) reproaches him for his

cowardice. Gawaine promises not to shrink again, stands firm, and Bredbeddle strikes. (ed. Morris, E. E. Text Soc. p. 72-4.)—F.

<sup>3</sup> shuntest, flinchest, shrinkest.—F.

<sup>4</sup> forte idem ac *Thra*, apud G. Doug<sup>s</sup> ferox, acer, audax, vel potius pertinax. Vide Lye.—P.

<sup>5</sup> hond.—P.

<sup>6</sup> Londe.—P.

<sup>7</sup> bond.—P.



- has lost his  
three chief  
virtues, of  
truth, gen-  
tleness, and  
courtesy.  
He has  
concealed  
the lace,
- 476 & now 3 points<sup>1</sup> be put fro thee,  
it is the Moe pittye :  
Sir Gawaine ! thou wast not Leele<sup>2</sup>  
when thou didst the lace conceale
- 480 *that* my wiffe gaue to thee !
- and should  
have shared  
it.
- “ ffor wee were both, thou wist full well,  
for thou hadst the halfe dale<sup>3</sup>  
of my venerye<sup>4</sup> ;
- 484 if the lace had neuer beene wrought,  
to haue slaine thee was neuer my thought,  
I swere by god verelye !
- Yet Bred-  
beddle will
- “ I wist it well my wiffe loued thee ;
- 488 thou wold doe me noe villanye,  
but nicked her with nay ;  
but wilt thou doe as I bidd thee,  
take me to Arthurs court with thee,
- 492 then were all to my pay.<sup>5</sup> ”
- Gawaine  
agrees.  
They go  
back to  
Hutton  
Castle,  
and next  
day on to  
Arthur's  
court.
- now are the *Knights* accorded there<sup>6</sup> ;  
to the castle of hutton<sup>7</sup> can thé fare,  
to lodge there all *that* night.
- 496 earlye on the other day  
to Arthurs court thé tooke the way  
with harts blyth & light.
- All rejoyce  
at Gawaine's  
return.
- all the Court was full faine,  
500 aliue when they saw Sir Gawaine ;  
they thanked god abone.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> perhaps these points, q. d. thou hast forfeited these qualities.—P.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* loyal, honourable, true.—P.

<sup>3</sup> A.-S. *dæl*, part.—F.

<sup>4</sup> venison, or rather hunting. So in Chauc. Fr. *Venerie*. Urry.—P.

<sup>5</sup> content, liking.—P.

<sup>6</sup> there.—P.

<sup>7</sup> Hutton Manor-house, [Somersetshire]: the hall, 36 feet by 20, is of the fifteenth century, with arched roof and panelled chimney-piece. *Domestic Architecture*, iii. 342. The scene is laid “in the west countrye,” see l. 39, l. 515.—F.

<sup>8</sup> ? MS. *aboue*.—F. *aboune*, *abone*, *idem*.—P.

*that* is the matter & the case  
 why *Knights* of the bathe weare the lace  
 504 vntill they haue wonen their shoen,<sup>1</sup>  
  
 or else a ladye of hye estate  
 from about his necke shall it take,  
 for the doughtye deeds *that* hee hath done.  
 508 it was confirmed by Arthur the K[ing ;]  
 thorrow *Sir* Gawaines desiringe  
 The *King* granted him his boone.

This is why  
 knights of  
 the Bath  
 wear the  
 lace till  
 they've won  
 their spurs,  
 or a lady  
 takes the  
 lace off.

Thus endeth the tale of the greene *Knight*. [page 210]  
 512 god, *that* is soe full of might,  
 to heauen their soules bring  
*that* haue hard this litle storye  
*that* fell some times in the west countrye  
 516 in Arthurs days our King ! ffins.

God bring  
 all my  
 hearers to  
 heaven!  
 This little  
 story befell  
 in the West  
 Country.

<sup>1</sup> See p. 123, l. 1232.—F.

[It may be noted, that as the story is  
 told here, the point of it is missed. As  
 the agreement of Bredbeddle and Gawaine  
 is here only to *share* with the other what  
 each gets, p. 71, l. 356, not to *change* it,  
 as in the old romance. Bredbeddle  
 gives Gawaine only half his venison, p. 76,  
 l. 482, and Gawaine gives Bredbeddle

half his gettings, three kisses, out of  
 three kisses and a lace. As he couldn't  
 cut three kisses in half, to go with the  
 half of the lace, he divided the gift fairly  
 in another way,—the three kisses to  
 Bredbeddle, the lace to himself. Rather  
 hard measure to lose one's "3 points"  
 for that.—F.]

### Sir : Triamore. :<sup>1</sup>

THE earliest known existing copy of this Romance is preserved at Cambridge. It is of the time of Henry VI., according to Mr. Halliwell, who has edited it for the Percy Society. There is, too, an old MS. copy preserved in the Bodleian Library. The Romance once enjoyed a wide popularity. It was twice printed by William Copland. From one of these editions Mr. Ellis draws the outline he gives in his *Early English Metrical Romances*. One of the old printed versions was reprinted by Mr. Utterson in 1817. The copy here given differs but slightly from Copland's and from the Cambridge version. The more important of what differences there are, are mentioned in the notes.

The piece is a fair specimen of the old Romances, with all their vices and their virtues; with their prolixity, their improbability, their exaggeration; with their wild graces also, their chivalrousness, their pageantry.

The story tells how a good lord and his gentle lady were estranged by the treachery of their steward; how their son, conceived in honour, was born in shame; how, after many a weary year, the execrable fraud was discovered; and how, at last, the son (who has in the meantime won himself a wife) and his mother are happily reunited to the grieving husband. These various incidents are described with much power and feeling.

King Arradas was blessed with a wife, Margaret, "comely to be seen, and true as the turtle-doves on trees." As their union was not followed by the birth of any child, the King determines to

<sup>1</sup> 271 Stanzas.—P.

go and fight in the Holy Land, so to propitiate Heaven and persuade it to grant him an heir. On the very eve of his departure his desire is granted. But he sets forth to the wars not knowing. During his absence his steward Marrock evilly solicits the Queen. "But she was steadfast in her thought." When the King returned from heatheness, and

at last his Queen beheld,  
And saw her go great with child,  
He wondered at that thing.  
Many a time he did her kiss,  
And made great joy without miss,  
His heart made great rejoicing.

The wicked steward avails himself of the King's wonder to insinuate, and more than insinuate, that the child is none of his. The King unhappily listens. The Queen is presently, at the steward's advice, banished the country.

So now is exiled that good Queen,  
But she wist not what it did mean,  
Nor what made him to begin.  
To speak to her he nay would ;  
That made the Queen's heart full cold,  
And that was great pity and sin.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
For oft she mourned as he did fare,  
And cried and sighed full sore.  
  
Lords, knights, and ladies gent  
Mourned for her when she went,  
And bewailed her that season.

In this way came to pass the sad schism that was to bring so many years of forlornness and anguish, the source of so many bitter tears and poignant self-reproaches. The child whom the dishonoured lady then bore in her womb was to be a full-grown man, and a warrior even more formidable than his father himself, ere Arradas and Margaret kissed conjugally again. Who does not rejoice when the fair fame of this true wife is vindicated, the iniquity of her tempter made bare? When at last, at the marriage of their son, Sir Triamour, to the beautiful Helen of Hungary, she and her husband are again brought face to face :

King Arradas beheld his Queen ;  
 Him thought that he had her seen,  
 She was a lady faire.  
 The King said, " If it is your wish,  
 Your name me for to tell,  
 I pray you with words fair."

" My lord," said she, " I was your Queen ;  
 Your steward did me ill teen.

That evil might him befall !"  
 The King spake no more words  
 Till the cloths were drawn from the boards,  
 And men rose in hall,  
 And by the hand he took the Queen,  
 So in the chamber forth he went,  
 And there she told him all.

Then was there great joy and bliss  
 When they together gan kiss ;  
 Then all the company made joy enough.

But we do not propose here to gather the wild flowers of this poem for our readers. They shall wander through the meadows and cull for themselves. They will easily find them blowing and blooming, if they have any care for the blossoms of Romance.

God bless  
 you all !

LOW <sup>1</sup> Iesus christ, o <sup>2</sup> heauen King !  
 grant you all his deare blessing,  
 & his heauen for to win !

If you'll  
 listen,  
 I'll tell you  
 a tale

4 if you will a stond <sup>3</sup> lay to *your* eare,  
 of adventures you shall heare  
*that* wilbe to *your* liking,

of King  
 Arradas

of a *King* & of a queene  
 8 *that* had great Ioy them betweene ;  
 Sir Arradas <sup>4</sup> was his name ;

and Queen  
 Margaret,

who was  
 defamed by

he had a queene named Margarett,  
 shee was as true as steele, & sweet,  
 12 & full false brought in fame <sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Now.—Cop. (or Copland's edition.  
 Collated by Mr. Hales.)

<sup>2</sup> our.—Cop.

<sup>3</sup> stounde.—Cop.

<sup>4</sup> Arduus.—Ca. (or Cambridge text,  
 ed. Halliwell.—F.)

<sup>5</sup> evil report, disrepute ; L. *fama* (in  
 a bad sense), ill-repute, infamy, scandal ;

- by the *Kings* steward *that* Marrocke hight,  
a traitor & a false knight :  
herafter yee will say all the same.
- 16 hee looued well *that* Ladye gent ;  
& for shee wold not with him consent,  
he did *that* good *Queene* much shame.
- 20 this *King* loued well his *Queene*  
because shee was comlye<sup>1</sup> to be seene,  
& as true as the turtle on tree.  
either to other made great Moane,  
for children together had they none  
24 begotten on their bodye ;
- therefore the *King*, I vnderstand,  
made a vow to goe to the holy land,  
there for to fight & for to slay<sup>2</sup> ;  
28 & praid god *that* he wold send him tho  
grace to gett a child be-tweene them tow,  
*that* the right heire might bee.
- for his vow he did there make,  
32 & of the pope the Crosse he did take,  
for to seek the land were god him bought.  
the night of his departing, on the Ladye Mild,  
as god it wold, hee gott<sup>3</sup> a child ;  
36 but they both wist itt naught.
- & on the morrow when it was day  
the *King* hyed on his Iourney ;  
for to tarry, he it not thought.

Sir Marrock

because she  
would not  
yield to him.Arradas and  
Margaretlament  
that they  
are childless,

and Arradas

vows to go  
to the Holy  
Land,praying God  
to send him  
an heir.He begets a  
child on his  
wife,and next  
day starts  
on his  
journey.

*famosus*, infamous. (White.) Compare  
For yf it may be founde in thee  
That thou them *fame* for enmyte,  
Thou shalt be taken as a felon,  
And put full depe in my pryson.

*The Squyr of Lowe Degre*. l. 392  
(Ritson iii. 161, Hall!).—F.

<sup>1</sup> semely.—Cop.

<sup>2</sup> sle.—Cop.

<sup>3</sup> gate.—Cop.



- Queen  
Margaret  
mourns ;
- 40 then the *Queene* began to mourne  
because her *Lord* wold noe longer sojourne ;  
shee sighed full sore, & sobbed oft.
- the *King* & his men armed them right,  
44 both *Lords*, *Barrons*, & many a knight,  
with him for to goe.
- their parting  
is sad.
- then betweene her & the *King*  
was much sorrow & mourninge  
48 when thé shold depart in too.
- he kissed & tooke his leaue of the *Queene*,  
& other *Ladies* bright & sheene,  
& of *Marrocke* his steward alsoe ;
- Arradas  
charges  
Marrock to  
take care of  
his Queen,
- 52 the *King* commanded him on paine of his life  
for to keepe well his queene & wiffe  
both in weale & woe.
- and goes to  
the Holy  
Land.
- now is the *King* forth gone  
56 to the place where god was on the crosse done,  
& warreth there a while.
- Marrock
- then bethought this false steward—  
as yee shall here after[ward,<sup>1</sup>]—  
60 his lord & *King* to beguile ;
- wooes the  
Queen,
- he wooed <sup>2</sup> the *Queene* day & night  
for to lye with her, & he might ;  
he dread no creature thoe.
- 64 ffull fayre hee did *that* Lady speake, [page 211]  
*that* he might in bed with *that* Ladye sleepe ;  
thus full oft he prayed her thoe.
- and seeks to  
lie with her.
- Margaret is  
true,
- 68 but shee was stedfast in her thought,  
& heard them speake, & said nought  
till hee all his case <sup>3</sup> had told.

<sup>1</sup> MS. hereafter. P. has added *ward*.—F.      <sup>2</sup> wowed.—Cop.      <sup>3</sup> tale.—Cop.

- then shee said, "Marrocke, hast thou not thought  
all *that thou* speakeest is ffor nought?  
72 I trow not *that* thou wold<sup>1</sup> ;
- "for well my Lord did trust thee,  
when hee to you deliuered mee  
to haue me vnder the<sup>2</sup> hold ;  
76 & [thou] woldest full faine  
to doe thy Lord shame !  
traitor, thou art to bold !"
- then said Marrocke vnto *that* Ladye,  
80 "my Lord is gone now verelye  
against gods foes to ffight ;  
& without the more wonder bee,  
hee shall come noe more att thee,  
84 as I am a true knight.
- "& Madam, wee will worke soe priuilye,  
*that* wethere<sup>3</sup> he doe liue or dye,  
for of this shall<sup>4</sup> witt noe wight.<sup>5</sup>"  
88 then waxed the Queene wonderous [wroth,<sup>6</sup>  
& swore many a great othe  
as shee was a true woman,
- shee said, "traitor ! if euer thou be soe hardiye  
92 to show me of such villanye,  
on a gallow tree I will thee hange !  
if I may know after this  
*that* thou tice me, I-wis<sup>7</sup>  
96 thou shalt haue the law of the land."
- and re-  
proaches  
Marrock.
- Her lord  
trusted him,
- and he  
betrays his  
trust.
- Marrock  
tells the  
Queen
- that Arradas  
is sure never  
to return ;
- and promises  
to keep their  
sin secret.
- Margaret  
angrily
- threatens to  
hang  
Marrock,
- if he says  
another  
word to her.

<sup>1</sup> I didn't think you were capable of  
this.—F.

<sup>2</sup> they.—Cop.

<sup>3</sup> After the first *e* an *h* is marked out.  
—F.

<sup>4</sup> there shall.—Ca.

<sup>5</sup> man.—P.

<sup>6</sup> Added by Percy.—F.

<sup>7</sup> tice me to do a mysse.—Cop.

- Marrock  
assures her  
he meant  
her no  
wrong,  
but only to  
try her  
truth.
- 100 Sir Marroccke said, "Ladye, mercye!  
I said itt for noe villainé,  
by Iesu, heauen Kinge!  
but only for to proue your will,  
whether *that* you were good or ill,  
& for noe other thinge;
- Now he  
knows she is  
true,
- 104 "but now, Madam, I may well see  
you are as true as turtle on the tree<sup>1</sup>  
vnto my Lord the King;  
& itt is to me both glad & leefe;  
therfore take it not into greefe  
108 for noe manner of thinge."
- she must not  
be vexed.
- Margaret  
believes him.
- & soe the traitor excused him thoe,  
the Lady wend itt had beene soe  
as the steward had said.
- 112 he went forth, & held him still,  
& thought he cold not haue his will;  
therfore hee was euill apayd.
- But  
Marrock,  
disgusted,
- <sup>2</sup> soe with treason & trecherye  
116 he thought to doe her villanye;  
thus to himselfe he said.  
night & day hee laboured then  
for to betray<sup>3</sup> *that* good woman;  
120 soe att the last he her betraid.
- schemes how  
to betray  
her,  
and does it.
- now of this good Queene leaue wee,  
& by the grace of the holy trinitye  
full great *with* child did shee gone.
- Arradas
- 124 now of *King* Arradas speake wee,  
*that* soe farr in heathinnesse is hee  
to fight against gods fone<sup>4</sup>;

<sup>1</sup> as stele on tree.—Ca.<sup>2</sup> This stanza is not in Ca.—F.<sup>3</sup> deceyue.—Cop.<sup>4</sup> fonne.—Cop.

- there with his army & all his might  
 128 slew many a sarrazen<sup>1</sup> in fight.  
     great words of them there rose  
     in the heathen Land, & alsoe in Pagainé<sup>2</sup>;  
     & in euerye other Land that they come bye,  
 132 there sprang of him great losse.<sup>3</sup>
- when [he<sup>4</sup>] had done his pilgrimage,  
 & labored all *that* great voyage<sup>5</sup>  
     with all his good will & lybertye,— [page 212]  
 136 att fflome Iorden & att Bethlem,<sup>6</sup>  
 & att Caluarye beside Ierusalem,  
     in all the places was hee ;—
- then he longed to come home  
 140 to see his Ladye *that* liued at one ;  
     he thought euer on her greatlye.  
     soe long thé sealed on the fome  
     till att the last they came home ;  
 144 he arriued ouer the Last<sup>7</sup> strond.
- the shippes did strike their sayles eche one,  
 the men were glad the *King* came home  
     vnto his owne Land.  
 148 there was both mirth & game,  
 the *Queene* of his cominge was glad & faine,  
     Eche of them told other tydand.<sup>8</sup>
- the *King* at last his *Queene* beheld,  
 152 & saw heer goe great with childe :  
     [&<sup>9</sup>] hee wondred att that thinge.
- and his men  
slay  
Saracens
- and grow  
famous.
- After  
visiting
- Jordan and  
Calvary,
- he longs for  
home,
- and sets sail.
- Arradas  
reaches  
home,
- meets  
Margaret,
- and finds  
her great  
with child,
- to his  
wonder.

<sup>1</sup> sarzyn.—Cop.<sup>2</sup> Pagany.—Cop.<sup>3</sup> Loos or fame, *Fama*. Promptorium.

—F.

<sup>4</sup> he.—Ca.<sup>5</sup> vayge.—Cop.<sup>6</sup> Bedleem.—Cop.<sup>7</sup> salte.—Cop.<sup>8</sup> tydyngge.—Cop.<sup>9</sup> A hole in the MS.—F.

many a time he did her kisse,  
 & made great ioy without misse ;  
 156 his hart<sup>1</sup> made great reioceinge.

Marrock  
 tells him

that the  
 child is

soone after the *King* hard tydinges newe  
 by Marroccke : *that* false knight vntrue  
 with reason his lord gan fraine,  
 160 "my lord," he sayd, "for gods<sup>2</sup> byne<sup>3</sup> !  
 for of *that* childe *that* neuer was thine,<sup>4</sup>  
 why art thou soe fayne ?

certainly  
 not his. His  
 Queen has  
 been false ;  
 another  
 knight begot  
 the child.

"you wend *that* itt your owne bee ;  
 164 but," he said, "Sir, ffor certaintye  
 your *Queene* hath you betraine ;  
 another *Knight*, soe god me speed,  
 begott this child sith you yeed,  
 168 & hath thy *Queene* forlaine."

"What ?  
 When I put  
 her in your  
 charge ?"

"Alas !" said the *King*, "how may this bee ?  
 for I betooke her vnto thee,  
 her to keepe in waile & woe<sup>5</sup> ;  
 172 & vnder thy keeping how fortun'd this  
*that* thou suffered her doe amisse ?  
 alas, Marroccke ! why did thou soe ?"

Marrock  
 excuses  
 himself,

"Sir," said the steward, "blame not me ;  
 176 for much mone shee made for thee,  
 as though shee had loued noe more ;

but declares  
 he saw a  
 knight lie  
 with her,

"I trowed on her noe villanye  
 till I saw one lye her by,  
 180 as the *Mele*<sup>6</sup> had wrought.  
 to him I came with *Egar* mood,  
 & slew the traitor as he stood ;  
 full sore itt [me] forethought.

for which he  
 killed him,

<sup>1</sup> First written *halt*.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Goddes.—Cop.

<sup>3</sup> Goddys pyne.—Ca.

<sup>4</sup> MS. thine was.—F.

<sup>5</sup> weal & woe.—P.

<sup>6</sup> ? Fr. *mal*, evil ; or *meslée*, a mixture,  
 mingling, melling. Cotgrave.—F.

- 184 "then shee trowed shee shold be shent,  
& promised me both Land & rent;  
soe fayre shee me besought  
to doe with her all my will  
188 if *that* I wold [keepe] me still,  
& tell you naught."
- and the  
Queen pro-  
mised him
- herself for  
his silence.
- "of this," said the *King*, "I haue great wonder;  
for sorrow my hart will breake assunder <sup>1</sup>!
- 192 why hath shee done amisse?  
alas! to whome shall I me mone,  
sith I haue lost my comlye Queene  
*that* I was wont to kisse?"
- Arradas  
sorrows.
- He has lost  
his Queen
- 196 the *King* said, "Marroccke, what is thy read?  
it is best to turne to dead <sup>2</sup>  
my ladye *that* hath done me this <sup>2</sup>;  
now because *that* shee is false to mee,  
200 I will neuer more her see,  
nor deale with her, I-wisse.<sup>3</sup>"
- What can he  
do? He'll  
kill her.
- the steward said, "*Lord*, doe not soe;  
thou shalt neither burne ne sloe,<sup>4</sup>  
204 but doe as I you shall you tell."  
Marroccke sayd, "this councell I:  
banish her out of your Land priuilye,  
far into exile.
- Marrock  
advises
- him to  
banish her,
- 208 "deliuer her an ambling <sup>5</sup> steede,  
& an old *Knight* to her lead;  
thus by my councell see <sup>6</sup> yee doe;
- [page 213] give her a  
horse

<sup>1</sup> asonder.—Cop.<sup>2</sup> ? *turne* is for *burne*, cp. l. 203.—F.  
brenne her to ded.—Cop.  
Whether that sche be done to dedd  
That was my blysse?—Ca.<sup>3</sup> ywys.—Cop.<sup>4</sup> flo.—Cop.<sup>5</sup> ambelynge.—Cop. oolde.—Ca.<sup>6</sup> loke.—Cop.



- and money,  
and let her  
go.
- 212 & giue them some spending money  
*that* may them out of the land bring;  
I wold noe better then soe.
- Arradas  
agrees.
- 216 “ & an other mans child shalbe you heyre,  
itt were neither good nor fayre  
but if itt were of *your* kin.”  
then said the *King*, “ soe mote I thee,  
right as thou sayest, soe shall it bee,  
& erst will I neuer blin.<sup>1</sup>”
- Queen  
Margaret is  
to be exiled;
- 220 Loe, now is exiled *that* good Queene;  
but shee wist not what it did meane,  
nor what made him to begin.
- the King  
will not  
speak to her.
- 224 to speake to her he nay wold;  
*that* made the Queenes hart full cold,  
& *that* was great pittye & sin.
- He gives her  
an old steed,
- 228 he did her cloth in purple<sup>2</sup> weede,  
& set her on an old steed  
*that* was both crooked & almost blinde;  
he tooke her an old Knight,  
kine to the Queene, Sir Rodger<sup>3</sup> hight,  
*that* was both curteous<sup>4</sup> & kind.
- and three  
days to quit  
the land in,
- 232 3 dayes he gaue them leaue<sup>5</sup> to passe,  
& after *that* day sett was,  
if men might them find,  
the Queene shold burned<sup>6</sup> be starke dead
- (or the  
Queen will  
be burnt,)
- 236 in a ffyer with flames redd:  
this came of the stewards<sup>7</sup> mind.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> blyne.—Cop.<sup>2</sup> He let clothe hur in sympulle.—Ca.<sup>3</sup> Roger.—Cop.<sup>4</sup> curteyse.—Cop.<sup>5</sup> And gaf them twenty dayes.—Ca.<sup>6</sup> brenned.—Cop.<sup>7</sup> stuardes.—Cop.<sup>8</sup> mimd, in the MS.—F.

- 40<sup>ty</sup> florences for their expence <sup>1</sup>  
the *King* did giue them in his *presence*,  
240 & comanded them to goe.  
the *Ladye* mourned as shee shold dye ;  
for all this shee wist not whye  
hee fared with her soe.
- 244 *that* good *Knight* comforted the *Queene*,  
& said, "att gods will all must beene ;  
therefore, *Madam*, mourne you noe more."  
*Sir Rodger* for her hath much care,  
248 [For ofte she mourned as she dyd fare,<sup>2</sup>]  
& cryed & sighed full sore ;
- Lords, *Knights*, & *ladyes* gent  
mourned for her when shee went,  
252 & be-wayled <sup>3</sup> her *that* season.  
the *Queene* began to make sorrow & care  
when shee from the *King* shold fare  
with wrong, against all reason.  
256 forth they went, in number<sup>4</sup> 3,  
*Sir Rodger*, the *Queene*, & his greyhound trulye ;  
ah ! o <sup>5</sup> worth wicked treason !
- then thought the steward trulye  
260 to doe the *Queene* a villanye,  
& to worke with her his will.  
he ordained him a companye  
of his owne men priuilye  
264 *that* wold assent him till ;
- all vnder a *Wood* <sup>6</sup> side they did lye  
wheras the *Queene* shold passe by,  
& held them wonderous still ;

also forty  
florins.Queen  
Margaret  
mourns.Sir Roger  
comforts her,but she  
wails still,and they set  
off.

Marrock

gets his men  
together,and lies in  
ambush for  
the Queen,

<sup>1</sup> Thretty florens to there spendynge.  
—Ca.

<sup>2</sup> This line is from Copland's text.—H.

<sup>3</sup> MS. he wayled.—F.

<sup>4</sup> nunnber, in the MS.—F.

<sup>5</sup> wo.—Cop.

<sup>6</sup> wodes.—Cop. The *W* is made like  
*vv* in the MS.—F.

- to work his lust on her. 268 & there he thought verelye  
his good Queene for to lye by,  
his lusts <sup>1</sup> for to fulfill.
- The Queen and Sir Roger 272 & when hee came into the wood,  
Sir Rodger & the Queene soe good,  
& there <sup>2</sup> to passe with-out doubt ;  
perceive Marrock's 276 with *that* they were ware of the steward,  
how hee was coming to them ward  
with a ffull great rout.
- treason. "heere is treason!" then said the Queene.  
"alas!" said Roger, "what may this meane?  
with foes wee be sett round about."
- Sir Roger prepares 280 the *Knight* sayd, "heere will wee dwell ;  
Our liffe wee shall full deere sell, [page 214]  
be they neuer soe stout.
- for defence. "Madam," he sayd, "be not affrayd,  
284 for I thinke heere with this sword  
*that* I shall make them lowte."  
Marrock threatens to kill him. then cryed the steward to Sir Rodger on hye,  
& said, "Lord,<sup>3</sup> traitor! thou shalt dye!  
288 for *that* I goe about."
- Sir Roger defies him, Sir Rodger said, "not for thee!  
my death shalt thou deare abyde;  
for with thee will I fight."  
292 he went to him shortly,  
& old Sir Rodger bare him manfullye <sup>4</sup>  
like a full hardye Knight ;
- attacks his men, he hewed on them boldlye ;  
296 there was none of *that* companye  
soe hardye nor sow <sup>5</sup> wight.

<sup>1</sup> lustes.—Cop.<sup>2</sup> ? construction. Is *there* miswritten  
for *thought*, or is *thought* understood, oris *thereto* one word?—H.<sup>3</sup> olde.—Cop.<sup>5</sup> so.—Cop.<sup>4</sup> manly.—Cop.

- Sir Rodger hitt <sup>1</sup> one on the head  
*that* to the girdle the sword yeed,  
 300 then was hee of them quitte <sup>2</sup> ;
- he smote a stroke with a sword <sup>3</sup> good  
*that* all about them ran the blood,  
 soe sore he did them smite ;  
 304 trulye-hee, <sup>4</sup> his greyhound *that* was soo <sup>5</sup> good,  
 did helpe his *master*, & by him stood,  
 & bitterlye can hee byte.
- then *that* Lady, *that* fayre foode, <sup>6</sup>  
 308 she feared Marrocke in her mood ;  
 shee light on foote, & left her steede,  
 & ran fast, & wold not leaue,  
 & hid her vnder a greene greaue, <sup>7</sup>  
 312 for shee was in great dread.
- Sir Rodger then the *Queene* can behold,  
 & of his liffe he did nothing hold ;  
 his good grayhound did help him indeed,  
 316 &, as itt is in the romans <sup>8</sup> told,  
 14 he slew of yeomen <sup>9</sup> bold ; <sup>10</sup>  
 soe he quitted him in *that* steade.
- if hee had beene armed, I-wisse <sup>11</sup>  
 320 all the Masterye had been his ;  
 alas hee lacked weed.  
 as good Sir Rodger gaue a stroake,  
 behind him came Sir Marroccke,—  
 324 *that* euill might he speed,—

splits one to  
the girdle,wounds  
others,and his  
greyhound,  
Trulyhee,  
helps.Queen  
Margaretdismounts,  
runs away,  
and hides  
herself.

Sir Roger

kills fourteen  
yeomen,

but Marrock

<sup>1</sup> hyt.—Cop.  
<sup>2</sup> quyte.—Cop.  
<sup>3</sup> swerde.—Cop.  
<sup>4</sup> Trewe-loue.—Ca.  
<sup>5</sup> *de* at the end has been marked out  
of the MS.—F.  
<sup>6</sup> fode.—Cop. person.—F.  
<sup>7</sup> greve.—Cop. grove.—F.  
<sup>8</sup> Romaynes.—Cop.  
<sup>9</sup> yemen.—Cop.  
<sup>10</sup> xl<sup>th</sup> Syr Roger downe can folde.—  
Ca.  
<sup>11</sup> ywis.—Cop.

- stabs him in  
the back            he smote Sir Rodger with a speare,  
                          & to the ground he did him beare,  
                          & fast *that* Knight did bleed.
- 328 Sir Marroccke gaue him such a wound  
 that he dyed there on ground,  
 and kills            & *that* was a sinfull deede.  
 him.
- Marrock            now is Rodger slaine *certainlye*.  
 332 he rode forth & let him Lye,  
                          & sought after the Queene.  
 searches            fast hee rode, & sought *euerye* way,  
 everywhere        yet wist he not where the Queene Laye.  
 for the            336 then said the traitor teene ;<sup>1</sup>  
 Queen,
- ouer all the wood hee her sought ;  
 but cannot        but as god wold, he found her nought.  
 find her : he        then waxed he wrath, I weene,  
 gets wroth,        340 & held his Iourney euill besett,  
                          *that* with the Queene had not mett  
                          to haue had his pleasure, the traitor keene.
- & when he cold not the lady finde,  
 and goes        344 homeward they began to wend,  
 home,            hard by where Sir Rodger Lay.  
                          the steward<sup>2</sup> him thrust throughout,  
 stabbing Sir        for of his death he had noe doubt,  
 Roger's            348 & this the storye doth say.  
 corpse on  
the way,
- & when the traitor had done soe,  
 he let him lye & went him froe,  
                          & tooke noe thought *that* day ;  
 352 yett all his companye was nye gone,  
 and having        14 he left there dead for one ;  
 lost fourteen        there passed but 4 away.<sup>3</sup>  
 men.

<sup>1</sup> If a stanza is not omitted, *said* must mean *assayed*, tried.—F.

<sup>2</sup> stuarde.—Cop.

<sup>3</sup> xl. he had chaunged for oone. Ther skaped but two away.—Ca.

- then the Queene was full woe,  
 356 And shee saw *that* they were goe,  
     shee made sorrow & crye.  
 then shee rose & went againe  
 to Sir Rodger, & found him slaine ;  
 360 his grey-hound by his feet did lye.
- “alas,” shee said, “*that* I was borne !  
 my trew *knight that* I haue lorne,  
     they haue him there slaine !”  
 364 full pitteously shee mad her moane,  
 & said, “now must I goe alone !”  
     the grey-hound shee wold haue had full faine ;
- the hound still by his *Master* did lye,  
 368 he licked his wounds, & did whine & crye.  
     this to see the Queene had paine,  
 & said, “Sir Roger, this hast thou for me !  
 alas *that* [it] shold euer bee !”  
 372 her hayre shee tare in twayne ;
- & then shee went & tooke her steed,  
 & wold noe longer there abyde  
     lest men shold find her there.  
 376 shee said, “Sir Roger, now *thou* art dead,  
 who will the right way now me lead ?  
     for now thow mayst speake noe more.”
- right on the ground there as he lay dead,  
 380 shee kist him or shee from him yead.<sup>1</sup>  
     god wott her hart was sore !  
 what for sorrow & dread,  
 fast away shee can her speede,  
 384 shee wist not wither nor where.

Queen  
Margaret  
[page 215]

laments over

Sir Roger's  
corpse.

The grey-  
hound will  
not leave the  
corpse.

The Queen

laments  
again the  
loss of Sir  
Roger,

kisses his  
corpse,

and speeds  
away.

<sup>1</sup> This incident is not in Ca.—F.



- The hound                   the good grayhound for waile & woe  
                                   from the *Knight* hee wold not goe,  
 licks his                   but Lay & licked his wound ;  
 master's                   388 he waite <sup>1</sup> to haue healed them againe,  
 wounds, to               & therto he did his paine :  
 heal them.               loe, such loue is in a hound <sup>2</sup> !
- What love !
- The hound                   this knight lay till he did <sup>3</sup> stinke ;  
 392 the grayhound he began to thinke,  
 scrapes a               & scraped a pitt anon ;  
 grave,                   therin he drew the dead <sup>4</sup> corse,  
 and buries               & couered itt with earth & Mosse,<sup>5</sup>  
 his master.             396 & from him he wold not gone.
- Margaret                   the grayhound lay still there ;  
                                   this *Queene* gan forth to fare  
                                   for dread of her fone ;  
 400 shee had great sorrow in her hart,  
                                   the thornes pricked her wonderous smart,<sup>6</sup>  
                                   shee wist not wither to goe.
- rides on into               this lady forth fast can hye  
 Hungary.               404 into the land of Hugarye <sup>7</sup> ;  
                                   thither came shee with great woe.  
                                   at last shee came to a wood side,  
 The pains of               but then cold shee noe further ryde,  
 labour come             408 her paynes tooke her soe.  
 on,
- shee lighted downe in *that* tyde,  
                                   for there shee did her trauncell <sup>8</sup> abyde ;  
                                   god wold *that* it shold be soe.  
 412 then shee with much paine  
                                   tyed her horsse by the rayne,  
                                   & rested her there till her paynes were goe.

<sup>1</sup> expected.—F.<sup>2</sup> Grete kyndenes ys in howndys.—Ca.<sup>3</sup> The last *d* is made over an *s* in the MS.—F.<sup>4</sup> deed.—Cop.<sup>5</sup> And scraped on hym bothe ryne and

mosse.—Ca.

<sup>6</sup> wonder smert.—Cop.<sup>7</sup> Hongarye.—Ca. Hongrye.—Cop.<sup>8</sup> *for* trauell, *travail*.—F. trauayll.—Cop.

- shee was deliuered of a manchild sweete ;  
 416 & when it began to crye & weepe,  
       it ioyed her hart greatlye.  
 soone after, when shee might stirr,  
 shee tooke her child to her full neere,  
 420 And wrapt<sup>1</sup> itt full softlye. [page 216]
- What for wearye & for woe,  
 they fell a-sleepe both towe ;  
       her steed stood her behind.  
 424 then came a *knight* rydand there,<sup>2</sup>  
 & found this ladye soe louelye of cheere  
       as hee hunted after the hind.
- the *Knight* hight Bernard Mowswinge,<sup>3</sup>  
 428 *that* found the *Queene* sleepinge,  
       vnder the greenwoode lyande.<sup>4</sup>  
 softlye he went neere & neere ;  
 he went on foot, & beheld her cheere,  
 432 as a *Knight* curteous & kind.
- he awaked *that* ladye of beawtye<sup>5</sup> ;  
 shee looked on him pitteouslee,  
       & was affrayd<sup>6</sup> full sore.  
 436 he said, " what doe you here, Madame ?  
 of whence be you, or whats *your* name ?  
       haue you *your* men forlorne<sup>7</sup> ? "
- " Sir," shee sayd, " if you will witt,<sup>8</sup>  
 440 my name is<sup>9</sup> called Margerett ;  
       in Arragon I was borne ;  
 heere I sufferd much greefe ;  
 helpe me, Sir,<sup>10</sup> out of this Mischeefe !  
 444 att some towne *that* I were."

and she is  
delivered of  
a male child.

She joys,

takes her  
baby to her,

and falls  
asleep.

A knight  
finds her,

Sir Bernard  
Mowswinge,

wakes her,

and asks her  
what she  
does there,  
what is her  
name ?

" Margaret ;

help me ! "

<sup>1</sup> wraaped.—Cop.  
<sup>2</sup> nere.—Cop.  
<sup>3</sup> Sir Barnarde Messengere.—Ca. Bar-  
 nard Mausewyng.—Cop.  
<sup>4</sup> lynde.—Cop.  
<sup>5</sup> beaute.—Cop.

<sup>6</sup> aferde.—Cop.  
<sup>7</sup> MS. forlorne.—F. forlore.—P.  
<sup>8</sup> wete.—Cop.  
<sup>9</sup> MS. is is ; ? *for* it is.—F.  
<sup>10</sup> There appears a word like *it* marked  
 out here in the MS.—F.

- Sir Bernard            the *Knight* beheld the Ladye good ;  
 hee<sup>1</sup> thought shee was of gentle blood  
                               *that* was soe hard bestead<sup>2</sup> ;
- takes her            448 he tooke her vp curteouslye,  
 and her            & the child that lay her bye ;  
 baby home,            them both with him he led,
- gets a                & made her haue a woman att will,  
 woman to            452 tendinge of her, as itt was skill,<sup>3</sup>  
 tend her,            all for to bring her a-bedd.  
 and gives            whatsoeuer shee wold haue,  
 her all she            shee needed itt not long to craue,  
 wants.            456 her speech was right soone sped.
- She christens        thé christened the child with great honour,  
 her boy            & named him Sir TRYAMORE.  
 Triamore,            then they were of him glad ;  
 460 great gifts to him was giuen  
 of Lords & ladyes by-deene,  
                               in bookes as I read.
- and stays            there dwelled *that* Ladye longe  
 with her            464 with much Ioy them amonge ;  
 new friends.        of her thé were neuer wearye.  
 the child was taught great nurterye<sup>4</sup> ;
- Triamore is            a *Master* had him vnder his care,  
 taught            468 & taught him curtesie.<sup>5</sup>  
 courtesy,            this child waxed wonderous well,  
                               of great stature both of fleshe & fell ;  
                               euerye man loued him trulye,
- and all folk        472 of his companye all folke were glad ;  
 love him.            indeed, noe other cause they had,  
                               the child was gentle & bold.

<sup>1</sup> MS. shee.—F. And.—Ca.<sup>2</sup> bestadde.—Cop.<sup>3</sup> skell.—Cop. reason.—F.<sup>4</sup> nurture.—P. norture.—Cop.<sup>5</sup> Sche techyd hur sone for to wyrke,  
 And taght hym evyr newe.—Ca.

- Now of the *Queene* let wee bee,  
 476 & of the grayhound speake wee  
       *that* I erst of told. Sir Roger's  
greyhound
- long 7 yeeres, soe god me saue,  
 he did keepe his *Masters* graue,  
 480 till *that* hee waxed old ; keeps to his  
master's  
grave seven  
years,
- this Gray-hound Sir Roger kept<sup>1</sup> long,  
 & brought him vp sith he was younge,  
       in story as it is told ; for Sir Roger  
had brought  
him up.
- 484 therfore he kept soe there  
 for the<sup>2</sup> space of 7 yeere,  
       & goe from him he ne wold.  
 euer vpon his *Masters* graue he lay,  
 488 there might noe man haue him away The hound  
never leaves  
the grave,  
       for heat neither for cold, [page 217]
- without it were once a day except  
 he ran about to gett his prey<sup>3</sup> to get food.  
 492 of beasts that were bold,  
 conyes, when he can them gett ;  
 thus wold he labor for his meate,  
       yett great hungar he had in how.<sup>4</sup>
- 496 & 7 yeeres he dwelled there,  
 till itt beffell on *that* yeere,  
       euen on christmasse day,  
 the gray-hound (as the story sayes)  
 500 came to the *Kings* palace<sup>5</sup> One Christ-  
mas  
the hound  
       without any<sup>6</sup> delay. goes to  
Arradas's  
palace,

<sup>1</sup> had kepte.—Cop.<sup>2</sup> By the.—Cop.<sup>3</sup> praye.—Cop.<sup>4</sup> holde.—Cop. *How*, care. Halliwell.  
—F.<sup>5</sup> palayes.—Cop.<sup>6</sup> ony.—Cop.

- when they *Lords* were<sup>1</sup> sett at meate, soone  
the grayhound into the hall runn  
504 amonge the knights gay ;  
all about he can behold,  
but he see not what hee wold ;  
then went he his way full right  
508 when he had sought & cold not find ;  
ffull gentlye he did his kind,  
speed better when he might.
- cannot find  
what he  
seeks,  
and goes  
back to Sir  
Roger's  
grave.  
512 the grayhound ran forth his way  
till he came where his *Master Lay*,  
as fast as euer he mought.  
516 the king marueiled at *that* deed,  
from whence he went, & whither he yeed,  
or who him thither brought.
- Arradas  
thinks he  
has seen the  
dog before.  
520 the *King* thought he had seene him ere,  
but he wist not well where,  
therfor he said right nought.  
soone he bethought him then  
*that* he did him erst ken,  
&<sup>2</sup> still stayd in *that* thought.
- Next day  
524 the other day, in the same wise,  
when the *King* shold from his meate rise,  
the Grayhound came in thoe ;  
all about there he sought,  
but the steward found he nought ;  
528 then againe he began to goe.
- the hound  
returns,  
but cannot  
find  
Marrock.  
532 the[n] sayd the *King* in *that* stond,  
“methinkes it is Sir Rogers hound  
*that* went forth with the Queene ;  
I trow they be come againe to this land.  
532 *Lords*, all this I vnderstand,  
it may right well soe bee ;
- Arradas says  
it is Sir  
Roger's dog,  
and perhaps  
the Queen  
has come  
back ;

<sup>1</sup> The first *e* is made over an *h* in the MS.—F.<sup>2</sup> sate styl in a.—Cop.

“ if *that* they be into this Land come,  
 536 we shall haue word therof soone  
     & within short space ;  
 for *neuer* since thé went I-wisse  
 I saw not the gray hound ere this ;  
 540 it is a marueilous case !

“ when he cometh againe, follow him,  
 fo[r] *euermore* he will run <sup>1</sup>  
     to his *Masters* dwelling place ;  
 544 run & goe, looke ye not spare,  
 till *that* yee come there  
     to Sir Rodger & my Queene.”

when the  
 dog comes  
 again, some  
 lords are to  
 follow him

to Sir Roger  
 and the  
 Queen.

then the 3<sup>d</sup> day, amonge them all  
 548 the grayhound came into the hall,  
     to meate ere thé were <sup>2</sup> sett.  
 Marrocke the steward was *within*,  
 the grayhound thought he wold not blin  
 552 till he with him had mett ;

Next day  
 the dog  
 comes again,

finds  
 Marrock,

he tooke the steward by the throte,  
 & assunder he it bote <sup>3</sup> ;  
     but then he wold not byde,  
 556 for to his graue he rann.  
 there follolwed him many a man,  
     some on horsse, some beside ;

and  
 bites him  
 through the  
 throat.

Men follow  
 the dog

& when he came where his *Master* was,  
 560 he Layd him downe beside the grasse  
     And barked at the men againe. [page 218]  
 there might noe man him from the place gett,  
 & yett with staues thé did him beate,  
 564 *that* he was almost slaine.

to Sir Roger's  
 grave,

which he will  
 not quit.

<sup>1</sup> renne.—Cop.

<sup>2</sup> werere, in the MS.—F.

<sup>3</sup> MS. *o* over a *y*.—F. The hovnd  
 wrekyd hys maystysr dethe.—Ca.



- They return, & when the men saw noe better boote,  
then the men yeed home on horsse & foote,  
with great wonder, I weene.
- and Arradas says that Marrock has slain Sir Roger. 568 the *King* said, "by gods paine,  
I trow Sir Marrocke hath Sir Rodger slaine,  
& with treason famed<sup>1</sup> my Queene.
- He orders a search for his corpse. 572 "goe yee & seeke there againe ;  
for the hounds *Master* there is slaine,  
some treason there hath beene."  
thither they went, soe god me saue,  
& found Sir Roger in his graue,
- They find the body, 576 for *that* was soone scene :
- and take it to Arradas, & there they looked him there vpon,  
for he was hole both flesh & bone,  
& to the court his body they brought.
- who weeps, 580 for when the *King* did him see,  
the teares ran downe from his eye,  
full sore itt him forethought.
- laments over Marrock's treachery, the grayhound<sup>2</sup> he wold not from his course<sup>3</sup> fare :  
584 then was the *King* cast in care,  
& said, "Marroccke hath done me teene ;  
slaine he hath a curteous *Knight*,  
& fained<sup>4</sup> my *Queene* with great vnright,  
588 as a traitor keene."
- and hanged. the *King* let draw anon-right  
the stewards bodye, *that* false *Knight*,  
with horsse through the towne ;  
592 then he hanged him on a tree,  
*that* all men might his body see,  
*that* he had done treason.

<sup>1</sup> defamed.—F. flemed.—Cop.<sup>2</sup> grehound.—Cop.<sup>3</sup> corse.—Cop.<sup>4</sup> for famed, defamed.—F. flemyd.  
—Ca. flemed.—Cop.

596	<p>Sir Rogers Body the next day  the <i>King</i> buried in good array,  with many a bold baron.<sup>1</sup></p>	<p>Sir Roger's  corpse is  buried,</p>
600	<p>the Grayhound was neuer away  by night nor yet by day,  but on the ground he did dye.  the <i>King</i> did send his messengere  in euerye place far &amp; neere  after the Queene to spye ;</p>	<p>and his  hound  dies.  Arradas tries  to get  tidings of  his Queen,</p>
604	<p>but for ought he cold enquire,  he cold of <i>that</i> Ladye nothing heare ;  therefore the <i>King</i> was sorrye.<sup>1</sup></p>	<p>but can hear  none.</p>
608	<p>the <i>King</i> sayd, "I trow noe reed,  for well I wott <i>that</i> shee is dead ;  for sorrowe now shall I dye !  alas, <i>that</i> euer shee from mee went !  this false steward hath me shent</p>	<p>He thinks  her dead,</p>
612	<p>throughe his false treacherye."</p>	
616	<p>this <i>King</i> liued in great sorrow  both euening &amp; morrow  till <i>that</i> hee were brought to ground.  he liued thus many a yeere  with mourning &amp; with euill cheere,  his sorrowes lasted long :</p>	<p>and liues in  sorrow  many years,</p>
620	<p>&amp; euer it did him great paine  when hee did thinke how Sir Roger was slaine,  &amp; how helped him his hound ;  &amp; of his <i>Queene</i> <i>that</i> was soe Mylde,  how shee went from him great with child ;</p>	<p>grieving  over Sir  Roger's  death  and his  pregnant  Queen's  banishment.</p>
624	<p>for woe then did hee sound.<sup>2</sup></p>	

<sup>1</sup> Percy marks the three last lines as separate stanzas, but I add them to those that precede them.—F.

<sup>2</sup> swoon.—F.

- He mourns  
 and is sad at heart.
- long time thus liued the *King*  
 in great sorrow & Mourning,  
 & oftentime did weepe ;  
 628 he tooke great thought more & more,  
 It made his hart verrye sore,  
 his sighs were sett soe deepe.
- Meantime  
 Triamore  
 is fourteen,
- now of the *King* wee will bline,  
 632 & of the Queene let vs begin,  
 & Sir <sup>1</sup> Tryamore ;  
 for when he was 14 yeere old,  
 there was noe man soe bold  
 636 durst doe him dishonor <sup>2</sup> ;
- strong,  
 and tall,
- and well-doing.
- in euerye time <sup>3</sup> both stout & stronge,  
 & in stature large & longe,  
 comlye of hye color ;  
 640 all *that euer* he dwelled amonge,  
 he neuer did none of them wronge,  
 the more *that* was his honor.
- The King of  
 Hungary  
 dies,
- leaving only  
 a daughter,  
 fair Helen,  
 of fourteen,
- 644 dyed the *King* of Hungarye <sup>4</sup>  
*that* was of great age I-wiss <sup>5</sup> ;  
 he had no heire his land to hold  
 but a daughter was 14 ycers old <sup>6</sup> ;  
 648 faire [*Hellen* <sup>7</sup>] shee named is.
- white as a  
 lily.
- shee was as white as lilye <sup>8</sup> flower,  
 & comely, of gay color,  
 the fairest of any towne or tower ;

<sup>1</sup> her sonne.—Cop.

<sup>2</sup> dysshonoure.—Cop.

<sup>3</sup> lymme.—Cop.

<sup>4</sup> Hungry.—Cop.

<sup>5</sup> The second *s* is made over an *e* in the MS.—F.

<sup>6</sup> of vij. yerys elde.—Ca.

<sup>7</sup> See l. 775. *Hellene*, l. 1587 below.—F. Her name *Helyne ys*.—Ca. *Elyne*.—Cop.

<sup>8</sup> The top of a long *s* whose bottom is marked through, is left in the MS. before the first *l*.—F.

652 shee was well shapen of foote & hand,  
 peere shee had none in noe land,  
 shee was soe fresh & soe amorous.

for when her father was dead,  
 656 great warr began to spread  
 in *that* land about ;  
 then the Ladyes councill gan her reade,  
 ‘gett her a lord her land to lead,  
 660 to rule the realme without doubt ;  
 some mightye prince *that* well might  
 rule her land with reason & right,  
*that* all men to him might Lout.’

Her land is  
 invaded ;

her councill  
 tell her to  
 marry a  
 lord to  
 protect her.

664 & when her councill had sayd soe,  
 for great need shee had therto,  
 shee graunted them without Lye :  
 the Lady said, “ I will not feare  
 668 but he [be] prince or princes peere,  
 & cheefe of all chivalrye.”

She consents,

therto shee did consent,  
 & gaue her Lords commandement  
 672 a great Iusting for to crye ;  
 & at the Iustine, shold soe bee,  
 what man *that* shold win the degree,<sup>1</sup>  
 shold win *that* Ladye trulye.

proclaims a  
 jousting,

the winner  
 at which  
 shall win her  
 too.

676 the day of Iusting then was sett,  
 halfe a yeere without lett,  
 without any more delay,  
 because thé might haue good space,  
 680 Lords, *knights*, dukes, in euerye place,  
 for to be there *that* day.

The day is  
 fixed.

<sup>1</sup> Fr. *degré*, a degree, ranke, or place of honour. Cotgrave.—F.

The best  
lords

Lords, the best in euerye Land,  
hard tell of *that* rydand,

prepare to  
contend.

684 & made them readye full gay ;  
of euerye land there was the best,<sup>1</sup>  
of the States *that* were honest <sup>2</sup>  
attyred <sup>3</sup> many a Lady gay.

Triamore  
hears of the  
jousting,  
and resolves  
to go to it,

688 great was *that* chiualrye  
*that* came *that* time to HUNGARYE,  
there for to Iust with might.  
at last TRIAMORE hard tyding  
692 that there shold be a Iusting ;  
thither wold he wend.

but he has no  
horse or  
arms.

if he wist *that* he might gaine  
with all his might, he wold be faine <sup>4</sup>  
696 *that* gay Ladye for to win ;  
hee had noe horsse nay noe other geere,  
Nor noe weapon with him to beare ;  
*that* brake his hart in twaine.

[page 220]

He asks Sir  
Bernard to  
lend him  
some,

700 he thought both euen & morrow  
where he might some armour borrowe,  
therof wold hee be faine.  
to Sir Barnard then he can wend,<sup>5</sup>  
704 *that* he wold armour lend <sup>6</sup>  
to iust against the knights amaine.<sup>7</sup>

and the  
knight tells  
him he  
knows no-  
thing about  
it.  
Triamore  
asks to  
be tried.

then said Sir Barnard, " what hast thou thought ?  
*pardew* ! of iusting thou canst nought !  
708 for yee bee not able wepon to weld."  
" Sir," said TRIAMORE, " what wott yee  
of what strenght *that* I bee  
till I haue assayd in feeld ? "

<sup>1</sup> bestee.—Cop.

<sup>2</sup> moost honasty.—Cop.

<sup>3</sup> dressed herself: parallel to l. 684.  
*States* may mean "nobles."—F.

<sup>4</sup> He wolde purvey hym fulle fayne.  
—Ca.

<sup>5</sup> mene.—Cop.

<sup>6</sup> lene.—Cop.

<sup>7</sup> of mayne.—Cop.

- 712 then Sir Barnard *that* was full hend,  
said, "TRIAMOR, if thou wilt wend,  
thou shalt lacke noe weed ;  
I will lend thee all my geere,  
716 horsse & harneis, sheild & spere,  
thou art nothing <sup>1</sup> to dread ;
- " alsoe thither *with* thee will I ryde,  
& euer nye be by thy side  
720 to helpe thee if thou haue need ;  
all things *that* thou wilt haue,  
gold & siluer, if thou wilt craue,  
thy Iourney for to speed."
- 724 then was TRIAMORE glad & light,  
& thanked Barnard *with* all his might  
of his great *proferinge*.  
*that* day the Iusting shold bee,  
728 TRIAMORE sett him on his knee  
& asked his mother blessinge.
- at home shee wold haue kept him faine ;  
but all her labor was in vaine,  
732 there might be noe letting.  
shee saw it wold noe better bee,  
her blessing shee gaue him verelye  
w[i]th full sore weepinge.
- 736 & when it was on the Morrow day,  
TRIAMORE was in good array,  
armed & well dight ;  
when he was sett on his steed,  
740 he was a man both <sup>2</sup> lenght & bread,<sup>3</sup>  
& goodlye in mans sight.

Sir Bernard  
then prom-  
ises to lend

him horse  
and arms,

go with him,

and provide  
him money.

On the day  
of the joust,  
Triamore  
asks his  
mother's  
blessing,

and she gives  
it him  
sorrowfully.

In the  
morning,  
Triamore

<sup>1</sup> nothenge.—Cop.

<sup>2</sup> in.—Cop.

<sup>3</sup> brede.—Cop.



starts with  
Sir Bernard.

then TRIAMORE to the feild can ryde,  
& Sir Barnard by his side ;

744 they were Iocund & light ;  
there was none in all the feild  
*that* was more seemlye vnder sheild ;  
he rode full like a knight.

Queen Helen  
of Hungary  
looks from a  
turret

748 then was the faire Lady sett  
full hye vppon a turrett,<sup>1</sup>  
for to behold *that* play ;

on the gay  
scene of

there was many a seemlye *Knight*,  
752 princes, Lords, & dukes of Might,  
themselues for to assay,

helmed  
knights.

with helme on their heads bright  
*that* all the feilds shone with light,

756 they were soe stout & gay :  
then Sir TRIAMORE & Sir BARNARD  
thé pressed them into the feild forward,<sup>2</sup>  
there durst noe man say nay.

Triamore

760 there was much price<sup>3</sup> & pride  
when euerye man to other can ryde,  
& lords of great renowne ;  
it beffell TRIAMORE *that* tyde  
764 for to be on his fathers side,  
the King of Arragon.

happens to  
choose his  
father, King  
Arradas's  
side.

A big Lom-  
bard lord  
rides forth ;

the first *that* rode forth certainlye  
was a great Lord of Lumbardy,  
768 a wonderfull bold Barron.

Triamore  
throws him,

TRIAMOR rode him againe :  
for all *that* lord had Might & maine,  
the child bare him downe.

[page 221]

<sup>1</sup> Hye up in a garet.—Ca.

<sup>2</sup> warde.—Cop.

<sup>3</sup> prees.—Cop.

- 772 <sup>1</sup> then cryed Sir Barnard with honor,  
 "A TRIAMOR, a TRIAMORE!"  
 for men shold him ken.  
 Mayd Hellen <sup>2</sup> that was soe mild,  
 776 more shee beheld TRIAMORE the child  
 then all the other men.
- then the *Kings* sonne of Nauarrne <sup>3</sup>  
 wold not his body warne <sup>4</sup>;  
 780 he pricked forth on the plaine.  
 then young Triamore that was stout,  
 turned himselfe round about,  
 & fast rode him againe;  
 charges him;
- 784 soe neither of them were to ground cast, <sup>5</sup>  
 they sate soe wonderous fast,  
 like men of much might.  
 then came forth a Bachelour, <sup>6</sup>  
 788 a prince proud without peere;  
 Sir Iames, forsooth, he hight;  
 Sir James of  
 Almaigne
- he was the Emperours sonne of Almaigne <sup>7</sup>;  
 he rode Sir TRIAMORE <sup>8</sup> againe,  
 792 with hard strenght to fight.  
 Sir Iames had such a stroake indeed  
 that he was tumbled from his steed;  
 then failed all his might.  
 796 there men might see swords brast,  
 helmes ne sheilds might not last;  
 & thus it dured till night;  
 The joust  
 lasts  
 till night.

<sup>1</sup> Ca. puts this stanza after the next.  
 —F.

<sup>2</sup> Elyne.—Cop.

<sup>3</sup> Armony.—Ca. Nauerne.—Cop.

<sup>4</sup> A.-S. *warnian*, to take care of, beware.  
 —F.

<sup>5</sup> Ca. makes Triamore bear him down,  
 and transfers this to Sir James in  
 the next stanza.—F.

<sup>6</sup> batchelere.—Cop.

<sup>7</sup> Almaine.—Cop.

<sup>8</sup> ? MS. Triamoir.—F.

but when the sun drew neere<sup>1</sup> west,  
 800 and all the Lords went to rerst,  
       [Not so the maide Elyne.<sup>2</sup>]  
 Next day, the *Knights* attired them in good arraye,  
 on steeds great, with trappers<sup>3</sup> gaye,  
       before the sun can<sup>4</sup> shine ;

it begins  
 again, 804 then to the feeld thé pricked prest,  
       & euerye man thought himselfe best  
       [As the mayden faire they paste.<sup>2</sup>]  
 and the  
 knights  
 charge  
 fiercely. then they feirelye ran together,  
 great speres in peeces did shimmer,<sup>5</sup>  
 808 their timber might not last.

King  
 Arradas & at *that* time there did run<sup>6</sup>  
 the *King* Arradas of Arragon :  
       his sonne Triamore mett him in *that* tyde,  
 is thrown by  
 his son 812 & gaue his father such a rebound  
 Triamore, *that* harse & man fell to the ground,<sup>7</sup>  
       soe stoutlye gan he ryde.

who also  
 vanquishes  
 Sir James. then the next *Knight* *that* hee mett  
 816 was *Sir* Iames ; & such a stroake him sett  
       vpon the sheild ther on the plaine  
       *that* the blood brast out at his nose & eares,  
       his steed vnto the ground him beares ;  
 820 then was *Sir* Barnard faine.

Queen Helen  
 falls in love  
 with  
 Triamore. *that* Maid of great honor  
 sett her loue on younge TRIAMORE  
       *that* fought alwayes as a feirce<sup>8</sup> Lyon.

<sup>1</sup> ferre.—Cop.<sup>2</sup> This line is from Copland's text.—H.<sup>3</sup> The trappings of horses. Halliwell.—F.<sup>4</sup> gan.—Cop.<sup>5</sup> shyuer.—Cop.<sup>6</sup> dyde ronne.—Cop.<sup>7</sup> Tryamore must be supposed to have changed since the first day, when he

was on his father's side: see l. 763. In l. 920, Arradas is accused of killing the Emperor's son, whom Triamore slays (l. 860-1), but he (Arradas) declares he had nothing to do with it, l. 974-9. He only rescues his son from the Emperor's men, l. 866-7.—F.

<sup>8</sup> fyers.—Cop.

- 824 speres *that* day many were spent,  
 & with swords there was many a stripe lent,  
 till the[re] failed light of the sunn.
- on the Morrow all they were faine  
 828 for to come into the feild againe  
 with great spere & sheild.  
 then the Duke of Sinille, Sir Phylar,<sup>1</sup>  
*that* was a doughtye knight in euerye warr,  
 832 he rode first into the feild ;
- & Triamore tooke his spere,  
 against the Duke he can it beare,  
 & smote him in the sheild ;  
 836 a-sunder in 2 peeces it went ;  
 & then many a louelye Lady gent,  
 full well they him beheld.
- then came forth a *Knight that* hight Terrey,  
 840 hee was a great *Lord* of Surrey,<sup>2</sup> [page 222]  
 he thought Noble TRIAMORE to assayle ;  
 & TRIAMORE rode to him blithe  
 in all the strenght *that* he might driue,  
 844 he thought he wold not fayle ;
- he smote him soe in *that* stond  
*that* horsse & man fell to the ground,<sup>3</sup>  
 soe sore his stroke he sett.
- 848 then durst noe man att TRIAMORE [ride,<sup>4</sup>]  
 for fortune held all on his side  
 all those dayes 3.<sup>5</sup>

Next day

the Duke of  
Sevilleis charged  
by Triamore,and his  
shield split.Sir Terrey  
of Syria

charges

Triamore,

and gets  
thrown.No one else  
will try  
Triamore ;

<sup>1</sup> Syselle, sir Sywere.—Ca. Cycyll,  
sir Fylar.—Cop.

<sup>2</sup> The dewke of Lythyr, sir Tyrre.  
—Ca.

<sup>3</sup> . . . the dewke, bothe hors and man,  
Turnyd toppe ovyr tayle.—Ca.

<sup>4</sup> to Tryamoure ryde.—Cop.

<sup>5</sup> The Cambridge text makes Triamore

- but Sir James  
lies in wait for him,
- 852 Sir Iames, sonne vnto the Emperour,  
had enuye to Sir Triamore,  
and laid wait <sup>1</sup> for him priuilye.
- att the last TRIAMORE came ryding bye.  
Sir Iames said, "Triamore! thou shalt dye,  
856 for thou hast done me shame."  
he rode to Triamore with a spere,  
& thorrow <sup>2</sup> the thigh he can him beare;  
he had almost him slaine.
- and runs him through the thigh,
- for which Triamore kills him,
- 860 but Tryamore hitt him in <sup>3</sup> the head  
*that* he fell downe starke dead.  
then was all his men woe;  
then wold they haue slaine Tryamore  
864 without he had had great succour <sup>4</sup>;  
they purposed to doe soe.
- but is beset by his men.
- Arradas rescues Triamore,
- 868 with *that* came King Arradas <sup>5</sup> then,  
& reschued Tryamore with all his men,  
*that* stood in great doubt.
- and Sir Bernard
- takes him home.
- then Sir Barnard was full woe  
*that* Tryamore was hurt soe;  
then to his owne house he him brought.
- His mother
- 872 but when the Mother saw her sonns wound,  
shee fell downe for sorrow to the ground,  
& after a Leeche shee sent.
- sends for a doctor. The jousting knights ride to Queen Helen
- 876 of <sup>6</sup> this, all the Lords *that* were <sup>7</sup> Iustinge,  
to the pallace <sup>8</sup> made highinge,<sup>9</sup>  
& to *that* Ladye went.

serve "the dewke of Aymere" as he served Terrey, and shiver the shield and spear of James of Almayne, p. 28-9 Percy Soc. ed.—F.

<sup>1</sup> layde wayte.—Cop.

<sup>2</sup> throughe.—Cop.

<sup>3</sup> hytt hym on.—Cop.

<sup>4</sup> the greter socoure.—Cop.

<sup>5</sup> Arragus.—Cop.

<sup>6</sup> on *or* after.—F.

<sup>7</sup> was at.—Cop.

<sup>8</sup> pallayes.—Cop.

<sup>9</sup> hyenge.—Cop.

- truly, as the story sayes,  
 thé<sup>1</sup> pricked forth to the pallace  
 880 the Ladyes will to heare, to hear  
 Bachelours & *knights* prest,  
 that shee might choose of them the best whom she  
 which to her faynest were. will choose.
- 884 the Ladye beheld all *that* fayre Meanye,  
 but Tryamore shee cold not see :  
 tho chaunged all her cheere,  
 then<sup>2</sup> shee sayd "Lord, where is hee<sup>3</sup> She chooses  
 888 *that* euerye day wan the degree ? Triamore.  
 I chuse him to my peere.<sup>4</sup>" Where is he?
- al about<sup>5</sup> thé Tryamore sought ; He can't be  
 he was ryddn home ; thé found him nought ; found,
- 892 then was *that* Ladye woe.  
 the *Knights* were afore her brought,  
 & of respite shee them besought,  
 a yeare & noe more: so Helen  
asks for a  
year's delay.
- 896 shee said, "Lords, soe god me saue !  
 he *that* wan me, he shall me haue ;  
 ye wot well *that* my cry was soe."  
 thé all consented her vntill,
- 900 for shee<sup>6</sup> said Nothing ill,  
 thé said it shold be soe.
- for when they had all sayd,  
 then answered *that* fayre Mayd,  
 904 "I will haue none but Tryamore."  
 then all the *Lords that* were present she will have  
 tooke their Leaue, & home went ; none but  
 there wan thé litle honor. Triamore.

<sup>1</sup> they.—Cop.<sup>2</sup> Tho.—Cop.<sup>3</sup> he.—Cop.<sup>4</sup> fere.—Cop.<sup>5</sup> All aboute.—Cop.<sup>6</sup> had *inserted*.—Cop.



- Sir James's  
men carry  
his corpse
- 908 Sir Iames men were nothing faine  
because their *Master*, he was slaine,  
That was soe stout in stowre ; [page 223]  
in chaire his body thé Layd,
- to his father,  
the Emperour,
- 912 & led him home, as I haue sayd,  
vnto his father the Emperour ;
- & when *that* hee his sonne gan see,  
a sorrye man then was hee,
- and tell him  
that  
Triamore
- 916 & asked ' who had done *that* dishonor <sup>1</sup> ? '  
thé sayd " wee [ne] wott who it is I-wisse,<sup>2</sup>  
but *Sir* Tryamore he named is,  
soe thé called him <sup>3</sup> in the crye ;
- and Arradas  
killed his  
son.
- 920 " the *King* of Arragon alsoe,  
he helped thy <sup>4</sup> sonne to sloe,  
with all his companye."  
they said, " thé be good warryoirs ;
- 924 they byte <sup>5</sup> vs with sharpe showers <sup>6</sup>  
with great villanye.<sup>7</sup> "
- The Emperour  
vows  
revenge,
- " Alas ! " said the Emperour,  
" till I be reuenged on *that* traytour,
- 928 now shall I neuer cease !  
thé shall haue many a sharpe shower,  
both the *King* & Tryamore,  
they shall neuer haue peace ! "
- summons a  
host,
- 932 the Emperour sayd thé shold repent ;  
& after great companye he sent  
of princes bold in presse,  
Dukes, Earles, & lords of price.<sup>8</sup>
- and invades  
Arragon.
- 936 with a great armye, the Duke sayes,  
thé yeed to Arragon *without* lesse.

<sup>1</sup> dysshonour.—Cop.<sup>2</sup> has ywys.—Cop.<sup>3</sup> called thé him.—Cop.<sup>4</sup> MS. the.—F.<sup>5</sup> bete.—Cop.<sup>6</sup> shoutes.—Cop.<sup>7</sup> vilany.—Cop.<sup>8</sup> pryse.—Cop.

- King Arradas*<sup>1</sup> was a-dread<sup>2</sup>  
 for the Emperour such power had,  
 940 *that* battell hee wold him bid<sup>3</sup>;  
 he saw his land nye ouer-gon,  
 & to a castle hee fledd anon,  
 & victualls<sup>4</sup> it for dread.
- 944 <sup>5</sup> the Emperour was bold & stout,  
 & beseeged the castle about;  
 his<sup>6</sup> banner he began to spread,  
 & arrayd his host full well & wiselye,  
 948 with wepons strong & mightye  
 he thought to make them dread.
- the Emperour was bold & stout,  
 & beseeged the castle about,  
 952 & his banner he gan to spread;  
 he gaue assault<sup>7</sup> to the hold.  
*King Arradas* was stout & bold,  
 ordayned him full well.<sup>8</sup>
- 956 with gunes & great stones round  
 were throwne downe to the ground,  
 & on the men were cast;  
 they brake many backes & bones,  
 960 *that* they fought euerye[day<sup>9</sup>] ones  
 while 7 weekes did last.
- the Emperour was hurt ill therfore,  
 his men were hurt sore,  
 964 all his Ioy was past.

Arradas

takes refuge  
in his castle,where the  
Emperor  
besieges him,and assaults  
it.  
Arradasfires and  
hurls stoneson the  
besiegers.After seven  
weeks,<sup>1</sup> Aragus.—Cop.<sup>2</sup> a-dradde.—Cop.<sup>3</sup> bydde.—Cop.<sup>4</sup> vytaylled.—Cop. vetaylyd.—Ca.<sup>5</sup> This stanza, which seems superfluous, is not in the Cambridge text.—F.<sup>6</sup> A letter like *t*, seemingly blotched out, precedes *his* in the MS.—F.<sup>7</sup> assalte.—Cop.<sup>8</sup> And defendyd hym full faste.—Ca. And ordered it full welle. Rawlinson MS. (Percy Soc., p. 62).—F.<sup>9</sup> day.—Cop.

- Arradas *King Arradas thought full longe  
that hee was beseeged soe stronge,  
with soe much might & maine :*
- sends to 968 2 Lords forth a Message he sent,  
the Emperor & straight to the Emperour thé<sup>1</sup> went.  
soe when they cold him see,  
of peace<sup>2</sup> they can him pray,<sup>3</sup>  
972 to take truce<sup>4</sup> till a certaine day.  
thé kneeled downe on their knee,
- to say that he did not slay his son, & said, “our *King* sendeth word to thee  
*that he neuer your sonne did slay,*<sup>5</sup>  
976 soe he wold quitt him faine ;  
he was not then present,  
nor did noe wise<sup>6</sup> consent  
*that your sonne was slaine.*  
980 That [he] will proue, if you will soe, [page 224  
your selfe and he betweene you tow,  
if you will it sayne ;
- and to propose a settlement of their quarrel by single combat ; “or else take *your* selfe a *Knight*,  
984 & he will gett another to fight  
on a certaine day :  
if the Emperor’s knight wins if *that your Knight* hap soe  
ours for to discomfort or sloe,  
988 as by fortune itt may,  
our *King* then will doe *your* will,  
Arradas will give in ; be att *your* bidding lowde & still  
without more delay ;
- if Arradas’s knight wins, 992 “ & alsoe if it you betyde  
*that your knight* on *your* syde  
be slaine by Mischance,

<sup>1</sup> y<sup>r</sup>.—Cop.<sup>2</sup> peas.—Cop.<sup>4</sup> treues.—Cop.<sup>3</sup> Only the long part of the *y* is in the MS.—F.<sup>5</sup> sle.—Cop.<sup>6</sup> noe wise did.—Cop.

- My Lord shall make *your* warr to cease,<sup>1</sup>  
 [and we shall after be at pease,<sup>2</sup>]  
 996 without any distance.<sup>3</sup>”
- the Emperour said <sup>4</sup> without fayle  
 “sett a day of Battell  
 by assent of the *King* of france;”  
 1000 for he had a great Campiowne,<sup>5</sup>  
 in euerye realme he wan <sup>6</sup> renowne;  
 soe the Emperour ceased his distance.
- when peace was made, & truce came,<sup>7</sup>  
 1004 then *King* Arradas were <sup>8</sup> a Ioyfull man,  
 & trusted vnto Tryamore.  
 Soe after him he went without fayle,  
 for to doe the great battelle  
 1008 to his helpe & succour.
- his Messengers were come & gone,  
 tydings of him hard <sup>9</sup> thé none.  
 the *King* Arradas thought him long,  
 1012 “& he be dead, I may say alas!  
 who shall then fight with Marradais  
 that is soe stout & stronge?”
- when Tryamore was whole <sup>10</sup> & sound,  
 1016 & well healed of his wound,  
 he busked him for to fare;

the Emperor  
shall stop  
his siege.

The  
Emperor  
agrees,

as he has a  
famous  
champion.

Arradas

sends for  
Triamore  
to fight for  
him,

but can hear  
no tidings of  
him.

Triamore  
gets well,

<sup>1</sup> sease.—Cop.

<sup>2</sup> This line is from Copland's text.—H.

He preyeth yow that ye wyll cese,  
And let owre londys be in pees.—Ca.

<sup>3</sup> “Dystaunce, *supra in Debate vel Dyscorde (discidia).*” Promptorium.  
Fr. *distance*, difference. Cotgrave.—F.

<sup>4</sup> We keep the *said* of the MS., though

it is not wanted, and the Cambridge text  
has not got it.—F.

<sup>5</sup> Champion. MS. *campanye*.—F.  
Company.—Cop.

<sup>6</sup> the.—Cop.

<sup>7</sup> treues tane.—Cop.

<sup>8</sup> was.—Cop.

<sup>9</sup> herde.—Cop.

<sup>10</sup> hole.—Cop.

- and asks his  
mother who  
his father is.
- 1020 he sayd, "mother," with mild cheere,  
" & I wist what my father were,  
the lesse were my care."
- His mother  
will not tell  
him till he  
marries,
- 1024 "sonne," shee said, "thou shalt witt;  
when <sup>1</sup> thou hast Married *that* Ladye sweet,  
thy father thou shalt ken."  
"mother," he said, "if you will [soe,<sup>2</sup>]  
haue good day, for now I goe  
to doe my Masteryes if I can.<sup>3</sup>"
- so he starts  
for Arragon.
- 1028 then rode he ouer dale & downe  
vntill he came to Arragon,  
ouer many a weary way.  
aduentures many him befell,  
& all he scaped full well,  
1032 in all his great Iourney.
- On his way
- he sets his  
greyhounds  
at a hart,
- 1036 he saw many a wild beast  
both in heath & in forrest;  
he had good grey-hounds 3;  
then to a hart he let them run  
till 14 fosters spyed him soone,  
soe threatened him greatlye;
- and is  
attacked by  
fourteen  
foresters.
- 1040 they yeede to him with weapons on euerye side;  
it was noe boote to bid them byde;  
Tryamore was loth to flye,  
& said vnto them, "Lords, I you pray,  
lett me in peace wend my way  
1044 to seeke my grayhounds 3."
- Triamore  
tries to  
pacify them,
- offers them  
all his  
money.
- then said Tryamore as in this time,  
"gold & siluer, take all mine  
if <sup>4</sup> *that* I haue tresspassed ought."

<sup>1</sup> Whan.—Cop.<sup>2</sup> soo.—Ca.<sup>3</sup> and speke wyth my lemman.—Ca.<sup>4</sup> Of.—Cop.

- 1048 Thé said, "wee will meete with thy anon, [page 225] They refuse  
there shall noe gold borrow thee soone,<sup>1</sup> it,  
but in prison thou shalt be brought, and threaten  
Such is the law of the ground ;<sup>2</sup> to prison  
him.
- 1052 Whosoever therin may be found,  
other way goe thé nought."
- then Sir Tryamore was full woe  
*that* to prison he shold goe ; Triamore
- 1056 hee thought the flesh to deare bought.  
there was no more to say,  
the fosters att him gan lay  
with strokes sterne and stout. is attacked  
by the  
foresters,
- 1060 there Tryamore with them fought ;  
some to the ground be brought ;  
he made them lowe to looke ; and soon  
discomfits  
them,
- 1064 the other fled fast away  
with wounds wyde *that* they sought.<sup>3</sup>
- Tryamore sought & found<sup>4</sup> his gray-hounds ;  
he hear[k]ned to their yerning<sup>5</sup> sounds,  
1068 & thought not for to leaue them soe.  
at last he came to a water side ;  
there he saw the beast abyde  
*that* had slaine 2 of his grayhounds ; slain by a  
hart,
- 1072 the 3<sup>d</sup> full sore troubled the hind,  
& he hurt him with his trinde<sup>6</sup> ;  
then was Tryamore woe. and the other  
wounded.
- 1076 the hart wold the hound beguile,<sup>7</sup>  
& take his life for euermore.

<sup>1</sup> ? MS.: it may be meant for *frome* ;  
but one stroke of the *m* is missing.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Ca. has "ye must lese yowre ryght  
honde."—F.

<sup>3</sup> ? tooke.—F.

<sup>4</sup> rod and sought.—Cop.

<sup>5</sup> ? running.—F.

<sup>6</sup> One stroke of the *n* is wanting in the  
MS. Ca. has *Tyndys*, branches of the  
antlers.—F.

<sup>7</sup> begyle.—Cop.



- Triamore  
kills the  
deer,  
blows his  
horn,  
  
and king  
Arradas  
hears it.
- 1080 Tryamore smote att the deere,  
and <sup>1</sup> to the hart went the spere ;  
then his horne he blew full sore.  
the *King* Lay there beside  
at Mannour <sup>2</sup> *that* same tide ;  
he hard a horne blowe ;
- 1084 they had great wonder in hall,  
both *Knights*, Squiers, <sup>3</sup> & all,  
for noe man cold it know.  
with *that* ran in a foster
- A forester  
runs in,
- 1088 into the hall with euill cheere,  
& was full sorry, I trow.
- tells the king  
that his  
keepers have  
been slain  
by the  
knight
- 1092 the *King* of tydings gan him fraine ;  
he answered, “ *Sir King*, your Keepers be slaine,  
and lye dead on a rowe.  
there came a *knight that* was mightye,  
he let 3 grayhounds *that* were wightye,  
& laid my fellowes full lowe :”
- 1096 he sayd, it was full true  
*that* the same *that* the horne blew  
*that* all this sorrow hath wrought.
- that blew  
the horn.
- Arradas says  
he wants  
such a man,
- 1100 King Arradas said then,  
“ I haue great need of such of a man ;  
god hath him hither brought.”
- and tells  
three knights  
to fetch him.
- 1104 the *King* commanded *Knights* 3,  
he said, “ goe <sup>4</sup> feitch yond gentleman to me  
*that* is now at his play ;  
looke noe ill words with him yee breake,  
but pray him with me for to speake ;  
I trow he will not say nay.”

<sup>1</sup> One stroke of the *n* missing in the MS.—F.

<sup>2</sup> maner.—Cop.

<sup>3</sup> Squiers, knights.—Cop.

<sup>4</sup> MS. god.—F.

- 1108 Euerye knight his steed hent,  
& lightlye to the wood<sup>1</sup> thé went  
to seeke Tryamore *that* child.  
thé found him by a water side
- 1112 where he brake the beast<sup>2</sup> *that* tyde,  
*that* hart *that* was soe wylde.
- thé said, "Sir! god be at *your* game!"  
he answered them euen the same;
- 1116 then was he frayd of guile.  
"Sir *Knight!*" they said, "is itt *your* will  
to come & speake our *King* vntill  
with word[e]s meeke & mylde?" [page 226]
- 1120 Tryamore asked shortlye,<sup>3</sup>  
"what hight *your King*, tell yee mee,  
*that* is lord<sup>4</sup> of this land?"  
"this Land hight Arragon,
- 1124 & our *King*, Arradas, with crowne;  
his place his heire att hand."
- Tryamore went vnto the K[ing,]  
& he was glad of his cominge,
- 1128 he knew him att first sight;  
the *King* tooke him by the hand,  
& said, "welcome into this land!"  
& asked<sup>5</sup> him what he hight.
- 1132 "Sir, my name is Tryamore;  
once you helpt me in a stowre  
as a noble man of might;  
& now I am here in thy Land;
- 1136 soe was I neuer erst, as I vnderstand,  
by god full of might."

The knights

find  
Triamore,

salute him,

and ask if he  
will come to  
their king,Arradas of  
Arragon.Triamore  
comes,Arradas  
welcomes  
him,and  
Triamore  
tells him  
who he is.<sup>1</sup> wodde.—Cop.<sup>2</sup> The top of some letter over the *a* is marked out in the MS. *brake* means "cut up."—F.<sup>3</sup> shortly.—Cop.<sup>4</sup> There is a round blot like an *o* after the *r* in the MS.—F.<sup>5</sup> axet.—Cop.

- Arradas  
is very glad,
- 1140 when the *King* wist it was hee,  
his hart reioiced greatlye ;  
3 times he did downe fall,  
& [said] “ Tryamore, welcome to me !  
great sorrowe & care I haue had <sup>1</sup> for thee ;”  
and he told him al ;
- and tells  
Triamore
- of the day  
set for the  
fight with the  
Emperor's  
champion.
- 1144 “ with the Emperour I <sup>2</sup> tooke a day  
[to] defend me if *that* I may ;  
to Iesu I will call ;  
for I neuer his sonne slew ;
- 1148 god he knoweth I speake but true,  
& helpe me I trust he shall ! ”
- then said Tryamore thoe, [“ I am fulle woe<sup>3</sup>]  
*that* you for me haue beene greeued soe,
- 1152 if I might it amend ;  
& att the day of battell  
I trust to proue <sup>4</sup> my might as <sup>5</sup> well,  
if god will grace me send.”
- Triamore  
agrees to  
fight for  
Arradas,
- of which the  
latter is  
glad.
- 1156 then was *King* Arradas very glad,  
and of Marradas was not adread :  
when he to the batteile shold wend,  
he ioyed <sup>6</sup> *that* he shold well speed,
- 1160 for Tryamore was worry <sup>7</sup> at neede  
against his enemye to defend.
- there Tryamore dwelled with the *King*  
many a weeke without lettynge ;
- 1164 he lacked right nought.  
& when the day of battayle was came,  
the Emperour with his men hasted full soone,  
& manye wonder thought ;
- On the day  
fixed, the  
Emperor

<sup>1</sup> Cop. omits *had*.—H.<sup>2</sup> MS. he.—F.<sup>3</sup> From Ca.—F.<sup>4</sup> proume, in the MS.—F.<sup>5</sup> This word is blotted in the MS.—F.<sup>6</sup> joyed.—Cop.<sup>7</sup> ware.—Cop.

- 1168 he brought thither both *King & Knight* ;  
 & *Marradas*, *that* was of might,  
 to batteille he him brought.  
 there was many a seemelye man,  
 1172 moe then I tell you can ;  
 of them all he ne wrought.
- both *partyes that* ilke day  
 into the feeld tooke the way,  
 1176 they were already <sup>1</sup> dight.  
 the *King* there kissed Tryamore,  
 & sayd, "I make thee mine [*heyre* <sup>2</sup>] this hower,  
 & dubb thee a *knight*."
- 1180 "Sir," said Tryamore, "take no dread ;  
 I trust Iesus will me speede,  
 for you be in the right ;  
 therfore through gods grace  
 1184 I will fight for you in this place  
 with the helpe of our Lords might !"
- both *partyes* were full swore  
 to hold the *promise that* was made before ;  
 1188 to Iesus can hee <sup>3</sup> call.  
*Sir Tryamore & Sir Marradas*  
 both well armed was  
 amonge the Lords all ;
- 1192 eche of them were sett on steede ;  
 all men of Tryamore had dreede,  
*that* was soe hind in all.<sup>4</sup>  
*Marradas* was stiffe & sure,<sup>5</sup>  
 1196 their <sup>6</sup> might noe man his stroake endure,  
 But *that* he made them fall.
- [page 227]

brings his  
champion,  
Marradas ;

the King  
brings

Triamore,

who trusts  
in Christ's  
help.

Both parties  
swear to  
abide by the  
result.

Triamore

and  
Marradas

<sup>1</sup> al redy.—Cop.

<sup>2</sup> heyre.—Cop.

<sup>3</sup> they.—Cop.

<sup>4</sup> Ther was none so hynde in halle.—Ca.

<sup>5</sup> so styff in stoure.—Ca.

<sup>6</sup> then.—Ca.

- charge, then rode they together<sup>1</sup> full right ;  
with sharpe speres & swords bright
- 1200 they smote together sore ;  
break their spears and shields,  
thé spent speres & brake sheelds,  
thé busled<sup>2</sup> fowle in midstest the feelds,  
either fomed as doth a bore.
- 1204 all thé<sup>3</sup> wondred *that* beheld  
and fight marvel-  
lously.  
how thé fought in the feeld ;  
there was but a liffe.<sup>4</sup>  
Marradas fared fyer<sup>5</sup> wood
- 1208 because Tryamore soe long stood ;  
sore gan hee smite.  
Sir Tryamore fayled of Marradas,  
that sword lighted vpon his horsse,
- 1212 the sword to ground gan light.  
Marradas said, "it is great shame  
on a steed to wreake his game !  
thou sholdest rather smite mee !"
- 1216 Tryamore swore, "by gods might  
I had leuer it had on thee light !  
then I wold not be sorye<sup>6</sup> ;
- and then offers him his own.  
"but here I giue thee steede mine  
1220 because I haue slaine thine ;  
by my will it shalbe soe."
- Marradas refuses it.  
Marradas sayd, "I will [him] nought  
till I haue him with stroakes bought,"  
1224 [and won him from my foe.<sup>7</sup>]
- & Tryamore lighted from his horsse,  
& to Marradas straight he goes,  
Both alight for both on foote they did light.

<sup>1</sup> the longer.—Cop.<sup>2</sup> poused.—Cop.<sup>3</sup> they.—Cop.<sup>4</sup> ? a life to be lost.—F. lyte (little).  
—Cop.<sup>5</sup> fare.—Cop.<sup>6</sup> sore.—Cop.<sup>7</sup> ? ; a line is wanting in the MS. Cop.  
has "And wonne hym here in fyght."  
—F.

- 1228 Sir Tryamore spared him nought,  
 [But evyr in his hert he thoght <sup>1</sup>]  
 “this day was I made a *Knicht!*”
- & thought *that* hee himselfe wold be slaine soone,  
 1232 “or else of him I will win my shoone <sup>2</sup>  
 throughe gods might.”  
 thé laid eche at other with good will  
 with sharpe swords made of steele ;  
 1236 *that* saw <sup>3</sup> many a knight.
- great wonder it was to behold  
 the stroakes *that* was betwixt them soe bold ;  
 all men might it see.  
 1240 thé were weary, & had soe greatlye bled ;  
 Marradas was sore adread,  
 he fainted then greatlye ;
- & *that* Tryamore lightlye beheld,  
 1244 & fought feerclye in the feeld ;  
 he stroke Marradas soe sore  
*that* the sword through the body ran.  
 then was the Emperour a sorry man ;  
 1248 he made thenn peace for euer-more ;
- he kissed the *King*, & was his freind,  
 & tooke his leauee homewards to wend ;  
 noe longer there dwell wold hee.  
 1252 then *King* Arradas & Tryamore  
 went to the palace with great honor,  
 into *that* rych citye.  
 there was ioy without care,  
 1256 & all they had great welfare,  
 there might no better bee ;

and fight on  
foot

fiercely.

Marradas  
grows faint.Triamore  
kills him.  
The  
Emperorkisses  
Arradas,  
and goes  
home.Arradas and  
Triamore  
return  
to the city,<sup>1</sup> From Ca.—F. euer in hys herte he thought.—Cop.<sup>2</sup> See p. 77, l. 504.<sup>3</sup> sauce.—Cop.



- hunt, ride,  
 and enjoy  
 themselves.
- 1260      they hunted & rode many a where,  
 full great pleasure they had there.  
           among the knights of price  
 the *King* profered him full fayre,  
 & sayd, "Tryamore, Ile make thee mine heyre,  
           for thou art strong & wise."
- Arradas  
 offers to  
 make  
 Triamore his  
 heir,
- but Triamore  
 declines, and
- 1264      *Sir* Tryamore said, "*Sir*, trulye  
 into other countrys goe will I ;  
           I desire of you but a steed,  
 & to other lands will I goe  
 some great aduentures for to doe,  
 1268      thus will I my liffe lead."  
 the *King* was verry sorry tho ;  
 when *that* hee wold from him goe,  
 Arradas  
 gives him
- 1272      he gaue him a sure weede,<sup>1</sup>  
           & plenty of siluer & gold,  
           & a steed as hee wold,  
           *that* nothing wold feare.  
 1276      hee tooke his leaue of the *King*,  
 And mourned at his departing,  
           then hasted he him there ;
- money  
 and a fearless  
 steed,
- and promises  
 him all
- 1280      the *King* sayd, "Tryamor! *that*<sup>2</sup> is mine,  
 when thou list it shall be thine,  
           all my kingdome lesse & more."  
 his realm.  
 Triamore
- 1284      Now is Tryamore forth goe ;  
 Lords & ladyes were full woe,<sup>3</sup>  
           euerye man loued him there.
- rides to  
 Hungary.
- Tryamore rode in hast trulye  
 into the Land of Hungarye,  
           aduentures for to seeke.<sup>4</sup>

[page 228]

<sup>1</sup> *steede* is marked out in the MS.—F.<sup>2</sup> whatever, all that.—F.<sup>3</sup> for him were woe.—Cop.<sup>4</sup> The Cambridge text sends him generally everywhere before going to Hungary.—F.

- 1288 betweene 2 mountaines, the sooth to say,  
 he rode forth on his way ;  
     with a palmer he did meete ;
- he asked almes for gods sake,  
 1292 & Tryamore him not forgate,  
     he gaue him with words sweete.  
 the palmer said, “ turne yee againe,  
 or else I feare you wilbe slaine ;
- 1296 you may not passe but you be beat.”
- Tryamore asked “ why soe ? ”  
 “ Sir,” he said, “ there be brethren towe  
     that on the mountaine dwells.”
- 1300 “ faith,” said Tryamore, “ if there be no more,  
 I trust in god that way to goe,  
     if this be true that thou tells.”
- he bade the palmer good day,  
 1304 & rode forth on his way  
     ouer heath & feelds ;
- the palmer prayed to him full fast,  
 Tryamore was not agast,  
 1308 he blew his horne full shrill.  
 he had not rydden but a while,  
 not the Mountenance of a mile,  
     2 knights he saw on a hill :
- 1312 the one of them to him gan ryde,  
 they other still gan abyde  
     a litle there beside.  
 & when thé did Tryamore spye,
- 1316 thé said, “ turne thee traytor,<sup>1</sup> or thou shalt dye,  
 therefore stand & abyde ! ”

On his road  
a palmer

warns him  
to turn back

for fear of  
two brothers  
there.

Triamore  
rides on,

and soon  
meets

two knights,

who order  
him to go  
back.

<sup>1</sup> traytor turne.—Cop.

- One charges  
him,
- 1320      either againe other <sup>1</sup> gan ryd fast,  
theire strokes mad their speres to brast,  
            & made them wounds full wyde.
- the other
- the other *knight that* honed <sup>2</sup> soe,  
wondred *that* Tryamore dared soe :  
            he rode to them *that* tyde
- separates  
them,
- 1324      & departed them in twaine,  
            & to speake fayre he began to fraine  
            with words *that* sounded well :
- asks  
Triamore  
his name,
- 1328      to Tryamore he <sup>3</sup> sayd anon,  
            “ a doughtyer *Knight* I neuer saw none ! <sup>4</sup>  
            thy name *that* thou vs tell.”  
Tryamore said, “ first will I wett  
why *that* you doe keepe this street,  
1332      & where *that* you doe dwell.”
- and says  
that their  
brother  
Marradas
- thé said, “ wee had a brother hight Marradas,  
with the Emperour forsooth he was,  
            a stronge man well I-know. <sup>5</sup>
- 1336      in Arragon, before the Emperour,  
was slain by  
one  
Triamore,
- a *knight* called Sir Tryamore  
            in battel there him slew <sup>6</sup> ;
- and their  
elder brother  
Burlong
- 1340      “ & alsoe wee say another,  
            Burlong <sup>7</sup> our elder brother,  
            as a man of much might ;  
he hath beseeged soothlye  
the *Kings* daughter of HUNGARYE ;  
1344      to wed her he hath height ;

<sup>1</sup> other than.—Cop. *ryd* has a tag at the end.—F.

<sup>2</sup> hoved, *i.e.* hovered on the hill, qu.—P. *hoved* is common in the sense of halted.—F.

<sup>3</sup> they.—Cop.

<sup>4</sup> so doughty a knight knowe I none.—Cop.

<sup>5</sup> y-nough (enough).—Ca.

<sup>6</sup> There is something like another *e* before the *w* in the MS.—F.

<sup>7</sup> Burlonde.—Ca.

- “ & soe well hee hath sped  
*that* hee shall *that* Lady wedd  
 but shee may find a *Knicht*  
 1348 *that* BURLONGE ouercome may ;  
 to *that* they haue tooke a day,  
 wage battel & fight ;
- “ for *that* same Tryamore  
 1352 loued *that* Ladye paramoure,  
 as it is before told ;  
 if he will to Hungarye,  
 needs must he come vs by ;  
 1356 to meete with him wee wold.”
- Tryamore said, “ I say not nay,  
 but my name I will tell this day,  
 in faith I will not Laine :  
 1360 thinke *your* Iourney well besett,  
 for with Tryamore you haue mett  
*that your* brother hath slaine.”
- “ welcome ! ” thé said, “ Tryamore !  
 1364 his death shalt thou repent sore ;  
 thy sorrow shall begin.  
 yeeld thee to vs anon,  
 for thou shalt not from vs gone  
 1368 by noe manner of gin.<sup>1</sup> ”
- thé smote feircly att him tho,  
 & Tryamore against them 2  
 without more delay.  
 1372 Sir Tryamore proued him full prest,  
 he brake their spere on their brest,  
 hee had such assay ;

is to wed  
Queen Helen  
of Hungary  
unless she  
can find a  
knight to  
beat him,

and she is  
Triamore's  
love.

[page 229]

They'd like  
to catch him.

Triamore  
says

“ here he is.”

They call on  
him to yield.

He fights  
them,

<sup>1</sup> gynne.—Cop. wile.—F.

- they split  
his shield  
and kill his  
horse,  
1376 his sheeld was broken in peeces 3,  
his horsse was smitten on his knee,  
soe hard att him thé thrust.<sup>1</sup>  
Sir Tryamore was then right wood,  
& slew the one there as he stood
- but he slays  
one of them.  
1380 with his sword full prest.
- The other  
1384 *that* other rode his way,  
his hart was in great affray,  
yet he turned againe *that* tide,—  
when Tryamore had slaine his brother,  
a sorry man then was the other,—  
& straight againe to him did rydde ;
- rides at him,  
1388 then they 2 sore foughte  
*that* the other to the ground was brought  
then were thé both slaine.
- but Tri-  
more kills  
him too.  
1392 tho the Ladye on Tryamore thought,  
for of him shee knew right nought,  
shee wist not what to say.
- Helen  
wonders  
where  
Triamore is.  
1392 the day was come *that* was sett,  
the Lords assembled without lett,  
all in good array.
- The day to  
win her is  
come ;  
1396 Burlonge was redye dight,  
he bade the Lady send the *Knight*.  
shee answered “ I ne may : ”  
for in *that* castle shee had hight
- Burlong  
calls for her  
knight.  
1400 to keepe her with all her might,  
as the story doth say.
- She has  
none.  
1404 thé said, “ if Tryamore be alieue,  
hither<sup>2</sup> will hee come blithe ;  
god send vs good grace to speed ! ”

<sup>1</sup> thrust.—Cop.<sup>2</sup> MS. either.—F.

- with *that* came in Sir Tryamore  
in the thickest of *that* stower,  
into the feild without dread.
- 1408 he asked 'what all *that* did meane.'  
the people shewed *that* a battel there shold beene  
for the loue of *that* Ladye.  
he saw BURLONG on his steede,  
1412 & straight to him he yeede ;  
*that* Ladye challengeth hee.
- Burlong asked him if he wold fight.  
Tryamore said, "with all [my] might  
1416 to slay thee, or thou me."  
anon thé made them readye,  
& none there knew him sikerlye,  
thé wondred what he shold bee.
- 1420 high on a tower stood *that* good Ladye ;  
shee knew not what *Knigh*t verelye  
*that* with Burlong did fight.  
fast shee asked of her men  
1424 'if *that* *Knigh*t they cold ken  
*that* to battell was dight ;
- 'a griffon he beareth all of blew.'<sup>1</sup>  
a herald of armes soone him<sup>2</sup> knew,  
1428 & said anon-right,  
"Madame ! god hath sent you succor ;  
for yonder is Tryamore  
That with Burlong will fight."  
[page 230]
- 1432 to Iesus gan the Ladye pray  
for to speed him on his Iourney  
that hee about yeed.

But just  
then  
Triamore  
rides into  
the field,

goes straight  
to Burlong,

and says he'll  
fight him.

Helen  
does not  
know him ;

but a herald  
recognises  
his crest,

and tells her  
it is  
Triamore.

She prays for  
his success.

<sup>1</sup> A kreste he beryth in blewe.—Ca.

<sup>2</sup> Syr Barnarde.—Ca.



- Triamore  
and Burlong  
fight
- 1436 then those *Knights* ran together,  
the speres in peeces gan shiuer,  
thé fought full sore indeed ;
- for a long  
while,
- 1440 there was noe man in the feild tho  
who shold haue the better of them tow,  
soe mightilye they did them beare.  
the Battel lasted wonderous long ;  
though Burlong was neuer soe stronge,  
there found he his peere.
- till Triamore  
loses his  
sword.
- 1444 Tryamore a stroke to him mint,<sup>1</sup>  
his sword fell downe at *that* dint  
out of his hand him froe.  
then was Burlong verry <sup>2</sup> glad,  
1448 & the Ladye was verry sad,  
& many more full woe.
- He asks for  
it,  
and Burlong  
agrees to  
give it him  
if he'll tell  
his name.
- 1452 Tryamore asked his sword againe,  
but Burlong gan him fraine  
to know first his name ;  
& said, " tell me first what thou hight,  
& why thou challengeth the Ladye bright,  
then shalt thou haue thy sword againe."
- Triamore  
tells him.
- 1456 Tryamore sayd, " soe mote I thee,  
My name I will tell trulye,  
therof I will not doubt ;  
men call me Sir Tryamore,  
1460 I wan this Ladye in a stowre  
among Barrons stout."
- Burlong  
reproaches  
him with  
killing  
Marradas
- 1464 then said Burlong, " thou it was  
*that* slew my brother Marradas !  
a faire <sup>3</sup> hap thee befell !"

<sup>1</sup> mynt.—Cop. minded, meant, intended.—F.<sup>2</sup> wonder.—Cop. <sup>3</sup> ? fowle.—F.

Sir Tryamore sayd to him tho,  
 "soe haue I done thy Brethren 2  
*that* on the Mountaines did dwell."

1468 Burlong said, "woe may thou bee,  
 for thou hast slaine my brethren 3!  
 sorrow hast thou sought!

and his other  
 brothers,

thy sword getts thou neuer againe  
 1472 till I be avenged, & thou slaine;  
 now I am well bethought!"

and refuses  
 to let him  
 have his  
 sword.

Sir Tryamore sayd, "noe force<sup>1</sup> tho,  
 thou shalt repent it ere thou goe;  
 1476 doe forth! I dread thee nought!"

Burlong to smite was readye bowne,  
 his feete slipt,<sup>2</sup> & hee fell downe,  
 & Tryamore right well nought,<sup>3</sup>

Burlong  
 makes ready  
 to strike; his  
 foot slips,  
 and he falls.

1480 his sword lightlye he vp hent,  
 & to Burlonge fast he went;  
 for nothing wold he flee;

Triamore  
 gets his  
 sword again,

& as he wold haue risen againe,  
 1484 he smote his leggs euen in twaine  
 hard fast by the knee.

cuts big  
 Burlong off  
 at the knees,

Tryamore bade him "stand vpright,  
 & all men may see now in fight  
 1488 wee beene meete of a size."

to make him  
 his equal in  
 height,

Sir Tryamore suffered him  
 to take another weapon,  
 as a knight of much prize.

and lets him  
 get a sword.

1492 Burlong on his stumpes stood  
 as a man *that* was nye wood,  
 & fought wonderous hard.<sup>4</sup>

Burlong  
 fights well  
 on his  
 stumpes,

<sup>1</sup> matter.—F.

<sup>2</sup> his fote schett.—Ca.

<sup>3</sup> wylyly wrought.—Ca. wrought.—Cop.

<sup>4</sup> wonder faste.—Cop.

- 1496 & Sir Tryamore strake stroakes sure,  
for he cold well endure ;  
of him hee was not affrayd,
- but  
Triamore  
cuts his head  
off,  
1500 & vnder his ventale  
his head he smote of without fayle ;  
with *that* in peeces his sword brast.
- and goes to  
his love.  
1504 Now is Burlong slaine,  
& Triamore with maine  
into the Castle went,  
to the Ladye *that* was full bright ;  
Helen & att the gates shee mett the *Knight*,  
& in her armes shee him hent.
- welcomes  
him.  
1508 Shee said, " welcome *sir* Tryamore !  
for you haue bought my loue full deere,  
my hart is on you lent ! "
- The barons  
agree to hold  
their lands  
of him,  
1512 then said all the Barrons bold,  
" of him wee will our lands hold ; "  
& therto they did assent.
- and the  
wedding-day  
is fixed.  
1516 there is noe more to say,  
but they haue taken a certaine day  
*that* they both shalbe wed.  
Triamore  
sends for his  
mother,  
1520 *Sir* Tryamore for his mother sent,  
a Messenger for her went,  
& into the castle he[r] led.
- 1520 Tryamore to his mother gan saine,  
" my father I wold know faine,  
sith I haue soe well sped."
- and she  
tells him  
that King  
Arradas is  
his father,  
1524 shee said, " *King* Arraydas of Arragon,  
is thy father, & thou his owne sonne ;  
I was his wedded Queene ;

- “ a leasing was borne me in hand,<sup>1</sup>  
 & falsely fleamed me out of his land  
 by a traitor Keene,  
 1528 Sir Marrocke thé hight<sup>2</sup>: he did me woe,  
 & Sir Rodger my knight he did sloe,  
*that* my guide<sup>3</sup> shold haue beene.”
- & when *that* Tryamore all heard,<sup>4</sup>  
 1532 & how his mother shee had<sup>5</sup> sayd,  
 letters he made & wrought;  
 he prayd King Arradas to come him till,  
 if *that* it were his will,  
 1536 thus he him besought:
- ‘ if hee will come into HUNGARYE  
 for his Manhood & his Masterye,  
 & *that* he wold fayle in nought.’  
 1540 then was King Arradas verry glad;  
 the Messengers great guifts had  
 for they tydings *that* they brought.
- the day was come *that* was sett,  
 1544 the Lords came thither without let,  
 & ladyes of great pryde;  
 then wold they noe longer lett;  
 shortlye after<sup>6</sup> they are fett,  
 1548 with 2 dukes on euerye side;
- they lady to the church thé led;  
 a Bishopp them together did wed,  
 in full great hast thé hyed.  
 1552 soone after *that* weddinge  
 Sir Tryamore was crowned King,  
 they wold noe longer abyde.

that she was  
banished  
wrongfully,

through Sir  
Marrock.

Triamore

writes and  
begs  
Arradas

to come to  
Hungary.

On the  
wedding-  
day,

Queen Helen  
is married to  
Triamore,

who is then  
crowned  
king.

<sup>1</sup> forced on me.—F.

<sup>2</sup> ? the wight.—F.

<sup>3</sup> gyder.—Cop.

<sup>4</sup> herde.—Cop.

<sup>5</sup> to him.—Cop.

<sup>6</sup> after forthe.—Cop.

- the *Queene*, his mother *Margarett*,  
 1556 before the *King* shee was sett  
 in a goodlye cheare.<sup>1</sup>
- Arradas sees  
 Margarett,  
 1560 *King* Arradas beheld his *Queene*,  
 him thought *that* hee had her scene,  
 shee was a ladye fayre ;  
 the *King* said, "it is *your* will  
 and asks her  
 what her  
 name is. your name me for to tell,  
 I pray you with words fayre."
- She says she  
 was his  
 queen, and  
 Marroock  
 defamed her. 1564 "my Lord," sayd [she,] "I was *your* *Queene* ;  
 your steward did me ill <sup>2</sup> teene ;  
*that* euill might him befalle !"  
 the *King* spake noe more words
- After dinner 1568 till the clothes were drawen from the bords,  
 & men rose in the hall.  
 & by the hand he tooke the *Queene* gent ;  
 soe in the chamber forth he went,  
 she tells him  
 all her  
 history. 1572 & there shee told him all.
- They kiss,  
 and all  
 reioice. ' then was there great Ioy & blisse !  
 when they together gan kisse,  
 then all they companye made Ioy enough.  
 1576 the younge *Queene* [was] full glad  
*that* shee a *Kings* sonne to her Lord had,  
 shee was glad, I trowe ;
- Helen is  
 glad too,  
 1580 in Ioy together lead their liffe  
 all their dayes without striffe,  
 & liued many a fayre yeere.  
 Then king Arradas & his *Queene* [page 232]  
 had ioy enough them betweene,  
 1584 & merrilye <sup>3</sup> liued together.

<sup>1</sup> For the preceding half-stanza the  
 Cambridge text has a whole one :

Ye may welle wete certeynly  
 That there was a great mangery,  
 There as so many were mett :

*Q*wene Margaret began the deyse ;  
*K*ying Arduus wyth-owtyn lees,  
 Be hur was he sett.—F.

<sup>2</sup> mekyll.—Cop.

<sup>3</sup> merely.—Cop.

& thus wee leaue of Tryamore  
*that* liued long in great honor  
 with the fayre HELLENE.<sup>1</sup>

Good bye,  
 Triamore!

1588 I pray god giue their soules good rest,  
 & all *that* haue heard this litle Iest,<sup>2</sup>  
 highe heauen for to win!

god grant vs all to haue *that* grace,  
 1592 him for to see in the celestyall place!  
 I pray you all to say Amen!

God send all  
 my hearers  
 to heaven!  
 Amen!

ffins.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Elyne.—Cop.

<sup>2</sup> Gest. P.C.—P. gest.—Cop.

<sup>3</sup> Copland's colophon is, "¶ Im-

printed at London in Temes strete vpon  
 the thre Crane wharfe. By Wylyyam  
 Copland."—F.



Guye : & Amarant.<sup>1</sup>

[See the General Introduction to the Guy Poems, under *Guy & Colebrande* below.]

- Guy jour-  
neys in the  
Holy Land,
- GUYE : iourneyed ore the sanctified ground  
 wheras the Iewes fayre citye someti[me] stood,  
 wherin our saviours sacred head was crowned,  
 4 & where for sinfull man he shed his blood.  
 to see the sepulcher was his intent,  
 the tombe *that* Ioseph vnto Iesus lent.
- and meets  
a woeful  
man,
- whose fifteen  
sons are held  
in bondage  
by
- 8 With tedious miles he tyred his wearye feet,  
 & passed desarts places<sup>2</sup> full of danger;  
 att last with a most woefull wight did meet,  
 a man<sup>3</sup> *that* vnto sorrow was noe stranger,  
 for he had 15 sonnes made captiues all  
 12 to slauish<sup>4</sup> bondage, in extremest thrall.
- the giant  
Amarant.
- A gyant called Amarant detained them,  
 whom noe man durst encounter for his strenght,  
 who, in a castle *which* he held, had chained them.
- Guy under-  
takes to free  
them,
- 16 Guy questions w[h]ere,<sup>5</sup> & vnderstands at lenght  
 the place not farr. "lend me thy sword," quoth Guy ;  
 "Ile lend my manhood all thy sonnes to free."
- and knocks  
loudly at the  
giant's door.
- 20 With that he goes & layes vpon the dore  
 like one, he sayes, *that* must & will come in.  
 the Gyant, he was neere soe rowzed before,

<sup>1</sup> By the elegance of Language & easy Flow of *the* versification, this Poem *should* be more modern than the rest.—P. The first bombastic rhodomontade affair in the book. Certainly modern, and certainly bad, as bad as it well can be, if it was meant seriously. One is tempted in charity to think it a quiz of

the style it affects. Cp. st. 31, "but did not promise you they should be fatt." l. 186.—F.

<sup>2</sup> desart-p[laces].—P.  
<sup>3</sup> called Erle Jonas, p. 253 [of MS. torn out for *King Estmere*].—P.

<sup>4</sup> There are two strokes in MS. after the *u*, one is dotted.—F.

<sup>5</sup> where.—P.

- for noe such knocking at his gate had beene ;  
 soe takes his keyes & club, & goeth out,  
 24 Staring *with* irefull countenance about :  
 Amarant  
 comes forth,
- “ Sirra ! ” saies hee, “ what busines hast thou heere ?  
 art come to feast my crowes about the walls <sup>1</sup> ?  
 didst <sup>2</sup> neuer heare noe ransome cold him cleere  
 28 *that* in the compas of my furye falls <sup>3</sup> ?  
 for making me to take a porters paines,  
 with this same club I will dash out thy braines.”  
 and says  
 he'll dash  
 Guy's brains  
 out.
- “ Gyant,” saies Guy, “ your quarrelsome, I see ;  
 32 choller & you are something neere of Kin ;  
 dangerous at a club be-like you bee ;  
 I haue beene better armed, though now goe th[in.]  
 but shew thy vtmost hate, enlarge thy spite !  
 36 heere is the wepon *that* must doe me right.”  
 that his  
 sword will  
 right him,
- Soe takes his sword, salutes [him <sup>4</sup>] with the same  
 about the head, the shoulders, & the sides,  
 whilst his erected club doth death *proclaime*,  
 40 standing with huge Collossous spacious strydes,  
 putting such vigor to his knotted beame  
*that* like a furnace he did smoke extreme.  
 who strikes  
 fierce  
 strokes,
- But on the ground he spent his stroakes in vaine,  
 44 for Guy was nimble to avoyde them still,  
 & ere he cold recouers <sup>5</sup> clubb againe,  
 did beate his plated coate against his will :  
 att such aduantage Guy wold neuer fayle  
 48 to beate him soundly in his coate of Mayle.  
 which Guy  
 avoids,  
 and backs at  
 the giant.

<sup>1</sup> wall.—P.<sup>2</sup> ? MS. *didest* or the *e* has been altered into part of the *s*.—F.<sup>3</sup> fall.—P.<sup>4</sup> him *with*.—P.<sup>5</sup> There's an apostrophe in recent ink over the *s* in the MS.—F.

- Amarant  
grows faint,  
and asks  
Guy to let  
him drink at  
a spring.
- 52 Att last through strength, Amarant <sup>1</sup> feeble grew,  
& said to Guy, "as thou art of humane race,  
shew itt in this, giuee nature <sup>2</sup> wants her dew ;  
let me but goe & drinke in younder place ;  
thou canst not yeeld to <sup>3</sup> [me] a smaller thing  
then to grant life *thats* giuen by the spring."
- Guy gives  
him leave.
- 56 "I giue the leaue," sayes Guy, "goe drinke thy <sup>4</sup> last,  
to pledge the dragon & the savage beare, <sup>5</sup>  
suceed the tragedyes *that* they haue past ;  
but neuer thinke to drinke <sup>6</sup> cold water more <sup>7</sup> ;  
drinke deepe to death, & after *that* carrouse  
60 bid him receiue thee in his earthen house."
- Amarant  
drinks so  
greedily
- 64 Soe to the spring he goes, & slakes his thirst,  
takeing in <sup>8</sup> the water in, extremly like  
Some wracked shipp *that* on some rocke is burst, [p. 233]  
whose forced bulke against the stones doe stryke ;  
Scoping it in soe fast *with* both his hands  
*that* Guy, admiring, to behold him stands.
- that Guy  
wonders.
- He calls on  
Amarant to  
fight again.
- 68 "Come on," quoth Guy, "lets to our worke againe ;  
thou stayest about thy liquor ouer longe ;  
the fish *which* in the riuer doe remaine  
will want thereby ; thy <sup>9</sup> drinking doth them  
wrong ;  
but I will [have] their <sup>10</sup> satisfaction made ;  
72 with gyants blood thé must & shall be payd !"
- The giant
- "Villaine," quoth Amarant, "Ile crush thee straight !  
thy life shall pay thy daring touns offence !  
this club, *which* is about some hundred waight,

<sup>1</sup> the strength of A: or thro' lacke of strength he.—P. This circumstance seems borrowed from song 104. p. 349, [of MS. *Guy & Colebrande*].—P.

<sup>2</sup> An 's has been added by P. in the MS.—F.

<sup>3</sup> unto.—P.

<sup>4</sup> One stroke too many for *thy* in the MS.—F.

<sup>5</sup> boar. Qu.—P.

<sup>6</sup> Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.

<sup>7</sup> here, Qu., or mair.—P.

<sup>8</sup> delend.—P.

<sup>9</sup> MS. their.—F. thy.—P.

<sup>10</sup> have their.—P.

- 76 has deathes commission to dispacth <sup>1</sup> thee hence !  
 dresse thee for Rauens dyett, I must needs,  
 & breake thy bones as they were made of reeds ! ”
- Incensed much att <sup>2</sup> this bold Pagans bosts,  
 80 *which* worthy Guy cold ill endure to heare,  
 he hewes vpon those bigg supporting postes  
*which* like 2 pillars did his body beare.  
 Amarant for those wounds in choller growes,  
 84 & desperatelye att guy his club he throwes,
- Which* did directlye on his body light  
 soe heauy & soe weaghtye <sup>3</sup> there withall,  
*that* downe to ground on sudden came the *Knight* ;  
 88 & ere he cold recouer from his fall,  
 the gyant gott his club againe in his fist,  
 & stroke a blow *that* wonderfullye mist.
- “ Traytor ! ” quoth Guy, “ thy falshood Ile repay,  
 92 this coward art to intercept my bloode.”  
 sayes Amarant, “ Ile murther any way ;  
 with enemyes, all vantages are good ;  
 o ! cold I poyson in thy nostrills blowe,  
 96 be sure of it, I wold destroy the soe ! ”
- “ Its well,” said Guy, “ thy honest thoughts appear  
 within *that* beastlye bulke where devills dwell,  
*which* are thy tennants while thou liest heere,  
 100 but wilbe landlords when thou comest in hell.  
 Vile miscreant ! *prepare* thee for their den !  
 Inhumane monster, hurtfull vnto men !
- “ But breath thy selfe a time while I goe drinke,  
 104 for flameing Pheabus with his fyerye eye  
 torments me soe with burning heat, I thinke

says he'll  
break Guy's  
bones.

Guy hews  
away at  
Amarant's  
legs ;

he throws his  
club at Guy,

and knocks  
him down.

Guy re-  
proaches  
him for  
fighting  
unfairly,

and asks  
leave to  
drink.

<sup>1</sup> Here again is the *cth* for *tch*, noticed  
in vol. i. p. 23, note <sup>1</sup>.—F.

<sup>2</sup> MS. all.—F. att this.—P.

<sup>3</sup> weightye.—P.

my thirst wold serue to drinke an Ocean drye.  
forbear a litle, as I delt with thee."

108 Quoth Amarant, "thou hast noe foole of mee!

Amarant  
refuses: he  
is not such a  
fool

"Noe! sillye wretch! my father taught more  
how I shold vse such enemyes as thou.  
by all my gods! I doe reioyce at itt,

112 to vnderstand *that* thirst constraines thee now;  
for all the treasure that the world containes,  
one drop of water shall not coole thy vaynes.

as to refresh  
his foe.

"Releeue my foe! why, twere a madmans part!  
116 refresh an aduersarye, to my wronge!  
if thou imagine this, a child thou art.

no, fellow! I haue knowne the world to longe  
to be soe simple now I know thy want;

120 a Minutes space to thee I will not grant."

Amarant  
swings his  
club round,

And with these words, heauing a-loft his club  
into the ayre, he swings the same about,  
then shakes his lockes, & doth his temples rubb,  
124 & like the Cyclops in his pride doth strout<sup>1</sup>;  
"Sirra," said hee, "I haue you at a lifte;  
now you are come vnto *your* latest shift;

and promises  
to kill Guy

"Perish for euer with this stroke I send thee,  
128 a Medcine will doe thy thirst much good;  
take noe more care of drinke before I end thee,

and drink  
his blood.

& then weelle haue carowses of thy blood!  
heeres at thee with a buchers downe-right blow,

132 to please my fury with thine ouerthrow!"

Guy abuses  
the giant,

"Infe[r]nall, false, obdurat feend!" Guy said,<sup>2</sup>  
"that seemes a lumpe of crueltye from hell!  
ingratefull monster! since thou hast denyd<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Strowt yñ, or bocyn owte (bowtyn,  
S.) *Turgeo*, *Catholicon*, *Prompt.*—F.

<sup>2</sup> cryd; [or] perhaps, 'said Guy.'—P  
<sup>3</sup> dost deny.—P.

136 the thing to mee wherin I vsed thee [well,<sup>1</sup>]  
with more reuenge then ere my sword did make,  
On thy accursed head revenge Ile take! [page 234]

“Thy gyants longitude shall shorter shrinke,  
140 except thy sunscorcht skin doe weapon proue.<sup>2</sup> bids the  
farwell my thirst! I doe disdaine to drinke. streams keep  
streames, keepe you[r] waters to you[r] owne their waters  
behoues,<sup>3</sup> for them-  
or let wild beasts be welcome therunto; selves,  
144 with those pearle dropps I will not haue to doe.

“Hold, tyrant! take a tast of my good will;  
for thus I doe begin my bloodye bout;  
you cannot chuse but like the greeting ill,—  
148 it is not *that* same club will beare you out,— strikes  
& take this payment on thy shaggye crowne,” Amarant,  
a blow *that* brought him with a vengeance fetches him  
dow[ne]. down,

Then Guy sett foot vpon the monsters brest, cuts off his  
152 & from his shoulders did his head deuyde, head,  
*which* with a yawning mouth did gape vnblest,—  
noe dragons lawes were euer seene soe wyde  
to open & to shut,—till liffe was spent.  
156 soe Guy tooke Keyes, & to the castle went,

Where manye woefull captiues he did find, sets free his  
*which* had beene tyred with extremitye, captives,—  
whom he in ffreindly manner did vnbind,  
160 & reasoned with them of their miserye.  
eche told a tale with teares & sighes & cryes,  
all weeping to him with complainning eyes.

<sup>1</sup> well.—P.<sup>2</sup> be weapon-proof.—P.<sup>3</sup> behoof.—P.



- some, ladies  
164 There tender Laidyes in darke dungeon<sup>1</sup> lay,  
*that* were surprised in the desart wood,  
& had noe other dyett euerye day  
then flesh of humane creatures for their food ;  
who had  
been fed on  
their dead  
lovers and  
husbands,— 168 & in their wombes<sup>2</sup> their husbands buried.
- and the  
palmer's  
fifteen sons,  
Now he bethinkes him of his being there,  
to enlarge they<sup>3</sup> wronged Brethren from<sup>4</sup> their  
w[oes ;]  
& as he searcheth, doth great clamors heare ;  
172 by *which* sad sounds direction, on he goes  
vntill he findes a darkesome obscure gate,  
armed strongly ouer all with Iron plate :
- That<sup>5</sup> he vnlockes, and enters where appeares  
176 the strangest obiect *that* he euer saw,  
men *that* with famishment of many yeerres  
will<sup>6</sup> were like deaths picture, *which* the painters  
dra[w ;]  
diuers of them were hanged by eche thumbe ;  
who were  
like the  
pictures of  
Death.  
180 others, head downeward ; by the middle, summe.<sup>7</sup>
- With dilligence he takes them from the walls,  
with lybertye their thraldome to acquainte.  
then the perplexed *Knight* the father calls,  
Guy restores  
the palmer  
his sons, 184 & sayes, “ receiue thy sonnes, thoe poore & faint !  
I promised you their liues ; except of *that*<sup>8</sup> ;  
but did not promise you thé shold be fatt.
- gives him  
the giant's  
castle, 188 “ The castle I doe giue thee,—heere is the Keyes,—  
where tyranye for many yeerres did dwell ;  
procure the gentle tender Ladyes ease ;

<sup>1</sup> Only half of the first *n* in the MS.  
—F.

<sup>2</sup> ? MS. wombers.—F.

<sup>3</sup> the.—P.

<sup>4</sup> There is something like a blotched *o*  
before the *r* in the MS.—F.

<sup>5</sup> Then.—P.

<sup>6</sup> delend.—P.

<sup>7</sup> some.—P. The *e*, and last stroke of  
the *m*, have been cut off by the binder.  
—F.

<sup>8</sup> accept of that.—P.

for pittye sake vse wronged women well!  
 men may easilye revenge the deeds men doe,  
 192 but poore weake women haue no strenght therto.”

and charges  
 him to use  
 the women  
 well.

The good old man, euen ouerjoyed with this,  
 fell on the ground, & wold haue kist Guys fee[t.]  
 “father,” quoth hee, “refraine soe base a kisse!  
 196 for age to honor youth, I hold vnmeete;  
 ambitious pryde hath hurt me all it can,  
 I goe to mortifie a sinfull man.” ffins.

Guy refuses  
 to let the  
 palmer kiss  
 his feet.

### Cales: Voyage:<sup>1</sup>

THE allusions in these lines are principally to well-known incidents in the reign of Charles I., most of which occurred between 1625 and 1630.

“Cales,” of course, means “Cadiz;” and the expeditions of Viscount Wimbledon to that place in 1625, of the Duke of Buckingham to Rhé in 1627, and of the Earl of Denbigh to Rochelle in 1628—all failures—are commemorated in lines 1, 2, and 3. Line 4 alludes to the grant of five subsidies made on the concession of the Petition of Right; lines 6, 8, and 9, refer to the death of Buckingham. The peace with Spain, mentioned in line 7, was proclaimed on the 5th of December, 1630. Lines 9 to 12 commemorate the recent passing of the Petition of Right, which took place on the 5th of June, 1628. Of lines 17 to 24 I take the meaning to be: “Do not meddle with the hierarchy for fear of the Inquisition, that is, the Star Chamber, where thou shalt find a crop-ear doom, cries Leighton.” The allusion is to the dreadful sentence inflicted on Dr. Alexander Leighton, a portion of which was that he should have “one of his ears cut off, and his nose slit, and be branded in the face.” (*State Trials*, vol. iii. p. 385.)

Line 25 alludes to the King’s commission for extracting fines from those who, having 40*l.* a year in lands, did not attend at the coronation to be knighted. Lines 26 to 30 refer to the case of Walter Long, sheriff of Wilts, who was fined 2,000 marks for absenting himself from his county to attend his duty in parliament. (*State Trials*, vol. iii. p. 235.)

<sup>1</sup> A kind of State Satire on *the* abuses in Charles 1<sup>st</sup> time—very obscure.—P.

Lines 33 to 37 relate to a speech of Sir Dudley Carleton in the House of Commons in 1628, in which he warned the House of the fate of parliaments in foreign countries, where they had been overthrown by monarchs as soon as they began to know their own strength. Hence, he continued, the misery of the people on the continent, who look like ghosts and not men, being nothing but skin and bones, with some thin cover to their nakedness, and wearing only wooden shoes on their feet. *Rushworth*, vol. i. p. 359. Whitelocke substitutes "canvas clothes" for the thin covering, p. 6. Both agree in the wooden shoes.

The allusion in the closing lines, 39 and 40, is to the Lord Chief Justice Tresilian, in the reign of Richard II. He was one of that King's evil advisers, was impeached by parliament, found guilty of treason, and hanged at Tyburn<sup>1</sup>—which may be said to be the moral of this poem.

J. BRUCE.

<p>ATT cales wee latelye made afray, att Ile of Ree<sup>2</sup> wee run away, our shippes poore Rochell did betray.</p> <p>4            5 subsidyses for that,</p> <p>And then wee shall to sea againe, all <i>that</i><sup>3</sup> our generall was slaine, &amp; now wee haue made peace with spaine,</p> <p>8            Iacke ffellton !</p> <p>Sir Artigall grand Torto<sup>4</sup> slew ;</p> <p>now euerye man must have his dew by vertue of a gracious new</p> <p>12            Petition of right.</p>	<p>We've been defeated right and left,</p> <p>but give us five subsidies</p> <p>and we'll fight again.</p> <p>[page 235]</p> <p>We've a new Petit on of Right. What a blessing!</p>
-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

<sup>1</sup> See *Political Poems and Songs*, ed. Wright, vol. i. p. 423, 460.

<sup>2</sup> See Marc Lescarbot's "La chasse aux Anglois en l'Isle de Rez et au Siege

de la Rochelle." Paris, 1629.—F.

<sup>3</sup> Altho' or Albeit.—P.

<sup>4</sup> See Spencer's Fairy Queen.—P.

The child of honor did deffye  
 In mortall fight his enemye,  
 & when he came to doe him dye,  
 16 cryes Sall : Brooke.

Don't talk  
 of Pope  
 John's  
 children,

Eleuen children had Pope Iohn,  
 Pope Iohn the twelft, an able man ;  
 heeres to the daffe, Ile pledge the don,  
 20 A pulpitt of sacke !

or the  
 Inquisition  
 will catch  
 hold of you.

Noe more of *that*, doe not presume,  
 ffor feare of the Inquisition at Rome,  
 where thou shalt find a cropeare dome,  
 24 Cryes Layston.

Don't leave  
 your county  
 when you're  
 Sheriff.

Ten poundes for not being made a *Knight* ;  
 ffue thousand Markes was deemed right  
 for being out of his countryes sight  
 28 In time o Shreaultrye.

These & such like, as I you tell,  
 In fayrye land latelye befell,  
 where Iustice ffought with Iustice Cell  
 32 Att Gloster.

Be dutiful,  
 or else you'll  
 turn French-  
 men, and  
 have to wear  
 wooden  
 shoes.

Be dutifull, good people all,  
 the gouerment else alter shall,  
 & bring you to the state of Gaule,  
 36 Haire shirts & wooden shooes !

Hang bad  
 counsellors.

Noe habeas corpus shall be gott ;  
 but for all this damned plott  
 Tresilian went vnto the pott  
 40 Att Tyburne ! fins.

### King & Miller :<sup>1</sup>

THIS copy is given in the *Reliques* "with corrections," and "collated with an old black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection intitled 'A pleasant ballad of K. Henry II. and the Miller of Mansfield.'" "There are copies of this ballad," says Mr. Chappell, who prints the tune, "in the Roxburghe Collection, vol. i. p. 178, and p. 228; in the Bagford p. 25."

"It has been a favourite subject," says Percy, "with our English ballad-makers to represent our kings conversing, either by accident or design, with the meanest of their subjects. Of the former kind, besides this song of the King and the Miller, we have 'K. Henry and the Soldier,' 'K. James I. and the Tinker,' 'K. William III. and the Forester' &c. Of the latter sort are 'K. Alfred and the Shepherd,' 'K. Edward IV. and the Tanner,' 'K. Henry VII. and the Cobbler' &c."

"The earliest of these stories," says Professor Child in his Introduction to King Edward Fourth and the Tanner of Tamworth, "seems to be that of King Alfred and the Neatherd, in which the herdsman's wife plays the offending part and the peasant himself is made Bishop of Winchester. Others of a very considerable antiquity are the tales of Henry II. and the Cistercian Abbot in the *Speculum Ecclesiæ* of Giraldus Cambrensis (an. 1220) printed in *Reliquiæ Antiquæ* i. 147; *King Edward and the Shepherd*, and *The King* [Edward] *and the Hermit* in Hartshorne's *Metrical Tales* (p. 35. p. 293, the latter previously in *The British Bibliographer* iv. 81); *Rauf Coilzear*,

<sup>1</sup> In the printed Collection of Old Ballads, 1727, Vol. i. p. 53. No. VIII.—P.



*how he harbreit King Charles in Laing's Select Remains; John de Reeve . . . and the King and the Barker, the original of the present ballad."*

The idea of majesty compelled, or condescending to fraternise with low life has in foreign countries, too, excited the vulgar imagination. Such meetings of extremes—the fellowships of a power so high with a thing so low—have proved extremely fascinating. And while the stories of them show how tremendous was the interval between the king and his poor subjects, they show also how friendly was the popular conception of royalty. The king was far, far off; but he was kindly and genial. He could be imagined descending from his supreme height, and enjoying the humours of the humblest and vulgarest. Such descents were a kind of Avatars, which the people rejoiced to remember and celebrate. They served to kindle and fan their loyal affection; to bind the king and people, as showing that he was a man of like passions with themselves, not an alien unsympathetic being, scarcely human.

## 1

King Henry  
will go a  
hunting.

HENERY, our royall *King*, wold goe a huntinge  
to the greene fforrest soe pleasant & fayre,  
to haue the harts chased, the daintye does tripping;  
4 to merry Sherwood his nobles repayre;  
Hauke & hound was vnbound, all things prepared  
for the same to the game with good regard.

Hawk and  
hound are  
let go.

## 2

The King  
hunts all  
day,

8 All a longe summers day rode the *King* pleasantlye  
with all his princes & nobles eche one,  
chasing the hart & hind & the bucke gallantlye,  
till the darke euening inforced them turne home.  
then at last, ryding fast, he had lost quite  
12 all his Lords in the wood in the darke night.

and at night  
loses himself  
in the wood.

## 3

Wandering thus wearilye all alone vp & downe,  
 with a rude Miller he mett att the Last,  
 asking the ready way vnto fayre Nottingham.  
 16 "Sir," Quoth the Miller, "I meane not to Iest,  
 yett I thinke what I thinke truth for to say,  
 you doe not lightlye goe out of your way."

He meets a  
 Miller,  
 and asks his  
 way to Not-  
 tingham.  
 The Miller

## 4

"Why, what dost thou thinke of me?" Quoth our  
 King merrily,  
 20 "passing thy iudgment vpon<sup>1</sup> me soe breefe."  
 "good faith," Quoth the Miller, "I meane<sup>2</sup> not to  
 flatter thee,  
 "I gesse thee to bee some gentleman theefe;  
 stand thee backe in the darke! light not adowne,  
 24 lest I presentlye cracke thy knaues cro[wn]e!"

takes the  
 King for a  
 thief,  
 and  
 threatens to  
 crack his  
 crown.

## 5

"Thou doest abuse me much," quoth our King,  
 "saying thus.  
 I am a gentleman, and lodging doe lacke."  
 "thou hast not," quoth the Miller, "a groat in thy  
 purse;  
 28 all thine inheritance hanges on thy backe."  
 "I haue gold to discharge for *that* I call;  
 if itt be 40 pence, I will pay all."

The King  
 says he's a  
 gentleman  
 who wants  
 lodging,

and can pay  
 for it.

## 6

"If thou beest a true man," then said the Miller,  
 32 "I sweare by my tole dish Ile lodge thee all night."  
 "Heeres my hand," quoth our King, "*that* was I [page 236]  
 euer."  
 "nay, soft," quoth the Miller, "thou mayst be a  
 sprite;  
 better Ile know thee ere hands I will shake;  
 36 with none but honest men hands will I take."

but won't  
 shake hands  
 with him.

<sup>1</sup> MS. vpom.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.

## 7

They go into  
the Miller's  
smoky house, 40

Thus they went all alonge into the Millers house,  
where they were seeding<sup>1</sup> of puddings & souce.<sup>2</sup>  
the Miller first entered in, then after went the *King* ;  
neuer came he in soe smoakye a house.<sup>3</sup>  
“now,” quoth hee, “let me see heere what you are.”  
Quoth our *King*, “looke you[r] fill, & doe not spare.”

## 8

and the wife  
asks if the  
*King* is a  
runaway. 44

“I like well thy countenance; thou hast an honest  
fac[e];  
with my sonne Richard this night thou shalt Lye.”  
Quoth his wiffe, “by my troth it is a good handsome  
yout[h];  
yet it is best, husband, to deale warrilye.  
art thou not a runaway? I pray thee, youth, tell;  
show vs thy pasport & all shalbe well.”

Where is his  
passport? 48

## 9

He has none,  
as he is a  
courtier. 52

Then our *King* presentlye, making lowe curtesie,  
with his hatt in his hand, this he did say:  
“I haue noe pasport, nor neuer was seruitor,  
but a poore Courtyer rode out of the way;  
& for your kindnesse now offered to me,  
I will requite it in euerye degree.”

## 10

The Miller  
thinks the  
*King* behaves  
well to his  
betters, 60

Then to the Miller his wiffe whisperd secretlye,  
saing, “it seemeth the youth is of good kin  
both by his apparell & by his Manners;  
to turne him out, certainly it were a great sin.”  
“yea,” quoth hee, “you may see hee hath some grace,  
when as he speaks to his betters in place.”

## 11

“Well,” quoth the Millers wiffe, “younge man, welcome  
heer[e]!  
& tho I sayt, well lodged shalt thou be;

<sup>1</sup> seething, boiling.—F.

<sup>2</sup> The head, feet, and ears of swine  
boiled and pickled for eating. Halli-

well.—F.

<sup>3</sup> See Forewords to *Babees Boke*, p.  
lxiv.—F.

- fresh straw I will lay vpon *your* bed soe braue,  
 64 good browne hempen sheetes likewise," *Quoth* shee.  
 "I," *quoth* the goodman, "& when *that* is done,  
 thou shalt lye noe worse then our owne sonne."  
 and he may therefore lie on straw and hemp sheets with their son,

## 12

- "Nay first," *quoth* Richard, "good fellowe, tell me  
 true,  
 68 hast thou noe creepers in thy gay hose?  
 art thou not troubled with the Scabbado<sup>1</sup>?"  
 "pray you," *quoth* the King, "what things are  
 those?  
 art thou not lowsye nor scabbed?" *quoth* hee;  
 72 "if thou beest, surely thou lyeest not with me."  
 if he has no creepers in his breeches,  
 and is not scabbed.

## 13

- This caused our King suddenly to laugh most hartilye  
 till the teares trickled downe from his eyes.  
 then to there supper were thé sett orderlye,  
 76 to hott bag puddings & good apple pyes;  
 nappy ale, good & stale, in a browne bowle,  
 which did about the bord Merrilye troule.  
 They sup on bag-puddings, apple pies, and nappy ale.

## 14

- "Heere," *quoth* the Miller, "good fellowe, Ile drinke  
 to thee  
 80 & to all the courtnolls *that* curteous bee."  
 "I pledge thee," *quoth* our King, "& thanke thee  
 heartilye  
 for my good welcome in euerye degree;  
 & heere in like manner I drinke to thy sonne."  
 84 "doe then," saies Richard, "& quicke let it come."  
 and the King to him  
 and his son.

## 15

- "Wiffe," *quoth* the Miller, "feitch me forth lightfoote,  
 that wee of his sweetnesse a litle may tast."  
 a faire venson pastye shee feiched forth presentlye.  
 The Miller calls for Lightfoot.

<sup>1</sup> MS. may be Scolloado. See Forewords to *Babees Boke*, 1868, p. lxiv.—F.

The King  
likes it  
immensely. 88 “eate,” quoth the Miller “but first make noe wast ;  
heer is dainty Lightfoote.” “infaith,” quoth our King,  
“I neuer before eate of soe daynty a thinge.”

## 16

Where can  
he buy some? 92 “Iwis,” said Richard, “noe daynty att all it is,  
for wee doe eate of it euerye day.”  
“in what place,” sayd our King, “may be bought lik  
to th[is ?]”  
“wee neuer pay peennye for it, by my fay ;  
from merry Sherwood wee feitch it home heero ;  
It’s the  
King’s deer  
from  
Sherwood. 96 now & then we make bold with our Kings deere.”

## 17

Don’t tell  
him. 100 “Then I thinke,” quoth our King, “that it is Venison.”  
“eche foole,” quoth Richard, “full well may see that ;  
neuer are we without 2 or 3 in the rooffe,  
verry well fleshed & exellent ffatt.  
but I pray thee say nothing where-ere thou goe,  
we wold not for 2 pence the King shold it know.”

## 18

Certainly  
not, says  
the King. 104 “doubt not,” saies<sup>1</sup> our King, “my promised secreseye ;  
the King shall neuer know more ont for mee.”  
a cupp of lambes woole<sup>2</sup> they dranke vnto him,  
& to their bedds thé past presentlye.  
Next  
morning the  
nobles 108 the Nobles next Morning went all vp & downe  
for to seeke the King in euerye towne;

## 19

[page 237]

find the King  
at the  
Miller’s  
house,  
and fall on  
their knees  
before him. At last, att the Miller’s house soone thé did spye him  
plaine,  
as he was mounting vpon his faire steede ;  
to whome thé came presentlye, falling downe on their  
knees,

<sup>1</sup> MS. saiy.—F.<sup>2</sup> A favourite liquor among the common people, composed of ale and roasted

apples; the pulp of the roasted apple worked up with the ale, till the mixture formed a smooth beverage. Nares.—F.

112 *which* made the Millers hart wofullye bleed.  
Shaking & quaking before him he stood,  
thinking he shold be hanged by the rood.

The Miller  
quakes.

## 20

The K[ing] perceiuing him fearfully tremblinge,  
116 drew forth his sword, but nothing he said ;  
the Miller downe did fall crying before them all,  
doubtinge<sup>1</sup> the *King* wold cut of his head.  
but he, his kind curtesie for to requite,  
120 gaue him great liuing, & dubd him a *Knight*.

The King  
draws his  
sword.

The Miller  
expects to  
have his  
head cut off,

but is  
knighted.

## 21

When as our noble *King* came from Nottingham,  
& with his nobles in westminster Lay,  
recounting the sports & the pastime thé had tane  
124 in this late *progresse* along on the way ;  
of them all, great & small, hee did *protest*  
the Miller of Mansfeild liked him best ;

At West-  
minster,  
afterwards,

## 22

“And now, my *Lords*,” quoth the *King*, “I am de-  
termined,  
128 against St. Georges next sumptuous feast,  
*that* this old Miller, our youngest confirmed *Knight*,  
with his sonne Richard, shalbe both my guest ;  
for in this merrymment it is my desire  
132 to talke with this Iollye *Knight* & the younge squier.”

the King  
resolves  
to ask the  
Miller and  
his son up  
to a feast.

## 23

When as the Noble Lords saw the *Kings* merriment,  
thé were right Ioyfull & glad in their harts.  
a Pursiuant thé sent straight on this busines,  
136 the *which* oftentimes vsed those parts.  
when he came to the place where he did dwell,  
His message merrilye then he did tell.

A pur-  
suiuant is  
sent with  
the invita-  
tion,

<sup>1</sup> fearing.—F.



## 24

which he  
delivers in  
due form.

140 "God saue your worshippe," then said the messenger,  
" & grant your Ladye <sup>1</sup> her owne harts desire ;  
& to your sonne Richard good fortune & happinesse,  
that sweet younge gentleman & gallant squier !  
our King greets you well, & thus doth say,  
144 ' you must come to the court on St. Georges day ' ;

## 25

At first the  
Miller is  
half afraid,

"Therefore in any case fayle not to be in place."  
"I-wis," quoth the Miller, "it is an odd Iest !  
what shold wee doe there ?" he sayd, "infaith I am  
halfe afraid."  
148 "I doubt," quoth Richard, "to be hanged att the  
least."

but on  
hearing of  
the feast

"nay," quoth the Messenger, "you doe mistake ;  
our King prepares a great feast for your sake."

## 26

gives the  
pursivant  
three  
farthings,

and promises  
to come.

"Then," said the Miller, "now by my troth, Mes-  
senger,  
152 thou hast contented my worshipp full well :  
hold ! there is 3 farthings to quite thy great gentleness  
for these happy tydings which thou dost me tell.  
let me see ! hearest thou me ? tell to our King,  
156 weele wayte on his Mastership in euerye thing."

## 27

The  
pursnivant  
reports all  
to the King.

The pursivant smyled at their simplicitye ;  
& making many <sup>2</sup> leggs, tooke their reward,  
& takeing then his leaue with great humilitye,  
160 to the Kings court againe hee repayred,  
showing vnto his grace in euerye degree  
the Knights most liberall gifts & great bountye.

<sup>1</sup> ? MS. Ladyes.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.

28

When hee was gone away, thus can the Miller say,  
 164 “ heere comes expences & charges indeed !  
 now must wee needs be braue, tho wee spend all wee  
 haue ;  
 for of new garments wee haue great need.  
 of horssees & serving men wee must haue store,  
 168 with bridles & saddles & 20<sup>or</sup> things more.”

The Miller  
 purposes to  
 buy new  
 clothes,  
 horses, &c.

29

“ Tushe, Sir Iohn,” quoth his wiffe, “ neither doe frett  
 nor frowne !  
 you shall bee att noe more charges of mee !  
 for I will turne & trim vp my old russett gowne,  
 172 with euerye thing else as fine as may bee ;  
 & on our Mill horssees full swift wee will ryd,  
 with pillowes & pannells as wee shall provyde.”

His wiffe  
 dissuades  
 him.

She'll trim  
 up the old  
 clothes,

and they'll  
 ride their  
 mill-horses.

30

In this most statelie sort thé rod vnto the court,  
 176 their lusty sonne *Richard* formost of all,  
 who sett vp by good hap a cockes fether in his cappe ;  
 & soe thé ietted downe towards the *Kings* hall,  
 the Merry old Miller with his hands on his side,  
 180 his wiffe like Maid Marryan did Mince at *that* tyde.

Thus they  
 go to court.

31

The *King* & his nobles *that* hard of their coming,  
 meeting this gallant *Knight* with this braue traine,  
 “ welcome, Sir *Knight*,” quoth hee, “ with this *your*  
 gay Lady !  
 184 good Sir Iohn Cockle, once welcome againe ;  
 & soe is this squier of courage soe free ! ”  
 Quoth dicke, “ abotts on you ! doe you know me ? ”

The King  
 welcomes  
 them,

32

Quoth our *King* gentlye, “ how shall I forgett thee ?  
 188 thou wast my owne bed-fellow ; well *that* I wot,

and assures  
 Richard  
 that he

remembers  
him.

but I doe thinke on a tricke ; tell me, pray thee, dicke,  
how with farting we made the bed hott.”  
“ thou horson happy knaue,” the[n] quoth the *Knigh*t,  
192 “ speake cleanly to our [king now,] or else goe shite !”

## 33

[page 238]

The King  
conducts  
them to  
table,

The king and his councellors hartilye laugh at this,  
while the *King* tooke them by the hand.  
with Ladyes & their maids, like to the *Queene* of  
spades  
196 the Millers wiffe did most orderlye stand ;  
a milkemaids curtesye at euerye word,  
& downe these folkes were set to the bord,

## 34

and after  
dinner  
drinks to  
the Miller,

Where the *King* royally with princely Maiestye  
200 sate at his dinner with Ioy & delight.  
when he had eaten well, to resting then hee fell ;  
taking a bowle of wine, dranke to the *Knigh*t,  
“ heeres to you both !” he sayd, “ in ale, wine, & beere,  
204 thanking you hartilye for all my good cheere.”

## 35

and wants  
some of his  
venison.

Quoth Sir Iohn Cockle, “ Ile pledge you a pottle,  
were it the best ale in Nottingam-shire.”  
“ but then,” said our *King*, “ I thinke on a thinge,  
208 some of your lightfoote I wold we had heere.”  
“ ho : ho :” Quoth *Richard*, “ full well I may say it ;  
its knauerye to eate it & then to bewray it.”

## 36

He asks  
Richard to  
pledge him.

Dick says he  
must finish  
his dinner  
first ;  
he wants a  
black  
pudding,

“ What ! art thou hungry ?” quoth our *King* merrilye,  
212 “ infaith I take it verry vnkind ;  
I thought thou woldest pledg me in wine or ale  
heartil[y.]”  
“ yee are like to stay,” quoth Dicke, “ till I haue  
dind ;  
you feed vs with twatling dishes soe small.  
216 zounds ! a blacke pudding is better then all.”

## 37

“I, marry,” quoth our King, “that were a daintye thing,  
if wee cold gett one heere for to eate.”

with *that*, dicke straight arose, & plucket one out of  
his h[ose,]

and pulls  
one out of  
his breeches.

220 which with heat of his breech began for to sweate.

the King made *profer* to snatch it away ;

“ its meate for your Master, good Sir, you shall stay ! ”

“That’s meate  
for your  
master, Sir  
King.”

## 38

Thus with great merriment was the time<sup>1</sup> wholly spent ;

224 & then the Ladyes prepared to dance.

old Sir Iohn<sup>2</sup> Cockle & Richard incontinent

vnto this practise the King did advance,

where-with the Ladyes such sport thé did make,

228 the Nobles with laughing did make their heads ake.

The Miller  
and Richard  
dance with  
the ladies,

and make  
the nobles  
laugh.

## 39

Many thanks for their paines the King did giue them  
then,

asking young Richard if he wold be wed :

“ amongst these ladyes faire, tell me *which* liketh thee.”

232 Quoth hee, “ Jugg Grumball with the red head ;

shees my loue ; shees my liffe ; her will I wed ;

shee hath sworne I shall haue her maidenhead.”

The King  
asks Dick  
which lady  
he’d like.  
“ Jugg  
Grumball  
with the red  
head.”

## 40

Then Sir Iohn Cockle the King called vnto him ;

236 & of Merry sherwood made him ouerseer,

& gaue him out of hand 300<sup>li</sup> yearlye,

“ but now take heede you steale noe more of my deere !

& once a quarter lets heare haue your vew ;

240 & thus, Sir Iohn Cockle, I bid thee adew ! ”

The King  
makes the  
Miller  
overseer of  
Sherwood,  
and warns  
him not to  
steal any  
deer.

ffins.

<sup>1</sup> A *y* has been altered into part of  
the *m* in the MS.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.

[“ *Panche*,” printed in Lo. and Hum. Songs, p. 61, follows here  
in the MS.]

### Agincourte Battell.<sup>1</sup>

AGINCOURT must have been a tempting theme to the ballad-writer and poet of its day. The splendid pluck with which the little English army, wasted by dysentery, ill-fed, and harassed by long marches and hostile skirmishers, nevertheless went at its enemies, facing the terrible odds of more than six to one, and put to ignominious rout the vaunting knights of France, must have appealed to the English heart and the English pride, and ought to have been worthily sung. The ballad-writer especially was bound to take it up, for the class he wrote for led the van and won the field. As at Crecy, as at Poitiers, so at Agincourt, the English yeomen humbled the gentlemen of France. Like the *feu d'enfer* of our rifles at Inkerman, the hail of yeomen's arrows gained England honour in the olden hard-fought field. But though at Agincourt the rout of the first division of the French army was due solely to our bowmen, against the second, squire and knight, noble and king did well their part too—none better than the Harry who said “WE WILL NOT LOSE,” and gave the battle lastingly the name of *Azincourt*. To the valour of all was due the flight of the French third division, which, though more than double the number of the English host, feared to face their arrows and their swords, and galloped off the field. That “the people of England were literally mad with joy and triumph” at the victory—rushing into the sea to meet Henry, and carrying him on shore on their shoulders—we do not wonder; but it is somewhat odd that no better ballad or poem on the battle should have come down to us, though in a play Shakspeare has done it justice. The ballads known to me are only—

<sup>1</sup> In the printed Collection of Old Ballads, 1726, vol. ii. p. 79, No. xii.

1. The *Deo gratias, Anglia, redde pro victoria!* printed by Percy in his *Reliques*, vol. ii. p. 24, "from a MS. copy in the Pepys collection, vol. i., folio," and to which the musical notes of the MS. are given in vol. ii. p. 24 of the second edition of the *Reliques*. 2. The present copy, having seven stanzas more than, but being otherwise nearly the same as, that in the Crown Garland of Golden Roses, ed. 1569 (p. 69 of the Percy Soc. reprint), the *Collection of Old Ballads*, 1726-38, vol. ii. p. 79, No. xii.; *Evans*, vol. ii. p. 351, &c. 3. The *Three Man's Song*,—far the best of the lot,—the first verse of which is quoted in Heywood's *King Edward IV.* ed. 1600 (p. 52 of the Shakspeare Soc. reprint), and the whole of which is printed from a black-letter copy (about 1665, Mr. Collier tells me) in Collier's Shakspeare, ed. 1858, vol. iii. p. 538. Its title is "Agin Court, or the English Bowman's Glory:" to a pleasant new Tune. London, printed for Henry Harper in Smithfield. It is a broadside, and contains eleven seven-line stanzas. It begins "Agincourt! Agincourt! Know ye not Agincourt?" 4. The ballad No. 286 in the Halliwell Collection in Chetham's Library, Manchester, entitled, "King Henry V., his Conquest of France in Revenge for the Affront offered by the French King in sending him instead of the Tribute a Ton of Tennis Balls." It begins, "As our King lay musing on his bed;" and two versions different from it and from one another are given in *Nicolas*, Appendix, p. 78, and p. 80, ed. 1832. 5. *The Cambro-Briton's Ballad of Agincourt*, by Michael Drayton, *ib.* p. 83. Nos. 3 and 4 will be printed at the end of this volume.

Of Poems, there are :

1. *a.* That attributed to Lydgate, in three Passus, in Harl. MS. 565, fol. 102-14, beginning "God þat alle þis world gan make," and printed among the illustrations of *The Chronicle of London*, 4to, 1827, and in *Nicolas*, p. 301-29. *β.* "The Siege of Harflet, & *Batayl of Agencourt*, by K. Hen. 5:" another copy of Lydgate's poem, says *Nicolas* (p. 301), but differing from it so materially that it was necessary to print it as notes to the corresponding passages of the other. It was printed by Hearne at p. 359-75 of his edition of *Elmham's Life of Henry V.*, from the since burnt Cotton MS., Vitellius D. xii. fol. 214 b. Extracts from it are given by *Nicolas*, p. 301-29.

*γ.* The *Batayll of Egyngecourt*, and the great Sege of Rouen. Impryntyd by John Skot [about 1530 A.D.]. Reprinted in *Nicolas*, and in Mr. W. C. Hazlitt's *Remains of the*



*Early Popular Poetry of England*, vol. ii. p. 88–108. is, says Nicolas (App. p. 69), “merely another, though a very different version of the one” attributed to Lydgate.

2. Drayton’s *Battaile of Agincourt*, 1627. (Besides *The Lay of Agincourt*, Edinburgh, 1819 (a very poor performance), and possibly other modern productions.)

Of Dramas, we find :

1. *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth : Containing the Honourabell Battell of Agin-court: as it was plaide by the Queene’s Maiesties Players.* London, Printed by Thomas Creede, 1598, 4to, 26 leaves. *Bodleian.* (Malone).<sup>1</sup>

2. *The Chronicle History of Henry the Fift, With his Battell fought at Agin Court in France. Together with auncient Pistoll.* 1600 : the first cast of Shakspeare’s *Henry V.*<sup>2</sup>

In prose, a full and admirable account of the battle, with contemporary accounts and plentiful extracts from historians, is given by Sir Nicholas Harris Nicolas in his *History of the Battle of Agincourt, and of the Expedition of Henry V. into France in 1415*, (2nd ed., 1832; 3rd, 1838); and from this book it may be worth while just to run through the points of our ballad, and see how far they are borne out by facts. The Council of line 1, Nicolas thinks was the parliament which met in November 1514, which elected Chaucer’s son Thomas its Speaker, and voted the King supplies for the defence of the kingdom of England and the safety of the seas. But it may have been a smaller Council, no doubt held before the Commission of the 31st of May, 1514, absurdly claiming the French crown, was issued to the Bishops of Durham and Norwich, the Earl of Salisbury, Richard Lord Grey, &c.—whom Monstrelet calls *le Comte d’Ourset, oncle du Roy d’Angleterre, le Comte de Grez, l’Admiral d’Angleterre, les Euesques du Dumelin et de Noruegue, et plusieurs autres iusques au nombre de six cens chevaux ou environ* (vol. i. p. 216, ed. 1595)—and who were so hospitably entertained in Paris. The great Council at which the arrange-

<sup>1</sup> Hazlitt’s Handbook.

<sup>2</sup> Bohn’s Lowndes, p. 2280, col. 2.

ments for the expedition were made was held at Westminster on three successive days, April 16, 17, 18, A.D. 1415, directly after the despatch of Henry's second letter to Charles.

The story of the scornful treatment of the ambassadors in l. 16-28 is belied by Monstrelet's account of the *moult notable feste dedans Paris en boyres, mangers, joustes, dances et autres esbatemens*, at which the English ambassadors were present; and there seems no foundation whatever for the present of the tennis balls, which would have gone directly counter to the French King's policy, letters, and interest. But still his young son may have been saucy, and have sent a saucy message to Henry. The story was believed to be true at the time or soon after; it is mentioned by Elmham in his Latin-verse life of Henry V<sup>1</sup> (though not in his prose life), and a long account of it is given in a middle fifteenth-century Cotton MS. (Claudius A. viii.) which Sir H. Nicolas prints, and which, as I had to refer to it to correct his *cornet* to the MS. *scorne*, I add here too :

And than the dolphine of Fraunce aunswered to our embassatours, and said in this maner, 'that the kyng was ouer yong and to tender of age to make any warre ayens hym, and was not lyke yet to be noo good werrioure to doo and to make suche a conquest there vpon hym. And somewhat in scorne and dispite he sente to hym a tonne fulle of tenys ballis, be-cause he wolde haue some-what for to play *withalle* for hym and for his lordis, and that be-came hym better than to mayntayn any werre. And than anone oure lordes that was embassatours token hir leue and comen in to England ayenne, and tolde the kyng and his counceille of the vngoodly aunswer that they had of the Dolphyn, and of the present the whiche he had sent vnto the kyng. And whan y<sup>e</sup> kyng had hard her wordis, and the answeere of the Dolpynne, he was wondre sore agreued, and righte euelle apayd towarde the frensshemen, and toward the kyng, and the Dolphynne, and thoughte to auenge hym vpon hem as sone as good wold send hym grace and myghte; and anon lette make tenys ballis for the Dolpynne in all the hast that the myghte be made, and they were grete gonne stones for the Dolpynne to play wythe-alle. (fol. 1, back.)

<sup>1</sup> Printed in Coles's *Memorials of Henry V.*

This Dauphin was Louis, eldest son of Charles VI., then between eighteen and nineteen years of age. He was born on January 22, 1396, and died before his father, without issue, on December 18, 1415, in his twentieth year (*Nicolas*). But as Henry V. was eight years older than the Dauphin, having been born in 1388, it is not likely that he would have taunted Henry with his youth.

Lines 33-40 : Henry exerted himself greatly to get his army together, and had to pledge his crowns, his jewels, plate, &c. to his men to guarantee them their wages. Nobody would move without taking security from him. He sailed from Southampton on August 7, 1415, with a fleet of between 1200 and 1400 vessels of various sizes, from 20 to 300 tons, according to *Nicolas*. *Lingard* makes the fleet 1500 sail, carrying 6000 men-at-arms and 2400 archers. The army landed at Clef de Caus, or Kideaux, on August 15; on the 19th arrived before Harfleur, and at once laid siege to it. On "the English balls," l. 34, and missiles, *Laboureur* states that, among other engines, the English had some which threw stones of a monstrous size, and projected entire millstones (*des meules toutes entières*), which threw down the walls with a frightful noise, so that by the Feast of the Assumption (August 15, a wrong date) all their batteries were destroyed. I find nothing about the "great gunn of Calais" of l. 49; but on September 17 at midnight the French messengers came to treat with Henry; and as the town was not relieved by September 22, the Lord de Gaucourt and thirty-four of the noblest persons of the town then surrendered it to him. He turned out the inhabitants (l. 58) to the number of 2000, besides citizens, 60 knights, and more than 200 other gentry; left in the town more than the 300 Englishmen of our ballad, l. 59, even,<sup>1</sup> "under the captain"<sup>2</sup> (Sir John Blount, says

<sup>1</sup> There is a muster-roll of the garrison of Harfleur, under the Earl of Dorset, taken in the months of January, February, and March, immediately following the battle. It consisted of 4 barons,

22 knights, 273 men-at-arms, and 798 archers. Most of these, we may presume, had been left behind when the King marched on to Agincourt. *Hunter*, p. 55.  
<sup>2</sup> See lord Beauford, Harl. MS. 575, f. 75 b.

Monstrelet), certain barons and knights skilful in affairs of war, with 300 lances, and 900 archers on pay" (*Nicolas*, p. 217), and marched out himself on October 7 with "not above 900 lances and 5000 archers," says a writer who was with him. Nicolas puts the force at from 6000 to 9000 fighting men. Lines 61-4 of the ballad are not true, for Henry's movements were watched, his stragglers cut off, and the country laid waste before him. He was repulsed in his first attempts to cross the Somme, between October 12 and 18; but on the 19th, finding a ford not staked, his army got over; on the 24th reached Maisoncelles, and on the 25th fought the battle.

The 600,000 French of l. 72 is of course an exaggeration, a 0 has been added for effect.<sup>1</sup> The message and answer of lines 73-88 are not historical, though the following particulars are nearly so, and the 10,000 killed of l. 137 is borne out by Nicolas's conclusion, that the whole of the French loss on the field was between 10,000 and 11,000 men.

The Duke of Yorke of line 117 was "Edward, Duke of York, son of Edmund of Langley, Duke of York, son of King Edward III., and cousin german to the King. He indented on April 29 to serve with 1 banneret, 4 knights, 94 esquires, and 300 mounted archers. His contingent, in the indenture of jewels, is said to have been 99 lances and 300 archers. He had one of the crowns in pledge. He went on with the King to Agincourt, where he lost his life" (*Hunter*, p. 22). On the Wednesday before the battle, says Monstrelet, i. 227, "le duc d'Yorch, son oncle, menant l'auantgarde, se logea à Frenench sur la riuere de Cauche." This leadership of the vanguard the Duke kept on the 25th, and as the Cotton MS. already quoted from narrates his asking for it, and the events of the battle, I copy a page and a half of it from leaves 3 and 4.

<sup>1</sup> The highest number in any of the sixteen chronicles that Nicolas gives (p. 133, ed. 1832) is "3 Dukes, 5 Counts, 90 Barons, 1050 Knights, and 100,000 other persons. Note to Hardyng's Chronicle, 'according to the computation of the Heralds.'" 150,000 occurs in a doubtful list. *Nicolas*, p. 370.



And the duke of yorke felle on knees and besoughte the kyng of a bone, that he wold graunte hym that day the avaunteward in his batayle. And the kyng graunted hym his askyng, And sayd, "graunte mercy, cosen of yorke," and prayd hym to make hym redy. And than he bad euery man to ordeyne a stake of tre, and sharpe bothe endes that the stake myghte be pyghte in the ye-<sup>1</sup>rthe a slope, that hir enemies shuld not ouer-come hem on horsbak, ffor that were hir fals purpose, and araide hem alle there for to ouer-ryde our meyne sodenly at the fyrst comyng on of hem at the fyrst brount: and al nyghte be-ffore the bataile p<sup>e</sup> ffrenshemen made many grete fiers and moche reuelle, with howtyng and showtyng, and plaid oure kyng and his lordis at the dise, and an archer alway for a blanke<sup>2</sup> of hir money, ffor they wenden alle had bene heres. the morne arose, the day gan spryng, And the kyng by goode auise let araie his batayle<sup>3</sup> and his wenges, and charged euery man to kepe hem hole to-geders, and praid hem alle to be of good chere. And whan they were redy, he asked what tyme of the day it was, And they sayd prime. Than said oure kyng, "now is good tyme! For alle England praythe for vs; and therefore be of good chere, and let vs goo to oure iorney." And than he said with an highe vois, "in the name<sup>4</sup> of almyghtey god and seynt George, avaunt Baner! and seint george this day be thyne helpe!" And than these ffrenshmen come prikyng doune as they wolde haue ouer-riden alle oure meyne. But god and oure archers made hem sone to stomble; ffor oure archers shett neuer arow a-mys, but yt persshed and broughte to grounde man and hors; ffor they pat day shoten for a wager. And oure stakes mad hem stoppe, & ouer-ternd eche on oothir that they lay on hepes two spere lengthe of heyghte. And oure kyng with his meyne and with his men of armes and archiers that thakked<sup>5</sup> on theym so thykke with arowes, and leyd on with strokes, and oure kyng withe his owne hondes faughte manly. And thus almyghtey god and seynt George broughte oure enymies to grounde and yaf vs that day p<sup>e</sup> victorie. and there were slayne of ffrenshmen<sup>1</sup> that day in the felde of Agincourte mo thanne A xi m<sup>li</sup> with the p<sup>r</sup>isoners that were taken. And there were nombred that day of ffrenshmen in the felde mo than six score thou-

<sup>1</sup> MS. fol. 3, back.

<sup>2</sup> Fr. *Blanc*, the halfe of a *Sol*, a peece of money which we call also, a blanke. *Sol*, a Sous, or the French shilling, whereof terme make one of ours.—Cotgrave.

<sup>3</sup> The main body under his own command. The vanguard as the right wing under the Duke of York, the rearguard as the left wing under Lord Camois.

<sup>4</sup> MS. *mame*.

<sup>5</sup> thwacked, beat, pattered.

sand, and of Englishemen nat vij m<sup>ii</sup>; but god that day faughte for vs. And after cam ther tydynges to oure kyng that there was a new batayle of ffrenshemen redy to stele on hym, and comen towardis [*fol.* 4.] hym. Anone our kyng let crie that euery man shuld slee his prisoners that he had take; and anon araid his bataille ayenne to fighte *with* the frenshmen. And whanne they sawe that our men kyled doune her prisoners, thanne they *withdrowe* hem, and brake hir bataille and alle hir Array. And this oure kyng, as a worthy conqueror, had that day the victorye in the felde of Agencourt in Picardie.<sup>1</sup>

The Duke of Orleance, l. 149, though he was taken prisoner in the battle, is not named by Monstrelet as the leader of the attack on Henry's camp :

Et adonc vindrent nouvelles au Roy Anglois, que les François les assailloient par derriere : & qu'ils auoient desia prins ses somniers & autres bagues, laquelle chose estoit veritable : car Robinet de Bournouille, Riffart de Clamasse, Ysambart d'Azincourt, & aucuns autres hommes d'armes, accompagnez de six cens paisans, allerent ferir au bagaige dudit Roy d'Angleterre. Et prindrent lesdites bagues, & autres choses, avec grand nombre de cheuaux desdits Anglois, entre-temps que les gardes d'iceux estoient occupez en la bataille. *Monstrelet*, vol. i. p. 229.

The 200,000 French prisoners is an impossible number, and Nicolas does not give any at all. The highest estimate of the English loss is 1600 men. From Agincourt Henry marched to Calais, where he arrived on October 29. On November 14 he crossed the Channel to Dover, and on the 24th entered London in triumph :

the Cite of london, where *pat* there was shewed many a fayre syghte at all the conduytes and at crosse in the chepe, as in heuenly arraye of aungels, Archaungels, patriarches, prophites and Virgines, *with* dyuers melodies, sensyng and syngyng, to welcome oure kyng ; And alle the conduytes rennyng *with* wyne. (Cott. Claud. A. viii. leaf 4, back).

The last three verses of our ballad quicken and alter events

<sup>1</sup> Nicolas quotes this also, p. 277-8, at foot.



considerably. It was not till after many a weary siege and fight, culminating with the fall of Rouen on January 16, 1419,<sup>1</sup> that Henry saw his beautiful bride, and that for one day only, on May 30, 1419. It was not till May 20, 1420, that he married her at Troyes; not till December of that year that he made his triumphal entry into Paris with his wife and his father-in-law, the French King. He was never crowned in Paris, King of France, but his wife was crowned in Westminster Abbey, Queen of England, on St. Matthew's day, September 21, A.D. 1421.

Henry V.                    **A** counsell braue<sup>2</sup> our *King* did hold  
                                       with many a lord & knight,  
                                       in<sup>3</sup> whom he trulye vnderstands  
                                       4 how ffrance withheld his right.

sends an  
ambassador  
to the  
French King                    therefor a braue embassador  
                                               vnto the *King* he sent,  
                                               that he might ffully vnderstand  
                                               8 his mind & whole entente,

to yield him  
his right,  
or he'll take  
it.                                desiring him, as<sup>4</sup> freindlye sort,  
                                               his lawfull wright to yeeld,  
                                               or else he sware<sup>5</sup> by dint of sword  
                                               12 to win the same in feild.

Charles VI.                    the *King* of ffrance, with all his lords  
                                               who<sup>6</sup> heard this message plaine,  
                                               vnto our braue embassador  
                                               answers                    16 did answer in disdaine ;

<sup>1</sup> See the "Sege of Roan," *Archæol.*  
 xxi. 48; xxii. 361.—F.

<sup>2</sup> grave, P.C. (Print<sup>d</sup> Copy).—P.

<sup>3</sup> Of. Conj[ecture].—P.

<sup>4</sup> in, P.C.—P.

<sup>5</sup> vow'd, P.C.—P.

<sup>6</sup> which, P.C.—P.

who sayd,<sup>1</sup> "our King was yett but<sup>2</sup> younge  
& of a<sup>3</sup> tender age;  
wherfor I way not for his warres,<sup>4</sup>  
20 nor care not for his rage,<sup>5</sup>

that he  
cares not for  
Henry's  
threats,

"whose<sup>6</sup> knowledge eke<sup>7</sup> in ffeats of armes,  
whose sickill<sup>8</sup> [is] but<sup>9</sup> verry small,  
whose<sup>10</sup> tender ioynts more ffitter are  
24 to tosse a Tennys ball."

a tunn of Tennys balls therfore,  
in pryde and great disdaine  
he sends to Noble Henery the 5<sup>th</sup>,<sup>11</sup>  
28 who recompenced<sup>12</sup> his paine.

and sends  
him a tun of  
tennis-balls.

& when our King this message hard  
he waxed wrath in his<sup>13</sup> hart,  
& said "he wold such balls provyde  
32 that<sup>13</sup> shold make all france to smart."

Henry

an army great<sup>14</sup> our King prepared,<sup>15</sup>  
that was both good & strong;  
& from Sowthampton is our King  
36 with all his Nauye gone.

prepares an  
army,

he landed in ffrance both safe<sup>16</sup> and sound  
with all his warlike traine;  
vnto<sup>17</sup> a towne called Harffleete first<sup>18</sup>  
40 he marched vp amaine.

lands in  
France,

<sup>1</sup> And feign'd, P.C.—P.  
<sup>2</sup> too, P.C.—P.  
<sup>3</sup> of too, P.C.—P.  
<sup>4</sup> we weigh—of his war, P.C.—P.  
<sup>5</sup> fear we his courage, P.C.—P.  
<sup>6</sup> His, P.C.—P.  
<sup>7</sup> is, P.C.—P.  
<sup>8</sup> skill.—P.  
<sup>9</sup> As yet but &c., P.C.—P.  
<sup>10</sup> His.—P

<sup>11</sup> He sent unto our noble K<sup>e</sup>, P.C.—P.  
<sup>12</sup> To recompence, P.C.—P.  
<sup>13</sup> *d.*—P.  
<sup>14</sup> then, P.C.—P.  
<sup>15</sup> did raise, P.C.—P.  
<sup>16</sup> In France he landed safe, &c., P.C.—P.  
<sup>17</sup> And to, P.C.—P.  
<sup>18</sup> of Harfleur strait, P.C.—P.

besieges  
Harfeur,

and when he had beseeged the same,  
against these fensed walls  
to batter downe their statlye towers  
44 he sent his English Balls.

bids it sur-  
render

<sup>1</sup> And he bad them yeeld [up to him <sup>2</sup>]  
themselues & eke their towne,

[page 242]

or he'll beat  
it to the  
ground.

48 or else he sware vnto the earth  
with cannon <sup>3</sup> to beate them downe.

<sup>1</sup> the great gunn of Caleis was vpsett,<sup>4</sup>  
he mounted against those walls <sup>5</sup>;  
the strongest steepele in the towne,  
52 he threw downe bells & all.

The Govern-  
ors give up  
the town.

<sup>1</sup> then those *that* were the gouernors  
their woefull hands did wringe <sup>6</sup>;  
thé brought their Keyes in humble sort  
56 vnto our gracious *King*.

Henry  
garrisons it,

<sup>1</sup> & when the towne was woone and last,  
the ffrenchmen out thé <sup>7</sup> threw,  
& placed there 300 englishmen  
60 *that* wold to him be true.

and  
marches to

this being done, our Noble *King*<sup>8</sup>  
marched vp & downe *that* <sup>9</sup> land,—  
& not a ffrenchman ffor his liffe  
64 durst once his fforce withstand,—

<sup>1</sup> These 4 stanz<sup>z</sup> not in print.—P.

<sup>2</sup> MS. cut away. It has more words.  
—F. He bade the gouernors give up.  
—P.

<sup>3</sup> guns.—P.

<sup>4</sup> then.—P.

<sup>5</sup> was ..'gainst their wall.—P.

<sup>6</sup> Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.

<sup>7</sup> he.—P.

<sup>8</sup> done our noble English *King*, P.C.  
—P.

<sup>9</sup> the, P.C.—P.

- till <sup>1</sup> he came to Agincourt ;  
 & <sup>2</sup> as it was his chance,  
 to find <sup>3</sup> the *King* in readinesse,  
 68 with him was all the power of france,
- a mightye host they <sup>4</sup> had prepared  
 off armed souldiers then,  
 which was noe lesse (the chronicle sayes) <sup>5</sup>  
 72 then 600000 <sup>6</sup> men.<sup>7</sup>
- the *King* of france *that* well did know  
 the number of our men,  
 in vantage pride vnto our *King*  
 76 sends one of his heralds <sup>8</sup> then
- to vnderstand what he wold giue  
 for the <sup>9</sup> ransome of his liffe,  
 when in *that* feild he had taken him <sup>10</sup>  
 80 amidst *that* <sup>11</sup> bloody striffe.
- & when <sup>12</sup> our *King* the Message heard,<sup>13</sup>  
 did straight the <sup>14</sup> answer make,  
 saying, "before *that* thing shold <sup>15</sup> come to passe,  
 84 many <sup>16</sup> of their harts shold <sup>17</sup> ake !

Agincourt,

where the  
French King  
is,with 600,000  
men.Charles  
sends

a herald

to ask Henry  
what ransom  
he'll pay for  
his life.Henry  
answers

<sup>1</sup> Until, P.C.—P.  
<sup>2</sup> Where, P.C.—P.  
<sup>3</sup> He found.—P. *him was*, l. 68,  
 marked out by P. conj[ecturally].—F.  
<sup>4</sup> He, P.C.—P.  
<sup>5</sup> by just account, P.C.—P.  
<sup>6</sup> 40,000, P.C.—P.  
<sup>7</sup> Between 18 and 19<sup>th</sup> Stanza of y<sup>e</sup>  
 MS. is the following in Print:—  
 Which sight did much amaze our king,  
 For he and \* all his host  
 Not passing fifteen thousand had,

Accounted at the most.—P.  
<sup>8</sup> Did send a Herald, P.C.—P.  
<sup>9</sup> *d.*—P.  
<sup>10</sup> he in field sh'd . . . be, P.C.—P.  
<sup>11</sup> their, P.C.—P.  
<sup>12</sup> then . . .—P.  
<sup>13</sup> with cheerful heart.—P.  
<sup>14</sup> this.—P.  
<sup>15</sup> *thing shold*, cut out by P.—F.  
<sup>16</sup> some.—P.  
<sup>17</sup> shall, P.C.—P.

"My heart's  
blood."

"vnto your proud *presumptuss* prince  
declare this thing," *quoth* hee,  
my owne harts blood shall pay the price ;  
88 nought <sup>1</sup> else he getts of me." <sup>2</sup>

The French

then all the night the frenchman Lyen,  
with triumphe, mirth, & Ioy ;  
the next morning they mad full accomp[t] <sup>3</sup>  
92 our Armye to destroye.

play at dice  
for the  
English,

& for our *King* & all his Lords  
at dice thé <sup>4</sup> playd apace,  
& for our comon souldiers coates  
96 they set a prize but base,

and value  
their red  
coats at 8*d.*,  
white at 4*d.*

8 pence for a redd coate, <sup>5</sup>  
& a groate was sett to a white ; <sup>6</sup>  
because they <sup>7</sup> color was soe light,  
100 they sett noe better buy itt. <sup>8</sup>

Henry en-  
courages his  
men :

the cheerfull day at last was come ;  
our *King* with Noble hart  
did pray his valliant soldiers all  
104 to play a worthye *part*,

& not to shrinke from fainting foes,  
whose fearfull harts in ffeeld  
wold by their feirce couragious stroakes  
108 be soone in-forced <sup>9</sup> to yeeld ;

<sup>1</sup> none.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Seven Stanz<sup>s</sup> following not in Print.  
—P.

<sup>3</sup> Making account the next morning,  
or,

They made &c.—P. *del.* full.—P.

<sup>4</sup> they.—P.

<sup>5</sup> coat was set.—P.

<sup>6</sup> And fourpence for a white.—P.

<sup>7</sup> The *y* put in brackets by P. *conj.* —F.

<sup>8</sup> by't.—P.

<sup>9</sup> enforced.—P.

- “ regard not of <sup>1</sup> their multitude,  
 tho they are more then wee,  
 for eche of vs well able is  
 112 to beate downe ffrenchmen <sup>3</sup> ;
- “ yett let euerye man provide himselfe <sup>2</sup>  
 a strong <sup>3</sup> substantiall stake,  
 & set it right before himselfe,  
 116 the horsmans force to breake.”
- & then <sup>4</sup> bespake the Duke of yorke  
 “ O noble King,” said hee,  
 “ the leading of *that* <sup>5</sup> battell braue  
 120 vouch[s]afe to giue it <sup>6</sup> me !”
- “ god amercy, cosen yorke,” sayes hee,  
 “ I doe <sup>7</sup> grant thee thy request ;  
 Marche you <sup>8</sup> on couragiouslye, [page 243]  
 124 & I will guide <sup>9</sup> the rest.”
- then came the bragginge frenchmen downe  
 with cruell <sup>10</sup> force & might,  
 with whome our noble King began  
 128 a harde & cruell ffight.
- our English archers <sup>11</sup> discharged their shafts  
 as thicke as hayle in skye,<sup>12</sup>  
 & <sup>13</sup> many a frenchman in *that* <sup>14</sup> feelde  
 132 *that* happy day did dye ;

“ Don't  
 mind the  
 French  
 numbers ;  
 each of us  
 can kill  
 three of  
 them ; but

let every  
 archer get a  
 stake to stop  
 the horse-  
 men.”

The Duke of  
 York

leads the  
 vanguard.

Henry

the rest.

The French  
 come on.

Our archers

kill man y ;

<sup>1</sup> you, or then.—P.

<sup>2</sup> *himselfe* is in l. 114 in the MS. P. marks it to go to l. 113. *yett* is marked out by P.—F.

<sup>3</sup> But yet let every man provide  
 A strong &c.—P.

<sup>4</sup> With that, P.C.—P.

<sup>5</sup> this (the), P.C.—P.

<sup>6</sup> to, P.C.—P.

<sup>7</sup> *d[ele]*.—P.

<sup>8</sup> then—thou, P.C.—P.

<sup>9</sup> lead, P.C.—P.

<sup>10</sup> greater, PC.—P.

<sup>11</sup> *d.* English. [Insert] they, P.C.—P.

<sup>12</sup> from skye, P.C.—P.

<sup>13</sup> That, P.C.—P.

<sup>14</sup> the, P.C.—P.



- their stakes  
stop the  
horse.
- 136      <sup>1</sup> ffor the horssmen stumbled on our stakes,  
            & soe their liues they lost;  
            & many a frenchman there was tane  
            for prisoners to their <sup>2</sup> cost.
- 10,000  
French are  
slain,  
10,000  
taken,
- 140      10000 ffrenchmen <sup>3</sup> there were slaine  
            of enemies in the ffeeld,  
            & neere as many prisoners tane <sup>4</sup>  
            *that* day were fforced to yeeld.
- and Henry  
wins the  
day.
- 144      thus had our *King* a happy day  
            & victorye ouer ffrance;  
            he brought his foes vnder his ffeete <sup>5</sup>  
            *that* late in pride did prance.
- While the  
fight is going  
on, news  
comes
- 148      <sup>6</sup> when they were at the Maine battell there  
            with all their might & forces, then <sup>7</sup>  
            a crye came ffrom our English tents  
            *that* we were robbed all them <sup>8</sup>;
- that the  
French have  
plundered  
the English  
tents.
- 152      for the Duke of Orleance, with a band of men,  
            to our English tents they came <sup>9</sup>;  
            all <sup>10</sup> our Iewells & treasure *that* they haue taken,  
            & many of our boyes <sup>11</sup> haue slaine.
- Henry
- orders all  
the French  
prisoners to  
be slain,
- 156      much greeved was *King* <sup>12</sup> Harry therat,—  
            this was against <sup>13</sup> the law of armes then,—  
            comands euerye souldier on paine of death  
            to slay euerye prisoner then. <sup>14</sup>
- <sup>1</sup> This stanza not in Print.—P.  
<sup>2</sup> [prisoner . . ] his, [P.]C.—P.  
<sup>3</sup> men that day, P.C.—P.  
<sup>4</sup> (d. P.C.)—P.  
<sup>5</sup> them quickly under foot, P.C.—P.  
<sup>6</sup> The Nine Stanz<sup>s</sup> following not in  
print, but instead the annexed stanza  
vizt. :—  
The Lord preserve our noble King  
And grant to him likewise  
The upper hand and victory  
Of all his enemies! —P.  
<sup>7</sup> force and might.—P.  
<sup>8</sup> they were robbed quite.—P.  
<sup>9</sup> Of men unto *them* came.—P.  
<sup>10</sup> *And* prefixed; *Iewells* &, and *that*  
marked out by P.—F.  
<sup>11</sup> all our boys, so Shakesp<sup>r</sup>. —P.  
<sup>12</sup> the *King*.—P.  
<sup>13</sup> Being 'gainst.—P. and *then* deleted.  
—F.  
<sup>14</sup> And bade y<sup>m</sup> slay their Prisoners  
For to revenge these hurms.—P.

200000<sup>1</sup> ffrenchemen our Englishmen had,  
 some 2, & some had one<sup>2</sup> ;  
 euery one was commanded by sound of trumpett  
 160 to slay his prisoner then.<sup>3</sup>

& then thé followed vpon the maine battell ;  
 the ffrenchmen thé fled then<sup>4</sup>  
 towards the citye of Paris  
 164 as fast as thé<sup>5</sup> might gone.

but then ther was neuer a peere with-in france<sup>6</sup>  
 of all those<sup>7</sup> Nobles then,  
 of all those worthy Disse peeres,  
 168 durst come to King Harry<sup>8</sup> then.

but then Katherine, the Kings fayre daughter there,<sup>9</sup>  
 being proued apparant his heyre,  
 with her maidens<sup>10</sup> in most sweet attire  
 172 to King Harry did repayre ;<sup>11</sup>

& when shee came before our<sup>12</sup> King,  
 shee kneeled vpon her knee,  
 desiring him<sup>13</sup> that his warres wold<sup>14</sup> cease,  
 176 & that<sup>13</sup> he her loue wold bee.

there-vpon our English Lords then agreed<sup>15</sup>  
 with the Peeres of ffrance then<sup>16</sup> ;  
 soe he Married Katherine, the Kings faire daughter,  
 180 & was crowned King in Paris then.<sup>17</sup>

200,000 of them.

The French flee towards Paris,

and no Duzeper dares meet King Harry;

but the Princess Katherine

comes and asks him

to marry her.

He does, and is crowned King in Paris.

ffins.

<sup>1</sup> 10,000.—P. Both *men* deleted.—F.  
<sup>2</sup> Some one and some had two.—P.  
<sup>3</sup> And each was bid by Trumpets sound  
 To slay his prisoner tho,  
 (or)  
 His Prisoner to slo.—P.  
<sup>4</sup> anon.—P. *the*, l. 162, and *ſ*, *the* and  
*vp* of l. 161 deleted by P.—F.  
<sup>5</sup> they.—P.  
<sup>6</sup> Then was there never a Peer in  
 France. Conj.—P.  
 Then *could* there not be found in France  
 Of their Nobles all or Some.—P.

<sup>7</sup> Not one of all those.—P.  
<sup>8</sup> to K<sup>r</sup> Harry come.—P.  
<sup>9</sup> King's Daughter fair, [P.]C.—P.  
<sup>10</sup> all—Maids.—P. *then*, l. 169, *his*,  
 l. 170, *most*, l. 171, marked *d* by P.—F.  
<sup>11</sup> Did to our King rep<sup>o</sup>, [P.]C.—P.  
<sup>12</sup> our.—P.  
<sup>13</sup> *d*.—P.  
<sup>14</sup> might.—P.  
<sup>15</sup> Our K<sup>s</sup> & — Lords.—P.  
<sup>16</sup> Soon with the French agreed.—P.  
<sup>17</sup> So at Paris he fair Kath<sup>o</sup> wed  
 And crowned was with specl.—P.

### Conscience.<sup>1</sup>

THERE are two sides to Early English Literature; one gay, the other grave; one light, the other earnest: and a man who comes to the subject fresh from struggles in the cause of reform, social and political, and meets first with the grave and earnest side of our early writings, is struck with delight and surprise at finding that in the old days, too, protesters against wrong existed, and that English writers denounced from the depths of their soul, in words of sternest indignation, the oppressions and abuses from which the English poor of their days suffered. Having passed myself from those *Morning Chronicle* letters on "Labour and the Poor"—which in 1849-50 revealed so much of the sad state of our workmen,—from meetings of sweated tailors, overworked bakers, and ballast-heavers forced into drunkenness, to the pages of Roberd of Brunne's *Handlyng Synne*, Langlande's *Vision of Piers Ploughman*, *Piers Ploughman's Crede*, and works of like kind from 1303 to 1560,—I can bear witness to the deep impression made on me by the noble and fervent spirits of our early men, rebuking the selfish, denouncing the hard-hearted, calling down God's judgment on the oppressor; striving, in their time too, to leave the land better than they found it. As one looked backward to these sources of the river of English life, one heard a great murmur of wrong rise from the torrents' currents, one saw the stream turbid with the woes of "humble folk;" but there were never wanting voices, ordering the one to be stilled in orderly channels, and the other cleared. Further

<sup>1</sup> This is a satirical Allegory: and seems not very ancient, vid. St. 13, v. 4.—P.

study of our early writers did not lessen this impression: for though the bright side came, though Chaucer's living sketches portrayed all that was merriest in early days, yet still there was method in his mirth; abuses in religion and social life were exposed, none the less effectively because with a joke; and when he spoke seriously, he too declared, "Thilke that thay clepe thralles, ben Goddes people; for humble folk ben Christes frendes: thay ben contubernially with the Lord: . . . certes, extorcious and despit of our undirlinges is dampnable." (Persones Tale, *De avaritia*.) To their honour be it said, our early writers were on the weak man's side against the strong, and did what in them lay to lessen the vice of the world. It is this which makes the lovers of them not only surprised, but indignant, at the willing and wilful ignorance in which men of our day remain with regard to them. Our moderns will not take a few days' trouble to master their language; they care little for their thoughts: but when once the readers of the nineteenth—or is it to be the twentieth?—century awake to the recognition of the fact that there *is* an Early English Literature worth studying, they will be ashamed of their countrymen's long neglect, and gladly acknowledge the value of the treasures they will find—food for all the best impulses of the human soul. So far as I know, justice has never yet been done to this spirit of our early literature by any writer on it, except the latest—Professor Morley. He, a man of mind akin with that of our old men—fresh from half a life spent in struggles for reform in health-laws, education, politics, and religion, ever backing the right and fighting the wrong—has come to the old books and said to them, not only "what were you translated or altered from, what manuscripts are there of you?" but first and mainly, "*what do you mean?* what has the spirit of your writer got to say to the spirits of me and men here now?" And the old bones (that were nothing more to so many) have taken flesh again and answered him, have stretched out their hands

and gript his as a friend's; and he has put down their answer for us in his own way in divers places of his genial and able book,<sup>1</sup> one of which I quote. He is speaking of Gower's *Vox Clamantis*, written on Wat Tyler's rebellion.

“In that earlier work, though written with vigour and ease in Latin, the language of literature which alone then seemed to be lasting, John Gower spoke especially and most essentially the English mind. To this day we hear among our living countrymen, as was to be heard in Gower's time and long before, the voice passing from man to man that—in spite of admixture with the thousand defects incident to human character—sustains the keynote of our literature, and speaks from the soul of our history the secret of our national success. It is the voice that expresses the persistent instinct of the English mind to find out what is unjust among us and undo it, to find out duty to be done and do it, as God's bidding. We twist religion into many a mistaken form. With thought free and opinions manifold we have run through many a trial of excess and of its answering reaction. In battle for main principles we have worked on through political and social conflicts in which often, no doubt, unworthy men rising to prominence have misused for a short time dishonest influence. But there has been no real check to the great current of national thought, the stream from which the long line of our English writers, like the trees by the fertile river-bank, derive their health and strength. We have seen how persistently that slow and earnest English labour towards God and the right was maintained for six centuries before the time of Chaucer, from the day when Cædmon struck the first note of our strain of English song with the words: ‘For us it is very right that we praise with our words, love in minds, the Keeper of the Heavens, Glory King of Hosts.’ It was the old spirit still in Chaucer's time that worked in the ‘Vision of Piers Plowman,’ and spoke through the Voice of Gower as of one crying in the wilderness, ‘Prepare ye the way of the Lord.’ It needed not in those days that a man should be a Wicliffite to see the griefs of the Church and people, and to trace them to their root in duties unperformed. Gower's name is a native one, possibly Cymric, but derived probably in or near Kent, from the old Saxon word for marsh-

<sup>1</sup> *English Writers*, vol. ii. pt. i. p. 106-7.



country, of which there was much about the Thames mouth, Gyrwa-land. His genius is unmixed Anglo-Saxon, closely allied to that of the literature before the Conquest, in the simple earnestness of a didactic manner leavened by no bold originality of fancy. In his Latin verse Gower writes easily, and, having his soul in his theme, forcibly. But he tells that which he knows, and invents rarely. His few inventions also, as of the dream of transformed beasts that represent Wat Tyler's rabble, of the ship of the state at sea, of his landing at an island full of turmoil which an old man described to him as Britain, are contrivances wanting in the subtlety and the audacity of true imaginative genius. He does not see as he writes, and so write that all they who read see with him. But in his own old English or Anglo-Saxon way, he tries to put his soul into his work. Thus, in the 'Vox Clamantis' we have heard him asking that the soul of his book, not its form, be looked to; and speaking the truest English in such sentences as that 'the eye is blind, and the ear deaf, that convey nothing down to the heart's depth; and the heart that does not utter what it knows is as a live coal under ashes. If I know little, there may be another whom that little will help. Poor, I give of my scanty store, for I would rather be of small use than of none. But to the man who believes in God no power is unattainable if he but rightly feels his work; he ever has enough whom God increases.' This is the old spirit of Cædmon and of Bede, in which are laid, while the earth lasts, the strong foundations of our literature. It was the strength of such a temper in him that made Gower strong. 'God knows,' he says again, 'my wish is to be useful; that is the prayer that directs my labour.' And while he thus touches the root of his country's philosophy, the form of his prayer that what he has written may be what he would wish it to be, is still a thoroughly sound definition of good English writing. His prayer is that there may be no word of untruth, and that 'each word may answer to the thing it speaks of, pleasantly and fitly; that he may flatter in it no one, and seek in it no praise above the praise of God. Give me,' he asks, 'that there shall be less vice and more virtue for my speaking.'"

So far as regards the spirit of our early literature, I believe that Professor Morley is justified in every word that he has said. Granted the occasional coarseness of expressions in it to us, granted many another shortcoming, the spirit of it is noble and



worthy of honour, as its words are worthy of study, by every Englishman.

The present poem, *Conscience*, is one effort, a late one, in the strain of that "slow and earnest labour towards God and the right" of which Professor Morley speaks. Differing as it does in word and form from the *Ayenbite of Inwyt* (or *Remorse of Conscience*) which Dan Michel of North Gate, "ane brother of the cloystre of saynt Austin of Canterburi," fulfilled in the year of our lordes bearing, 1340, it has yet the same aim,

þis boc is ywrite  
 uor englisse men, þet hi wyte (may learn)  
 hou hi ssolle ham-zelue ssriue,  
 and maki ham klene ine þise liue.

With Richard Rolle of Hampole in 1345 (or thereabouts), its writer desires that by his *Pricke of Conscience* men may

Be stird þar-by til ryghtwyse way,  
 þat es, tille þe way of gude lyfyng,  
 And at þe last be broght til gude endyng. (p. 258, l. 9611.)

With Langlande, our *Conscience* tries the Court, the Lawyers, the Landlords, the Merchants, the Clergy; and all he finds in the possession of his enemies. Covetousness, Lechery, Usury, Avarice, and Pride have their way with all; the husbandmen are left desolate so that they cannot help the poor, and Conscience is driven out to lodge in the wood, and eat hips and haws, his only comforters being Mercy, Pity, and Almsdeeds. In early times Langlande's *Conscience* fared better: he got the King on his side; stood his ground well; reprov'd Mede or Bribery; brought sinners to repentance, sent them seeking for truth, and remained master of the situation. (See *Langlande's Vision of Piers the Ploughman*, ed. Skeat, E. E. Text Soc. 1867, Passus 3-5.)

A contrast of the different evils complained of by reforming writers in different ages, and the comparative prominence given to each vice by each writer, could not fail to bring out the cha-

racteristics of the successive periods of our social history, and be of great interest. But though I have some material for it, want of space forbids my attempting it here. Still, the point may be illustrated by looking at the clergy's hinderers in their good work of giving, as mentioned in the present poem,

for their wiues & their children soe hange them vpon,  
that whosoener giues almes deeds they will giue none,

when set beside Roberd of Brunne's complaints, in his *Handlyng Synne*, about the priest's mare or concubine, and the earlier one of the *Old English Homilies* (? about 1200 A.D.) that Mr. Richard Morris will edit, probably in 1869, for the Early English Text Society :

And oðre fele lerdemen speken also lewede also ure drihten seide þurh anes prophetes muðe. *Erit sicut populus sacerdos*. Prest sal leden his lif also lewede mæn . and swo hie doð nuðe : and sumdel werse. For þe lewede man wurðeð his spuse mid cloðes more þane mid him seluen . and prest naht sis (=so his) chireche, þe is his spuse : ac his daie, þe is his hore . awlencð hire mid cloðes . more þan him seluen. Ðe chirche cloðes ben to-brokene : and ealde . and his wiues shule ben hole : and newe . His alter cloð great and sole : and hire chemise smal and hwit . and te albe sol : and hire smoc hwit. Þe haued-line sward : and hire wimpel wit . oðer maked geleu mid saffran. Ðe meshakele of medeme fustain . and hire mentel grene oðer burnet. Ðe corporeals sole : and unshapliche . hire handcloðes . and hire bord cloðes maked wite and lustliche on to siene. Ðe caliz of tin : and hire nap of mazere and ring of golde. And is þe prest swo muchele forcuðere . þane þe lewede. Swo he wurðeð his hore more þan his spuse.—*Homilies in Trinity Coll. MS. A.D. 1200.*

*Translation by Mr. Richard Morris.*

And many other learned men speak as the unlearned, as our Lord spake through the mouth of a prophet, *Erit sicut, &c.* The priest shall lead his life as the laity ; and so they do now, and somewhat worse, for the layman honoureth his spouse with clothes more than himself, and the priest not so his church, which is his spouse ; but his day (maid servant), who is his whore, whom he adorneth with clothes more than himself. The church cloths are ragged and old,

and his woman's shall be whole and new. His altar cloth great (coarse) and dirty (soiled), and her chemise small and white; and the alb soiled, and her smock white; the head linen black, and her wimple (neck-cloth) white, or made yellow with saffron. The masscloth of paltry fustian, and her mantle green or burnet; the corporas soiled and badly made, her hand-cloths and her table-cloths made white and pleasant to the sight. The chalice of tin, and her cup of maser (a sort of hard wood gilded or inlaid with jewels), and her ring of gold; and so the priest is much worse than the laity for he honoureth his whore more than his spouse.

On the question of the rents asked by grasping landlords, I may quote a passage from Ascham used in the Forewords to *The Babees Boke, &c.* (E. E. T. Soc., 1868).

“He says to the Duke of Somerset on Nov. 21, 1547 (*Works*, ed. Giles, i. 140-1),

“‘Qui auctores sunt tantæ miseræ? . . . Sunt illi qui hodie passim, in Anglia, prædia monasteriorum gravissimis annuis redditibus auxerunt. Hinc omnium rerum exactum pretium; hi homines expilant totam rempublicam. Villici et coloni universi laborant, parcunt, corradunt, ut istis satisfaciant. . . Hinc tot familiæ dissipatæ, tot domus collapsæ . . Hinc, quod omnium miserrimum est, nobile illud decus et robur Angliæ, nomen, inquam, *Yomanorum Anglorum*, fractum et collisum est. . . . NAM VITA, QUÆ NUNC VIVITUR A PLURIMIS, NON VITA, SED MISERIA EST.’

(When will these words cease to be true of our land? They should be burnt into all our hearts.)”

Harrison, in 1577, speaks more easily about rents, and as he deals also with the question of Usury or Interest noted in our poem, I make a long quotation from his *Description of England*, a book invaluable to the student of the England of Shakespeare's days, and which I hope we shall soon reprint in the Extra Series of our Early English Text Society. Harrison is speaking of the “Three things greatlie amended in England” in his day: “(1.) Chimnies; (2.) Hard lodging; (3.) Furniture of household,” and of the latter says:

The third thing they tell of, is the exchange of vessell, as of

treene platters into pewter, and wooden spoones into siluer or tin. For so common were all sorts of treéne stuffe in old time, that a man should hardlie find foure pièces of pewter (of which one was peradventure a salt) in a good farmer's house, and yet for all this frugalitie<sup>1</sup> (if it may so be iustly called) they were scarce able to liue and paie their rents at their daies without selling of a cow, or an horsse, or more, although they paid but foure pounds at the vttermost by the yeare. Such also was their pouertie, that if some one od farmer or husbandman had béene at the alehouse, a thing greatlie vsed in those daies, amongst six or seuen of his neighbours, and there in a brauerie to shew what store he had, did cast downe his pursse, and therein a noble or six shillings in siluer vnto them (for few such men then cared for gold bicause it was not so readie paiement, and they were oft inforced to giue a penie for the exchange of an angell) it was verie likelie that all the rest could not laie downe so much against it : whereas in my time, although peradventure foure pounds of old rent be improued to fortie, fiftie, or an hundred pounds, yet will the farmer (as another palme or date tree) thinke his gaines verie small toward the end of his terme, if he haue not six or seuen yeares rent lieng by him, therewith to purchase a new lease, beside a faire garnish of pewter on his cupbord, with so much more in od vessell going about the house, thrée or foure featherbeds, so manie couerlids and carpets of tapistrie, a siluer salt, a bowle for wine (if not an whole neast) and a dozzen of spoones to furnish vp the sute. This also he taketh to be his owne cléere, for what stocke of monie soeuer he gathereth & laieth vp in all his yeares, it is often séene, that the landlord will take such order with him for the same, when he renueth his lease, which is commonlie eight or six yeares before the old be expired (sith it is now growen almost to a custome, that if he come not to his lord so long before, another shall step in for a reuersion, and so defeat him out right) that it shall neuer trouble him more than the haire of his beard, when the barber hath washed and shauen it from his chin. And as they commend these, so (beside the decaie of housekeeping whereby the poore haue beene relieued) they speake also of thrée things that are growen to be verie griuous vnto them, to wit, the inhansing of rents, latelie mentioned; the dailie oppression of copiholders, whose lords séeke to bring their poore tenants almost into plaine seruitude and miserie, daily deuising new meanes, and séeeking vp all the old how to cut them shorter and

<sup>1</sup> The sidenote here is "This was in the time of generall idlennesse."



shorter, doubling, trebling, and now & then seuen times increasing their fines, driuing them also for euerie trifle to loose and forfeit their tenures (by whome the greatest part of the realme dooth stand and is maintained) to the end they may fléece them yet more, which is a lamentable hering. The third thing they talke of is vsurie, a trade brought in by the Iewes, now perfectlie practised almost by euerie christian, and so commonlie, that he is accompted but for a foole that dooth lend his monie for nothing. In time past it was *Sors pro sorte*, that is, the principall onelie for the principall; but now beside that which is aboute the principall properlie called *Vsura*, we challenge *Fœnus*, that is commoditie of soile, & fruits of the earth, if not the ground it selfe. In time past also one of the hundred was much, from thence it rose vnto two, called in Latine *Vsura*, *Ex sextante*; thrée, to wit *Ex quadrante*; then to foure, to wit *Ex triente*; then to fieve, which is *Ex quincunce*; then to six, called *Ex semisse*, &c.: as the accompt of the *Assis* ariseth, and comming at the last vnto *Vsura ex asse*, it amounteth to twelue in the hundred, and therefore the Latines call it *Centesima*, for that in the hundred moneth it doubleth the principall; but more of this elsewhere. See *Cicero* against *Verres*, *Demosthenes* against *Aphobus*, and *Athenæus* lib. 13. *in fine*: and when thou hast read them well, helpe I praie thée in lawfull maner to hang vp such as take *Centum pro cento*,<sup>1</sup> for they are no better worthie, as I doo iudge in conscience. Forget not also such landlords as vse to value their leases at a secret estimation giuen of the wealth and credit of the taker, whereby they séeme (as it were) to eat them vp and deale with bondmen, so that if the leassée be thought to be worth an hundred pounds, he shall paie no lesse for his new terme, or else another to enter with hard and doubtfull couenants. I am sorie to report it, much more gréeued to vnderstand of the practise; but most sorowfull of all to vnderstand that men of great port and countenance are so farre from suffering their farmers to haue anie gaine at all, that they themselues become grasiers, butchers, tanners, shéepmasters, woodmen, and *denique quid non*, thereby to inrich themselues, and bring all the wealth of the countrie into their owne hands, leauing the commualtie weake, or as an idoll with broken or féeble armes, which may in a time of peace haue a plausible shew, but when necessitie shall inforce, haue an heauie and bitter sequele.—*Holinshed*, vol. i. p. 188–189, ed. 1586.

The date of the poem I cannot pretend to fix. “The new-found land” of l. 91—

<sup>1</sup> “By the yeare” is the sidenote.

We banisht thee the country beyond the salt sea,  
& sett thee on shore in *the new-found land*—

cannot refer, I think, to the re-discovery of Newfoundland by John Cabot, then in the service of England, on the 24th of June, 1497 (*Penny Cycl.*). The date must be later than that.

The first three stanzas of the poem, which should contain twenty-one lines, in the Manuscript (which is written without divisions) contain only eighteen lines. Mr. Skeat has sent me two arrangements of them, of which the following seems the right one:

As I walked of late by one wood side,  
to god for to meditate was my entent,  
where vnder a hawthorne I suddenly espyed  
a silly poore creature ragged & rent,  
with bloody teares his face was besprent,  
his fleshe & his color consumed away,  
& his garments they were all mire, mucke, & clay;

with turning & winding his bodye was toste,

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*

“good lord! of my liffe deprive me, I pray,  
for I, silly wretch, am ashamed of my name;  
& I curse my godfathers *that* gaue me the same.”

this made me muse & much desire  
to know what kind of man hee shold bee;  
I stept to him straight, and did him require  
his name & his secretts to shew vnto me.  
his head he cast vp, & wooful was hee,  
“my name,” quoth hee, “is the causer of my care,  
& makes me scornd, & left here soe bare.”—F.

AS: I walked of late by one<sup>1</sup> wood side,  
to god for to meditate was my entent,  
where vnder a hawthorne I suddenly espyed  
4 a silly poore creature ragged & rent;

As I walked  
out to  
meditate,  
I spied  
a poor

<sup>1</sup> an.—P.

<sup>2</sup> perhaps On God.—P.





- “ there was none in all <sup>1</sup> the court *that* liued in such fame ; he was honoured
- for with the *Kings* councell he sate <sup>2</sup> in Commission ;
- Dukes Erles & Barrons esteemed of my name ; by Dukes
- 28 & how *that* I liued there needs no repetition ;
- I was euer holden in honest condition ;
- for howsoeuer the lawes went in westminster hall, and in Law Courts.
- when sentence was giuen, for me thé wold <sup>3</sup> call.
- 32 “ noe Incombes <sup>4</sup> at all the landlord wold take, Landlords obeyed him ;
- but one pore peny, *that* was their fine,
- & *that* they acknowledged to be for my sake ;
- the poore wold doe nothing without councell mine ; the poor,
- 36 I ruld the world with the right line ; the world,
- for nothing *that* was <sup>5</sup> passed betweene foe & freind,
- but Conscience was called to bee at an <sup>6</sup> end.
- “ noe Merchandize nor bargaines the Merchants wold and merchants.
- ma[ke],
- 40 but I was called a wittnesse therto ;
- no vse <sup>7</sup> for noe mony, nor forfeit wold take, No usury was practised.
- but I wold controwle them if *that* they did soe ;
- that* makes me liue now in great woe,
- 44 for then came in pride, Sathans disciple, “ Then came in Pride,
- that* now is <sup>8</sup> entertained with <sup>9</sup> all kind of people ;
- he brought with him 3, whose names they be these, <sup>10</sup> Covetousness, Lechery, and Usury who overthrew me.
- that* is couetousnes, Lecherye, vsury, <sup>11</sup> beside ;
- 48 they neuer preuailed till they had <sup>12</sup> wrought my downe-fall.

<sup>1</sup> all omitted.—*Rel.*

<sup>2</sup> I sate.—*P.*

<sup>3</sup> they wold.—*P.*

<sup>4</sup> Incomes.—*P.*

<sup>5</sup> (that was) seem redundant.—*P.*

<sup>6</sup> the.—*P.*

<sup>7</sup> interest.—*F.*

<sup>8</sup> is now.—*Rel.*

<sup>9</sup> of.—*P.*

<sup>10</sup> thus they call.—*Rel.*

<sup>11</sup> ‘ & pride ’ was added here in the MS., then struck out with a heavy ink stroke, the acid of which has eaten the paper away.—*F.*

<sup>12</sup> had omitted.—*Rel.*

- soe pride was entertained, but Conscience was deride.<sup>1</sup>
- I tried abroad,  
yet st[i]ll<sup>2</sup> abroad haue<sup>3</sup> I tryed  
to haue had entertainment with some one or other,  
52 but I am reiected & scorned of my brother.
- then the Court;  
“ then went I to the<sup>4</sup> court, the gallants to winn,  
but the porter kept me out of the gates.  
to Bartlew<sup>5</sup> spittle, to pray for my sinnes,<sup>6</sup>  
56 they bad<sup>7</sup> me goe packe me ; it was fitt for my state ;  
“ goe, goe, threed-bare conscience, & seeke thee a mate ! ”  
good Lord ! long preserue my King, Pirince, & Queene,  
with whom euer more I haue esteemed<sup>8</sup> beene !
- Next I tried London, but they  
60 “ then went I to london, where once I did wonne,<sup>9</sup>  
but they bade away with me when thé knew my name ;  
“ for he will vndoe vs to bye & to sell,”  
sent me off too.  
64 they bade me goe packe me, & hye me for shame,  
they lought at my raggs, & there had good game ;  
“ this is old threed-bare Conscience *that* dwelt with St. Peete[r] ;  
but they wold not admitt me to be a chimney sweeper.
- I spent my last penny in an awl and patches to cobble shoes,  
68 “ not one wold receiue me, the Lord god doth know.  
I, hauing but one poore penny in my purse,  
of an aule<sup>10</sup> & some patches I did it bestow ;  
I thought better to<sup>11</sup> cobble shooes then to doe worsse.

<sup>1</sup> perhaps decried.—P.<sup>2</sup> now ever since.—*Rel.*<sup>3</sup> Only half the *u* in the MS.—F.<sup>4</sup> *the* omitted.—*Rel.*<sup>5</sup> Bartlemew.—*Rel.*<sup>6</sup> Sin.—P.<sup>7</sup> *me* omitted in 1<sup>st</sup> ed<sup>n</sup>, restored in2<sup>nd</sup>.—*Rel.*<sup>8</sup> esteemed I've.—P. I *ever* esteemed have.—*Rel.*<sup>9</sup> perhaps dwell. (*idem*)—P. dwell. *Rel.*<sup>10</sup> On an awl.—P.<sup>11</sup> For I thought better.—*Rel.*

straight then all they<sup>1</sup> Coblers they began to cursse,  
 72 & by statute *thé* wold proue me<sup>2</sup> I was a rouge &  
     forlor[ne,]  
 & they whipt<sup>3</sup> me out of towne to see<sup>4</sup> where I was  
     borne.

but the  
 cobblers  
 whipt me out  
 of the town.

“ then did I remember & call to my minde  
     they court<sup>5</sup> of conscience where once I did sit,  
 76 not doubting but there some favor I shold find,  
     for<sup>6</sup> my name & the place agreed soe fitt.  
     but therof my<sup>7</sup> purpose I fayled a whitt,  
     for the<sup>8</sup> iudge did vse my name in euerye condicion<sup>9</sup>  
 80 for Lawyers with their qu[i]llets<sup>10</sup> wold get a<sup>11</sup>  
     dismission.

I tried the  
 Court of  
 Conscience,

but there the  
 lawyers  
 wheedled me  
 out.

“ then westminster hall was noe place for me ;  
     good god !<sup>12</sup> how the Lawyers began to assemblee ;  
 & fearfull they were lest there I shold be !  
 84 the silly poore clarkes began to tremblee ;<sup>13</sup>  
     I showed them my cause, & did not dissemble.  
     soe then they gaue me some mony my charges to beare,  
     but they<sup>14</sup> swore me on a booke I must neuer come there.

Then I went  
 to Westmin-  
 ster Hall,  
 and the  
 lawyers

gave me  
 money,  
 but made me  
 swear to go.

88 “ then<sup>15</sup> the Merchants said, ‘ counterfeite, get thee  
     away,  
     dost thou remember how wee thee found ?<sup>16</sup>  
     we banisht thee the country beyond the salt sea,  
     & sett thee on shore in the new-found land,<sup>17</sup>

The mer-  
 chants too  
 rejected me,

<sup>1</sup> the.—P.

<sup>2</sup> (I was) *delend.*—P.

<sup>3</sup> And whipp.—*Rel.*

<sup>4</sup> seeke.—*Rel.*

<sup>5</sup> The court.—P.

<sup>6</sup> Sith.—*Rel.*

<sup>7</sup> there of my.—P. sure of my.—*Rel.*

<sup>8</sup> usd.—*Rel.*

<sup>9</sup> For tho’—comission.—P.

<sup>10</sup> The Lawyers—quilllets.—P.

<sup>11</sup> my.—*Rel.*

<sup>12</sup> lord.—*Rel.*

<sup>13</sup> tremble.—*Rel.*

<sup>14</sup> they omitted.—*Rel.*

<sup>15</sup> Next.—*Rel.*

<sup>16</sup> fond.—*Rel.*

<sup>17</sup> lond.—P. land.—*Rel.*

- 92 & there thou & wee most freindly shook hands ;<sup>1</sup>  
& we were verry<sup>2</sup> glad when thou did refuse vs,  
for when we wold reape proffitt heere<sup>3</sup> thou wold<sup>4</sup>  
accuse vs.'
- so I had to  
go to Gentle-  
men'shouses,  
and tell them  
I had made  
their fore-  
fathers grant  
just leases.
- 96 " then had I noe way but for to goe an<sup>5</sup>  
to gentlemens houses of an ancyent name,  
declaring my greeffes; & there I made moane, [page 245]  
&<sup>6</sup> how there<sup>7</sup> forfathers had held me in fame,  
& in letting of their ffarmes I alwayes vsed the same.<sup>8</sup>
- They cursed  
me.
- 100 thé sayd, " fye vpon thee ! we may thee cursse !  
they haue leases<sup>9</sup> continue, & we fare the worsse."
- At last I was  
driven to  
husband-  
men;  
but land-  
lords had left  
them no-  
thing to give  
away ;
- 104 " & then I was forced a begging to goe  
to husbandmens houses ; who greeved right sore,  
who sware *that* their Landlords had plaged them so  
sore<sup>10</sup>  
*that* they were not able to keepe open doore,  
nor nothing thé<sup>11</sup> had left to giue to the pore.  
therefore to this wood I doe repayre
- so I am in  
this wood,  
and eat hips  
and haws,
- 108 with hepps & hawes ; *that* is my best fare.
- but am  
comforted  
by Mercy,  
Pity, and  
Almsdeeds."
- 112 " & yet within this same desert some comfort I haue  
of Mercy, of pittye, & of almes-deeds,  
who haue vowed to company me to my<sup>12</sup> graue.  
wee are ill<sup>13</sup> put to silence, & liue vpon weeds ;<sup>14</sup>  
. . . . .  
our banishment is their vtter decay,  
the *which* the rich glutton will answer one day."

<sup>1</sup> hond.—P.<sup>2</sup> right.—*Rel.*<sup>3</sup> *proffitt heere* omitted.—*Rel.*<sup>4</sup> woldst.—*Rel.*<sup>5</sup> ou.—*Rel.*<sup>6</sup> Telling.—*Rel.*<sup>7</sup> their.—P.<sup>8</sup> And at letting their farmes how  
always I came.—*Rel.*<sup>9</sup> their leases, i. e. the indulgent Leases  
let by our forefathers.—P.<sup>10</sup> soe.—*Rel.*<sup>11</sup> (the) redundant.—P.<sup>12</sup> *ny* in the MS.—F.<sup>13</sup> all.—*Rel.*<sup>14</sup> and hence such cold housekeeping  
proceeds.—*Rel.*

- ‘why then,” I said to him, “methinkes it were best  
 116 to goe to the Clergee ; for dealye <sup>1</sup> thé preach  
 eche man to loue you aboue all the rest ;  
 of mercy & of Pittie & of almes they doe <sup>2</sup> teach.”  
 “O,” said he, “no matter of a pin what they doe  
 preach,  
 120 for their wiues & their children soe hangs them vpon,  
*that* whosoeuer giues almes deeds <sup>3</sup> they will <sup>4</sup> giue  
 none.”

“Go to the  
 Clergy,” said  
 I.

It’d be no  
 good ; their  
 wives and  
 children stop  
 their giving.

- then Laid he him downe, & turned him away,  
 prayd <sup>5</sup> me to goe & leaue him to rest,  
 124 I told him I might happen to <sup>6</sup> see the day  
 to haue <sup>7</sup> him & his fellowes to liue with the best ;  
<sup>8</sup> “first,” said hee, “you must banish pride, & then  
 all England were blest,<sup>9</sup>  
 & <sup>10</sup>then those wold loue vs *that* now sells <sup>11</sup> their lands,<sup>12</sup>  
 128 & then good houses euerye where wold be kept<sup>13</sup> out of  
 hand.”

Banish  
 Pride ; then  
 England  
 will be blest.

ffins.

- <sup>1</sup> daily.—P.  
<sup>2</sup> *doe* omitted.—*Rel.*  
<sup>3</sup> *deeds* omitted.—*Rel.*  
<sup>4</sup> It ought in justice and Truth to be  
 “CAN.”—P.  
<sup>5</sup> And prayd.—*Rel.*  
<sup>6</sup> haplie might yet.—*Rel.*  
<sup>7</sup> For.—*Rel.*  
<sup>8</sup> This line written as two in the MS.  
 —F.  
<sup>9</sup> First *said* he, banish Pryde: Then  
 all England were blest.—P. These make  
 two lines in the MS.—F.  
<sup>10</sup> For.—*Rel.*  
<sup>11</sup> sell.—*Rel.*  
<sup>12</sup> land.—P.  
<sup>13</sup> house-keeping wold revive.—*Rel.*



## Durham feilde.<sup>1</sup>

SAYS Shakespeare's Henry V. :

You shall read, that my grandfather  
 Never went with his forces into France,  
 But that the Scot on his unfurnisht kingdom  
 Came pouring, like a tide into a breach,  
 With ample and brim-fullness of his force ;  
 Galling the gleaned land with hot assays ;  
 Girdling, with grievous siege, castles and towns,  
 That England being empty of defence  
 Hath shook and trembled at th' ill neighbourhood.

Perhaps the best account of the expedition celebrated in the following ballad is given by Fordun. "The local accuracy," observes Surtees, "with which Fordun describes the advance of the English army from Auckland, . . . . infers that his account must have been received from eye-witnesses." Other accounts are furnished by Knighton, Walsingham, Froissart. Harl MS. No. 4843 contains an ancient monkish poem on it.

The confidence of the Scotch King is amusingly represented in the First Part of the ballad.

Oddly enough, nothing is said of the Queen, who, though probably Froissart exaggerates the part she played, yet was certainly not remote from the scene of the conflict. One would have expected her presence to have been made much of by the ballad-writer.

Jóhn Copeland, who captured the King, was a Northumbrian esquire. He was afterwards Governor of Berwick and Sheriff of Northumberland.

---

<sup>1</sup> Fought Oct. 17, 1346, at St. Nevil's Cross, near Durham. "An excellent" [*half scratched out*].—P.  
 Old Ballad. The Subject is the

inrode (*sic*) into England by the Scotts, & the taking of their King, while Edward 3<sup>d</sup> was in France.—P.

<p>LORDINGES, listen, &amp; hold yo[u]<sup>1</sup> still ;          hearken to me a litle ;          I shall you tell of the fairest battell          4     <i>that euer</i> in England beffell.</p>	<p>Listen,           and I'll tell          you of a fair          battle.</p>
<p>for as it befell in Edward the 3<sup>d</sup> dayes,<sup>2</sup>          in England, where he ware the crowne,          then all the cheefe chivalry of England          8     they busked<sup>3</sup> &amp; made them bowne<sup>4</sup> ;</p>	<p>When Ed-          ward III.          was king,           all his          knights</p>
<p>they chosen all the best archers  <i>that</i> in England might be found,          and all was to fight with the <i>King</i> of ffrance          12     <i>within</i> a litle stounde.<sup>5</sup></p>	<p>and archers           went to fight          the French.</p>
<p>and when our <i>King</i> was ouer the water,          and on the salt sea gone,          then tydings into Scotland came          16     <i>that</i> all England was gone ;</p>	<p>Then the          Scotch hear</p>
<p>bowes and arrowes they were all forth,          at home was not left a man<sup>6</sup>          but shepards and Millers both,          20     &amp; preists with shauen crownes.</p>	<p>that no men          are left in          England           but millers          and priests.</p>
<p>then the <i>King</i> of Scotts in a study stood,          as he was a man of great might ;          he sware 'he wold hold his <i>Parlament</i> in leeu<sup>7</sup>          London          24     if he cold ryde there right.'</p>	<p>The Scotch          king           swears he'll          ride to          London.</p>

<sup>1</sup> ? MS. ; it may be *yo*.—F.  
<sup>2</sup> when Edward the 3<sup>d</sup> —P.  
<sup>3</sup> See P. 397, st. 46. (of MS.)—P.  
<sup>4</sup> *bowne*, paratus, L.—P.  
<sup>5</sup> *Stound*, signum, momentum, spatium, hora, tempus. Lye.—P.

<sup>6</sup> mon.—P. See vol. i. p. 217, l. 109.—F.  
<sup>7</sup> *Leeve*, perhaps the same as *leef*, *lief*, *leif*, dear, beloved—A.-S. *leofa*, *belg. lief*. Teut. *lieb*, charus, amicus, gratus. Gloss? to Gaw? Douglas.—P.

- A squire then bespake a Squier of Scotland borne,  
& sayd, "my leege, apace,  
tells him he'll rue his resolve, 28 before you come to leue London  
full sore youle rue *that* race !
- "ther beene bold yeomen in merry England,  
husbandmen stiffe & strong ;  
sharpes swords they done weare,  
32 bearen bowes & arrowes longe."
- for which the King the King was angrye at that word,  
a long sword out hee drew,  
and there befor his royall companye  
kills him, 36 his owne squier hee slew.
- so no one else dares say a word. hard hansell had the Scottes *that* day  
*that* wrought them woe enoughe,  
for then durst not a Scott speake a word  
40 ffor hanging att a boughe.
- James tells the Earl of Angus to lead the van, "the Earle of Anguish,<sup>1</sup> where art thou ?  
in my coate armor<sup>2</sup> thou shalt bee,  
and thou shalt lead the forward<sup>3</sup>  
44 thorow the English countrye.
- and promises him Northumberland. "take thy<sup>4</sup> yorke," then sayd the King,  
"in stead wheras it doth stand ;  
Ile make thy eldest sonne after thee  
48 heyre of all Northumberland.
- To the Earl of Buchan he promises Derbyshire ; "the Earle<sup>5</sup> of Vaughan,<sup>6</sup> where be yee ?  
in my coate armor thou shalt bee ;  
the high Peak & darbyshire  
52 I giue it thee to thy fee."

[page 246]

<sup>1</sup> Earl of Angus.—P.<sup>2</sup> Cote-Armour. A name applied to the tabard by Chaucer and others. Fairholt.—F.<sup>3</sup> raward.—P. There is a tag to the*d* in the MS.—F.<sup>4</sup> thee, i. e. to thee.—P.<sup>5</sup> The *l* is made over an *e*.—F.<sup>6</sup> It should be Baughan, i. e. Buchan.—P.

- then came in famous Douglas,  
 saies, " what shall my meede bee ?  
 & Ile lead the vawward,<sup>1</sup> Lord,  
 56 thorow the English countrye."
- " take thee Worster," sayd the *King*,  
 " Tuxburye,<sup>2</sup> Killingworth, Burton vpon trent ;  
 doe thou not say another day  
 60 but I haue giuen thee lands and rent.
- " Sir Richard of Edenborrow, where are yee ?  
 a wise man in this warr !  
 Ile giue thee Bristow & the shire  
 64 the time *that* wee come there.
- " my Lord Nevill, where beene yee ?  
 you must in this warres bee !  
 Ile giue thee Shrewsburye," saies the *King*,  
 68 " and Couentrye faire & free.
- " my Lord of Hambleton, where art thou ?  
 thou art of my kin full nye ;  
 Ile giue thee lincolne & Lincolneshire,  
 72 & *thats* enouge for thee."
- by then came in *William Douglas*  
 as breeme<sup>3</sup> as any bore ;  
 he kneeled him downe vpon his knees,  
 76 in his hart he sighed sore,
- saies, " I haue serued you, my louelye leege,  
 this 30 winters and 4,  
 & in the Marches<sup>4</sup> betweene England & Scotland  
 80 I haue beene wounded & beaten sore ;

to Douglas,

Worcester ;

to Sir  
Richard of  
Edinburgh,Bristol and  
its shire ;to Lord  
Nevill,Shrewsbury  
and Coven-  
try ;to Lord  
Hambleton,Lincoln-  
shire.William  
Douglasreminds the  
King of his  
long services,

<sup>1</sup> i. e. the Van, the Vanguard. Fr. *avant-garde*. L.—P.

<sup>2</sup> qu. MS.—F.

<sup>3</sup> breeme, *ferox*, atrox, cruel, sharp, severe. Lye.—P.

<sup>4</sup> Marches, *confinia*, *limites*, *alicujus territorii*: refer ad *Mark* Scotis. *March*, a landmark, &c. Vid. Lye, ad Jun.—P.

and asks  
what his re-  
ward is to be.

“for all the good service *that* I haue done,  
what shall my meed bee ?  
& I will lead the vanward  
84 thorrow the English countrye.”

“Whatever  
you ask,”  
answers  
James.  
“Then I ask  
for London.”

“aske on, douglas,” said the King,  
“& granted it shall bee.”  
“why then, I aske litle London,” saies *William*  
Douglas,  
88 “gotten giff *that* it bee.”

James  
refuses that,

the *King* was wrath, and rose away,  
saies, “nay, *that* cannot bee !  
for *that* I will keepe for my cheefe chamber,  
92 gotten if it bee ;

but gives  
Douglas N.  
Wales and  
Cheshire,

“but take thee North wales & weschaster,  
the cuntrye all round about,  
& rewarded thou shalt bee,  
96 of *that* take thou noe doubt.”

makes 100  
new knights

5 score *knights* he made on a day,  
& dubbd them with his hands ;  
rewarded them right worthilye  
100 with the townes in merry England.

and gives  
them the  
English  
towns.

They make  
ready for  
battle,

& when the fresh *knights* they were made,  
to battell thé buske them bowne ;<sup>1</sup>  
James Douglas went before,  
104 & he thought to haue wonnen him shoone.

but the  
English  
Commons  
meet them,  
and let none  
escape ;

but thé were mett in a morning of May  
with the comminaltye of litle England ;  
but there scaped neuer a man away  
108 through the might of christes hand,

<sup>1</sup> See Page 397, st. 46 [of MS.].—P.

- but all onely Iames Douglas ;  
 in Durham in the feild  
 an arrow stroke him in the thye.  
 112 fast flinge[s he] towards the *King*.
- the *King* looked toward litle Durham,  
 saies, "all things is not well !  
 for Iames Dowglas beares an arrow in his thye,  
 116 the head of it is of steele.
- "how now Iames ?" then said the *King*,  
 "how now, how may this bee ?  
 & where beene all thy merrymen  
 120 That thou tooke hence with thee ?" [page 247]
- "but cease, my *King*," saies Iames <sup>1</sup> Douglas,  
 "aliue is not left a man !"  
 "now by my faith," saies the *King* of scottes,  
 124 "that gate <sup>2</sup> was euill gone ;
- "but Ile reuenge thy quarrell well,  
 & of *that* thou may be faine ;  
 for one Scott will beate 5 Englishmen  
 128 if thé meeten them on the plaine."
- "now hold your tounge," saies Iames Douglas,  
 "for in faith *that* is not soe ;  
 for one English man is worth 5 Scotts  
 132 when they meeten together thoe ;
- "for they are as Egar men to fight  
 as a faulcon vpon a pray.  
 alas ! if euer thé winne the vanward,  
 136 there scapes noe man away."

except  
Douglas,

who is  
wounded  
and flees to  
the King.

James asks  
where his  
men are.

All dead.

James vows

revenge ;

one Scot is a  
match for  
five English.

"No," says  
Douglas,

"one Eng-  
lishman is  
worth five  
Scots ;

they let no  
one escape  
alive."

<sup>1</sup> *Ianes* in the MS.—F.

<sup>2</sup> gate, *via* a way : march or walk. Lye.—P.



“ O peace thy talking,” said the *King*,  
 “ they bee but English knaues,  
 but shepards & Millers both,  
 140 & [mass] preists with their staues.”

A herald  
 reports to  
 James

the *King* sent forth one of his heralds of armes  
 to vew the Englishmen.

that he has  
 ten to the  
 English one,

144 “ be of good cheere,” the herald said,  
 “ for against one wee bee ten.”

whom the  
 Bishop of  
 Durham  
 leads.

“ who leades those Ladds ? ” said the *King* of Scottes,  
 “ thou herald, tell thou mee.”  
 the herald said, “ the Bishopp of Durham  
 148 is captaine of *that* companye ;

for the Bishopp hath spred the *Kings* banner  
 & to battell he buskes him bowne.”  
 “ I sweare by St. Andrewes bones,” saies the *King*,  
 152 “ Ile rapp *that* preist on the crowne ! ”

[Part II.]

James sees

Lord Percy  
 in the field.

156 { The *King* looked towards litle Durham,  
 & *that* hee well beheld,  
*that* the Earle Percy was well armed,  
 with his battell axe entred the feild.  
 2<sup>d</sup> part {  
 the *King* looket againe towards litle Durham,  
 4 ancyents there see hee ;  
 there were to standards, 6 in a valley,  
 160 he cold not see them with his eye. .

There, too,  
 are Lords  
 York, Car-  
 lisle,  
 and two Fitz-  
 williams.

My Lord of yorke was one of them,  
 my lord of Carlile was the other ;  
 & my Lord fluwilliams,  
 164 the one came with the other.

- the Bishopp of Durham commanded his men,  
 & shortlye he them bade,  
 ‘*that neuer a man shold goe to the feild to fight*  
 168    till he had serued his god.’
- 500 preists said masse *that* day  
 in durham in the feild ;  
 & afterwards, as I hard say,  
 172    they bare both speare & sheeld.
- the Bishopp of Durham <sup>1</sup> orders himselfe to fight  
 with his battell axe in his hand ;  
 he said, “this day now I will fight  
 176    as long as I can stand !”
- “& soe will I,” sayd my Lord of Carlile,  
 “in this faire morning gay ;”  
 “& soe will I,” said my Lord fluwilliams,  
 180    “for Mary, *that* myld may.”
- our English archers bent their bowes  
 shortlye and anon,  
 they shott ouer the Scottish Oast  
 184    & scantlye <sup>2</sup> toucht a man.
- “hold downe your hands,” sayd the Bishopp of Durham,  
 “my archers good & true.”  
 the 2<sup>d</sup> shoote *that* thé shott,  
 188    full sore the Scottes itt rue.
- the Bishopp of Durham spoke on hye  
*that* both partyes might heare,  
 “be of good cheere, my merrymen all,  
 192    the Scotts flyen, & changen there cheere !”

<sup>1</sup> Durhan in MS.—F.<sup>2</sup> scantly, scarcely.—P.

- but as thé saidden, soe thé didden,  
 they fell on heapes hye ;  
 our Englishmen laid on with their bowes  
 196 as fast as they might dree.
- King James      <sup>1</sup> The *King* of Scotts in a studye stood      [page 248]  
 amongst his companye,  
 is shot through the nose,  
 200 an arrow stoke him thorrow the nose  
 & thorrow his armorye.
- gets off his horse,  
 the *King* went to a marsh side  
 & light beside his steede,  
 he leaned him downe on his sword hilts  
 204 to let his nose bleede.
- and is summoned to yield by an English yeoman, Copland.  
 there followed him a yeaman of merry England,  
 his name was Iohn of Coplande :  
 “yeeld thee Traytor !” saies Coplande then,  
 208 “ thy liffe lyes in my hand.”
- James refuses,  
 “ how shold I yeeld me ? ” sayes the *King*,  
 “ & thou art noe gentleman.”  
 “ noe, by my troth,” sayes Copland there,  
 212 “ I am but a poore yeaman ;
- “ what art thou better then I, Sir *King* ?  
 tell me if that thou can !  
 what art thou better then I, Sir *King*,  
 216 now we be but man to man ? ”
- and strikes at Copland,  
 the *King* smote angerly at Copland then,  
 angerly in that stonde <sup>2</sup> ;  
 & then Copland was a bold yeaman,  
 who floors him,  
 220 & bore the *King* to the ground.

<sup>1</sup> Here a short leaf is inserted in the MS. in a more modern hand, Percy's late upright hand, differing from the early

small one of most of his notes.—F.  
<sup>2</sup> stound.—? Percy.

- he sett the *King* upon a Palfrey,  
 himselfe upon a steede,  
 he tooke him by the bridle rayne,  
 224 towards London he can him Lead. puts him on  
a palfrey,
- & when to London *that* he came,  
 the *King* from ffrance was new come home,  
 & there unto the *King* of Scottes  
 228 he sayd these words anon, where King  
Edward is.
- “how like you my shepards & my millers,  
 my priests *with* shaven crownes ? ”  
 “by my fayth, they are the sorest fighting men  
 232 *that* ever I mett on the ground ; Edward asks  
James how  
he likes his  
millers and  
priests.  
“They’re  
the hardest  
fighters I  
ever met.”
- “there was never a yeaman in merry England  
 but he was worth a Scottish *knight* ! ”  
 “I, by my troth,” said *King* Edward, & laughe,  
 236 “for you fought all against the right.”
- but now the Prince of merry England  
 worthilye under his Sheelde  
 hath taken the *King* of ffrance  
 240 at Poytiers in the ffeelde. The King of  
France is  
also taken  
at Poitiers
- the Prince did present his father *with that* food,<sup>1</sup>  
 the louely *King* off ffrance,  
 & fforward of his Iourney he is gone :  
 244 god send us all good chance ! by the Black  
Prince,
- “you are welcome, brothers ! ” sayd the *King* of Scotts, and both he  
and the  
Scotch King  
 to *the King* of ffrance,  
 “for I am come hither to soone ;  
 Christ leeve *that* I had taken my way  
 248 unto the court of Roome ! ”

<sup>1</sup> feod or feodary.—P. Person : see note <sup>2</sup>, p. 456, vol. i.—F.

wish they  
had kept out  
of England.

“ & soe wold I,” said the *King* of ffrance,  
“ when I came over the streame,  
*that* I had taken my Iourney  
252 unto Ierusalem.”

Durham  
Field,

Thus ends the battell of ffaire Durham  
in one morning of may,

[page 249]

Cressy, and  
Poictiers,  
all won in a  
month!

the battell of Cressey, & *the* battle of Potyers,  
256 All within one monthes day.

Then was  
wealth  
and mirth in  
England,

then was welthe & welfare in mery England,  
Solaces, game, & glee,  
& every man loved other well,

and the King  
loved the  
yeomanry!

260 & the *King* loved good yeomanrye.

but God *that* made the grasse to growe,  
& leaves on greenwoode tree,

God save  
him, and the  
yeomen too!

264 now save & keepe our noble *King*,

& maintaine good yeomanry!

ffinis.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> (*Pencil note in Percy's late hand.*)  
“ This & 2 following Leaves being un-  
fortunately torn out, in sending the sub-  
sequent piece [*King Estmere*] to the  
Press, the conclusion of the preceding  
ballad has been carefully transcribed;  
and indeed the fragments of the other  
Leaves ought to have been so.”

The loss of *King Estmere* is much to  
be lamented. It was, perhaps, the best  
ballad in the Manuscript. Percy says  
in the 2nd edition of the *Reliques*,  
p. 59, that “ this old Romantic Legend . .  
is given from two copies, one of them in  
the Editor's folio MS.”; but we have not  
been able to find the second copy. It is  
not in the other small MS. in the posses-  
sion of the Bishop's descendants now.  
It is evident at a glance that Percy must  
have touched up the ballad somewhat,  
as in line 4 he has *y-were*, were, for a  
perfect tense, *y* being the past participle  
prefix; and a comparison of the first  
three editions with the 4th shows what  
liberties he took with the (supposed)  
text of the MS. Some of these will be  
pointed out in a note at the end of this  
volume. The thing to be noticed here is

that Percy must have deliberately and  
unnecessarily torn three leaves out of  
his MS. when preparing his 4th edition  
for the Press, and after he had learnt—to  
use his own words—to reverence the MS.  
These leaves were in the MS. till that  
time, as he says in his note on “ Ver. 253.  
Some liberties have been taken in the  
following stanzas; but wherever this  
edition differs from the preceding, it  
hath been brought nearer to the folio  
MS.” As the differences of the fourth  
from the other editions, after v. 253,  
are only in spelling *louked*, ‘looked,’ and  
*wufe*, ‘wiffe,’ we must take the latter  
part of Percy's sentence to apply to the  
whole ballad. By tearing out the leaves  
he has prevented us from knowing the  
extent of his large changes, and has  
sacrificed not only the original of the  
whole of *King Estmere* but also the first  
22 (or more or less) stanzas of *Guy and  
Phillis*, of which his version is printed  
in the *Reliques* iii. 143, 4th ed., and  
Child's *Ballads* i. 63-6. I calculate  
Percy's additions to *Estmere* and the  
lost part of *Guy* at 40 lines.—F.

## Guy & Phyllis.<sup>1</sup>

[A fragment.]

[See the General Introduction to all the Guy Poems in *Guy & Colebrande* below.  
The beginning of this Poem was on one of the torn-out leaves of the MS.]

<p>In winsor fforrest I did slay              a bore of passing might &amp; strenght,<sup>2</sup>          whose like in England neuer was          4     for hugnesse, both for breadth &amp; lenght ;</p> <p>some of his bones in warwicke yett              within the Castle there doth<sup>3</sup> Lye ;          one of his sheeld bones to this day          8     doth hang in the Citye of Couentrye.</p> <p>on Dunsmore heath I alsoe slewe              a mightye wyld &amp; cruell beast          calld the Duncow of Dunsmore heath,          12    which many people had opprest ;</p> <p>some of her bones in warwicke yett              there for a monument doth<sup>4</sup> lye,          which vnto euery lookers veue          16    as wonderous strange they may espye.</p> <p>another dragon in this Land              in fight I alsoe did destroye,          who did bothe men &amp; beasts opresse,          20    &amp; all the countrie sore anoye ;</p> <p>&amp; then to warwicke came againe              like Pilgrim poore, &amp; was not knowen ;          &amp; there I liued a Hermitts liffe          24    a mile &amp; more out of the towne ;</p>	<p>[page 254] In Windsor Forest I slew a big boar,</p> <p>some of whose bones are in Warwick Castle</p> <p>and Coventry.</p> <p>On Duns- more Heath I slew</p> <p>the Dun Cow,</p> <p>whose bones are also in Warwick.</p> <p>Another Dragon I also slew,</p> <p>and then came back to Warwick,</p> <p>and lived a hermit's life,</p>
------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

<sup>1</sup> Title written in by P.—F.   <sup>2</sup> strenght in the MS.—F.   <sup>3</sup> do.—P.   <sup>4</sup> do.—P.



in a cave  
cut out of a  
rock,

where *with* my hands I hewed a house  
out of a craggy rocke of stone,  
& liued like a palmer poore

28     *within* the caue my selfe alone ;

and  
begged my  
food at my  
own castle  
of my wife.

& daylye came to begg my foode  
of Phillis att my castle gate,  
not knowing <sup>1</sup> to my loued wiffe,

32     who daylye moned for her mate ;

At last I fell  
sick,

till att the last I fell soe sicke,  
yea, sicke soe sore *that* I must dye.

sent her a  
ring,

I sent to her a ring of gold

36     by *which* shee knew me *presentlye* ;

and she  
closed my  
dying eyes.

then shee, repairing to the graue,  
befor *that* I gaue vp the ghost  
shee closed vp my dying eyes,

40     my Phillis faire, whom I loued most.

I died like a  
palmer to  
save my soul.

thus dreadfull death did me arrest,  
to bring my corpes vnto the graue ;  
& like a palmer dyed I,

44     wherby I sought my soule to saue.

You may  
see my  
statue now.

tho now it be consumed to mold,  
my body *that* endured this toyle,  
my stature ingrauen in Mold

48     this *present* time you may behold.

ffins.

<sup>1</sup> knowen.—P.

### John : a : Side.

THE rescue of a prisoner was a favourite subject with the ballad-makers of the Borders. There are in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* "no fewer than three poems on the rescue of prisoners, the incidents in which nearly resemble each other; though the poetical description is so different, that the editor did not think himself at liberty to reject any one of them as borrowed from the others." These three are *Jock o' the Side*, *Kinmont Willie*, and *Archie of Ca'field*. The ballad here given for the first time is vitally the same with *Jock o' the Side*. The persons are partly changed: Sybill o' the Side takes the place of the Lady Downie of Scott's ballad; Much the Miller's Son answers to the Laird's Saft Wat, though as the Folio copy does not give the names of the five who accompany Hobbie Noble, the Laird's Saft Wat may have been one of them. The incidents differ very slightly: as at Culerton or Cholerford, when the rescuers are going and returning, at Newcastle where the *Minstrelsy* copy brings in "a proud porter" to be duly made away with, at the gaol on the way back, where that same copy gives the banter with which the heavy-ironed prisoner was assailed by his triumphant friends. The Folio copy is a very fresh, valuable version of the ballad.

"The reality of this story," says Scott, "rests solely upon the foundation of tradition. Jock o' the Side seems to have been nephew to the laird of Margertoun, cousin to the Laird's Jock, one of his deliverers, and probably brother to Chrystie of the Syde, mentioned in the list of border clans, 1597. Like the Laird's Jock, he is also commemorated by Sir Richard Maitland:

He is weil kend, Johne of the Syde.  
 A greater theif did never ryde ;  
 He never tyris  
 For to brek byris,  
 Our muir and myris  
 Ouir gude and guide.

- PEETER a whifeild <sup>1</sup> he hath slaine ;  
 & Iohn a side, he is tane ;  
 & Iohn is bound both hand & foote,  
 4 & to the New-castle he is gone.
- John-a-Side  
 is taken,  
 and sent  
 prisoner to  
 Newcastle.
- His mother,  
 Sybill,  
 but Tydings came to the Sybill o the side,  
 by the water side as shee rann ;  
 shee tooke her kirtle by the hem,  
 8 & fast shee runn to Mangerton.
- tells Lord  
 Mangerton.
- the Lord was sett downe at his meate ;  
 when these tydings shee did him tell,  
 neuer a Morsell might he eate.
- Lords and  
 Ladies  
 lament,  
 12 but lords thé wrunge their fingars white,  
 Ladyes did pull themselues by the haire,  
 crying " alas and weladay !  
 for Iohn o the side wee shall neuer see more <sup>2</sup> !
- and vow to  
 lose their all  
 16 " but weele goe sell our droues of Kine,  
 & after them our oxen sell,  
 & after them our troopes of sheepe,  
 or rescue  
 him.  
 but wee will loose him out of the New-castell."
- Hobby Noble  
 offers to  
 fetch John,  
 with five  
 men.  
 20 but then bespake him hobby noble,  
 & spoke these words wonderous hye,  
 sayes " giue me 5 men to my selfe,  
 & Ile feitch Iohn o the side to thee."

[page 255]

<sup>1</sup> ? The first *i* may be *t*.—F.<sup>2</sup> maire.—P.

- 24 "yea, thoust haue 5, hobby noble,  
of the best *that* are in this countrie!  
Ile giue thee 5000, hobby Noble,  
*that* walke in Tyuidale trulye." The lord  
promises  
5000 ;
- 28 "nay, Ile haue but 5," saies hobby Noble,  
" *that* shall walke away with mee ;  
wee will ryde like noe men of warr ;  
but like poore badgers<sup>1</sup> wee wilbe." but Hobby  
will only  
have five,  
  
dressed as  
corn-dealers.
- 32 they stuffet vp all their baggs with straw,  
& their steeds barefoot must bee ;  
" come on my bretheren," sayes hobby noble,  
" come on *your* wayes, & goe with mee." They start,
- 36 & when they came to Culerton<sup>2</sup> ford,  
the water was vp, they cold it not goe ;  
& then they were ware of a good old man,  
how his boy & hee were at the plowe. but at  
Culerton  
Ford find the  
water up.
- 40 " but stand you still," sayes hobby noble,  
" stand you still heere at this shore,  
& I will ryde to yonder old man,  
& see were the gate<sup>3</sup> it Lyes ore. Hobby  
  
asks an old  
man
- 44 " but christ you saue, father," Quoth hee,  
" crist both you saue and see !  
where is the way ouer this fford ?  
for christs sake tell itt mee !" the way  
over the  
ford.
- 48 " but I haue dwelled heere 3 score yeere,  
soe haue I done 3 score and 3 ;  
I neuer sawe man nor horsse goe ore  
except itt were a horse of 3.<sup>4</sup>" The old man  
won't tell it.

<sup>1</sup> corn-dealers, Fr. *bladiers*.—F.<sup>2</sup> Challerton, probably.—P.<sup>3</sup> way, ford.—F.<sup>4</sup> Tree, qu.—P.

- Hobby tells  
him to go to  
the devil,
- 52 “but fare thou well, thou good old man ;  
the devill in hell I leave with thee!  
noe better comfort heere this night  
thow giues my bretheren heere & me.”
- and rides  
back to his  
mates.  
They find  
the ford,
- 56 but when he came to his brether againe,  
& told this tydings full of woe,  
& then they found a well good gate  
they might ryde ore by 2 and 2.
- and get safe  
over,
- 60 and when they were come ouer the fforde,  
all safe gotten att the last,  
“thankes be to god !” sayes hobby noble,  
“the worst of our perill is past.”
- cut down a  
tree, 33 ft.  
high,
- 64 & then they came into HOWBRAME wood,  
& there then they found a tree,  
& cutt itt downe then by the roote ;  
the lenght was 30 ffoote and 3.
- carry it to  
John-a-  
Side's prison,
- 68 & 4 of them did take the planke  
as light as it had beene a ffee,  
& carryed itt to the Newcastle  
where as Iohn a side did lye ;
- and climb up  
to where he  
is lamenting  
his fate.
- 72 & some did climbe vp by the walls,  
& some did climbe vp by <sup>1</sup> the tree,  
vntill they came vpp to the top of the castle  
where Iohn made his moane trulye :
- He takes  
leave of his  
mother  
Sybill,
- 76 he sayd, “god be with thee, Sybill o the side !  
my owne mother thou art,” Quoth hee,  
“if thou knew this knight <sup>2</sup> I were here,  
a woe woman then woldest thou bee !

<sup>1</sup> MS. eaten through by ink.—F.<sup>2</sup> night.—P.

- 80 “& fare you well, *Lord Mangerton* !  
 & *euer* I say ‘god be with thee!’  
 for if you knew this night I were heere,  
 you wold sell your land for to loose mee.
- of Lord  
Mangerton,
- 84 “& fare thou well, *Much Millers sonne* !  
*Much Millars sonne*, I say ;  
 thou has beene better att *Merke* midnight  
 then *euer* thou was att noone o the day.
- of Much the  
Miller's son,
- 88 “& fare thou well, my good *Lord Clough* !  
 thou art thy ffathers sonne & heire ;  
 thou *neuer* saw him <sup>1</sup> in all thy liffe,  
 but *with* him durst thou breake a speare.
- and of Lord  
Clough ;
- 92 “wee are brothers childer 9: or :10:  
 & sisters children 10: or :11:  
 we *neuer* come to the feild to fight,  
 but the worst of us was counted a man.”
- and boasts  
that his  
family is  
large and  
brave.
- 96 but then bespake him *hobynoble*,  
 & spake these words vnto him,  
 saies, “sleepest thou, wakest thou, *Iohn o the side*,  
 or art thou this castle *within* ? ”
- Hobby tells  
him
- 100 “But who is there,” *Quoth Iohn oth side*, [page 256]  
 “*that* knowes my name soe right & free ? ”  
 “I am a bastard brother of thine ;  
 this night I am comen for to loose thee.”
- he has come  
to free him.
- 104 “now nay, now nay,” *quoth Iohn othe side* ;  
 “itt ffeares me sore *that* will not bee ;  
 ffor a pecke of gold & silver,” *Iohn sayd*,  
 “*infaith* this night will not loose mee.”
- I fear not,  
says John ;

<sup>1</sup> man.—F.



- but Hobby 108 but then bespake him hobby Noble,  
& till his brother thus sayd hee,  
says his four can do it. sayes, "4 shall take this matter in hand,  
and 2 shall tent our geldings ffree."
- 112 for 4 did breake one dore without,  
then Iohn brake 5 himsell;  
They break five doors, and get to the iron one. but when they came to the Iron dore,  
it smote 12 vpon the bell.
- Much fears they'll be taken. 116 "itt ffeares me sore," sayd much the Miller,  
"that heere taken wee all shalbee."  
"but goe away, bretheren," sayd Iohn a side,  
"for euer, alas! this will not bee."
- Hobby reproaches him, 120 "but ffye vpon thee!" sayd Hobby Noble;  
"Much the Miller! fye vpon thee!"  
"it sore feares me," said Hobby Noble,  
"man *that* thou wilt neuer bee."
- files down the iron door, takes John out, 124 but then he had fflanders files 2 or 3,  
& hee fyled downe *that* Iron dore,  
& tooke Iohn out of the New-castle,  
& sayd "looke thou neuer come heere more!"
- 128 when he had him fforth of the Newcastle,  
"away with me, Iohn, thou shalt ryde."  
but euer alas! itt cold not bee;  
for Iohn cold neither sitt nor stryde.
- wraps sheets round his chains, and sets him on a horse 132 but then he had sheets 2 or 3,  
& bound Iohns boults fast to his ffeete,  
& sett him on a well good steede,  
himselve on another by him seete.

- 136 then Hobby Noble smiled & louge,<sup>1</sup>  
 & spoke these words in mickle pryde,  
 “thou sitts soe finely on thy geldinge  
*that*, Iohn, thou rydes like a bryde.”  
 woman-fashion.
- 140 & when they came thorow HOWBRAME towne,  
 Iohns horsse there stumbled at a stone ;<sup>2</sup>  
 “out & alas !” cryed much the Miller,  
 “Iohn, thoule make vs all be tane.”  
 Much the Miller gets into another fright,
- 144 “but fye vpon thee!” saies Hobby Noble,  
 “much the Millar, fye on thee !  
 I know full well,” sayes Hobby Noble,  
 “man *that* thou wilt neuer bee !”  
 and is again snubbed by Hobby Noble,
- 148 & when thé came into HOWBRAME wood,  
 he had fflanders files 2 or 3  
 to file Iohns bolts beside his ffeete,  
*that* hee might ryde more easilye.  
 who files off John's chains from his feet.
- 152 sayes Iohn, “Now leape ouer a steede,”  
 & Iohn then hee lope ouer 5 :  
 “I know well,” sayes Hobby Noble,  
 “Iohn, thy ffellow is not alieue !”  
 Thereupon John leaps over five horses,
- 156 then he brought him home to Mangerton ;  
 the Lord then he was att his meate ;  
 but when Iohn o the side he there did see,  
 for faine hee cold noe more eate ;  
 and goes home to Lord Mangerton.
- 160 he sayes “blest be thou, Hobby Noble,  
*th at* euer thou wast man borne !  
 thou hast feitched vs home good Iohn oth side  
*that* was now cleane ffrom vs gone !”  
 ffins.  
 Lord Mangerton blesses Hobby Noble.

<sup>1</sup> loughe.—P.<sup>2</sup> stane.—P.

## Risinge in the North: <sup>1</sup>

THIS ballad is printed in the *Reliques*, "from two MS. copies, one of them in the Editor's folio collection. They contained (*sic*) considerable variable variations, out of which such readings were chosen as seemed most poetical and consonant to history."

On the subject see the Introduction to "The Earle of Westmorelande," vol. i. p. 292, and Percy's, in the *Reliques*, i. 248, 1<sup>st</sup> ed.

Listen,	LISTEN, linely lordings all,	
and I'll tell all about it.	& all <i>that</i> beene this place within !	
	if youle giue eare vnto my songe,	
	4     I will tell you how this geere did begin.	
The Earl of Westmore- land	It was the good Erle of westmorlande,	
turned traitor ;	a noble Erle was called hee ;	
	& he wrought treason against the crowne ;	
	8     alas, itt was the more pittye !	
so did the Earl of North- umberland.	& soe itt was the Erle of Northumberland,	
	another good Noble Erle was hee,	
	they tooke both vpon one part,	[page 257]
	12    against their crowne they wolden bee.	
Earl Percy tells his wife	Earle Pearcy is into his garden gone,	
	& after walkes his awne ladye <sup>2</sup> ;	
	" I heare a bird sing in my eare	
he must fight or flee.	16 <i>that</i> I must either ffight or flee."	

<sup>1</sup> A. D. 1569. N.B.—To correct this by my other copy, which seems more modern.—P. The other copy in many

parts preferable to this.—Pencil note.

<sup>2</sup> This lady was Anne, daughter of Henry Somerset, E. of Worcester.—*Rel.*

- “god fforbidd,” shee sayd, “good my lord,  
*that euer soe that it shalbee!*  
 but goe to London to the court,  
 20 & faire ffall truth & honestye!”  
 She advises  
 him to go to  
 court.
- “but nay, now nay, my Ladye gay,  
*that euer it shold soe bee;*  
 my treason is knowen well enoughe;  
 24 att the court I must not bee.”  
 He says  
 his treason  
 is too well  
 known.
- “but goe to the Court! yet, good my Lord,  
 take men enowe with thee;  
 if any man will doe you wronge,  
 28 *your warrant they<sup>1</sup> may bee.”*  
 She again  
 says, “Go to  
 court with  
 plenty of  
 men.”
- “but Nay, Now Nay, my Ladye gay,  
 for soe itt must not bee;  
 If I goe to the court, Ladye,  
 32 death will strike me, & I must dye.”  
 No, says the  
 Earl,  
 it would be  
 certain  
 death.
- “but goe to the Court! yett, [good] my Lord,  
 I my-selfe will ryde with thee;  
 if any man will doe you wronge,  
 36 *your borrow<sup>2</sup> I shalbee.”*  
 She offers to  
 go with him.
- “but Nay, Now nay, my Ladye gay,  
 for soe it must not bee;  
 for if I goe to the Court, Ladye,  
 40 thou must me neuer see.  
 He still  
 refuses,
- “but come hither, thou litle footpage,  
 come thou hither vnto mee,  
 for thou shalt goe a Message to Master Norton  
 44 in all the hast *that euer* may bee:  
 but sends a  
 page to ask  
 Master  
 Norton

<sup>1</sup> altered from *them*.—F. they.—P. fide jussor, vadimonium, pignus. A.-S.

<sup>2</sup> *Borrow, borow, borge*. Sponsor, vas, *borge, borhoc*, Lye.—P.

- to go with  
him. 48 “ comend me to *that* gentleman ;  
bring him here this letter from mee,  
& say, ‘ I pray him Earnestlye  
*that* hee will ryde in my companye.’ ”
- The page  
hurries off  
to Master  
Norton, 52 but one while the foote page went,  
another while he rann ;  
vntill he came to *Master Norton*,  
the ffoot page neuer blanne ; <sup>1</sup>
- and gives  
him the  
letter. 56 & when he came to *Master Nortton*,  
he kneeled on his knee,  
& tooke the letter betwixt his hands,  
& lett the gentleman it see.
- 60 & when the letter itt was reade  
affore all his companye,  
I-wis,<sup>2</sup> if you wold know the truth,  
there was many a weeping eye.
- Norton asks  
his son  
Kester  
for advice. 64 he said, “ come hither, Kester<sup>3</sup> Nortton,  
a ffine ffellow thou seemes to bee ;  
some good counsell, Kester Nortton,  
this day doe thou giue to mee.”
- Kester tells  
him not to  
draw back  
from his  
word. 68 “ marry, Ile giue you counsell, ffather,  
if youle take counsell att me,  
*that* if you haue spoken the word, ffather,  
*that* backe againe you doe not flee.”
- Norton  
promises  
him reward, 72 “ god amercy, Christopher Nortton,  
I say, god amercye !  
if I doe liue & scape with liffe,  
well advanced shalt thou bee ;

<sup>1</sup> cessavit.—P.<sup>2</sup> to *wis*, to know. Germ. *wissen*, liwell's Glossary.—F.

Johns.—P.

<sup>3</sup> Kester, Christopher. *Northern*. Hal-

- “ but come you hither, my 9 good sonnes,  
 in mens estate I thinke you bee ;  
 how many of you, my children deare,  
 76 on my *part that* wilbe ? ”
- and asks his  
 own nine  
 sons  
 who will be  
 on his side.
- but 8<sup>th</sup> of them did answer soone,  
 & spake ffull hastilye,  
 sayes “ we wilbe on *your part*, ffather,  
 80 till the day *that* we doe dye.”
- Eight vow  
 to be with  
 him to the  
 death.
- “ but god amercy, my children deare,  
 & euer I say godamercy !  
 & yett my blessing you shall haue,  
 84 whether-soeuer I liue or dye.
- [page 258]
- “ but what sayst thou, thou ffancis Nortton,  
 mine eldest sonne & mine heyre trulye ?  
 some good councell, ffancis Nortton,  
 88 this day thou giue to me.”
- He asks his  
 eldest son,  
 Francis,  
 for advice ;
- “ but I will giue you councell, ffather,  
 if you will take councell att mee ;  
 for if you wold take my councell, father,  
 92 against the crowne you shold not bee.”
- and he  
 answers  
 Don't go  
 against the  
 Crown.
- “ but ffye vpon thee, ffancis Nortton !  
 I say ffye vpon thee !  
 when thou was younge & tender of age  
 96 I made ffull much of thee.”
- Norton  
 reproaches  
 his son  
 Francis,
- “ but *your* head is white, ffather,” he sayes,  
 “ & *your* beard is wonderous gray ;  
 itt were shame ffor *your* countrye  
 100 if you shold rise & fflee away.”



and calls him  
a coward.

“but ffye vpon thee, thou coward ffancis!  
thou neuer tookest *that* of mee!  
when thou was younge & tender of age  
104 I made too much of thee.”

Francis  
offers to go  
unarmed,  
but invokes  
death on  
traitors.

“but I will goe with you, father,” Quoth hee;  
“like a Naked man will I bee;  
he *that* strikes the first stroake against the  
crowne,  
108 an ill death may hee dye!”

Norton and  
his men join  
the Earls

but then rose vpp *Master Nortton that Esquier,*  
with him a ffull great companye;  
& then the Erles they comen downe  
112 to ryde in his companye.

at Wether-  
by;

they have  
13,000 men.

att whethersbye thé mustered their men  
vpon a ffull fayre day;  
13000 there were seene  
116 to stand in battel ray.<sup>1</sup>

Westmore-  
land's  
standard is  
the Dun  
Bull,

the Erle of westmoreland, he had in his ancyent<sup>2</sup>  
the DUME bull in sight most hye,  
& 3 doggs with golden collers  
120 were sett out royallye.

Northum-  
berland's the  
half-moon.

the Erle of Northumberland, he had in his  
ancyent<sup>3</sup>  
the halfe moone in sight soe hye,  
as the *Lord* was crucifyed on the crosse,  
124 & sett forthe pleasantlye.

<sup>1</sup> array.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Ensign, standard. See vol. i. p. 304, for the Dun Bull. That of Nevill (Chevet, Co. York; granted 1513), is “A greyhound's head erased or, charged on the neck with a label of three points, vert, between as many pellets, one and two.” The crest of Nevill (Ireland), is a greyhound's head, erased argent, collared

gules, charged with a harp or. *Burke's Armorie*.—F.

<sup>3</sup> Burke gives the Percy (Duke of Northumberland) badge as ‘A crescent argent within the horns, per pale, sable and gules, charged with a double manacle, fesseways or.’ *Armorie*, 1847.—F.

- & after them did rise good Sir George Bowes,<sup>1</sup>  
 after them a spoyle to make ;  
 the Erles returned backe againe,  
 128 thought euer *that Knight* to take. Sir G. Bowes rises behind them. They turn back,
- this Barron did take a Castle then,  
 was made of lime & stone ;  
 the vttermost walls were ese to be woon ;  
 132 the Erles haue woon them anon ; take the outer walls of his castle
- but tho they woone the vttermost walls  
 quickly and anon,  
 the innermost<sup>2</sup> walles thé cold not winn,  
 136 thé were made of a rocke of stone. but can't win the inner.
- but newes itt came to leene London  
 in all they speede *that euer might bee* ;  
 & word it came to our royall Queene  
 140 of all the rebells in the North countrye. News of the rebellion reaches London.
- shee turned her grace then once about,  
 & like a royall Queene shee sware,<sup>3</sup>  
 sayes, "I will ordaine them such a breake-fast  
 144 as was not in the North this 1000 yeere!" Elizabeth swears she'll give the rebels a breakfast they won't stomach.
- shee caused 30000 men to be made  
 with horsse and harneis all quicklye ;  
 & shee caused 30000 men to be made  
 148 to take the rebells in the North countrye. She sends 30,000 men against them
- they tooke with them the false Erle of Warwicke,  
 soe did they many<sup>4</sup> another man ;  
 vntill they came to yorke Castle,  
 152 I-wis they neuer stinted nor blan. under Lord Warwick. They march to York,

<sup>1</sup> Bowes.—P.<sup>2</sup> innermost in MS.—P.<sup>3</sup> This is quite in character: her majesty would sometimes swear at hernobles, as well as box their ears. *Reliques*, i. 255.—F.<sup>4</sup> Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.

but West-  
moreland,

Northum-  
berland,

and Norton  
flee like  
cowards.

“spread thy ancyent, Erle of Westmoreland!

The halfe moone ffaine wold wee see!” [page 259]

but the halfe moone is fled & gone,  
156 & the Dun bull vanished awaye;  
& ffrancis Nortton & his 8 sonnes  
are ffled away most cowardlye.

Ladds with mony are counted men,  
160 men without mony are counted none;  
but hold your tounge! why say you soe?  
men wilbe men when mony is gone.

ffins.

## Northumberland : Betrayd by : Dowglas.<sup>1</sup>

[A Sequel to *the* preceding.—P.]

THIS ballad is printed in the *Reliques* (from another copy) and elsewhere.

After the dispersion of their forces, the rebel Earls of Westmoreland and Northumberland sought refuge in the Borders. See Introduction to *Earl of Westmoreland*, vol. i. p. 294. Neville found his trust in the Borderers justified; but Percy was betrayed to the Regent Moray by Hector Graham (not Armstrong, as the ballad, v. 209, calls him) of Harlaw; whose name became thenceforward infamous, to take *Hector's cloke* becoming a proverbial phrase for betraying a friend. Moray's successor, the Earl of Morton, who during his exile in England has received many kindnesses from Northumberland, "sold his unhappy prisoner to Elizabeth," in May 1572. He delivered him up to Lord Hunsdon, governor of Berwick, who sent him to York, where he was executed.

The extradition of the refugee by Morton gave as deep dissatisfaction to the country at large as his betrayal by Hector of Harlaw did to the Borderers. Many furious ballads made their appearance, as —'Ane exclamation maid in England upone the delyverance of the Erle of Northumberlan furth of Lochlevin, quho immediattlie thairefter was execute in Yorke, 1572'—the answer to the English ballad, 'Ane schort inveccyde maid aganis the delyverance of the Erle of Northumberland.' The present

<sup>1</sup> Whose Sister being an enchantress would have saved him, from her Brother's treachery.—P.

This song seems unfinished.—P.

N.B. My other Copy is more correct than this, and contains much which is

omitted here.—P.

N.B. The other Copy begins with Lines the same as that in pag. 112. [*Earle of Westmorelande* i. 300.] The minstrels often made such Changes. —Pencil note.

ballad so far recognises this national feeling as to introduce a Scotch woman using her utmost endeavours to preserve the Earl, from the snare laid for him. Mary Douglas<sup>1</sup> represents Scotia. But the Earl will not listen. He goes away with her brother, his keeper, to be the victim of a second betrayal, which was finally to conduct him to the scaffold at York.

I'll tell you  
how Douglas  
betrayed  
banished  
Percy.

4        **N**OW list & lithe you gentlemen,  
          & Ist tell you the veretye,  
          how they haue delt with a banished man,  
          driuen out of his countrye.

8        when as hee came on Scottish ground,  
          as woe & wonder be them amonge,  
          ffull much was there traitorye  
          thé wrought the Erle of Northumberland.

At supper

they ask  
Percy

12       when they were att the supper sett,  
          beffore many goodly gentlemen  
          thé ffell a flouting & Mocking both,  
          & said to the Erle of Northumberland,

to go to a  
shooting in  
Scotland.

16       “ what makes you be soe sad, my Lord,  
          & in your mind soe sorrowffullye ?  
          in the North of Scotland to-morrow theres a shooting,  
          & thither thoust goe, my Lord Percye.

20       “ the buttes are sett, & the shooting is made,  
          & there is like to be great royaltie,  
          & I am sworne into my bill  
          thither to bring my Lord Pearcy.”

<sup>1</sup> “ The interposal of the WITCH-LADY [l. 26, here] is probably his [the northern bard's] own invention: yet even this hath some countenance from history; for about 25 years before, the Lady Jane Douglas, Lady Glamis, sister of the earl

of Angus and nearly related to Douglas of Loughleven, had suffered death for the pretended crime of witchcraft; who, it is presumed, is the lady alluded to in verse” [101 here]. *Reliques*, i. 258.—F.

- "He giue thee my Land,<sup>1</sup> Douglas," he sayes,  
 & be the faith in my bodye,  
 if *that* thou wilt ryde to the worlds end,  
 24 He ryde in thy companye."
- & then bespake the good Ladye,—  
 Marry a Douglas was her name,—  
 "you shall byde here, good English Lord<sup>2</sup> ;  
 28 my brother is a traiterous man ;
- "he is a traitor stout & stronge,  
 as Ist<sup>2</sup> tell you the veretye,  
 for he hath tane liuerance of the Erle,<sup>3</sup>  
 32 & into England he will liuor thee."
- "now hold thy tounge, thou goodlye Ladye,  
 & let all this talking bee ;  
 ffor all the gold *thats* in Loug Leuen,<sup>4</sup>  
 36 william wold not Liuor mee !
- "it wold breake truce betweene England & Scotland,  
 & freinds againe they wold neuer bee  
 if he shold liuor a bani[s]ht<sup>5</sup> Erle  
 40 was driuen out of his owne countrye."
- "hold *your* tounge, my Lord," shee sayes,  
 "there is much ffalsehood them amonge ;  
 when you are dead, then they are done,  
 44 soone they will part them freinds againe.
- "if you will giue me any trust, my Lord,  
 He tell you how you best may bee ;  
 youst lett my brother ryde his wayes,  
 48 & tell those English Lords trulye

Percy promises to go with Douglas.

Mary Douglas

warns Percy that her brother is a traitor

and will give him up to the English.

Percy declares that he trusts Douglas.

Mary Douglas

advises Percy

to let Douglas go alone,

<sup>1</sup> hand. *Reliques*.—F.

<sup>2</sup> I'll. See note 4, p. 20, vol. i.—F.

<sup>3</sup> pay "of the earl of Morton:" James Douglas, Earl of Morton, elected regent

of Scotland, Nov. 24, 1572. *Rel.* vol. i.

p. 251, 259.—F.

<sup>4</sup> Lough Leven.—P.

<sup>5</sup> banisht.—P.



- and then  
she'll see  
him safe
- 52 “ how *that* you cannot with them ryde  
because you are in an Ile of the sea<sup>1</sup> ;  
then, ere my Brother come againe,  
to Edenborrow castle<sup>2</sup> Ile carry thee,
- into Lord  
Hume's  
hands.
- 56 “ Ile liur you vnto the Lord HUME,  
& you know a trew Scothe Lord is hee,  
for he hath lost both Land & goods  
in ayding of *your* good bodye.”
- Percy says  
that no  
friend shall  
suffer for  
him again,
- 60 “ marry ! I am woe ! woman,” he sayes,  
“ *that* any freind fares worse for mee ;  
for where one saith ‘ it is a true tale,’  
then 2 will say it is a Lye.
- his old ad-  
herents have
- 64 “ when I was att home in my [realme,]<sup>3</sup> [page 260]  
amonge my tennants all trulye,  
in my time of losse, wherin my need stooode,  
they came to ayd me honestlye ;
- suffered  
enough.
- 68 “ therefore I left many a child ffatherlese,  
& many a widdow to looke wanne ;  
& therefore blame nothing, Ladye,  
but the woefull warres *which* I began.”
- Mary  
Douglas  
offers to  
prove her  
words.
- 72 “ If you will giue me noe trust, my Lord,  
nor noe credence you will give mee,  
& youle come hither to my right hand,  
indeed, my Lord,<sup>4</sup> Ile lett you see.”
- Percy will  
have nothing  
to do with  
her witch-  
craft.
- 76 saies, “ I neuer loued noe witchcraft,  
nor neuer dealt with treacherye,  
but euermore held the hye way ;  
alas ! *that* may be seene by mee ! ”

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.* Lake of Leven, which hath communication with the sea.—*Rel.* i. 261.

<sup>2</sup> At that time in the hands of the opposite faction.—*Rel.*

<sup>3</sup> This line is partly pared away.—F.

<sup>4</sup> ? MS. Loid, or Louerd ; or Lord, with one stroke too many.—F.

- “if you will not come your selfe, my Lord,  
 youle lett your chamberlaine goe with mee,  
 3 words *that* I may to him speake,  
 80 & soone he shall come againe to thee.”
- when Iames Swynard came *that* Lady before,  
 shee let him see thorrow the weme <sup>1</sup> of her ring  
 how many there was of English lords  
 84 to wayte there for his *Master* and him.
- “but who beene yonder, my <sup>2</sup> good Ladye,  
*that* walkes soe royallye on yonder greene ? ”  
 “yonder is Lord Hunsden,<sup>3</sup> Iamy,” shee saye ;  
 88 “alas ! heele doe you both tree <sup>4</sup> & teene ! ”
- “& who beene yonder, thou gay Ladye,  
*that* walkes soe royallye him beside ? ”  
 “yond is Sir *william* Drurye,<sup>5</sup> Iamy,” shee sayd,  
 92 “& a keene *Captain* hee is, and tryde.”
- “how many miles is itt, thou good Ladye,  
 betwixt yond English Lord and mee ? ”  
 “marry, 3<sup>o</sup> 50 mile, Iamy,” shee sayd,  
 96 “& euen to seale <sup>6</sup> & by the sea :
- “I *neuer* was on English ground,  
 nor *neuer* see itt with mine eye,  
 but as my witt & wisdomes serues,  
 100 and as [the] booke it telleth mee.
- “my mother, shee was a witch woman,  
 and *part* of itt shee learned mee ;  
 shee wold let me see out of Lough Leuen  
 104 what they dyd in London Cytye.”

Mary  
Douglas  
shows the  
chamberlain

through her  
ring the liers  
in wait for  
Percy :

Lord Huns-  
den,

and Sir Wm.  
Drurye,

(150 miles  
off,

as her  
mother's  
witchcraft  
tells her.)

<sup>1</sup> weme, the Scottish word for the Marches.—*Rel.* i. 263.  
belly, i. e. womb.—P.

<sup>2</sup> ny in MS.—F.

<sup>3</sup> The Lord Warden of the East

<sup>4</sup> dre, dree, to suffer, endure.—P.

<sup>5</sup> Governor of Berwick.—*Rel.* i. 264.

<sup>6</sup> saile.—P.

- “but who is yond, thou good Layde,  
*that* comes yonder with an Osterne<sup>1</sup> fface?”
- and Sir J.  
 Forster. 108 “yonds Sir Iohn fforster,<sup>2</sup> I amye,” shee sayd;  
 “methinkes thou sholdest better know him  
 then I.”
- “Euen soe I doe, my goodlye Ladye,  
 & euer alas, soe woe am I!”
- The cham-  
 berlain  
 weeps, 112 he pulled his hatt ouer his eyes,  
 &, lord, he wept soe tenderlye!  
 and tells  
 Lord Percy he is gone to his *Master* againe,  
 & euen to tell him the veretye.
- that Mary 116 “Now hast thou beene with Marry, I amy,” he sayd,  
 “Euen as thy tounge will tell to mee;  
 but if thou trust in any womans words,  
 thou must refraine good companye.”
- has shown  
 him the  
 English  
 Lords wait-  
 ing to take  
 him, 120 “It is noe words, my Lord,” he sayes,  
 “yonder the men shee letts me see,  
 how many English Lords there is  
 is wayting there for you & mee;
- with Lord  
 Hunsden, 124 “yonder I see the *Lord* Hunsden,  
 & hee & you is of the 3<sup>d</sup>. degree;  
 his greatest  
 enemy. a greater enemye, indeed, my Lord,  
 in England none haue yee,”
- Percy says  
 that he's  
 been three  
 years in jall, 128 “& I haue beene in Lough Leven  
 the most *part* of these yeeres 3:  
 yett had I neuer noe out-rake,<sup>3</sup>  
 nor good games *that* I cold see;

<sup>1</sup> Austerne, austere, fierce. L. *austerus*.  
 Gloss. ad G.D.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Warden of the Middle March.—*Rel.*  
 i. 264.

<sup>3</sup> *rake raik*, ambulare, expatiari. As  
 Isl. *reika*. *Raik* gradus citatus, a long

*raik*, Iter longum, to *raik* home, ac-  
 celerato gradu domum abire; hinc a  
*Rake*, homo dissolutus; an *out-raik*, a  
 Riot, at large. Lye. See G.D. 224. 39.  
 —P.

- 132 " & I am thus bidden to yonder shooting  
 by william Douglas all trulye ;  
 therefore speake neuer a word out of thy mouth  
 That thou thinkes will hinder mee.<sup>1</sup> [page 261]
- 136 then he writhe the gold ring of his ffigar<sup>2</sup>  
 & gaue itt to *that* Ladye gay ;  
 sayes, "*that* was a legacye left vnto mee  
 in Harley woods where I cold<sup>3</sup> bee."
- 140 " then ffarewell hart, & farewell hand,  
 and ffarwell all good companye !  
*that* woman shall neuer beare a sonne  
 shall know soe much of *your* priuitye."
- 144 " now hold thy tounge, Ladye," hee sayde,  
 " & make not all this dole for mee,  
 for I may well drinke, but Ist neuer eate,  
 till againe in Lough Leuen I bee."
- 148 he tooke his boate att the Lough Leuen  
 for to sayle now ouer the sea,  
 & he hath cast vpp a siluer wand,  
 saies " fare thou well, my good Ladye ! "  
 the Ladye looked ouer her left sholder ;
- 152 in a dead swoone there fell shee.
- " goe backe againe, Douglas ! " he sayd,  
 " & I will goe in thy companye,  
 for sudden sicknesse yonder Lady has tane,  
 156 and euer, alas, shee will but dye !

and he will  
go to the  
shooting  
with  
Douglas.

He gives  
Mary a gold  
ring.

She laments  
over him.

He says he  
shall soon be  
back,

and gets into  
the boat to  
sall away.

Mary  
Do ugl  
swoons.

Percy asks  
her brother  
to return,

as she will  
die.

<sup>1</sup> Part cut away by the binder.—F.  
Percy gives the verse as:  
Therefore I'll to yond shooting wend,  
As to the Douglas I have hight:

Betide me weale, betide me woe,  
He ne'er shall find my promise light.

<sup>2</sup> A.-S. *wriðan* to twist: perf. *wrið*  
twisted.—F.

<sup>3</sup> did.—F.

- “if ought come to yonder Ladye but good,  
then blamed fore *that* I shall bee,  
because a banished man I am,  
160 & driuen out of my owne countrye.”
- Douglas  
refuses ;  
  
the ladies can  
look after his  
sister.  
164 “ come on, come on, my Lord,” he sayes,  
“ & lett all such talking bee ;  
theres Ladyes enow in Lough Leuen,  
& for to cheere yonder gay Ladye.”
- Percy asks  
that his  
Chamberlain  
may go back  
with him.  
168 “ & you will not goe *your* selfe, my lord,  
you will lett my chamberlaine goe *with* mee ;  
wee shall now take our boate againe,  
& soone wee shall ouertake thee.”
- Douglas says  
  
it's only his  
sister's  
tricks.  
172 “ come on, come on, my Lord,” he sayes,  
“ & lett now all this talking bee !  
ffor my sister is craftye enoughe  
for to beguile thousands such as you & mee.”
- They sail 50  
miles :  
  
the Cham-  
berlain asks  
how far it is  
to the  
shooting.  
176 When they had sayled <sup>1</sup> 50 : myle,  
now 50 mile vpon the sea,  
hee had fforgotten a message *that* hee  
shold doe in lough Leuen trulye :  
hee asked ‘ how ffarr it was to *that* shooting.  
*that william Douglas promised mee.*’
- Douglas  
says  
  
he'll never  
see it.  
180 now faire words makes fooles faine<sup>2</sup> ;  
& *that* may be seene by thy Master & thee ;  
ffor you may happen think<sup>3</sup> itt soone enoughe  
when-euer you *that* shooting see.”

<sup>1</sup> There is no navigable stream between Lough-leven and the sea: but a ballad-maker is not obliged to understand Geography.—*Rel. i.* 266.

<sup>2</sup> *Belle promesse fol lie*: Prov. Faire promises oblige the fool; or, are noe

better than fopperies; (for the words *fol lie* equivocate vnto *folie*.) *Douces promesses obligent les fols*: Prov. Faire promises oblige fools; or, (as our) faire words make fools faine.—F.

<sup>3</sup> A Lancashire phrase.—F.

- Iamye pulled his hatt now ouer his browe ;  
 184 I wott the teares fell in his eye ;  
 & he is to his *Master* againe,  
 & ffor to tell him the veretye :
- “ he sayes, fayre words makes fooles faine,  
 188 & *that* may be seene by you and mee,  
 ffor wee may happen thinke itt soone enoughe  
 when-euer wee *that* shooting see.”
- “ hold vpp thy head, Iamye,” the Erle sayd,  
 192 & neuer lett thy hart fayle thee ;  
 he did itt but to proue thee *with*,  
 & see how thow wold take with death trulye.”
- when they had sayled other 50 mile,  
 196 other 50 mile vpon the sea,  
 Lord Peercy called to him, himselfe,  
 & sayd, “ Douglas what wilt thou doe *with*  
 mee ? ”
- “ looke *that* your brydle be wight, my Lord,  
 200 *that* you may goe as a shipp att sea ;  
 looke *that* your spurres be bright & sharpe,  
*that* you may pricke her while sheele awaye.”
- “ what needeth this, Douglas,” he sayth.  
 204 “ *that* thou needest to floute mee ?  
 for I was counted a horsseman good  
 before *that* euer I mett with thee.
- “ A ffalse Hector hath my horsse ;  
 208 & euer an euill death may hee dye !  
 & willye Armestronge hath my spurres  
 & all the geere belongs to mee.”

Jamie

tells Percy  
Douglas's  
words.Percy says  
Douglaswas only  
trying his  
courage.After 100  
miles' sail,Percy asks  
Douglas  
what he'll  
do with him.Douglas tells  
him to have  
his bridle  
and spurs  
ready.Percy asks  
“ why this  
mockery ?[page 262] My horse  
and spurs are  
in others'  
hands.”



After 150  
miles' sail,

Percy is  
landed and  
betrayed on  
English soil.

when thé had sayled other 50 mile,  
212 other 50 mile vpon the sea,  
thé landed low by Barwicke side ;  
a deputed land <sup>1</sup> Landed *Lord* Percy.

ffin[s<sup>2</sup>].

<sup>1</sup> So in MS. Percy prints 'The Douglas' in *Rel.* i. 268, and winds up with an added stanza :

Then he at Yorke was doomde to dye,

It was, alas ! a sorrowful sight :  
Thus they betrayed that noble earle,  
Who ever was a gallant wight.—F.

<sup>2</sup> s pared off by the binder.—F.

## Guye : of : Gisborne : <sup>1</sup>

[The fight between him and Robin Hood.—P.]

THIS ballad was printed from the Folio in the *Reliques*, and from the *Reliques* by Ritson, Child, and others.

“As for Guy of Gisborne,” says Ritson, “the only further memorial which has occurred concerning him is in an old satirical piece by William Dunbar, a celebrated Scottish poet of the fifteenth century, on one Schir Thomas Nory (MS. Maitland, p. 3, MMS. More (l. 5. 10) where he is named along with our hero, Adam Bell, and other worthies, it is conjectured of a similar stamp, but whose merits have not, less fortunately, come to the knowledge of posterity.

Was nevir Weild Robeine under bewch,  
Nor yitt Roger of Clekkinslewch  
So bauld a bairne as he ;  
Gy of Gisborne, na Allane Bell,  
Na Simones Sones of Qutrynsell  
Off thoct war nevir slie.

Gisborne is a market town in the west riding of the county of York, on the borders of Lancashire.

WHEN shales beene sheene, & shradds<sup>2</sup> full fayre,  
& leues both Large & longe,  
itt is merrry walking in the fayre fforrest  
4 to heare the small birds singe.<sup>3</sup>

It is merry  
to walk in  
the forest in  
spring.

<sup>1</sup> A very curious Old Song, much more ancient and perfect than the common printed Ballads of Robin Hood.—P.

<sup>2</sup> *Shale*, a husk. The *shales* or stalkes of hempe. Hollyband's *Diction-*

*ary*, 1593, Halliwell. *Shradd* is a twig, either from “shred, to cut off the smaller branches of a tree,” or “*schrags*, the clippings of live fences.” Halliwell.—F.

<sup>3</sup> *songe*.—P.

- the woodweete sang & wold not cease  
amongst the leaues a lyne ; <sup>1</sup>  
[\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*]
- Robin Hood  
dreams that  
two yeomen 8 “<sup>2</sup>& it is by <sup>2</sup><sup>3</sup> wight yeomen,  
by deare god *that* I meane :
- beat him. “me thought they did mee beate & binde,  
& tooke my bow mee froe :
- He vows  
revenge on  
them, 12 If I bee Robin a-lyue in this Lande,  
Ile be wrocken on both them towe.”
- and orders  
his men to  
go with him. 16 “sweeuens <sup>4</sup> are swift, *Master,*” quoth Iohn,  
“as the wind *that* blowes ore a hill ;  
ffor if itt be neuer soe lowde this night,  
to-morrow it may be still.”
- 20 “buske <sup>5</sup> yee, bowne yee, my merry men all !  
ffor Iohn shall goe with mee ;  
for Ile goe seeke yond wight yeomen  
in greenwood where thé bee.”
- They all  
start, thé cast <sup>6</sup> on their gowne of greene ; <sup>7</sup>  
a shooting gone are they  
vntill they came to the Merry greenwood  
24 where they had gladdest bee ;
- and soon see  
one yeoman, there were thé ware of [a] wight yeoman ;  
his body Leaned to a tree,

<sup>1</sup> of lime: I would read ‘so greene.’—P.

<sup>2</sup> As the lines that follow are part of a Speech of Robin hood relating a dream: there are certainly some lines wanting and we can no where better fix the *hiatus* than between the 2<sup>d</sup> & 3<sup>d</sup> lines of st. 2<sup>d</sup>. N.B. In my printed Copy of this song in *the Reliques*, &c., Vol. I. I took the Liberty to fill up some of these *Lacunæ*, &c., from Conjecture, &c.—P.

Percy also alters lines 6 7 and 8: his verses in the 1st edition are—

The woodweete sang, and wold not cese,  
Sitting upon the spraye,

Soe lowde, he wakend Robin Hood  
In the greenwood where he lay.

Now by faye, said jollye Robin,  
A sweaven I had this night ;  
I dreamt me of tow mighty yemen  
That fast with me can fight.—F.

<sup>3</sup> of 2.—P.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. dreams.—P.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. get you ready.—P.

<sup>6</sup> *then* inserted by Percy.—F.

<sup>7</sup> Two lines wanting at *the* beginning of this St., if these 2 lines are not rather to be added to the next St.—P.

- a sword & a dagger he wore by his side,  
 28 had beene many a mans bane,<sup>1</sup>  
 & he was cladd in his Capull<sup>2</sup> hyde, clad in a  
horse's hide.  
 topp, & tayle, and mayne.
- “stand you still, *Master*,” quoth litle Iohn,  
 32 “vnder this trusty tree,  
 & I will goe to yond wight yeoman  
 to know his meaning trulye.” Little John  
tells Robin  
to stop while  
he asks who  
the man is.
- “a, Iohn!<sup>3</sup> by me thou setts noe store,  
 36 & *thats* a ffarley<sup>4</sup> thinge ;  
 how oft send I my men beffore,  
 & tarry my-selfe behinde?<sup>5</sup> Robin Hood  
is angry at  
John's  
wanting to  
keep him  
back,
- “it is noe cunning a knaue to ken,  
 40 & a man but heare him speake ;  
 & itt were not for bursting of my bowe,  
 Iohn, I wold thy head breake.” and threat-  
ens to break  
Little John's  
head.
- but often words they breeden ball ;<sup>6</sup>  
 44 *that parted* Robin and Iohn ;  
 Iohn is gone to Barnsdale,  
 the gates<sup>7</sup> he knowes eche one. This parts  
them, and  
  
Little John  
goes to  
Barnsdale,
- & when hee came to Barnesdale,  
 48 great heaunesse there hee hadd ;  
 he ffound 2 of his own fellowes  
 were slaine both in a slade,<sup>8</sup> where he  
finds two  
mates slain,
- & Scarlett a ffoote flyinge was  
 52 ouer stockes and stone, and Scarlett  
flying  
 for the sheriffe with 7 score men  
 fast after him is gone. from the  
Sheriff.

<sup>1</sup> Of many a man the bane.—P.<sup>2</sup> Horse.—P.<sup>3</sup> Ah ! John.—P.<sup>4</sup> wonderous. Lye.—P.<sup>5</sup> meaning that he never did so.—P.<sup>6</sup> bale.—P.<sup>7</sup> passes, paths, ridings.—P. *in Rel.*<sup>8</sup> i. e., a parting between 2 Woods.—P.

Little John  
tries to shoot  
the Sheriff, 56

“yett one shoote Ile shoote,” sayes Litle Iohn ;  
“with crist his might & Mayne  
Ile make yond fellow *that* flyes soe fast  
to be both glad & ffaine.

but his bow  
breaks.

John bent vp a good veiwe <sup>1</sup> bow,<sup>2</sup> [page 263]  
& ffetteled <sup>3</sup> him to shoote :  
the bow was made of a tender boughe,  
& fell downe to his footee.<sup>4</sup>

64 “woe worth thee, wicked wood !” sayd litle Iohn,  
“*that* ere thou grew on a tree !  
ffor <sup>5</sup> this day thou art my bale,  
my boote when thou shold bee !”

and yet the  
arrow kills 68

this shoote it was but looselye shott,  
the arrowe flew in vaine,  
& <sup>6</sup> it mett one of the Sheriffes men :  
good *william* a Trent was slaine.

William a  
Trent,

(who'd  
better have  
been hung).

72 it had beene better <sup>7</sup> for a *william* Trent  
to hange vpon a gallowe  
then for to lye in the greenwoode  
there slaine with an arrowe.<sup>8</sup>

But Little  
John is  
taken.

& it is sayd, when men be mett,  
76 6<sup>9</sup> can doe more then 3 :  
& they haue tane <sup>10</sup> litle Iohn,  
& bound him ffast to a tree.

<sup>1</sup> Query MS: the word is partly pared away.—F.

<sup>2</sup> John bent up a good yew bow.—P.

<sup>3</sup> prepared, addressed him, verbum Salopiense.—P.

<sup>4</sup> foote.—P.

<sup>5</sup> ffor now.—P.

<sup>6</sup> or Yet.—P.

<sup>7</sup> as good.—P.

<sup>8</sup> Altered in the *Reliques*, 1st ed. i. 81, to

To have been abed with sorrowe,  
Than to be that day in the green wood  
slade

To meet with Little Johns arrowe.—F.

<sup>9</sup> Fyve.—*Rel.*

<sup>10</sup> insert now.—P.

- “thou shalt be drawn by dale and downe,” quoth  
the sheriffe,<sup>1</sup>
- 80 “& hanged hye on a hill.”  
“but thou may ffayle,” quoth litle Iohn,  
“if itt be christs owne will.”
- let vs leaue talking of Litle Iohn,  
84 for hee is bound fast to a tree,  
& talke of Guy & Robin hood  
in they<sup>2</sup> green woode where they bee ;
- how these 2 yeomen together they mett  
88 vnder the leaues of Lyne,<sup>3</sup>  
to see what Marchandise they made  
euen at that same time.
- “good morrow, good fellow !” quoth Sir Guy ;  
92 “good morrow, good ffellow !” quoth hee ;  
“methinkes by this bow thou beares in thy hand,  
a good archer<sup>4</sup> thou seems to bee.<sup>5</sup>
- “I am wilfull<sup>6</sup> of my way,” quoth Sir Guye,  
96 “& of my morning tyde.”  
“Ile lead thee through the wood,” quoth Robin,  
“good ffellow, Ile be thy guide.”
- “I seeke an outlaw,” quoth Sir Guye,  
100 “men call him Robin Hood ;  
I had rather meet with him vpon a day<sup>7</sup>  
then 40<sup>li</sup> of golde.”
- and the  
Sheriff vows  
he shall be  
hanged.
- “Don’t be  
too sure,”  
says Little  
John.
- Let us turn  
to Guy and  
Robin.
- Guy greets  
Robin
- and tells him  
he seeks an  
outlaw,  
Robin Hood.

<sup>1</sup> These three words seem added by some explainer.—P.

<sup>2</sup> the.—P.

<sup>3</sup> perhaps Lime ; tho’ Line or Lyne is more common in these old ballads.—P.

<sup>4</sup> An *e* has been added at the end.—F.

<sup>5</sup> shouldst bee.—P.

<sup>6</sup> probably the same as “wilsome,” page 357 [of MS.] st. 6.—P.

<sup>7</sup> this day.—P.



Robin pro-  
poses some  
sport.

“if you tow mett, itt wold be seene whether were  
better

104 afore yee did part awaye ;  
let vs some other pastime find,  
good ffellow, I thee pray.<sup>1</sup>

No doubt, as  
they go on,  
they'll meet  
Robin Hood.

“let vs some other masteryes make,  
108 & wee will walke in the woods euen,  
wee may chance <sup>2</sup> mee[t] with Robin Hoode  
att some vnsett steven.”<sup>3</sup>

They make  
pricks ready  
to shoot at.

they cutt them downe the <sup>4</sup> summer shroggs <sup>5</sup>  
112 which grew both vnder a Bryar,<sup>6</sup>  
& sett them 3 score rood in twinn<sup>7</sup>  
to shoote the prickes full neare.<sup>8</sup>

“leade on, good ffellow,” sayd Sir Guye,  
116 “lead <sup>9</sup> on, I doe bidd thee.”  
“nay, by my faith,” quoth Robin Hood,  
“the leader thou shalt bee.”

<sup>1</sup> Percy alters this in his *Reliques*, i. 81, 1st ed., to

Now come with me, thou wighty yeman,  
And Robin thou soon shalt see:  
But first let us some pastime find  
Under the greenwood tree.

<sup>2</sup> to.—P.

<sup>3</sup> See page 358, st. 16.—P. unfixed, unexpected moment. There is a stroke before the *v* of *steven* in the MS.—F.

<sup>4</sup> two.—*Rel.*

<sup>5</sup> *scrog*, a stunted shrub: Jamieson.—F.

<sup>6</sup> pronounced *Breer* in some parts of England.—P. *Bryar* is entered in Levin's, 1570, under the words in *care*.

<sup>7</sup> apart.—F.

<sup>8</sup> *y-fere*.—*Rel.* Threescore roods or 330 yards must have been a long range. The *Pricke-wandes* were, I suppose, willow wands or long thin branches stuck in the ground to shoot at. *Prickes* seem

to have been the long-range targets, *butts* the near.

*Moll.* Out upon him, what a suiter have I got; I am sorry you are so bad an Archer, sir.

*Eare.* Why Bird, why Bird?

*Moll.* Why, to shoote at *Butts*, vwhen you shou'd use *prick-shafts*, short-shooting vvill loose ye the game, I as[sure] you, sir.

*Eare.* Her minde runnes sure upon a *Fletcher*, or a *Bowyer*, . . . . . 1633, Rowley. *A Match at Midnight*, Act ii. sc. 1.

“Modern prick shooting is practised by the Royal Archers at Edinburgh, and is their favourite, at a small round target fixed at 180 yards,” says Mr. Peter Muir, their Bowmaker. See my note on *pricks* in *The Babees Boke* &c. 1868, p. ci.—F.

<sup>9</sup> *i. e.* begin to shoot.—P.

- the first good shoot *that* Robin ledd,  
 120 did not shoote an inch the pricke <sup>1</sup> ffroe.  
 Guy was an archer good enough,  
 but he cold neere shoote soe.
- the 2<sup>d</sup> shoote <sup>2</sup> Sir Guy shott,  
 124 he shott *within* the garlande ;  
 but Robin hoode shott it better then hee,  
 for he cloue the good pricke wand.
- “ gods blessing on thy heart ! ” sayes Guye,  
 128 “ goode ffellow, thy shooting is goode ;  
 for on <sup>3</sup> thy hart be as good as thy hands,  
 thou were better then Robin Hood.
- “ tell me thy name, good ffellow,” quoth Guy,  
 132 “ vnder the leaues of Lyne.”  
 “ nay, by my faith,” quoth good Robin,  
 “ till thou haue told me thine.”
- “ I dwell by dale & downe,” quoth Guye,  
 136 “ & I haue done many a curst turne ;  
 & he *that* calles me by my right name,  
 calles me Guye of good Gysborne.”
- “ my dwelling is in the wood,” sayes Robin ;  
 140 “ by thee I set right nought ;  
 my name is Robin Hood of Barnesdale,  
 a ffellow thou has long sought.”
- he *that* had neither beene a <sup>4</sup> kithe nor kin <sup>5</sup>  
 144 might haue seene a full fayre sight,  
 to see how together these yeomen went  
 with blades both browne & bright ;
- Robin shoots  
 first,  
 an inch from  
 the prick.
- Guy next,  
 within the  
 garland.  
 Robin then  
 cleaves the  
 prick-wand.
- “ Bless your  
 heart, you  
 shoot well,”  
 says Guy.
- [page 264]
- “ Tell me  
 your name.”
- “ Not till  
 you tell me  
 yours.”
- “ Mine is  
 Guye of  
 Gysborne.”
- “ And mine  
 Robin Hood  
 of Barnes-  
 dale.”
- It was a  
 pretty sight  
 to see 'em  
 fight.

<sup>1</sup> was not an Inch the prick.—P.

<sup>2</sup> *that* inserted by P.—F.

<sup>3</sup> an, or and.—P.

<sup>4</sup> *a* delend.—P.

<sup>5</sup> neither acquaintance nor relation.  
 —P.

- to haue seene how these yeomen together foug[ht]
- 148 2 howers of a summers day :  
 Neither thinks of flying. itt was neither Guy nor Robin hood  
*that fsettled them to flye away.*
- But Robin stumbles,  
 152 & stumbled<sup>2</sup> at *that* tyde ;  
 and Guy hits him. & Guy was quicke & nimble with-all,  
 & hitt him ore the left side.
- Robin calls on the Virgin,  
 156 “ah, deere Lady !” sayd Robin hoode,  
 “thou art both Mother & may !  
 I thinke it was neuer mans destinye  
 to dye before his day.”
- leaps up,  
 160 Robin thought on our Lady deere,  
 & soone leapt vp againe ;  
 kills Sir Guy, & thus he came with an awkward<sup>3</sup> stroke ;  
 good Sir Guy hee has slayne.
- sticks his head on his bow,  
 164 he tooke Sir Guys head by the hayre,  
 & sticked itt on his bowes end ;  
 “thou hast beene traytor all thy liffe,  
*which thing must haue an ende.*”
- slashes his face till no one can know him,  
 168 Robin pulled forth an Irish kniffe,  
 & nicked Sir Guy in the fface,  
*that* hee was neuer on<sup>4</sup> a woman borne  
 cold tell who Sir Guye was :
- 172 saies, “lye there, lye there, good Sir Guye,  
 & with me be not wrothe ;  
 if thou haue had the worse stroakes at my hand,  
 thou shalt haue the better cloathe.”

<sup>1</sup> i. e. careless.—P.  
<sup>2</sup> he stumbled.—P.

<sup>3</sup> perhaps backward.—P.  
<sup>4</sup> of woman.—P.

- 176 Robin did on <sup>1</sup> his gowne of greene,  
 [on] Sir Guye <sup>2</sup> hee did it throwe ;  
 & hee put on *that* Capull hyde  
*that* cladd him topp <sup>3</sup> to toe.
- 180 “ the <sup>4</sup> bowe, the <sup>4</sup> arrowes, & litle horne,  
 & <sup>5</sup> with me now Ile beare ;  
 ffor now I will goe to Barnsdale,  
 to see how my men doe ffare.”
- 184 Robin sett Guyes horne to his mouth ;  
 a lowd blast in it he did blow.  
*that* beheard the Sheriffe of Nottingham  
 as he leaned vnder a lowe <sup>6</sup> ;
- 188 “ hearken ! hearken ! ” sayd the Sheriffe,  
 “ I heard noe tydings but good ;  
 for yonder I heare Sir Guyes horne blowe,  
 for he hath slaine Robin hoode :
- 192 “ for yonder I heare Sir Guyes horne blow,  
 itt blowes soe well in tyde,  
 for yonder comes *that* wighty yeoman  
 cladd in his capull hyde.
- 196 “ come hither,<sup>7</sup> thou good Sir Guy !  
 aske of mee what thou wilt haue ! ”  
 “ Ile none of thy gold,” sayes Robin hood,  
 nor Ile none of itt haue <sup>8</sup> ;
- 200 “ but now I haue slaine the *Master*,” he sayd, [page 265]  
 let me goe strike the knaue ;  
 this is all the reward I aske,  
 nor noe other will I haue.”

throws his  
own green  
coat on the  
corpse,  
puts on Sir  
Guy's horse-  
hide,

and takes  
his horn,

and blows it.

The Sheriff  
hears it,

thinks Guy  
has slain  
Robin Hood,

and promises  
him what-  
ever reward  
he asks.  
Robin asks

leave to kill  
Little John.

<sup>1</sup> off.—P.

<sup>2</sup> On Sir Guy.—P.

<sup>3</sup> from topp.—P.

<sup>4</sup> thy.—*Rel.*

<sup>5</sup> and delend.—P.

<sup>6</sup> perhaps bowe.—P. hill, A.-S. *hlæw*.

—F.

<sup>7</sup> come hither [repeated].—P.

<sup>8</sup> Perhaps

None of it I will have  
or

Nor nothing else Ill have.—P.

- 204      "thou art a Madman," said the shiriffe,  
 "thou sholdest haue had a knights ffee.  
 The Sheriff grants it.      seeing thy asking beene <sup>1</sup> soe badd,  
                                           well granted it shall be."
- Little John knows Robin's voice, and thinks he shall be freed.      208      but litle Iohn heard his *Master* speake,  
                                           well he knew *that* was his steuen <sup>2</sup> ;  
                                           "now shall I be loset, <sup>3</sup>" quoth litle Iohn,  
                                           "with Christs might in heauen."
- The Sheriff and his men press on them.      212      but Robin hee hyed him towards Litle Iohn ;  
                                           hee thought hee wold loose him belieue.  
                                           the Sheriffe & all his companye  
                                           fast after him did driue.
- Robin orders them back,      216      "stand abacke ! stand abacke !" sayd Robin ;  
                                           "why draw you mee soe neere ?  
                                           itt was neuer the vse in our countrye  
                                           ones shrift <sup>4</sup> another shold heere."
- looses Little John, and gives him Guy's bow.      220      but Robin pulled forth an Irysh kniffee,  
                                           & losed Iohn hand & ffoote,  
                                           & gaue him Sir Guyes bow in his hand,  
                                           & bade it be his boote.
- Little John prepares to shoot.      224      <sup>5</sup> but Iohn tooke Guyes bow in his hand,  
                                           his arrowes were rawstye by the roote ;  
                                           the Sherriffe saw litle Iohn draw a bow  
                                           & ffettle him to shoote ;

<sup>1</sup> hath been.—P.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. voice.—P.

<sup>3</sup> loosed.—P.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. confession.—P.

<sup>5</sup> Then John he took Guyes bowe in his hand,

His boltes and arrowes eche one :  
 When the sheriffe saw Little John bend  
 his bow.

He fettled him to be gone.—*Rel.*

? is *rawstye*, l. 224, rusty. *Rawly* is  
 rude; unskilful. Halliwell.—F.

towards his house in Nottingham  
 228 he fled full fast away,—  
 & soe did all his companye,  
 not one behind did stay,—

The Sheriff  
 takes to  
 flight,

but he cold neither soe fast goe,  
 232 nor away soe fast runn,<sup>1</sup>  
 but litle Iohn with an arrow broade  
 did cleaue his heart in twinn.<sup>2</sup>

but can't get  
 away from  
 Little John's  
 arrow,  
 which  
 cleaves his  
 heart.

ffins.

<sup>1</sup> ryde.—*Rel.*

<sup>2</sup> He shott him into the 'backe'-  
 syde.—*Rel.* Too bad, Bishop! And to

put your inverted commas too, as if  
 you'd only altered the one word 'backe.'  
 —F.



## Herefford & Norfolke.<sup>1</sup>

THIS ballad is to be found in Dryden's *Miscellany Poems*, in the 1727 *Collection of Old Ballads*, and elsewhere.

The subject is the well-known quarrel between the Earls of Hereford and Norfolk,<sup>2</sup> which finally resulted in their banishment in 1398. A full description of the Lists of Coventry (in September, not August) is given by Hall.<sup>3</sup> The ballad's account of the origin of the quarrel is not quite fair. Hereford accused Norfolk, not Norfolk Hereford, of treason. But the ballad goes with the winning side. Vox populi mostly shouts in favour of the successful. The cause pleases it that "pleases the gods."

The ballad is evidently written by a practised ballad-writer, some time about 1600 probably. But it may have been founded on some older one. The subject is not likely to have lain uncelebrated till late in Elizabeth's reign.

I sing the  
fall of two  
noble Dukes,

TOWE noble dukes of great renowne  
that long had liued in ffame,  
throug ffatall envye were cast downe  
4 & brought to sudden bane :

Hereford

the Duke of Hereford was the one,  
a prudent prince & wise,  
gainst whom such mallice there was showne,  
8 which soone in fight did rise.

<sup>1</sup> In the printed *Collection of old Ballads*, 1727, Vol. i. p. 120. N. XV., and in Dryden's *Misc.* Vol. 5. 382.—P.

<sup>2</sup> See Shakspeare's *Richard II.*—F.

<sup>3</sup> Hall's descriptions of armour and

fashions before his time were his own fabrication, though adopted as genuine by Gough and Sharon Turner. *Planché's Hist. of Costume*, p. 223.—F.

- the Duke of Norfolke most vntrue <sup>1</sup>  
 declared to the King,  
 “ the duke of Hereford greatly grew  
 12 in hatred of eche thinge
- which* by his grace was acted still  
 against both hye & lowe,  
 & how he had a traiterous will  
 16 his state to ouerthrowe.”
- the Duke of Hereford then in hast  
 was sent for to the Kinge,  
 & by his lords in order placet  
 20 examined in eche thinge ;
- which* being guiltesse of *that* crime  
*which* was against him layd,  
 the duke of Norfolke at that time <sup>2</sup>  
 24 these words vnto him sayd :
- “ how canst thou with a shamelesse face  
 deny a truth soe stout,  
 & there before his royall grace  
 28 soe falselye faced itt out ?
- “ did not these treasons from thee passe  
 when wee together were, [page 266]  
 how *that* the King vnworthye was  
 32 the royall crowne to weare ?
- “ wherfore, my gracyous Lords,” quoth hee,  
 “ & you, his Noble Peeres,  
 to whom I wish long liffe to bee,  
 36 with many happy yeeres,

and Norfolk.  
 Norfolk de-  
 nounces  
 Hereford

to the King  
 as a traitor.

The King  
 sends for  
 Hereford,  
 has him  
 examined,

and he is  
 guiltless.

Norfolk

reproves him  
 for his  
 shameless-  
 ness,

declares  
 Hereford has  
 talked  
 treason,

<sup>1</sup> Only half the *u* in the MS.—F.

<sup>2</sup> MS. time.—F.

and avows

“ I doe pronounce before you all  
the duke of Hereford here,  
a traytour to our Noble Kinge,  
40 as time shall show itt clere.”

he is a  
traitor.

Hereford

the Duke of Herefford hearing *that*,  
in mind was greeved much,  
& did returne this answer flatt,  
44 *which* did Duke Norfolke tuche ;

hurls back  
his accusa-  
tion in his  
face,

“ the terme of Traytor, trothelesse Duke,  
in scorne & deepe disdaine,  
with flatt deffiance to thy face <sup>1</sup>  
48 I doe returne againe !

and craves  
leave to fight  
Norfolk.

“ & therefore, if it please your grace  
to grant me grace,” quoth hee,  
“ to combatt with my knowen foe  
52 *that* hath accused mee,

“ I doe not doubt but plainlye proue,  
*that* like a periured knight  
hee hath most falslye sought my shame  
56 against all truth & right.”

The King  
grants it,  
and fixes  
Coventry as  
the place.

the *King* did grant their iust request,  
& did therto agree,  
att Couentry in August next  
60 this combatt fought shold bee.

The Dukes  
appear  
armed,

the Dukes in barbed steeds full stout,  
in coates of steele most bright,  
with speares in brest did enter list,  
64 the combatt feirce to flight

<sup>1</sup> There is a stroke between the *c* and *e* in the MS.—F.

- the *King* then cast his warder downe,  
 commanding them to stay ;  
 & with his Lords some councill tooke  
 68 to stint *that* Mortall ffraye.
- att lenght vnto the Noble Duke[s]  
 the *King* of Heralds came,  
 & vnto them with loftye speech  
 72 this sentence did *proclaime* :
- “with Henery Bullenbrooke this day,  
 the Duke of Hereford here,  
 & Thomas Mawbray, Norfolkes Duke,  
 76 soe valyant did apeare,
- “ & haue in honourable sorte  
 repayred to this place.  
 our noble *King* for specyall cause  
 80 hath altered thus the case :
- “first, Henery Duke of Hereford,  
 Ere 15 dayes were past  
 shall *part* this realme, on payne of death,  
 84 while 10 yeeres space doth last.
- “ & Thomas, duke of Norfolke, thou  
*that* hast begun this striffe,—  
 & therefore noe good proue can bring,  
 88 I say,—for terme of liffe,
- “by iudgment of our souerraine *Lord*  
*which* now in place doth stand,  
 for euermore I banish thee  
 92 out off thy Natiue Land,
- “charging thee on payne of death,  
 when 15 dayes are past,  
 thou *neuer* treade on English ground  
 96 soe long as liffe doth last.”

but the King  
 stops the  
 combat,

and a Herald

proclaims  
 his judg-  
 ment.

Hereford

is banished  
 for ten  
 years ;

Norfolk

for life ;

and both  
 must go in  
 fifteen days.

Each swears

thus were thé sworne before the *King*  
ere they did further passe,

not to go  
where the  
other is.

100 wheras the other was.

then both the dukes with heaiuy hart  
were parted presentlye,

[page 267]

104 the vncoth streames of froward chance  
in forraine lands to trye.

Norfolk,  
before  
sailing off,

the duke of Norfolke cominge then  
where [he] shold shipping take,  
the bitter teares fell from his cheekes,

laments his  
lot.

108 & thus his moane did make :

“now let me sob & sigh my fill  
ere I from hence depart,

“ May grief  
burst my  
heart !

112 *that* inward panges with speed may burst  
my sore afflicted hart !

“accursed man, whose lothed liffe  
is held soe much in scorne,  
whose companye <sup>1</sup> is cleane despised,

116 & left as one forlorne,

I bid adien  
to my loved  
land.

“ Now take thy leaue & last adew  
of this thy country deare,  
*which* neuer more thou must behold,

120 nor yett approache itt neere !

Would I were  
dead, that I  
might be  
buried here,

“ how happy shold I count my selfe,  
if death my hart had torne,  
*that* I might haue my bones entombed

124 where I was bredd and borne ;

<sup>1</sup> In the MS. there is only one stroke for the *n*.—F.

- “or *that* by Neptunes rathfull rage,  
 I might be prest to dye,  
 while *that* sweet Englands pleasant bankes  
 128 did stand before mine eye.
- “how sweete a sent hath Englands ground  
 within my sences now !  
 how fayre vnto my outward sight  
 132 seemes euery branch & bowe !
- “the ffeeleds, the flowers, the trees & stones,  
 seeme such vnto my minde,  
*that* in all other countreys sure,  
 136 the like I shall not ffinde.
- “oh *that* the sun <sup>1</sup> his shining face  
 wold stay his steeds by strenght !  
*that* this same day might streched bee  
 140 to 20 yeeres of lenght ;
- “& *that* they true performed tyde  
 their hasty course wold stay,  
*that* Æolus wold neuer yeeld  
 144 to bring me hence away !
- “*that* by the fountaine of mine eyes  
 the ffeldes might wattered bee,  
*that* I might graue my greevous plaints  
 148 vpon eche springing tree !
- “but time, I see, with Egles wings,  
 I see, doth flee away,  
 & dusty clouds begin to dimm  
 152 the brightnesse of the day ;

or that I  
might die  
now !

How sweet  
smells Eng-  
land's  
ground !

There are no  
such fields  
abroad.

Oh that this  
night could

last twenty  
years,

and that I  
could grave  
my plaints  
on the trees !

But Time  
flies,

<sup>1</sup> MS. or *that* the shuning.—F.



- “ the ffatall hower draweth on,  
 the winds & tydes agree ;  
 & now, sweet England, ouer soone  
 156 I must depart from thee !
- the sailors  
 call me. “ the Mariners haue hoysed sayle,  
 & call to catch me in,  
 & in [my] woefull hart doe <sup>1</sup> feele  
 160 my torments to begin.
- Farewell,  
 sweet Eng-  
 land, “ wherfore, farwell for euermore,  
 Sweet England, vnto thee !  
 & farewell all my freinds *which* I  
 164 againe shall neuer see !
- I kiss thy  
 soil “ & England, heere I kisse the ground  
 vpon my bended knee,  
 herby to shew to all they world  
 to show how  
 I loved  
 thee.” 168 how deere I loued thee.”
- Hereford  
 goes, this being <sup>2</sup> sayd, away he went  
 As fortune did him guide ; [page 268]  
 and dies in  
 Venice. 172 and att the lenght, with greefe of hart,  
 in Venis <sup>3</sup> there he dyed.
- Norfolk  
 lives in  
 France, the other duke in dolefull sort  
 & at the last the mightye Lord  
 is promoted, 176 did him ffull hiye advance.
- recalled to  
 England the Lords of England afterwards  
 did send for him againe,  
 while  
 Richard II.  
 wars in  
 Ireland, 180 while *that King* Richard <sup>4</sup> in the warres  
 in Ireland did remaine ;

<sup>1</sup> I.—F.<sup>2</sup> A *de* follows in the MS., but is  
crossed out.—F.<sup>3</sup> or Veins, MS.—F.<sup>4</sup> The *d* has a curl like *s* to it.—F.

who thro<sup>1</sup> the vile and great abuse  
*which* through his deeds did springe,  
 deposed was, & then the duke  
 184 was truly crowned Kinge.

and is  
 crowned  
 King.

ffins.

<sup>1</sup> MS. tho. "The vile and great abuse" is dwelt on in the curious incomplete alliterative poem on the Deposition of Richard II., edited by Mr. Thomas Wright for the Camden Society in 1838 from the Cambridge MS. Ll. 4. 14. Take, among other passages, lines 88-106, pp. 4, 5:

Now, Richard the redeles, reweth on  
 3ou self,  
 That lawelesse leddyn 3oure lyf and  
 3oure peple bothe;  
 Ffor thoru the wyles and wronge and  
 wast in 3oure tyme,  
 3e were lyghtlich y-lyste ffrom that 3ou  
 leef thou3te,  
 And ffrom 3oure willffull werkis, 3oure  
 will was chaungid,  
 And rafte was 3oure riott, and rest, ffor  
 3oure daie3  
 Weren wikkid thoru 3oure cursid coun-  
 ceill, 3oure karis weren newed,

And coveitise hath crasid 3oure croune  
 ffor evere.  
 Of a-legeaunce now lerneth a lesson  
 other tweyne  
 Wherby it standith and stablithe moste,  
 By dride, or be dyntis, or domes untrewē,  
 Or by creaunce of coyne ffor castes of  
 gile;  
 By pillynge of 3oure peple 3oure prynces  
 to plese,  
 Or that 3oure wylle were wrou3te, thou3  
 wisdom it nolde,  
 Or be tallage of 3oure townnes without  
 ony werre,  
 By rewthles routus that ryffled evere,  
 Be preysing of polaxis that no pete  
 hadde,  
 Or be dette ffor thi dees, deme as thu  
 ffyndist,  
 Or be ledinge of lawe with love well  
 y-temprid.—F.

### Ladyes : ffall.<sup>1</sup>

THIS ballad is given in the *Reliques* “(with corrections<sup>2</sup>) from the Editor’s ancient folio MS. collated with two printed copies in black letter: one in the British Museum, the other in the Pepys Collection. Its old title is ‘A lamentable ballad of the Lady’s fall,’ to the tune of ‘In Peascod Time,’” (to which air “Chevy Chace,” as Mr. Chappell informs us, was sometimes sung). There is also a copy of it in the Douce Collection. It appears in the 1727 Collection of Old Ballads, and many later Collections.

It is evidently of very much the same date as *The Children in the Wood* (which is certainly as old as 1595, as its name is entered in the Stationers’ Registers of that year), and may possibly be by the same author. The same facility of language and of rhyme, the same power of pathos, the same extreme simplicity characterise both ballads.

The story is who can say how old? Who was the first frail woman? who the first false man? It touchingly illustrates Goldsmith’s pathetic lines:

When lovely woman stoops to folly  
And finds too late that men betray,  
What charm can soothe her melancholy?  
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,  
To hide her shame from every eye,  
To give repentance to her lover  
And wring his bosom, is—to die.

The poor weak betrayed lady had looked in vain for the fulfilment of her lover’s promises :

<sup>1</sup> In y<sup>e</sup> printed Collection of Old Ballads, 1727, Vol. i. p. 244. N. xxxiv.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Noticed in the 4th edition only.—F.

If any person she had spied  
 Come riding o'er the plain,  
 She thought it was her own true love ;  
 But all her hopes were vain.

She gives birth to a child,

And with one sigh which brake her heart  
 This gallant dame did die.

Then, at last, repentance is given to her lover, and his bosom is wrung. He kills himself. And so the ballad ends with a word of admonition and warning to "dainty damsels all."

<p>4     <b>M</b>ARKE: well my heauy dolefull tale,              you loyall louers all,              &amp; heedfully beare in <i>your</i> brest              a gallant Ladyes fall.</p>	<p>Hear the sad        tale of a        lady's fall :</p>
<p>8     long was shee wooed ere shee was woone              to lead a wedded liffe,              but folly rought her ouerthrowe              before shee was a wiffe ;</p>	<p>Long was        she wooed,</p>
<p>12    to soone, alas ! she gaue consent,              &amp; yeeled to his will,              tho he protested to be true              &amp; faithfull to her still.</p>	<p>but con-        sented too        soon.</p>
<p>16    shee felt her body altered quite,              her bright hue waxed pale,              her faire red cheekes changed color quite,<sup>1</sup>              her strenght began to fayle.</p>	<p>Her shape        changed,</p>
<p>20    &amp; soe<sup>2</sup> with many a sorrowffull sighe,              this bewtious Ladye Milde              with greened hart perceived her selfe              to be<sup>3</sup> conceiued with chyld.</p>	<p>and she        found her-        self with        child.</p>

<sup>1</sup> Her lovelye cheeks chang'd color white.—*Rel.* 1st ed. (only partly collated.—F.)

<sup>2</sup> Soe that.—*Rel.*

<sup>3</sup> have.—*Rel.*

She hid it  
from her  
parents,

shee kept it from her parents sight  
as close as close might bee,  
& soe put on her silken gowne  
24 none shold her swelling see.

but told her  
lover,

vnto her louer secretly  
her greefe shee did bewray,  
& walking with him, hand in hand,  
28 these words to him did say :

“ behold,” quoth shee, “ a Ladyes distresse  
by loue brought to *your* bowe ;  
see how I goe with chyld with thee,  
32 tho none thereof doth knowe !

prayed him  
not to let  
her babe be  
a bastard,

“ my litle babe springs in my wombe  
to heare it <sup>1</sup> fathers voyce ;  
o lett itt not be a bastard called,  
36 sith I make thee my choyce ! <sup>2</sup>

to remember  
his promises,

“ thinke on thy former promises,  
thy words & vowes eche one !  
remember with what bitter teares  
40 to mee thou madest thy Moane !

and marry  
her  
or kill her.

“ conuay me to some secrett place,  
& marry me with speede,  
or with thy rapyer end my liffe,  
44 lest further shame proceede ! ”

Her lover  
makes ex-  
cuses :

“ alacke, my derest loue ! ” quoth hee,  
“ my greatest Ioy on earthe !  
which way shold I conuay you hence  
48 to scape <sup>3</sup> a sudden death ?

<sup>1</sup> *It* preceded *its* as the gen. neuter of  
*he*.—F. *its*.—*Rel*.

<sup>2</sup> *Rel*. inserts four lines here.—F.  
<sup>3</sup> without.—*Rel*.

- “your freinds are all of hye degree,  
 & I of meane estate;  
 full hard itt is to gett you forthe [page 269]  
 52 out of *your* ffathers gate.”
- “dread not *your* liffe to saue *your* fame!  
 for if you taken bee,  
 my selfe will step betweene the sword  
 56 to take the harme of thee;
- “soe may you <sup>1</sup> scape dishonor quite.  
 if soe you <sup>2</sup> shold be slaine,  
 what cold they say, but *that* true loue  
 60 had wrought a Ladyes paine <sup>3</sup>?
- “but feare not any further harme;  
 my selfe will soe devise,  
 I will safelye ryd <sup>4</sup> with thee  
 6 vnknownen of Morttall Eyes.
- disguised like some pretty page  
 Ile meete thee in the darke,  
 & all alone Ile come to thee  
 68 hard by my ffathers *parke*.”
- “& there,” *quoth* hee, “Ile meete my deere—  
 if god doe lend me liffe—  
 on this day month without all fayle;  
 72 Ile make thee then my wiffe.”
- & with a sweet & louing kisse  
 they parted presentlye,  
 & att their partinge brinish <sup>5</sup> teares  
 76 stoode in eche others eye.

how can he  
get her away  
from her  
home?

She says

she will save  
him from  
harm,

and will  
come to him

disguised as  
a page.

He agrees to  
meet her  
that day  
month.

They kiss  
and part.

<sup>1</sup> shall I.—*Rel.*

<sup>2</sup> ? I.—F. and if I.—*Rel.*

<sup>3</sup> bane.—P. and *Rel.*

<sup>4</sup> ryde away.—*Rel.*

<sup>5</sup> ? MS. ; perhaps it is *bainish*.—F.



On the day  
 fixed  
 the lady is  
 ready,  
 80 att lenght the wished day was come  
 wherin <sup>1</sup> this louely Mayd  
 with longing eyes & strange attire  
 for her true loue <sup>2</sup> stayd.  
  
 if any person shee had spyed <sup>3</sup>  
 came ryding ore the plaine,  
 but her lover  
 never comes.  
 84 shee thought <sup>4</sup> itt was her owne true loue ;  
 but all her hopes was vaine !  
  
 She weeps,  
 then did shee weepe, & soer bewayle  
 her most vnhappy fate ;  
 then did shee speake these wofull words  
 88 when succourles shee sate :  
  
 reproaches  
 her false  
 lover,  
 " O ffalse, fforsworne, ffaithelesse man !  
 disloyall in thy loue !  
 hast thou fforgott thy promise past,  
 92 & wilt thou periured prooue ?  
  
 " & hast thou now fforsaken mee  
 in this my greate distresse,  
 to end my dayes in heauinesse <sup>5</sup>  
 96 which well thou might <sup>6</sup> redresse ?  
  
 and wishes  
 she had  
 never  
 trusted him.  
 " woe worth <sup>7</sup> the time I did beleene <sup>8</sup>  
 that ffattering toung of thine !  
 wold god that I had neuer seene  
 100 the teares of thy false eyen ! "

Grieving, she  
 goes home,  
 104 soe that with many a grieuous groane <sup>9</sup>  
 homewards shee went amaine.  
 noe rest came in her waterye eyes,  
 shee found <sup>10</sup> such priuy payne.

<sup>1</sup> On which.—*Rel.*<sup>2</sup> ? MS. loves.—*F.*<sup>3</sup> When any person she espyed.—*Rel.*<sup>4</sup> hoped.—*Rel.*<sup>5</sup> open shame.—*Rel.*<sup>6</sup> thou mightst well.—*Rel.*<sup>7</sup> be to ; A.-S. *weorthan*, to become, be.—*F.*<sup>8</sup> I e'er believ'd.—*Rel.*<sup>9</sup> sorrowful sigh.—*Rel.*<sup>10</sup> felt.—*Rel.*

- in trauell strong shee fell *that* night  
 with many a bitter thraw <sup>1</sup>:—  
 what woefull paines shee felt *that* night <sup>2</sup>  
 108 doth eche good woman knowe!—
- shee called vp her waiting mayds  
 who lay att her bedds feete,<sup>3</sup>  
 and musing at her great <sup>4</sup> woe  
 112 began full fast to weepe.
- “weepe nott,” shee sayth, “but shutt the dores  
 & windowes all about;  
 let none bewray my wretched state,  
 116 but keepe all persons out!”
- “O Mistrus! call *your* mother here;  
 of women you haue neede;  
 & to some skilfull midwiffe helpe  
 120 the better may you speed.”
- “call not my mother for thy liffe,  
 nor ffitch noe woman here!  
 The midwiffes helpe comes all to late;  
 124 my death I doe not feare.” [page 270]
- with *that* the babe sprang from her wombe,  
 noe creature being by,<sup>5</sup>  
 & with one sighe *which* brake her hart  
 128 this gallant dame did dye.
- the litle louely infant younge,  
 the pretty smiling babe,<sup>6</sup>  
 resigned itt new receiued berath  
 132 to him *that* had it made.

is taken with  
 childbirth  
 pangs,

calls up her  
 maids,

has the  
 doors shut,

and bids  
 them keep  
 out every  
 one.

The maids  
 urge her to

have a mid-  
 wife.

She refuses

gives birth  
 to a babe,

and dies.

Her babe  
 dies too.

<sup>1</sup> throwe.—*Rel.*

<sup>2</sup> then did feel.—*Rel.*

<sup>3</sup> A curl at the end like another *e*.—*F.*

<sup>4</sup> Who musing at her mistress.—*Rel.*

<sup>5</sup> nye.—*Rel.*

<sup>6</sup> The mother being dead.—*Rel.*

Her lover  
comes, and

kills himself.

next morning came her owne true loue  
affrighted with this newes,  
& he for sorrow slew himselfe,  
136 whom eche one did accuse.

Mother and  
babe are  
buried  
together.

the Mother with her new borne babe  
were laide both in one graue ;  
their parents, ouerworne <sup>1</sup> with woe,  
140 noe Ioy *that* they <sup>2</sup> cold haue.

Damsels!  
ware flat-  
tering  
words!

take [heed] you daynty damsells all ;  
of flattering words beware ;  
& to the honor of *your* name  
144 haue you a specyall care.<sup>3</sup>

ffins.

<sup>1</sup> overcome.—*Rel.*

<sup>2</sup> joy thenceforth.—*Rel.*

<sup>3</sup> The *Reliques* add :

Too true, alas! this story is,  
As many one can tell.  
By others harmes learne to be wise,  
And you shall do full well.

### Buckingham betrayed : by Banister.<sup>1</sup>

IN the late autumn of 1483, the nobles who had previously determined to put an end to the usurpation of Richard the Third, and who had lately heard of the murder of the young Princes, fixed on Henry of Richmond for their king. About the middle of October the Marquess of Dorset proclaimed him at Exeter. Men declared for him in Wiltshire, in Kent, in Berkshire. The Duke of Buckingham made a rising at Brecon. But the conspiracy failed. Richard was on the alert; Henry could not land; the insurgents could not combine. From Brecon the Duke "marched through the forest of Deane to the Severn; but the bridges were broken down, and the river was so swoln that the fords had become impassable. He turned back to Weobley, the seat of the lord Ferrers; but the Welshmen who had followed him disbanded; and the news of their desertion induced the other bodies of insurgents to provide for their own safety. Thus the King triumphed without drawing the sword. Weobley was narrowly watched on the one side by Sir Humphrey Stafford, on the other by the clan of the Vaughans, who for their reward had received a promise of the plunder of Brecon. Morton effected his escape in disguise to the isle of Ely, and thence passed to the coast of Flanders; *the Duke, in a similar dress, reached the hut of Banister, one of his servants in Shropshire, where he was betrayed by the perfidy of his host.* If he hoped for pardon on the merit of his former services, he had

<sup>1</sup> There is another Song on this Subject in *the printed Collection* 12<sup>mo</sup> 1738, Vol. 3<sup>d</sup> p. 38. N. 5.—P.

mistaken the character of Richard. That prince had already reached Salisbury with his army; he refused to see the prisoner, and ordered his head to be immediately struck off in the market-place." (Lingard).

There is another ballad on this same subject given in the *Collection of Old Ballads*, vol. iii. 1727, entitled "The Life and Death of the Great Duke of Buckingham, who came to an untimely End, for consenting to the deposing of the two gallant young Princes, King Edward the Fourth's children. To the tune of *Shore's Wife*." In point of style this is of much the same date with that here given from the Folio. It is the production of a thorough-bred ballad-writer, viz. Robert Johnson, and included in his *Crown Garland of Golden Roses*. It administers political justice in the same uncompromising manner :

Thus Banister was forc'd to beg  
And crave for Food with Cap and Leg ;  
But none on him would Bread bestow,  
That to his Master prov'd a Foe.

Thus wandring in this poor Estate,  
Repenting his misdeeds too late,  
Till starved he gave up his Breath,  
By no man pitied at his Death.

To woful End his Children came,  
Sore punish'd for their Father's shame ;  
Within a channel one was drown'd  
Where water scarce could hide the ground.

Another by the Powers divine  
Was strangely eaten up of swine ;  
The last a woful ending makes  
By strangling in an empty Jakes.

A third ballad, entitled "A most sorrowful Song, setting forth the miserable end of Banister, who betrayed the Duke of Buckingham, his Lord and Master," is in the Pepys Collection, vol. i. p. 64, and reprinted in Evans's *Old Ballads*, vol. iii. p. 23, 8vo, 1810. It begins thus :—

If ever wight had cause to rue  
 A wretched deed, vile and untrue,  
 Then Banister with shame may sing,  
 Who sold his life that loved him.

Perhaps all three ballads are founded on some common older original.

<p>YOU: Barons bold, ma[r]ke<sup>1</sup> and behold          the thinge <i>that</i> I will rite<sup>2</sup>;          a story strange &amp; yett most true          4 I purpose to Endite.<sup>3</sup></p>	<p>A strange          true tale I          tell.</p>
<p>ffor the Noble Peere while he liued heere,          the duke of Buckingham,          he ffourisht in King Edwards time,          8 the 4<sup>th</sup> King of <i>that</i> name.</p>	<p>The Duke of          Buckingham</p>
<p>in his service there he kept a man          of meane &amp; low degree,          whom he brought vp then of a chyld          12 from basenesse to dignitie;</p>	<p>has a servant</p>
<p>he gaue him lands &amp; liuings good          wherto he was noe heyre,          &amp; then<sup>4</sup> mached him to a gallant dame          16 as rich as shee was fayre.</p>	<p>whom he          enriches,            and marries          to a gallant          dame,</p>
<p>it came to passe in tract of time          his wealth did soe excell,          his riches did surpasse them all          20 <i>that</i> in <i>that</i> shire did dwell.</p>	<p>so that the          man is          very          wealthy;</p>
<p>who was soe braue as Banister?          or who durst with him contend?          which<sup>5</sup> wold not be desirous still          24 to be his daylye freind?</p>	<p>none dares          strive with          Banister.</p>

<sup>1</sup> mark.—P.

<sup>2</sup> write.—P.

<sup>3</sup> Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.

<sup>4</sup> This and 19 other words in different

places are marked in red brackets, for omission.—F.

<sup>5</sup> who.—P.



- for then <sup>1</sup> it came to passe; more woe, alas!  
 for<sup>2</sup> sorrowes then began;  
 for why, the *Master* was constraind <sup>3</sup>  
 28 to seeke succour of his man.
- Richard III. then Richard the 3<sup>d</sup>. swaying the sword,  
 cryed himselfe a kinge,<sup>4</sup>  
 murders the princes; 32 murdered 2 princes in their bedds,  
 which deede great striffe did bringe.
- Buckingham raises a host to avenge them;  
 36 & then the duke of Buckingham,  
 hating this bloody deede,  
 against the tyrant rayсед an Oaste  
 of armed men indeed.
- & when *King* Richard of this hard tell,  
 a mightye Ost he sent  
 against the duke of Buckingham,  
 40 his purpose to prevent.
- but his men flee from Richard's army,  
 44 & when the dukes people of this heard tell,  
 ffearе filled their hearts eche one;  
 many of his souldiers fledd by night,  
 and left him one by one.
- and he flees to Banister 48 in extreme need the Duke tooke a steede,<sup>5</sup> [page 271]  
 & posted night and day  
 towards Banister his man,  
 in secrett there to stay.
- to hide him. 52 "O Banister, Sweet Banister!  
 pittы thow my cause," sayes hee,  
 "& hyde me from mine<sup>6</sup> Enemyes  
 that here accuseth<sup>7</sup> mee."

<sup>1</sup> Now it.—P.<sup>2</sup> such.—P.<sup>3</sup> The M: was constrained to seek.—P.<sup>4</sup> Himself proclaimed king.—P.<sup>5</sup> Part of the line pared off the MS.—F.<sup>6</sup> One stroke too few in the MS.—F.<sup>7</sup> persueth (in red ink: by Percy in his late hand.— F.)

- "O, you be welcome, my *Lord!*" hee sayes, Banister  
 "your grace is welcome here!  
 & as my liffe Ile keepe you safe, vows to keep  
 56 although it cost me deere!" him safe,
- "be true, sweete Banister!" sayes hee,  
 O sweete Banister, be true!"  
 "christs curse," he sayd, "on me & mine "Christ's  
 60 if euer I proue ffalse to you! curse on  
 me if I be  
 false!"
- then the Duke cast of his veluett sute, Buckingham  
 his chaine of gold likewise, takes off his  
 & soe he did his veluett capp, velvet  
 64 to blind the peoples eyes; clothes,
- a lethern Ierkyn <sup>1</sup> on his backe, dresses as a  
 & lethern slopps <sup>2</sup> alsoe, woodman,  
 a heidging bill vpon his backe,  
 68 & soe into the woods did goe!
- an old felt hat vppon his head,  
 with 20 holes therin;  
 & soe in labor he spent the time, and works  
 72 as tho some drudge he had beene. away
- & there he liued long vnknownen, in safety.  
 & still vnknowne might bee,  
 till Banister for hope of gaine  
 76 betrayd him Iudaslye.
- for a proclamation there was made, But Richard  
 'whosoever then cold bringe  
 newes of the Duke of Buckingham  
 80 to Richard then our Kinge,

<sup>1</sup> Languedoc *jhergaon*, an over-coat;  
Fr. *Jargeot*, *Jargot*, a kind of course  
garment worne by countrey people. Cot-

grave; in Wedgwood.—F.  
<sup>2</sup> slopps, A kind of open breeches,  
trowsers. Johnson.—P.

offers 1000  
marks

and knight-  
hood, for  
news of  
Bucking-  
ham.

Banister  
betrays his  
master.

Buckingham  
is seized.

He re-  
proaches  
Banister,

but is be-  
headed at  
Salisbury.

Banister

is cast into  
prison,

‘ a 1000 markes shalbe his ffee  
of gold & silver bright,  
& then be preferred by his grace,  
84 & made a worthy knight.’

& when Banister of *that* heard tell,  
straight to the court sent hee,  
& soe betrayd his *Master* good  
88 for lucre of *that* ffee.

a herald of armes there was sent,  
& men with weapons good,  
who did attach this noble Duke  
92 where he was labouring in the wood.

“ Ah, ffalse Banister ! a, wreched man !  
Ah, Caitiffe ! ” then sayes hee ;  
“ haue I maintained thy poore estate  
96 to deale thus Iudaslye ?

“ alas *that* euer I beleued  
*that* flattering tounge of thine !  
woe worth the time *that* euer I see  
100 *that* false Bodye of thine ! ”

then ffraught with feare & many a teare,  
with sorrowes almost dead,  
this noble Duke of Buckingham  
104 att Salisbury <sup>1</sup> lost his head.

then Banister went to the court,  
hoping this gold to haue,  
but straight in prison hee was cast,  
108 & hard his liffe to <sup>2</sup> saue.

<sup>1</sup> query Shrewsbury.—P.

<sup>2</sup> hard his life could.—P.

- small ffreinds he found in his distresse,  
 nor any comfort in his need,  
 but euery man reuiled him  
 112 [for] this <sup>1</sup> his trecherous deede. reuiled by  
all,
- & then, according to his wishe,  
 gods Iudgments did on him fall ;  
 his children were consumed quite,  
 116 his goods were wasted all ; and Christ's  
curse falls  
on him :
- [page 272]
- ffor one of his sones for greeffe Starke madd did fall ; <sup>2</sup>  
 the other ffor sorrow drowned was one son  
turnus mad,  
the other is  
drowned.  
 within a shallow runing streame  
 120 where euery man might passe.
- his daugter right of bewtye bright,  
 to such lewde liffe did ffall  
 that shee dyed in great miserye ;  
 124 & thus they were wasted all. His daugh-  
ter becomes  
a strumpet.
- Old Banister liued long in shame,  
 & att the lenght did dye ;  
 & thus they Lord did plague them all  
 128 ffor this his trecherye. He lives in  
shame and  
dies.
- now god blesse our king & counsell graue, <sup>3</sup>  
 in goodness still to proceed ;  
 & send euery <sup>4</sup> distressed man  
 132 a better ffreind att need ! God send  
ffins. all in need  
a better  
friend!

<sup>1</sup> for this. Qu.—P.<sup>2</sup> stark mad did fall.—P. This line is made two in the MS. *Starke* begins p. 272.—F.<sup>3</sup> Our k<sup>r</sup> G<sup>d</sup> bless And grant his grace.—P.<sup>4</sup> to each.—P.

### Earle Bodwell.<sup>1</sup>

THIS ballad is printed in the *Reliques*, vol. ii. pp. 198–200, under the title of “The Murder of the King of Scots.” Percy’s Introduction, p. 197, is as follows:—“The catastrophe of Henry Stewart, lord Darnley, the unfortunate husband of Mary Q. of Scots, is the subject of this ballad. It is here related in that partial imperfect manner, in which such an event would naturally strike the subjects of another kingdom; of which he was a native. Henry appears to have been a vain capricious worthless young man, of weak understanding, and dissolute morals. But the beauty of his person, and the inexperience of his youth, would dispose mankind to treat him with an indulgence, which the cruelty of his murder would afterwards convert into the most tender pity and regret: and then imagination would not fail to adorn his memory with all those virtues, he ought to have possessed. This will account for the extravagant elogium bestowed upon him in the first stanza, &c.

“Henry lord Darnley, was eldest son of the earl of Lennox, by the lady Margaret Douglas, niece of Henry VIII. and daughter of Margaret queen of Scotland by the earl of Angus, whom that princess married after the death of James IV.—Darnley, who had been born and educated in England, was but in his 21st year, when he was married, Feb. 9, 1567–8. This crime was perpetrated by the E. of Bothwell, not out of respect to the memory of David Riccio, but in order to pave the way for his own marriage with the queen.

<sup>1</sup> On the Murther of David Riccio and of *the king of Scots*. Written while *the Queen of Scotts* was in England.—P.

“ This ballad (printed<sup>1</sup> from the Editor’s folio MS.) seems to have been written soon after Mary’s escape into England in 1568, see v. 65.—It will be remembered at v. 5, that this princess was Q. dowager of France, having been first married to Francis II, who died Dec. 4, 1560.”

WOE: worth thee, woe worth thee, false Scottlande!  
 for thou hast euer wrought by a<sup>2</sup> sleight;  
 for<sup>2</sup> the worthyest Prince *that* euer was borne,  
 4 you hanged vnder a cloud by night!  
 the queene of ffrance a letter wrote,  
 & sealed itt<sup>3</sup> with hart and ringe;  
 & bade him come Scotland within,  
 8 & shee wold marry him<sup>2</sup> & crowne him *King*.  
 to be a *King*, itt<sup>2</sup> is a pleasant thing;  
 to bee<sup>4</sup> a Prince vnto a Peere;  
 but you haue heard, & so haue I too,<sup>2</sup>  
 12 a man may well by<sup>5</sup> gold to deere.  
 there was an Italyan in that place,  
 was as welbeloved as euer was hee;  
 Lord David<sup>6</sup> was his name,  
 16 chamberlaine<sup>7</sup> vnto the Queene was hee.  
 ffor<sup>8</sup> if the King had risen forth<sup>2</sup> of his place,  
 he wold haue sitt<sup>9</sup> him downe in the cheare,<sup>10</sup>  
 & tho itt<sup>11</sup> beseemed him not soe well,  
 20 altho the King had beene<sup>12</sup> present there.

Woe to you,  
 Scotland,  
 you’ve  
 hanged the  
 best of  
 Princes!

Queen Mary  
 bade him  
 come and  
 marry her;

but she had  
 an insolent  
 Chamber-  
 lain, Rizzio,

<sup>1</sup> So in 2nd and 3rd editions too:  
 “ printed with a few corrections,” 4th ed.  
 —F.

<sup>2</sup> *Rel.* omits these.—F. 4th and 2nd  
 and 3rd editions restore *too*, l. 11.

<sup>3</sup> *it.*—*Rel.* *itt.*—4th ed.

<sup>4</sup> *be.*—*Rel.* *bee.*—4th ed.

<sup>5</sup> *buy.*—P.

<sup>6</sup> And Dav! Rizzio—qu. David Rizzio.  
 —P.\*

<sup>7</sup> Lord Chamberl<sup>n</sup>.—P.

<sup>8</sup> *from.*—P.

<sup>9</sup> *sate.*—*Rel.*

<sup>10</sup> *i’ th’ chaire.*—*Rel.* *in the cheare.*—  
 4th ed.

<sup>11</sup> *although it.*—*Rel.* *And tho itt.*—  
 4th ed.

<sup>12</sup> *And tho . . . were.*—P. *Rel.*  
*Although . . had biene.*—4th ed.

\* And David Riccio.—*Rel.* *Lord David.*—4th ed.



- and some  
Scotch lords           some lords in Scotland waxed wonderous<sup>1</sup> wroth,  
                                  & quarrelld with him for the nonce<sup>2</sup> ;  
I shall you tell<sup>3</sup> how itt beffell ;  
stabbed him.   24    12 daggers were in him all<sup>1</sup> att once.
- The Queen  
was wroth,           when this queene see the<sup>4</sup> Chamberlaine was<sup>1</sup> slaine,  
                                  for him her<sup>5</sup> cheeks shee did weete,  
                                  & made a vow for a 12 month & a day<sup>6</sup>  
28    the King & shee<sup>7</sup> wold not come in one sheete.
- and other  
Lords               then some of the Lords of Scotland<sup>8</sup> waxed wrothe,  
                                  & made their vow<sup>9</sup> vehementlye,  
vowed to  
kill the  
King.               ‘ for death of the queenes<sup>10</sup> Chamberlaine<sup>11</sup>  
32    the King himselfe he shall dye.’<sup>12</sup>
- they strowed his chamber ouer with gunpowder,<sup>13</sup>  
                                  & layd greene rushes in his way ;  
ffor the traitors thought *that*<sup>14</sup> night  
36    the<sup>15</sup> worthy king for to betray.<sup>16</sup>
- to bedd the worthy King made<sup>17</sup> him bowne ;<sup>18</sup>  
                                  to take his rest, *that*<sup>19</sup> was his desire ;  
They set  
fire to his  
bedroom,       20    he was noe sooner cast on sleepee,<sup>20</sup>  
40    but his chamber was on a blasing fyer.<sup>21</sup>
- he jumped  
out of  
window,       vp he lope, & a glasse<sup>22</sup> window broke ;  
                                  he<sup>23</sup> had 30 foote for to ffall.

<sup>1</sup> *Rel.* omits these.—F.<sup>2</sup> ? MS. *noncett*, with *tt* blotted out.—F. nonce.—*Rel.*<sup>3</sup> And I shall tell.—*Rel.* 4th ed. omits *And*.<sup>4</sup> the queen she saw her.—*Rel.* 4th ed. omits *she*, and restores *was*.<sup>5</sup> [her] fair.—P.<sup>6</sup> year & a day.—P.<sup>7</sup> shee'd ne'er.—P.<sup>8</sup> lords they.—*Rel.*<sup>9</sup> [vow] now.—P.<sup>10</sup> That for the death of the.—*Rel.* For the death of the queenes.—4th ed.<sup>11</sup> Queen's Lo. Ch<sup>n</sup>.—P.<sup>12</sup> How he, the king himself sh<sup>d</sup> dye.—P. and.—*Rel.* The king himselfe how he shall dye.—4th ed.<sup>13</sup> with Gunpowd<sup>r</sup> they strew<sup>d</sup> his room.—P.<sup>14</sup> very.—P.                   <sup>15</sup> this.—*Rel.*<sup>16</sup> betraye.—*Rel.* betray.—4th ed.<sup>17</sup> the k<sup>s</sup> he made.—P.<sup>18</sup> ready, *paratus*. Lye.—P.<sup>19</sup> omitted.—*Rel.*<sup>20</sup> sleepee.—*Rel.*<sup>21</sup> it was all on fire.—P.<sup>22</sup> and the.—*Rel.*<sup>23</sup> And.—P.

- Lord Bodwell kept a priuy wach  
 44 vnderneath <sup>1</sup> his castle wall.  
 "who haue wee <sup>2</sup> heere?" sayd Lord Bodwell;  
 "answer me, now I doe call."<sup>3</sup> and was  
 caught by  
 Lord  
 Bothwell,
- "King Henery the 8<sup>th</sup> my vnckle was;  
 48 some pittie show for his sweet sake!<sup>4</sup>  
 "Ah, Lord Bodwell! I know thee well;  
 some pittie on me I pray thee take!" whom he  
 prayed for  
 mercy.
- "He <sup>5</sup> pittie thee as much," he sayd,  
 52 "& as much favor <sup>6</sup> He show to thee  
 As thou had on the Queenes Chamberlaine [page 273]  
 that day thou deemedst <sup>7</sup> him to dye."<sup>8</sup> But Both-  
 well would  
 have none,
- through halls & towers this <sup>9</sup> King they Ledd,  
 56 through castles & towers <sup>10</sup> that were hye,<sup>11</sup>  
 through an arbor into an orchard,  
 & there hanged him in a peare tree.<sup>12</sup> and hanged  
 him on a  
 pear-tree.
- when the gouernor of Scotland he <sup>13</sup> heard tell <sup>13</sup>  
 60 that <sup>14</sup> the worthie king he <sup>13</sup> was slaine,  
 he hath banished <sup>15</sup> the Queene soe bitterlye  
 that in Scotland shee dare not remaine; The Go-  
 uernor  
 cursed Mary,

<sup>1</sup> all und? &c.—P. All underneath.  
 —*Rel.* Underneath his.—*4th ed.*

<sup>2</sup> we.—*Rel.* wee.—*4th ed.*

<sup>3</sup> Now answer me that I may know.  
 —*Rel.*

<sup>4</sup> For his sweete sake some pittie  
 show.—*Rel.*

The next two lines Percy has altered  
 into

Who haue we here? lord Bodwell sayd,  
 Now answer me when I doe speake.—F.

<sup>5</sup> I'll.—*Rel.*

<sup>6</sup> favour.—*Rel.* favor.—*4th ed.*

<sup>7</sup> i. e. doomedst—deem, est opinari,  
 censere, iudicare. Jun.—P. l. 51 is  
 partly pared off the MS.—F.

<sup>8</sup> dye.—*Rel.* die,—with the note  
 "Pronounced after the northern manner  
 dee" in ed: 2, 3, 4.

<sup>9</sup> the.—P.

<sup>10</sup> thro' towers & castles, &c.—P.

<sup>11</sup> nye.—*Rel.*

<sup>12</sup> There on a peare-tree handg him  
 hye.—*Rel.*

<sup>13</sup> omitted.—*Rel.* <sup>14</sup> how that.—P.

<sup>15</sup> He persued.—*Rel.* ? banish = ban,  
 curse.—F.

and she fled  
to England,  
where she  
now is.

64 but shee is fled into Merry England,  
& Scotland to aside hath laine ;<sup>1</sup>  
& through the Queene of Englands good<sup>2</sup> grace  
now in England shee doth remaine.<sup>3</sup>  
ffins.

<sup>1</sup> And here her residence hath tane.  
—*Rel.* A change not for the better.  
—F.

<sup>2</sup> omitted.—*Rel.*  
<sup>3</sup> In Engl<sup>d</sup> now shee doth remain.  
—P.

[Those readers (if any) who have looked at the notes will have noticed that the fourth edition of the *Reliques* has restored the reading of the MS. in several places where the first has altered it,—though in others it leaves the changes of the first edition untouched :—thus in lines

First three editions.	Fourth edition and MS.
6. it	<i>is changed into</i> itt
15. And David Riccio	„ Lord David
18. i' th' chaire	„ in the cheare
19. Although it	„ And tho itt
20. And though	„ Altho
23. And I	„ I
25. queene shee	„ queene
25. slaine	„ was slaine
29. wroth	„ wrothe
36. betraye	„ betray
44. All underneath	„ Underneath his
45. we	„ wee
51. hee	„ he
52. favour	„ favor

while in lines 31–32 the manuscript

“for death of the queenes Chamberlaine,  
the King himselfe he shall dye,”

which Percy altered in his first edition to

That for the death of the chamberlaine,  
How hee, the king himselfe sholde dye,  
he changed back in the fourth to,

For the death of the queenes chamber-  
laine,  
The king himselfe, how he shall die.”

I write *he* changed back, for Mr. David Laing says that a friend of Percy's and his assured him that Percy himself edited the fourth edition of the *Reliques*, and that with great care, though he let his nephew, in the Advertisement to that edition, take the responsibility of it off his own episcopal shoulders, supposed to be burdened with “more important” matters. It is, indeed, evident that the many changes made in the text of the fourth edition must have been carefully considered by Percy, for they are changes of lines sometimes as well as of words.  
—F.]

### Bishoppe & Browne.<sup>1</sup>

SEE Introduction to *King James & Brown*, vol. i. p. 135.

This piece is printed in the *Reliques*. “The original copy,” says Percy, “(preserved in the archives of the Antiquarian Society, London) is entitled, ‘A new Ballad, declaring the great treason conspired against the young King of Scots, and how one Andrew Browne, an Englishman, which was the King’s Chamberlaine, prevented the same. To the tune of Milfield, or els to Green-sleeves.’ At the end is subjoined the name of the author ‘W. Elderton.’ ‘Imprinted at London for Yarathe James, dwelling in Newgate Market, over against Ch. Church,’ in black-letter folio.”

It is the work of the professional ballad-writer who could “rhyme you so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted”; and it is well-executed work of its sort. The image is fairly well shaped; but there is scarcely a spark of Heaven’s fire in it—no breath of life breathed into its nostrils.

It was written, no doubt, rather to give information than entertainment. At a time when there were no newspapers circulating through the country, the ballad was an ordinary vehicle of news. “Marry, they say that *the running stationers of London*, I mean *such as use to sing ballads*, and those that cry malignant pamphlets, &c.” (*Knaves are honest men, or More Knaves yet*, apud Collier’s Book of Roxburghe Ballads.)

<sup>1</sup> N.B. This Copy is very imperfect. See Page 58 & 59 [of MS.], Stanza the last in that Page [vol. i. p. 141, l. 108–9 of print], where the subject of this ballad is alluded to.—P. The title in the *Re-*

*liques*, vol. ii. p. 204, first edition, is the “King of Scots and Andrew Browne.” The version there printed contains 15 stanzas, while the present one has only 10, and two of these are incomplete.—F.

How sad  
that subjects  
can't be  
true!

IESUS god ! what <sup>1</sup> greeffe is this  
that Princes subiects cannot be true !  
but still the devill & <sup>2</sup> some of his  
4 doth play his part, as plaine is in shew.<sup>3</sup>

In Scotland

in Scotland dwelles a bony king,  
as *proper* a youth as any can bee ;  
hee is giuen to euery happy <sup>4</sup> thing  
8 that can be in a Prince to see.<sup>5</sup>

King  
James's  
nurse heard  
that he was  
to be  
poisoned.

on whitsontyde, as itt befell,  
a possett was made to giue the King ;  
& that his Ladye Nurse heard tell  
12 that itt was made a poysoned thing.

She called  
for help.

shee cryed, & called pittiouslye,  
"helpe ! or else the King must dye !"

Browne  
sprang  
forward,

& Browne being <sup>6</sup> an Englishman,  
16 he did heare <sup>7</sup> that Ladyes pityous crye ;  
but with his sword he besturred him then ;  
forth att the dore he thought to flee,

leapt out of  
a window,

but euery dore was made full fast ;  
20 forth of a window hee lope at last.<sup>8</sup>

met the  
Bishop with  
the

he mett the Bishopp att the dore,  
& with the possett in his hand.  
the sight of Browne made the Bishopp agast ;

<sup>1</sup> Out alas ! what a.—*Rel.*

<sup>2</sup> hath.—*Rel.*

<sup>3</sup> Will play their parts, whatsoever  
ensue :

Forgetting what a grievous thing  
It is to offend the anointed kinge?  
Alas for woe, why should it be so,  
This makes a sorrowful heigh ho.  
—*Rel.*

The collation after this is not com-  
plete.—*F.*

<sup>4</sup> The *y* is made over an *h* in the MS.  
—*F.*

<sup>5</sup> *Rel.* adds:—

Yet that unluckie cuntrye still  
Hath people given to craftie will,  
Alas for woe, &c.

<sup>6</sup> One Browne that was.—*Rel.*

<sup>7</sup> And hard.—*Rel.*

<sup>8</sup> MS. at last lope hee.—*F.* Out of a  
window he got at last.—*Rel.*

24 he bade him soe boldleye stay & stand.  
with him were 2 *that* ran away  
for feare lest browne shold make a fray.

“Bishopp,” said Browne, “what hast thou there?”  
28 “nothing at all, my ffreinde,<sup>1</sup>” Quoth hee,  
“but a possett to make the King good cheere.”  
“is itt soe?” sayd Browne, “*that* will I see;  
before thou goe any further inn,  
32 of this possett thou shalt begin.”

poisoned  
posset,

“Browne,” said the Bishopp, “I know thee well;  
thou art a yong man both pore & bare;  
& liuings<sup>2</sup> of<sup>3</sup> thee I shall bestowe;  
36 goe thou thy way, & take noe care.”  
“noe!” said Browne, “*that* shall not bee!  
He not be a traitor for all christentye!  
for be itt for wayle,<sup>4</sup> or for woe be itt,  
40 drinke thou off this sorrowfull possett.”

rejected his  
bribes to be  
quiet,

and made

the Bishopp dranke; then by & by  
his belly burst, & he fell downe:  
a iust reward for his traitorye.  
44 “marry, this was a possett indeed!” sayd Browne.  
he searched the Bishopp, & found they Kayes  
to goe to the King when he did please.

the Bishop  
drink the  
posset.  
The Bishop  
burst and  
died.

& when the Kinge heard tell of this,  
48 he meekelye fell downe on his knee,  
& thanked god *that* he did misse  
then of this false trecherye;  
& then he did perceiue & know  
52 *that* his clergye wold haue him betraid [so.<sup>5</sup>]

King James  
thanked  
God,

<sup>1</sup> The last *e* is made over an *s* in the MS.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.

<sup>3</sup> on.—*Rel.*

<sup>4</sup> i. e. sorrow: unless it be corruptly

written for weal, welfare, good: written by the Scots weil, wele.—P.

<sup>5</sup> *Rel.* inserts another stanza here, and adds four after the next.—F.



he called the nurse befor his grace,  
 & gaue vnto her 20<sup>tye</sup> pounds [a yeere.]  
 rewarded the nurse,  
 doughtye Browne, [i'] the like case,  
 and knighted Browne. 56 he dubbd him *Knight* with gallant cheere,  
 bestowed vpon him linings great  
 [For dooing such a manly feat.<sup>1</sup>]

ffins.

<sup>1</sup> Last line cut away in the MS.; and then four more stanzas about a fresh  
 supplied here from the *Rel.*, which adds: attempt to make away with the King.  
 As he did showe, to the bishop's woe, —F.  
 Which made &c.

## Child Waters.<sup>1</sup>

[page 274]

THIS ballad was printed in the *Reliques* from the Folio, with a few "corrections." These amount to the insertion of six new lines, and numerous minor changes. The copy is indeed somewhat mutilated, and needed a little patching to make it presentable to the general reader.

"Several traditional versions," says Professor Child in his *English and Scotch Ballads*, "have since been printed, of which we give *Burd Ellen* from Jamieson's, and in the Appendix *Lady Margaret* from Kinloch's Collection. Jamieson also furnishes a fragment, and Buchan<sup>2</sup> (*Ballads of the North of Scotland*, ii. 30) a complete copy of another version of *Burd Ellen*; and Chambers (*Scottish Ballads*, 193) makes up an edition from all the copies, which we mention here because he has taken some lines from a manuscript supplied by Mr. Kinloch."

The love and fidelity of a woman are here tried to the utmost limit. Worse sufferings than are even mentioned in the *Nut-brown Maid*, and in that feeble reflection of it, *A Jigge*, are here verily endured. Certainly "Burd Ellen" is the better, more expressive title for the ballad. She is the one centre of interest in it—the one living glory and delight. Child Waters appears but to introduce her—to "bring her out"—to furnish her with an opportunity for displaying her splendid trust and adherence. He must be regarded so, or he is intolerable. This part he performs excellently. He brings Ellen's faithfulness into glorious

<sup>1</sup> A Tryal of female Affection not unlike the Nut-brown Maid. Shewing how Child Waters made his M<sup>rs</sup> undergo many Hardships, & afterwards married her. It was not necessary to correct this much for the Press.—P.

<sup>2</sup> This Buchan (whom I once endeavoured to assist in his poverty by procuring purchasers for his books) was a most daring forger: scarcely anything that he has published can be trusted to as genuine.—A. Dyce.

relief. Let this and kindred ballads, then, be accepted as atonements for the light doubting talk men sometimes hold about women.

Be it true or wrong  
 These men among  
 On women do complaine  
 Affermyng this  
 How that it is  
 A labour spent in vaine  
 To love them wele  
 For never a dele  
 They love a man agayne.  
 For lete a man  
 Do what he can  
 Ther favour to attayne  
 Yet yf a newe  
 To them pursue  
 Ther furst trew lover than  
 Laboureth for nought  
 And from her thought  
 He is a bannished man.

I say not nay  
 But that all day  
 It is both writ & sayde  
 That woman's fayth  
 Is as who sayth  
 All utterly decayed.

This and kindred ballads show how, in spite of many sad scandals, in spite of suspicions and sneers, the heart of men still nursed and cherished a precious fond belief in the truth of women. Much frivolity there might be,<sup>1</sup> much hypocrisy, much falseness; but ever here and there was one to be found—one who, through good report and through evil, through all extreme distresses and neglects and cruelties, would never withdraw her trust from him to whom once she had given it—would never falsify the vows she had once uttered—would never fail from her true-love's side—*una de multis face nuptiali*

<sup>1</sup> See the ballad in the metre of the Notbrowne Mayd in Mr. Skeat's Preface to *Partenay*, p. ii, (E. E. T. Soc. 1866)

beginning,  
 masteres anne,  
 I am your man.—F.

*digna*. Such an one is Ellen in this ballad. She illustrates how “many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it.” She cares nothing for gold and fee; had rather have one kiss of her love’s mouth or one twinkling of his eye than “Cheshire and Lancashire both”; will lay aside her woman’s dress, sacrifice her long yellow locks, endure strange hardships—running barefoot through the broom and struggling through the water—invoke generous blessings on the head of her supposed rival, obey the most trying orders, that she may accompany and please the master of her heart. Her love never hesitates. When, after much ill usage, she gives birth to a child in the stable whither she has gone in the early morning to feed the Child’s horse, she lets no murmur against the author of her miseries escape her.

She said, “Lullaby, my own dear child,  
Lullaby, dear child dear!  
*I would thy father were a king,  
Thy mother laid on a bier.*”

In the end her trust wins its reward.

“Peace now,” he said, “good fair Ellen,  
And be of good cheer, I thee pray;  
And the bridal and the churching both  
They shall be upon one day.”

<p>CHILDE: watters in his stable stoode, &amp; stroaket his milke white steede: to him came a ffaire young Ladye 4 as ere did weare <sup>1</sup> womans wee[de <sup>2</sup> ;]</p> <p>saies, “christ you saue, good Chyld waters!” sayes, “christ you saue and see! my girdle of gold <i>which</i> was too longe 8 is now to short ffor mee;</p>	<p>To Childe Waters</p> <p>comes fair Ellen,</p> <p>says,</p>
--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----------------------------------------------------------------------

<sup>1</sup> ware.—P. ever ware.—*Rel.*

<sup>2</sup> weed.—P.

- “ I am with  
child by  
you.”
- 12 “ & all is with one<sup>1</sup> chyld of yours,  
I ffeele sturre att my side.  
my gowne of greene, it is to strayght ;  
before it was to wide.”
- “ If so,  
take  
Cheshire and  
Lancashire,
- 16 “ if the child be mine,<sup>2</sup> faire Ellen,” he sayd,  
“ be mine, as you tell mee,  
take<sup>3</sup> you Cheshire & Lancashire both,  
take them your owne to bee.
- an I make  
the child  
your heir.”
- 20 “ if the child be mine, ffaire Ellen,” he said,  
“ be mine, as you doe sweare,  
take you Cheshire & Lancashire both,  
& make *that* child your heyre.”
- “ I’d rather  
have a kiss
- 24 shee saies, “ I had rather haue one kisse,  
child waters, of thy mouth,  
then I wold haue Cheshire & lancashire both,  
*that* lyes<sup>4</sup> by north & south.
- and a look  
from you,  
than your  
counties.”
- 28 “ & I had rather haue a twinkling,  
Child waters, of *your* eye,<sup>5</sup>  
then I wold haue Cheshire & Lancashire both,  
to take them mine oune to bee ! ”
- He says  
he must take  
the fairest  
lady north  
with him.
- 32 “ to-morrow, Ellen, I must forth ryde  
soe ffarr into<sup>6</sup> the North countrye ;  
the ffairest Lady *that* I can ffind,  
Ellen, must goe with mee.”<sup>7</sup>
- Ellen asks  
to be his  
footpage.
- “ & euer I pray you, Child watters,  
your ffootpage let me bee ! ”

<sup>1</sup> a.—P.<sup>2</sup> Only one stroke for the *m*.—F. be  
mine.—P.<sup>3</sup> Then take.—*Rel*.<sup>4</sup> lye.—P.<sup>5</sup> thine ee.—*Rel*.<sup>6</sup> far into.—P.<sup>7</sup> The *Reliques* inserts :

Though I am not that ladye fayre,

Yet let me go with thee.—F.

Tho’ I am not that fayre Lady,

Yet let me go with thee.—P.

“ if you will my ffootpage be, Ellen,  
 36 as you doe tell itt mee,  
 then you must cutt your gownne of greene  
 an inche aboue *your* knee ;  
 “ soe must you doe *your* yellow lockes,  
 40 another inch <sup>1</sup> aboue *your* eye ;  
 you must tell noe man what is my name ;  
 my ffootpage then you shall bee.”  
 all this <sup>2</sup> long day Child waters rode,  
 44 shee ran bare ffoote <sup>3</sup> by his side ;  
 yett was he *neuer* soe curteous a *Knight*,  
 to say, “ Ellen, will you ryde ? ”  
 but all this day Child waters rode,  
 48 shee ran <sup>4</sup> barffoote thorow the broome !  
 yett he was <sup>5</sup> *neuer* soe curteous a *Knight*  
 as to say, “ put on *your* shoone.”  
 “ ride softlye,” shee said,<sup>6</sup> “ Child watters ;  
 52 why doe you ryde soe ffast ?  
 the child, *which* is no mans but yours,<sup>7</sup>  
 my bodye itt will burst.<sup>8</sup> ”  
 he sayes,<sup>9</sup> “ sees thou yonder <sup>10</sup> water, Ellen,  
 56 *that* fflowes from banke to brim ? ”  
 “ I trust to god, Child waters,” shee said,<sup>11</sup>  
 “ you will *neuer* <sup>12</sup> see mee swime.”  
 but when shee came to the waters side,  
 60 shee sayled to the Chinne :  
 “ except the <sup>13</sup> *Lord* of heauen be my speed,  
 now must I <sup>14</sup> learne to swime.”

He agrees,

if she'll cut  
her gown

and hair.

She runs  
barefoot by  
his side

all day thro'  
the broom.

Ride softly,  
shee says.

He makes  
her

<sup>1</sup> an inch.—P.  
<sup>2</sup> Shee all the.—*Rel.* and omits ‘ shee ’  
 in the next line.—F.  
<sup>3</sup> Shee all the long day (that) Ch. Wat.  
 rode, ran barefoot.—P.  
<sup>4</sup> Shee all *the* long day Ch. W. rode,  
 Ran.—P.

<sup>5</sup> was he.—P.  
<sup>7</sup> thine.—P.  
<sup>9</sup> Hee sayth.—*Rel.*  
<sup>11</sup> I trust in God O Child Waters.  
 —*Rel.* <sup>12</sup> you'll never.—P. not.—P.  
<sup>13</sup> but the.—P. Now the.—*Rel.* and P.  
<sup>14</sup> For I must.—*Rel.*

<sup>6</sup> O.—P.  
<sup>8</sup> brast.—P.  
<sup>10</sup> yond.—P.



- swim thro'  
the water.
- 64 the salt waters bare vp Ellens <sup>1</sup> clothes ;  
our Ladye bare vpp he[r] chinne ;  
& Child waters was a woe man, <sup>2</sup> good Lord, <sup>3</sup>  
to ssee faire Ellen swime.
- He shows  
her
- 68 & when shee ouer the water was,  
Shee then came to his knee : [page 275]  
he said, "come hither, ffaire Ellen,  
loe yonder what I see !
- a hall.
- 72 "seest thou not yonder hall, Ellen ?  
of redd gold shine the yates <sup>4</sup> ;  
theres 24 ffayre ladyes, <sup>5</sup>  
the ffairest is my wordlye make. <sup>6</sup>
- The fairest  
girl there is  
his bride,
- 76 "Seest thou not yonder hall, Ellen ?  
of redd gold shineth the tower ;  
there is <sup>7</sup> 24 ffaire Ladyes, <sup>8</sup>  
the fairest is my paramoure."
- his para-  
mour.
- Ellen
- 80 "I doe see the hall now, Child waters,  
*that* of redd gold shineth the yates. <sup>9</sup>  
god giue <sup>10</sup> good then of *your* selfe,  
& of *your* wordlye make <sup>11</sup> !
- wishes him  
and his bride  
God speed.
- 84 "I doe see the hall now, Child waters,  
*that* of redd gold shineth the tower.  
god giue <sup>12</sup> good then of *your* selfe  
and of *your* paramoure !"

<sup>1</sup> her.—*Rel.*<sup>2</sup> i. e. a woeful man.—*P.*<sup>3</sup> Ch. W. was a woe man good Lord.  
—*P.*<sup>4</sup> shines [the] gate.—*P.*<sup>5</sup> Of twenty foure fayre ladyes there.  
—*Rel.* of.—*P.*<sup>6</sup> mate: so the rhyme seems to require,  
but Make signifies also a Mate, match, or  
equal, a familiar companion. from A.-S.*maca, gemaca, par, socius, conjux.* Vid.  
Jun. Gloss. Sax. Voc.—*P.* *Rel.* omits  
'wordlye.'—*F.*<sup>7</sup> There are . . . there.—*P.*<sup>8</sup> *Rel.* adds 'there.'—*F.*<sup>9</sup> yate.—*P.*<sup>10</sup> [insert] you.—*P.*<sup>11</sup> worthy mate.—*P.*<sup>12</sup> [insert] you.—*P.*

- there were 24 Ladyes,<sup>1</sup>  
 88 were<sup>2</sup> playing at the ball ;  
 & Ellen was<sup>3</sup> the fairest Ladye,<sup>4</sup>  
 must bring his steed to the stall. She stables  
his steed,
- there were 24 faire Ladyes<sup>5</sup>  
 92 was<sup>6</sup> playing att the Chesse ;  
 & Ellen shee was<sup>7</sup> the fairest Ladye,<sup>8</sup>  
 must bring his horsse to grasse. and takes it  
to grass.
- & then bespake Child waters sister,  
 96 &<sup>9</sup> these were the words said shee ; His sister  
 “you haue the prettyest ffootpage, brother,  
 that euer I saw<sup>10</sup> with mine eye, asks that  
his footpage
- “but *that* his belly it is soe bigg,  
 100 his girdle goes<sup>11</sup> wonderous hye ;  
 & euer I pray you, Child waters,  
 let him goe into the Chamber with mee.<sup>12</sup>” may go to  
her room  
with her.
- <sup>13</sup>“it is more meete for a litle ffootpage  
 104 *that* has run through mosse and mire,  
 to take his supper vpon his knee Childe  
Waters says  
the page had  
 & sitt downe<sup>14</sup> by the kitchin fyer,  
 then to goe into the chamber with any Ladye better sup  
by the  
kitchen fire.  
 108 that weares soe [rich] attyre.<sup>15</sup>”

<sup>1</sup> ‘were playing’ follows and is crossed out.—F. There were 24 faire Ladies there.—P. There twenty four ladyes were.—*Rel.*

<sup>2</sup> A.—*Rel.* A.—P.

<sup>3</sup> that was, Qu.—P.

<sup>4</sup> the fayrest ladye there.—*Rel.*

<sup>5</sup> P. has written *there* at the end.—*F. Rel.* omits ‘were.’

<sup>6</sup> a.—P.

<sup>7</sup> that was, Qu.—P.

<sup>8</sup> the fayrest ladye there.—*Rel.*

<sup>9</sup> *Rel.* omits &.—F.

<sup>10</sup> I did see.—P. I did see.—*Rel.*

<sup>11</sup> is.—P.

<sup>12</sup> in my chamber lie.—P.

<sup>13</sup> Percy turns the last two lines into another stanza, and prefixes it to the first four:—

It is not fit for a little foot page  
 That has run through mosse and  
 myre,  
 To lye in the chamber of any lady  
 That weares soe riche attyre.

<sup>14</sup> And lye.—*Rel.*

<sup>15</sup> rich attyre, Qu.—P.

- He sends but when thé had supped euery one,  
to bedd they tooke they <sup>1</sup> way ;
- Ellen he sayd, " come hither, my litle footpage,  
112 hearken what I doe say !
- to hire a prostitute  
for him " & goe thy downe into <sup>2</sup> yonder towne,  
& low into the street ;  
the ffairest Ladye *that* thou can find,  
116 hyer her in mine armes to sleepe,  
and carry her up to  
him. & take her vp in thine armes <sup>2</sup> <sup>3</sup>  
for filinge <sup>4</sup> of her ffeete."
- Ellen Ellen is gone into the towne,  
120 & low into the streete :
- hires the woman the fairest Ladye *that* shee cold find,  
shee hyred in his armes to sleepe,  
and carries her up, & tooke her in her armes <sup>2</sup>  
124 for filing of her ffeete.
- and asks to lie at his bed-foot. " I pray you now, good Child waters,  
*that* I may creepe in att your bedds feete ; <sup>5</sup>  
for there is noe place about this house  
128 where I may say <sup>6</sup> a sleepe."
- At daybreak <sup>7</sup> this, & itt drone now afterward <sup>8</sup>  
till itt was neere the day :
- Childe Waters orders Ellen to feed his steed. he sayd, " rise vp, my litle ffoote page,  
132 & giue my steed corne & hay ;  
& soe doe thou <sup>9</sup> the good blacke oates,  
*that* he may carry me the <sup>10</sup> better away."

<sup>1</sup> their.—P. they = the.—F.<sup>2</sup> thee into.—P. thee downe into.—*Rel.*<sup>3</sup> twaine.—*Rel.*<sup>4</sup> i. e. for fear of defiling.—P.<sup>5</sup> Let me lie at your feet.—P. Let me lye at your feete.—*Rel.*<sup>6</sup> Vide *Liffe & Death*. Pag. 384, lin. 36 ; pag. 390, lin. 453 [of MS.]—P. say = essay, try.—F.<sup>7</sup> In the *Reliques* a stanza is made of the next two lines :—

He gave her leave, and faire Ellen

Down at his beds feet laye :

This done the nighte drove on a pace,

And when it was neare the daye.—F.

<sup>8</sup> This done, the night drove on apace.—P.<sup>9</sup> And give him nowe.—*Rel.*<sup>10</sup> To carry mee.—*Rel.*

<p>And vp then rose <sup>1</sup> faire Ellen,</p> <p>136 &amp; gaue <sup>2</sup> his steed corne &amp; hay,</p> <p>&amp; soe shee did on <sup>3</sup> the good blacke oates,</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;"><i>that</i> he might carry him the better <sup>4</sup> away.</p> <p>shee layned <sup>5</sup> her backe to the Manger side,</p> <p>140 &amp; greiuouslye did groane ; <sup>6</sup></p> <p>&amp; <i>that</i> beheard his mother deere,</p> <p>and <sup>7</sup> heard her make her moane.</p> <p>shee said, " rise vp, thou Child waters !</p> <p>144 I thinke thou art a <sup>8</sup> cursed man ;</p> <p>for yonder is a ghost in thy <sup>9</sup> stable</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;"><i>that</i> greiuouslye doth groane,</p> <p>or else some woman laboures of <sup>10</sup> child,</p> <p>148 shee is soe woe begone ! "</p> <p>but vp then rose Child waters, <sup>11</sup></p> <p>&amp; did on his shirt of silke ;</p> <p>then he put on his <sup>12</sup> other clothes</p> <p>152 on his body as white as milke.</p> <p>&amp; when he came to the stable dore,</p> <p>full still <i>that</i> hee did <sup>13</sup> stand,</p> <p><i>that</i> hee might heare now faire Ellen,</p> <p>156 how shee made her monand <sup>14</sup> :</p> <p>shee said, " lullabye, my <sup>15</sup> owne deere child !</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">lullabye, deere child, deere !</p> <p>I wold thy father were a king,</p> <p>160 thy mother layd on a beere !</p>	<p>[page 276]</p> <p>She does it,</p> <p>but groans, for her pains come on. Childe Waters's mother</p> <p>tells him to get up,</p> <p>there's a ghost in his stable,</p> <p>or a woman in labour.</p> <p>He dresses,</p> <p>goes to the stable,</p> <p>and hears Ellen</p> <p>sing to her child :</p> <p>would that his father were a king, shee dead !</p>
---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

<p><sup>1</sup> [insert] the.—P.</p> <p><sup>3</sup> <i>Rel.</i> omits on.—F.</p> <p><sup>4</sup> to carry him th' bet.—P.</p> <p><sup>5</sup> leaned.—P.</p> <p><sup>6</sup> The <i>Reliques</i> inserts and alters thus : She leaned her back to the manger side And there shee made her moane, And that beheard his mother deare, Shee heard her 'woeful woe ;' Shee sayd, Rise up, thou Childe Waters, And into thy stable goe.—F.</p>	<p><sup>2</sup> to give.—P.</p> <p><sup>7</sup> she.—P.</p> <p><sup>8</sup> thee a.—P.</p> <p><sup>9</sup> the.—P.</p> <p><sup>10</sup> with.—<i>Rel.</i></p> <p><sup>11</sup> 'soon' is written at the end by P. —F.</p> <p><sup>12</sup> and so he did his.—P.</p> <p><sup>13</sup> there did he.—P.</p> <p><sup>14</sup> monand, is moaning, i. e. moan. Lye. —P.</p> <p><sup>15</sup> mine.—<i>Rel.</i></p>
--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

Childe  
Waters  
promises

to marry  
her.

“peace now,” he said, “good faire Ellen !  
& be of good cheere, I thee pray ;  
& the Bridall, & the churching both,  
164 they <sup>1</sup> shall bee vpon one day.”<sup>2</sup>  
ffins.

<sup>1</sup> *Rel.* omits they.—F.

<sup>2</sup> In the admiration bestowed on fair Ellen, Enid, and patient Grisild, it is doubtful whether disgust and indignation at their friends' conduct have been suf-

ficiently expressed or felt. Anything more deliberately brutal, I find it hard to conceive. “Cursed man” is surely an epithet well deserved here.—F.

Perhaps the most poetical and finest version of this poem is to be found in Bürger's melodious German ballad, entitled *Graf Walter*, which he professes to have made *nach dem Alt-englischen*, and which follows Percy's edition pretty closely. He has made it into a very pleasing poem, having paraphrased it after his own fashion with great artistic skill.

Bürger concludes thus :

“Sammt deinem Vater schreibe Gott  
Dich in sein Segensbuch !  
Werd' ihm und dir ein Purpurkleid,  
Und mir ein Leichentuch !”

“O nun, O nun, süß, süsse Maid,  
Süß, süsse Maid, halt ein !  
Mein Busen ist ja nicht von Eis,  
Und nicht von Marmelstein.

“O nun, O nun, süß, süsse Maid,  
Süß, süsse Maid, halt ein !  
Es soll ja Tauf' und Hochzeit nun  
In *einer* Stunde sein.”

He has also translated “King John and the Abbot of Canterbury” as *Der Kaiser und der Abt*, and “The Child of Elle” as *Die Entführung*.—Skeat.

**Bessie : off Bednall : <sup>1</sup>**

THERE are copies of this ballad in the Roxburghe and the Bagford collections, and in the Collection of Old Ballads. It is printed in the *Reliques* chiefly from the Folio MS. “compared with two ancient printed copies.” It appears in numberless recent collections, as Professor Child’s, Mr. Bell’s *Ballads of the Peasantry*, Mr. Dixon’s *Ancient Poems, Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England*. The Folio copy, differing slightly from the current ones, is here printed faithfully for the first time; for the editor of the *Reliques* seems to have thought that to him too, as to painters and poets,

Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas,

and freely used his license in the case of this ballad. He was offended by the “absurdities and inconsistencies” of the old version, “which so remarkably prevailed” in that part of the song where the Beggar discovers himself. These were, we suppose, that a Montfort should be spoken of as serving in the wars,

When first our King his fame did advance  
And fought for his title in delicate France,

and then that the blinded soldier, when at last he got back to his country, should resign himself to a beggar’s life instead of at once declaring himself and appealing to the royal bounty, if he was possessed of no estate to support him. There seemed no hope of curing such grievous deformities as these; so the whole limb was lopped off, and a new one substituted, manufactured by Robert Dodsley, author of *The Economy of Human Life*. Eight new stanzas were substituted. “By the alteration of a

<sup>1</sup> In the printed collection of Old Ballads, 1726. Vol. 2, p. 202, N. 35.—P.



few lines," says Percy, "the story is rendered much more affecting, and is reconciled to probability and true history." Let those who think it profitable or possible to bring about such a reconciliation be thankful. The copy as now at last reproduced gives one stanza (vv. 228-32) not found in the ordinary versions.

The ballad was certainly not written later than Queen Elizabeth's reign; for, as Percy points out, *Mary Ambree* was sung to the tune of it. One reason for which Percy attributes it to that reign seems odd—because the "Queen's Arms" are mentioned in v. 23!

It was an extremely popular ballad, and no wonder. "This very house," writes Pepys in his Diary, June 25, 1663, of Sir W. Rider's place at Bethnal Green, "was built by the blind Beggar of Bednall Green, so much talked of and sang in ballads; but they say it was only some outhouses of it." (*apud* Mr. Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, where the tune is given.) The story is pretty, and is told unaffectedly. Each part has its own surprise: the one revealing the wealth, the other the high birth of the Beggar. These *dénouements* are not supremely noble; but they are such as please the crowd. Such sudden reverses are always delightful. But what a bathos it would seem if, in the ballad of King Cophetua, the Beggar-maid should turn out to be a disguised Princess, or the village maiden, whom the Lord of Burleigh in Mr. Tennyson's poem leads home, a Lady of title! The present ballad is not satisfied to represent Bessie as "pleasant and bright," "of favours most fair," "courteous." It crowns her with vulgarer honours—showers riches on her, and proves her of high lineage.

Regium certe genus et penates  
 Mæret iniquos.  
 Crede non illam tibi de scelesta  
 Plebe dilectam.

- ITT. was a blind beggar *that* long lost his sight,  
 he had a faire daughter both pleasant & bright,  
 & many a gallant braue sutor had shee,  
 4 for none was soe comelye as pretty Bessye.
- And tho shee was of flavor most faire,  
 yett seeing shee was but a beggars heyre,  
 of ancient houskeepers despised was shee,  
 8 whose sonnes came as sutors to pretty Bessye.
- Wherefore in great sorrow faire Bessy did say,  
 “good ffather & mother, let me goe away  
 to seeke out my fortune, where euer itt be.”  
 12 this sute then they granted to pretty Bessye.
- Then Bessye *that* was of bewtye soe bright,  
 they cladd in gray russett, & late in the night  
 with teares shee lamented her destinye ;  
 16 soe sadd & soe heauy was pretty Bessye.
- Shee went till shee came to Stratford the bow,  
 then knew shee not whither nor *which* way to goe ;  
 ffrom ffather & mother alone parted shee,  
 20 who sighed & sobbed for pretty Bessye.
- Shee kept on her Iourney till it was day,  
 & went vnto Rumford along the hye way,  
 & att the Queenes armes entertained was shee,  
 24 soe faire & welfavoured was pretty Bessye.
- Shee had not beene there a month to an End,  
 but *Master* & *Mistress*, and all, were her ffreind ;  
 & every braue gallant *that* once did her see,  
 28 was straight-way in loue with pretty Bessye.
- Great guifts they did gine her of siluer & gold,  
 & in their songs daylye her loue was extold ;  
 her bewtye was blessed in every degree,  
 32 soe faire & soe comlye was pretty Bessye.

A blind  
 beggar had  
 a fair  
 daughter.

House-  
 holders  
 despised her,

so she

left her  
 parents,

walkt to  
 Stratford,

stopt at the  
 Queen's  
 Arms,  
 Rumford,

and all the  
 gallants fell  
 in love with  
 her,

sang of her  
 beauty,

- The young men of Rumford in her had their Ioy,  
 shee showed herseffe curteous, & neuer to coye ;  
 and att her commandement wold they [ever] bee,  
 36 soe ffayre and soe comly was pretty Bessye.
- and did her bidding.
- Four suitors  
 sue her :
- ffowre sutors att once thé vnto her did goe, [page 277]  
 thé craved her ffavor, but still shee sayd noe ;  
 “ I wold not wish gentlemen marry with mee : ”  
 40 yett euer thé honored pretty Bessye.
1. a rich  
 London  
 Merchant,  
 2. a Gentle-  
 man,
- A merchant of London, whose wealth was not small,  
 was there the ffirst sutor, & proper with-all ;  
 the 2<sup>d</sup> a genteleman of good degree,  
 44 who wooed & sued ffor pretty Bessye ;
3. a Knight,  
 4. the Land-  
 lady's son,  
 who will die  
 for her.
- The 3<sup>d</sup> of them was a gallant young Knight,  
 & he came vnto her disguised in the night ;  
 her *Mistress* owne sonne the 4. man must bee,  
 48 who swore he wold dye ffor pretty Bessye.
- The Knight  
 will make  
 her a lady ;
- “ And if thou wilt wedd with me,” quoth the Knight,  
 “ Ile make thee a Ladye with Ioy [and] delight ;  
 my hart is inthralled by thy bewtye !  
 52 then grant me thy ffavor, my pretty Bessye ! ”
- the Gentle-  
 man will  
 clothe her in  
 velvet ;
- The gentleman sayd, “ marry with mee ;  
 in silke & in veluett my bessye shalbee ;  
 my hart lyes distressed ; O helpe me ! ” quoth hee,  
 56 “ & grant me thy Loue, thou pretty Bessye ! ”
- the  
 Merchant  
 will give her  
 jewels.
- “ Let me bee thy husband ! ” the Merchant cold say,  
 “ thou shalt liue in London both gallant & gay ;  
 my shippes shall bring home rych Iewells for thee ;  
 60 & I will ffor euer loue pretty Bessye.”
- Bessy refers  
 them to her  
 father.
- Then Bessye shee sighed, & thus shee did say,  
 “ my ffather & mother I meane to obey ;  
 ffirst gett their good will, & be ffaithfull to me,  
 64 & you shall enioye your prettye Bessye.”

- To euery one this answer shee made,  
 wherfore vnto her they Ioyffullye sayd,  
 "this thing to ffulfill wee doe all agree ;  
 68 & where dwells thy ffather, my pretty Bessy ? "
- " My ffather," shee said, " is soone to be seene ;  
 he is the blind beggar of Bednall greene,  
*that* daylye sitts begging ffor charitye ;  
 72 he is the good ffather of pretty Bessye ;
- " his markes & his tokens are knowen ffull well,  
 he alwayes is led with a dogg and a bell ;  
 a silly blind man, god knoweth, is hee,  
 76 yett hee is the good ffather of pretty Bessye."
- " Nay then," quoth the Merchant, " thou art not for  
 mee ! " The  
Merchant,
- " nor," quoth the Inholder, " my Wiffe thou shalt bee ! " Innkeeper,  
 " I lothe," sayd the gentleman, " a beggars degree ; and Gentle-  
 80 therfore, ffarwell, my pretty Bessye ! " man cry off.
- " Why then," quoth the knight, " hap better or worsse,  
 I way not true loue by the waight of my pursse,  
 & bewtye is bewtye in euery degree,  
 84 then welcome to me, my pretty Bessye ! But the  
Knight says  
he'll have  
Bessy.
- " With thee to thy ffather fforth will I goe."  
 " nay sofft," quoth his kinsman, " itt must not be soe ; His kinsman  
says No :  
 a beggars daughter noe Ladye shalbe ;  
 88 therfore take thy due [leauē] of pretty Bessye."
- But soone after this, by breake of the day,  
 the knight ffrom Rumfford stole Bessye away. but he  
carries off  
Bessy.  
 the younge men of Rumfford, as thicke as might bee, The Rum-  
ford men  
 92 rode affter to ffetich againe pretty Bessye ;
- As swift as they winde to ryd they were seene  
 vntill they came to Bednall greene ; overtake  
him ;  
 & as the knight lighted most curteouslye,  
 96 thé ffought against him for pretty Bessye ;

but he is  
rescued.

But rescew speedilye came on the plaine,  
or else the young knight ffor his loue had beene slaine.  
this ffray being ended, then straight he did see  
100 his kinsman came rayling against pretty Bessye.

The Blind  
Begger

offers to  
give his girl  
as much  
gold as the  
Knight's  
kin will.

Then spake the blind Beggar, "althoe I be poore,  
yett rayle not against my child at my dore ;  
thoe shee be not decked in veluett & pearle,  
104 yett will I dropp angells with you for my girle ;  
" And then if my gold may better her birthe,  
& equall the gold you lay on the earth,  
then neyther rayle, nor grudge you to see  
108 the blind beggars daughter a Lady to bee.

[page 278]

Agreed.

" Butt first I will heare, & haue itt well Knowen,  
the gold *that* you drop shall all be *your owne*."  
with *that* they replied, " contented wee bee."  
112 "then here is," quoth the Beggar, "ffor pretty Bessye."

The Beggar  
lays down  
angels  
against the  
Knight's

With *that* an angell he dropped on the ground,  
& dropped in angells 500!  
& oftentimes itt was proued most plaine,  
116 ffor the gentlemans one the beggar dropt twayne,

till the  
latter's store  
is gone,

Soe *that* the place wherin thé did sitt,  
with gold was couered euery whitt.  
the gentleman hauing dropped all his store,  
120 said, " Beggar, hold ! for wee haue noe more.

and then  
gives 100l.  
more.

" Thou hast ffulfilled thy promise arright."  
" then marry," quoth hee, " my girle to this *Knight* ;  
& heere," quoth hee, " Ile throw you downe  
124 a 100<sup>l</sup> more to buy her a gowne."

The gentleman *that* all this treasure had seene,  
admired the beggar of Bednall greene,  
& those *that* were her sutors before,  
128 their fflesh for verry anger they tore.

Then was faire Bessye mached to the knight,  
 & made a Ladye in others despite ;  
 a ffaire Ladye was neuer seene  
 132 then the Beggars daughter of Bednall gree[ne].

So fair Bessy  
 is made a  
 Lady,

But of their sumptuos marriage & feast,  
 & what braue Lords & Knights thither we[r]e prest,  
 the 2<sup>d</sup>. fitt shall sett to sight,  
 136 with marueilous pleasure & wished delight.

and I'll  
 tell you all  
 about the  
 Marriage in  
 Fitt II.

## [Part II.]

140 { Off a blind beggars daughter most bright,  
           *that* late was betrothed vnto a younge Knight,  
           all the discourse ther-of you did see :  
 2<sup>d</sup> parte { but now comes the wedding of pretty Bes[sye].   The wedding  
           within a gallant pallace most braue,                   is held in  
           adorned with all the cost thé cold haue,           a palace,  
 144 { this wedding was kept most sumptuously,  
           & all ffor the credit of pretty Bessye.

All kind of daintyes & delicates sweete  
 was brought ffor the banquet, as it most mee[t],  
 Partridge, plouer, & venison most ffree,  
 148 against the braue wedding of pretty Bessye.

and a grand  
 banquet is  
 made.

This marryage through England was sp[r]ead by  
           repor[t],  
 soe that a great number therto did resort  
 of nobles & gentles in euery degree ;  
 152 & all was ffor the ffame of pretty Bessye.

Nobles and  
 gentles come  
 to it.

To church then went this gallant younge knight ;  
 h[i]s bride ffollowed, an angell most bright,  
 with troopes of Ladyes, the like were neuer seene  
 156 as went with Sweet Bessye of Bednall greene.

Ladies  
 follow  
 Bessy to  
 church.



After the  
marriage,

comes the  
feast,

This marryage being solempnized then  
with musicke *perfourmed* by the skillfullest men,  
the Nobles & gentles sate downe at *that* tyde,  
160 each one beholding the beautifull bryde.

But after the sumptuous dinner was done,  
to talke & to reason a number begunn  
of the blind Beggars daughter most bright,  
164 & what with his daughter he gaue to the Knight.

and then  
the Beggar  
is asked  
for.

Then spake the Nobles, "most marueill haue wee,  
this Iolly blind beggar wee cannott here see."  
"my Lord," said the Bride, "my father is soe base,  
168 he is loth by his *presence* these states<sup>1</sup> to disgrace ;

Bessy's  
beauty puts  
away his  
baseness.

"The prayse of a woman in questyon to bringe  
before her fface heere, were a flattering thing."  
"wee thinke thy ffathers basenesse," quoth they,  
172 "might by thy bewtye be cleane put awaye."

So the  
Beggar  
comes in

They had noe sooner these pleasant words spoke,  
but in comes the beggar cladd in a silke cote,  
a velluett capp and a ffether had hee,  
176 & now a Musityan fforsooth hee wold bee ;

with a lute,

And being led in, ffor catching of harme [page 279]  
he had a daintye Lute vnder his arme,  
saies, "please you to heare any Musicke of mee ?  
180 Ile sing you [a] song of pretty Bessye."

and sings a  
song of

With *that* his lute he twanged straight-way,  
& there begann most sweetlye to play,  
& after a lesson was playd 2 or 3 :  
184 he strayned on this song most delicatelye:

<sup>1</sup> Nobles.—F.

- “ A Beggars daughter did dwell on [a] greene,  
 who ffor her ffaire might well be a queene;  
 a blithe bonny Lasse, & daintye, was shee,  
 188 & many a one called her pretty Bessye.”
- “ Her ffather hee had noe goods nor noe Lands,  
 but begd <sup>1</sup> for a penny all day with his hand[s];  
 yett to her marriage hee gaue thousands 3 :  
 192 & still he hath somewatt for pretty Bessye ;
- “ And if any one her birth doe disdaine,  
 her ffather is ready with might & with maine  
 to proove shee is come of a Noble degree ;  
 196 therefore neuer flout att pretty Bessye.”
- With *that* the Lords & the companye round  
 with harty Laughter were like to sound.  
 att last said the Lords, “ full well wee may see,  
 200 the Bride & the Beggar is behouldinge to thee.”
- With that the Bride all blushing did rise  
 with the salt water within her faire eyes :  
 “ O pardon my ffather, graue Nobles,” quoth shee,  
 204 “ *that* thorrow blind affection thus doteth on mee.”
- “ If this be thy ffather,” the <sup>2</sup> noble[s] did say,  
 “ well may he be proud of this happy day ;  
 yett by his countenance well may wee see,  
 208 his birth & his ffortune did neuer agree ;
- “ And therfor, blind man, I pray thee bewray,  
 & looke *that* the truth thou to vs doe say,  
 thy birth & thy parentage, what itt may bee,  
 212 euen for the loue thou bearest to pretty Bessye.”

the Beggar's  
daughter,

Pretty  
Bessy,

whose father  
gave her  
3,000*l.*,

and can  
prove she's  
of noble  
birth.

The Lords  
laugh.

Bessy begs  
them to  
excuse her  
father's  
praise of her.

The Lords  
ask

the Blind  
Beggar to  
confess who  
he really is.

<sup>1</sup> The *g* is made over a *d* in the MS.  
—F.

<sup>2</sup> The *e* is made over a *g* in the MS.  
—F.

He tells  
them.

“ Then giue me leaue, you Gengells <sup>1</sup> eche one,  
a song more to sing, then will I goe on ;  
& if *that* itt may not winn good report,  
216 then doe not giue me a groat for my sport.

With King  
Henry,

“ When ffirst our King his fflame did Advance,  
& fought for his title in delicate ffrance,  
in many a place many perills past hee :  
220 then was not borne my pretty Bessye.

went to  
France  
young  
Mountford.

“ And then in those warres went over to fight  
many a braue duke, a *Lord*, & a *Knight*,  
& with them younge Mountford, his courage most free :  
224 but then was not borne my pretty Bessye.

At Blois he  
was  
wounded,

“ Att Bloyes there chanced a terrible day,  
where many braue ffrrenchmen vpon the ground Lay ;  
amonge them Lay Mountford for companye :  
228 but then was not borne my pretty Bessye.

lost both  
his eyes,  
and nearly  
his life,  
but for a  
young  
woman

“ But there did younge Mountford, by blow on the  
face,  
loose both his eyes in a very short space ;  
& alsoe his liffe had beene gone with his sight,  
232 had not a younge woman come forth in the night

who saved  
him.

“ Amongst the slaine men, as fancy did moue,  
to search & to seeke for her owne true loue ;  
& seeing young Mountford there gasping to bee,  
236 shee saued his liffe through charitye.

Together  
they begged ;

“ And then all our vittalls, in Beggars attire [page 280]  
att hands of good people wee then did require.

came to  
Bednall  
Greene,

att last into England, as now it is seene,  
240 wee came, & remained att Bednall greene ;

<sup>1</sup> Gentles.—F.

- “ And thus wee haue liued in ffortunes despite,  
 tho<sup>1</sup> poore, yett contented with humble delight ;  
 & in my young<sup>2</sup> yeeres, a comfort to bee,  
 244 god sent mee my daughter, pretty Bessye. and begot  
Pretty  
Bessy.
- “ And thus, noble Lords, my song I doe end,  
 hoping the same noe man doth offend ;  
 full 40 winters thus I haue beene,  
 248 a silly blind beggar of Bednall greene.” That's the  
Beggar's  
tale.
- Now when the companye euerye one  
 did heare the strange tale in the song he had show[n],  
 they were all amazed, as well thé might bee,  
 252 both at the blind beggar & pretty Bessye. The Lords  
wonder.
- with *that* he did the fayre bride imbrace,  
 saying, “ thou art come of an honourable race ;  
 thy ffather likewise of a highe degree,  
 256 & thou art well worthy a lady to bee ! ” The Beggar  
embraces  
Bessy,
- Thus was the ffeast ended with Ioy & delight ;  
 a br[i]degrome [blissful] was the young knight,  
 who liued in Ioy & felicitye  
 260 with his ffaire Ladye, pretty Bessye. and she and  
her Knight  
live happily.  
 ffins.

<sup>1</sup> MS. the.—F.

<sup>2</sup> ? old.—F.

## Hugh : Spencer : <sup>1</sup>

[His great atchievements on an Embassy to france.—P.]

THIS piece is now printed from the Folio for the first time. It is no very considerable addition to English literature. It gives, with average dulness, a ridiculously bragging account of the achievements of one Sir Hugh Spencer at the court of France, whither he was dispatched as ambassador—a truly Philistine piece, such as might have been told at Gath or published at Askalon. There does not seem to be any historical ground for it. Not even the most triumphant English history of England contains any account of the terrifying a French king into promises of peace by the prowess of an English ambassador, as here happens when Spencer, with four others, manages to kill “about two or three score” of the King’s guards (p. 295, l. 134), after having slain “13 or 14 score on a previous occasion (p. 294, l. 122). The piece is, indeed, nothing better than a tissue of coarse English braggadocio. An English “old hackney” outvalues any one of a French knight’s war-steeds. An English staff is as stout as three French spears bound together. And as for an English man, why he is good for a French host. What a vulgar Philistine was this ballad-monger!

---

THE: Court is kept att leue London,  
& euermore shall be itt ;  
the *King* sent for a bold Embassador,  
& Sir Hugh Spencer *that* he hight.

The King  
tells Sir H.  
Spencer      4

<sup>1</sup> The subject of this Ballad seems to be all-together fabulous.—P.

- “come hither, Spencer,” saith our Kinge,  
 “& come thou hither vnto mee,  
 I must make thee an Embassadour  
 8     betweene the *King* of ffrance & mee. to go to the  
King of  
France,
- “thou must comend me to the *King* of ffrance,  
 & tell him thus & now ffrom mee,  
 ‘I wold know whether there shold be peace in his land,  
 12     or open warr kept still must bee.’ and ask him  
whether he's  
for peace or  
war.
- “thoust haue thy shipp at thy comande,  
 thoust neither want for gold nor ffee,  
 thoust haue a 100 armed men  
 16     all att thy bidding ffor to bee.”
- they <sup>1</sup> wind itt serued, & they sayled, Spencer and  
his men  
 & towards ffrance thus they be gone ;  
 they <sup>1</sup> wind did bring them safe to shore,  
 20     & safelye Landed euerye one. land in  
France.
- the ffrrenchmen lay on the castle wall <sup>2</sup>  
 the English souldiers to be-hold :  
 “you are welcome, traitors, out of England ;  
 24     the heads of you are bought and sold !” count on  
their heads.
- with *that* spake proud Spencer,  
 “my leege, soe itt may not bee !  
 I am sent an Embassador  
 28     ffrom our English King to yee. Spencer says  
he  
  
comes from  
the English  
King
- “the *King* of England greetes you well,  
 & hath sent this word by mee ;  
 he wold know whether there shold be peace in *your*  
 Land,  
 32     or open warres kept still must bee.” to ask  
whether it's  
to be peace  
or war.

<sup>1</sup> the.—P.<sup>2</sup> There is a tag at the end of this word in the MS.—F.



War, says  
the French  
King ;

“ Comend me to the English Kinge,  
& tell this now ffrom mee ;  
There shall neuer peace be kept in my Land [page 281]  
36 while open warres kept there may bee.”

and his  
Queen

sneers at  
him for  
talking to  
English  
traitors.

with *that* came downe the Queene of ffrance,  
and an angry woman then was shee ;  
saies, “ itt had beene as ffitt now for a *King*  
40 to be in his chamber with his ladye,  
then to be pleading with traitors out of England  
kneeling low vppon their knee.”

Spencer

calls her a  
liar.

But then bespake him proud Spencer,  
44 for noe man else durst speake but hee :  
“ you haue not wiped *your* mouth, Madam,  
since I heard you tell a lye.”

She dares  
him to fight  
her knight.

“ O hold thy tounge, Spencer ! ” shee said,  
48 “ I doe not come to plead with thee ;  
darest thou ryde a course of warr  
with a knight *that* I shall put to thee ? ”

Spencer says  
he has

neither  
armour nor  
steed.

“ but euer alacke ! ” then Spencer sayd,  
52 “ I thinke I haue deserued gods curse ;  
ffor I haue not any armour heere,  
nor yett I haue noe Iusting horsse.”

The Queen  
tells him he's  
too spindle-  
shanked,

“ thy shankes,” *quoth* shee, “ beneath the knee  
56 are verry small aboue the shinne  
ffor to doe any such *honourable* deeds  
as the Englishmen say thou has done.

and too  
small-  
thighed

for a  
jouster.

“ thy shankes beene small aboue thy shoone,  
60 & soe thé beene aboue thy knee ;  
thou art to slender euery way,  
any good Iuster ffor to bee.”

- “but euer alacke,” said Spencer then,  
 64 “for one steed of the English countrye !”  
 with *that* bespake & one ffrench knight,  
 “this day thoust haue the Choyce of 3 :”
- the first steed he ffeiched out,  
 68 I-wis he was milke white.  
 the ffirst ffoot Spencer in stirropp sett,<sup>1</sup>  
 his backe did from his belly tye.<sup>2</sup>
- the 2<sup>d</sup> steed *that* he ffeicht out,  
 72 I-wis<sup>3</sup> *that* hee was verry Browne ;  
 the 2<sup>d</sup> ffoot Spencer in stirropp settt,  
*that* horsse & man and all fell downe.
- the 3<sup>d</sup> steed *that* hee ffeichted out,  
 76 I-wis *that* he was verry blacke ;  
 the 3<sup>d</sup> ffoote Spencer into the stirropp sett,  
 he leaped on to the geldings backe.
- “but euer alacke,” said Spencer then,  
 80 “for one good steed of the English countrye !  
 goe ffeitch me hither my old hacneye  
*that* I brought with me hither beyond the sea.”
- but when his hackney there was brought,  
 84 Spencer a merry man there was hee ;  
 saies, “with the grace of god & St. George of England,  
 the ffeild this day shall goe with mee !”
- “I haue not fforgotten,” Spencer sayd,  
 88 “since there was ffeild foughten att walsingam,  
 when the horsse did heare the trumpetts sound,  
 he did beare ore both horsse & man.”

A French knight offers him one of three steeds :

1. a white

(whose back breaks?),

2. a brown

(who tumbles down),

3. a black

which Spencer jumps on,

but soon calls for his old English hack,

and hopes to win the fight with him.

<sup>1</sup> There is a curl between the *e* and *t* in the MS.—F.

<sup>2</sup> ? MS. *tylpe*, with the *l* crossed at top: no doubt for *tyte*, quickly, or Sc. *tyte* to snatch, draw suddenly, Du. *tijden*

to draw, goe.—F.

<sup>3</sup> As the *I wis* is followed by *that*, it may mean here ‘I know,’ and not be the adverb ‘certainly.’—F.

- The joust  
begins;
- 92 the day was sett, & together they mett  
with great mirth & melodye,  
with minstrells playing & trumpetts soundinge,  
with drummes striking loud & hye.
- Spencer  
breaks his  
French spear  
on his  
opponent;
- 96 the ffirst race that spencer run,  
I-wis hee run itt wonderous sore;  
he [hit] the knight vpon his brest,  
but his speare itt burst, & wold touch noe more.
- asks for an  
English one,
- 100 "but euer alacke," said Spencer then,  
"for one staffe of the English countrye!  
without youle bind me 3 together," [page 282]  
quoth hee, "theyle be to weake ffor mee."
- with *that* bespake him the ffrench Knight,  
104 sayes, "bind him together the whole 30<sup>th</sup>,  
for I haue more strenght in my to hands  
then is in all Spencers bodye."
- and bets the  
Frenchman  
five to four  
he'll beat  
him.
- 108 "but proue att parting," spencer sayes,  
"ffrench Knight, here I tell itt thee,  
for I will lay thee 5 to 4  
the bigger man I proue to bee."
- So they joust  
again,
- 112 but the day was sett, & together they mett  
with great mirth & melodye,  
with minstrells playing & trumpetts soundinge,  
with drummes strikeing loud & hye.
- and Spencer
- 116 the 2<sup>d</sup> race *that* Spencer run,  
I-wis hee ridd itt in much pride,  
& he hitt the Knight vpon the brest,  
& draue him ore his horsse beside.
- unhorsed the  
French  
knight,
- 120 but he run thorow the ffrench campe;  
such a race was neuer run beffore;  
he killed of *King* Charles his men  
att hand of 13 or 14 score.
- kills about  
280 men,

- but he came backe againe to the K[ing]
- 124 & kneeled him downe vpon his knee,  
saies, "a knight I haue slaine, & a steed I haue woone,  
the best *that* is in this countrye."
- and tells  
King  
Charles of  
it.
- "but nay, by my faith," said the King,
- 128 "Spencer, soe itt shall not bee ;  
He haue *that* traitors head of thine  
to enter plea att my Iollye."
- Charles says  
he'll have  
his head.
- but Spencer looket him once about ;
- 132 he had true bretheren left but 4:  
he killed ther of<sup>1</sup> the Kings gard  
about 2 or 3 score.
- Spencer  
and his men  
kill fifty of  
the King's  
Guard.
- "but hold thy hands," the King doth say,
- 136 "Spencer! now I doe pray thee ;  
& I will goe into litle England,  
vnto *that* cruell Kinge with thee."
- Charles  
prays him  
to stop,  
  
and offers  
to go to  
England.
- "Nay, by my ffaith," Spencer sayd,
- 140 "my leege, for soe itt shall not bee ;  
for on<sup>2</sup> you sett<sup>3</sup> ffoot on English ground,  
you shall be hanged vpon a tree."
- Spencer  
refuses this.
- "why then, comend [me] to *that* English Kinge,
- 144 & tell him thus now ffrom mee,  
*that* there shall neuer be open warres kept in my Land  
whilest peace kept *that* there may bee."  
ffins.
- Then  
Charles  
promises  
peace.

<sup>1</sup> MS. therof.—F.    <sup>2</sup> on = an, if.—F.    <sup>3</sup> ? MS. seitt or settt.—F.

### Kinge : Adler : <sup>1</sup>

THIS Adler may be the same with that one who appears in the ballad of *King Estmere*. As that ballad narrates the marriage of the elder brother Estmere, and how the younger Adler assisted to bring it about, so here the younger brother's wooing and winning are described, and how Estmere promoted them. Perhaps the lost second line made mention of Estmere. There seems to be an error in the eleventh verse: Estmere there should be Ardine. Both brothers are somewhat fastidious in their conubial tastes. "I know not," says Estmere in the ballad dedicated to him in the *Reliques*,

"I know not that ladye in any lande  
That is able to marry with mee."

And here Adler insists on a wife silk-soft, milk-white, lithe and lissome.

In this ballad the comic element predominates. The narrative is humorous, and so is the narration. The piece reads like a nursery tale, as Mr. Furnivall suggests in the note.

King Adler	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>K</b>INGE: Adler, as hee in his window Lay, [unto a stranger knight he did say,] "I wold my lands they were as broada 4 as the red rose is in my garden : there were not that woman this day aliue, I kept to bee my wedded wiffe, without thé <sup>2</sup> were as white as any milke 8 or as soft as any silke,</p>
describes the wife he wants.	

<sup>1</sup> Poor stuff.—P. No doubt meant for a nursery tale.—F.

<sup>2</sup> she.—F.

- & they royall rich wine ran downe her brest bone,  
 & lord! shee were & a leath<sup>1</sup> maiden.”
- “but Estmere our *King* has a daughter soe younge; A stranger  
 12 god Lord! shees as soft as any silke, king has the  
 & as white as any milke, daughter to  
 the royall rich wine runes downe her brest bone, suit Adler.  
 & lord! shee is a leath maiden.”
- 16 “but will you goe vnto *King* Ardine, “Will you  
 & will *that* faire Lady *that* shee wilbe mine?” go and ask  
 Hee tooke the ffood, & the winde was good, [page 283] The man for her, for  
 vntill hee came vnto *that* Kings hall. asks.”
- 20 he grett them well both great & small:  
 “Kinge Adler hath sent me hither to thee,  
 & wills thy ffayre daughter, shee will his bee.”
- 24 he sayes, “if *King* Adler will my daughter winne, King  
 of another manner he must begin: Estmere or  
 ifaith he shall bring Lords to the Mold, Ardine  
 100 Shippes of good red gold, recounts  
 100 Shippes of Ladyes on the moure, what ship-  
 28 100 Shippes of wheat boulted flower, loads of  
 100 Shippes of Ladyes bright, things Adler  
 100 Shippes of new dubbd knights. must first  
 yett he shall doe *that* is more pine, bring him,
- 32 he shall take the salt sea & turne itt to red wine; and then  
 when hee has done all these deeds, turn the sea  
 then my faire daughter shalbe his; to red wine.\*  
 but I haue sett her on such a pinn,<sup>2</sup>
- 36 *King* Adler shall her neuer winne.”  
 he tooke the flood, & they wind was good,  
 & neuer stayd in noe stead  
 vntill he came to Kinge Adlers hall.
- 40 he greeted them well both great & small, Adler's  
 messenger  
 returns

<sup>1</sup> *Leath*, soft, supple, limber, pliant, Denbighshire; in Halliwell's Gloss. Lithe.—F.

<sup>2</sup> ? high point, station, or ‘fancy,

humour,’ as in ‘Each sett on a mery pin,’ *Fryar & Boye*, l. 484, Lo. and Hum. Songs, p. 28.—F.



- and gives  
him
- King  
Estmere's  
message :  
the ship-  
loads he's to  
bring him,
- and then  
turn the sea  
into wine.
- Adler says
- they must  
dress him as  
a woman,  
and take him  
to the  
Princess's  
court to  
board with  
her ladies.
- His  
messenger  
takes him,
- and tells  
Estmere he  
has brought  
a lady to  
board among  
his ladies.
- saies " I haue beene att yonder *Kings* place  
to speake with his daughter fayre of face ;  
he sayes, if you will his daughter winne,  
44 of another manner you must begin :  
you must bring lords to the mold,  
100 Shippes of good redd gold,  
100 Shippes of Ladyes of the moure,  
48 100 Shippes of wheat boulted flower,  
100 Shippes of Ladyes bright,  
100 Shippes of new dubdd knights ;  
& yett you must doe *that* is more pine,  
52 take the salt sea & turne it to red wine ;  
but he hath sett her on such a pinne  
*that* you can her neuer winne."  
" some thing you must doe for mee,  
56 I tell you all in veretye ;  
in Ladyes [*clothes*<sup>1</sup>] will yee mee bowne,  
& bring mee to *that* Ladyes towne,  
& boaird me there one yeere or towe  
60 amongst those Ladyes for to<sup>2</sup> goe,  
& board<sup>3</sup> me there yeeres 2 or 3 :  
amongst those faire Ladyes for to bee."  
he tooke the flood, & the wind was good,  
64 & he neuer stayd nor stooode  
vntill he came to *that* Ladyes hall :  
he greeted them well both great & small,  
sayes, " heere I haue brought a fayre Ladye ;  
68 from her owne ffreinds shee is comen to bee ;  
I must board her a yeere or tow  
amongst *your* Ladyes for to goe."  
these Ladyes sate all on a rowe ;  
72 some began to cut silke, some for to sowe ;

<sup>1</sup> clothes, qu.—P.<sup>2</sup> a *K*, seemingly marked out, stands between *to* and *goe*.—F.<sup>3</sup> Mr. Gee, in his *Vocabulary of B. Words*, gives *board* v. n. lodge, as early as 1390 A.D.—F.

- the *Kings* daughter sayes, “*your* ffigars are too  
great,  
or else *your* eyes beene out of seat,—  
I tell you full soone anon,—
- 76 to sowe silke or Lay gold on.”  
but ere the 12 moneth was come & gone  
he wan the farrest Ladye of euerye one.  
thé cast the lot, & one by one,
- 80 & all the Ladyes euerye one  
they cast it ouer 2 or 3:  
King Adler fell with the Kings daughter to lye.  
but when they were in bedd Laid,
- 84 these words vnto her then hee said;  
saies, “Lady, were *that* man this day alieue  
*that* you wold be his wedded wiffe,  
& were *that* man soe highlye borne
- 88 *that* you wold be his hend lemman ?”  
“there is noe man this day alieue  
I kept to be his wedded wiffe,  
without itt were King Adler, hee,
- 92 the noblest *Knight* in Christentye.  
my father hath sett me on such a pinne,<sup>1</sup>  
*King* Adler must me neuer winne.”  
“but, Ladye, how &<sup>2</sup> soe betyde
- 96 *King* Adler were in *your* bed hidd ?  
wold you not call them all att a stowre,  
none of the Ladyes within *your* bower ?  
nor wold you not call them all at a call,
- 100 none of the Lords in *your* fathers hall ?  
nor wold you not call them all by-deene,  
*your* ffather the *King*, nor *your* mother the queene ?  
but soe quickly you wold gett you bowne,
- 104 to goe with *King* Adler out of the towne ?”  
sais shee, “if itt wold soe betyde  
King Adler were in my bed hidd,

The Princess  
tells Adler  
his fingers  
are too big.

One night  
they cast  
lots for bed-  
fellows,

[page 284]  
and Adler  
wins the  
Princess.

He asks her  
whom she'd  
like to  
marry.

“ King  
Adler.”

“ Suppose he  
were in your  
bed,  
would you  
wake up  
your ladies

and the  
King and  
Queen, or  
elope with  
Adler ?”

<sup>1</sup> MS. pime.—F.

<sup>2</sup> an, if.—F.

"I wouldn't  
call up my  
ladies,  
108 I wold not call them all in stowre,  
none of the Ladyes in my bower ;  
nor I wold not call them all att a call,  
none of the Lords in my fathers hall ;  
nor I wold not call them all by-deenee,  
112 my ffather the King, nor my mother the Queene ;  
but soe quicklye I wold gett me bowne  
to goe with King Adler out of the towne."  
"but turne thee, Ladye, hither to mee !  
116 for I am the K[ing] that speakes to thee !"  
"alacke ! *King* Adler ! I shall catch cold,  
for I can neuer tread on the mold,  
but vpon rich cloth of gold  
120 that is 5 thousand fold."  
"peace, faire Lady ! youst catch noe harme,<sup>1</sup>  
for I will carry you vnder mine arme."  
he tooke the fflood, & the winde was good,  
124 & he neuer stinted nor stood  
vntill he came to his owne hall ;  
he greeted them well both great & small.  
god send vs all to be well, & none to be woe,  
128 vntill they wine their true loue soe !

ffins.

<sup>1</sup> harne in MS.—F.

Down the left margin of this p. 284  
of the MS. is written :

*my sweet brother sweet Cous Edward*  
*Revell Booke Elizabeth Reuell.*

And in the same hand are written on the  
right of verse 3 of "Boy and Mantle"  
*the sam and f henercy.—F.*

### Boy and Mantle.<sup>1</sup>

THIS ballad was printed by Professor Child as the first in his *English and Scottish Ballads*, under the title of "The Boy and the Mantle," with the following Introduction:—

No incident is more common in romantic fiction, than the employment of some magical contrivance as a test of conjugal fidelity, or of constancy in love. In some romances of the Round Table, and tales founded upon them, this experiment is performed by means either of an enchanted horn, of such properties that no dishonoured husband or unfaithful wife can drink from it without spilling, or of a mantle which will fit none but chaste women. The earliest known instances of the use of these ordeals are afforded by the *Lai du Corn*, by Robert Bizez, a French minstrel of the twelfth or thirteenth century, and the *Fabliau du Mantel Mautailé*, which, in the opinion of a competent critic, dates from the second half of the thirteenth century, and is only the older lay worked up into a new shape. (Wolf, *Ueber die Lais*, 327, sq., 342, sq.) We are not to suppose, however, that either of these pieces presents us with the primitive form of this humorous invention. Robert Bizez tells us that he learned his story from an abbot, and that "noble ecclesiast" stood but one further back in a line of tradition which curiosity will never follow to its source. We shall content ourselves with noticing the most remarkable cases of the use of these and similar talismans in imaginative literature.

In the *Roman de Tristan*, a composition of unknown anti-

<sup>1</sup> This seems to have furnish'd the Lib. 4. Cant. 2. St. 25 seq. Lib. 5. Hint of Florimel's Girdle to Spencer. Cant. 5.—P.

quity, the frailty of nearly all the ladies at the court of King Marc is exposed by their essaying a draught from the marvellous horn, (see the English *Morte Arthur*, Southey's ed. i. 297). In the *Roman de Perceval*, the knights, as well as the ladies, undergo this probation. From some one of the chivalrous romances Ariosto adopted the wonderful vessel into his *Orlando*, (xlii. 102, sq., xliii. 31, sq.,) and upon his narrative La Fontaine founded the tale and the comedy of *La Coupe Enchantée*. In German, we have two versions of the same story,—one, an episode in the *Krone* of Heinrich vom Türlein, thought to have been borrowed from the *Perceval* of Chrétien de Troyes, (*Die Sage vom Zauberbecher*, in Wolf, *Ueber die Lais*, 378,) and another, which we have not seen, in Bruns, *Beiträge zur kritischen Bearbeitung alter Handschriften*, ii. 139; while in English, it is represented by the highly amusing “bowrd,” which we are about to print, and which we have called *The Horn of King Arthur*.<sup>1</sup> The forms of the tale of the mantle are not so numerous. The *fabliau* already mentioned was reduced to prose in the sixteenth century, and published at Lyons, (in 1577,) as *Le Manteau mal taillé*, (Legrand's *Fabliaux*, 3rd ed. i. 126,) and under this title, or that of *Le Court Mantel*, is very well known. An old fragment (*Der Mantel*) is given in Haupt and Hoffmann's *Altdeutsche Blätter*, ii. 217, and the story is also in Bruns' *Beiträge*. Lastly, we find the legends of the horn and the mantle united, as in the German ballad *Die Ausgleichung*, (*Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, i. 389,) and in the English ballad of *The Boy and the Mantle*, where a magical knife is added to the other curiosities. All three of these, by the way, are claimed by the Welsh as a part of the *insignia* of Ancient Britain, and the special property of Tegau Eurvron, the wife of Caradog with the strong arm. (Jones, *Bardic Museum*, p. 49.)

In other departments of romance, many other objects are

<sup>1</sup> Child's Ballads, i. 17–27, from MS. Ashmole 61, fol. 59–62.

endowed with the same or an analogous virtue. In Indian and Persian story, the test of innocence is a red lotus-flower; in *Amadis*, a garland, which fades on the brow of the unfaithful;<sup>1</sup> in *Perceforest*, a rose. The *Lay of the Rose* in *Perceforest* is the original (according to Schmidt) of the much-praised tale of Senecé, *Camille, ou la Manière de filer le parfait Amour*, (1695),—in which a magician presents a jealous husband with a portrait in wax, that will indicate by change of colour the infidelity of his wife,—and suggested the same device in the twenty-first novel of Bandello, (Part First,) on the translation of which in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, (vol. ii. No. 28,) Massinger founded his play of *The Picture*. Again, in the tale of *Zeyn Alasman and the King of the Genii*, in the *Arabian Nights*, the means of proof is a mirror, that reflects only the image of a spotless maiden; in that of the carpenter and the king's daughter, in the *Gesta Romanorum*, (c. 69,) a shirt, which remains clean and whole as long as both parties are true; in *Palmerin of England*, a cup of tears, which becomes dark in the hands of an inconstant lover; in the *Fairy Queen*, the famous girdle of Florimel; in *Horn and Rinnild* (Ritson, *Metrical Romances*, iii. 301,) as well as in one or two ballads in this collection [ed. Child], the stone of a ring; in a German ballad, *Die Krone der Königin von Afion*, (Erlach, *Volkstlieder der Deutschen*, i. 132,) a golden crown, that will fit the head of no incontinent husband. Without pretending to exhaust the subject, we may add three instances of a different kind: the Valley in the romance of *Lancelot*, which being entered by a faithless lover

<sup>1</sup> So also in the well-told story of *The Wright's Chaste Wife* (E. E. T. Soc. 1865) a garland is the test:

Haue here thys garlond of roses ryche,  
In alle thys lond ys none yt lyche;

For ytt wylle euer be newe  
(Wete þou wele withowtyn fable,  
Alle the whyle thy wyfe ys stable

The chaplett wolle hold hewe;  
And yf thy wyfe vse putry,  
Or tolle eny man to lye her by,

Then wolle yt change hewe;  
And by the garlond þou may see,  
Fekylle or fals yf þat sche be,  
Or ellys yf sche be trewe.

l. 53-66.—F.



would hold him imprisoned forever; the Cave in *Amadis of Gaul*, from which the disloyal were driven by torrents of flame; and the Well in *Horn and Rinnild*, (*ibid.*) which was to show the shadow of Horn, if he proved false.

In conclusion, we will barely allude to the singular anecdote related by Herodotus, (ii. 111,) of Phero, the son of Sesostris, in which the experience of King Marc and King Arthur is so curiously anticipated. In the early ages, as Dunlop has remarked, some experiment for ascertaining the fidelity of women, in defect of evidence, seems really to have been resorted to. "By the Levitical law," (*Numbers* v. 11-31,) continues that accurate writer, "there was prescribed a mode of trial, which consisted in the suspected person drinking water in the tabernacle. The mythological fable of the trial by the Stygian fountain, which disgraced the guilty by the waters rising so as to cover the laurel wreath of the unchaste female who dared the examination, probably had its origin in some of the early institutions of Greece or Egypt. Hence the notion was adopted in the Greek romances, the heroines of which were invariably subjected to a magical test of this nature, which is one of the few particulars in which any similarity of incident can be traced between the Greek novels and the romances of chivalry." See DUNLOP, *History of Fiction*, London, 1814, i. 239, sq.; LEGRAND, *Fabliaux*, 3d ed., i. 149, sq., 161; SCHMIDT, *Jahrbücher der Literatur*, xxix. 121; WOLF, *Ueber die Lais*, 174-177; and, above all, GRAESSE'S *Sagenkreise des Mittelalters*, 185, sq.

*The Boy and the Mantle* was [said to be] "printed verbatim" from the Percy MS., in the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, iii. 38.

A boy comes  
to Carlisle

---

IN the third day of May,  
to Carleile did come  
a kind curteous child  
4 that cold much of wisdom.

- a kirtle & a Mantle  
 this Child had vpon,  
 with brauches <sup>1</sup> and ringes,  
 8 full richelye bedone. richly  
dressed and  
jewelled.
- he had a sute of silke  
 about his middle drawne ;  
 without he cold <sup>2</sup> of curtesye,  
 12 he thought itt much shame.
- “god speed thee, *King* Arthur,  
 sitting att thy meate!  
 & the goodlye Queene Gueneuer!  
 16 I canott her fforgett. He greets  
Arthur  
  
and  
Guenevere,
- “I tell you Lords in this hall,  
 I hett you all heate,<sup>3</sup> [page 285]  
 except you be the more surer  
 20 is you for to dread.”
- he plucked out of his potewer,<sup>4</sup> and pulls  
out of his  
bag  
 & longer wold not dwell,  
 he pulled forth a pretty mantle a mantle  
 24 betweene 2 nut-shells.
- “haue thou here *King* Arthure,  
 haue thou heere of mee ; which he  
tells Arthur  
 giue itt to thy comely queene  
 28 shapen as itt is alreadye ; to give to  
Guenevere.
- “itt shall neuer become *that* wiffe  
*that* hath once done amisse.”  
 then euery *Knight* in the *Kings* court  
 32 began to care for his wiffe.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Brooches.—P. ? MS. branches.—F. *Sir Degree.*—P. poterver.—*Rel.* The first syllable must be *porte*, carry.—F.  
<sup>2</sup> knew.—F.  
<sup>3</sup> heed, qu.—P. heede.—*Rel.* hete, <sup>5</sup> began to care for his.—P. ? care in MS.—F.  
<sup>4</sup> See pag. 382, ver. 98 [poteuere in

- Guenevere <sup>1</sup>            forth came dame Gueneuer ;  
takes it.                to the mantle shee her biled <sup>1</sup> :  
                              the Ladye shee was new fangle,<sup>2</sup>  
36                        but yett shee was affrayd.
- when shee had taken the Mantle,  
                              shee stode as she had beene madd :
- It tears in                it was from the top to the toe  
two,  
40                        as sheeres had itt shread.<sup>3</sup>
- and changes                one while was itt gaule,<sup>4</sup>  
colour.                    another while was itt greene,  
                              another while was itt wadded,—  
44                        ill itt did her beseeme,—
- another while was it blacke  
                              & bore the worst hue.
- Arthur                    “by my troth,” quoth King Arthur,  
thinks she is                48                        “I thinke thou be not true.”  
not true.
- Guenevere                shee threw downe the mantle  
                              *that* bright was of blee.<sup>5</sup>
- rushes off                fast with a rudd <sup>6</sup> redd  
blushing,  
52                        to her chamber can shee flee ;
- shee curst the weauer & the walker <sup>7</sup>  
                              that clothe *that* had wrought,  
                              & bade a vengeance on his crowne
- curses the                56                        *that* hither hath itt brought ;  
mantle-  
maker
- and the                    “I had rather be in a wood  
child,  
                              vnder a greene tree,  
                              then in King Arthurs court
- and says                    60                        shamed for to bee.”  
she'd rather  
be in a wood  
than  
shamed.

<sup>1</sup> Query the *le* in the MS.—F. hied.  
—*Rel.*

<sup>2</sup> *new fangle* is fond of a new thing,  
catching at novelties, ab. A.-S. *fangan*,  
apprehendere, capere, corripere, hinc  
*fang*, Gloss. ad G. D.—P.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. divided.—P.

<sup>4</sup> gule, qu.—P. red.—F.

<sup>5</sup> colour, complexion, *bleoh*—idem,  
Saxon.—P.

<sup>6</sup> Complexion.—P.

<sup>7</sup> Fuller, Jun.—P. A.-S. *wealcere*.—F.

- Kay called forth his ladye,  
 & bade her come neere ;  
 saies, " madam, & thou be guiltye,  
 64 I pray thee hold thee there."
- forth came his Ladye  
 shortly & anon ;  
 boldly to the Mantle  
 68 then is shee gone.
- when she had tane the Mantle  
 & cast it her about,  
 then was shee bare  
 72 all aboute the Buttocckes.<sup>1</sup>
- then euery Knight  
*that* was in the Kings court  
 talked, laug[h]ed, & showted,  
 76 full oft att *that* sport.
- shee threw downe the mantle  
*that* bright was of blee :  
 ffast with a red rudd  
 80 to her chamber can shee flee.
- forth came an old *Knight*  
 pattering <sup>2</sup> ore a creede,  
 & he proffered to this litle boy  
 84 20 markes to his meede,
- & all the time of the Christmasse  
 willingglye to ffeede ;  
 for why this Mantle might  
 88 doe his wiffe some need.
- Kay calls  
 forth his  
 wife.
- She tries the  
 mantle,
- but it leaves  
 her buttocks  
 bare.
- She runs off  
 with a red  
 face.
- An old  
 knight offers  
 the boy a  
 reward
- to try it on  
 his wife.

<sup>1</sup> Before all the rout.—*Rel.*

<sup>2</sup> patter, obscuro murmure humilibus  
 que susurris hypocritarum instar, coram  
 populo preculas fundere—Junius. They

say in Shropshire to *pather*, i. e. to make  
 a noise, as when one rubs the feet  
 against the ground, & scratches.—P.

- She takes it,                   When shee had tane the mantle                   [page 286]  
                                           of cloth *that* was made,  
 and has only                   shee had no more left on her  
 a tassell and                 92     but a tassell & a threed.  
 thread on                   then eury *Knigh*t in the *Kings* court  
 her.                           bade " euill might shee speed."
- She rushes                   shee threw downe the Mantle  
 off shamed,                 96     *that* bright was of blee,  
                                           & fast with a redd rudd  
                                           to her chamber can shee flee.
- Craddock                   Craddocke called forth his Ladye,  
 tells his wife               100     & bade her come in ;  
 to try                       saith, " winne this mantle, Ladye,  
                                           with a litle dinne :
- and win the                   " winne this mantle, Ladye,  
 mantle.                     104     & it shalbe thine  
                                           if thou neuer did amisse  
                                           since thou wast mine."
- She comes,                   forth came Craddockes Ladye  
                                           108     shortlye & anon,  
                                           but boldlye to the Mantle  
                                           then is shee gone.
- puts it on ;                 when shee had tane the mantle  
                                           112     & cast itt her about,  
                                           vpp att her great toe  
 it begins to                 itt began to crinkle <sup>1</sup> & crowt ;  
 crinkle up.                 shee said " bowe downe, Mantle,  
                                           116     & shame me not for nought ;

<sup>1</sup> to crinkle, to go in & out, to run in flexures ; from *krinckelen Belg.* Johnson. —P. *Crout*, a variant of *crowd*, to draw close together.—F.

- “once I did amisse,  
 I tell you certainlye,  
 when I kist Craddockes mouth  
 120 Vnder a greene tree,  
 when I kist Craddockes mouth  
 before he married mee.”  
 when shee had her shreeuen,<sup>1</sup>  
 124 & her sines shee had tolde,  
 the mantle stode about her  
 right as shee wold,  
 seemelye of coulour,  
 128 glittering like gold.  
 then euery *Knight* in Arthurs court  
 did her behold.  
 then spake dame Gueneuer  
 132 to Arthur our King,  
 “she hath tane yonder mantle,  
 not with wright<sup>2</sup> but with wronge !  
 “see you not yonder woman  
 136 *that* maketh her selfe soe cleare<sup>3</sup> ?  
 I haue seene tane out of her bedd  
 of men fueteene,  
 “Preists, Clarkes, & wedded men  
 140 from her by-deene !  
 yett shee taketh the mantle  
 & maketh her-selfe cleane !”  
 then spake the litle boy  
 144 *that* kept the mantle in hold ;  
 sayes “*King* ! Chasten thy wiffe !  
 of her words shee is to bold.
- Sheconfesses  
 that she  
 kissed  
 Craddock  
 before he  
 married her.  
 The mantle  
 uncrinkles.  
 clothes her,  
 and glitters  
 like gold.  
 Guenevere  
 maligns  
 Craddock's  
 wife,  
 says she has  
 seen fifteen  
 men taken  
 out of her  
 bed.  
 The Boy  
 tells Arthur  
 to restrain  
 his wife,

<sup>1</sup> i. e. confessed: shrive, fateri, confiteri. Hinc shrovetide. Jun.—P.

<sup>2</sup> right.—P.  
<sup>3</sup> cleane.—P.



- who is a  
whore,  
148 “shee is a bitch & a witch,  
& a whore bold!  
King, in thine owne hall  
thou art a Cuchold!”
- and has  
cuckolded  
him.  
The Boy sees  
a boar;  
152 A litle boy<sup>1</sup> stooode  
looking ouer a dore;  
he was ware of a wyld bore<sup>2</sup>  
wold haue werryed a man.
- runs out, cuts  
off its head.  
156 he pulld forth a wood kniffe;  
fast thither *that* he ran;  
he brought in the bores head,  
& quitted him like a man.
- brings it  
in,  
160 he brought in the bores head,  
and was wonderous bold:  
He said, “there was neuer a Cucholds [page 287]  
kniffe  
carue itt that cold.”
- and says no  
cuckold  
can cut it.  
Some  
knights  
164 some rubbed their k[n]iues  
vppon a whetstone;  
throw their  
knives  
away;  
some threw them vnder the table,  
& said they had none.
- others try,  
but can't cut  
it.  
168 *King* Arthus & the Child  
stood looking them vpon<sup>3</sup>;  
all their k[n]iues edges  
turned backe againe.
- Craddock  
172 Craddocke had a litle kniue  
of Iron & of steele;  
cuts up the  
head.  
he birtled<sup>4</sup> the bores head

<sup>1</sup> The little boy.—P.<sup>2</sup> And there as he was looking  
He was ware of a wyld Bore.  
Qu.—P.<sup>3</sup> upon them, Qu.—P.<sup>4</sup> birtled, or birtled.—P. A.-S. *bryt-*  
*tian*, to divide into fragments, distribute.  
—F.

wonderous weele,  
*that* euery *Knicht* in the *Kings* court  
 176 had a morssell.

the litle boy had a horne  
 of red gold *that* ronge ;  
 he said, "there was noe Cuckolde  
 180 shall drinke of my horne,  
 but he shold itt sheede  
 Either behind or beforne."

The Boy  
 says no  
 cuckold can  
 drink out of  
 his horn  
 without  
 spilling.

some shedd on their shoulder,  
 184 & some <sup>1</sup> on their knee ;  
 he *that* cold not hitt his mouth  
 put it in his eye ;  
 & he *that* was a Cuckold,  
 188 euery man might him see.

Many try,

Craddoccke wan the horne  
 & the bores head ;  
 his ladye wan the mantle  
 192 vnto her meede.  
 Euerye such a louely Ladye,  
 God send her well to speede !

but  
 Craddock  
 alone can  
 do it.

God bless  
 ladies like  
 Craddock's  
 wife!

ffins.

<sup>1</sup> sone in the MS.—F.

[“*When as I doe reccord,*” printed in *Lo. and Hum. Songs*,  
 p. 68-9, follows here in the MS.]

## White rose & red: <sup>1</sup>

[Page 288 of MS.]

THIS is but a pedestrian composition, being nothing more than a passage of a dull and not very accurate history of England turned into yet duller and as inaccurate verse. It was written, or perhaps was revised and added to, after 1619, as the Queen of James I., Anne of Denmark, is spoken of as dead and gone (v. 198), and she died in that year. The principal hero is Henry VII., who is pronounced a paragon of virtue, and *inter alia* a most faithful and affectionate husband. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, has been the poetaster's motto; or rather *De Tudore mortuo nil nisi optimum*. The piece may have had its use in aiding and abetting the memories of the common people. Books were not yet so cheap and plentiful but that artificial memory-helps were welcome. The ballad form was in extreme requisition and popularity for all manners of subjects in the first half of the seventeenth century. Everything was be-balladed.

In the wars  
of the Roses

WHEN yorke & Lancaster made warre  
within this ffamous Land,  
the lienes of all our Noble men  
4 did in great danger stand.

many  
kings were  
left heirless,

7 Kings in bloodye ffeilde  
ffor Englands crowne did ffight,  
& yett their heyres were, all but twaine,  
8 of liffe bereaued quite.

<sup>1</sup> In the printed Collection of Old Ballads, 1726, Vol. 2. p. 206, N. xv.—P. Written or recast in James I.'s time: see lines 78, 149.—F.

- ther 30000 Englishmen  
 were in one battell slaine ;  
 yett all *that* English blood cold not  
 12 one setled peace obtaine. and 30,000  
 lives
- father[s] killed their owne deare sonne,  
 the sonnes the ffathers slew,  
 & kinsmen ffought against their *King*,  
 16 & none eche other knew. secured no  
 peace.
- att Lenght, by Heneryes Lawfull claime,<sup>1</sup>  
 these wasting warres had end,  
 for Englands peace he did restore,  
 20 & did the same defend. But Henry  
 VII.
- ffor tyrant Richard named the 3<sup>d</sup>,  
 the breeder of this woe,  
 by him was slaine nere Leister towne,  
 24 as chronicles doe shoe. slew Richard  
 III.
- all ffear of warr was then Exiled,  
 which Ioyed eche Englishman ;  
 & dayes of long desired peace  
 28 within this Land began. and brought  
 peace  
 to the land.
- he ruled this kingdome by true loue,  
 to gaine his subiects liues ;  
 then men liued quietly att home  
 32 with their children & their wiues.
- King* Henery tooke such princely care  
 our ffurther peace to frame,  
 tooke faire Elizabeth to wiffe,<sup>2</sup>  
 36 *that* gallant yorkshire dame. Henry  
 married

<sup>1</sup> One stroke of the *m* is wanting in the MS.—F. <sup>2</sup> See *Ladye Bessiye* in vol. iii.—F.

4 Edwardes daughter, blest of god,  
 to scape king Edwards <sup>1</sup> spight,  
 was thus made Englands peereles *Queene*,  
 40 & Heneryes hartes delight.

York's  
 heiress ;

this Henery, first of Tuders name  
 & last of Lancaster,  
 with Yorkes right heyre a true loues knott  
 44 did knitt & make ffast there.

the White  
 Rose bedded  
 with the  
 Red ;

renowned yorke, the white rose gaue ;  
 braue Lancaster the redd ;  
 by wedlocke both inoynd were  
 48 to lye in one princely bed.

and they are  
 a badge in  
 the Royal  
 Arms.

these roses grew, & buded fayre,  
 & with soe good a grace,  
 that Kings of Engl[a]nd in their armes <sup>2</sup>  
 52 affords a worthy place.

May they  
 flourish  
 still !

& flourish may these roses still,  
 that all they world may tell !  
 the owners of these princely fflowers  
 56 in vertue to Exell !

To glorifye these roses more,  
 king henerye & his Queene  
 did place their pictures in red gold,  
 60 most gorgeous to be seene.

[page 289]

The King's  
 Guard wear

the *Kings* owne guard doe weare them now  
 vpon their backe & brest,  
 where loue & loyaltye remaines,  
 64 & euermore may rest.

<sup>1</sup> That is, Richard's.—Adams.

<sup>2</sup> The Red and White Roses never  
 were, strictly speaking, in the Royal

Arms, but were and are a badge borne  
 with them.—G. E. Adams, *Rouge Dragon*.

- the red rose on the backe is placed,  
 theron a crowne of gold ;  
 the wh[i]te rose on the brest as rich,  
 68 and castlye<sup>1</sup> to behold,
- bedecked with siluer studdes,  
 & coates of scarlett & redd,  
 a blushing hew, *which* Englands fame  
 72 this many yeeres hath spredd.
- this Tudor & Plantaginett  
 these honors first devised  
 to welcome home a settled peace  
 76 by vs soe dearlye prized :
- which* peace now maintained is  
 by Iames our gracyous Kinge ;  
 ffor peace brings plentye to this Land,  
 80 with many a blessed thing.
- to speake of Heneryes praise againe :  
 his princley liberall hand  
 gaue giufts & graces many wayes  
 84 vnto this ffamous Land.
- wherfore the Lord him blessing sent  
 for to encrease his store,  
 for *that* he left more welthe to vs  
 88 then any King before.
- the first blessing was to his Queene,  
 a giuft aboute the rest,  
*which* brought him sonnes & daughters faire  
 92 to make his Kingdome blest.
- the royall blood, *which* was att Ebbe,  
 soe encreased by this Queene,  
*that* Englands heyre vnto this day  
 96 doth flourish ffresh & greene.

the Red Rose  
on their  
backs,

the White  
on their  
breasts,

on their  
scarlet  
coats,

in honour of  
peace so  
prized

(which  
James  
preserves).

Henry gave  
liberally,

and the Lord  
blest him,

with sons  
and  
daughters

(whose line  
continues  
now).

<sup>1</sup> costlye.—F.



His heir,  
Arthur  
prince of  
Wales,  
sailed to  
Spain

the first blossome of this seed  
was Arthur, Prince of wales,  
whose vertue to the Spanish court  
100 quite ore the Ocean sayles,

and married  
Ferdinand's  
daughter  
Katherine,

where fferdinando, *King* of Spayne,  
his daughter Katherine gaue  
ffor wiffe vnto this English Prince  
104 a thing *which* god wold haue.

but died  
young,  
(April 1502,)

yett Arthur, in his loftye youth  
& blooming time of age,  
resigned vp his sweetest liffe  
108 to deathes imperyall rage.

to England's  
grief.

who dying thus, noe Issue left,—  
the sweet of natures Ioy,—  
did compasse England round with greeffe,  
112 & Spaine with sadd annoye.

But Henry  
VII. had  
another boy,  
Henry VIII.,

yett Henery, to increase his Ioy,  
a Henery of his name,  
in ffollowing time 8 Henery called,<sup>1</sup>  
116 a king of worthy ffame ;

who  
conquered  
French  
towns,

he Conquered Bullein with his sword,  
& many townes of ffrance ;  
his kinglye manhood & his fortitude  
120 did Englands ffame advance.

put down  
Papistry,

then Popish Abbyes he suppress,  
& Pappistrye put downe,  
& bound their Land by Parlaiment  
124 vnto his royall crowne.

<sup>1</sup> The *d* is made over an *l* in the MS.—F.

- he had 3 Children by 3 Queenes,  
 all Princes rainging here,  
 Edward, Marry, & Elizabeth,  
 128 A Queene beloued most deere. [page 290]
- and had  
 three  
 children,  
 who all  
 reigned,
- yett these 3 branches bare noe fruite ;  
 noe such blessing god did send ;  
 wherby the King by Tudors name  
 132 in England here hath end.
- but left no  
 issue.
- Plantaginett ffirst Tudor was  
 named Elizabeth ;  
 Ellizabeth Last Tudor was,  
 136 the greatest Queene on Earth.
- The first and  
 last Tudors  
 were  
 Elizabeths.
- This Tudor & Plantaginett,  
 by yeelding vnto death,  
 haue made steward now the greates[t] King  
 140 *that* is now vpon the earth.
- A Stewart  
 now reigns.
- to speake of the 7 Henery I must,  
 whose grace gaue ffree consent  
 to haue his daughters marryed both  
 144 to kings of his descent.
- Henry VII.
- his Eldest daughter Margarett  
 was made great Scottlands Queene,  
 as wise, as faire, as vertuous,  
 148 as euer<sup>1</sup> was Ladye scene.
- the King of  
 Scotland,
- of this faire *Queene* our royall King  
 by Lineall course descended,  
 which weareth now the Imperyall crowne,  
 152 which god now still defendeth.
- and James  
 is her  
 descendant.

<sup>1</sup> Only one stroke for the *u* in the MS.—F.

- Henry's  
second  
daughter  
first  
married the  
King of  
France,  
156 his second daughter, Marye called,  
as Princelye by degree,  
was by her ffather worthy thought  
the Queene of ffrance to bee ;
- and then the  
Duke of  
Suffolk.  
160 & after to the Duke of Suffollke  
was made a Noble wiffe ;  
& in this ffamous English court  
shee led a virtuous liffe.
- Henry VII.  
and his  
Queen  
rejoiced ;  
164 thus Henery & his louely Queene  
reioiced to see that day,  
to haue their Children thus advancet  
to honors euery way,  
*which purchased pleasure & content  
with many a yeeres delight,  
till sad mischance by cruell death  
168 procured them both a spighte.*
- but the  
Queen  
172 this worthy Queene, this gracyous dame,  
this mother meeke and mild,  
to add more number to their Ioyes,  
proued with  
child,  
172 againe proued bigg with child ;  
*wheratt the King reioiced much,  
& against that carefull hower  
he lodged his deere & louelye Queene  
176 in Londons stately Tower.*
- went to the  
Tower of  
London,  
180 *which Tower proued ffatall once  
to Princes of degree ;  
itt proued ffatall to this Queene,  
for therin died shee,*
- and died  
there  
184 in Child bed [she] lost he[r] sweet liffe,  
her liffe estemed soe deere,  
*which had beene Englands Louely Queene  
184 many a happy yeere.*

- therefore the *King* was greeued sore,  
 & many monthes did mourne,  
 & wept & sighet, & said "like her  
 188 he cold not ffind out one ;
- "nor none he wold in ffancy chuse  
 to make his wedded wiffe,  
 but a widdower he wold remaine  
 192 the remnant of his liffe."
- his latter dayes he spent in peace  
 & quiettnesse of mind.  
 like *King* & *Queene* as these 2 were,  
 196 the world can hardlye ffind !
- yett such a *King* as now wee haue,  
 & such a *Queene* wee had,  
 who hath heauenly powers from aboue,  
 200 & giusts<sup>1</sup> as thé 2 hadd.
- God saue our Prince, & *King* & Land,  
 & send them long to raigine !  
 in health, in welth, in quietnesse,  
 204 amongst vs to remaine ! ffins.

Henry  
mourned,

and vowed

to remain a  
widower.Two like  
these can  
scarce be  
found.God bless  
our King  
and land!<sup>1</sup> ? ghosts, spirits ; or *miswritten for giufts.*—F.

### Bell my Wife.<sup>1</sup>

THE Folio version of this song is here printed in its integrity for the first time; for in the copy given in the *Reliques*, "the corruptions" "are removed by the assistance of the Scottish edition"—that in Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*. Our readers will not be sorry to see these "corruptions." They give, indeed, a somewhat different turn to the piece. Whereas in the ordinary version, the temptation against which the good man is warned is vaguely "pride," it takes in the Folio MS. a more definite shape. He is tempted to abandon his agricultural life and turn courtier. He vows :

I'll go find the court within,  
I'll no longer lend nor borrow,  
I'll go find the court within,  
For I'll have a new cloak about me.

Bell, his wife, rejoins :

—good husband, follow my counsel now :  
Forsake the court and follow the plough.  
Man, take thy old coat about thee.

This definiteness inclines us to believe that this version is older than the current one. The poem naturally grew vaguer as it grew generally popular.

That it enjoyed an extensive popularity is shown by the appearance of one of its verses in *Othello*, and the delight with

<sup>1</sup> This Song is in Ramsay's *Tea-table Miscellany*, p. 105, [1753]. The printed copy is much better than this, if it has not had some modern Improvements.

This seems to have been strip'd of its Scottisms by some English hand: *which* is observable of some other in this Collection.—P.

which Cassio hears Iago troll it out. “‘Fore God, an excellent song,” says the lieutenant of “And let the canakin clink, clink;” and of “King Stephen was a worthy peer,” “Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.”

The dialect in which it is written, and the general character of the piece—its scenery, its economy, its canniness—clearly imply a northern origin. As to the time at which it was written, all that can be said is, that it clearly reflects an age of social disturbance and alteration—an age growing “so pickled that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier he galls his kibe.” The piece is something more than a mere humorous domestic altercation as to the replenishing of a husband’s wardrobe. It is, in fact, a controversy between the spirits of Social Revolution and Social Conservatism. The man is anxious to better himself, no longer content to tend cows and drive the plough; his neighbours are rising and advancing around him; the clown is not now distinguishable from the gentleman. The old arrangements have had their day. Metaphorically, the old scarlet cloak, which some four-and-forty years ago was so satisfactory, and kept out so well the wind and rain, is now but a “sorry clout,” looks right mean and shabby among the spruce black, green, yellow, blue garments that flaunt around it, and must certainly be cast off for something new and fashionable. In answer to all these grumblings, the other reminds him how well their old life has suited them, how their employments (though humble) have been sufficient for their needs, how they have lived and loved together for many a long year and been blessed with many children and the happiness of seeing them grow up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, how Royalty had contented itself with the smallest of tailor’s bills and yet thought that excessive, and, generally, how pride undermines a country. Her advice is, that he should not disquiet himself with efforts to rise



in the world, but should rest content with the state wherein he is. The goodman, weary of controversy, lets his wife's counsel prevail. He sees, in the version now given (the ordinary form of the last verse is much less striking), what his wife cannot see—that is, how times have altered; but he consents to acquiesce in his present position—*θήσσαν τράπεζαν αἰνέσαι*—

O Bell my wife! why dost thou flyte?  
 Now is now, and then was then;  
 We will live now obedient life,  
 Thou the woman and I the man.  
 It's not for a man with a woman to threap  
 Unless he first gives over the plea.  
 We will live now as we began,  
 And I'll have mine old cloak about me.

As to the author, nothing is known. Undoubtedly he was one who had noted the signs of his times. He would seem to have sympathised with those who regarded the social changes transpiring as dangerous and to be deprecated. To us he is a mere voice crying.

It freezes  
 hard,

and the  
 cattle are  
 likely to die.

My wife  
 Bell says  
 "Get up and  
 save the  
 cow's life.  
 Put your old  
 cloak on."

"Steady,  
 wife. My  
 cloak's very  
 old,

4

8

4

["THIS winters weather itt waxeth cold, [page 291]  
 & ffrost itt ffreeseth on euery hill,  
 & Boreas blowes his blasts soe bold  
*that* all our cattell are like to spill.  
 Bell <sup>1</sup> my wiffe, shee <sup>2</sup> loues noe strife,  
 she sayd vnto my quietlye,<sup>3</sup>  
 'rise vp, & saue Cow crumbockes liffe!  
 man! put thine old cloake about thee!'  
 4 "O Bell my wiffe! why dost thou fflyte <sup>5</sup>?  
 thou kens my cloake is verry thin;

<sup>1</sup> Then [Bell].—P.

<sup>2</sup> who.—P.

<sup>3</sup> to me right hastily.—P.

<sup>4</sup> This stanza not in print:—and yet

seems necessary to support the dialogue.  
 —P.

<sup>5</sup> A.-S. *flitan*, to strive, quarrel.—F.

- itt is soe sore ouer worne,  
 12 a cricke<sup>1</sup> theron cannott runn :  
 Ile goe ffind the court within,  
 Ile noe longer lend nor borrow ;  
 Ile goe ffind tho court<sup>2</sup> within,  
 16 for Ile haue a new cloake about me.”  
 “Cow Crumbocke is a very good cowe,  
 shee has alwayes beene good to the pale,  
 shee has helpt vs to butter & cheese, I trow,  
 20 & other things shee will not fayle ;  
 for I wold be loth to see her pine ;  
 therefore, good husband, ffollow my counsell now,  
 forsake the court & follow the ploughe ;  
 24 man ! take thine old coate about thee !”  
<sup>3</sup> “ My cloake itt was a verry good cloake,  
 it hath beene alwayes good to the weare,  
 itt hath cost mee many a groat,  
 28 I have had itt this 44 yeere ;  
 sometime itt was of the cloth in graine,<sup>4</sup>  
 itt is now but a sigh<sup>5</sup> clout, as you may see ;  
 It will neither hold out winde nor raine ;  
 32 & Ile haue a new kloake<sup>6</sup> about mee.”  
 “ It is 44 yeeres agoe  
 since the one of vs the other did ken,  
 & wee haue had betwixt vs both,  
 36 children either nine or ten ;

I shall get a  
new one.”

“ The cow's  
a good cow,

don't let he  
die ;

put your  
old coat on.”

“ I've had my  
cloak forty-  
four years,

and mean to  
get a new  
one.”

“ Yes, we've  
been  
together  
forty-four  
years,

<sup>1</sup> *Cricke*, most probably an old word for a louse. Jamieson. Compare the description of Avarice in Langlande's Vision of Piers Ploughman, Passus V. l. 107-113, p. 58, Vernon Text, ed. Skeat :

þenne com Couetyse . . .  
In A toren Tabert of twelue Wynter Age.  
But ȝif a lous coupe lepe, I con hit not  
I-leue

Heo scholde wandre on þat walk, hit was so þred-bare.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Only half the *u* in the MS.—F.

<sup>3</sup> This Stanza is very different from that in print.—P.

<sup>4</sup> Fr. *Cramoisi*: m. crimson colour. *Sot en cramoisi*. An Asse in graine. Cotgrave.—F.

<sup>5</sup> ? sorry, miserable.—F.

<sup>6</sup> ? a *c* made over the first *k* in the MS.—F.

- and brought  
ten children  
up.
- Don't be  
proud; put  
your old  
cloak on." 40
- "Old times  
are old; all  
people dress  
fine now," 44
- and I'll have  
a new cloak  
too." 48
- "King  
Harry  
thought his  
breeches too  
dear at 5s. 52
- Don't be  
proud; put  
your old  
cloak on." 56
- "Well, it's  
no good 60
- for a man to  
dispute with  
his wife.
- I will put my  
old cloak  
on." 64
- wee haue brought them vp to women & men  
in the feare of god I trow they bee;  
& why wilt thou thy selfe misken?  
man! take thine old cloake about thee!"
- "O Bell my wiffe! why doest thou flyte?  
now is nowe, & then was then;  
seeke all the world now throughout,  
thou kens not Clownes from gentlemen;  
they are cladd in blacke, greene, yellow, & blew,<sup>1</sup>  
soe ffarr aboue their owne degree;  
once in my liffe Ile take a vew,<sup>2</sup>  
ffor Ile haue a new cloake about mee."
- "King Harry was a verry good K[ing];  
I trow his hose cost but a Crowne;  
he thought them 12<sup>d</sup>. ouer to deere,  
therefore he called the taylor Clowne.  
he was King & wore the Crowne,  
& thouse but of a low degree;  
itts pride *that* putts this cumtrye downe;  
man! put thye old Cloake about thee!
- <sup>3</sup> "O Bell my wiffe! why dost thou fflyte?  
now is now, & then was then;  
wee will line now obedyent liffe,  
thou the woman, & I the man.  
itts not ffor a man with a woman to threape<sup>4</sup>  
vnlesse he ffirst giue ouer the play;  
wee will line noue<sup>5</sup> as wee began,  
and Ile haue mine old Cloake about me."  
ffins.

<sup>1</sup> Some letter marked out following the *b* in the MS.—F.

<sup>2</sup> ? MS. *teu*, a rope (or line): Nares. I'll give myself some rope, license.—F.

<sup>3</sup> Different from the print: as indeed

is almost every Line of the whole.—P.

<sup>4</sup> A.-S. *þreapian*, to threap, reprove, afflict. Bosworth.—F.

<sup>5</sup> ? MS. 'none' for 'on'.—F. Better 'now'; compare l. 58, 59.—H.

## ¶ liue where : ¶ loue :

THE affected, strained style of this piece tells pretty clearly to what period it belongs. "True conceit be still my feeding," says the lover; so evidently says this author too. His is the *ars ostentandi artem*.

<p style="text-align: center;">W<small>ITH</small> my hart my loue was nesled <sup>1</sup>          into the sonne of happynesse ; <sup>2</sup>          ffrom my loue my liffe was rested <sup>3</sup>          4 into a world of heauinesse ;          O lett my loue my liffe remaine, <sup>4</sup>          since I loue not where I wold. <sup>5</sup></p>	<p>[page 292]</p>	<p>I was happy with my love, and then was torn from her.</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">Darksome distance doth devyde vs,          8 ffarr ffrom thee I must remaine ;          dismall planetts still doth <sup>6</sup> guide vs,          ffearing wee shold meete againe ;          but ffoward ffortune once remoued, <sup>7</sup>          12 then will I liue where I wold. <sup>8</sup></p>	<p>We are apart now,</p>	<p>but Fortune may change, and join us.</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">Iff I send them, doe not suspect mee ;          but if I come, then am I seene ;          O let thy wisdom <sup>9</sup> soe direct mee          16 that I may blind Argus eyen !          for my true hart shall neuer remou[e,]          tho I liue not where I loue.</p>	<p>Do not suspect me,</p>	<p>though I am away from you.</p>

<sup>1</sup> Read *nested*, to rhyme with *rested*.  
—Skeat.

<sup>2</sup> In a summe of happynesse.—P.

<sup>3</sup> wrested.—F.

<sup>4</sup> O let me soon from life remove.—P.

<sup>5</sup> Since I live not where I love.—P.  
Since I live not where I would  
faine.—H.

<sup>6</sup> do.—P.

<sup>8</sup> love.—P.

<sup>7</sup> remove.—P.

<sup>9</sup> MS. *wisdome*.—F.

What grief  
have I  
suffered! 20      Sweete! what greeffe haue I sustained  
                                 in the accomplishing my desires ! <sup>1</sup>  
                                 my affections are not ffained,  
                                 tho my wish be nere the nere.<sup>2</sup>  
                                 if wishes wold substantiall proue,  
24      then wold I liue where I loue.

With  
bleeding  
heart, I pray  
to be with  
thee again. 28      True conceit be still my feeding,  
                                 & the ffood being soe <sup>3</sup> conceipted,  
                                 whilst my hart for thee lyes bleeding,  
                                 sunne & heauens to be intreated ;  
                                 perhaps my orisons then may moue,  
                                 that I may liue where I loue.

When  
heaven  
grants this, 32      Loue & ffaction still agreeing,  
                                 by the consent of heauens electyon,  
                                 where wee both may haue our being,  
                                 vnderneath the heauens protectyon,  
we'll smile  
at past  
troubles. 36      & smiling att our sorrowes past,  
                                 wee shall enioye <sup>4</sup> our wishe att Last.

ffins.

<sup>1</sup> To accomplish my desire.—P.<sup>2</sup> nigher.—P.<sup>3</sup> After this is written *contented*, withthe *tente* only marked out, then follows  
*cepted*.—F.<sup>4</sup> may enjoy.—P.

### Doung : Andrew : <sup>1</sup>

THIS touching ballad is unhappily somewhat imperfect in parts ; and we have not met with any copy elsewhere, with which it might be collated.

The story would be too painful and disgusting to read, but for the extreme gentleness of the poor sadly abused lady. This, while it aggravates our loathing of the monster whose prey she became, and makes her wrongs the more hideous, yet renders the tale tolerable. That gleam of light reconciles our eyes to the Stygian darkness. Otherwise it would be too horrible. We could not endure even to read of such a fiend as he who appears in it.

This atrocious ruffian is apparently a Scotchman (so his name seems to imply, and vv. 69, 92), who concludes a moonlight meeting with a fond, weak, credulous woman by deliberately robbing her, not only of her father's gold which she had fetched at his request, but of every article of dress she had on, in spite of her piteous pleadings, and this with brutal declarations that the spoil is intended for his own lady who dwells in a far country, till at last remains to her only such covering as nature gave—her long flowing hair. Then he gives the poor wretched creature the choice of dying there and then on his sword's point, or going home as she was. She goes home, to be greeted by her father's curse, and die of a broken heart at his door. The story is too frightful to be told as a reality ; it is told as a dream.

<sup>1</sup> Shewing his disloyalty to an Earl's daughter. This Song in some Places is imperfect.—P.



AS: I was cast in my first sleepe,  
 a dreadfull draught<sup>1</sup> in my mind I drew;  
 for I was dreamed of one<sup>2</sup> yong man,  
 some men called him yonge Andrew.  
 the moone shone bright, & itt cast a ffayre light;  
 sayes shee, "welcome, my honey, my hart, & my  
 sweete!  
 for I haue loued thee this 7 long yeere,  
 & our chance itt was wee cold neuer meete."  
 then he tooke her in his armes 2,  
 & k[i]ssed her both cheeke & chin;  
 & 2<sup>se</sup> or 3<sup>se</sup> he pleased this may<sup>3</sup>  
 before they tow did part in twinn;  
 saies, "now, good Sir, you haue had your will,  
 you can demand no more of mee;  
 Good Sir, Remember what you said before,<sup>4</sup>  
 & goe to the church & marry mee."  
 "ffaire maid, I cannott doe as I wold;  
 [Till I am got to my own country<sup>5</sup>  
 goe home & fett<sup>6</sup> thy fathers redd gold,  
 & Ile goe to the church & marry thee."  
 this Ladye is gone to her ffathers hall,  
 & well she knew where his red gold Lay,  
 and counted fforth 5 hundred pound  
 besides all other Iuells & chaines,  
 & brought itt all to younge Andrew;  
 itt was well counted vpon his knee.  
 then he tooke her, by the Lillye white hand,  
 & led her vp to one<sup>8</sup> hill soe hye;

I dreamt of  
young  
Andrew.

A lady tells  
him she's  
loved him  
long.

He kisses  
her.

She reminds  
him of his  
promise to  
marry her.

He says he'll  
do it  
if she brings  
him her  
father's  
gold.

She gets her

father's 500*l.*  
and jewels,

and takes  
them to  
younge  
Andrew.

<sup>1</sup> sketch, picture.—F.

<sup>2</sup> a.—P.

<sup>3</sup> maid.—P.

<sup>4</sup> you swore.—P.

<sup>5</sup> Percy's line.—F.

<sup>6</sup> fet. Vid. fol. 514. Note.—P.

<sup>7</sup> she.—P.

<sup>8</sup> a.—P.

- shee had vpon <sup>1</sup> a gowne of blacke veluett ;—  
 a pittiffull sight after yee shall see ;—  
 “ put of thy clothes, bonny wenche,” he sayes,  
 32 “ for noe ffoote further thoust gang with mee.”
- but then shee put of her gowne of veluett <sup>2</sup>  
<sup>3</sup> with many a salt teare from her eye,  
 And in a kirtle of ffine <sup>4</sup> breaden silke [page 293]  
 36 shee stood beffore young Andrews eye.
- saies, “ o put off <sup>5</sup> thy kirtle of silke ;  
 ffor some & all shall goe with mee :  
 & to my owne Lady I must itt beare,  
 40 who <sup>6</sup> I must needs loue better then thee.”
- then shee put of her kirtle of silke  
 with <sup>7</sup> many a salt teare still ffrom her eye ;  
 in a peticoate of scarlett redd  
 44 shee stood before young Andrewes eye.
- saies, “ o put of <sup>5</sup> thy peticoate ;  
 for some & all of itt shall goe with mee ;  
 & to my owne Lady I will itt beare,  
 48 which dwells soe ffarr in a strange countrye.”
- but then shee put of her peticoate  
 with many a salt teare still from her eye ;  
 & in a smocke of braue white silke  
 52 shee stood before young Andrews eye.
- saies, “ o put of <sup>5</sup> thy smocke of silke ;  
 for some & all shall goe with mee ;  
 vnto my owne Ladye I will it beare,  
 56 that dwells soe ffarr in a strange countrye.”

<sup>1</sup> *vp* bracketted for omission by P.<sup>2</sup> velvet gown.—P.<sup>3</sup> while many . . . ran.—P.<sup>4</sup> a fine kirtle.—P. ? breaden,

braided.—F.

<sup>5</sup> Put off, put off.—P.<sup>6</sup> whom.—P.<sup>7</sup> while . . . . ran from.—P.

(though she  
prays to keep  
it),

sayes,<sup>1</sup> "o remember, young Andrew!

once of a woman you were borne;

& ffor *that* birth *that* Marye bore,

60 I pray you let my smocke be vpon!"

"yes, ffayre Ladye, I know itt well;

once of a woman I was borne;

yett ffor noe birth *that* Mary bore,

64 thy smocke shall not be left here vpon."

and her head  
dress.

but then shee put of her head geere ffine;

shee hadd billaments<sup>2</sup> worth a 100<sup>li</sup>;

the hayre *that* was vpon this bony wench head,<sup>3</sup>

68 couered her bodye downe to the ground.

Then he asks  
her whether

then he pulled forth a scottish brand,

& held itt there in his owne right hand;<sup>4</sup>

she'll die on  
his sword or  
go naked  
home.

saies, "whether wilt thou dye vpon my swords  
point, Ladye,

72 or thow wilt<sup>5</sup> goe naked home againe?"

She chooses

"my liffe is sweet, then Sir," said shee,

"therfore I pray you leaue mee *with* mine;

before I wold dye on *your* swords point,

walking  
naked home,

76 I had rather goe naked home againe.

but warns  
young  
Andrew that  
her father  
will hang  
him if he  
catches him,

"my ffather," shee sayes, "is a right good Erle

as any remaines in his countrye;

if euer he doe *your* body take,

80 *your* sure to fflower a gallow tree;

and her  
brothers will  
take his life.

"& I haue 7 brethren," shee sayes,<sup>6</sup>

"& they are all hardy men & bold;

giff euer thé doe *your* body take,

84 you must neuer gang quicke ouer the mold."

<sup>1</sup> she sayes.—P.

<sup>2</sup> habilliments, dress, cloaths.—P.

<sup>3</sup> but . . . upon her head.—P.

<sup>4</sup> And there he held it forth amaine.  
—P.

<sup>5</sup> wilt thou.—P.

<sup>6</sup> And seven brethren I haue shee says.  
—P.

- “if *your* ffather be a right good Erle  
as any remaines in his owne countrye,  
tush! he shall neuer my body take,  
88 Ile gang soe ffast ouer <sup>1</sup> the sea!
- “if you haue 7 brethren,” he sayes,  
“if they be neuer soe hardy or bold;  
tush! they shall neuer my body take;  
92 Ile gang soe ffast into the scottish mold!”
- Now this Ladye is gone to her fathers hall  
when euery body their rest did take;  
but the Erle *which* was her ffather [dear] <sup>2</sup>  
96 lay waken for his deere daughters sake.
- “but who is *that*,” her ffather can say,<sup>3</sup>  
“*that* soe priuilye knowes *that* pinn <sup>4</sup>?”  
“its Hellen, *your* owne deere daughter, ffather <sup>5</sup>!  
100 I pray you rise and lett me in.”
- <sup>6</sup> “noe, by my hood <sup>7</sup>!” quoth her ffather then,  
“my [house] thoust <sup>8</sup> neuer come within,  
without I had my red gold againe.”
- 104 “nay, *your* gold is gone, ffather!” said shee.<sup>9</sup>  
“then naked thou came into this world,  
and naked thou shalt returne againe.”
- “nay! god fforgaue his death, father!” shee sayes,  
108 “& soe I hope you will doe mee.”  
“away, away, thou cursed woman!  
“I pray god an ill death thou may dye!” [page 294]

Young  
Andrew says  
he'll

sail from her  
father,

and take  
refuge in  
Scotland  
from her  
brothers.

The lady  
goes home,

her father  
hears her,

but won't let  
her in till  
she brings  
back his  
gold.

She says it's  
gone.

He curses  
her.

<sup>1</sup> hence o're.—P.

<sup>2</sup> dear.—P.

<sup>3</sup> to say.—P.

<sup>4</sup> pinn. Compare vol. i. p. 249, l. 38,  
'he thirled vpon a *pinn*.'—F.

<sup>5</sup> here.—P.

<sup>6</sup> O no, O no, I will not rise.—P.

<sup>7</sup> Rood.—P.

<sup>8</sup> my House thou.—P.

<sup>9</sup> O pardon, pardon me, she says,  
For all your red gold it is taen.—P.

- shee stood soe long quacking on the ground  
 Her heart 112 till <sup>1</sup> her hart itt burst <sup>2</sup> in three,  
 bursts, and & then shee ffell dead downe in a swoond;  
 she falls & this was the end of this bonny Ladye.  
 dead.
- ithe morning when her ffather gott <sup>3</sup> vpp,  
 In the 116 a pittyffull sight there he might see <sup>4</sup>;  
 morning her his owne deere daughter was dead <sup>5</sup> without <sup>6</sup> Clothes!  
 father sees her they teares they trickeled fast ffrom his eye;  
 corpse.
- He curses 120 sais, "fye of gold, and ffye of fee!"<sup>7</sup>  
 his love of for I sett soe much by my red gold  
 gold, that now itt hath lost both my daughter and mee!"
- and fades as 124 but after <sup>8</sup> this time he neere dought <sup>9</sup> good day,  
 a flower in but as <sup>10</sup> flowers doth fade in the ffrost,  
 frost. soe he did wast & weare away.
- As to young but let vs leaue talking of this Ladye,  
 Andrew, & talke some more of young Andrew,<sup>11</sup>  
 ffor ffalse he was to this bonny Ladye;  
 128 more pitty that itt had <sup>12</sup> not beene true.
- he hadn't 132 he was not gone a mile into the wild forrest,<sup>13</sup>  
 gone half a or halfe a mile into the hart of wales,  
 mile into Wales but there they cought him by such a braue wyle  
 that hee must come to tell noe more tales.

<sup>1</sup> until.—P.<sup>2</sup> truly.—P.<sup>3</sup> rose.—P.<sup>4</sup> might he see.—P.<sup>5</sup> there lay dead.—P.<sup>6</sup> any follows in the MS., and is crossed out.—F.<sup>7</sup> O fye O fye now on my gold  
O fye on gold & fye on fee.—P.<sup>8</sup> Thus having lost his daughter fair,  
He after &c.—P.<sup>9</sup> dought—A.-S. *dugan*, valere, hinc  
*dohtig* Sax. i. e. doughty, fortis, strenus,  
Gloss. ad G. Doug.—P.<sup>10</sup> [insert] the.—P.<sup>11</sup> And once more tell of young An-  
drew.—P.<sup>12</sup> he had.—P.<sup>13</sup> He scarce was from this Lady gone,  
or

As he did from this Lady go

And thro' the forest past his way  
A furious wolf did him besetAnd there this perjured *knight*  
did slay.—P.And tow'rd the woods had gang'd  
away.—P.

ffull soone a wolfe did of him smell,  
 & shee came roaring like a beare,  
 & gaping like a ffeend of hell ;

before a  
 wolf  
 attacked  
 him,

136 soe they ffought together like 2 Lyons [there],<sup>1</sup>  
 & fire betweene them 2 glashet out ;  
 thé raught eche other such a great rappe,  
 that there young Andrew was slaine, well I wott. killed him,

140 but<sup>2</sup> now young Andrew he is dead ;  
 but he was neuer buried vnder mold ;  
 for ther as the wolfe devoured him,  
 there<sup>3</sup> lyes all this great erles gold. and eat him  
 up.

ffins.

<sup>1</sup> Percy has added *there*, and marked the line as part of the verse above.—F.

<sup>2</sup> And.—P.

<sup>3</sup> And there &c.—P.

Percy has marked in red ink brackets, for omission, the following words or parts of them :

as, l. 142.  
 u, *of* neuer, l. 141.  
 father, l. 107.  
 but, l. 97.  
 deere, l. 96.  
 in *of* into, l. 92.  
 with, l. 74.

point, Ladye, l. 71.  
 this bony wench, l. 67.  
 vp *of* vpon, l. 64, 60, 29.

In line 8 he marks *cold neuer* to be transposed to *neuer cold*. In other poems I have not noticed these red ink marks. They would have swelled the notes too much, and there are plenty of Percy's alterations already.



### A : Jigge : <sup>1</sup>

“A JIG,” says Nares, “meant anciently not only a merry dance, but merriment and humour in writing, and particularly a ballad. Thus when Polonius objects to the Player’s speech, Hamlet sarcastically observes,

He’s for a *jigg* or a tale of bawdry or he sleeps.—(Hamlet. ii. 2.)

He does not mean a dance (which then players did not undertake), but ludicrous dialogue or a ballad. . . . In the Harleian collection of old ballads are many under the title of *jigs*; as ‘A Northern Jige, called Daintie, come thou to me,’ ‘A merry new Jigge or the pleasant Wooing between Kit and Pegge,’ &c. So in the *Fatal Contract* by Hemmings,

We’ll hear your *jigg*:  
How is your ballad titled?—(Act iv. sc. 4.)

Thus :

A small matter! you’ll find it worth Meg of Westminster, although it be but a bare jig.—(Hog hath lost, &c. O. Pl. vi. 385.)

It appears that this jig was a ballad.”

The following specimen of the Jig Dialogical is a sort of vulgar reproduction of the *Nut-Brown Maid*. The mode and circumstances of life depicted in the original ballad had passed out of date; the old order had given place to a new. A new audience—new chronologically, new socially—demanded a new version—a “people’s edition,” so to speak. The lover who here tests his mistress is no knight, but a common soldier; the mistress is no highborn lady, but a common woman. And these personal changes are characteristic of the others which the old ballad has undergone, to take its present shape. No such transmutations

<sup>1</sup> Pepys, iv. 42. A Poetical Dialogue between a Soldier & his Mistress, not unlike the Nut-brown Maid.—P.

are likely to be, from a literary point of view, successful. This one is not. But the beauty of the original is too great to be altogether destroyed, however rude the hands that handle it. Something of the charm of the *Nut-Brown Maid* lingers around this *Jig*.

Other handlers of the old ballad turned it to a religious sense. See the *New Notbrowne Mayd upon the Passion of Christ* in Mr. Hazlitt's *Early Popular Poetry of England*.

- 
- “MARGRETT, my sweetest margett! I must goe!  
 most dere to mee *that* neuer<sup>1</sup> may be soe;  
 as ffortune willes, I cannott itt deny.”
- 4 “then know thy loue, thy Margaret, shee must dye.”
- “Not ffor the gold *that* euer Crœssus hadd,  
 wold I once<sup>2</sup> see thy sweetest lookes soe fade;  
 nor<sup>3</sup> ffor all *that* my eyes did euer<sup>4</sup> see,  
 8 wold I once *part* thy sweetest loue from mee;
- “The King comands, & I must to the warres.”  
 “thers<sup>5</sup> others more enow to end those cares.”  
 “but I am one appointed ffor to goe,  
 12 & I dare not ffor my liffe once say noe,”
- “O marry mee, & you may stay att home!  
 ffull 30 weekes you know *that* I am gone.<sup>6</sup>”  
 “theres time enough; another ffather take;  
 16 heele loue thee well, & not thy child forsake.”
- “And haue I doted ouer thy sweetest fface?  
 & dost infring the things I haue in chase,  
 thy ffaith, I meane? but I will wend with thee.”  
 20 “itt is to ffar ffor Pegg to goe with mee.”

Margaret,  
 I must leave  
 you.

“Then I’ll  
 die.”

Not for the  
 world would  
 I make you  
 sad,

but I must  
 to the wars.

“Marry me  
 and stay at  
 home!”

Get another  
 father for  
 your child.

“No, I love  
 you

and will go  
 with you.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. never hereafter.—H.

<sup>2</sup> There is a mark like an *i* undotted  
 before the *o*.—F.

<sup>3</sup> nor yet.—P.

<sup>4</sup> Only half the *u* or *e* in the MS.—F.

<sup>5</sup> There’s.—P.

<sup>6</sup> i. e. with Child.—P.

- I'll carry  
your sword,
- “ I will goe with thee, my loue, both night and day,  
& I will beare thy sword like lakynney; Lead the way!”<sup>1</sup>  
“ but wee must ryde, & will you ffollow then  
24 amongst a troope of vs *thats* <sup>2</sup> armed men? ”
- clean your  
horse,
- “ Ile beare thy Lance, & grinde thy stirropp too,  
Ile rub thy horsse, & more then *that* Ile doo.”  
“ but Margretts fingars, they be all to fine  
28 to stand & waite when shee shall see mee dine,”
- wait on you,
- “ Ile see you dine, & wayte still att *your* backe,  
Ile giue you wine or any thing you Lacke.”  
“ but youle repine when you shall see mee haue  
32 a dainty wench *that* is both fine & braue.”
- love your  
wench,
- “ Ile love thy wench, my sweetest loue, I vow, [page 295]  
Ile watch the time when shee may pleasure you ! ”  
“ but you will greeue to see vs lye in bedd ;  
36 & you must watch still in anothers steede.”
- see you sleep  
with her,
- “ Ile watch my loue to see you take *your* rest ;  
& when you sleepe, then shall I thinke me blest.”  
“ the time will come, deliuered you must bee ;  
40 then in the campe you will discredditt mee.”
- and leave  
you before  
my own  
baby  
comes.”  
You mustn't  
go with me.
- “ Ile goe ffrom thee beffor *that* time shalbee ;  
when all his well, my loue againe Ile see.”  
“ all will not serue, ffor Margarett may not goe ;  
44 then doe resolute, my loue, what else to doe.”
- “ Then I'll  
die, loving  
you still.”  
No, I'll stop  
with you,
- “ Must I not goe ? why then, sweete loue, adew !  
needs must I dye, but yet in dying trew ! ”  
“ a ! stay <sup>3</sup> my loue ! I loue my Margarett well,  
48 & heere I vow <sup>4</sup> with Margarett still to dwell ! ”

<sup>1</sup> along the way.—P.<sup>2</sup> all.—P.<sup>3</sup> Ah! stay.—P.<sup>4</sup> vow.—P.

“ Giue me thy hand ! thy Margarett liues againe ! ”

“ heeres <sup>1</sup> my hand ! Ile neuer breed thee paine !

and never  
pain you.

I kisse my loue in token *that* is soe ;

52 wee will be wedd : come, Margarett, let vs goe.”

We'll be  
wed.

ffins.

<sup>1</sup> here is.—P.

**Eglamore :<sup>1</sup>**

[In Six Parts.—P.]

THIS romance has been printed among the Thornton Romances for the Camden Society from a MS. in the Public Library of Cambridge (Ff. ii. 38), the copies of it and *Degrevant* made by Thornton “unfortunately being imperfect.” There is another copy among the MSS. Cotton (Calig. A. 11). The Percy Folio copy is here printed for the first time: “A single leaf of another early copy,” as Mr. Halliwell, the editor of the Thornton Romances, informs us, “is preserved in a MS. belonging to Lord Francis Egerton. It was printed at Edinburgh in 1508 by Walter Chapman, and subsequently at London by Copland and Walley. Shakespeare may possibly have had this hero in his mind when he calls one of his characters by his name in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*: ‘What think’st thou of the fair Sir Eglamore?’ The name, however, appears to have passed into a kind of proverb. So in Dekker’s *Satiromastix*: ‘Adieu, Sir Eglamore! adieu, lute-string, curtain-rod, goose-quill!’ The name of Torrent of Portugal is partly founded upon the story related in *Sir Eglamore*. The names are changed, but the resemblance is too striking to have been the result of chance. The treachery of the sovereign, the prowess of the knight, the indiscretions and misfortunes of the lady, and the happy conclusions

<sup>1</sup> The readings marked T. are from the Thornton MS., ‘Sir Eglamour of Artois’ (MS. Syr Egyllamowre of Artas) as edited by Mr. Halliwell for the

Camden Society in 1844. Very few of the very many differences between the two texts are given.—F.

of her misfortunes—these form the leading incidents of each romance. *Torrent of Portugal* is preserved in an unique manuscript of the fifteenth century, in the Chetham Library at Manchester :

Here bygynneth a good tale  
Of Torrente of Portingale :

and although somewhat disfigured by the errors of the scribe, contains much that is curious and valuable. As this poetical tale has recently been published, there is no necessity for proving in this place a similarity that will be at once detected by the reader; but there is perhaps a secret history attached to the source of these romances that remains to be unravelled."

Ellis makes the abstract he gives of *Eglamore* from the copy printed by Walley. All at all important differences between the Thornton copy and ours are recorded by Mr. Furnivall in the notes.

The romance is certainly of more than usual merit—less prolix and garrulous, or rather of more interesting garrulity. Many of its "positions" are indeed of the kind commonest in romantic literature, as the passage of the squire's love for his lord's daughter, the combat with the giant, the unconsummated marriage of a son and his mother. No one of them perhaps can be pronounced novel. The stories of a woman's exposure to the mercy of the winds and seas, and of the carrying off of her son by a great bird, are well known elsewhere—in Chaucer's *Man of Law's Tale*, and among the legends of the house of Stanley—and are undoubtedly of extreme antiquity. But there are other charms besides novelty of incident. These can make old things new, can endow with spirit and vigour the form that is worn and wasted. The minstrel who wrote, or rather translated, this piece, if a minstrel he was, as verses 1227–9 might suggest, told an old tale freshly,—a tale of love much crossed and thwarted, but prosperous in the end—of treachery, potent



and prevailing for a while, but at last shown futile and fatal—of strange partings and yet stranger meetings.

Full true it is, by god in heaven,  
That men meet at unset steven.

Thrice old themes these ; but in the hands of this romance-writer made juvenescent.

Such an union between mother and son as that which occurs in *Eglamore* is a very favourite arrangement with the old romance-writers. It immediately precedes and generally brings about the *ἀναγνώρισις*. Thus the extremest alarm and horror immediately introduce the extremest delight. Fear and joy are brought into the closest juxtaposition. The romance-writer could conceive of no more terrible disturbance and overthrow of the order of nature than that fearful conversion of a mother into a wife, a son into a husband—that ruin of the most beautiful of the domestic relations. Though bold enough to describe it as possible, and, indeed, imminent, he never dares to let it actually come to pass. He never lets the ghastly shade become a living thing. The Greek poets too regarded this same connection as the culminating horror. In their eyes, too, conflicts between father and son, love other than pious between son and mother, appeared the most frightful of all possible frightfulnesses. But they went further than the old romance-writers. They were not content with the apprehension ; they did not shrink from the act. What in the romances is only threatened, is in the Greek legend perpetrated. Hideous possibilities become there yet more hideous realities. Eve in the one case only fingers the apple ; in the other she plucks and eats it. Medieval feeling was the more delicate and sensitive in this respect. Its poet ever averts the horrible catastrophe. As the storm is on the point of bursting, and the nymphs with wild frantic faces stand ready to “shriek on the mountain,” suddenly the sky clears, there are pious embracings, the domestic sanctities are preserved and ratified.

## [Part I.]

[How Eglamore loved Christabell, and undertook three Deeds of Arms to win her.]

1

<p> <b>I</b>ESUS : christ, heauen king !  grant vs all his deere blessinge,  &amp; builde vs [in] <sup>1</sup> his bower <sup>2</sup> !  4 &amp; giue them [ioye] <sup>3</sup> <i>that</i> will heare  of Elders <i>that</i> before vs were,  <i>that</i> liued in great honor.<sup>4</sup>  I will tell you of a Knight  8 <i>that</i> was both <sup>5</sup> hardye &amp; wight,  &amp; stiffe in euerye stower ;  &amp; wher any deeds of armes were,  hee wan the prize with sheeld &amp; speare,  12 &amp; euer he was the fflower. </p>	<p> Christ, bless  us,   and give  joy to those  that love old  heroes !   I'll tell you  of a hardy  knight   who always  won the  prize. </p>
------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

2

<p> In Artoys the <i>Knigh</i>t was borne,  &amp; his ffather him beforne ;  listen ; I will you say.<sup>6</sup>  16 <i>Sir Prinsamoure</i> the Erle hight ;  &amp; <i>Eglamore thé</i> hight [the] <i>Knigh</i>t <sup>7</sup>  <i>that</i> curteous was alway ;  &amp; he was for a man <sup>8</sup> verament,  20 <i>with</i> the Erle was he bent,<sup>9</sup>  to none he wold say nay.<sup>10</sup> </p>	<p> He was born  in Artoys,   his name  was  Eglamore ;   he was a  man,  and never  refused a  fight. </p>
------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

<sup>1</sup> in.—T. in.—P. builde, shelter, as  
in vol. i. p. 27, l. 11.—F.

<sup>2</sup> boure.—P.

<sup>3</sup> yoye.—T. joye.—P.

<sup>4</sup> honoure.—P.

<sup>5</sup> bolde.—P. hardy.—T.

<sup>6</sup> Percy marks to come after this :

For that he was a man full bolde  
With the Erle was he holde  
In housholde nyght & day.

The Thornton MS. has :

To dedes of armes he ys wente,  
Wyth the Erle of Artas he ys lente,  
He faylyth hym not nyght nor daye.

<sup>7</sup> Sir Eglam<sup>re</sup> than hyght the knyght.  
—P. Syr Egyllamowre men calle the  
knygt.—T.

<sup>8</sup> And for he was a man.—P.

<sup>9</sup> lente.—P. he ys lente.—T.

<sup>10</sup> To no man he wolde.—P. T. has :

Whylle the erle had him in holde,  
Of dedes of armes he was bolde,  
For no man seyde he nay.—F.

The Earl of  
Artoys  
has a lovely  
daughter,

Christabell,

Eglamore  
loves her,

and she  
loves him.

Strange  
lords come  
to woo her.

A tourney is  
held,

and  
Eglamore  
unhorses all  
her suitors.

He opens his  
heart to his  
chamber-  
lain,

the Erle had noe Child but one,  
a maiden as white as whalles bone,<sup>1</sup>

24     *that* his right heyre shold bee ;  
Christabell was the Ladyes name ;  
a ffairer maid then shee was ane  
was none <sup>2</sup> in christentye.

28 Christabell soe well her bore ;  
the Erle loued nothing more  
then his daughter ffree ;

soe did *that* gentle knight  
32 *that* was soe full of might ;  
it was the more pittye.

## 3

the knight was both hardy & snell,  
& knew the ladye loued him well.

36     listen a while & dwell :  
Lords came ffrom many a Land  
her to haue, I vnderstand,  
with fforce ffold <sup>3</sup> and fell.

40 Sir Prinsamoure then did crye  
strong Iusting & turnamentrye <sup>4</sup>  
for the loue of Christabell.

what man *that* did her craue,  
44 such stroakes Eglamore him gaue,  
*that* downe right he fell.

## 4

to his chamberlaine <sup>5</sup> then gan he saw,<sup>6</sup>

“ ffrom thee I cann hyde nought away,”  
48     ( where they did together rest <sup>7</sup> ; )  
“ ffaire ffrand, nought to laine,  
my counsell thou wold not saine ;

On thee is all my trust.”

[page 296]

<sup>1</sup> ivory.—F. as faire.—T.

<sup>2</sup> not.—P. Ther was none soche.—T.

<sup>3</sup> ferse folke.—T.

<sup>4</sup> Syr Egyllamowre he dud to crye  
Of dedes of armys utterly.—T.

<sup>5</sup> squyer, (with altered lines).—T.

See squier, st. 9. l. 111 below.—F.

<sup>6</sup> say.—P.

<sup>7</sup> rest.—P. *Rell* altered into *rest* in  
the MS.—F.

52 "Master," hee said, "per ma fay,  
 what-soeuer you to me say,  
 I shall itt neuer out cast."  
 "the Erles daughter, soe god me saue,  
 56 the loue of her but *that* I haue,  
 my liffe itt may not Last."

and says he  
 shall die  
 unless he  
 can win  
 Christabell's  
 love.

## 5

"Master," said the young man ffree,  
 "you haue told me *your* priuitye ;  
 60 I will giue you answeere  
 to this tale: I vnderstand  
 you are a knight of litle Land,  
 & much wold haue more ;  
 64 If I shold to *that* Ladye goe  
 & show *your* hart & loue,  
 shee lightlye wold let me fare ;  
 the man *that* heweth ouer hye,  
 68 some chipp ffalleth on his eye ;  
 thus doth it euer fare.

The cham-  
 berlain

answers

that  
 Eglamore is  
 too poor,

the lady  
 wouldn't  
 listen to  
 him ;

those  
 hewing too  
 high get  
 chips in  
 their eye.

## 6

"remember *Master*, of one thing,<sup>1</sup>  
*that* shee wold haue both Erle & *King*,  
 72 & many a bold Barron alsoe ;  
 the Ladye will haue none of those,  
 but in her maidenhead hold ;<sup>2</sup>  
 ffor wist her ffather, by heauen *King*,  
 76 *that* you were sett on such a thinge,  
 right deere itt shold be bought.  
 trow yee shee wold *King* fforsake,  
 & such a simple knight take,  
 80 but if you haue loued her of old ? "

But yet she  
 refuses her  
 rich suitors,

and that  
 must be for  
 Eglamore's  
 love.

<sup>1</sup> Syr, than unbe-thanke on thys  
 thyng.—T.

<sup>2</sup> 3yt wylle sche not haue of thoo,  
 But in godenes hur holdyth so,

The which y trowe ys for thy love  
 and no mo.—T.

T. also transposes the next two  
 triplets.—F.

## 7

the knight answerd full mild :

“ euer since I was a Child  
thou hast beene loued of <sup>1</sup> mee.

84 in any iusting or any stower,  
saw you me haue any dishonor  
in battell where I haue bee ? ”

Moreover,

“ Nay, *Master*, att all rights  
88 you are one of the best knights  
in all Christentye ;

in deeds of  
arms  
Eglamore is  
worth any  
five other  
knights.

in deeds of armes, by god aliue,  
thy body is worth other 5.”

92 “ gramercy, *Sir*,” sayd hee :

## 8

Eglamore sighed, & said noe more,  
but to his Chamber gan hee ffare,  
*that* richelye was wrought.

Eglamore  
goes to his  
room,

and prays  
God

96 to god his hands he held vp soone,  
“ *Lord* ! ” he said, “ grant me a boone  
as thou on roode me bought !

to give him  
Christabell  
as his wife.

the Erles daughter, ffaire & ffree,  
100 *that* shee may my wiffe bee,  
ffor shee is most in my thought ;  
*that* I may wed her to my wiffe,  
& in Ioy to lead our liffe ; <sup>2</sup>

104 from care then were I brought.”

## 9

Next day he

on the morrow *that* maiden small  
eate with her ffather in the hall,  
*that* was soe faire & bright.

doesn't go  
to dine in  
Hall.  
Christabell  
asks where  
he is.

108 all the knights were at meate saue hee ;  
the Ladye said, “ for gods pittye!  
where is *Sir* Eglamore my *Knight* ?

<sup>1</sup> lente wyth.—T.

<sup>2</sup> and sethen reches in my life.—T.

- his squier answerd with heauye cheere,  
 112 "he is sicke, & dead ffull neere,  
       he prayeth you of a sight ;  
 he is now cast in such a care,  
 but if he mends not of his fare  
 116 he liueth not to night."

"He is  
nearly dead,  
and prays to  
see you."

## 10

- the Erle vnto his daughter spake,  
 "damsell," he said, "for god sake  
       listen vnto mee!  
 120 after me, doe as I thee hend ;<sup>1</sup>  
 to his chamber see thou wend,  
       ffor hee was curteous & ffree ;  
 ffull trulye with his intent,  
 124 with Iusting & in Turnament,  
       he said vs neuer nay ;  
 if any deeds of armes were,  
 he wan the prize with turnay<sup>2</sup> cleere ;  
 128 our worshippe for euer and aye."

The Earl  
charges  
Christabell

to go and see  
Eglamore,

[page 297] who never  
refused a  
tourney,

and always  
won the  
prize.

## 11

- then after meate *that* Ladye gent  
 did affter her fathers comandement,<sup>3</sup>  
       shee busked her to wend.  
 132 forth shee went withouten more,  
 for nothing wold shee spare,  
       but went there as hee Lay.<sup>4</sup>  
 "Master," said the squier, "be of good cheere,  
 136 heere cometh the Erles daughter deere,  
       some words to you to say."

After Hall,

Christabell

goes to  
Eglamore,

<sup>1</sup> After mete do ye as hynde.—T. See 'After meate,' st. 11, l. 129. But 'after me' may mean, by my direction, see l. 130, though I do not know *hend* in the sense of tell, bid.—F.

<sup>2</sup> journey.—T.

<sup>3</sup> Only half the first *n* in the MS.—F.

<sup>4</sup> T. puts in three lines in which Christabell asks the squire how Eglamore is.—F.



## 12

- & then said *that* Ladye bright,  
 and asks  
 how he is.  
 140 "how fareth Sir Eglamore my *Knicht*,  
*that* is a man right ffaire?"  
 "forsoothe, Ladye, as you may see,  
 "Dying for  
 love of you."  
 with woe I am bound for the loue of yee,  
 in longing & in care."  
 144 "Sir," shee said, "by gods pittye,  
 "I'm very  
 sorry to  
 grieve you."  
 if you be agreeued <sup>1</sup> ffor mee,  
 itt wold greeue me full sore!"  
 "damsell, if I might turne to liffe,  
 "Then be  
 my wife."  
 148 I wold haue you to my wiffe,  
 if itt *your* will were."

## 13

- "Sir," shee said, "soe mote I thee,  
 you are a Noble *Knicht* and ffree,  
 and manful  
 in fight.  
 152 & come of gentle blood;  
 a manfull man you are in ffeild  
 to win the gree *with* speare & sheeld  
 nobly by the roode;  
 Ask my  
 father,  
 156 Sir, att my ffather read you witt,<sup>2</sup>  
 & see what hee will say to itt;  
 or if his will bee good,  
 and if he  
 agrees,  
 & if *that* hee be att assent,  
 160 as I am true Ladie & gent,  
 I will."  
 my will it shalbe good."

## 14

- Eglamore is  
 in blisse,  
 the *Knicht* desired noe other <sup>3</sup> blisse  
 when he had gotten his grantesse,<sup>4</sup>  
 164 but made royall <sup>5</sup> cheere;  
 he comanded a Squier to goe

<sup>1</sup> The *rr* is much like *u* in the MS.—F.

<sup>2</sup> T. makes the lady take the 'Ask Papa' on herself, and when they are agreed, she'll not fail Eglamore.—F.

<sup>3</sup> kepte no more.—T.

<sup>4</sup> geton graunt of thys.—T.

<sup>5</sup> hur fulle gode.—T.

- to feitch gold, a 100<sup>1</sup> or towe,  
 & giue the<sup>2</sup> Maidens cleere.
- 168 Sir Eglamore said, "soe haue I blisse!  
 to *your* marriage I giue you this,  
 ffor yee neuer come heere yore."  
 the Lady then thanked & kissed the *Knight*;  
 172 shee tooke her leane anon-right,  
 "farwell, my true sonne deere."<sup>3</sup>

and gives  
 Christabell's  
 maidens  
 100*l*.

Christabell  
 kisses him,

## 15

- then homeward shee tooke the way.<sup>4</sup>  
 "welcome!" sayd the Erle, "in ffay,  
 176 tell mee how haue yee doone.  
 say, my daughter as white as any flower,  
 how ffareth my knight Sir Eglamore?"  
 & shee answered him soone:  
 180 "fforsooth, to mee he hartilye sware  
 he was amended of his care,  
 good comfort hath hee tane;  
 he told me & my maidens hende,  
 184 *that* hee vnto the riuer wold wend  
 with hounds & hawkes right."

goes back to  
 her father,

and tells him  
 Sir  
 Eglamore is  
 quite well,

and is going  
 out  
 hawking.

## 16

- the Erle said, "soe Mote I thee,  
 with him will I ryde *that* sight to see,  
 188 to make my hart more light."<sup>5</sup>  
 on the morrow, when itt was day,  
 Sir Eglamore tooke the way  
 to the riuer ffull right.  
 192 the Erle made him redye there,  
 & both rode to they riuer

Next day  
 Eglamore

and the Earl  
 hawk

<sup>1</sup> and take an hundurd pownd.—T.

<sup>2</sup> hur.—T.

<sup>3</sup> And seyde 'Farewelle my fere.'—T.

<sup>4</sup> Crystyabelle hath takyn hur way.  
 —T.

<sup>5</sup> For comforte of that knyght.—T.

and are  
pleasant  
together.

196 to see some ffaire fflight.  
all they day they made good cheere :  
a wrath began, as you may heare,  
long ere itt was night.<sup>1</sup>

## 17

But coming  
home,  
Eglamore  
asks if the  
Earl will  
hear him.  
"Certainly,  
I like to  
hear you :

200 as they rode homeward in the way,  
Sir Eglamore to the Erle gan say,  
" My lord, will you now <sup>2</sup> heare ? " [page 298]  
" all ready, Eglamore ; in ffay,  
whatsoever you to me say,  
to me itt is ffull deere ;

204 ffor why, the doughtyest art thou  
that dwelleth in this Land now,  
for to beare sheeld & speare.<sup>3</sup> "

" When will  
your  
daughter be  
betrothed ? "

208 " my Lord," he said, " of charitye,  
Christabell your daughter ffree,  
when shall shee haue a ffeere ? "

## 18

" I know no  
one whom  
she would  
have."

212 the Erle said, " soe god me saue,  
I know noe man *that* shee wold haue,  
my daughter faire and cleere."

" Give her  
to me."

216 " now, good Lord, I you pray,  
for I haue serued you many a day,  
to giue me her withouten nay."

the Erle said, " by gods paine,  
if thou her winne as I shall saine,  
by deeds of armes three,  
then shalt thou haue my daughter deere,  
220 & all Artois ffarr & neere."

" Thank  
you !

" gramercy, Sir ! " said hee.

<sup>1</sup> long ere night it were.—P.<sup>2</sup> ye me.—T.<sup>3</sup> Awnturs ferre or nere.—T.

19

- Sir Eglamore [sware <sup>1</sup>], "soe mote I thee,  
att my iourney <sup>2</sup> ffaine wold I be!"
- 224 right soone he made him yare.  
the Erle said, "here by west  
dwelleth a Gyant in a fforrest,—  
ffowler neuer saw I ere;—
- 228 therin be trees ffaire & <sup>3</sup> long,  
3 harts <sup>4</sup> run them <sup>5</sup> amonge,  
the fairest *that* on ffoot gone.  
Sir, might yee bring one away,  
232 then durst I boldly say  
*that* yee had beene there."

let me go to  
work at  
once."

The Earl  
sets  
Eglamore  
his first  
feat:  
to go to a  
giant's  
forest,  
and fetch  
him one of  
three harts  
running  
about there.

20

- <sup>6</sup> "fforsooth," said Eglamore then,  
"if *that* hee be a Christyan man,  
236 I shall him neuer fforsake."  
the Erle said in good cheere,  
"with him shalt thou ffight in feere;  
his name is Sir Marroccke."
- 240 the *Knight* thought on Christabell;  
he swore by him *that* harrowed hell,  
him wold he neuer fforsake.  
"Sir, keepe well my Lady & my Land!"
- 244 therto the Erle held vp his hand,  
& trothes they did strike.

Eglamore  
undertakes  
to fetch the  
hart,

and fight  
the giant  
Marroccke.

He commits  
Christabell  
to her  
father's care,

21

then afterwards, as I you say,  
Sir Eglamore tooke the way

<sup>1</sup> The knyght sweryd.—T.

<sup>2</sup> The *o* looks like *a* in the MS.—F.

<sup>3</sup> Cypur trees there growe owte.—T.

<sup>4</sup> The *h* is like an *l* in the MS.—F.

<sup>5</sup> Grete hertys there walke.—T.

<sup>6</sup> T. has for this stanza:

Be Jhesu swere the knyght than,

"Yf he be ony Crystyn-man,

Y schalle hym nevyr forsake.

Holde well my lady and my londe."

"*3ys*," seyde the erle, "here myn honde!"

Hys trowthe to hym he strake.

- tells her he  
has under-  
taken three  
deeds of  
arms for  
her.  
Christabell
- 248 to *that* Ladye soe ffree :  
“damsell,” hee said to her anon,  
“ffor your Loue I haue vndertane  
deeds of Armes three.”
- 252 “good Sir,” shee said, “be merry & glad ;<sup>1</sup>  
ffor a worsse Iourney you neuer had  
in noe christyan countrye.  
if god grant ffrom his grace
- 256 *that* wee<sup>2</sup> may ffrom *that* Iourney apace,  
god grant it may be soe<sup>3</sup>!

## 22

- She gives  
him a grey-  
hound
- 260 “Sir, if you be on hunting ffound,  
I shall you giue a good greyhound  
*that* is dun as a doe ;  
ffor as I am a true gentle woman,  
there was neuer deere *that* he att<sup>4</sup> ran  
*that* might scape him ffroe :
- 264 alsoe a sword I giue thee,  
*that* was ffound in the sea<sup>5</sup> ;  
of such I know noe moe.  
if you haue happ to keepe itt weele,
- 268 *that* there is no helme of Iron nor steele  
but itt wold carue in 2.
- that'll pull  
down any  
stag,  
and a sword
- that'll cut  
any helm in  
two.

[Part II.<sup>6</sup>]

[How Eglamore kills the giant Marrocke and a big Boar.]

## 23

- Eglamore  
bids Christa-  
bell good-  
bye,
- Eglamore kissed *that* Lady gent ;  
he tooke his leaue, & fforth hee went.

<sup>1</sup> T. has for the next five lines :  
For an hardere fytt never ye had,  
Be God, in no cuntre !  
Or that yurney be over passyd,  
For my love ye schalle sey fulle ofte  
allas !  
And so schalle y for thee.  
<sup>2</sup> ye.—P.

<sup>3</sup> so bee.—P.  
<sup>4</sup> beste that on fote.—T.  
<sup>5</sup> Seynt Poule fonde hyt in the Grekes  
see.—T.  
<sup>6</sup> Part I. would end better with stanza  
28, l. 341, where the Thornton version  
ends its “furste fytt.”—F.

- 272 his way now hath hee tane ;
- 276 { The hye streetes held he west  
till he came to the fforrest ;  
ffarrer saw he neuer none,  
with trees of Cypresse lying out.
- 2<sup>d</sup> Parte. { the wood was walled round about  
with strong walles of stone ;  
fforthe he rade, as I vnderstand,
- 280 { till he came to a gate *that* he ffand,  
& therin is he gone.
- [page 299] rides to the forest,
- enters it by a gate,

## 24

- his horne he blew in that tyde ;  
harts start vpp on euery side,  
284 & a noble deere <sup>1</sup> ffull prest ;  
the hounds att the deere gan bay.  
with *that* heard the Gyant where he lay ;  
itt lett him of his rest ;  
288 “methinketh, by hounds *that* I heare,  
*that* there is one hunting <sup>2</sup> my deare ;  
it were better *that* he cease <sup>3</sup> !  
by him *that* wore the crowne of thorne,  
292 in a worse time he neuer blew a horne,  
ne dearer bought a messe <sup>4</sup> !”
- blows his horn,
- and his hounds bay at the deer. The giant Marrocke
- swears it' be the worst blowing t he man ever made,

## 25

- Marrocke the Gyant tooke the way  
thorow the fforrest were itt Lay ;  
296 to the gate he sett his backe.  
Sir Eglamore hath done to dead,
- and goes to his gate.

<sup>1</sup> Twety does not use the word *deer* in speaking “of the Hert. Now wyl we speke of the hert ; and speke we of his degres : that is to say, the fyrst yere he is a calfe, the secunde yere a broket, the iij. yere a spayer, the iiij. yere a stagg, the v. yere a greet stagg, the vj. yere a hert at the fyrst hed ; but that ne fallith not in judgement of huntersse, for

the gret dyversyte that is fownde of hem, for alleway we calle of the fyrst hed tyl that he be of x. of the lasse. *Reliq. Antiq.* i. 151.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Yondur is a thefe to stele.—T.

<sup>3</sup> He were welle bettur to be at the see.—T.

<sup>4</sup> Neythur hys bowe bende in no manys fee.—T.



Eglamore  
kills a stag,  
cuts his head  
off,

slaine a hart, & smitten off his head ;  
the prize <sup>1</sup> he blew ffull shrill ;  
300 & when he came where the gyant was,  
“good Sir,” he sayd, “lett me passe,  
if *that itt* be your will.”  
“nay, traitor ! thou art tane !  
304 my principall <sup>2</sup> hart thou hast slaine !  
thou shalt itt like ffull ill.”

and asks  
Marrocke to  
let him pass.

Marrocke

## 26

strikes at  
him

the Gyant att the chase<sup>3</sup>,  
a great clubb vp hee takes,  
308 *that* villanous was and great <sup>4</sup> ;  
such a stroke hee him gaue  
*that* into the earth went his staffe,  
a ffoote on euery side.  
312 “traitor !” he said, “ what doest thou here  
in my fforrest to slay my deere ?  
here shalt thou now abyde.”  
Eglamore his sword out drew,  
316 & in his sight made such a shew,<sup>5</sup>  
& made him blind *that* tyde.

and says he'll  
keep him  
there.

Eglamore  
hits the  
giant in the  
eye, and  
blinds him,

## 27

but he  
fights on for  
two days and  
more ;

how-be-itt he lost his sight,  
he ffought with Sir Eglamore *that Knight*  
320 2 dayes & some deale more ;  
till the 3<sup>d</sup> <sup>6</sup> day att prime  
Sir Eglamore waited his time,  
& to the hart him bare.

then  
Eglamore  
kills him,

<sup>1</sup> And whan the hert is take, ye shal blowe iij. motys . . . and the hed shal be brout hom to the lord, and the skyn . . . Than blow at the dore of halle the *pryse*. . . . And whan the buk is i-take, ye shal blowe *pryse*, and reward your houndes of the paunch and the bowellis. Twety, in *Reliq. Ant.* i. 153. Fr. *Prise* a taking . . . also, the death or

fall of a hunted beast. Cotgrave.—F.

<sup>2</sup> chefe.—T.

<sup>3</sup> to the knyzt ys gon.—T.

<sup>4</sup> mekyll and fulle unweelde.—T.

<sup>5</sup> And to the geant he gafe a sowe.—T. *Sough*, a stroke or blow. Jamieson.—F.

<sup>6</sup> Tylle on the todur.—T.

- 324 through gods might, & his kniffe,  
 there the Gyant lost his liffe;  
     ffast he began to rore.  
 ffor certaine sooth, as I you say,  
 328 when he was meaten<sup>1</sup> there he Lay  
     he was 15 ffoote<sup>2</sup> & more.

and he  
 roars.

He measures  
 fifteen feet.

28<sup>3</sup>

- through the might of god, & his kniffe,  
 thus hath the Gyant Lost his liffe;  
 • 332 he may thanke god of his boone!  
 the Gyants head with him hee bare  
 the right way as hee ffound there,  
     till hee came to the castle of stone.  
 336 all the whole court came him againe;  
     “such a head,” they gan saine,  
     “saw they neuer none.”  
 before the Erle he itt bare,  
 340 “my Lord,” he said, “I haue beene there,  
     in witsesse of you all<sup>4</sup>!”

Eglamore  
 takes the  
 giant's head

to the Earl  
 of Artoys,  
 and says he  
 has been to  
 the giant.

29

- the Erle said, “sith itt is done,  
 Another Iourney there shall come soone,— [page 300]  
 344 buske thee & make thee yare,—  
 to Sattin, *that*<sup>5</sup> countrye,  
 ffor therin may noe man bee  
     for doubt<sup>6</sup> of a bore;  
 348 his tuskes are a yard<sup>7</sup> long;  
 what flesh *that* they doe come among,  
     itt couereth<sup>8</sup> neuer more;

The Earl  
 sets him his  
 second deed  
 of arms:

to go to  
 Sattin

and kill a  
 big boar  
 there,

<sup>1</sup> meted, measured.—F.

<sup>2</sup> xl. fote.—T.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Halliwell makes two stanzas of  
 28, the rhyme-lines varying.—F.

<sup>4</sup> For *there*, l. 339, compare l. 233.  
 T. adds (in italics):

*Make we mery, so have we blys,  
 Thys ys the furste fytt of thys  
 That we have undertane.*—F.

<sup>5</sup> In Sydon, in that ryche.—T.

<sup>6</sup> fear.—F. drede.—T.

<sup>7</sup> fote.—T.

<sup>8</sup> recovers.—F.

which kills  
everything  
it gets hold  
of.

both man & beast itt slayeth,  
352 all *that* euer hee ouer-taketh,  
& giueth them wounds sore."

## 30

Eglamore  
starts again,  
journeys

Sir Eglamore wold not gaine-say,  
he tooke his leaue & went his way,  
356 to his Iourney went hee.  
towards Sattin, I vnderstand,  
a ffortnight he went on Land,  
& alsoe soe long on sea.  
360 itt ffell againe in the euen tyde,  
in the fforrest he did ryde  
wheras the bore shold bee ;  
& tydings of the bore soone hee ffound ;  
364 by him men Lay dead on many a Land,<sup>1</sup>  
*that* pittye itt was to see.

fourteen  
days over  
land and sea,

and then  
comes on  
traces of  
the boar,

dead men all  
about.

## 31

Next  
morning

he hears the  
boar's cry,

Sir Eglamore *that Knight* awoke,<sup>2</sup>  
& priuilye lay vnder an oke ;  
368 till morrow the sun shone bright,  
in the fforrest ffast did hee lye ;  
of the bore he hard a crye,<sup>3</sup>  
& neerer he gan gone right.  
372 ffaire helmes he ffound in fere  
*that* men of armes had lefft there,  
*that* the bore had slaine.  
Eglamore to the cliffe went hee,  
376 he saw the bore come from the sea,  
his morne draught<sup>4</sup> had he tane.

<sup>1</sup> The Lawnd in woodes. *Saltus nemorum*. Baret. *Saltus*, woodland pasture.—F.

<sup>2</sup> The last words of these lines are interchanged. T. has :

Syr Egyllamowre restyd hym undur an oke;

Tylle on the morowe that he can wake.

<sup>3</sup> on the see he harde a sowe.—T.

<sup>4</sup> morne drynke.—T.

## 32

- the bore saw where the *Knight* stood,  
 his tuskes he whetted as he were <sup>1</sup> wood,  
 380 to him he drew *that* tyde.  
 Sir Eglamore weened well what to doe,  
 with a speare he rode him to  
 as ffast as he might ryde.  
 384 all if hee <sup>2</sup> rode neuer soe ffast,  
 the good speare assunder brast,  
 it wold not in the hyde.  
*that* bore did him woe enoughe,  
 388 his good horsse vnder him he slough ;  
 on ffoote then must hee byde.

The boar

comes  
towards  
him ;  
Eglamore  
rides at it,but breaks  
his spear,and the  
boar kills  
his horse.

## 33

- Eglamore saw no boote *that* tyde,  
 but to an oake he sett his side  
 392 amongst the trees great ;  
 his good sword he drew out then,  
 & smote vpon <sup>3</sup> the wild swine  
 2 dayes & some deale more ; <sup>4</sup>  
 396 till the 3<sup>d</sup> day att noone  
 Eglamore thought his liffe was doone  
 for ffightting with *that* bore ;  
 then Eglamore with Egar mood  
 400 smote of the bores head ;  
 his tuskes he smote of thore.

He puts his  
side to an  
oak,cuts at the  
boar two  
days,till he's  
nearly dead,but then  
kills it.

## 34

- <sup>5</sup> the *King* of Sattin on hunting fare  
 with 15 armed men & more ;

The King of  
Sattin

<sup>1</sup> The first *e* is made over an *h* in the MS.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Gyf he.—T.

<sup>3</sup> fyghtyth with.—T.

<sup>4</sup> Thre dayes and more.—T.

<sup>5</sup> The Thornton version makes Egylla-

mowre only break off the boar's tusks in the preceding stanza, omits lines 2, 5, 7, of this, and has here:

He thankyd God that ylke stownde,  
 And gaf the bore hys dethys wound,

The boke of Rome thus can telle.—F.

- hears the  
boar yell,
- and sends a  
squire to see  
who's in  
danger.  
The squire
- 404 the bore loud hard he yell ;  
he camanded a squier to ffare,  
" some man is in his *perill* there !  
I trow to long wee dwell."
- 408 no longer wold the squier tarry,  
but rode fast thither, by S' Marye,  
he was therto ffull snell <sup>1</sup> ;  
vp to the cliffe rode hee thore ;
- 412 Sir Eglamore ffought ffast with the bore [page 301]  
with stroakes ffirce & fell.
- sees Egla-  
more  
fighting the  
boar.

## 35

- the squier stood & beheld them 2,  
hee went againe and told soe,
- 416 " fforsooth the bore is slaine."  
" Lord ! S' Mary ! how may this bee ? "  
" a *Knight* is yonder certainlye  
*that* was the bores bane ;
- 420 " of gold he beareth a seemly sight,  
in a ffeeld of azure an armed *Knight*,  
to battell as hee shold gone ;  
& on the crest vpon the head is
- 424 a Ladye made in her likenesse ;  
his spures are sable eche one."
- He tells the  
King the  
boar is  
slain  
by a knight
- with a blue  
shield
- and black  
spurs.

## 36

- the King said, " soe mote I thee,  
those rich armers I will see : "
- 428 & thither hee tooke the way.  
by *that* time Sir Eglamore  
had ouercome the sharp stoure,  
& ouerthawrt the bore Lay.<sup>2</sup>
- 432 the King said, " god rest with thee ! "  
" my Lord," said Eglamore, " welcome be yee,
- The King
- finds  
Eglamore  
lying down,

<sup>1</sup> query MS. siell.—F.<sup>2</sup> And to reste hym down he lay.—T.

of peace now I thee pray!  
 I haue soe ffoughten with the bore exhausted;  
 436 *that* certainlye I may noe more;  
 this is the 3<sup>d</sup> day."

37

they all said anon-right,  
 "great sinn itt were with thee to flight,  
 440 or to doe thee any teene;  
 manfully thou hast slaine this bore  
*that* hath done hurt sore, praises him  
 & many a mans death hath beene; for killing  
 444 thou hast manfully vnder sheeld the boar  
 slaine this bore in the ffeild,  
*that* all wee haue seene!  
 this haue I wist, the sooth to say,  
 448 he hath slaine 40<sup>1</sup> on a day that had  
 of my armed knights keene!<sup>2</sup> slain so  
 many  
 knights;

38

meat & drinke they him brought,  
 rich wine they spared nought, provides him  
 & white clothes they spread. meat and  
 wine;  
 452 the King said, "soe mote I thee,  
 I will dine for loue of thee; dines with  
 thou hast been hard bestead." him,  
 456 "forsooth," then Sir Eglamore saies,  
 "I haue ffought these 4 dayes,<sup>3</sup>  
 and not a ffoote him ffeidd."  
 then said the King, "I pray thee  
 460 all night to dwell with mee, and asks  
 & rest thee on a bedd." him home to  
 sleep.

<sup>1</sup> sixty.—T.

<sup>2</sup> Welle armyd men and clene.—T.

<sup>3</sup> The three days have grown to four.

T. has:

"Ye," he seyde, "permafay,

Now hyt ys the fyrste day

That evyr oon fote y ffeidd."—F.



- Eglamore  
tells the  
King  
what his  
name is,
- & after meate, the soothe to say,  
the King Sir Eglamore did pray  
464 "of what country hee was."  
"my name," he said, "is Sir Eglamore<sup>1</sup> :  
I dwell alsoe with Sir Prinsamoure,  
*that* Erle is of artoys."  
468 then Lords to the King drew,  
"this is hee *that* Sir Marroccke slew,  
the gyants brother Mamasse.<sup>2</sup>  
"Sir," said the King, "I pray thee  
472 these 3 dayes to dwell with mee,  
from mee thou shalt not passe ;
- and the  
King tells  
him of a

- Giant near  
who wants  
to seize his  
daughter,
- "there dwelleth a Gyant here beside ;  
my daughter *that* is of micklell pride,  
476 he wold haue me ffroe ;  
I dare to no place goe out  
but men of armes be me about,  
for dread of my foe.<sup>3</sup>  
480 the bore thou hast slaine here,  
*that* hath liued here this 15 yeere<sup>4</sup>  
christen men for to sloe,  
Now is he gone with sorrow enough [page 301]<sup>5</sup>  
484 to [berye<sup>6</sup>] his brother *that* thou slough."  
[that evyrmore be hym woo!<sup>7</sup>]
- and is  
Marroccke's  
brother.

- No one can  
cut up the  
boar
- to break<sup>8</sup> the bore they went ffull tyte ;  
there was noe kniffe *that* wold him bitte,<sup>9</sup>

<sup>1</sup> He said "My name is Syr Awntour."  
—T.

<sup>2</sup> Yondur ys he that Arrok slowee,  
The yeauntys brodur Maras.—T.

<sup>3</sup> Fulle seldome have y thus sene soo.  
—T.

<sup>4</sup> He hath fedd hym xv yere.—T.

<sup>5</sup> There are two pages 301 in the MS.,  
and no page 302.—F.

<sup>6</sup> berye.—T.

<sup>7</sup> From the Thornton MS.—F.

<sup>8</sup> splatt.—T.

<sup>9</sup> Query MS.; it may be *kitte*.—F.  
byte.—T.

- 488 soe hard of hyde was hee.  
 "Sir Eglamore,<sup>1</sup> thou him sloughe;  
 I trow thy sword<sup>2</sup> be good enough;  
 haue done, I pray thee."<sup>3</sup>
- 492 Eglamore to the bore gan gone,  
 & claue him by the ridge<sup>4</sup> bone,  
*that ioy itt was to see;*  
 "Lordings," he said, "great & small,<sup>5</sup>  
 496 giue me the head, & take you all;  
 for why, *that is my ffee.*"

but Egla-  
more,

who claims  
only his  
head.

## 42

- the King said, "soe god me saue!  
 the head thou shalt haue;  
 500 thou hast itt bought full deere!"<sup>6</sup>  
 all the countrye was ffaine,  
 for the wild<sup>7</sup> bore was slaine,  
 they made ffull royall cheere.  
 504 the Queene said, "god send<sup>8</sup> vs from shame!  
 ffor when the Gyant cometh home,  
 new tydings shall be here."<sup>9</sup>

The people  
rejoice at the  
boar's  
death.

## 43

- against euen the King did dight  
 508 a bath ffor *that gentle Knight,*

<sup>1</sup> Syr Awntour, seyde the kyng.—T.

<sup>2</sup> knyfe.—T.

<sup>3</sup> Gyf that thy wylle bee.—T.

<sup>4</sup> A.-Sax. *hricg*, *ricg*, the back.—F.

<sup>5</sup> Lorde, seyde the knyght, y dud hym falle.—T.

<sup>6</sup> Aftur cartys can they sende;  
Ageyn none home with that they wende,

The cyte was them nere.—T.

<sup>7</sup> wekyd.—T.

<sup>8</sup> schylde.—T.

<sup>9</sup> gete we sone.—T., and it adds, p. 142:  
For he ys stronge and stowte,  
And therof y have mekyll dowte  
That he wylle do us grete dere or we  
haue done.

## XLV.

Syr Egyllamowre, that nobylle knyzt,  
 Was sett with the kynges doghtyr  
 bryght,  
 For that he scholde be blythe.  
 The maydenys name was Organata  
 so fre;  
 Sche preyeth hym of gode chere to bee,  
 And besechyd hym so many a sythe.  
 Aftur mete sche can hym telle  
 How that geant wolde them quelle:  
 The knyght began to lagh anone;  
 "Damyselle," he seyde, "so mote y thee,  
 And he come whylle y here bee,  
 Y schalle hym assay sone!"

Eglamore  
lies in a  
bath all  
night.

512      *that* was of Erbes<sup>1</sup> good.  
Sir Eglamore therin Lay  
till itt was light of the day,  
*that* men to Mattins<sup>2</sup> yode.

[Part III.<sup>3</sup>]

[How Eglamore kills another Giant, and a Dragon near Rome, and begets a Boy on Christabell.]

Next morning the Giant comes,	516	}	By the time he had heard masse, the Gyant to this place come was, & cryed as hee were wood ; “ Sir King,” he said, “ send vnto mee Arnada <sup>4</sup> thy daughter ffree, or I shall <sup>5</sup> spill thy blood.”
and demands the King's daughter Arnada.	3 <sup>d</sup> Part.		44
Eglamore	520	}	Sir Eglamore anon-right <sup>6</sup> in good armour he him dight, & vpon the walles he yode <sup>7</sup> ;
tells a squire to show the Giant the boar's head.	524		he camanded a squier to beare the bores head vpon a speare, <i>that</i> the Gyant might itt <sup>8</sup> see. & when he looked on the head, “ alas ! ” he said, <sup>9</sup> “ art thou dead ? my trust was all in thee ! now by the Law <i>that</i> I liue in, <sup>10</sup> my litle speckeled hoglin, <sup>11</sup> deare bought shall thy death bee ! ”
The Giant	528		
swears he'll avenge its death,			

<sup>1</sup> Sibes.—P. The MS. is indistinct, and the Bishop explains it. See the way to prepare a bath in Russel's Boke of Nurture, *Babees Boke &c.* E. E. Text Soc. 1868, p. 182-5.

<sup>2</sup> mete.—T.

<sup>3</sup> T. ends its *seconde fytt* with stanza 52, l. 611 below.—F.

<sup>4</sup> Organata.—T.

<sup>5</sup> thou schalt.—T.

<sup>6</sup> that nobylle knyght.—T.

<sup>7</sup> for 'yode he.'—F. wendyth hee.—T.

<sup>8</sup> Maras myght hym.—T.

<sup>9</sup> my bore.—T.

<sup>10</sup> leue ynne.—T.

<sup>11</sup> spote hoglyn.—T. Fr. *cochonnet*, a shote or shete pigge, a prettie big pig.—Cotgrave.

## 45

the Gyant on the walls donge ;  
 532 att euery stroke fyer out spronge ;  
       for nothing wold he spare.  
 towards the castle gan he crye,  
 “ false traitor ! thou shalt dye <sup>1</sup>  
 536 for slaying of my bore !  
 your strong walles I doe <sup>2</sup> downe ding,  
 & with my hands I shall the hange <sup>3</sup>  
       ere *that* I further passe. <sup>4</sup>”  
 540 but through the grace of god almight,  
 the Gyant had his fill of fight,  
       & therto some deale more. <sup>5</sup>

and  
 threatens to  
 kill Eglam-  
 more.

46<sup>6</sup>

Sir Eglamore was not agast ;  
 544 on might-ffull god was all his trust,  
       & on his sword soe good.  
 to Eglamore said the *King* then,  
 “ best is to arme vs euerye man ;  
 548 this theefe, I hold him woode.”

Eglamore  
 trusts in  
 God and his  
 good sword,

47<sup>6</sup>

Sir Eglamore sware by the roode,  
 “ I shall him assay if hee were wood ;  
       mickle is gods might ! ”  
 552 he rode a course to say his steed,  
 he tooke his helme & forth hee yeede ;  
       All men prayed for *that Knight*. [page 303]

gives his  
 steed a  
 gallop,

## 48

Sir Eglamore into the ffeild taketh ;  
 556 the Gyant see him,<sup>7</sup> & to him goeth ;

takes the  
 field,

<sup>1</sup> Thevys, traytures, ye schalle aby.

—T.

<sup>2</sup> schalle.—T.

<sup>3</sup> hyng.—T.

<sup>4</sup> fare, qu.—P. Or that y hens fare.

—T.

<sup>5</sup> mair.—P.

<sup>6</sup> T. makes one stanza, XLIX, of these, p. 144–5, and alters the arrangement of the lines, &c.—F.

<sup>7</sup> *him* has a line through it.—F.

“welcome,” he said, “my ffeere !  
 thou art hee *that* slew <sup>1</sup> my bore !  
*that* shalt thou repent ffull sore,  
 560 & buy itt wonderous deere !”  
 Sir Eglamore weened well what to doe ;  
 with a speare he rode him to,  
 as a man of armes cleere.  
 564 against him the Gyant was redy bowne,  
 but horsse & man he bare all downe,  
*that* dead he was ffull nere.

and charges  
 the Giant,

who upsets  
 him and his  
 horse.

## 49

Eglamore  
 568 Sir Eglamore cold noe better read,  
 but what time his horsse was dead,  
 to his ffoote he hath him tane ;  
 & then Eglamore to him gan goe ;  
 the right arme he smote him froe,  
 572 euen by the sholder bone ;  
 & tho he <sup>2</sup> had lost his hand,  
 all day hee stood a ffightand  
 till the ssun to rest gan goe ;  
 576 <sup>3</sup> the sooth to say, withouten lye,  
 he sobbed & was soe drye  
*that* liffe him lasteth none.

attacks him  
 on foot,

and cuts off  
 the Giant's  
 right arm,

but he  
 fights on  
 till sun-  
 down,

and then  
 drops dead.

## 50

all *that* on the walles were,  
 580 when they heard the Gyant rore,  
 ffor ioy the bells thé ring.  
 Edmond was the *Kings* <sup>4</sup> name,  
 swore to Sir Eglamore, “by St. Iame,  
 584 here shalt thou be *King* !

They ring  
 the bells ;  
 King  
 Edward  
 promises  
 to crown  
 Eglamore

<sup>1</sup> Y trowe thou halpe to sle.—T.

<sup>2</sup> Thowe the lorelle.—T.

<sup>3</sup> Then was he so wery he myjt not  
 stonde,

The blode ran so faste fro hym on  
 every honde,  
 That lyfe dayes hadd he nevyr oon.  
 —T.

<sup>4</sup> kynges.—T.

- “to-morrow thou shalt crowned bee,  
& thou shalt wed my daughter ffree  
with a curyous rich ringe!”
- 588 Eglamore answered with words mild :  
“god <sup>1</sup> giue you ioy of your child!  
ffor here I may not abyde longe.<sup>2</sup>”

and marry  
him to his  
daughter.

Eglamore  
declines the  
young lady,

## 51

- “Sir Eglamore, for thy doughtye deede  
592 thou shalt not be called lewd  
in noe place where thou goe!”<sup>3</sup>  
then said Arnada,<sup>4</sup> *that* sweete thing,  
“haue here of me a gold ring  
596 with a *precyous* stone ;  
where-soe you bee on water or Land,  
& this ring vpon your hand,  
nothing may you slone.”

though she  
gives him a  
charmed  
ring

## 52

- 600 “gramercy !” sayd Eglamore ffree.  
“this 15 yeeres will I abyde thee,  
soe *that* you will me wed ;  
this will I sweare, soe god me saue,  
604 *King* ne Prince nor none will haue,  
if they be comlye cladd !”  
“damsell,” he said, “by my ffay,  
by *that* time I will you say  
608 how *that* I haue spedd.”  
he tooke the Gyants head & the bore,  
& towards Artoys did he ffare,  
god helpe me att neede !<sup>5</sup>

and offers to  
wait fifteen  
years for  
him.

He puts her  
off,

and starts  
towards  
Artoys.

<sup>1</sup> Syr.—T.   <sup>2</sup> may ye not lende.—T.

<sup>3</sup> Y schalle geve the a nobylle stede,  
Al so redd as ony roone ;  
Yn yustyng ne in turnement,  
Thou schalt never soffur dethys  
wound  
Whylle thou syttyst hym upon.

—T.

<sup>4</sup> Seyde Organata.—T.

<sup>5</sup> The knyght takyth hys leve and  
farys,  
Wyth the geantys hedd and the  
borys,  
The weyes owre Lord wylle hym  
lede.

*Thys ys the seconde fytt of thys :*  
*Make we mery, so have we blys,*  
*For ferre have we to rede.—T.*



## 53

In seven  
weeks Egla-  
more reaches  
Artoys,

612 by *that* 7 weekes were comen to end,  
euen att Artoys he did lend,  
wheras Prinsamoure was.

the Erle therof was greatly faine

616 *that* Eglamore was come againe;  
soe was both more<sup>1</sup> and lesse.

is greeted by  
Christabell,

when Christabell as white as swan,  
heard tell how Eglamore was come,

620 to him shee went full yare;<sup>2</sup>

## 54

whom he  
kisses,

the *Knight* kissed *that* Lady gent,  
then into the hall hee went  
the Erle for to teene.

but her  
father says,  
"Devil take  
you, will  
nothing kill  
you?"

624 The Erle answered, & was ffull woe [page 304]  
"what devill! may nothing thee sloe?  
forsooth, right as I weene,  
thou art about, as I vnderstand,

You want  
my land and  
my daughter  
I suppose."

628 for to winn Artoys & all my Land,  
& alsoe my daughter cleane."

## 55

"I do," says  
Eglamore.

Sir Eglamore said, "soe mote I thee,  
not but if I worthy bee;

632 soe god giue me good read!"<sup>3</sup>

"Oh!  
perhaps  
you'll get  
killed yet."

the Erle said, "such chance may ffall,  
*that* one may come & quitt all,  
be thou neuer so prest."

Eglamore  
asks for  
twelve weekes  
rest;

636 "but good *Lord*, I you pray,  
of 12 weekes to giue me day,

<sup>1</sup> One stroke too many in the MS. *m.*  
—F.

<sup>2</sup> T. adds:  
"Syr," sche seyde, "how haue ye  
faryn?"

"Damycelle, wele, and in travelle byn  
To brynge us bothe owt of care."

<sup>3</sup> Helpe God that ys beste.—T.

my weary body to rest.”  
 12 weekes were granted then  
 640 by prayer of many<sup>1</sup> a gentleman,  
 & comforted him with the best.

## 56

Sir Eglamore after supper  
 went to Christabells chamber  
 644 with torches burning bright.  
 the Ladye was of soe great pride,<sup>2</sup>  
 shee sett him on her bedside,  
 & said, “welcome, Sir Knight!”  
 648 then Eglamore did her tell  
 of adventures *that* him befell,  
 but there he dwelled all night.  
 “damsell,” he said, “soe god me speed,  
 652 I hope in god you for to wedd!”  
 & then their trothes they plight.<sup>3</sup>

after supper  
 goes to  
 Christabell's  
 chamber,

stays there  
 all night,  
 and begets a  
 son on her.

## 57

by *that* 12 weekes were come & gone,  
 Christabbell *that* was as faire as sunn,<sup>4</sup>  
 656 all wan waxed her hewe.  
 shee said vnto her maidens ffree,  
 “in *that* yee know my priuitye,<sup>5</sup>  
 looke *that* yee bee trew!”  
 660 the Erle angerlye gan ffare,  
 he said to Eglamore, “make thee yare  
 for thy Iourney a-new!”  
 When Christabell therof heard tell,<sup>6</sup>  
 664 shee mourned night & day,  
*that* all men might her rue.

In twelve  
 weeks  
 Christabell

grows wan,  
 and begs her  
 maids to  
 keep her  
 secret.

The Earl  
 orders Egla-  
 more off,

and Christa-  
 bell mourns.

<sup>1</sup> Only half the *n* is in the MS.—F.

<sup>2</sup> was not for to hyde.—T.

<sup>3</sup> T. adds :

So graciously he come hur tylle,  
 Of poyntes of armys he schewyd  
 hur hys fyllle,  
 That there they dwellyd alle nyȝt.

<sup>4</sup> as whyte as fome.—T.

<sup>5</sup> Sche prayed hur gentyllle women so  
 fre,

That they would layne hur pryvite.  
 • —T.

<sup>6</sup> say.—P.

58

Eglamore's  
Third Deed  
of Arms is to  
kill a strong  
Dragon near  
Rome.

the Erle said, "there is mee told long,  
beside Roome there is a dragon strong ;  
668 forsooth as I you say,  
the dragon is of such renowne  
there dare noe man come neere the towne  
by 5 miles and more ;<sup>1</sup>  
672 arme thee well & thither wend ;  
looke *that* thou slay him with thy hand,  
or else<sup>2</sup> say mee nay."

59

Eglamore  
takes leave

of Christa-  
bell,

gives her a  
gold ring,

and goes to  
Rome.

Sir Eglamore to the chamber went,  
676 & tooke his leaue of the Ladye gent,  
white as fflower on ffeelde<sup>3</sup> ;  
"damsell," he said, "I haue to doone ;  
I am to goe, & come againe right soone  
680 through the might of Marry mild.  
a gold ring I will giue thee ;  
keepe itt well for the loue of mee  
if christ send me a child."  
684 & then, in Romans as wee say,  
to great roome he tooke his way,  
to seeke the dragon wild.<sup>4</sup>

60

The Dragon  
throws down  
him and his  
horse.

if he were neuer soe hardye a *Knight*,  
688 when of the dragon he had a sight,  
his hart began to be cold.<sup>5</sup>  
anon the dragon waxed wrothe,  
he smote Sir Eglamore & his steed bothe,  
692 *that* both to ground they ffell.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Be xv. myle of way.—T.

<sup>2</sup> ellys thou.—T. After *nay* T. adds  
six lines not in our text.—F.

<sup>3</sup> in may.—P.

<sup>4</sup> The Thornton text adds :

Tokenynges sone of hym he fonde,  
Slayne men on every honde ;

Be hunderdes he them tolde.—F.

<sup>5</sup> to folde.—T.

<sup>6</sup> To the grounde so colde.—T.

Eglamore rose, & to him sett,  
 & on *that* fflowle worme hee bett  
 with stroakes many and bold <sup>1</sup>; [page 305]

Eglamore  
 attacks the  
 Dragon,

## 61

696 the dragon shott fire with his mouth  
 like the devill of hell;  
 Sir Eglamore neere him gan goe,  
 & smote his taile halfe him ffreo <sup>2</sup>;  
 700 then he began to yell,  
 & with the stumpe *that* yett was leaued  
 he smote Sir Eglamore on the head;  
*that* stroake was ffeirce and fell.

cuts half its  
 tail off,

is wounded  
 himself in  
 the head,

## 62

704 “ Sir Eglamore neere him gan goe,  
 the dragons head he smote of thoe,  
 fforsooth as I you say,  
 his wings he smote of alsoe,<sup>3</sup>  
 708 he smote the ridge bone in 2,  
 & wan the ffeild *that* day.  
 the Emperour of Roome Lay <sup>4</sup> in his tower  
 & ffast beheld Sir Eglamore,  
 712 & to his *Knights* gan say,  
 “ doe cry in Roome, the dragons slaine!  
 a knigh[t] him slew with might & maine,  
 manfully, by my ffay!”  
 716 through Roome they made a crye,  
 enery officer in his baylye,  
 “ the dragon is slaine this day!”

but kills the  
 Dragon.

The  
 Emperour  
 Constantine  
 of Rome

orders the  
 Dragon's  
 death to be  
 proclaimed,

## 63

& then the Emperour tooke the way  
 720 to the place where Eglamore Lay,

then goes to  
 Eglamore,

<sup>1</sup> Wyth byttur dynte and felle.—T.

<sup>2</sup> Halfe the tonge he stroke away.—T.

<sup>3</sup> The knyght seyde, “ Now am y  
 schente!”

Nere that wyckyd worme he went;  
 Hys hedd he stroke away.—T.

<sup>4</sup> stode.—T.

- beside *that* ffoule thing,  
with all *that* might ride or gone.  
Sir Eglamore they haue vp tane,
- brings him  
to Rome,  
and the  
people meet  
him in  
procession.
- 724 & to the towne they can him bring;  
ffor ioy *that* they dragon was slaine,  
they came with *procession* him againe,  
and bells they did ringe.
- 728 the Emperour of Roome brought him soone,  
Constantine, *that* was his name,  
a Lord of great Longinge.

## 64

- <sup>1</sup> all *that* euer saw his head,
- 732 thé said *that* Eglamore was but dead,  
*that Knight* Sir Eglamore.  
the Emperour had a daughter bright,  
shee vndertooke to heale the *Knight*,
- 736 her name was vyardus.<sup>2</sup>
- heals Eglamore's head,  
and saves  
his life.
- <sup>3</sup> with good salues shee healed his head  
& saued him ffrom the dead,  
*that* Lady of great valours :
- 740 & there within a little stond  
shee made Sir Eglamore whole & sound;  
god giue her honor !<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> T. omits the next three lines.—F.

<sup>2</sup> ys Dawntowre.—T.

<sup>3-3</sup> The Thornton text has for these:  
Scho savys hym fro the dedd,  
And with hur handys sche helyth hys  
hedd  
A twelmonth in hur bowre.

It then adds two stanzas of twelves,  
(LXVII, LXVIII, p. 153-4) telling how  
the Emperor had the Dragon's body  
fetched into Rome, and put in "seynt  
Laurens kyrke." As to this church, see  
*Stacions of Rome*, p. 13; *Pol. Rel. & Love  
Poems*, p. 132. p. xxxv.—F.

## [Part IV.]

[How Christabell's child is born, and a Griffin flies away with it.]

65

- |                      |                                                         |                                                   |                                                                    |
|----------------------|---------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 744                  | {                                                       | Anon word came to Artois                          |                                                                    |
|                      |                                                         | how <i>that</i> the dragon slaine was :           | While Eglamore is under the doctor's hands, Christabell has a son. |
|                      |                                                         | a <i>Knigh</i> t that deede had done.             |                                                                    |
|                      |                                                         | soe long at the Leech-craft he did dwell,         |                                                                    |
| 4 <sup>d</sup> parte | <i>that</i> a ffaire sonne <sup>1</sup> had Christabell |                                                   |                                                                    |
| 748                  |                                                         | as white as whales bone. <sup>2</sup>             | Her father vows he'll send her and her brat out to sea alone.      |
|                      | then the Erle made his vow,                             |                                                   |                                                                    |
|                      | “daughter! into the sea shalt thou                      |                                                   |                                                                    |
|                      | in a shipp thy selfe alone!                             |                                                   |                                                                    |
| 752                  |                                                         | Thy younge sonne shall be thy fere, <sup>3</sup>  |                                                                    |
|                      |                                                         | christendome <sup>4</sup> getteth itt none here!” |                                                                    |
|                      |                                                         | her maidens wept eche one.                        |                                                                    |

66

- |     |                                                  |                                                            |
|-----|--------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------|
|     | <sup>5</sup> her mother in swoone did ffall,     |                                                            |
| 756 | right soe did her ffreinds all                   |                                                            |
|     | <i>that</i> wold her any good.                   |                                                            |
|     | “good Lord,” she said, “I you pray,              | Christabell prays that a priest may say a gospel for them, |
|     | let some prest a gospell say,                    |                                                            |
| 760 | ffor doubt of ffeendes in the fflood.            | and takes leave of her maidens.                            |
|     | ffarwell,” shee said, “my maidens ffree!         |                                                            |
|     | greet well my Lord when you him see.”            |                                                            |
|     | they wept as they were woode.                    |                                                            |
| 764 | Leaue wee now Sir Eglamore,                      |                                                            |
|     | And speake wee more of <i>that</i> Ladye fflower | [page 306]                                                 |
|     | <i>that</i> vnknown wayes yeelde. <sup>6</sup>   |                                                            |

<sup>1</sup> A man-chylde.—T.<sup>2</sup> Some ancient writers imagined ivory, formerly made from the teeth of the walrus, to be formed from the bones of the whale. Halliwell's Gloss.—F.<sup>3</sup> And that bastard that to the ys

dere.—T.

<sup>4</sup> christening.—F.<sup>5</sup> T. inserts a stanza and a quarter here, p. 154–5, but leaves out the mother's swooning.—F.<sup>6</sup> yeelde.—P.



## 67

- Her ship  
comes to a  
rock,
- 768 the shipp droue fforth night & day  
vp to a rocke, the sooth to say,  
where wild beasts did run.<sup>1</sup>  
shee was ffull ffaine, I vnderstand,  
shee wend shee had beene in some [known<sup>2</sup>] Land,
- she lands,
- 772 & vp then gan shee wend.  
noe manner of men ffound shee there,  
*that* ffoules & beasts *that* were there,  
ffast they fled ffrom Land.
- finds only  
birds and  
beasts there,
- and a griffin  
carries her  
boy off to a  
strange  
country,
- 776 there came a Griffon<sup>3</sup> *that* rought her care;  
her younge child away hee bare  
Into a countrie vnknowne.<sup>4</sup>

## 68

- the Ladye wept, & said " alas
- 780 *that* euer shee borne was !  
my child is taken me ffroe ! "
- the King of  
Isarell's
- the King of Isarell on huntinge went ;  
he saw where the ffoule lent ;
- 784 towards him gan he goe.  
a griffon, the booke saith *that* he hight,  
*that* in Isarell did light,  
*that* wrought *that* Ladye woe.
- land.
- 788 the ffoule smote him with his bill,  
the child cryed and liked ill ;  
the griffon then lefft him there.

## 69

- A Gentle-  
woman picks  
up the boy.
- 792 a gentlewoman to *that* [child<sup>5</sup>] gan passe,  
& lapp[t] itt in a mantle of Scarlett was,  
& with a rich pane.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> feede.—P.<sup>2</sup> there had be a kende londe.—T.<sup>3</sup> a grype.—T. Fr. *griffon*, a grype or griffon.—Cotgrave. Grype, byrde, *vultur*; Promptorium: see Mr. Way's note to it, p. 212-13.—F.<sup>4</sup> unknowe.—P.<sup>5</sup> a squyer to the chylde.—T.<sup>6</sup> Pane of furre, *panne* (Palsgrave); *Panne* a skinne, fell or hide (Cotgrave); from L. *pannus*, Way. Cp. counterpane.—F.

the child was large of lim & lythe,  
 a girdle of gold itt was bound with,  
 796 with worsse cloth itt was cladd.  
 the *King* swore by the rood,  
 "the child is come of gentle blood,  
 whersoever *that* hee was tane ;  
 800 & for he ffroe the Griffon ffell,  
 they named the child degrabell,  
*that* lost was in wilsome way.

The King

christens  
him Degra-  
bell,

## 70

the *King* wold hunt noe more *that* tyde,  
 804 but with the child homeward gan ryde,  
*that* ffrom the Griffon was hent.  
 "Madam," he said to his Queene,  
 "ffull oft I haue a hunting beene ;  
 808 this day god hath me lent."  
 of *that* Child he was blythe ;  
 after nurses shee went belieue ;  
 the child was louelye gent.  
 812 leaue wee now of this chylde,  
 & talke wee of his mother mild,  
 to what Land god her sent.

and takes  
him home to  
his wife,who gets  
nurses for  
him.Meantime,  
Christabell

## 71

all *that* night on the rocke shee Lay ;  
 816 a wind rose vpon the <sup>1</sup> day,  
 & ffrom the Land her driueth.  
 in *that* shipp was neither mast nor ore,  
 but euery streame vpon other  
 820 *that* ffast vpon her driueth.  
 & as the great booke of Roome saies,  
 shee was without meate 5 dayes  
 among the great cliffes.<sup>2</sup>

leaves her  
rock,is driven  
about the  
sea,fasts five  
days,<sup>1</sup> ageynys.—T.<sup>2</sup> MS. cliiffes.—F.

- 824 by *that* 5 dayes were gone,  
god sent her succour soone ;  
in ægipt <sup>1</sup> shee arriued.
- and then  
reaches  
Egypt.
- 72
- The King  
828 the *King* of Ægipt <sup>1</sup> lay in his tower,  
& saw the Ladye as white as fflower  
*that* came right neere the Land ;  
he comanded a Squire ffree  
to ‘ Looke what in *that* shipp might bee  
832 *that* is vpon the sand.’  
the Squier went thither ffull tite,  
on the shipbord he did smite,  
a Ladye vp then gan stand ;  
836 Shee might not speake to him a word, [page 307]  
but lay & looked ouer the bord,  
& made signes with her hand.<sup>2</sup>
- Christabell  
cannot speak  
to the squire,

## 73

- 840 the squier wist not what shee ment ;  
again to the *King* he went,  
& kneeled on his knee :  
“ Lord, in the shipp nothing is,  
sauing one in a womans Likenesse  
844 *that* ffast looked on mee.  
but on <sup>3</sup> shee be of fflesh & bone,  
a ffairer saw I neuer none,  
saue my Ladye soe ffree ! <sup>4</sup>  
848 shee maketh signes with her hand ;  
shee seemeth of some ffarr Land ;  
vnknowen shee is to mee.<sup>5</sup>
- who goes  
back to the  
King,
- and tells  
him what a  
lovely  
foreign  
woman he  
has seen.

<sup>1</sup> The MS. may be either Æ or Æ in this and other cases.—F.

<sup>2</sup> The Thornton text adds :

*Make we mery for Goddys est ;*

*Thys ys the thrydd fyttte of owre geste,*

*That dar y take an hande.*—F.

<sup>3</sup> an, if.—F.

<sup>4</sup> But hyt were Mary free.—T.

<sup>5</sup> Beyond the Grekys see.—T.

## 74

- Sir Marmaduke <sup>1</sup> highet the King,<sup>2</sup>  
 852 he went to see *that* sweet thing,  
       he went a good pace.  
 to the Ladye he said in same,  
 “speake, woman, on gods name !”  
 856     against him shee rose.  
 the Lady *that* was soe meeke & milde,  
 shee had bewept sore her child,  
       *that* almost gone shee was.<sup>3</sup>  
 860 home to the court they her Ledd,  
 with good meates they her ffedd ;<sup>4</sup>  
       with good will shee itt taketh.<sup>5</sup>
- King Mar-  
maduke
- goes to  
Christabell,  
speaks to  
her,
- takes her  
home to  
Court,  
feeds her  
well,

## 75

- “ Now, good damsell,” said the King,  
 864 “ where were you borne, my sweet thing ?  
       yee are soe bright of blee.”  
 “ Lord, in Artois borne I was ;  
 Sir Prinsamoure my ffather was,  
 868     *that* Lord is of *that* Countrye ;  
 I and my maidens went to play  
 by an arme of the sea ;  
       Iocund wee were and Iollye :  
 872 they wind was lithe, a bote there stood,  
 I and my squier in yode,  
       but vnchristened was hee.
- and asks her  
who she is.
- Christabell  
tells him,
- and says she
- got into a  
boat with  
her boy,

## 76

- “ on land I lefft my maidens all,  
 876 my younge squier on sleepe gan ffall,  
       my mantle al on him I threw ;
- wrapped him  
in her  
mantle,

<sup>1</sup> Marmaduke seems to have been from Marmaluke.—Pencil note.

<sup>2</sup> Be Ihesu swere that gentylle kyng.  
—T. T. doesn't give “The kyng of

Egypt” a name.—F.

<sup>3</sup> Sche was wexyn alle horse.—T.

<sup>4</sup> Dylycyus metys they hur badd.—T.

<sup>5</sup> sche them tase.—T.

and a griffin  
flew away  
with him.

a griffon there came *that* rought me care,  
my younge squier away hee bare,  
880 southeast with him hee drew."

"All right,  
you shall be  
my niece  
then:"

"damsell," he said, "be of good cheere,  
thou art my brothers daughter deere."  
ffor Ioy of him shee louge ;

and Christa-  
bell stays in  
Egypt.

884 <sup>1</sup> & there shee did still dwell  
till time *that* better beffell,  
with ioy and mirth enoughe.<sup>1</sup>

## [Part V.]

[How Eglamore comes back to Artois, and goes to the Holy Land for  
fifteen years ; and how Christabell marries her own son.]

77

As soon as  
Eglamore  
recovers,

888

he leaves  
llome,

5:<sup>d</sup> parte

892

to go home  
to Christa-  
bell.

Now is Eglamore whole & sound,  
& well healed of his wound ;  
homeward then wold hee flare.  
of the Emperour he tooke leaue I-wis,  
of the daughter, & of the Empresse,  
& of all the meany *that* were there.  
Christabell was most in his thought :  
the dragons head hee home brought,  
on his speare he itt bare.

896 by *that* 7 weekes were come to end,  
in the land of Artoys can he Lend,  
wheras the Erle gan flare.

He reaches  
Artois,

78

in the court was told, as I vnderstand,  
900 how *that* Eglamore was come to Land  
with the dragons head.

and his  
squire tells  
him that  
Christabell  
is dead.

his Squier rode againe him soone,  
"Sir, thus hath our Lord doone ;<sup>2</sup>  
904 ffaire Christabell is dead !

<sup>1-1</sup> Kepe we thys lady whyte as flowre,  
And speke we of syr Egyllamowre ;

Now comyth to hym care y-nogh.—T.  
<sup>2</sup> Lo ! lorde, what the erle hath done !—T.

- a ffaire sonne shee had borne ;  
 1 bothe they are now fforlorne  
 through his ffalse read ;<sup>1</sup>  
 908 In <sup>2</sup> a shipp hee put them 2, [page 308] out to sea in  
 & with the wind let them goe.” a ship.  
 then swooned <sup>3</sup> he where hee stood. Eglamore  
 swoons,

## 79

- “ alas ! ” then said the *Knicht* soe ffree,  
 912 “ Lord ! where may my maidens bee asks after  
 that in her chamber was ? ” Christabell’s  
 the Squier answered him ffull soone, maidens,  
 “ as soone as shee was doone,  
 916 ech one their way did passe.”  
 Eglamore went into the hall  
 before the Squiers & knights all :  
 “ & thou, Erle of Artoys !  
 920 take,” he said, “ the dragons head !  
 all his mine *that* here his lead !  
 what dost thou in this place ? ”<sup>4</sup> goes to the  
 Earl of  
 Artois,  
 gives him  
 the Dragon’s  
 head,  
 claims all  
 his goods,  
 and asks him  
 what he’s  
 doing there.

## 80

- great dole itt was to heere  
 924 when he called Christabell his fere : Eglamore  
 “ what ! art thou drowned in the sea ? laments over  
 god *that* dyed on the rood bitterlye,<sup>5</sup> Christabell  
 on thy soule haue mercye, and her boy,  
 928 and on *that* younge child soe ffree ! ”  
 the Erle was soe feard of Eglamore  
*that* he was ffaine to take his tower ;<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1-1</sup> The erle hath hys lyfe forlorne,  
 He was bothe whyte and rede.—T.

<sup>2</sup> *Im* in MS.—P#

<sup>3</sup> Swooning was the correct thing for  
 a knight, and on very much less provo-  
 cation than this. See many instances  
 in *Seynt Graal*, &c. &c. It betokened

the possession of delicate feelings.—F.

<sup>4</sup> Alle ys myn that here ys levydd.

Thou syttyst in my place.—T.

<sup>5</sup> on crosse verye.—T.

<sup>6</sup> The erle rose up and toke a towre.  
 —T.



and calls on  
all who want  
kighthood  
to go with  
him.

932 Eglamore said, "soe god me saue,  
all *that* the order of *Knight-hoode* will haue,  
rise vp & goe with mee ! "

## 81

they were ffull faine to do his will ;

936 vp they rose, & came him till ;  
he gaue them order soone.  
the while *that* he in hall abode,  
32<sup>1</sup> knights he made,

940 ffrom morne till itt was noone.  
<sup>2</sup> those *that* liuing had none,  
he gaue them liuing to liue vpon,  
ffor Christabell to pray soone.

944 then anon, I vnderstand,  
he tooke the way to the holy Land,  
where god on the rood was done.

He dubs  
thirty-two  
knights,

starts for the  
Holy Land,

## 82

Sir Eglamore, as you heare,

948 he dwelled there 15 yeere  
the heathen men amonge ;  
ffull manfullye he there him bare,  
where any deeds of armes were,

952 against him *that* liued wronge.  
in battell or in turnament  
there might no man *withstand* his dent,  
but downe right he him thronge.

956 by *that* 15 yeeres were gone,  
his sonne *that* the griffon had tane,  
was waxen both stiffe and stronge.

and lives  
there fifteen  
years,

fighting all  
wron-  
livers.

His son  
Degrabell  
is now  
grown big,

<sup>1</sup> V. and thretty.—T.

<sup>2</sup> And he that was the porest of them  
alle,  
He gaf for Crystyabellys soule  
Londys to leue upon.

A thousand, as y<sup>e</sup> undurstonde,  
He toke with hym, and went into  
the Holy Londe,  
There God on cros was done.—T.

83

- now was degrabell waxen wight ;  
 960 the *King* of Isarell dubbd him a *Knight* is dubbed  
     and Prince with his hand. knight,  
 Listen, Lords great and small,  
 of what manner of armes he bare, and these are  
 964 & yee will vnderstand : his arms :  
 he bare in azure, a griffon of gold on a shield of  
 richlye portrayed in the mold, azure  
     on his clawes hanginge a golden  
 968 a man child in a mantle round griffin  
     & with a girdle of gold bound, carrying a  
     without any Leasinge. boy with a  
     girdle of  
     gold.

84

- the *King* of Isarell, hee waxed old ;  
 972 to degrabell his sonne he told, The King of  
     “ I wold thou had a wiffe Isarell asks  
 while *that* I liue, my sonne deere ; Degrabell to  
 when I am dead, thou hast noe ffere, marry.  
 976 riches is soe riffe.” <sup>1</sup>  
 a messenger stode by the *King* :  
 “ in *Ægypt* is a sweet thing, They are  
     I know noe such on liue ; told of  
 980 the *King*, fforsooth, this oath hath sworne, Christabell  
 there shall none her haue *that* is borne in *Egypt* ;  
     But he winne her by striffe.” [page 309] but he who  
 the *King* said, “ by the rood, must fight  
 984 wee will not Lett if shee bee good ; for her.  
     haue done, & buske vs swythe.”  
 anon-right they made them yare, They make  
 & their armour to the shipp thé bare, ready,  
 988 to passe the watter beliue. sail off,

<sup>1</sup> When y am dedd, thou getyst no pere,  
 Of ryches thou art so ryfe.—T.

## 85

land in  
Egypt,  
and  
announce  
their coming  
to the King  
of Egypt.

by tthat 7 dayes<sup>1</sup> were comen to end,  
in ægipt Land they gan Lend,  
the vncouthe costes to see.<sup>2</sup>  
992 messengers went before to tell,  
“ here cometh the King of Isarell  
with a ffaire Meany,  
& the Prince with many a Knight,  
996 ffor to haue your daughter bright,  
if itt your wil be.”  
the King said, “ I trow I shall  
ffind Lodging<sup>3</sup> ffor you all ;  
He welcomes  
them, 1000 right welcome yee are to mee ! ”

## 86

then trumpetts in the shipp<sup>4</sup> rose,  
& euery man to Land goes ;  
the Knights were clothed in pall.  
1004 the younge Knight of 15 yeere,  
he rydeth, as yee may heere,  
a ffoote aboue them all.  
leads the  
King of  
Isarell into  
the hall,  
the King of Isarell on the Land,  
1008 the King of Ægipt takes him by the hand  
& Ledd him into the hall :  
<sup>5</sup> “ Sir,” said the King, “ ffor charitye,  
will you lett mee your daughter see,<sup>5</sup>  
1012 white as bone of whall ? ”

## 87

and lets him  
see Christa-  
bell.  
Her son  
Degrabell  
desires her,  
the Lady ffrom the chamber was brought ;  
with mans hands shee seemed wrought  
& carued out of tree.  
1016 her owne sonne stood & beheld :

<sup>1</sup> Be th[r]e wekys.—T.<sup>2</sup> Ther forsus for to knowe swythe.  
—T.<sup>3</sup> redy yustyng.—T.<sup>4</sup> Trumpus in the topp-castelle.—T.<sup>5</sup> Y prey the thou gyf me a syght  
Of Crystyabelle, yowre doghtyr  
bryght.—T.

“ well worthye him *that* might weld ! ”  
 thus to himselfe thought hee.  
 the *King* of Isarell asked then  
 1020 if that she <sup>1</sup> might passe the streame,  
 his sonnes wiffe ffor to bee.  
 “ Sir,” said the *King*, “ if *that* you may  
 meete me a stroake to-morrowe,  
 1024 thine asking grant I thee.”

and may  
have her if  
he wins her

88

Lords in hall were sett,  
 & waites blew to the meate.  
 they made all royall cheere ;  
 1028 the 2 *Kings* the desse began,<sup>2</sup>  
 Sir Degrabel & his mother then,  
 the 2 were sibb ffull neere.  
 then *Knights* went to sitt I-wis,  
 1032 & euery man to his office,  
 to serue the *Knights* deere ;  
 & affter meate washed they,<sup>3</sup>  
 & Clarkes grace gan say  
 1036 in hall, as you may heere.

They dine,

and Degra-  
bell and his  
mother have  
the high  
seat.

89

then on the morrow when day sprong  
 gentlemen in their armour<sup>4</sup> throng,  
 Degrabel was dight ;  
 1040 the *King* of Ægypt gan him say  
 in a ffaire ffeeld *that* day  
 with many a noble Knight.  
 what time the great Lord might him see,  
 1044 they asked, “ what Lord *that* might bee  
 with the griffon soe bright ? ”

Next day

Degrabel  
arms,  
and the  
King of  
Egypt tries  
him.

<sup>1</sup> MS. the. Yf she.—T. (with other 1867).—F. T. has:  
changes).—F. Aftur mete, than seyde they

<sup>2</sup> had the chief seats on the dais.—F.

<sup>3</sup> See the operation described in *The*  
*Boke of Curtasye &c.* (E. E. Text Soc.

*Deus pacis*, clerkys canne seye.  
<sup>4</sup> to haruds.—T.

the ruler of *that* game gan tell,  
 “this is the Prince of Isarell!  
 1048 beware! ffor he is wight.”

## 90

Degrabell  
sits firm,  
 1052 the *King* of Ægypt tooke a shaft;  
 the Prince saw *that*, & sadlye sate,  
 if he were neuer soe keene.<sup>1</sup>  
 unhorses the  
King,  
 And on the ground he cast him downe, [page 310]  
 the ground *that* was soe greene.  
 wins Christ-  
tabell,  
 1056 they *King* said, “soe god me saue,  
 thou art worthy her to haue!”  
 soe said they all by-deene.

## 91

1060 euerye Lord gan other assay,  
 & squiers on the other day,  
*that* doughtye were of deede.  
 Sir Degrabell his troth hee plight;  
 & Christabell, *that* Ladye bright,  
 to church they her ledd.  
 and by God's  
might  
marries his  
mother.  
 1064 through the might of god he<sup>2</sup> spedd,  
 his owne mother there he wedd,  
 in Romans as wee reade.<sup>3</sup>  
 She sees his  
arms,  
 1068 shee saw his armes him beforne<sup>4</sup>;  
 shee thought of him *that* was forlorne,  
 shee wept like to be dead.

## 92

“what cheere,” he said, “my Lady cleere<sup>5</sup>?”  
 what weepe you, & make such heauey cheere?  
 1072 methinkes you are in thought.”

<sup>1</sup> ? MS. keere.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Thus graciously he hath.—T.

<sup>3</sup> Thus harde y a clerke rede.—T.

<sup>4</sup> MS. beforme.—F.

<sup>5</sup> The word may be *cleerre*. T. omits  
this and the next two lines.—F.

- “ Sir, in *your* armes now I see  
 a ffole *that* [rafte] on a time ffrom mee  
 a child *that* I deere bought,<sup>1</sup>  
 1076 *that* in a scarlett mantle was wound,  
 & in a girdle of gold bound  
*that* richely was wrought.”  
 the King of Isarell said ffull right,  
 1080 “ in my fforrest the ffole gan Light ;  
 a griffon to Land him brought.”

and tells him  
 how a bird  
 took her boy  
 away,

in a mantle,  
 and with a  
 gold girdle  
 on.

The King of  
 Isarell says  
 the Griffin  
 alighted in  
 his land,

## 93

- he sent a squier ffull hend,  
 & bade him ffor the mantle wende  
 1084 that hee was in Layd.  
 beffore him itt was brought ffull yare,  
 the girdle & the mantle there,  
*that* richlye were graued.  
 1088 “ alas ! ” then said *that* Lady ffree,  
 “ this same the Griffon tooke ffrom mee.”  
 in swoning downe shee braid.  
 “ how long agoe ? ” the King gan say.  
 1092 “ Sir, 15 yeere par ma ffay.”  
 they assented to *that* shee said.

and the boy  
 was brought  
 to him.

Christabell  
 says the boy  
 was hers,

and it's  
 fifteen years  
 ago.

## 94

- “ fforsooth, my sonne, I am afraid  
*that* to<sup>2</sup> sibb maryage wee haue made  
 1096 in the beginnige of this moone.”  
 “ damsell, looke,—soe god me saue !—  
*which* of my *Knights* thou wilt haue.”  
 then degrabell answered soone,  
 1100 “ Sir, I hold you[r] Erles good,  
 & soe I doe my mother, by the roode,  
*that* I wedded before they noone ;

She tells her  
 son-husband  
 that their  
 marriage is  
 void.

The King  
 offers her  
 any husband  
 she'll choose.

No, says  
 Degrabell,

<sup>1</sup> That sometyme rafte a chylde fro me,  
 A knyght fulle dere hym boght.—T.

<sup>2</sup> When *to* stands for *too*, the *o* will be  
 accented hereafter.—F.

the knights  
must fight  
for her. 1104 there shall none haue her certainlye  
but if he winne her with maistrye  
as I my-selfe haue doone."

95

All the lords  
agree to  
do so. 1108 then euery *Lord* to other gan say,  
"ffor her I will make delay <sup>1</sup>  
with a speare & sheeld in hand ;  
who-soe may winne *that* Lady clere,  
ffor to be his wedded ffere,  
must wed her in that Land."

## [Part VI.]

[How Eglamore won back his lost love Christabell, and married her.]

96

Eglamore, 1112 { Sir Eglamore was homward bowne,  
he hard tell of *that* great renowne,  
& thither wold hee wend.<sup>2</sup>  
many lords, 6<sup>d</sup> Parte { great Lords *that* hard of *that* crye,  
they rode thither hastilye,  
as ffast as they might ffare.  
and the King of Sattin, come to the tourney. 1120 { the King of Sattin <sup>3</sup> was there alsoe,  
& other great Lords many more  
*that* royall armes <sup>4</sup> bare.  
Lists are prepared, Then ringes were made in the ffeeld  
*that* Lords might therin weld ;  
thé busked & made them yare.  
and all the lords make ready. 1124 Sir Eglamore, thoe he came Last,  
he was not worthy out to be cast ;  
*that* Knight was clothed in care.

<sup>1</sup> For hur love we wylle turnay.—T.<sup>2</sup> By rhyme this triplet belongs to the last stanza. It is put there in the Thornton text, which adds after it the stanza about Eglamore's arms, given, in an altered state, as st. 97 in our print

below.—F.

<sup>3</sup> "Sydon (Cotton M.)" marked in pencil on the margin of the MS.—F. Sydone.—T.<sup>4</sup> yoly colourys.—T.



## 97

- ffor *that* Christabell was put to the sea,  
 1128 new armes beareth hee,  
     I will them descrye :  
 he beareth in azure a shipp of gold,  
 full richlye portrayed on the mold, [page 311]  
 1132 full well & worthylye ;  
 the sea was made both grim & bold ;  
 a younge child of a night old,  
     & a woman Lying there by ;  
 1136 of siluer was the mast, of gold the ffane <sup>1</sup> ;  
 sayle, ropes, & cables, eche one  
     painted were worthylye.

Eglamore  
 bears as  
 arms, on a  
 blue shield  
 a gold ship,

with a child,  
 and a  
 woman lying  
 by it.

## 98

- heralds of armes soone on hye,  
 1140 euery Lords armes gan descrye  
     in *that* ffeeld soe broade.<sup>2</sup>  
 then Chr[i]stabell as white as fflower,  
 she sate vpon a hye tower ;<sup>3</sup>  
 1144 ffor her *that* crye was made.  
 the younge *knight* of 15 yeere old  
     *that* was both doughtye & bold,  
     into the ffeeld he rode.  
 1148 who-soe *that* Sir Degrabell did smite,  
 with his dint they fell tyte,  
     neuer a one his stroake abode.

Christabell  
 sits in a high  
 tower :

her son  
 Degrabell

rides into  
 the field,

and fells all  
 who attacks  
 him.

## 99

- Sir Eglamore houed <sup>4</sup> & beheild  
 1152 how the folke in the feild downe feld  
     they *Knights* all by-dcene.

Eglamore  
 looks on.

<sup>1</sup> Fane, a Weather-cock, which turns about as the Wind changes, and shews from what Quarter it blows. Phillips. —F.

<sup>2</sup> The three lines above are not in T.

—F.

<sup>3</sup> Was brought to a corner of the walle.—T.

<sup>4</sup> halted, stood still. The first three lines of this stanza are not in T.—F.

Degrabell  
asks him  
why he  
stands still.

when Degrabell him see, he rode him till,<sup>1</sup>  
& said, "Sir, why are you soe still

1156 amonge all these *Knights* keene?"

"Because I  
am come out  
of heathen  
lands.

Eglamore said to him I-wis,<sup>2</sup>

"I am come out of heathenesse,  
itt were sinne mee to meete.<sup>3</sup>"

1160 Degrabell said, "soe mote I thee!  
more worshipp itt had beene to thee,  
vnarmed to haue beene."

## 100

Haven't you  
jousting  
enough?

the ffather on the sonne Lough;

1164 "haue yee not Iusting enoughe<sup>4</sup>  
where euer *that* you bee?

*that* day ffall haue I seene,  
with as bigg men haue I beene,

1168 & yett well gone my way.

I'll have a  
turn with  
you."

& yett, fforsooth," said he then,

"I will doe as well as I can,  
with you once to play."

They charge.

1172 heard together they *knights* donge  
with great speares sharpe and longe;  
them beheld eche one."

Eglamore  
gives his son  
a rap,  
grounds  
him,

Sir Eglamore, as itt was his happ,<sup>5</sup>

1176 giue his sonne such a rappe<sup>6</sup>  
*that* to the ground went hee.

## 101

"alas!" then said *that* Ladye ffree,

"my sonne is dead, by gods pittye!

1180 the keene *knight* hath him slaine!"

then men said wholly on mold,

and wins  
Christabell.

"the *Knight that* beares the shipp of gold  
hath wonne her on the plaine."

<sup>1</sup> He sende a knyght anon fulle style.  
—T.

<sup>2</sup> He seyde, Syr recreawntes.—T.

<sup>3</sup> tene, T., which is better.—F.

<sup>4</sup> T. alters this and the next nineteen  
lines.—F.

<sup>5</sup> turnyd hys swerde flatt.—T.

<sup>6</sup> patte.—T.

## 102

- 1184 Herallds of armes cryed then,  
 “ is there now any manner of man  
 will make his body good,  
*that* will iust any more ?
- 1188 say now while wee be here ! ”  
 then a while they still stooode.  
 Degrabell said, “ by god almight !  
 methinkes *that* I durst with him ffight,  
 if he were neuer soe wood.”
- 1192 Lords together made a vow,  
 “ fforssooth,” they said, “ best worthy art thou  
 to haue thy ffreelye ffood ! ”

Heralds

ask if any  
one else will  
fight  
Eglamorc.None  
answerso Christa-  
bell is  
adjudged to  
him.

## 103

- 1196 ffor to vnarme him Lords gan goe ;  
<sup>1</sup> clothes of gold on him they doe,  
 & then to meate thé wende.  
 Sir Eglamore then wan the gree,  
 1200 beside the Lady sett was hee :  
 shee frened him as her ffreind,<sup>1</sup>  
 “ ffor what cause *that* he bore  
 a shipp of gold with mast & ore.”
- 1204 he said with words hende,  
 “ damsell, into the sea was done.  
 my Lady & my younge<sup>2</sup> sonne ;  
 & there they made an ende.”

Eglamore  
is clad in  
cloth of gold,and sits in  
the chief  
place with  
Christabell.  
She asks  
him why  
his arms  
are a ship.“ Because  
my lady and  
son were  
put to sea,  
and died.”

## 104

- 1208 <sup>3</sup> knowledge to him tooke shee thoe ;  
 “ now, good Sir, tell me soe,  
 where they were brought to ground ? ” [page 312]

Where were  
they buried ?

<sup>1-1</sup> In cortyls, sorcatys, and schorte  
 clothys,  
 That doghty weryn of dede.  
 Two kyngys the deyse began,

Syr Egyllamowre and Crystyabelle  
 than ;

Ihesu us alle spede !—T.

<sup>2</sup> lemman and my yongest.—T.

<sup>3</sup> T. omits the next six lines.—F

- “ I was  
away.  
Her father  
sent her to  
sea to  
drown.”
- 1212 “ while I was in ffarr countrye  
her ffather put her into the sea,  
with the waues to confounde.”  
with honest mirth & game  
of him shee asked the name ;
- What is  
your name ?
- 1216 & he answered that stond,  
“ men call mee, where I was bore,  
of Artoys Sir Eglamore,  
*that with a worme was wound.*”
- “ Sir Eglamore of Artois.”

## 105

- Christabell  
swoons,  
then  
welcomes  
Eglamore,
- 1220 in swooning ffell *that* Lady ffree ;  
“ welcome, Sir Eglamore, to mee !  
thy Loue I haue bought full deere ! ”  
then shee sate, & told full soone
- and tells  
what she has  
suffered.
- 1224 how into the sea shee was doone ;  
then wept both lesse and more.  
<sup>1</sup> ministrills had their gifts ffree,  
wherby thé might the better bee ;
- 1228 to spend they wold not spare.<sup>2</sup>  
ffull true itt is, by god in heauen,  
*that* men meete att vnsett steven,<sup>3</sup>  
& soe itt beffell there.
- (People  
meet when  
they least  
expect it.)

## 106

- The King of  
Isarell tells  
how he  
found  
Degrabell,
- 1232 the *King* of Isarell gan tell  
how *that* hee found Sir Degrabell ;  
Lordings, Listen t<sup>h</sup>en : <sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This gentle reminder to the hearers of their duty to the singers of the Romance is repeated with some variation at the end.—F.

<sup>2</sup> For the former part of this st. 105, T. has, st. cxl. p. 174 :

There was many a robe of palle ;  
The chyldre servyd in the halle

At the fyrste mete that day.

Prevely scho to hym spake,  
“ zondur ys thy fadur that the gate ! ”

A grete yoye hyt was to see ay

When he knelyd downe on hys kne,  
Ther was mony an herte soré,

Be God that dyed on a tree !—F.

<sup>3</sup> unfixt time, time not appointed.  
Compare Chaucer, in *The Knightes Tale*,  
l. 666, v. ii. p. 47, ed. Morris :

It is ful fair a man to bere him evene,  
*For al day meteth men atte unset stevene.*

Ful litel woot Arcite of his felawe,  
That was so neih to herken of his sawe.  
—F.

<sup>4</sup> Knyghtys lystenyd ther-to than.  
—T.

- Sir Eglamore kneeled on his knee,  
 1236 “my Lord!” he said, “god yeeld itt thee!  
       yee haue made him a May.<sup>1</sup>”  
 the King of Isarell said, “I will the[e] giue  
 halfe my kindome while I doe liue,  
 1240 my deere sonne as white as swan.”  
 “thou shalt haue my daughter Arnada,”  
 the King of Sattin sayd alsoe,  
       “I remember, since thou her wan.”

and gives  
 him half his  
 kingdom.

The King of  
 Sattin  
 also gives  
 his daughter  
 Arnada to  
 Degrabell.

## 107

- 1244 <sup>2</sup> Eglamore prayed the Kings <sup>3</sup>  
 att his wedding ffor to bee,  
       if *that* they wold vouch[s]afe.  
 all granted him *that* there were,  
 1248 litle, lesse, & more;  
       Lord Iesus christ them haue!  
 Kings, Erles, I vnde[r]stand,  
 with many dukes of other Lands,  
 1252 with Ioy & mirth enoughe.  
 the trumpetts in the shipp blowes,  
*that* euery man to shipp goes,  
       the winde them ouer blew.

Eglamore  
 invites every  
 one to his  
 wedding.

All accept,

sail off,

## 108

- 1256 through gods might, all his meany  
 in good liking passed the sea;  
       in Artois they did arriue.  
 the Erle then in the tower stode,  
 1260 he saw men passe the fflod,  
       & ffast <sup>3</sup> to his horsse gan driue.

and reach  
 Artois  
 safely.  
 The old Earl

<sup>1</sup> man.—T. *May* generally means  
 maiden; but *mawe*, *maze*, is a kinsman;  
 A.-Sax. *mæg*, a son, kinsman.—F.

<sup>2</sup> T. shortens and alters this stanza

and part of the next.—F.

<sup>3</sup> So in printed copy, but very different  
 in the Cotton MS.—Pencil note in MS.

when he heard of Eglamore,  
 he fell out of his tower  
 1264 & broke his necke beline.  
 the messenger went againe to tell  
 of *that* case, how itt beffell :  
 with god may no man striue.  
 by a merciful  
 providence.

## 109

The  
 Emperor is  
 sent for,  
 1268 <sup>1</sup> thus in Artois the Lords thé Lent ;  
 after the Emperour <sup>2</sup> soone thé sent,  
 to come to *that* Marryage ;  
 in all they land they mad crye,  
 every one in  
 the land is  
 bidden to the  
 Feast,  
 1272 who-soe wold come to *that* ffeast worthye,  
 right welcome shold they bee ;  
 Sir Eglamore to the church is gone,  
 degrabell & Arnada they haue tane,  
 and Eglam-  
 more weds  
 Christabell,  
 Degrabell  
 weds  
 Arnada,  
 1276 and his Lady bright of blee.  
 the *King* of Isarell said, " Ile giue  
 halfe my land while I liue ;  
 brooke well [all <sup>3</sup>] after my day."

## 110

The Feast  
 lasts forty  
 days,  
 1280 with mickle mirth the feast was made,  
 40 dayes itt abode  
 amonge all the *Lords* hend ;  
 and then forsooth, as I you say,  
 and then all  
 the guests go  
 home.  
 1284 euery man tooke his way  
 wherin him liked to dwell.

[page 313]

<sup>1</sup> T. alters these concluding stanzas a good deal.—F.

<sup>2</sup> An Emperor was thought necessary to give the proper eclat to a wedding :

Ther com tyl hir weddyng  
 An *emperoure* and a kyng,  
 Erchebyschopbz with ryng  
 Mo then fyftene !

The mayster of hospitalle  
 Come over with a cardinale,  
 The gret kyng of Portyngalle,  
 With kny3thus ful kene.

*Sir Degrevant*, p. 252-3, Thornton Romances.—F.

<sup>3</sup> all. p.c.—Pencil note. T. has not the line. *Brooke* is A.-S. *brucan*, to enjoy.—F.

minstrells had good great plentye,  
*that euer they better may thé bee,*  
 1288     and bolder ffor to spend.  
 in Romans this Chronickle is.  
 dere Iesus! bring vs to thy blisse  
       that lasteth without end! <sup>1</sup>  
                                   ffins.

Minstrels  
 get plenty of  
 money.

Christ bless  
 us all!

<sup>1</sup> T. winds up with "Amen. Here endyth syr Egyllamowre of Artas, and begyn-  
 neth syr Tryamowre."—F.

[*"When Scortching Phœbus," printed in Lo. and Hum. Songs,*  
*pp. 70-3, follows here in the MS.*]



## The Emperour & the Child.<sup>1</sup>

THE following piece is here printed for the first time. Percy describes it as an old poem "in a wretched corrupt state, unworthy the press." Selecting from it "such particulars as could be adopted," he composed himself a poem on the subject of it,—a poem in Two Parts, altogether some 400 lines long, beginning in this wise:

When Flora 'gins to decke the fields  
With colours fresh and fine,  
The holy clerkes their mattins sing  
To good Saint Valentine! &c.

Is this style so very much worthier of the press than that of

Within the Grecian land some time did dwell  
An Emperor, whose name did far excell, &c.?

We doubt whether either piece is particularly worthy of the press. But that which suited best the taste of the eighteenth century is certainly the less worthy of the two. That century could see the mote in the eye of a preceding age, but not the beam in its own eye.

This piece is evidently of very late origin, written at a time when the period of professional ballad-makers had well set in.

The story was, in prose, extremely popular. This prose version was a translation from the French. Of the old French romance an analysis is given in the *Bibliothèque des Romans*, which ranks it among *Romans Historiques*:<sup>1</sup>—

<sup>1</sup> The Old song of Valentine & Ursin or Orsin.

This song or Poem seems to be quite modern by the Language & versification.

N.B. This Poem only suggested the subject of that I printed on Valentine and Ursin.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Histoire des deux nobles et vaillans

Chevaliers Valentin et Orson, fils de l'Empereur de Grèce et neveux du très-chrétien Roi de France Pépin, contenant 74 chapitres, lesquels parlent de plusieurs et diverses matières très-plaisantes et récréatives. Lyon, 1495, in-folio, et 1590 in-octavo, et depuis à Troyes, chez Oudot, in-quarto.

Nous avons annoncé dans notre avant-dernier volume que nous avions encore à parler d'un roman singulier et intéressant concernant Pépin, Roi de France, premier de la seconde race et père de Charlemagne ; c'est celui dont on vient de lire le titre. Il est bien constamment historique, quoique l'histoire y soit défigurée ; que Pépin y voyage dans des pays dont il n'a jamais approché, tels que Constantinople et Jérusalem, qu'on l'y fasse prisonnier d'un Roi des Indes, ainsi que les douze pairs de France ; qu'on ajoute à cette prétendue captivité les circonstances les plus ridicules ; qu'on suppose à Pépin deux fils, une sœur et deux neveux, qui n'ont jamais existé ; enfin, quoique les commencements de l'histoire de Charlemagne que l'on trouve dans ce roman-ci soient aussi éloignés de la vérité que ce qui est dit du règne de Pépin, tout cela, cependant, se fait lire avec plaisir ; et nous croyons que nos lecteurs ne trouveront point trop long l'extrait très-détaillé que nous allons en faire, chapitre par chapitre, sans rien changer à sa marche, et respectant presque également le style, qui n'est pas si gaulois que celui des autres romans de chevalerie que nous avons extraits jusqu'à présent, car celui-ci peut être rangé dans la même classe : on peut aussi, si l'on veut, le compter parmi les romans d'amour, car malgré les ridiculités dont il est rempli, la marche en est très-régulière. L'histoire des deux frères qui en font les héros y est conduite depuis l'instant de leur naissance jusqu'à leur mort ; tous deux sont amoureux et épousent enfin leurs maîtresses. Rien ne nous prouve que ce roman soit fort ancien. Nous n'en connaissons aucuns manuscrits ; et ne pouvant parler d'après nous-mêmes de la première édition (in-folio), qui est très-rare, nous ne trouvons rien dans la seconde (qui est celle de 1590) qui porte une certaine marque d'ancienneté, non-seulement dans le style, mais même dans les détails, et nous ne croyons pas qu'on puisse en faire remonter l'époque plus haut que le règne de Charles VIII, temps où beaucoup de romans de ce genre virent le jour, les uns étant tirés de quelques manuscrits plus anciens, les autres étant tout à fait nouveaux. Ne poussons pas plus loin nos recherches et nos observations préliminaires sur Valentin et Orson, et commençons notre extrait en suppliant nos lecteurs d'avoir de l'indulgence pour la simplicité et la bonhomie avec lesquelles cet ouvrage a été composé. On y trouvera bien des traits curieux et des situations très-intéressantes, mêlés avec mille circonstances ridicules. La singularité de tout cela pourra, du moins, amuser.

L'auteur raconte, d'abord, en peu de mots, la touchante histoire de Berthe au grand pied, qui a fait la matière d'un roman entier,

dont nous avons donné l'extrait dans notre premier volume du mois dernier. Il suppose seulement que les deux fils de Pépin et de la fausse Berthe vécutent, et se trouvèrent en état, à la mort de Pépin, de combattre le roi Charlemagne et de lui disputer la couronne ; que celui-ci, après avoir été chassé de son royaume par eux, y rentra, pourtant, et les vainquit à son tour. Il suppose encore que Pépin avait une sœur nommée Béligrane ou Belissante, qu'elle épousa un Empereur de Constantinople nommé Alexandre, et c'est ici que commence le roman.

As the matter of a chap-book, the story was very common both in France and in England. How it was generally treated will be shown by the following headings of chapters from the *Histoire de Valentin et Orson, très-nobles et très-vaillants chevaliers, fils de l'Empereur de Grèce et neveux du très-vaillant et très-chrétien Pépin, Roi de France*.

Cap. I.—Comme le très-noble roi Pépin épousa Berthe, dame de très-grande renommée et prudence.

Cap. II.—Comme l'Empereur fut trahi par l'Archevêque de Constantinople.

Cap. III.—Comme l'Archevêque étant éconduit de Bellisant pour son honneur sauver, machina grande trahison.

Cap. IV.—Comme l'Archevêque se mit en habit de chevalier, et monta à cheval pour poursuivre la dame Bellisant, laquelle était bannie.

Cap. V.—Comme Bellisant enfanta deux enfants dans la forêt d'Orléans, dont l'un fut appelé Valentin et l'autre Orson, et comme elle les perdit.

Cap. VI.—De l'ourse qui emporta de Bellisant parmi le bois.

Cap. VII.—Comme par le conseil de l'Archevêque furent élevées de nouvelles coutumes en la cité de Constantinople, et comme la trahison fut connue.

Cap. VIII.—Comme l'Empereur Alexandre, par le conseil des sages, envoya quérir le roi Pépin pour savoir la vérité de la querelle du marchand et de l'Archevêque.

Cap. IX.—Comment le marchand et l'Archevêque se combattirent au champ de bataille.

Cap. X.—Comme le roi Pépin prit congé de l'Empereur et partit de Constantinople pour retourner en France, et comme après il alla à Rome contre les Sarrasins qui la cité avaient prise.

Cap. XI.—Comme Hauffroi et Henri eurent envie sur Valentin pour le grand amour que lui portait le roi.

Cap. XII.—Comme Valentin conquist Orson son frère dans la forêt d'Orléans.

Cap. XIII.—Comme après que Valentin eut conquis Orson, il partit de la forêt pour retourner à Orléans vers le roi Pépin.

Cap. XIV.—Comme Hauffroi et Henri, par envie, résolurent de tuer Valentin en la chambre de la belle Esglantine.

Cap. XV.—Comme le duc de Savary envoya vers le roi Pépin pour avoir aide contre le vert chevalier qui voulait avoir sa fille Fezonne pour épouse.

Cap. XVI.—Comme plusieurs chevaliers vinrent en Aquitaine pour avoir la belle Fezonne.

Cap. XVII.—Comme Hauffroi et Henri firent guetter Valentin et Orson sur le chemin pour le faire mourir.

Cap. XVIII.—Comme le roi Pépin commanda que devant son palais fût appareillé le champ pour voir Orson et Grigard combattre ensemble.

\* \* \* \* \*

Cap. LVI.—Comme Valentin fit la pénitence qui lui avait été imposée pour expier le meurtre de son père.

Cap. LVII.—Comme le roi Hugon fit demander Escharmonde pour femme, et comme il trahit Orson et le vert chevalier.

Cap. LVIII.—Comme Bellisant et Escharmonde surent la trahison et fausse entreprise du roi Hugon.

Cap. LIX.—Comme Orson et le vert chevalier furent délivrés des prisons du roi de Syrie, et comme le roi Hugon, pour éviter la guerre, se soumit à eux.

Cap. LX.—Comme, au bout de sept ans, Valentin, finit ses jours dans son palais de Constantinople, et écrivit une lettre par laquelle il fut connu.

WITHIN the Grecyan land some time did dwell  
an Emperour, whose name did ffar excell ;  
he tooke to wiffe the Lady B[e]llefaunt,  
4 the only sister to the Kinge of ffrance,  
with whome he liued in pleasure & delight  
vntill *that* ffortune came to worke them spight.

A Greek  
Emperor  
once married  
a French  
Princess,  
Lady Belle-  
faunt.

They lived  
happily till

a lustful  
Bishop

8 ffor within the court a bishoppe<sup>1</sup> there did rest,  
the *which* the Emperour held in great request ;  
his enuious hart itt was soe sore enflamed

tried to  
seduce the  
Empress,

12 vpon the Empresse, *that* gallant dame,  
<sup>2</sup> *that* he wold perswade her many<sup>3</sup> a wile  
her husbands marriage bed for to defile.

and on her  
refusal

16 but shee denyed *that* vnchast request,  
as to her honor did beseeme her best ;  
*which* when the Bishopp saw, away he went  
vntou the Emperour with a fell intent,

accused her  
falsely to the  
Emperor.

20 & then most ffalselye her he did accuse,  
how *that* shee wold his marryage bed abuse ;  
& thervpon he swore the same to proue,  
*which* made her husbands loue in wrath to proue.

24 then the Emperour went to her with speed,  
ffor to accuse her of this shamefull deede.  
and when shee saw how shee was betrayd,

The  
Emperor  
wouldn't  
hear her,  
but banished  
her at once ;

28 her inocency shee began to pleade ;  
but then her husband wold not heare her speake,  
*which* made her hart with sorrow like to breake ;  
but straight the Emperour he gaue command

32 *that* shee shold be banished<sup>4</sup> out of his land.  
but when *that* shee ffrom them did goe,  
before them all shee did reccount<sup>5</sup> her woe,  
& said *that* shee was banished wrongffullye ;

and she  
started with  
one squire  
for France.

36 & soe shee went with sorrow like to dye.  
now is shee gone, but with one Squier alone,  
vnto her brother in ffrance to make her Mone.  
And being come within the realme of ffrance, [page 315

On her way

36 O there beffell a very heauy chance !  
ffor<sup>6</sup> as shee trauelled through a wild fforrest,  
the labor of Childhood did her sore oppresse,

<sup>1</sup> An Archpriest, says the Story Book.  
—P.

<sup>2</sup> That her he *would* persuade with.  
—P.

<sup>3</sup> with many, qu.—P.

<sup>4</sup> banish'd be.—P.

<sup>5</sup> recount.—P.

<sup>6</sup> *all* follows in the MS., marked out.  
—F.



- & more & more her paines increased still  
 40 *that* shee was fforced to rest against her will. she was  
taken in  
labour,  
 now att the lenght her trauell came to end,  
 ffor the Lord 2 children did her send,  
 the *which* were faire & proper boyes indeed, and bore  
two boys.  
 44 *which* made her hart with Ioy for to exceede.  
 but now behold how ffortune gan to Lower,<sup>1</sup>  
 & turned her Ioy to greefe within an hower!  
 ffor why, shee saw an vgly beare as then,  
 48 the *which* was come fforthe of some lothesome den;  
 & when the beare did see her in *that* place,  
 he made towards her with an Egar pace,  
 & ffrom her tooke one of her children small,  
 52 a sight to greeue the mothers hart with-all. carried off  
one of them.  
 but when shee saw her child soe borne away,  
 shee Laid the other downe, & did not stay,  
 & ffollowed itt as ffast as euer shee might;  
 56 but all in vaine! of itt shee lost the sight.  
 but soe itt chanced, att *that* verry tyde  
 the *King* of ffrance did there a hunting ryde;  
 & in the fforrest as he rode vp and downe,  
 60 the other child he ffound vpon the ground.  
 & when he saw the child to be soe faire,  
 to take itt vp he bade his men take care,  
 & keepe itt well as tho itt were his owne,  
 64 vntill the ffather of the child where<sup>2</sup> knowne.  
 the Empresse returned there backe againe,  
 when as shee saw the beare within his den;  
 but when shee saw her other sonne was lost,  
 68 her hart with sorrow then was like to burst.  
 then downe shee sate her with a heauy hart,  
 & wishes<sup>3</sup> death to ease her of her smart;  
 shee wrong her hands with many a sigh full deepe  
 72 *that* wold haue made a fflyntye hart to weepe. A bear  
  
  
She laid the  
other down,  
and ran  
after the  
lost one,  
but couldn't  
find it.  
  
The King of  
France finds  
the boy laid  
down,  
  
and has him  
carried off.  
  
The Empress  
comes back  
for him,  
  
but finds him  
gone.  
Her heart  
nearly  
breaks.

<sup>1</sup> lour.—P.<sup>2</sup> were.—P.<sup>3</sup> wish'd for.—P.

She leaves  
the place,

then shee departed from *that* woefull place,  
& fforth of ffrance shee went away apace ;  
ffor why, as yett shee wold not there be knowen

76 vntill some newes of her young sonnes were shone.<sup>1</sup>

and goes to  
a castle  
for help.

but shee beheld a Castle ffaire & stronge,—<sup>2</sup>  
shee had not trauelled ffrom *that* place not Long,—  
wheratt shee knocket, some succour for to find.

80 but itt ffell out contrary to her mind ;

ffor why, with-in *that* castle dwelt as then

But a giant  
lives there

a monstrous gyant, ffearred of all men,  
who tooke this Ladye into his prison strong,

and puts her  
in prison,

84 & there he kept her ffast in prison long.

but when he saw her lookes to be soe sadd,  
& hauing knowen what sorrowes she had had,  
he kept her close, but he hurt her not ;

but doesn't  
hurt her.

88 & soe shee liued in prison long, god wotte.

The boy the  
bear took  
grows up

the child the *which* the beare had borne away,  
amongst her younge ones was brought vp alway,  
& soe brought vp vntill att length as then

a huge wild  
man,

92 he there became a monstrous huge wild man,

& [d]aylye ranged about the fforrest wilde,  
& did destroy man, woman, beast and child,  
& all things else *which* by his den did passe,

who kills all  
that pass by  
his den.

96 *which* to the country great annoyance was.

The other  
boy is  
christened  
Valentine,

the other child *which* they King<sup>3</sup> had ffound,<sup>4</sup>

he christened was, & valentine was his name ;

& when he grew to be of ripe yeeres,

100 he was beloued both of King and peeres ;

in ffeates off armes he did himselfe advance,

*that* none like him there cold be ffound in ffrance ;

is knighted,  
and is  
valiant.

104 & ffor *that* same, the King did dub him Knight ;

he allwaies was soe vallyant in his fight.

Poor men  
complain of  
the Wild  
Man.

then to the court did many pore men come

to show what hurt the wild man there had done ;

<sup>1</sup> shown.—P.

<sup>2</sup> The *o* and *n* are squeezed together  
in the MS.—F.

<sup>3</sup> the *which* the King.—P.

<sup>4</sup> tane; qu.—P.



- but when the *King* did heare the moane they made,<sup>1</sup>
- 108 he sent fforth men the monster to inuade ;  
but all in vaine ; ffor why, hee crusht them soe  
*that* none of them with-in his reach durst goe.  
Then valentine vnto the *King* did sue [page 316]
- 112 *that* he might goe the Monster to subdue.  
then fforthe he went the Monster ffor to see,  
whom he saw come bearing a younge oke tree ;  
& when the wild man of him had a sight,
- 116 he went vnto him & cast him downe right.  
& when he saw his strenght cold not prevaile,  
he praid to god his purpose might not ffayle ;  
then a poinard presently he drew out,
- 120 & peiret his side, wherwith the blood gusht out.  
but when the wild man did behold his blood,  
he <sup>2</sup> quicklye brought him ffrom his ffuryous mood ;  
then ffrom the fforrest both together went
- 124 towards the Emperour,<sup>3</sup> & with ffull intent  
of [him] desired leaue by sea to sayle  
into an Ile *that* Lyeth in Portingall,  
wheras thé hard <sup>4</sup> with-in a Castle was
- 128 a Ladye ffaire *that* kept a head of brasse,  
the *which* cold tell of any questyon asket.  
& thither came braue valentine att Last ;  
& when *that* they to <sup>5</sup> the castle came,
- 132 they thought ffor to haue entered the same ;  
but itt fell out not vnto their mind,  
because the porters there were much vnkind ;  
ffor why, thé ffound 2 gyants att the gate,
- 136 with [w]home <sup>6</sup> they ffought or they cold in theratt.  
then went they vpp wheras they head did stand ;  
& by itt sate the bewtyous Claramande,

The King  
sends men to  
kill him,

but he kills  
them.

Valentine  
goes to  
subdue him ;

the Wild  
Man knocks  
him down  
with an oak,

but gets  
stabbed in  
return.

Then they  
make it up,  
and ask the  
Emperor  
leave to go  
to an  
island in  
Portingall,

to consult a  
brass head.

They go  
there,

fight two  
giants to  
get in,

see the head  
and fair  
Claramande,

<sup>1</sup> The *m* has one stroke too many in  
the MS.—F.

<sup>2</sup> It.—P.

<sup>3</sup> *King* of Fraunce, qu.—P.

<sup>4</sup> heard.—P.

<sup>5</sup> unto.—P.

<sup>6</sup> whom.—P.

- whom, when the noble valentine did see,  
 140 he swore his hart ffor euer there shold bee.  
 then did shee speake vnto the head of brasse,  
 & bade itt tell whose sonne valentine was,  
 & whom the wild man there shold bee.  
 144 to whom the head gaue answer *presentlye* :  
 “ ffirst be it knowen, he is thy brother deere,  
 & you are both sonnes to the Greycan peere ;  
 & your mother wrongffullye banished was,  
 148 & you were both borne in a wild fforrest ;  
 & *that*<sup>1</sup> by a beare vrsin was nurst vpp,  
 & valentine by<sup>2</sup> his vnckles court ;  
 & your mother lyeth in prison stronge  
 152 with *King* fferagus,<sup>3</sup> where shee hath beene long.  
 alsoe I say, looke vnder vrsines tounge ;  
 there shall you ffind a string both bigg & stronge ;  
 cut *that* in tow, & then his speech shall breake ;  
 156 & this is all ; & I noe more can speake.”  
 then vrsin to his speeche restored was hee,  
 & valentine had CLAREMONDE soe ffree.  
 soe al together<sup>4</sup> on their Iourney went  
 160 towards their mother being in prison pent ;  
 & soe they came vnto the place att Last  
 wheras their mother was in prison ffast ;  
 & him they slew *that* did their mother keepe,  
 164 & soe they brought her out of prison deepe.  
 & when *that* they were al together come,  
 vnto their mother they then made them knowne ;  
 which when shee saw her owne sonnes sett her ffree,  
 168 no ioye to her there might compared bee.  
 then *presentlye* they purpose to take read,<sup>5</sup>  
 into the Land of greece to hye with speed.  
 & when *that* they had many a storme ore past,  
 172 they did arriue with-in *that* Land att last ;

who asks  
the head  
whose son  
Valentine is,  
and who  
the Wild  
Man is.  
The head  
says,  
“ You are  
brothers,  
sons of the  
Greek  
Emperor,

and your  
mother is in  
King  
Ferragus's  
prison.  
Cut the  
string under  
Ursin's  
tongue, and  
he'll speak.”

This is done:

Valentine  
marries  
Clara-  
mande ;

and the  
two sons

kill  
Ferragus,  
and free  
their  
mother.

Then they  
all go to  
Greece,

<sup>1</sup> there.—P.

<sup>2</sup> in.—P.

<sup>3</sup> This is the name of one of the

Charlemagne heroes.—F.

<sup>4</sup> MS. *altogether*, and in l. 165.—F.

<sup>5</sup> counsel.—P.

then on their Iourney towards they court they went, to the Court.  
 & to the Emperour a messenger they sent,  
 to tell him ffreinds of his were comen vpon land,  
 176 & did intreat some ffavor att his hand.  
 when the Emperour was come vnto them there,  
 & knew the woman to be his wiffe most deere,  
 & *that* the other 2 were his owne deare sonnes,  
 180 he then bewailed their happ with bitter moanes,  
 first *that* because his wiffe was wronge exilde,  
 & ffor the greeffe when as shee traueled with child.  
 & soe att lenght, in spight of ffortunes happ,  
 184 they liued in ioy, & ffeard noe after clappe.  
 ffins.

When the  
 Emperour  
 finds his  
 wife  
 and sons,

he bewails  
 their past  
 sufferings;

and they  
 live happily  
 thereafter.

### Sittinge : Late : <sup>1</sup>

THIS piece declares that women will have their own way, and further, that that way will frequently be wanton. It attempts to reconcile husbands to the loss of their supremacy, and their other consequent troubles. The argument is not always thoroughly satisfactory; as, when we are taught that because Paris of Troy got into such trouble for running away with another man's wife, therefore we cannot expect to enjoy any immunity from trouble in respect of our own wives. We cannot, if we would, says the poem, exercise a sufficiently sharp surveillance over them. In all ranks of life they "have their own will;" beggars' wives, and the wives of better men, all elude and mock their husbands. The only place where this is not the rule is Rome, and it is not so there simply because a woman-pope would not let it be so. Thus woman's will reigns supreme everywhere.

But perhaps the only interest this sorry composition possesses is its illustrating *Hudibras* (Part I. canto ii. vv. 545-552):—

Some cried the Covenant, instead  
Of pudding-pies and ginger-bread;  
*And some or brooms, old boots, and shoes,*  
*Bawl'd out to purge the Commons' House;*  
Instead of kitchen-stuff, some cry  
A Gospel-preaching Ministry;  
And some for old suits, coats, or cloak,  
No surplices, nor Service-book:—

and Falstaff's remark on the worthy Justice Shallow, that "a came ever in the rearward of the fashion, and *sung those tunes* to the overscutched huswives *that he heard the carmen whistle*, and sware they were his fancies or his good-nights." Many

<sup>1</sup> A Satire on the Women.—P.

other references to the sibilant powers of the sixteenth and seventeenth century carmen are given by Mr. Chappell, in his *Popular Music of Olden Time*, à propos of the air called "The Carmen's Whistle."

	SITTINGE : late, my selfe alone,	[page 317]	
	to heare the birds sweete harmonye,		I heard a
	one sighed sore with many a grone,		man
4	"my wiffe will still my <i>master</i> bee!"		bewailing
	his sig[h]es eclipsed bright Phebus beames,		that his
	his hart did burne like ætna hill,		wife would
	his teares like Nilus flowing streames, <sup>1</sup>		be his
8	his cryes did peirce the Eccho shrill.		master ;
	with <i>that</i> I drew my eare aside		
	to heare him thus complaine of ill ;		he wept, and
	his greefe & mind were both a-like,		cried shrilly,
12	<i>that</i> ginnye <sup>2</sup> his filly wold haue her owne will.		
	The <i>King</i> of Sirya mad a law,		and said his
	<i>that</i> euery <sup>3</sup> man with-in his land,		filly would
	<i>that</i> he shold lordlye keepe in awe		have her
16	his wiffe, & those <i>that</i> did with-stand.		will.
	<i>which</i> acte is cleane gone out of mind		
	of all degrees, & will be still ;		Men won't
	pore silly husbands are soe kind,		keep the
20	they let their wiues haue their owne will.		King of
			Syria's law,
	When Princely Paris, pride of Troye,		that men
	had stolen away <i>King</i> Menelaus wiffe,		shall keep
10	yeeres of warr was all his Ioy,		their wives
24	& afterwards bereaued of liffe.		in order.
	by this wee see <i>that</i> <i>Kings</i> are tyed,		
	as well as subiects, to much ill ;		Paris got
	why shold wee poore men thinke itt scorne		
28	to let our wiues haue their owne will ?		ten years
			war and his
			death for
			stealing his
			wife.
			If then kings
			get into
			trouble,

<sup>1</sup> *streans* in the MS.—F.<sup>2</sup> MS. may be *grimye*.—F.<sup>3</sup> fo<sup>r</sup> every.—P.

- All *that* lookes blacke, diggs not ffor coles ;  
 how shold our chymneys then be swept ?  
 & he *that* thinkes to Iumpe ore Powles,<sup>1</sup>  
 32 may once a yeare be well out leapte ;  
 ffor vulcan wore a head of horne <sup>2</sup>  
 when least misprision was of ill.  
 lett no man liuing thinke itt scorne  
 36 to let his wiffe haue her owne will !
- and Gods do  
 so too,  
 don't let us  
 mind about  
 letting our  
 wives have  
 their own  
 way.
- But shee *that* lues by nille<sup>3</sup> & tape,  
 & with her bagge & lucett<sup>4</sup> beggs,  
 oft makes her husband many a scape<sup>5</sup>  
 40 although shee goes in simple raggs ;  
 ffor hungry doggs will alwayes range,  
 & vnsauory meate will staunch their fill ;  
 & they *that* take delight in change  
 44 will, Nolens Volens, haue their owne will.
- Even  
 beggar-  
 women  
 get their  
 husbands  
 into scrapes ;
- But he *that* goes ffrom dore to dore,  
 & cryes " old buskins ffor new broome ;"  
 althoe his liuing be but poore,  
 48 another must supply his roome.  
 " old bootes & buskins ffor new broome !  
 come buy, ffaire maids, & take *your* fill !  
 there are no Cucholds made att Roome ;  
 52 Pope Ione hath sett itt downe by will."
- and if a man  
 goes out,  
 his place  
 must be  
 supplied.  
 (But there  
 are no  
 cuckolds in  
 Rome.)

<sup>1</sup> Powles, *i. e.* St. Paul's.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Note <sup>2</sup> in *Brand's Popular Antiquities*, ed. 1841, vol. ii. p. 126, col. 1, says, "In 'Paradoxical Assertions and Philosophical Problems, by R. H. 8vo. Lond. 1664, p. 5, 'Why Cuckolds are said to wear Horns?' we read: 'Is not this monster said to wear the Horns because other Men with their two forefingers point and *make Horns* at him?' " "*Cuck-old*. Cuckolled, treated in the way that

the cuckow (Lat. *cuculus*) serves other birds, viz. by laying an egg in their nest." Wedgwood.—F.

<sup>3</sup> MS. *iulle*, but as the dot over the *i* is very often misplaced in the MS. and *nill* means *needle*, I print *nille*.—F.

<sup>4</sup> perhaps budget.—P. Fr. *lucet* or *luchet* is a spade.—F.

<sup>5</sup> 1. A misdemeanour . . . 3. A trick, shift, or evasion. Halliwell.—F.

The Carman whistles vp & downe ;  
 another cryes " will you buy any blacke <sup>1</sup> ? "  
 the cuntryman is held a clowne,  
 56 when better men haue greater lacke.  
 thus whiles they cards are shuffled about,  
 the knaue will in the decke <sup>2</sup> lye still ;  
 & if all secretts were found out,  
 60 I doubt a number wold want their will.

It's well  
 that all  
 wives'  
 secrets  
 are not  
 known.

ffins.

<sup>1</sup> ? Fr. *noir*, blacking, or *pierre noire*, or mourning.—F.  
 Black Oaker, or the blacke marking-  
 stone.—Cotgrave. It can't mean soot

<sup>2</sup> A pack of cards. Halliwell.—F.



**Libius : Disconius : <sup>1</sup>**

[In nine Parts.—P.]

PERCY thought so well of the plot of this Romance that he chose it for analysis in his *Reliques* (v. iii. p. xii.—xvi. ed. 1765). Speaking of “these old poetical Legends,” he says, “it will be proper to give at least one specimen of their skill [that is, the skill of the writers of them], in distributing and conducting their fable, by which it will be seen that nature and common sense had supplied in these old simple bards the want of critical art, and taught them some of the most essential rules of Epic Poetry. I shall select the Romance of LIBIUS DISCONIUS, as being one of those mentioned by Chaucer, and either shorter or more intelligible than the others he has quoted.<sup>2</sup> If an Epic Poem may be defined, ‘<sup>3</sup> A fable related by a poet, to excite admiration and inspire virtue, by representing the action of some one heroe, favoured by heaven, who executes a great design, spite of all the obstacles that oppose him :’ I know not why we should withhold the name of EPIC POEM from the piece which I am about to analyse.”

<sup>1</sup> This Piece may be considered perhaps as one of the first rude Attempts towards the Epic or Narrative Poem in Europe since the Roman Times. [See v. i. p. 417, l. 4.] Nor is it deffective [*so*] in the most essential Parts of Epic Poetry. The Hero is one. The great action to which every thing tends is one: there is little interruption of episode; & it [b]egins nearer the [E]vent than most of that age.—P.

This appears to be more ancient than the Time of Chaucer. See The Rhyme of Sir Thopas quoted below,

St. 22<sup>d</sup>.—P.

N.B. The Rhyme of Sir Thopas seems to be intended in Imitation of this old Piece. N.B. This is a translation from the French. Vid. p. 327, st. 15 [of MS. p. 441, l. 706 here].—P

<sup>2</sup> Men speken of Romaunces of Price,  
Of Horne-Child and Ipotis,  
Of Bevis and Sir Guy,  
Of Sir Libeaux and Blandamoure,  
But Sir Thopas bereth the floure  
Of riall chevallrie.—*Rel.* iii. p. viii.

<sup>3</sup> Vide “Discours sur la Poésie Epique,” prefixed to TÉLÉMAQUE.—P.

The Bishop then gives a sketch of each of the nine Parts of the Romance, and winds up with, "Such is the fable of this ancient piece : which the reader may observe, is as regular in its conduct as any of the finest poems of classical antiquity. If the execution, particularly as to the diction and sentiments, were but equal to the plan, it would be a capital performance ; but this is such as might be expected in rude and ignorant times, and in a barbarous unpolished language." Poor times ! Why hadn't you a bishop with a blacking-brush to make you shine ?

The subject of the story is one that, told in the language and clothed with the feelings of each successive age, can never fail to interest that age at least,—the adventures of a young unknown man on his dangerous road from poverty to success in life, from nameless obscurity to rank and fame, from the consciousness of power existing only in the youth's own brain, to the full manifestation of that power, in the sight and with the applause of all beholders, who rejoice to see it receive its fitting reward.

In the present instance, Lybius comes from his mother's apron-strings, not knowing his father (he is Gawain's bastard <sup>1</sup>) to Arthur's court. He asks for knighthood, and the first adventure that comes in. He gets both ; and his task is to free the Lady of Sinadowne from prison. Though scorned for his youth by her messengers, he conquers, one after another, thirteen formidable opponents, of whom the first nine are Sir William de la Braunch, his three cousins, two giants, Sir Gefferon, Sir Otes de Lisle, and the Giant Mangys. A more insidious foe is behind, the sorceress of the Golden Isle, whom our hero has rescued from Mangys. For a year she keeps him from fulfilling his task ; but at last he breaks

<sup>1</sup> That story of rising from an obscure beginning is a very common one in mediæval literature, and belongs to a principle of mediæval sentiment, that noble blood was never lost, (bastardy was considered no real stain ; ) and that if a knight, for instance, met with a woman in a wood, and got her with child, how-

ever ignoble the woman, or however low the circumstances under which the child received its first nurture, the blood it had received from the father would inevitably urge it onward till it reached its natural station. There are stories illustrating this feeling in all its forms. —T. Wright.

away from her, and goes to Sinadowne. There he conquers one knight, Sir Lambers, and then two necromancers who have turned the Lady of Sinadowne into a serpent. The serpent kisses him, and at the kiss turns into a lovely princess, who offers him herself and her lands. He accepts both, marries the Lady, and carries her off to King Arthur's court.

The English Romance was first printed by Ritson from the Cotton MS. Caligula A. ii. This text refers several times to its original, "the Frensch tale" (l. 2122, *Ritson*, ii. 90; l. 222, *ib.* 10, &c.). On this, Ritson remarked, "The French original is unknown," ii. 253. The same statement continued true for many a year. Like the original of *Sir Generides* (which I edited from Mr. Tollemache's MS. for Mr. Gibbs as his gift-book to the Roxburghe Club in 1865, and the French of which is still to seek), the original of *Lybeaus Disconus* could not be found. But a lucky purchase by one of our subscribers, the Duc d'Aumale, of a MS. volume of French poems, and a luckier placing by him of it in the hands of Professor Hippeau of Caen in 1855, led to the discovery of the long-hidden French Romance, *Li Biaus Desconneus*, and also the name of its writer, RENALS DE BIAUJU, or,—as M. Hippeau modernises it,—RENAULD DE BEAUJEU. In 1860 M. Hippeau published the poem as *Le Bel Inconnu*, dating its writer as of the thirteenth century. It is not certain that De Biauju's text is the one that the English translators or adapters worked from; for in the two passages above referred to, where the English text refers to the French tale as the authority for its statements, De Biauju's text contains no such statements. But that is not conclusive, for we know that our English versifiers were seldom translators only: like our modern playwrights, they treated their French (or French-writing) originals with great freedom, cut out what they didn't want, altered what they didn't like, and put in incidents at discretion. As one instance, take Robert of Brunne's treatment of William of

Wadington's *Manuel des Pechiez*, detailed in my preface to the *Handlyng Synne*. De Biauju's text *may* have given rise to some lost later version which the English adapters handled ; but I see no reason why the early French text which M. Hippeau has printed may not have been before our early men. The motive is the same in both stories, and the chief incidents are the same, though in one—the way in which the Fairy of the Golden Isle, or *La Damoiselle as Blances Mains*, is represented, and the latter part of the story told—they differ markedly. And as in this part of the French poem M. Hippeau finds the original of part of the story of Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata*, it may be as well to give M. Hippeau's abstract, remembering that the English version makes the lady a mere sorceress who detains Lybius twelve months from pursuing the task that he had vowed to accomplish, and then appears no more in the story. The French text makes her keep him only a day before he has freed the Lady of Sinadowne ; but after he has done this, and she has offered herself and her lands to him, De Biauju introduces the Fairy again—the English text saying nothing of her—and makes Lybius halt at the Lady of Sinadowne's offer thus :

The offer is tempting ; but the laws of chivalry are opposed to his pledging his troth without having received the authorisation of King Arthur. All the barons of the *pays de Galles* arrive at the *Cité Gastée* ; bishops and abbots also come to purify by their pious ceremonies and their processions the places over which the infernal spirits have cast a spell ; and, before all her baronage, *Blonde Esmerée* declares that she has decided on taking Giglain as her spouse. A deputation of lords goes to him, and the knight still answers to the long request addressed to him, that he can do nothing without the consent of King Arthur. It is the king who, in granting the princess the help of one of his knights, has the right to all his gratitude. She ought then to go to his court, with all her barons, to thank him.

The queen prepares to set out, in the sweet anticipation that the valorous knight will accompany her in her journey. But widely different feelings now move *le Bel Inconnu*. He cannot drive from his heart the recollection of the beautiful fairy of the *Ile d'Or*.



The description of this unconquerable passion occupies a large space in the story of our trouvère. He finds happy expressions to describe those torments of love which he appears, from the frequent reference he makes to himself, to know only too well. Readers will be astonished to see with what pliancy the language of the thirteenth century lent itself to the developement of the most delicate shades of feeling. Giglain knows not at what point to stop. He dares not return to the *Ile d'Or*, which he left so abruptly ; he cannot, on the other hand, drive away the too seductive image which besieges him night and day. The advice of Robert, his faithful squire, decides him on letting the daughter of the king of *Galles* set out alone. She parts from him with the sadness of resignation, and he sets out for the *Ile d'Or*. But there his perplexities begin again. Shall he go and present himself to the woman whose love he has seemed to disdain ? He weeps, he laments, he is grievously distressed. But happily Robert is always at his side : he has much more confidence than his master in the kindly feelings of the fairy. She wanted to keep him, she was angry at his going, she will then see him again with joy.

At length the dreaded interview takes place. Having reached the magnificent fruit-garden (*verger*), which leads to the palace of the *Ile d'Or*, a delightful garden which contains all of most perfect that God has created upon earth, Giglain and his companion perceive the Fairy of the White Hands (*fée aux blanches mains*), and the former at once directs his steps towards her. The fairy receives him with an appearance of anger, which soon vanishes under the tender protestations of love with which Giglain accompanies the explanations that he gives her. She asks nothing better than to forgive him, and she conducts the happy knight into her castle.

If the passion of Giglain was violent when he was far from the Fairy of the Golden Isle, how can he resist it when he finds himself in the middle of her palace, where all the attendants, keeping discreetly at a distance, soon leave him alone with her ?

We are, you will perceive, in the midst of the palace of Armida. The situation of our knight in this charming abode, recalls, in fact, quite naturally, that which made Rinaldo forget, in the bosom of the delights in which an enchantress held him, his most sacred duties and the glory of combat. How, and by means of what changes, have the adventures of Giglain in the castle of the Golden Isle become one of the most interesting episodes of the *Gerusalemme Liberata* ?<sup>1</sup> It is

<sup>1</sup> On *La Dame d'Amore* of the Cotton text (and ours, p. 470, l. 1508), Ritson observes, v. ii. p. 263, " This lady bears a strong resemblance to the no less

a study which would require long unfoldings (*développements*), and which we may try elsewhere when we have to occupy ourselves with the translations or imitations of which the poems of our trouvères have been the object among the different nations of Europe.

However that may be, we shall only follow with reserve the French poet in this part of his story, where he indulges a little too much, like his brethren of the same epoch, in the descriptive style. The fairy would not have been a woman if, notwithstanding her tenderness for *le Bel Inconnu*, she had completely forgotten the insult done to her charms, however honourable might have been the cause which took him the first time from the Golden Isle. She forgives him, but only after having revenged herself slightly. It is not in vain that he inhabits an enchanted palace. During the night he is twice a prey to a frightful illusion. He wakes and starts up; he seems to be bearing on his head the whole roof of the hall; he calls to his help all the attendants of the fairy. They run to him and find him struggling with his pillow, which is over his head. The second time, he gets out of bed and arrives at a torrent, which he crosses on a narrow plank; terror seizes him; he thinks that the quivering waves draw him in; he clings to the plank with all his might, and then calls the whole house to his help. They find him grasping with his two hands a sparrow-hawk's perch.

The Lady of the Golden Isle thinks him sufficiently punished. We will here leave our author a second time to add, to his glory, that we find again in his poem the means employed by the Italian poet to snatch his hero from the seductions of Armida.

We left the daughter of the king of *Galles* journeying but joylessly towards King Arthur's court. She there experiences a reception worthy of her; all the knights share her grief when she informs them that the warrior to whom she owes her deliverance, has not accompanied her, and that she knows not whither he has directed his steps.

Arthur knows well how to bring back to him the most illustrious of the knights of the Round Table. He has a grand tournament proclaimed all over the country. One day two players (*jongleurs*) present themselves at the castle of the Golden Isle, and penetrate even to *le Bel Inconnu*. They announce to him the feast of arms prepared by King Arthur. At this news, Giglain hesitates not an instant; he forgets his love, to think only of glory. In vain does

magical than beautiful fairys, the Calypso of Homer, and the Alcina of Ariosto; both of whom detain'd Ulysses and Rogero in the manner *la dame d'amore* here treats Lybeaus."

the beautiful fairy try to hold him back. She knows beforehand, in her double quality of woman and fairy, that the love of the handsome knight cannot be eternal. She has had to prepare herself long since to lose him. I like better, I declare, the jealous fury of Armida than the easy resignation of the Fairy of the White Hands.

At break of day, Giglain, who had gone to bed the night before in the palace of the Golden Isle, wakes and finds at his side his horse and his squire Robert, in the middle of a dark forest, whither the all-power of the fairy had transported him. Though he is a little surprised at what has happened, he takes his fate bravely, and sets forward without delay towards the place assigned as the rendezvous of the paladins (adventure-seeking heroes) who are to take part in the tourney.

Though the narratives which have as their subject these brilliant jousts are generally the parts treated by the authors of our poems with a partiality justified by the desire of pleasing the noble lords for whom they wrote, it would be difficult to find a tournament which could sustain comparison with that of *Valedon*. Walter Scott would seem<sup>1</sup> to have been inspired by it in his account of the famous passage of arms at Ashby. It is needless to say that all the honour of the day belongs to *le Bel Inconnu*. The heat of the battle has dissipated the last vestiges of his love for the Fairy of the White Hands. Having married the princess of *Galles*, he delays not to go and take possession of the crown which so many high deeds have rendered him worthy of.

All this tantalising of the Lady of Sinadowne, keeping her waiting for her lover after she had been so many years serpentised or wivernised by the two necromancers, the English adapter has thought unfair, and cut out. Must not we sympathise with him? What should we have said to Mr. Tennyson if he had kept *The Sleeping Beauty* waiting a year for her husband after she had been kissed? Voted him a hard-hearted Frenchman, clearly. But of course he has done nothing so wrong. Well, besides this, the adapter has, as remarked in the notes, cut out all about Renals de Biauju's own lady-love, for whom he composed the poem—had the poor Englishman no sweetheart?—all about

<sup>1</sup> As he died in 1832, and the French Romance was not published till 1860, there is some difficulty in this *semblerait s'en être inspiré*.



*Robers*, Lybius's squire, an important personage in the French Romance; and all about the French tale of the Falcon (though the English Part IV. may be taken to represent this), &c. &c.

On the other hand, the adapter introduces a fresh Part (IV.) into the English text; puts in the incident of Lybius's diving down at a knight and slicing his head off (p. 492) as a sort of refresher before encountering the necromantic perils of the Castle of Sinadowne; and also alters the place of the adventure with Sir William de la Braunch's (or Bliobleris's) three cousins, putting it before, instead of after, the fight with the two giants (p. 433-7, and p. 438-41), besides many minor variations. The telling of the story varies all through; but so far as I can judge, the original French of De Biauju is a far better piece of work than that of any of his adapters.

Of English MSS. of *Lybius* I know only five: the Cotton Caligula A ii., printed by Ritson and M. Hippeau; the fragment in the Lincoln's Inn MS. 150; the Lambeth MS. 306; our Percy folio, and the Ashmole MS. 61, leaf 38, back, of which Mr. Coxe, Bodley Librarian, has just told me. Of these I judge the Lincoln's Inn vellum one to be the oldest, both in writing (ab. 1430-40 A.D.), and in its preservation of the early double vowel for the later single one, *þeo*, *seopþe*, *heold*, *feol*. The paper Cotton MS. comes next (ab. 1460 A.D.); third, the Ashmole 61, on paper, written towards the end of the 15th century, says Mr. Coxe, containing 2200 lines more or less, and beginning "Ihesu Cryst owre Sauyowre"; then the Lambeth one, also on paper (? about 1480 A.D.), and lastly the Percy. The Cotton text is interesting on account of its changes of *d* and *th*<sup>1</sup>, which I suppose to be of Berkshire origin,—if one may judge from

<sup>1</sup> The *d* is substituted for *th* in the following, among other instances:—*durstede*, thirsted, l. 1336; *durste*, thirst, l. 1343; *clodide*, clothed, l. 1407; *yclodeth*, clothed, l. 1776; *dydyr*, thither, l. 1668; but *thyder*, l. 2082; *dare*, there, l. 1870;

*de*, thee, l. 673. On the other hand, *th* is put for *d*, in *unther*, under, l. 1039, l. 1002, l. 1191; *thoghtyer*, doughtier, l. 1091; but *doghty*, l. 1578, and *thoughty*, l. 1851; *thcer*, deer, l. 1133; *there*, dearly, l. 1158; *thorcs*, doors,

Mr. Tom Hughes's books,—or some county near.<sup>1</sup> The infinitive in *y* also shows that the text is Southern<sup>2</sup>: *army*, arm, l. 216; *justy*, joust, l. 909, l. 951, but *juste*, l. 1542; *schewy*, show, l. 746; *spendy*, spend, l. 986, &c.

Grateful as I feel to M. Hippeau for his discovery and printing of the French text, I owe him a slight grudge for describing "l'auteur du *Canterbury Tales*" as "le poétique traducteur de nos trouvères," and therefore note that his print of the Cotton MS. is full of those mistakes that "a remarkably intelligent foreigner" would naturally make, *u* for *n*, and *n* for *u*, &c.<sup>3</sup>; to say nothing of other forms like *pryue* for þryue, thrive; *kepte* for lepte, l. 2039; *be* for he, l. 1388; *thogh tyer* for thoghtyer, doughtier, l. 1091; *he* for here, her, l. 887; *gwych* for swych, such, l. 712; *Sweyn* for Eweyn, l. 219; *lymest*, for lyme &, lime and, l. 713.

It may look rather spiteful to print these things, but editors are bound to consider the language they study rather than other editors' feelings; and with the full conviction that I invite similar treatment for the French as well as the English texts I have edited and may edit, and that in all there are and will be mistakes,<sup>4</sup> I hold it best to point out the misreadings in Early English that come across me, for the sake of the language and

l. 1705; *tho*, do, l. 531, &c., and in many other places. I just copy the few that I noted years ago on a blank leaf, when reading part of M. Hippeau's edition.

<sup>1</sup> Probably Dorsetshire. I heard *drow* for *throw* near Weymouth this autumn, and Mr. Barnes says in his *Grammar and Glossary of the Dorset Dialect*, 1863, p. 16, "*Th* of the English sometimes, and mostly before *r*, becomes *d*, as *drow* for *throw*. Conversely, *th* (ð) is substituted in Dorset for the English *d*, as *blaðer*, a bladder, *laðer*, a ladder." Mr. Hughes says he does not remember hearing this *th* and *d* change in Berkshire.

<sup>2</sup> "In the Dorset the verb takes *y* only when it is absolute, and never with an accusative case. We may say, 'Can ye

zewy?' but never, 'Wull ye zewy up theāse zēam?'"—*Barnes*, p. 28.

<sup>3</sup> *deutes* for *dentes*, l. 1304; *fou* for *fon*, *foes*, l. 1530, l. 1950; *sauugh* for *saun3*, Fr. *sans*, without l. 1860 [In þat felde saun3 fayle. MS. leaf 55, back, col. 1, line 18. See the last lines of the pieces in note, p. 413]; *han* for *han*, *have*, l. 1263; *woueth* for *woneth*, *dwells*, l. 657; *gau* for *gan*, *did*, l. 343; *descryne* for *descryue*, *describe*, l. 1330, l. 1428; *honede* for *houede*, *halted*, l. 1562; *kenere* for *keuere*, *recover*, l. 1983; *leude* for *leuede*, *lived*, l. 2125.

<sup>4</sup> Claude Platin's confession, "*mon ignorance, laquelle n'est pas petite*" (page 415 here), is the motto for many of us, adding carelessness.

its students. But to return from this digression; the Lambeth MS. is in "The Wright's Chaste Wife" volume, and seems to be a later copy of a text like the Cotton. Some readings from it are given in the notes from Mr. Warwick King's transcript of it for the Early English Text Society. By way of exhibiting some of the differences of the five English texts, I put beside the first bit of the Lincoln's Inn fragment the passages corresponding to it in the other MSS.,<sup>1</sup> and at the end of the Romance as

<sup>1</sup> *Lincoln's Inn MS. 150, Art. 1,*  
*faded, begins.*

þan sir libeus ran  
þar Manges scheld lay,  
And vp he con hit fange:  
fast he ran to him,  
And smot him wiþ mayn,  
And other gon asa[ile.]  
vnto þeo day was dyme ..  
Bysyde þeo water  
þeo kynges heold bataile.  
Libeus was warryour wyzt,  
And ʒaf a strok of myzt  
þowwʒ gepoun [?] plate and maile,  
þoruʒ his scholdur bon,  
þat his ryzt arm anon  
feol in þeo feld saunfaile.

*MS. Lambeth 306, leaf 94, back.*  
Than lybeous ranne aw-waye  
There Mangis shelde laye,  
And vp he gañ hit fange,  
And ran a-gayne to hym.  
With strokys sharpe and gryme  
Eyther other ganne assayle.  
Till the day was dyme,  
Vpon the watir brym  
By-twene hem was bataylle.  
Lybeous was werreour wight,  
And smote a stroke of myght  
Throwe Iepowne, plate, and mayle,  
Thorowe the shulderbone,  
That his Right Arme A-none [leaf 95]  
Ffell in the felde saunce fayle.

*Ashmole MS. 61, leaf 52.*

Than lybeus ranne A-wey  
There magus scheld ley,  
And vp he gane it fonge;  
And libeus ranne to hym A-ʒene, [leaf 52<sup>b</sup>]  
And smote hym with meyne;  
Aythere oper gane A-seyle.  
To þe dey was dymme,  
Be-syde þe water brymme

*Cot. Calig. A. ii. leaf 50, col. 1.*  
þanne lybeauus ran away  
þere þat mangys scheld lay,  
And vp he gan hyt fonge,  
And Ran a-gayn to hym. [col. 2]  
With strokes strout & grym  
To-gydere þey gonne a-sayle.  
Be-syde þat ryuere brym,  
Tylle hyt derkede dym,  
Be-twene hem was batayle.  
Lybeauus was werroure wyzt,  
And smot a strok of myzt  
þoruʒ gypelle, plate, & maylle,  
Forþ with þe scholdere bon,  
Mangys arm fylle of a-noon  
In-to þe feld saunʒ fayle.

*Percy Folio, p. 337.*  
then Sir Lybius rann away  
thither were Mangis sheild Lay;  
& vp he can itt gett,  
& ran againe to him,  
with stroakes great and grim  
together they did assayle;  
there beside the watter brimne  
till it vaxed wonderous drimn,  
betweene them lasted that battell.  
Sir Lybius was warryour wight,  
& smote a stroke of much might;  
through hawberke, plate and maile,  
hee smote of by the shoolder bone  
his right arme soone and anon  
into the ffeild with-out ffaile.

The knyghtes held bateyle.  
Syre libeus was weryoure wyzt,  
And gaue strokes of myzt  
Througt plate and male,  
And throw his schulder bone,  
That hys ryght Arme Anone  
Fell in þe feld with-outen feyle.

printed here, p. 497, will be found the endings of the Lincoln's Inn, Cotton, Lambeth, and Ashmole texts, for further contrast with the language of the Percy folio. I have not had time to collate them throughout, and Mr. Brock, who began the collation with the Cotton MS., soon gave it up as involving too much time and trouble for an adequate result, the second volume of Ritson being easily accessible to all readers.

Ritson says that this Romance

was certainly printed before the year 1600, being mention'd by the name of "*Libbius*," in "Vertues common wealth : or The highway to honour," by Henry Crosse, publish'd in that year; and is even alluded to by Skelton, who dye'd in 1529 :

And of sir *Libius* named *Disconius*. . . .

A story similar to that which forms the principal subject of the present poem may be found in the "Voiage and travaile of sir John Maundeville" (London, 1725, 8vo. P. 28). It, likewise, by some means, has made its way into a pretendedly ancient Northumbrian ballad intitle'd "The laidly worm of Spindleston-heugh," written, in reality, by Robert Lambe, vicar of Norham, authour of *The history of chess*, &c., who had, however, hear'd some old stanzas, of which he avail'd himself, sung by a maid-servant. The remote original of all these storys was, probabably, much older than the time of Herodotus, by whom it is relateëd (*Urania*).

In French there was a prose translation of a Spanish romance mixing up a Charlemagnian hero with our Arthurian Gyngelayn, printed in 1530, which Brunet (ed. 1814) enters thus :

GIGLAN (l'histoire de), fils de messire Gauvain, qui fut roi de Galles ; et de Geoffroy de Mayence, son compaignon : translaté d'espaignol en françois par Claude Platin, *Lyon, Cl. Nourry*, 1530, in-4. goth. fig.

This is, says M. Hippeau, a fairly correct reproduction of the French *Li Biaus Desconneus*, "sauf quelques additions peu heureuses." His extract from Claude Platin's prologue is so pretty that I give it here :

Pour éviter oysiveté, mère et nourrice des vices, et aussi pour complaire à tous ceulx qui prennent plaisir à lire et à ouyr lire les livres des anciens, qui ont vescu si vertueusement en leur temps,

que la renommée en sera jusques à la fin du siècle, lesquelles œuvres vertueuses doivent esmouvoir les cueurs des humains de les ensuyvir en vertus en haultz faitz, moi FRÈRE CLAUDE PLATIN, humble religieux de l'ordre monseigneur saint Anthoine, ung jour, en une petite librairie où j'estoye, trouvay un gros livre de parchemin bien vieil, escript en rime espaignole, assez difficile à entendre, auquel trouvay une petite hystoire laaquelle me sembla bien plaisante, qui parloit de deux nobles chevaliers qui furent du temps du noble roi Artus et des nobles chevaliers de la Table-Ronde. . . J'ay donc voulu translater la dicte hystoire de cette rime espaignole, en prose francoyse, au moins mal que j'ay peu, selon mon petit entendement, à celle fin que plus facilement peust estre entendue de ceulx qui prendront plaisir à la lire ou ouyr lire : ausquelz je prie que les faultes qui y seront trouvées, ils les vueillent corriger, et excuser mon ignorance, laquelle n'est pas petite ; et aussi de ne se arrester ausdictes faultes, mais s'il y a riens de bon, qu'ilz en facent leur prouffit.

With what better commendation to the reader can I close this rambling Introduction, or leave him to study the poem of "The Fayre Unknown"?

<sup>1</sup> IESUS christ, Christen Kinge, <sup>2</sup> & his mother <i>that</i> sweete thing, <sup>3</sup> helpe them att their neede <sup>4</sup> <i>that</i> will listen to my tale! of a knight I will you tell, <sup>4</sup> a doughtye man of deede,	Christ and Mary  help my hearers!  I'll tell you
---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	--------------------------------------------------------------------

<sup>1</sup> The Romance in the Cotton MS. Caligula A ii. begins thus:

INCIPIT LYBEAUS DISCONIUS.

¶ Ihesu cryst oure sauyoure,  
 And hys modyr þat swete flowre,  
 Helpe hem at here nede  
 þat harkeneth of a conqueroure,  
 Wys of wytte, & whyzt werroure,  
 And douzty man yn dede.

Hys name was called Geynleyn ;  
 Be-yete he was of syr Gaweyn  
 Be a forest syde.  
 Of stoutere knyzt & profytable

With artoure of þe Rounde table,  
 Ne herde ye neuer Rede.

¶ þys Gynleyn was fayre of syzt,  
 Gentylle of body, of face bryzt,  
 Alle bastard zef he were.  
 Hys modyr kepte hym yn clos  
 For douute of wykkede loos,  
 As douzty chyld & dere.—F.

<sup>2</sup> oure sauyoure.—C.

<sup>3</sup> flowre.—C.

<sup>4</sup> þat harkeneth of a conqueroure  
 wys of wytte & whyzt werroure.—C.



of Ginglaine,  
bastard son  
of Sir  
Gawaine.

his name was cleped <sup>1</sup> Ginglaine ;  
8 gotten he was of Sir Gawaine  
vnder a fforrest side ;  
a better <sup>2</sup> knight without ffable,<sup>3</sup>  
With Arthur att the round table,  
12 yee heard neuer of read.

[page 318]

His mother  
tried to  
prevent him  
seeing a  
knight,

Gingglaine was ffaire & bright,<sup>4</sup>  
an hardyc man and a wight,<sup>5</sup>  
bastard thoe hee were.  
16 <sup>6</sup> his mother kept him with all her might,  
ffor he shold not of noe armed *Knight*  
haue a sight in noe mannere.

because he  
was savage.

but he was soe sauage,  
20 & lightlye wold doe outrage  
to his ffellowes in ffere.<sup>6</sup>  
his mother kept him close  
ffor dread <sup>7</sup> of wicked losse,  
24 as hend <sup>8</sup> child and deere.

His mother  
called him  
Beaufise  
because he  
was  
handsome.

ffor <sup>9</sup> hee was soe ffaire & wise,<sup>10</sup>  
his mother cleped him beufise,<sup>11</sup>  
& none other name ;  
28 & himselfe was not soe wise <sup>12</sup>  
*that* hee asked not I-wis  
what hee hight <sup>13</sup> of his dame.

One day

soe itt beffell vpon a day  
32 Gingglaine <sup>14</sup> went to play,

<sup>1</sup> called.—C.

<sup>2</sup> stouter.—C.

<sup>3</sup> & *profytable*.—C.

<sup>4</sup> of *syzt*.—C.

<sup>5</sup> *Gentylle* of body, of face *bryzt*.—C.

<sup>6-8</sup> *From his to ffere omitted in C.*—F.

<sup>7</sup> *douute*.—C.

<sup>8</sup> *doujty*.—C.

<sup>9</sup> [And] *for*, i.e. *because*.—P.

<sup>10</sup> *And fore loue of hys fayre vyys.*  
—C.

<sup>11</sup> *Beau-vise*.—P. *bewfis*.—C.

<sup>12</sup> *was fuller nys*.—C.

<sup>13</sup> *what he was called ; what his Name*  
*was.* See St. 11.—P.

<sup>14</sup> *To wode he*.—C.



- wild deere to hunt ffor game ;  
 & as he went ouer the Lay,  
 he spyed a knight was stout & gay,  
 36 *that* soone he made ffull tame.<sup>1</sup>
- then he did on <sup>2</sup> *that* *Knights* weede,  
 & himselfe therin yeede,<sup>3</sup>  
 into *that* rich armour ;  
 40 & when he had done *that* deede,  
 to Glasenbury swithe <sup>4</sup> hee yeede,  
 there Lay *King* Arthur.  
 & when he came into the hall  
 44 amonge the Lords and Ladyes all,  
 he grett <sup>5</sup> them with honore,  
 And said, "*King* Arthur, my Lord ! <sup>6</sup>  
 suffer me to speake a word,  
 48 I pray you *par* amoure <sup>7</sup> :
- <sup>8</sup> " I am a child vncouthe ;  
 come I am out of the south,  
 & wold be made a knight.  
 52 14 yeere old I am,  
 & of warre well I cann,  
 therfore grant me my right."  
 then said Arthur the *King* strong  
 56 to the child *that* was soe younge,<sup>9</sup>

he sees a  
knight,  
kills him,

puts on his  
armour,  
goes to  
Glaston-  
bury, to  
King  
Arthur,

and asks  
Arthur

to knight  
him, as he's  
fourteen,  
and can  
fight.

Arthur

<sup>1</sup> The Cotton MS. reads :

He fond a knyzt, whare he lay,  
In armes *pat* were stout & gay,  
I-sclayne & made fulle tame.—F.

<sup>2</sup> *pat* chyld dede of.—C.

<sup>3</sup> And anon he gan hym schrede.—C.

<sup>4</sup> prompte, Jun.—P.

<sup>5</sup> did greet.—P.

<sup>6</sup> Mais cil li dist : " Ains m'escoutés.  
Artu, venus sui à ta cort ;  
Car n'i faura, comment qu'il cort,  
Del premier don que je querrai :

Aurai-le je, u le j' faurai ?  
Donne-le moi et n'i penser  
Tant esprendre ; ne l' dois véer."  
" Je le vos dons : ce dist li rois."

*Le Bel Inconnu*, l. 82-9, p. 4.

<sup>7</sup> *par*-amour, or perhaps *pour* amour ;  
it is not here a compound word, signi-  
fying *Mistress* ; but is a Phrase equiva-  
lent to that [in] St. 14, lin. 3.—P.

<sup>8</sup> This stanza is omitted in C. The  
Lambeth MS. 306 has it.—F.

<sup>9</sup> A-noon *without*e any dwellyng.—C.

asks him his  
name.

“tell me what thou hight<sup>1</sup>;  
for neuer sithe I was borne  
sawe I neuer heere before<sup>2</sup>  
60 noe child soe ffaire of sight.”

Ginglaine  
says he  
doesn't  
know,

the child said, “by St. Iame,<sup>3</sup>  
I wott not<sup>4</sup> what is my name!  
I am the more vnwise<sup>5</sup>;

but his  
mother  
calls him  
Beaufise.

64 but when I dwelled att home,<sup>6</sup>  
my mother in her game  
cleped mee beaufise.”

Arthur says  
“by God it's  
odd you

then said<sup>7</sup> Arthur the King,  
68 & said, “this is a wonderous thing,  
by god & by S<sup>t</sup>. Denise,

don't know  
your own  
name!

that thou wold be a Knight,  
& wott nott what thou hight,  
72 & art soe ffaire and wise<sup>8</sup>!

I'll give you  
one

“now I will giue thee a name  
heere amonge all you in-same;  
for thou art soe ffaire and free,—

that your  
mother  
never called  
you,

76 I say, by god & by S<sup>t</sup>. Iame,  
soe cleped thee neuer thy dame,  
what woman *that* euer shee bee;—

and that is  
Lybius  
Disconius”  
(the fair  
unknown,  
or handsome  
stranger).

call yee him all thiis,<sup>9</sup>  
80 Lybius Disconius<sup>10</sup>;  
ffor the loue of mee  
looke yee call him this name;  
both in earnest & in game,

84 certes, soe hight shall hee.<sup>11</sup>”

<sup>1</sup> byn name aplyzt.—C.

<sup>2</sup> Ne fond y me be-fore.—C.

<sup>3</sup> Cil li respont: “Certes ne sai,  
Mais que tant dire vos en sai,  
Que *biel fil* m'apieloit ma mère;  
Ne je ne sai se je oi pere.”

*Le Bel Inconnu*, l. 115-18, p. 5.

<sup>4</sup> I not.—C.

<sup>5</sup> nys.—C.

<sup>6</sup> hame, idem.—P.

<sup>7</sup> spake.—F.

<sup>8</sup> fayre of vys.—C.

<sup>9</sup> thus.—P.

<sup>10</sup> lybeau desconus.—C. The French  
has, p. 6:

“Et por ce qu'il ne se conuist,  
I i BIAUS DESCONNÉUS ait non!  
Si l'nommeront tot mi baron.”

Le beaux Desconus, i.e. the fair un-  
known.—P.

<sup>11</sup> þan may ye wete a rowe

þe fayre vnknewe

Sertes so hatte he.—C.

	King Arthur anon-right with a sword ffaire & bright, <sup>1</sup> trulye <i>that</i> same day	Then Arthur knights Lybius.
88	dubbed <i>that</i> Child a knight, <sup>2</sup> And gaue him armes bright <sup>3</sup> ; fforsooth as I you say, hee gaue to him in <i>that</i> ilke	[page 319] gives him arms  and a shield,
92	a rich sheeld all ouer gilte with a griffon soe gay, <sup>4</sup> & tooke him to Sir Gawaine <sup>5</sup> ffor to teach him on the plaine	and asks Gawaine to teach him.
96	of euery princes <sup>6</sup> play. <sup>7</sup>	
	when hee was made a knight, of the boone <sup>8</sup> he asked right, <sup>9</sup> & said, "my Lord soe ffree,	Lybius  asks Arthur
100	in my hart I wold be glad the first battell if I had <i>that</i> men asked of thee." then said Arthur the King,	to let him have the first fight that turns up.
104	"I grant thee thine askinge, whatt battell <i>that</i> euer itt bee; but euer methinke thou art to young ffor to doe a good <sup>10</sup> fighting,	Arthur grants this,  but thinks he's too young to fight well.
108	by ought <i>that</i> I can see.	
	when he had him thus told, Dukes, Erles, and Barons bold, <sup>11</sup>	

<sup>1</sup> Made hym þo a knyzt.—C.<sup>2</sup> And yaf hym armes bryzt.—C.<sup>3</sup> Hym gertte *wit* swerde of myzt.

—C.

<sup>4</sup> gryffoun of say.—C.<sup>5</sup> And hym be-tok hys fadyr gaweyn.

—C.

<sup>6</sup> eche knyzt.—C.<sup>7</sup> An *a* seems to have been blotted outafter the *y* in the MS.—F.<sup>8</sup> Other boone, or another boone, or  
One other D.—P.<sup>9</sup> Anon a bone þer he bad.—C.<sup>10</sup> *thing*, which follows, has been  
marked out in the MS.—F.<sup>11</sup> *Wit* oute more resoun  
Duk, Erl & baroun.—C.

- Then all  
dine off wild  
fowl and  
venison.
- 112 washed & went to meate;  
of wild ffoule<sup>1</sup> and venison,<sup>2</sup>  
as lords of great renowne,  
inoughe they had to eate.  
they had not sitten not a stoure,
- Soon
- 116 well the space of halfe an hower,  
talking att their meate,<sup>3</sup>  
there came a damsell att *that* tyde,<sup>4</sup>  
& a dwarffe<sup>5</sup> by her side,  
120 all sweating<sup>6</sup> ffor heate;
- Her name is  
Hellen;  
she brings a  
message  
from a lady,
- the Maidens name was Hellen;  
sent shee was vnto the King,<sup>7</sup>  
a Ladyes messenger.
- 124 the maiden was ware & wise,  
& cold doe her message att device,<sup>8</sup>  
shee was not to ffere<sup>9</sup>;  
the maid was ffaire & sheene,
- and is clad  
in green.
- 128 shee was cladd all in greene<sup>10</sup>;  
& ffurred<sup>11</sup> with Blaundemere<sup>12</sup>;

<sup>1</sup> take y<sup>e</sup> heddes of [=off] all felde byrdes and wood byrdes, as fesande, pe-cocke, partryche, woodcocke, and curlewe, for they etc in theyr degrees foule thynges, as wormes, todes, and other suche. *Boke of Keruyng* in *Babees Book &c.*, E. E. T. Soc. p. 279. See the capital bit about venison from Andrew Borde, *ib.* p. 210-11.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Of alle manere fusoun.—C.

<sup>3</sup> Ne hadde artoure bote a whyle þe mountaunce of a myle At hys table y-sete.—C.

<sup>4</sup> a mayde Ryde.—C.

<sup>5</sup> dwerk.—C.

<sup>6</sup> be-swette.—C.

<sup>7</sup> Gentyll bryzt & schene.—C.

<sup>8</sup> i. e. Will, Pleasure. See Chau? Gloss.—P.

<sup>9</sup> þer nas contesse ne quene So semelyche on to sene þat myzte be here pere.—C.

<sup>10</sup> Sche was clodeþ in tars Rowme & nodyng skars.—C.

<sup>11</sup> pelured.—C.

<sup>12</sup> *Blaunchmer*, a kind of fur.

He ware a cyrcote that was grene;  
With *blaunchmer* it was furred, I wene.  
*Syr Degoré*, 701 in Halliwell's Glossary.

This word comes in so oddly that I could almost be tempted to think that Chaucer in his burlesque Romance of Sir Thopas might allude to it sportively, as thus:

Sir Libeaux and the\* Blaundemere  
Scilt! the Blaundemere Furr mentioned  
in his Romance &c. But after all per-  
haps this construction is too forced.

N.B. It might be the other Version  
which Chaucer alludes to.

See Chaucer's Rhyme of Sir Thopas,  
where this word seems to be mistaken,  
viz.:

Men speken of Romaunces of Pris,  
Of Hornechild and of Ipotis  
Of Bevis & Sir Gie  
Of Sir Libeaux and Blaindamoure  
But Sir Thopas bereth the flowre  
Of rich Chivalrie.—P.

\* (or his)

- her saddle was ouergilte,  
 & well bordered with silke,<sup>1</sup>  
 132 & white<sup>2</sup> was her distere.<sup>3</sup>
- the dwarfe was cladd with scarlett fine,  
 & ffured well with good<sup>4</sup> Ermine;<sup>5</sup>  
 stout he was & keene<sup>6</sup>;  
 136 amonge all christen kind  
 such another might no man find<sup>7</sup>;  
 his cercott<sup>8</sup> was of greene<sup>9</sup>;  
 his haire was yellow as fflower on mold,<sup>10</sup>  
 140 to his girdle hang<sup>11</sup> shining as gold,<sup>12</sup>  
 the sooth to tell in veretye;  
 all<sup>13</sup> his shoone with gold were dight,  
 all as gay as any<sup>14</sup> knight,  
 144 there sseemed no pouertye.
- Teddelyne was his name,<sup>15</sup>  
 wide sprang of him the fame,<sup>16</sup>  
 East, west, North & south;  
 148 much he cold of game & glee,

The dwarf  
wears  
scarlet,  
is stout,

has long  
yellow hair,

is named  
Teddelyne,

<sup>1</sup> Here sadelle & here brydelle yn fere  
 Fullé of dyamandys were.—C.  
 The author of the French Romance gives  
 a fuller description of Maid Hellen, or  
*Hélie* as he calls her. Doubtless it is  
 his own love, for whom he composed the  
 Romance, whom he sketches.

Gente de cors et de vis bièle :  
 D'un samit estoit bien vestue ;  
 Si bièle riens ne fu veüe.  
 Face ot blanche com flors d'esté,  
 Come rose ot vis coloré,  
 Le iouls ot vairs, bouce riant,  
 Les mains blances, cors avenant ;  
 Bel cief avoit, si estoit blonde :  
 N'ot plus biel cief feme del monde !  
 En son cief ot un cercle d'or ;  
 Ses perles valent un trésor  
 Sor un palefroi ceveauçoit. (p. 6.)—F.

<sup>2</sup> Melk.—C.

<sup>3</sup> apud Chauc. *Destrier*, a War-horse, or

Led Horse. Vid. Gloss.—P.

<sup>4</sup> One stroke too few in this word in  
 the MS.—F.

<sup>5</sup> þe dwerke was clodeþ yn ynde  
 Be-fore & ek be-hynde.—C.

<sup>6</sup> pert.—C.

<sup>7</sup> find in the MS.—F.

<sup>8</sup> Surcoat—A gown & hood *the* same,  
 an upper coat, Ch. Gloss.—P.

<sup>9</sup> was ouert.—C.

<sup>10</sup> as ony wax.—C. Not in the French.  
 —F.

<sup>11</sup> hung.—P. <sup>12</sup> henge þe plex.—C.

<sup>13</sup> als, also.—P.

<sup>14</sup> And kopeþ as a.—C.

<sup>15</sup> The French Romance doesn't name  
 him till he and Hellen leave the court,  
 and it calls him *Tidogolains*, l. 256,  
 p. 10.—F. Teaudelayn.—C.

<sup>16</sup> MS. same.—F. fame.—P. wellé  
 swyde sprong hys name.—C.

- is a good  
fiddler,
- 152 he cold much of Minstrelsy,  
he was a good Iestoure,  
there was none such in noe country ;  
a Iolly man fforsooth was hee  
156 with Ladyes in their bower.
- Hellen gives  
Arthur her  
message :
- 160 then he bade maid Hellen  
ffor to tell her tale by-deene,  
& kneele before the King.  
the maid kneeled in the hall  
among the Lords & Ladyes all,  
& said, " my Lord ! without Leasing
- her lady, of  
Sinadone,  
is in distress,
- 164 " There is a strong case toward ;  
there [is] none such, nor soe hard,  
nor of soe much dolour.  
my<sup>4</sup> Lady of Sinadone  
is brought to strong prison,  
168 *that* was of great valoure ;  
shee prayes you of<sup>5</sup> a Knight  
ffor to win her in ffight  
with ioy & much honor."<sup>6</sup>
- and begs for  
a knight to  
fight for her.
- Lybius at  
once
- 172 vp rose *that* younge Knight,

[page 320]

<sup>1</sup> A kind of fiddle.—F.  
<sup>2</sup> Myche he coupe of game,  
with sytyle sautyre yn same  
harpe fydele & croupe.—C.  
<sup>3</sup> There is none of this in the French.  
—F. Al can they play on gitterne and  
rubible. *Cook's Tale*. The giterne was  
a small guitar, and the ribible a small  
fiddle played by a bow, and not by hand  
as the giterne was. Jerome of Moravia  
says of the ribible, Ribible, or Ribibe:  
—" Est autem *rubeba* musicum instru-  
mentum habens solum duas cordas sono  
distantes a se per diapente, quod quidem,

sicut et viella, cum arcu tangitur."—W. C.  
ribible, a fiddle or gutttern, Gl. Ch.—P.

<sup>4</sup> MS. ny.—F.

<sup>5</sup> of you.—P.

<sup>6</sup> The French adds some lines about  
the kiss, on which so much turns at the  
end :

" Certes moult auroit grant honnor  
Icil qui de mal l'estordroit,  
Et qui le FIER BAISSIER feroit.  
Mais pros que il li a mestier !  
Onques n'ot tel à chevalier.  
Jà mauvais hom le don ne quière ;  
Tot en giroit en vers en bière !" (p. 8.)



- in his hart he was ffull light,  
 & said, "my Lord Arthur,
- "my couenant is to haue *that* fight  
 176 ffor to winne *that* Ladye bright,  
 if thou be true of word."  
 the King said without othe,  
 "thereof thou saiest soothe,  
 180 thereto I beare record ;
- "god thee giue strenght & might  
 ffor to winne *that* Ladye bright  
 with sheeld & with speare dint !"
- 184 then began the maid to say,  
 & said, "alas *that* ilke day  
*that* I was hither sent !"  
 shee said, "this word will spring wyde ;  
 188 Sir King, lost is all thy pride,  
 and all thy deeds is shent,<sup>1</sup>  
 when thou sendest a child  
*that* is wittlesse & wild,  
 192 to deale doughtilie with dint !  
 thou hast *Knights* of mickle maine,  
 Sir Percinall & Sir Gawaine,  
 full wise in Turnament."
- 196 tho<sup>2</sup> the dwarffe with great error<sup>3</sup>  
 went vnto King Arthur,  
 & said, "Sir ! verament
- "this child to be a warryour,  
 200 or to doe such a Labor,  
 itt is not worth one ffarthing !  
 or<sup>4</sup> hee *that* Ladye may see,  
 hee shall haue battells 5 or three  
 204 trulye without any Leasinge ;

claims the  
fight.

Arthur  
assigns it  
to him.

Maid Hellen  
grumbles,

and says it's  
a disgrace to  
Arthur

to send a  
witless child  
to fight,

when he has  
knights like  
Gawaine &c.

Dwarf  
Teddelyne

says the  
child isu't

worth a  
farthing.  
He'll have to  
fight five  
battles  
before  
reaching  
Sinadone ;

<sup>1</sup> are shent, i. e. disgraced.—P.

<sup>2</sup> then.—P.

<sup>3</sup> *Errour* course, running. Halliwell.—F.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. before.—P.

- the first at  
the Bridge  
of Perils.
- Lybius says  
he's not  
afraid;
- he can  
fight,
- and will  
never give  
in : such is  
Arthur's  
law.
- Hellen  
sneers at  
Lybius,
- and Tedde-  
lyne tells  
him
- to go and  
suck his  
mammy.
- Arthur says  
" By God  
you shall  
have nobody  
else."
- 208 Sir Lybius anon answered  
& said, " I was neuer affeard  
ffor no mans threatninge !
- 212 " somewhat haue I lerd <sup>1</sup>  
ffor to play with a swerd  
there men hath beene slowe.<sup>2</sup>  
the man *that* fletehe ffor a threat  
other <sup>3</sup> by way or by streete,
- 216 I wold he were to-draw.  
I will the battell vndertake ;  
I ne will neuer fforsake,  
ffor such is Arthurs Lawe."
- 220 the made <sup>4</sup> answered alsoe snell,<sup>5</sup>  
& said, " *that* beseemeth thee well !  
who-soe looketh on thee may know
- 224 " thou ne durst for thy berde  
abyid <sup>6</sup> the wind of my <sup>7</sup> swerde,  
by ought *that* I can see !"  
then said *that* dwarffe in *that* stond,  
" dead men *that* lyen on the ground,
- 228 of thee affrayd may bee ;  
but betweere earnest & game,  
I counsell thee goe souke <sup>8</sup> thy dame,  
& winne there the degree."
- 232 the *King* answered anon-right,  
and said, " thou gettest noe other *Knight*,  
by god *that* sitteth in Trinytye !

<sup>1</sup> lered, i. e. learned. see Ch. Gl.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Where—have been slaw, Qu.—P.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. either. So they still speak in Shropshire.—P. *Or* is the contraction of *other*.—F.

<sup>4</sup> The Maid.—P.

<sup>5</sup> snel, i. e. presently, immediately.

see Gl. ad Ch.—P. Al soe *is* alsoe *is* MS.—F.

<sup>6</sup> abyde.—P.

<sup>7</sup> perhaps any : or perhaps she taunts him, as not a Match for a Woman.—P.

<sup>8</sup> souke, i. e. suck, Chauc.—P.

- If thou thinke he bee not wight,  
 236 Goe<sup>1</sup> and gett thee another Knight [page 321]  
     *that is of more power.*"  
 the maid ffor ire still did thinke,<sup>2</sup>  
 shee wold neither eate nor d[r]inke  
 240 ffor all *that* there were ;  
 shee sate still, without ffable,  
 till they had vncouered the table,  
     she and the dwarffe in ffere.  
 244 *King Arthur* in *that* stond  
 comanded of the table round,  
     4 knights in ffere,  
  
 of the best *that* might be found  
 243 in armes hole<sup>3</sup> & sound,  
     to arme *that* child full right ;  
 & said " through the might o Christ  
*that* in ffloome<sup>4</sup> Iordan was baptiste,  
 252 he shold doe *that* he hight,<sup>5</sup>  
 & become a Champyon  
 to the Lady of Sinadon,  
     & ffell her ffoemen in ffight."  
 256 to arme him they were ffaine,<sup>6</sup>  
 Sir Perciuall & Sir Gawaine,  
     & arrayed him like a knight ;  
  
 the 3<sup>d</sup> was Sir Agrauaine,<sup>7</sup>  
 260 & the 4<sup>th</sup> was Sir Ewaine,<sup>8</sup>

Hellen gets  
angry,  
won't eat or  
drink  
anything,

nor will the  
dwarf.  
Arthur  
orders

his four best  
knights to

arm Lybius,

as he'll do  
what he  
says,  
and be the  
Lady of  
Sinadone's  
champion.

Lybius is  
armed by  
Percival,  
Gawaine,

Agravaine,  
and Ewaine ;

<sup>1</sup> The MS. curl to the *G* is like *w*.—F.

<sup>2</sup> The French Romance makes her leave the court at once in disgust, and Lybius ride after her and overtake her, p. 10, 11.—F.

<sup>3</sup> whole.—P.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. River ; Ital. fiume.—P.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. promised, engaged.—P.

<sup>6</sup> glad.—P.

<sup>7</sup> See the note on him in vol. i. p. 145, —F.

<sup>8</sup> Ewaine or Uwayn was the son of Arthur's sister, Morgan le Fay, and had

a bad opinion of his mother: "'A,' sayd syr Uwayn, 'men saith that Merlyn was begoten of a deuylle, but I may saye an erthely deuylle bare me.'" This was when he stopt "my lady" his "moder" from killing "the kyng" Vryens, his "fader, slepyng in his bed." *Caxton's Malcor*, i. p. 107. The Cotton MS. has: The þyrþe was syr Eweyn, [Oweyn, below]

The ferþde was syr agrrafrayn,  
So seyþ þe Frenjsche tale.—F.

- them right ffor to behold.  
 they cast on him right good silke,  
 a sercote as white as any<sup>1</sup> milke  
 264 *that* was worth 20, of golde ;
- alsoe an hawberke ffaire & bright,  
*which* was ffull richelye dight  
 with nayles good and ffine.  
 Gawaine 268 Sir Gawaine, his owne ffather,  
 hange about his necke there  
 a sheeld with a griffon,<sup>2</sup>  
 & a helme *that* was ffull rich,  
 272 in all the Land there was none such.  
 Sir Perciuall sett on his crowne,  
 Sir Agrauaine brought him a speare  
*that* was good euery where  
 276 & of a ffell ffashion.  
 Sir Ewaine brought him a steede  
*that* was good in euery neede,  
 & as ffierce as any Lyon.<sup>3</sup>
- 280 Sir Lybyus on his steede gan springe,  
 & rode fforth vnto the King,  
 & said, " Lord of renowne !
- " giue me your blessinge  
 284 without any Letting !  
 my will is fforth me to wend."
- the King his hand vpp did lift,  
 & his blessing to him gaue right  
 288 as a Knight curteour<sup>4</sup> & hende,  
 & said, " god *that* is of might,  
 & his mother Marry bright,

<sup>1</sup> One stroke too few in the MS.—F.

<sup>2</sup> griffyne, qu.—P.

<sup>3</sup> The French Romance only makes Gawain order Lybius's armour to be

brought, and Gawain give him a squire  
 "Robers: moult esteit sages et apers,"  
 p. 11.—F.

<sup>4</sup> ?for curteous.—F.

*that* is fflovre of all women,  
 292 giue thee gracce ffor to gone  
 ffor to gett the ouerhand of thy fone,  
 & speed thee in thy iourney! Amen!"

will grant  
 him grace to  
 conquer his  
 foes.

## [The Second Part.]

296	{	Sir Lybius now rideth on his way,	Lybius starts with Hellen and the dwarf.
		& soe did <i>that</i> ffaire may, the dwarffe alsoe rode them beside, till itt beffell vpon the 3 <sup>d</sup> day	
2 <sup>d</sup> parte. 300	{	vpon the <i>Knicht</i> all the way	They begin
		ffast they gan to chide, & said, "Lorell <sup>1</sup> and Caitiue! tho thou were such ffine, Lost is all thy pride!	abusing him,
304	{	This way keepeth a <i>Knicht</i>	and say that a knight near,
		<i>that</i> with euery man will fight, his name springeth wyde ;	
"his name is <i>William de la Braunche</i> , <sup>2</sup>			
308	{	his warres may noe man staunche, <sup>3</sup>	Sir William de la Braunche,
		he is a warryour of great pride ; Both through hart & hanch	
[page 322]			
312	{	swithe <sup>4</sup> hee will thee Launche, all <i>that</i> to him rides." <sup>5</sup>	will soon spear him through.
		then said Sir Lybius, "I will not Lett this nor thus to play with him a ffitt!	Lybius says
316	{	ffor any thing <i>that</i> may betide, I will against him ryde to looke if <i>that</i> he can sitt!"	whatever happens he'll ride at him.

<sup>1</sup> Lewd base fellow, Homo perditus. (leaf 45, col. 1) Cotton MS.—F.  
 Lye.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Wylleam Celebronche (leaf 44 b.)  
 here, and wylleam selebraunche, l. 342,

<sup>3</sup> stop, stay, resist.—P.

<sup>4</sup> soon.—P.

<sup>5</sup> and all *that*—ride, qu.—P.

- thé rode on then all 3 :
- 320 vpon a ffaire Causye.  
 beside the aduenturous chappell <sup>1</sup>  
 a knight anon they can see  
 with armes bright of blee,
- 324 vpon the bridge <sup>2</sup> of perrill.  
 he bare a sheeld all of greene  
 with 3 Lyons of gold sheene,  
 right rich and precyous.
- well armed. 328 well armed <sup>3</sup> was *that Knight*  
 as he shold goe to ffight,  
 as itt was his vse. <sup>4</sup>
- The knight  
 tells Lybius 332 when he saw Sir Lybius with sight,  
 anon he went to him arright,  
 & said to him there,  
 " who passeth here by day or night,  
 certer <sup>5</sup> with me must ffight,
- he must  
 fight or  
 leave his  
 harness  
 there. 336 or leaue his harnesse here." <sup>5</sup>  
 then answered Sir Libyus  
 & said, " ffor the loue of Iesus  
 lett vs passe now here !
- Lybius  
 begs leave to  
 pass. 340 wee be ffarr ffroe our ffreind,  
 & haue ffarr ffor to wend,  
 I and this mayden in fere. <sup>6</sup> "
- Sir William  
 refuses, and  
 says 344 *Sir William* answered thoe  
 & said, " thou shalt not scape soe !  
 soe god giue me good rest,  
 thow & I will, or wee goe,  
 deale stroakes betweene vs tow
- he *must*  
 fight him. 348 a litle here by west." <sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Ryght to chapell Auntours.—Lambeth MS. Be a castelle aunterous.—C.

<sup>2</sup> Fr. *le Gué Périlleus*.—F. Poynt perylous.—Lambeth MS. vale perylous.—C.

<sup>3</sup> arned in the MS.—F.

<sup>4</sup> The French adds, p. 13, l. 330–3 :  
 Maint chevalier l'ont trouvé dure,  
 Que il avoit ocis al gué ;  
 Moul't étoit plains de cruauté,  
 Bliobliérés avoit non.

<sup>5</sup> certes.—P.

<sup>6</sup> together.—P.



- Sir Libyus sayd, "now I see  
*that itt will none other bee ;*  
 goe fforth and doe thy best ;  
 352 take thy course with thy shaft  
 if thou can<sup>1</sup> well thy craft,  
 ffor I ame here all prest.<sup>2</sup>"
- then noe longer they wold abyde,  
 356 but the one to the other gan ryde  
 with greatt randaun.<sup>3</sup>  
 Sir Libyus there in<sup>4</sup> that tyde  
 smote Sir william on his side  
 360 with a speare ffelon<sup>5</sup> ;  
 but Sir william sate soe ffast  
*that his stirropps all to-brast,*  
 he leaned on his arsowne ;  
 364 Sir Lybius made him stoupe,  
 he smote him over the horse croupe  
 in the ffeeld a-downe ;
- his horsse ran ffrom him away.  
 368 Sir william not long Lay,  
 but start anon vpright,  
 and said, " Sir, by my-in ffay,  
 neuer beffore this day  
 372 I ffound none soe wight !  
 now is my horsse gone away !  
 flight on [foot],<sup>6</sup> I thee pray,  
 as thou art a Knight worthy."  
 376 then sayd Sir Lybius,  
 " by the leaue of Sweete Iesus  
 therto ffull ready I am.<sup>7</sup> "

Lybius says

Charge  
away!They  
charge ;Lybius hits  
Sir William  
on the side,drives him  
over his  
saddle-back,and grounds  
him.Sir William  
starts upand asks  
Lybius to  
fight on foot.<sup>1</sup> con.—P.<sup>2</sup> i. e. ready.—P.<sup>3</sup> Ap<sup>d</sup> G. Doug. *randoun*. The swift  
Course, Flight or Motion of any thing.  
Fr. *randon*, idem. Gl. G.D.—P.<sup>4</sup> MS. therein.—F.<sup>5</sup> *fel, felon, feloun*, wicked, also cruel,  
fierce. Gl. Chauc.—P.<sup>6</sup> on [foot] I &c.—P. a fote.—C.  
on fote.—Lam.<sup>7</sup> am I.—P.

- They do so  
380 then together they went as tyte,<sup>1</sup>  
& with their swords they gan smite ;  
they ffought wonderous Longe ;  
stroakes together they lett fflinge  
till the fire  
flies from  
their helms.  
384 that they ffyer out gan springe  
ffrom of their helmes strong.
- Sir William  
cuts off a  
corner of  
Lybius's  
shield.  
388 but Sir william de<sup>2</sup> la braunche  
to Sir Lybius gan he launche,  
& smote on his sheild soe ffast  
that one cantell<sup>3</sup> fell to the ground ;  
& Sir Lybius att that sonde<sup>4</sup>  
in his hart was agast.
- Lybius  
392 then Sir Lybius with all his might  
defended him anon-right,  
was<sup>5</sup> warryour wight & slye ;  
coyfe<sup>6</sup> & crest downe right,  
he made to ffly with great might,  
396 of Sir Williams helme on hye ;  
& with the point of his sword  
he cut of Sir williams berd,  
and touched him ffull nye.
- cuts off the  
coif and  
crest of Sir  
William's  
helm,  
396 of Sir Williams helme on hye ;  
& with the point of his sword  
he cut of Sir williams berd,  
and touched him ffull nye.
- and his  
beard.  
400 Sir William smote Sir Lybius thoe  
<sup>7</sup> as that his sword brast in tow  
<sup>8</sup> that many men might see with eye.
- Sir William's  
sword breaks  
in two ;  
400 Sir William smote Sir Lybius thoe  
<sup>7</sup> as that his sword brast in tow  
<sup>8</sup> that many men might see with eye.
- he prays for  
his life.  
404 then Sir William began to crye  
& sayd, " ffor the Loue of Marrye,  
on liue let mee weelde !  
itt were great villanye  
ffor to make a Knight dye  
408 weponlesse in the feeld."

[page 323]

<sup>1</sup> quickly.—F.<sup>2</sup> MS. do.—F.<sup>3</sup> cantle, a Piece, a part. Gl. Ch.—P.<sup>4</sup> Perhaps stounde, time, moment, space.—P. Sonde is message.—F.<sup>5</sup> as, qu.—P. as.—C. and L.<sup>6</sup> coif-de-fer, the hood of mail worn by knights in the twelfth century. Fair-

holt. The second seal of Henry I. represents him without a helmet, the cowl of mail being drawn over a steel cap called a coif-de-fer in contradistinction to the chapelle-de-fer worn over the mail. Planché, i. 94.—F.

<sup>7</sup> That his, &c.—P.<sup>8</sup> As men, &c.—P.

- then spake Sir Lybius  
 & sayd, "by the leaue of Iesus!  
 of liffe gettest thou no space <sup>1</sup>
- 412 but if thou wilt sweare anon,  
 or thou out of the ffelld gone,  
 here before my fface,
- " & on knees kneele downe,  
 416 & swere by my sword browne  
*that* thou shalt to Arthur wend,  
 & say, 'Lord of great renowne!  
 I am in battell ouerthrowne;  
 420 a knight me hither doth send  
 that men cleped thus,  
 Sir Lybius Disconius,  
 vnknownen *knight* and hend.' "
- 424 Sir william mett <sup>2</sup> him on his knee;  
 & the othe there made hee,  
 & fforward gan he wend.
- thus departed all the rout.
- 428 Sir william to Arthurs court  
 he tooke the ready way;<sup>3</sup>  
 a sorry case there gan ffall:  
 3 knights <sup>4</sup> proude and tall
- 432 Sir william mett *that* day;  
 the 3 *Knights* all in ffere  
 where his emes <sup>5</sup> sonnes deere,  
 stout they were and gay.
- Lybius grants it him
- on condition
- that he swears to go to Arthur
- and say that Lybius sends him.
- Sir William swears,
- and starts for Arthur's court.
- His three cousins meet him,

<sup>1</sup> For the next stanza and a half, the French has, p. 18:

"Ens à la cort Artu le roi,  
 A lui en irés de par moi."

<sup>2</sup> ? sett.—F.

<sup>3</sup> The French Romance sends him home wounded, puts him to bed, and there he sees the three knights.—F.

<sup>4</sup> The French makes them only his

"compaignons," and him their "signor."  
 Their names are:

Elius li blans, sires des Aies,  
 Et li bons chevaliers de Graies  
 Et Willaume de Salebrant.

<sup>5</sup> *eme*, Uncle. See Jun. *eame*. See Gl. ad Chauc. &c.—P. A.-Sax. *cām*, uncle.—F.

- 436 when they saw *Sir william* bleed,  
& alway hanged downe his head,  
they rode to him with great array,
- and ask him  
who has  
wounded  
him.
- & said, "Cozen will !  
440 who hath done to you this shame ?  
& why bleedest thou soe long ?"  
hee said, "Sirs, by St. Iame !  
one *that* is not to blame ;
- " *Sir Lybius*  
*Disconius,*
- 444 a stout *Knight* & a stronge—  
*Sir Lybius disconius* hee hight—  
to ffell his enemyes in ffight ;  
he is not ffarr to Learne ;
- 448 a dwarfe rydeth with him in fere  
as he was his Squier ;  
they ride away ffull yarne.<sup>1</sup>
- and he has  
made me  
swear
- 452 "but one thing greeueth me sore,  
*that* he hath made me sweare  
on his sord soe bright,  
*that* I shold neuer more,  
till I come to *King Arthur*,
- not to stop  
till I get to  
Arthur's  
court,
- 456 Stint by day nor night ; [page 324]  
and alsoe to him I ame yeelde  
as ouercome into the ffeelde  
by power of his might ;
- and never to  
bear arms  
against  
him."
- 460 nor against him ffor to beare  
neither sheeld nor speare ;  
thus I haue him hight."
- His consins  
promise to  
avenge him:
- 464 then said the *Knights* 3 :  
"well auenged shalt thou bee  
certes without ffayle !  
ffor hee one against vs 3,  
hee is not worthe a flee
- Lybius isn't  
worth a flea;
- 468 ffor to hold battell <sup>2</sup> !

<sup>1</sup> yerne, inter al. nimble, Ch. Gl.—P.<sup>2</sup> battayle.—P.

- goe fforth & keepe thine othe  
*though* thou be neuer soe wroth;  
 wee will him assayle.
- 472 or he this fforrest passe,  
 wee will his armour vnlace,  
 tho itt were double maile.”
- theroff wist nothing *that* wight
- 476 Sir Lybius, *that* gentle *Knicht*,  
 but rode a well good pace;  
 he & that maiden bright  
 made together *that* night
- 480 game & great solace.  
 shee cryed him mercye  
 ffor shee had spoken him villanye;  
 shee prayed him to fforgiue her *that* tyde;
- 484 the dwarffe was their squier,  
 & serued them both in ffere  
 off all *that* they had need.
- on the morrow when itt was day,
- 488 fforthe thé rode on their way  
 towards Sinadowne.  
 then they say <sup>1</sup> in their way  
 3 *Knights* stout and gay
- 492 came ryding ffrom Caerleon;  
 to him they sayd anon-right,<sup>2</sup>  
 “Traitor, turne againe and ffight!  
 thou shalt lose thy renowne!
- 496 & *that* maide ffaire & bright,  
 wee will her lead att night  
 herby vnto a towne.”
- they'll soon  
 unlace his  
 armour.
- Lybius  
 rides on  
 with Hellen.
- She begs his  
 pardon for  
 having  
 abused him.
- Next day
- the three  
 cousins  
 meet Lybius,  
 and call on  
 him to fight.

<sup>1</sup> saw.—P. ? Perhaps the MS. has a *w* made over the *y*, or an *e* after it.—F.

<sup>2</sup> The French puts the fight with these

three knights (p. 34) after that with the two giants (p. 23).—F.

- Lybius is  
ready, 500 Sir Lybius to them gan crye,  
“ ffor to fight I am all readye  
against you all in-same.<sup>1</sup> ”  
a<sup>2</sup> prince proude of pride,  
charges he rode against them *that* tyde  
504 with mirth sport and game.  
the eldest, the Eldest brother then beere  
to Sir Lybius with a Spere;  
Sir Baner, Sir Baner was his name.<sup>3</sup>  
508 Sir Lybius rode att him anon  
and breaks his thigh in  
two. & brake in tow his thigh bone,  
& lett him Lye there lame.<sup>4</sup>
- 512 the *Knight* mercy gan crye  
when Sir Lybius certainly  
had smitten him downe.  
the dwarffe *that* hight Teodline  
Dwarf  
Teddelyne  
rides Baner's  
horse  
516 he lept into the arsoone<sup>5</sup>;  
he rode anon with that  
to Hellen, vnto the mayd where shee sate  
soe ffayre of ffashyon.
- 520 and she says  
Lybius is a  
good  
champion.  
then laughed *that* Maiden bright,  
& said, “ fforssooth this young *Knight*  
is a full good Champyøn ! ”

<sup>1</sup> i. e. all together; it seems a contraction of the Fr. *ensemble*. See G.D. Gl. *alsame*, sub. verb, same.—P.

<sup>2</sup> As, q.—Pencil note.

<sup>3</sup> Willaumes vint à lui premiers, l. 1052, p. 38. The French Rom. remarks on the knights attacking singly, in the good old times, as contrasted with the cowardice of the then modern ones:

Et à cel tens, costume estoit  
Que quant i hom se combattoit,  
N'avait garde que de celui  
Qui faisoit la bataille à lui.  
Or va li tens en febloiant  
Et cis usages decaans,  
Que XX et V en prenent un!  
Cis affaires est si commun

Que tuit le tienent desormès;  
La force fait le plus adières,  
Tos est mués en autre guise,  
Mais dont estoit fois et francise,  
Pitiés, proesse et cortoisie,  
Et largesse sans vilonnie.  
Or fait cascuns tot son pooir,  
Tos entendent au decevoir. (p. 38.)

<sup>4</sup> The French makes Lybius kill Willaume (or Sir Baner):

Mort le trebuce del cheval.  
Il ne li fera huimais mal! (p. 40.)  
Then Helin de Graies attacks Lybius,  
and gets his right arm broken.—F.

<sup>5</sup> Fr. Arçon, a *saddle bow*, Per Meton. *Saddle*.—P.



- <sup>1</sup> the 2<sup>d</sup> brother, he beheld  
 524 how is brother lay in the ffeild  
     & had lost strenght & might ;  
 he smote Sir Lybius in *that* tyde  
 on the sheeld with much pride,  
 528 with his speare ffull right.  
 Sir Lybius away gan beare [page 325]  
 with his good speare  
     the helme of *that* knight.  
 532 the youngest brother <sup>2</sup> then gan ride,  
     & hitt Sir Lybius in *that* tyde  
     as a man of much might,  
  
     & said to him then anon,  
 536 "Sir, thou art by St. Iohn  
     a fell Champyowne ;  
 by god *that* sitteth in trinitye,  
 ffight I will with thee,  
 540 I hope to beare thee downe." <sup>1</sup>  
 as warryour out of witt,  
 on Sir Lybius then hee hitt  
     with a fell ffauchyon ;  
 544 soe stifflye his stroakes hee sett,  
*that* through helme <sup>3</sup> & basenett <sup>4</sup>  
     he carued Sir Lybius crowne.  
  
 Sir Lybius was served in *that* stead  
 548 when hee ffelled <sup>5</sup> on his head  
     *that* the sword had drawn blood ;

The second  
cousincharges  
Lybius.Lybius  
unhelms  
him.The third  
cousinsays he  
shouldlike to fight  
Lybius,and cuts  
throughhis helm and  
bascinet  
into his  
head.

Lybius

<sup>1-1</sup> þe myddelle broþer com 3erne  
 Vp-on a stede sterne  
 Egre as lyoun.

Hym þošte hys body wolde berne  
 But he myȝt al so 3erne  
 Felle lybeaus a-down.—C.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Gramadone, the French calls  
 him, l. 1122, p. 40.—F.

<sup>3</sup> helmet or head-piece, Fr. D? *Galea*.  
 —P.

<sup>4</sup> *Bascinet*, a light helmet, shaped  
 like a skull-cap, worn with or without a  
 moveable front. *Fairholt*.—F.

<sup>5</sup> felt.—P. The Lambeth MS. reads :  
 Tho wax Lybeous a-greued  
 When he felt on his hed.  
 The Cotton has :  
 Tho was ly-beaus agreede  
 Whan he felde on hedde.—F.

- waves his sword,
- about his head the sword he waued,—  
all *that* hee hitt, fforsoothe hee cleened,
- 552 as warryour wight and good ;—  
Sir Lybius said swithe thoe,  
“ one to ffight against 2  
is nothing good.”
- says two against one isn't fair (the second cousin having joined in again ?),
- 556 ffast they hewed then on him  
with stroakes great and grim ;  
against <sup>1</sup> them he stifflye stood,
- and cuts off the second cousin's right arm.
- <sup>2</sup> & through gods grace
- 560 he smote the eldest in *that* place  
vpon the right arme thoe ;  
hee hitt him soe in *that* place,—  
to see itt was a wonderous case,—
- 564 his right arme ffell him ffroe.<sup>2</sup>  
the youngest saw *that* sight,  
& thought hee had noe might  
to ffight against his ffoe ;
- The third cousin
- yields to Lybius,
- 568 to Sir Lybius hee did vp-yeeld  
his good Speare & sheeld ;  
mercy he cryed him thoe.<sup>3</sup>
- and cries for mercy.
- Lybius grants it
- 572 anon Sir Lybius said, “ nay,  
thou shalt not passe this away—  
by him *that* bought mankind—  
but thou & thy brethren twayne  
plight *your* trothes without Layine
- 576 *that* yee will to King Arthur wende,  
& say, ‘ Lord of great renowne !  
in battaill wee be ouercome ;
- on condition that he and his two brothers go to Arthur,

<sup>1</sup> 'gainst.—P.

<sup>2-2</sup> The Cotton text omits these lines, and in the next ones makes both brothers yield to Lybius.—F.

<sup>3</sup> The French makes the battle with

the third knight last all night till next day ; then the horse of Sir Gramadone des Aies slips and falls, Lybius seizes the prostrate rider, and he is obliged to yield, p. 41-2.—F.

- a Knight vs hither hath send  
 580 ffor to yeeld thee tower & towune,  
 & to bee att thy bandowne <sup>1</sup>  
 euermore withouten end.'
- and give up  
 their all to  
 him.
- " & but if you will doe soe,  
 584 certes I will you sloe  
 as I am true Knight."  
 anon they sware to him thoe ;  
 that they wold to Arthur goe,  
 588 their trothes anon thé plight.  
 Sir Lybius & that ffaire May  
 rode fforth on the way  
 thither as they had hight ;  
 592 till itt beffell on the 3<sup>d</sup> day  
 thé ffell together in game & pley,  
 hee and *that* Maiden bright.
- They swear  
 to do this,
- and Lybius  
 rides on with  
 Hellen.
- On the third  
 day
- they rode fforthe on west  
 596 into a wyde fforrest,  
 & might come to noe towne ;  
 thé ne wist what way best,  
 ffor there they must needs rest,  
 600 & there they light a-downe.  
 amonge the greene eues <sup>2</sup>  
 they made a lodge with bower & leaues,  
 with swords bright and browne.
- they are  
 benighted in  
 a forest
- and camp  
 out.
- 604 Sir Lybius & that maiden bright [page 326]  
 dwelled there all night,<sup>3</sup>  
 that was soe ffaire of ffashyon.

<sup>1</sup> Fr. bandon, "A son bandon," i. e. at his will and Pleasure. Gl. G. Doug.—P.

<sup>2</sup> eaves. Metaph. from a house building.—P.

<sup>3</sup> The French picture is prettier:

Li Desconnéus se dormoit  
 Sur l'erbe fresce ù reposoit ;  
 Dalès lui gist la damoisèle,  
 Deseur son brac gist la pucèle ;  
 Li uns dalès l'autre dormoit,  
 Li lousignols sor els cantoit. (p. 23.)

The dwarf  
keeps watch,  
608 then the dwarffe began to wake,  
ffor noe theenes shold take  
away their horses with guile ;  
then ffor ffeare he began to quake ;  
sees a great  
fire,  
612 a great ffyer hee saw make  
ffrom them but a mile.  
wakes  
Lybius,  
and says  
they must be  
off,  
616 " arise," he said, " worthy *Knigh*t !  
to horsse *that* wee were dight  
ffor doubt of more perill !  
616 certes I heare a great bost<sup>1</sup> ;  
alsoe I smell a savor of rost,  
as he smells  
roast meat.  
by god & by S<sup>t</sup> Gyle ! "

## [The Third Part.]

Lybius  
620 Sir Lybius was stout & gay,  
& leapt vpon his palfrey,  
& tooke his sheeld & speare  
rides off,  
3<sup>d</sup> part. & rode fforth ffull ffast.  
and finds  
two  
giants,  
624 2 gyants hee ffound at Last,  
[that]<sup>2</sup> strong & stout were.  
The one was blacke as any sole,<sup>3</sup>  
the other as red as fferye cole,  
& ffoule bothe they were.  
628 the blacke Gyant held in his<sup>4</sup> arme  
a ffaire mayd by the barme,<sup>5</sup>  
bright as rose on bryar<sup>6</sup> ;  
a black one  
holding a  
maid by the  
bosom,

<sup>1</sup> burst, report, like *the* discharge of a gun : It is still called *bost* in Shropsh.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Who.—P.

<sup>3</sup> A.-S. *sol*, soil, filth, mire, dirt. Bosworth. Fr. *souiller*, to soyle, slurrie, durtie, smutch, beray, begrime. Cotgrave. The Cotton stanza is :

*þat* on was Red & loblyche,  
And *þat* oþer swart as pyche,  
Grysly boþe of chere.

*þat* oon helde yn hys barme  
A mayde y-clepte yn hys arme,  
As bryzt as blosle on brere.—F.

<sup>4</sup> *hus* in the MS. with a dot.—F. The French is :

Car uns gaians moult la pressoit,  
A force baisier le voloit,  
Mais cele ne l' pooit souffrir,  
Mais se voloit laisser morir.

<sup>5</sup> Sinus, gremium.—P. A.-S. *bearm*, the womb, lap, bosom. Bosworth.—F. A mayde i-clypped in his barme.—L.

<sup>6</sup> brere, so in Chauc.—P. *Bryar* is one of the words entered under *care* in Levins's Manipulus or Rhyming Dictionary, p. 209, col. 1, ed. 1867.—F.

- the red Gyant ffull yarne  
 632 swythe about can turne  
     a wild bore on a spitt ;  
     ffaire the ffyer gan berne.  
     the maid cryed ffull yerne,  
 636 for men shold itt witt ;  
     shee said, " alas & euer away  
     that euer I abode this day  
     with 2 devills for to sitt !  
 640 helpe, Mary *that* is soe mild,  
     for the loue of the<sup>1</sup> child,  
     that I be not fforgett ! "
- Sir Lybius said, " by S<sup>t</sup> Iame !  
 644 ffor<sup>2</sup> to bring *that* maid ffrom shame  
     itt were ffull great price ;  
     but ffor to fight with both in shame<sup>3</sup>  
     it is no childs game,  
 648 they be soe grim and grise.<sup>4</sup> "  
     he tooke his course with his shaft  
     as a man *that* cold his craft,  
     & he rode by right assise :  
 652 the blacke he smote all soe smart  
     through the liuer, long<sup>5</sup> & hart  
     that he might neuer rise.
- then fled *that* maiden sheene,  
 656 & thanked<sup>6</sup> Marye, heauens queene,  
     that succour had her sent.  
     then came mayd Ellen  
     & the dwarffe by-dene,<sup>7</sup>  
 660 & by the hand her hent,

a red one

roasting a  
boar on a  
spit.The maid  
cries out

for help.

Lybius says

it's nochild's  
play to fight  
both giants,but he  
charges the  
black one,and runs  
him right  
through the  
heart.The maid  
flees ;Hellen takes  
her<sup>1</sup> perhaps thy.—P.<sup>2</sup> for.—P. qu. MS. ffea.—F.<sup>3</sup> in same, i. e. together, ensemble, Fr.—P.<sup>4</sup> id. ac grisly, horrid, horrible.—P.<sup>5</sup> lung.—P.<sup>6</sup> *d* added by Percy.—F.<sup>7</sup> MS. " & by the dwarffe dene," but the tmesis must be a copier's mistake.—F. And the Dwarf by-dene.—P. Sche & here dwerk y-mene.—Cot.

- into the forest,  
 & went into the greaues,<sup>1</sup>  
 & lodged them vnder the leaues  
 in a good entent ;
- and she prays for Lybius's safety.  
 664 & shee besought Iesus  
 ffor to helpe Sir Lybius  
*that hee was not shent.*
- The red giant hits at Lybius with the boar,  
 668 the red Gyant smote thore<sup>2</sup>  
 att Sir Lybius with the bore  
 as a wolfe *that* were woode ;  
 his Dints he sett soe sore,  
*that* Sir Lybius horsse therfore  
 672 downe to the ground yode.<sup>3</sup>  
 then Sir Lybius with ffeirce hart,  
 out of his saddle swythe he start  
 as spartle<sup>4</sup> doth out of fyer ;  
 676 feir[c]ely as any Lyon  
 he ffought with his ffawchyon  
 to quitt the Gyant his hyer.
- The giant lays on Lybius with his spit,  
 680 <sup>5</sup> the Gyants spitt sickerlye  
 was more then a cowle tree<sup>6</sup>  
*that* he rosted on the bore ;  
 He laid on Sir Lybius ffast,  
 all the while the spitt did last,  
 684 euer more and more.  
*the bore was soe hott then,*  
*that on Sir Lybius the grease ran*
- covers him with boar's grease,

[page 327]

<sup>1</sup> i. e. Groves, Bushes. So in Chauc. —P.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. there, *metri gratiâ*. so in Chauc. —P.

<sup>3</sup> went.—P. The French makes Lybius kill the other giant first :

Il . . fiert celui premieremant

Qui esforçoit la damoiséle.

Si la féru lès la mamièle.

Le fer li fist el cuer serrer ;

Les ioils del cief li fist torbler ;

Mort le trebuce el feu ardant. (p. 27.)

The Cotton text (leaf 46 back, col. 2)

follows the French :

þe blake geaunt he smote smert

borgh the lyuere, longe, & herte,

þat neuer he myzte aryse.—F.

<sup>4</sup> sparkle.—P. sparkyll.—L. sperk.—C.

<sup>5</sup> This stanza is not in C. or L.—F.

<sup>6</sup> ? Phillipps's *coul-staff*: "Coul, a kind of Tub, or Vessel with two Ears to be carry'd between two Persons with a *Coul-staff*." See Lambarde's *Perambulation*, p. 367, and Strutt, ii. 201, says Halliwell, under *Cowlstaff*.—F.



- right ffast thore.<sup>1</sup>
- 688 the gyant was stiffe & stronge,  
15 ffoote he was Longe ;  
hee smote Sir Lybius ffull sore. and batters  
him till
- Euer still the gyant smote
- 692 att Sir Lybius, well I wott,  
till the spitt brast in towe. the spit  
breaks.  
Then he gets  
a truncheon,
- then as man *that* was wrath,  
ffor a Trunchyon fforth he goth
- 696 to ffight aga[i]nst his ffoe,  
& with the End of *that* spitt  
Sir Lybius sword<sup>2</sup> in 3 he hitt. and splits  
Lybius's  
shield with  
it,
- then was Sir Lybius wonderous woe.
- 700 or he againe his staffe vp caught,  
Sir Lybius a stroke him rought  
*that* his right arme ffell him ffoe. but drops  
his staff.  
Lybius cuts  
off his right  
arm,
- the Gyant ffell to the ground,
- 704 & Sir Lybius in *that* stond  
smote of his head thoe : then his  
head,
- in a ffrench booke itt is ffound.<sup>3</sup>  
to the other he went in *that* stond,<sup>4</sup>
- 708 & serued him right soe.  
he tooke vp the heads then  
& bare them to *that* ffaire maiden  
*that* he had woone in ffight. and gives  
both heads  
to the  
maiden.
- 712 the maid was glad & blythe,  
& thanked god often sithe She  
*that* euer he was made a *Knight*.
- Sir Lybius said, "gentle dame,
- 716 tell me now what is *your* name

<sup>1</sup> There is nothing of this grease business in the French and Cotton texts.—F.

<sup>2</sup> scheld.—Cot. The French has not the passage.—F.

<sup>3</sup> Renals de Biauju's text omits the cutting off of the right arm, but makes Lybius split the giant's head to the teeth.—F.

<sup>4</sup> stound.—P.

- & where *that* you were borne.”
- tells him  
that her  
father is
- “Sir,” she said, “by S<sup>t</sup> Iame,  
my ffather is of rich ffame,  
720 & dwelleth here beforne ;  
he is a *Lord* of much might,  
an Erle & a Noble Knight ;  
his name is S[ir] Arthore,  
724 & my name is Vylett,<sup>1</sup>  
*that* the Gyant had besett  
for the Castle ore.
- an earl,  
Sir Arthore,  
and her  
name is  
Violet.
- She was out  
walking
- “ as I went on my demeaning <sup>2</sup>  
728 to-night in the eueni[n]ge,  
none euill then I thought ;  
the gyant, *with-out* leasing,  
out of bush he gan spring,  
732 & to the ffyer me brought.  
of him I had beene shent,  
but *that* god me succour sent  
*that* all this world hath wrought.  
736 Sir Knight ! god yeeld thee thy meed,  
ffor vs *that* on the roode did bleed,  
& with his blood vs bought ! ”
- when the  
giant sprang  
on her,
- and would  
have  
destroyed  
her,  
had it not  
been for  
Lyblus.  
Christ  
reward him !
- They all ride  
to
- without any more talking  
740 to their horssees they gan spring,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Vilett, Violette.—P. Vyolette.—Cot.  
The French gives the name and story  
differently :

. . nommée sui Clarie . .  
Et Saigremors si est mes frère,  
Li jaians me prist cés mon père.  
En un vergier hui mais entrai  
Et por moi déduire i alai.  
Li jaians ert desous l'entrée,  
Trova la porte desfremée ;  
Iluec me prist, si m'enporta,  
Ici son compaignon trova. (p. 32.)—F.  
<sup>2</sup> probably *going a walking*, demener,

the same as promener, qu.—P.  
Yesterday yn the mornynge  
Y wente on my playnge.

Cot. MS. in Ritson.

<sup>3</sup> The French text makes them first  
have a grand feast on the grass off the  
giants' food. Squire *Robers* distinguishes  
himself as cook, seneschal, butler, mar-  
shal, chamberlain, and squire, helped by  
the dwarf, p. 32-34. *Robers* is a most  
useful personage all through the French  
story.—F.

- & rode fforth all in-same,  
 & told the Erle in euery thing <sup>1</sup>  
 how he wan in fighting
- 744 his Daughter ffrom woe & shame.  
 then were these heads sent  
 vnto King Arthur ffor a present  
 with much mirth & game,
- 748 *that* in Arthurs court arose  
 of Sir Lybius great Losse <sup>2</sup>  
 & a right good name.
- <sup>3</sup> the Erle, ffor *that* good deede,  
 752 gaue Sir Lybius for his meede  
 sheeld and armour bright,  
 & alsoe a noble steede  
*that* was good in euerye need,  
 756 in trauayle & in ffight.
- [The Fourth Part.]
- now Sir Lybius and his May  
 tooke their leaue, & rode their way  
 thither as they had hight.<sup>4</sup>
- 760 { Then they saw in a parke [page 328]  
 a Castle stiffe & starke,<sup>5</sup>  
*that* was ffull maruelouslye dight ;
- 4<sup>d</sup> parte. { wrought itt was with lime & stone,—  
 764 { such a one saw he neuer none,—  
 with towers stiffe & stout.

Sir  
 Arthore's,

and Lybius  
 sends the  
 giants' heads  
 to King  
 Arthur.

Sir Arthore  
 gives Lybius

armour

and a noble  
 steed.

Lybius rides  
 on towards  
 the Waste  
 Land,

and sees a  
 castle

<sup>1</sup> erl tydyng.—Cot.

<sup>2</sup> lose, praise.—F.

<sup>3</sup> The Cotton text has an extra stanza here, in which Sir Arthore offers Lybius his daughter Vyolette to wife, but the offer is declined, leaf 47 b. MS., p. 30, Ritson. The French has neither of the stanzas.—F.

<sup>4</sup> þey Ryde forþ alle þre

Toward þe fayre cyte,

Kardeuyle fore sob hyt hyt.—C.

Here follow in the French a page and a quarter of what M. Hippeau terms "Digression de l'Auteur: Il sera fidèle à celle qu'il ne peut encore nommer *s'amie*, mais qu'il appelle *la moult aimée*." The next adventure with Sir Gefferon, or Part IV, is omitted.—F.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. strong.—P.

which he  
thinks very  
strong.

Hellen tells  
him that a  
brave knight  
lives there :

whoever  
brings him  
a lady

fairer than  
his own,  
gets a white  
falcon ;

but if she is  
not so fair,  
Sir Gefferon

cuts his head  
off.

Lybius  
declares he'll  
fight  
Gefferon,

and produce  
Hellen as  
his love.

Sir Lybius said, "soe haue I blis!  
worthy dwelling here itt is

768 to them *that* stood in doubt!"

then laughed *that* Maiden bright,  
& sayd, "here dwelleth a *Knicht*,  
the best *that* here is about.

772 who-soe will with him ffight,—  
be he Baron or be he knight,—  
he maketh him to loute.

"soe well he loueth his Leman  
776 *that* is soe ffaire a woman,  
& a worthy in weede,

who-soe bringeth a ffairer then,  
a ioly ffawcon as white as swan  
780 he shall haue to his meede.

& if shee be not soe bright,  
with Sir Gefferon he must ffight ;  
& if he may not speed,

784 <sup>1</sup> his [head] shall be ffrom him take,  
& sett ffull hye vpon a stake,  
trulye withouten dread.

"the sooth you may see and heere ;  
788 there is on euery corner <sup>2</sup>  
a head or tow ffull right."

Sir Lybius sayd al soe soone,  
"by god & by S<sup>t</sup> Iohn !

792 with Sir Gefferon will I ffight,  
& chalenge the Iolly ffawcon,  
& say *that* I haue one in the towne,  
a lemman al soe <sup>3</sup> bright ;

796 & if hee will her see,  
then I will bring <sup>4</sup> thee,  
be itt day or by night." <sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> his [head] shall.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Percy has added an *e* at the end.  
—F.

<sup>3</sup> MS. alsoe, and in line 790.—F. al

soe.—P

<sup>4</sup> Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.

<sup>5</sup> by day or night, or *dele* by.—P.

	the dwarffe sayd, "by Sweete Iesus !	The dwarf
800	gentle Sir Lybyus <sup>1</sup> Disconiys,	warns him
	thou putttest thee in great perill.	
	Sir Giffron La ffraudeus, <sup>2</sup>	of Gefferon's
	in ffigthing he hath an vse	wiles.
804	Knights ffor to beguile."	
	Sir Lybius answered and sware,	Lybius
	& said, "therof I haue no care !	doesn't care
	by god & by S <sup>t</sup> Gyle,	for 'em ; he
808	I will see him in the fface	<i>will</i> fight.
	or I passe out of this place,	
	ffor all his subtulle wile ! "	
	 without any more questyon	
812	thé <sup>3</sup> dwelled still in the towne	
	all night there in peace.	
	on the morrow he made him readie	Next day
	ffor to winne him the Masterye	Lybius
816	certes <sup>4</sup> withouten Lease.	
	he armed him ffull sure	arms
	in the sayd Armor	
	that King Arthurs <sup>5</sup> was,	
820	& his horsse began he to stryde ;	and rides to
	the dwarffe rod by his syde	
	to that strong palace.	Gefferon's
		castle.
	Sir Gyffron la ffraudeus	Gefferon
824	rose vp, as itt was his vse,	
	in the morrow tyde	
	ffor to honor sweete Iesus.	
	then he was ware of Sir Lybius ;	sees him,
828	as a prince of much pryde	

<sup>1</sup> There is a stroke too many after the  
u in the MS.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Syr Gyffroun le flowdous.—Cot.

<sup>3</sup> they.—P.

<sup>4</sup> MS. certer.—F.

<sup>5</sup> erl autores.—Cot., which must be  
right.—F. sir Arthores, or *Knight Ar-*  
*thores*.—P.

fast he rode into *that* place.  
 Sir Ieffron maruailed att *that* case,  
 & loud to him did crye  
 832 with voyce loud and shrill :  
 “ comest thou ffor good or ill ?  
 tell me now on hye.”

and asks why  
 he comes.

Sir Lybius said al soe <sup>1</sup> tyte,  
 836 “ certes I haue greate delight  
 with thee ffor to ffight !  
 thou hast [said] great despite ; <sup>2</sup>  
 thou hast a Leman, <sup>3</sup> none so whyte  
 840 by day or by night  
 as I haue one in the towne,  
 fairer of ffashyon  
 for to see with sight.  
 844 therfore thy lolly ffawcowne,  
 to King Arthur with the crowne  
 bring I will by right.”

[page 329]

“ To fight  
 you,” says  
 Lybius ;

“ you haue  
 no such fair  
 maiden as I  
 haue ;

give me  
 your falcon  
 for King  
 Arthur.

Sir Geffron said al soe right,  
 848 “ where shall wee see *that* sight,  
 whether the fairer bee ? ”  
 Sir Lybius said, “ wee will ffull right  
 in Cardigan see *that* sight, <sup>4</sup>  
 852 there all men may itt see ;  
 in the middes of *that* Markett,  
 there shall they both be sett  
 to looke on them soe ffree <sup>5</sup> ;  
 856 & if my Leman be browne,  
 ffor thy lolly ffawcowne  
 iust I will with thee.”

My lady is in  
 Cardigan ;

we'll set  
 yours and  
 mine in the  
 market,  
 and see  
 which is  
 the fairer.”

<sup>1</sup> MS. alsoe, and in l. 847.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Thou seyste a foule dispite.—Lam.

<sup>3</sup> Lennan in the MS.—F.

<sup>4</sup> In Cardeuyle cyte ryzt.—Cot.

<sup>5</sup> bothe bond & fre.—Cot.

- Sir Geffron said alsoe then,  
 860 " I wold ffaine as any man  
       to-day att yondertyde.<sup>1</sup>  
 all this I grant thee well,  
 & out of this Castell  
 864 to Cardigan<sup>2</sup> I will ryde."  
 their gloues were there vp yold,  
*that* fforward<sup>3</sup> to hold,  
       as princes proud in pryde.  
 868 Sir Lybius wold no longer blinn,<sup>4</sup>  
 but rode againe to his inn  
       & wold no longer abyde.
- he said to maid Ellen  
 872 *that* was soe bright & sheene,  
       " looke thou make thee bowne !  
 I thee say, by S<sup>t</sup> Quintin,  
 Sir Gefferons Leman I will winn :  
 876 to-day shee will come to towne,  
 in the midds of this cytye,  
*that* men may you see,  
       & of you bothe the ffashyon ;  
 880 & if thou be not soe bright,  
 with Sir Geffron I shall fight  
       to winne the lollye ffawcowne."
- the dwarffe answered, " for-thy<sup>5</sup>  
 884 *that* thou doest a deed hardye<sup>6</sup>  
       ffor any man borne.  
 thou wilt doe by no mans read

Geffron  
agrees.

Lybius rides  
back, and

tells Hellen  
to get ready,

as she is to  
be shown  
against  
Geffron's  
love.

The dwarf  
tells him it's  
a foolhardy  
business ;

<sup>1</sup> *fortè* ondertyde.—P. *bys* day at vnderne tyde.—C. This daye at vnder-tide.—L.

<sup>2</sup> Karlof.—Cot. Kardyle.—Lam.

<sup>3</sup> A.-S. *foreward*, agreement.—F.

<sup>4</sup> blin in the MS.—F.

<sup>5</sup> for thy, *therefore*, according to Gl. Ch. & G.D., here it should seem to be *forthwith*.—P. Cot. omits this stanza.

The Lambeth MS. has :

The Dwerff answerd and seid,

" Thow doste a savage dede !

ffor any man i-borne

Tow wilt not do by Rede,

But faryst with thi madd hede

As lorde that will be lorne."

<sup>6</sup> hardye, qu.—P. MS. not clear.—F.



- for thou fforest in thy child head  
 888 as a man *that* wold be lorne!  
 & therfore I thee pray  
 to wend fforth on thy way,  
 & come not him beforne.”
- he'd better  
go on his  
way.
- Lybius won't  
hear of this.
- 892 Sir Lybius said, “*that* were great shame!  
 I had leuer with great grame<sup>1</sup>  
 with wild horsstes to be torne.”
- Hellen  
decks herself
- 896 maid Ellen, ffaire and free,  
 made hast sickerlye  
 her ffor to attyre  
 in Keicheys<sup>2</sup> *that* were white,  
 for to doe all his delight,  
 900 with good<sup>3</sup> gold wyer.  
 a vyolett mantle, the sooth to say,  
 ffurred well with gryse gay,<sup>4</sup>  
 shee cast about her Lyer<sup>5</sup>;
- with a violet  
mantle,
- and precious  
stones,
- 904 the stones shee had about her mold  
 were precyous & sett with gold,<sup>6</sup>  
 the best in *that* shire.
- Sir Lybius sett *that* ffaire May
- and rides on  
a palfrey
- 908 on<sup>7</sup> a right good<sup>8</sup> Palffrey,  
 & rode fforth all three.  
 euery man to other gan say,  
 “heere cometh a ffaire May,  
 912 And louelye ffor to see!”
- to Cardigan  
market.
- into the Markett hee rode,  
 & boldly there abode

[page 330]

<sup>1</sup> i. e. grief, sorrow; vexation, anger; madness: trouble, affliction, Gl. ad Chauc.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Kercheffs, qu.—P. keuechers.—C. kerchevys.—L.

<sup>3</sup> arayde wyth.—Cot.

<sup>4</sup> Pelured with gryns & gray.—Cot.

<sup>5</sup> swyre (neck).—Cot.

<sup>6</sup> A sercle vp-on here molde,  
 Of stones & of golde.—Cot.  
*Mold*, the suture of the skull; *form*,  
 fashion, appearance.—Halliwell.

<sup>7</sup> *om*, or ? *one*, in the MS.—F.

<sup>8</sup> Vp-on a pomely.—Cot.

- in the middes <sup>1</sup> of *that* citye.
- 916 anon thé saw Geffron come ryde, To them  
comes  
Gefferon,  
& 2 squiers by his side,  
& na more meanye <sup>2</sup>:
- he bare a sheelde of greene,  
920 richelye itt was to be seene <sup>3</sup> ;  
of gold was the bordure,  
dight itt was with fflowers  
& alsoe with rich colours,  
924 like as itt <sup>4</sup> were an Emperour. with two  
squires  
the <sup>5</sup> squiers did with him ryde ;  
the one bare by his side  
3 shafts good & stoure, <sup>6</sup> (one bearing  
a falcon)  
928 the other bare, his head vpon,  
a gentle Iolly ffawcon <sup>7</sup>  
*that* was laid to wager ;
- & after did a Lady ryde, and his fair  
lady,  
932 ffaire & bright, of Much pryde,  
cladd in purple pall. clad in  
the people came ffarr & wyde  
to see *that* Ladye in *that* tyde, <sup>8</sup>  
936 how gentle <sup>9</sup> shee was and small ;  
her mantle was of purple ffine, purple,  
well ffurred with good Armine,  
itt was rich and royall ;  
940 a sercotte sett about her necke soe sweete her surcoat  
set with  
diamonds,  
pearls,  
and  
emeralds ;  
with dyamond & with Margarett,  
& many a rich Emerall ;

<sup>1</sup> niddes in the MS.—F.<sup>2</sup> attendants.—P.<sup>3</sup> He bare þe schelde of goules,  
Of syluer thre whyte oules.—C.  
He bare the shelde gowlys,  
Off syluer three white owlys.—L.<sup>4</sup> hee.—P.<sup>5</sup> two.—P.<sup>6</sup> Idem ac *sture, ingens, crassus*, Lye.  
—P.<sup>7</sup> I would read Ier-faucon. see st. 37  
[l. 977] below.—P. gerfawcone.—C.<sup>8</sup> To se here bak & syde.—Cot.  
(which has many variations in the follow-  
ing lines).—F.<sup>9</sup> forte, *gimp*.—P.

- her hue  
rose-red,  
her hair  
golden,  
  
her brows  
like silk,  
  
her eyes  
grey.  
  
The lookers-  
on  
  
put two  
chairs for  
the ladies,  
  
and decide  
that  
Gefferon's  
is the fairer.  
  
Hellen is  
only fit to be  
her laundry-  
maid.  
  
Lybius then  
challenges  
Gefferon to  
fight.
- her colour was as the rose red ;  
944 her haire *that* was on her head,  
as gold wyer itt shone bright ;  
her browes were al soe <sup>1</sup> silke spread,  
ffaire bent in lenght & bread ;  
948 her nose was ffaire and right ;  
her eyen gray as any glasse ;  
milke white was her fface.  
thé said *that* sawe *that* sight,  
952 her body gentle and small,  
'her beautye ffor to tell all,  
noe man with tounge might.'
- 956 unto the Markett men gan bring  
2 Chaires ffor to sitt in,  
their bewtye ffor to descrye.  
then said both old & younge,—  
fforssooth without Leasing  
960 betweene them was *partye*,—<sup>2</sup>  
Geffrons Lemman was ffaire & cleere  
as euer was any rose on bryer,<sup>3</sup>  
fforssooth without Lye.  
964 Maid Ellen, the Messenger,  
seemed to her but a Launderer <sup>4</sup>  
in her nurserye.
- then said Sir Geffron la ffraudeus,<sup>5</sup>  
968 " Sir Knight, by Sweet Iesus,  
thy head thou hast fforlore <sup>6</sup> !"  
" nay ! " said Sir Lybius,  
" *that* was neuer my vse !  
972 iust I will therfore ;

<sup>1</sup> MS. alsoe.—F.<sup>2</sup> This Line in a Parenthesis.—P.<sup>3</sup> brere.—P. There is no short stroke to the *y* in the MS.—F.<sup>4</sup> i. e. Launderess, Laundress.—P.<sup>5</sup> le fludous.—Cot.<sup>6</sup> lost.—P. The Cotton MS. reads :  
Syr lybeaus Desconus,  
bys hauk þou hast for-lore.

- “ & if thou beare me downe,  
take my head on thy ffawchyon,  
& home with thee itt lead ;
- 976 & if I beare downe thee,  
the Ierffaucon shall goe with mee  
maugre thy head indeed.
- “ what needeth vs more to chyde ?  
980 but into the saddle let vs glyde,  
to proue our mastery.”  
either smote on others sheeld the while      They charge  
with crownackles <sup>1</sup> *that* were of steele,  
984 with great envye.  
then their speares brake assunder ;      and their  
the dints ffared as the thunder      spears break.  
*that* cometh out of the skye.  
988 trumpetts & tabours,  
herawdyes & good desoures,<sup>2</sup>  
Their stroakes ffor to <sup>3</sup> descrye. [page 331]
- Geffron then began to speake :
- 992 “ bring me a spere *that* will not breke,  
a shaft with one crownall !      Geffron  
ffor this young ffeley ffreke      calls for a  
sitteth in his saddle steke <sup>4</sup>      spear that  
996 as stone in Castle wall.      won't break,  
I shall make him to stoope      and he'll  
swithe ouer his saddle croope,      soon unhorse  
& giue him a great ffall,      Lybius !  
1000 tho he were as wight a warryour  
as Alexander or Arthur,  
Sir Lancelott or Sir Perciuall.”

<sup>1</sup> coronals.—Cot. *Coronel*, the upper part of a jousting-lance, constructed to unhorse, but not to wound, a knight. Fairholt, p. 426 (with a cut of one).—F. This seems to be the same as Crownall, st. 40 [of MS., l. 993 here]. both

seem to signify the heads of *the* spears.—P.

<sup>2</sup> disours, tellers, narraters.—F.

<sup>3</sup> gon.—Cot.

<sup>4</sup> steke for stuck, *rhithmi gratia*.—P.

- They charge  
again.
- Gefferon  
loses his  
shield.
- The third  
course,  
Gefferon  
does no-  
thing.
- The fourth,
- Lybius
- breaks  
Gefferon's  
back,
- and wins his  
falcon.
- 1004 then the *Knights* both tow  
 rode together swithe thoe  
 with great ren[d]owne<sup>1</sup> :  
 Sir Lybius smote Sir Gefferon soe  
*that* his sheild ffell him ffroe  
 1008 into the ffeeld againe.<sup>2</sup>  
 then laughed all *that* was there,  
 & said without more,  
 Duke, Erle, or Barron,  
 1012 *that* " thé saw neuer a *Knight*,  
 ne noe man abide might  
 a course of Sir Gefferon."
- another course gan thé ryde :  
 1016 Sir Gefferon was agreeued *that* tyde  
 ffor hee might not speede.  
 he rode againe al soe<sup>3</sup> tyte,  
 & Sir Lybius he gan<sup>4</sup> smite  
 1020 as a doughtye man of deed.
- Sir Lybius smote him soe ffast  
*that* Sir Gefferon soone he cast  
 him and his horsse a-downe ;  
 1024 Sir Ieffrons backe bone he brake  
*that* the ffolkes hard itt cracke ;  
 lost was his renowne.  
 then they all said, lesse & more,  
 1028 *that* Sir Gefferons had Lore  
 the white Gerffawcon.<sup>5</sup>  
 the people came Sir Lybius before,  
 & went with him, lesse & more,  
 1032 anon into the towne ;

<sup>1</sup> *With* welle greet Raundoun.—Cot.<sup>2</sup> I would read *adowne*. see below, st. 45.—P. a-down.—Cot. a-downe.—L.<sup>3</sup> MS. alsoe.—F.<sup>4</sup> MS. gam.—F.<sup>5</sup> Only half the *w* in the MS.—F.

- & Sir Geffron ffrom the ffeeld  
was borne home on his sheild  
with care and ruefull mone.
- 1036 the Gerffawcon sent was,  
by a knight *that* hight Chaudas,<sup>1</sup>  
to bring to Arthur with the crowne ;
- & rote<sup>2</sup> to him all *that* dead,<sup>3</sup>  
1040 & with him he gan to leade  
the ffawcon *that* Sir Lybius wan.  
when the *King* had heard itt read,  
he said to his *knights* in *that* stead,
- 1044 “ Sir Lybius well warr can !  
he hath me sent with honor  
*that* he hath done battells 4  
since *that* he began ;
- 1048 I will him send of my treasure,  
ffor to spend to his honor,  
as ffalleth<sup>4</sup> ffor such a man.”
- a 100<sup>li</sup> ready<sup>5</sup> prest  
1052 of ffloryins to spend with the best,  
he sent to Cardigan towne.  
then Sir Lybius held a feast  
*that* lasted 40 dayes att Least  
1056 with Lords of renowne.<sup>6</sup>  
& att the 6: weeke end  
hee tooke his leaue, ffor to wend,  
of duke, Erle, and Barron.

Geffron is  
carried  
home.

The falcon  
is sent by  
Chaudas

to King  
Arthur,

who praises  
Lybius,

and sends  
him to  
Cardigan  
£100 of  
florins,  
with which  
Lybius  
makes a  
forty days'  
feast,

and then  
takes his  
leave.

<sup>1</sup> There was one Chandos a herald, whose book is preserved in Worcester College Library, Oxon.—P.

<sup>2</sup> He wrote, sic legerim.—P.

<sup>3</sup> deed.—P.

<sup>4</sup> fitteth, qu.—P.

<sup>5</sup> ready, speedy.—P.

<sup>6</sup> The Cotton text sends the falcon by a knyght that hyght Gludas, to King Arthur; and Arthur sends Lybius back a hundred pound of florins to Cardelof, where Lybius holds feast forty days. (MS. leaf 49, col. 2; ed. Ritson, p. 42). —F.

## [The Fifth Part.]

[The Adventure of the Hound, and the Fight with Sir Otes de Lile.]

Lybius rides on	1060	}	Sir Lybins and his faire May rode fforth on their way towards Sinadon.	
towards Sinadon.	5 <sup>d</sup> parte 1064		then as they rod in a throwe, <sup>1</sup> hornes heard they lowd blowe, & hoinds <sup>2</sup> of great game. the dwarffe said in <i>that</i> throwe, <sup>3</sup>	
He hears a horn,			“ <i>that</i> horne I well know	
and the dwarf says it's	1068		many yeeres agone ;	
Sir Otes de Lile's.			“Thatt horne bloweth Sir Ortes de lile, That serued <sup>4</sup> my Ladye a while seemlye in her hall ;	[page 332]
	1072		& when shee was taken with guile, he fled from <i>that</i> perill west into worrall. <sup>5</sup> ”	
Then they see a beautiful hound	1076		but as they rode talking, they saw a ratch <sup>6</sup> runinge ouerthwart the way. then said both old & young, “ffrom the ffirst begining	
	1080		they saw neuer none soe gay.”	

<sup>1</sup> a short space, sed vid. infra, perhaps in a row.—P. A.-S. *prah*, a space, time.—F.

<sup>2</sup> hounds.—P.

<sup>3</sup> a cast, a stroke. It. short space, Chauc. Gl.—P.

<sup>4</sup> seruede.—Cot.

<sup>5</sup> Wyrhale.—Cot.

<sup>6</sup> Ratches. Genus Canum: Bracceones, Lye. Jun.—P. A.-S. *ræce*, a rach, a setting dog? Lye, in Bosworth. ? a dog hunting by scent.—F.



- hee was of all couloures  
*that* men may see on flowers  
 betweene Midsummer & May.
- 1084 the Mayd sayd al soe <sup>1</sup> soone,  
 “soe faire a ratch I neuer saw none,  
 nor pleasanter to my pay <sup>2</sup> !
- 1088 “wold to God *that* I him ought <sup>3</sup> !”  
 Sir Lybius anon him caught,  
 & gaue him to maid Elen.<sup>4</sup>  
 they rode fforth all rightes,  
 & told of fighting with *Knights*  
 1092 ffor ladyes bright & sheene.  
 they had rydden but a while,  
 not the space of [a] Mile  
 into *that* fforrest greene ;  
 1096 then they saw a hind sterke,<sup>5</sup>  
 & 2 greyhounds *that* were like  
 the ratch *that* I of meane.
- 1100 thé hunted <sup>6</sup> still vnder the Lind <sup>7</sup>  
 to see the course of *that* hind  
 vnder the fforrest side.  
 there beside dwelled *that Knight*  
*that* Sir Otes de lile hight,  
 1104 a man of much pride ;  
 he was cladd all in Inde,<sup>8</sup>  
 & ffast pursued after the hind

of all sorts  
 of colours.

Hellen  
 wishes she  
 had it.

So Lybius  
 catches it  
 and gives it  
 her.

Soon they

see a stag  
 followed by  
 two grey-  
 hounds,

and stop to  
 watch her.

Sir Otes de  
 Lile

<sup>1</sup> MS. alsoe.—F.

<sup>2</sup> satisfaction, liking.—P.

<sup>3</sup> owned, possest.—P.

<sup>4</sup> The French text makes the hound stop with a thorn in its foot; Hellen takes it out, rides off with the dog, and a huntsman sees it under her cloak. She refuses to give it up to him or his master, and so Sir Otes, or *L'Orgueilleux de la Lande*, rides off for his armour, and

fights Lybius.—F.

<sup>5</sup> stout Hind.—P.

<sup>6</sup> hovede (stopt).—Cot.

<sup>7</sup> Properly a Teil or Lime tree, but in these ballads it seems to be used for Trees in general.—P.

<sup>8</sup> i. e. azure or blue as used by Lydg. —black according to Sp. Gl. ad Ch.—P.

- rides by on a bay,  
 1108 vpon a bay distere ;  
 loude he gan his horne blow,  
 for the hunters shold itt know,  
 & know where he were.
- sees Lybius and Hellen,  
 1112 as he rode by *that* woode right,  
 there he saw *that* younge Knight  
 & alsoe *that* faire May ;  
 they dwarffe rode by his side.  
 Sir Otes bade they shold abyde,  
 1116 they Ledd <sup>1</sup> his ratch away :  
 “ffreinds,” he said, “why doe you soe ?  
 let my ratch ffrom you goe ;  
 good for you itt were.
- and remonstrates with them for taking his hound.  
 1120 I say to you without Lye,  
 this ratch has beene my  
 all out this 7 yeere.”
- Lybius says he means to keep it.  
 Sir Lybius said anon tho,  
 1124 “I tooke him with my hands 2,  
 & with me shall he abyde ;  
 I gaue him to this maid hend <sup>2</sup>  
*that* with me dothe wend  
 1128 riding by my side.”  
 then said Sir Otes de lile,  
 “thou putttest thee in great perill  
 to be slaine, if thou abide.”
- Sir Otes warns him to look out for his life.  
 Lybius calls him a churl.  
 1132 Sir Lybius said in *that* while,  
 “I giue right nought of thy wile,  
 churle ! tho thou chyde.”
- Sir Otes rebukes him ;  
 1136 then spake Sir Otes de lile,  
 & said, “thy words be vile !  
 churle was neuer my name !  
 I say to thee without ffayle,  
 the countesse of Carlile  
 1140 certes was my dame ;

<sup>1</sup> The last *d* has a tag to it.—F.<sup>2</sup> gentle, kind.—P.

- “ & if I were armed now  
as well as art thou,  
wee wold fight in-same.
- 1144 or thou my ratch ffrom me reue,<sup>1</sup>  
we wold play, ere itt were eue,  
a wonderous strong game.”  
Sir Lybius said al soe<sup>2</sup> prest,  
1148 “goe fforth & doe thy best ;  
Thy ratch with mee shall wend.” [page 333]  
they rode on right<sup>3</sup> west  
througe a deepe fforrest,  
1152 then as the dwarffe them kend.<sup>4</sup>
- Sir Otes de lile in *that* stower  
rode home into his Tower,  
& ffor his ffreinds sent,  
1156 & told them anon-rights  
how one of Arthurs *Knights*  
shamely had him shent,  
& had his ratche away Inome.<sup>5</sup>  
1160 then thé sayd all and some,<sup>6</sup>  
*that* “theese shall soone be tane ;  
& neuer home shall hee come  
tho he were as grim a groome  
1164 as euer was Sir Gawaine.”<sup>7</sup>
- they dight them to armes  
with gleaues<sup>8</sup> and gysarmes,<sup>9</sup>  
as they wold warr on take ;  
1168 Knights and squiers

if he were  
armed, he  
would fight  
him.

Lybius says  
“Do your  
best,”

and rides on.

Sir Otes

tells his  
friends

how badly  
Lybius has  
treated him.

They say  
they'll soon  
take Lybius.

They and  
their friends  
arm,

<sup>1</sup> bereave, take away.—P.

<sup>2</sup> alsoe, MS.—F.

<sup>3</sup> *th* is crossed out between *t* and *w*.  
—F.

<sup>4</sup> taught, made known. Gl. Ch.—P.

<sup>5</sup> y-nome, taken. Sax. *niman*, to take,  
hinc *nim*. <sup>1</sup>Lye.—P.

<sup>6</sup> sone in MS.—F.

<sup>7</sup> þau; he were þo;tyere gome

Than Launcelot du lake.—Cot.

M. Hippeau prints “thogh tyer,” which  
doesn't look much like “doughtier” at first.  
MS. is clear, leaf 50, col. 2, l. 5.—F.

<sup>8</sup> gleave, a sword, cutlace, Fr. *glaiue*.  
—P. swerdes.—Cot.

<sup>9</sup> gysarme, a halbert or Bill. Sk.—P.

mount,		leapt on their disteres ffor their Lords sake.
		vpon a hill trulye
see Lybius,	1172	Sir Lybius they can espye, ryding a well good pace.
and say they'll kill him.		to him gan they loud crye, & said, "thou shalt dye
	1176	ffor thy great trespass!"
Lybius		Sir Lybius againe beheld how ffull was the ffeild, for many people there was;
advises Hellen	1180	he said to Maid Ellen, "ffor this ratch I weene to vs commeth a carefull case.
to hide in the forest.		"I rede <i>that</i> yee withdraw
	1184	yonder into the woods wawe, <sup>1</sup> your heads for to hyde; ffor here vpon this plaine, tho I shold be slaine,
He will abide the battle.	1188	the battell I will abyde." into the fforrest thé rode; and Sir Lybius there abode of him what may betyde.
Lybius's foes		
fire at him with bows	1192	then thé smote at him with crossebowes. with speare, & with bowes turkoys, <sup>2</sup> <i>that</i> made him wounds wyde.
and wound him.		
He rides down men and horses,	1196	Sir Lybius with his horsse ran, & bare downe horsse and man;

<sup>1</sup> wode schawe.—Cot. *wawe* is used in *Chaucer* for a *wave*, but that can hardly be the sense here.—P. ? *Waw*, wall. Jamieson.—F.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. longbowes. Fr. *Turquois*,

Turkish, such as the Turks use. Gl. ad G.D.—P. See Strutt, p. 66, ed. 1830.—F.

*With* bowe and *with* arblaste  
To hym they schote faste.—Cot.

- ffor nothing wold he spare.  
 euery man said then  
*that* hee was the ffeend Sathan  
 1200 *that* wold mankind fforfare <sup>1</sup> ;
- ffor he *that* Sir Lybius raught,  
 his death wound there he caught,  
 & smote them downe by-deene.  
 1204 but anon he was besett,  
 as a ffish in a nett,  
 with groomes <sup>2</sup> ffell and keene ;
- for 12 *Knights* verelye  
 1208 he saw come ryding redylye  
 in armes ffaire & bright ;  
 all the day they had rest,  
 for thé thought in the fforrest  
 1212 to see Sir Lybius *that* Knight.  
 in a sweate they were all 12,—  
 one was the *Lord* himselfe  
 in they <sup>3</sup> ryme to read right :—  
 1216 they smote att him all att once,  
 ffor they thought to breake his bones  
 & ffell him downe in ffight.
- ffast together can thé ding ;  
 1220 & round they stroakes he gan fflinge  
 among them all in fere ;  
 fforsooth without Leasing  
 the sparkells out gan springe  
 1224 of sheeld and harnesse <sup>4</sup> cleere.  
 Sir Lybius slew of them 3,  
 & 4 away gan flee

like Satan,

but is beset

by twelve  
knightswho have  
waited for  
him,and all  
attack him  
at once.

Lybius

kills three  
of them ;  
four flee.<sup>1</sup> perdere, perire. A.-S. *forfaran*.  
Lye.—P.<sup>2</sup> men.—P.<sup>3</sup> the.—P. There is nothing of this  
incident in the French.—F.<sup>4</sup> Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.

- And wold not come him nere ;
- Sir Otes and his four sons 1228 the *Lord* abode in *that* stoure,  
& soe did his sonnes 4,  
to sell their liues deere.
- strike at Lybius. 1232 then they gaue <sup>1</sup> stroakes riue,<sup>2</sup>  
he one against them 5,  
& ffought as they were wood,  
nye downe they gan him bring ;  
as the water of a Spring  
His blood flows, 1236 of him ran the bloode ;  
his sword breaks, his sword brake by the hilde ;  
then was he neere spilt ;  
he was ffull madd of moode.
- Sir Otes cuts into his head, 1240 the *Lord* a stroake on him sett  
through helme and Basnett,  
in the skull itt stode.
- and he swoons ; 1244 then in a swoone he lowted lowe ;  
he leaned on his saddle bow  
as a man *that* was nye slake ;  
his 4 sonnes were all a bowne <sup>3</sup>  
ffor to perish <sup>4</sup> his Acton,<sup>5</sup>  
1248 double Maile and plate ;
- but soon he revives, but as he gan to smart,  
again he plucked vp <sup>6</sup> his hart,  
as the Kinde <sup>7</sup> of his estate ;
- seizes his axe, 1252 & soone he hent in his fist  
an axe *that* hanged on his sadle crest,  
almost itt was too late.
- and kills three horses. 1256 then he ffought as a *Knight* ;  
their horssees ffell downe right,

<sup>1</sup> gan.—P.<sup>2</sup> rive, To thrust, stab, to rend, &c.  
Gl. ad Ch.—P. ? rife, all about.—F.<sup>3</sup> ready.—P.<sup>4</sup> perce.—Cot. persyne.—Lam. MS.<sup>5</sup> Fr. Hocqueton.—P.<sup>6</sup> Vp he pullede.—Cot. (leaf 50, back,  
col. 2.) He pulled vp.—Lam.<sup>7</sup> Four strokes for *in* in the MS.—F.

- he slew att stroakes 3.  
 & when the Lord saw the ffight,  
 of his horsse a-downe gan light,<sup>1</sup>  
 1260 away hee ffast gan ffee.  
 Sir Lybius noe longer abode,  
 but after him ffast he rode,  
 & vnder a chest of tree<sup>2</sup>  
 1264 there he had him killed ;  
 but the Lord him yeilded  
 att his will ffor to bee,  
  
 & ffor to yeeld him his stent,<sup>3</sup>  
 1268 treasure, Land, and rent,  
 Castle, hall, & tower.  
 Sir Lybius consented therto  
 in<sup>4</sup> fforward *that* he wold goe  
 1272 vnto King Arthur,  
 & say, " Lord of great renowne !  
 in battell I am ouerthrowne ;  
 & sent thee to honor."  
 1276 the Lord granted theretill,  
 ffor to doe all his will.  
 they went home to his tower,  
  
 & anon Maiden Ellen  
 1280 with knights ffiueteene  
 was ffeitched into the Castle.  
 shee & the dwarffe by-deene  
 told of his deeds Keene,  
 1284 & how *that* itt befell  
 that hee had presents<sup>5</sup> 4  
 sent vnto King Arthur,
- Sir Otes  
flees;
- Lybius  
catches him,
- and Sir Otes  
yields up  
himself
- and all his  
lands and  
goods,
- and agrees to  
go to King  
Arthur
- and honour  
him.
- They go to  
Sir Otes's  
castle.  
Hellen is  
brought  
there,
- and tells Sir  
Otes  
that he is  
Lybius's  
fourth  
present to  
Arthur.

<sup>1</sup> And on hys courser lyzt.—Cot.<sup>2</sup> a chesten tree, i. e. a Chesnut Tree.  
Sic legerim. vid. Gl. ad Chauc.—P.  
chesteyn.—Cot. chesteyne.—Lam.<sup>3</sup> his stint, *apud Salopienses*, signifieshis measure, his quantity, his share.  
—P. be sertayne extante.—Cot.<sup>4</sup> MS. him.—F. in.—Cot.<sup>5</sup> presentes.—Cot. persones.—Lam.



- that he had woone ffull well.*
- 1288 the *Lord* was glad & blythe,  
& thanked god often sithe,  
& alsoe S<sup>t</sup> Michall,<sup>1</sup>
- that such a noble Knight*  
1292 shold ffor that *Ladye* fight  
*that* was soe faire and free.  
in the towne dwelled a *Knight* :  
att the ffull fortnight
- Lybius 1296 Sir Lybyus<sup>2</sup> there gan bee,  
recovers from his wounds & did heale him of his wounds  
bothe hole and sound  
by the 6 weekes end.
- and rides on towards Sinadon. 1300 then Sir Lybius and his May  
rode fforthe on their way,  
to Sinadon to wend ;  
and alsoe the Lord of *that* tower
- Sir Otes goes to Arthur, 1304 went vnto *King* Arthur,  
& prisoner him did yeeld,  
& told how a *Knight* younge  
in fighting had him woone,
- 1308 & ouercome him in the ffeeld ;
- and tells him how Lybius beat him. & said, " *Lord* of great renowne !  
I am in battell brought a-downe  
with a *Knight* soe bolde."
- 1312 *King* Arthur had good game,  
& soe had they all in-same  
*that* heard that tale soe told.<sup>3</sup>

[page 335]

<sup>1</sup> The Cotton text omits the rest of this part. The French of the whole part is very different.—F.

<sup>2</sup> One stroke too many for *u* in the MS. *There* means, I suppose, the house of the knight of l. 1294. The Lambeth MS. has :

Lybeous a fourtenyght  
Then with him came lende,

He did helen his wounde,  
And made him hole and sownde.  
Corresponding nearly with our text.—F.

<sup>3</sup> The French puts in here its tale of the Falcon or Sparrow-hawk, which M. Hippeau summarises thus, p. x. :

L'Inconnu, Robert, Hélie, et son nai.  
aperçoivent, en sortant du bois [where  
Lybius has vanquished *l'Orguillous de*

## [The Sixth Part.]

[Lybius's Adventure at the Ile Dore.]

1316	}	Now let vs rest awhile of <i>Sir Otes</i> de lile, & tell wee other tales.	
6 <sup>d</sup> parte		Sir <i>Lybius</i> rode many a mile, sawe <sup>1</sup> aduentures many & vile	Lybius sees adventures
1320		in England <sup>2</sup> & in Wales, till itt beffell in the monthe of June, when the ffenell <sup>3</sup> hangeth in the towne all greene in seemlye manner, <sup>4</sup>	in England and Wales.
1324		The midsummer <sup>5</sup> day is ffaire & long; merry is the ffoules songe, the notes of birds on bryar <sup>6</sup> ;	On Mid- summer day

*la Lande*, our *Sir Otes*], un castel d'où descend, pour venir à leur rencontre, une dame richement vêtue et d'une beauté ravissante. Elle leur apprend que celui qu'elle aimait a été tué par un chevalier redoutable qui habite le château. Là se trouve, dit-elle, un épervier perché sur un bâton d'or. La damoiselle qui pourra s'en emparer sera proclamée la plus belle; mais elle devra se faire accompagner par un chevalier assez hardi pour oser se mesurer avec le maître de l'épervier. La pauvre damoiselle, désireuse d'obtenir le prix de la beauté, avait conduit à ce château son ami qui avait succombé dans une lutte inégale. "Je le vengerai, et vous serez reconnue comme la plus belle!" dit l'Inconnu, qui trouve l'occasion d'un nouveau triomphe. *Gifflet*, le fils d'*O*, est terrassé an effet; et, comme l'Inconnu apprend que la jeune fille pour laquelle il vient de se battre est Marguerie, la fille du roi d'Écosse, Agolant, il l'a fait conduire chez son père par un chevalier dont la valeur et la loyauté sont éprouvées. Hélie reconnaît en elle sa cousine; elle lui fait de tendres adieux. "Je ne sais," dit-elle avec sensibilité, "si jamais je vous re-

verrai, mais je vous aimerai toujours!"  
—F.

<sup>1</sup> One stroke too many for the *w* in the MS.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Among *aventurus fyle*  
In Yrland.—Cot.

and sey awntours the while  
and [in] Irlande.—Lam.

Vile = fele, numerous.—F.

<sup>3</sup> *cerfille and finule* Chervil & fennel  
*fela mihtigu twa* Two very \* mighty  
(ones)

*þa wyrte gesceop* These worts formed  
*witig drihten* (The) wit-ful† Lord

*halig on heofenum* Holy in heavens  
*þa he hongode sette* Them he set hung-

up †  
*and sænde on vii.* And sent to the 7  
*worulde* worlds

*earnum and eadi-* For the poor & the  
*gum* rich

*eallum to bote.* For a remedy § for  
all.

*Leechdoms*, iii. 34-7, ed. Cockayne.

<sup>4</sup> P. has added an *e* to the *r*.—F.  
sales.—Cot. saale.—Lam.

<sup>5</sup> One stroke too few in the MS.—F.

<sup>6</sup> *briere*.—P.

As notes of the *ny3tyngales*.—Cot.

And *notis* of the *nyghtyngale*.—Lam.

\* fair and.—Cockayne.

† Wise he and witty is.—C.

‡ he suspended.—C.

§ Panacea.—C.

- Lybius  
1328 Sir Lybius then gan ryde  
along by a riuer side,  
sees a fair  
city,  
& saw a ffaire Citye  
with pauillyons of much pride,  
& a castle ffaire & wyde,  
1332 and gates great plentye.  
which  
Hellen  
tells him  
he asked ffast what itt hight:  
the maid said anon-right,  
" Sir, I will tell thee ;  
is Ile d'Ore, 1336 men clepeth itt Ile dore ;<sup>1</sup>  
there hath beene slaine *Knights* more  
then beene in this countrye
- and that a  
lovely lady  
is kept there  
1340 " ffor a Ladye *that* is of price,  
her coulour is red as rose on rise.<sup>2</sup>  
all this cuntry is in doubt  
by the giant  
Mangys,  
ffor a Gyant *that* hight Mangys,<sup>3</sup>  
there is noe more such theeues!<sup>4</sup>  
1344 *that* Ladye hee lyeth about ;  
he is heathen, as blacke as pitch ;  
now there be no more such  
of deeds strong & stout ;  
to whom  
every knight  
must bow,  
and lay down  
his armour.  
1348 what *Knight that* passeth this brigg,  
his armes he must downe ligg,  
& to the gyant Lout.<sup>5</sup>
- 1352 " he is 20<sup>6</sup> ffoote of lenght,  
& much more of strenght

<sup>1</sup> Isle Dor, Fr. Yledor.—Cot. Il-deore.—Lam. The French has a long description of the Castle, but nothing about the giant Mangys. It is a knight, *Malgiers li Gris* (p. 77), who there defends the entrance to the castle ; and if he conquers every comer for seven years (or nine according to M. Hippeau) he is to wed *La Dame aux blanches Mains*. The knight has killed 143 opponents,

and cut their heads off (p. 71, l. 1985), when he is overcome by Lybius.—F.

<sup>2</sup> sprig, twig, shrub, Jun. Lye.—P.

<sup>3</sup> Maungys.—Cot.

<sup>4</sup> Nowhere hys pere ther nys.—Cot. Nowhere is non suche.—Lam.

<sup>5</sup> MS. Cot. omits the next twelve lines.—F.

<sup>6</sup> thirty.—Lam.

- then other *Knights* ffine.  
 Sir Lybius! now <sup>1</sup> bethinke thee,  
 hee is more grimmner ffor to see  
 1356 then any one aliue; <sup>2</sup>  
 he beareth haire on his brow  
 like the bristles of a sow;  
 his head is great & stout <sup>3</sup>;  
 1360 eche arme is the lenght of an ell,  
 his ffists beene great & ffell,  
 dints ffor to driue about.”
- Sir Lybius said, “maiden hend!  
 1364 on our way wee will wend  
 ffor all his stroakes ill.  
 if god will me grace send,  
 or this day come to an end  
 1368 I hope him ffor to spill.<sup>4</sup>  
 tho I be young & lite,<sup>5</sup>  
 I will him sore smyte,  
 & let god doe his will.  
 1372 I beseech god almight  
 that I may soe with him flight,  
 that giant <sup>6</sup> ffor to kill.”
- then they rode fforth all 3  
 1376 vnto *that* ffaire cytye,  
 men call itt Ile dore <sup>7</sup>;  
 anon Mangy can they see  
 vpon a bridge of tree,  
 1380 as grimm as any bore;

She warns  
 Lybius not  
 to fight him.

Lybius says

that by  
 God's help  
 he'll kill  
 him before  
 the day ends.

Near

Ile d'Ore  
 they see  
 Mangys

<sup>1</sup> well.—Lam.

<sup>2</sup> That thou with him ne macched bee,  
 He is gryme to Discryue.—Lam.

<sup>3</sup> grete as an hyve.—Cot.

<sup>4</sup> Cot. inserts here:

I have y-seyn grete okes  
 Falle fore wyndes strokes,

be smale han stonde styll,  
 and omits the last three lines of the  
 stanza. Lam. does the same, altering  
 the words a little.—F.

<sup>5</sup> lite, little.—P.

<sup>6</sup> MS. grant.—F. giant, qu.—P.

<sup>7</sup> Ylledore.—Cot. Iledolour.—Lam.

with a black  
shield,  
his sheild was blacke as ter <sup>1</sup> ;  
his paytrill,<sup>2</sup> his crouper,<sup>3</sup>  
3 mammetts <sup>4</sup> there-in were ;  
1384 thé were gaylye gilt with gold ;  
& a spere in his hand he did hold,  
a spear  
and sword.  
& alsoe his sword in ffere.

He cryed to him in despite,  
[page 356]  
1388 & said, " ffellow, I thee quite ! <sup>5</sup>  
now what thou art, mee tell ;  
& turne againe al soe <sup>6</sup> tyte  
ffor thine owne proffitt,  
1392 if thou loue thy selfe well."  
Lybius  
Sir Lybius said anon-right,  
" King Arthur made me a Knight.  
vnto him I made my vow  
refuses. 1396 that I shold neuer turne my backe  
ffor noe such devill in blacke.  
goe ! make thee readye now ! "

They charge  
1400 Now Sir Lybius & Mangys,  
Of horssees <sup>7</sup> proud of price  
together they rode full right ;  
(Lords and  
ladies  
both Lords & Ladyes there  
Lay on pount tornere <sup>8</sup>  
1404 to see that seemlye sight,

<sup>1</sup> tar.—F. perhaps as *Aster*, *Haster*, or *Aster* is a word still used in Shropshire, signifying the back of the chimney. "As black as the Haster" is a common expression with them.—P. psych.—Cot. pycche.—Lam. The French knight's shield is *Sinople*, greene colour (in Blazon).—Cotgrave :

Les escus à sinople estoit,  
Et mains blances parmi avoit (p. 73).—F.

<sup>2</sup> Poitrel, peytrel, *antilena*: The breast-  
armour for a horse. Jun.—P.

<sup>3</sup> croupere.—P.

<sup>4</sup> Mammet, a puppet, an Image, a

false-god. Jun.—P. One stroke too many in the MS.—F.

<sup>5</sup> Say, þou felaw yn whyt.—Cot. & Lam.

<sup>6</sup> MS. alsoe.—F.

<sup>7</sup> On Horses.—P. On stedes.—Cot. & Lam.

<sup>8</sup> ? *Pont Tornere*, the name of the bridge.—F.

Layn out yn pomet tours.—Cot.

Laynen in her toures.—Lam.

The French text brings them all out of the castle, except La Dame aux blanches Mains.—F.

- & prayed to god loud & still,  
 " if *that* itt were his will,  
 to helpe *that* cristyan *Knight*;  
 1408 & the vile Gyaunt  
*that* beleueeth in Termagant,  
*that* he might dye in ffight! "
- theire speres brake assunder,  
 1412 their stroakes ffared as the thunder,<sup>1</sup>  
 the peeces gan out spring.  
 euery man had great wonder  
*that* Sir Lybius had not beene vnder  
 1416 att the first begininge.  
 anon they drew sords bothe ;  
 as men *that* were full wrothe,  
 together gan they dinge :  
 1420 Sir Lybius smote Mangyes thoe  
*that* his sheild fell him ffroe,  
 in the ffeild he gan itt ffling.
- Mangyes gan smite in *that* stead  
 1424 Sir Lybius horse on the head,  
 & dashed out his braine ;  
 his horsse fell downe dyinge.  
 Sir Lybius sayd nothing,  
 1428 but start vp againe ;  
 an axe in his hand he hent anon  
*that* hunge on his saddle arson,<sup>2</sup>  
 & smote a stroake of maine  
 1432 through Mangis horsse swire,<sup>3</sup>  
 carued him throug long<sup>4</sup> & liuer,<sup>5</sup>  
 & quitt him well againe.

pray that

Lybius may  
kill  
Mangys).Their spears  
break ;they draw  
their  
swords ;Lybius cuts  
away  
Mangys's  
shield ;Mangys kills  
Lybius's  
horse,

and Lybius

kills his.

<sup>1</sup> The first part of *thunder* is blotted in the MS.—F. donder.—Cot. thonder.—Lam.

<sup>2</sup> arçon. Fr. i. e. saddle bow.—P.

<sup>3</sup> swire, swere, the neck. Gl. ad Ch.—P.

<sup>4</sup> through lung.—P.

<sup>5</sup> P. has added an *e* to the end of *liuer*.—F.

fore-karf bon and lyre.—Cot.

forkarve bone and lyre.—Lam.

- Then each  
1436 describe the stroakes cold no man  
*that* were giuen betwene them then ;  
    <sup>1</sup> to bedd peace was no boote thoe ;
- wounds the  
other badly,  
1440 deepe wounds there they caught,  
ffor they both sore ffought,  
    & either was others foe.  
ffro : the hower of prime  
till it was euensong time,  
    they ffought together thoe.
- and they  
fight from  
six to  
evensong.  
1444 *Sir* Lybius thirsted then sore,  
& sayd, “ Mangyes, thine ore <sup>2</sup> !  
    to drinke lett me goe ;
- Lybius asks  
leave to get  
some drink.  
    “ & I will grant to thee,  
1448 what loue <sup>3</sup> thou biddest mee,  
    such happe if thee betyde.  
    great shame itt wold bee  
    a *Knicht* ffor thirst shold dye,  
1452 & to thee litle pryde.”
- Mangys  
gives it him,  
Mangies granted him his will,  
ffor to drinke his fill  
    without any more despite.
- but as he  
lies down  
drinking  
1456 as *Sir* Lybius lay ouer the banke,  
through his helme he dranke ;  
    Mangyes gan him smite  
    *that* into the riuer he goes.
- Mangys  
knocks him  
into the  
river.  
Lybius gets  
out,  
1460 but vp anon he rose ;  
    wonderffull he was dight  
    with his armour euery deale ;  
    “ now by S<sup>t</sup> Micaheel  
1464 I am twise as light !

<sup>1</sup> It was no boot then to bid (propose) peace.—P. Cot. and Lam. have different lines.—F.

<sup>2</sup> mercy.—F.  
<sup>3</sup> bone.—C. & Lam.



- what weenest thout ffeend fere?  
*that* I vnchirstened were  
 or thou saw itt with sight?
- 1468 I shall, ffor thy baptise, [page 337]  
 well qu[i]tte thee thy service,  
 by the grace of god almight.”  
 a new battell there began ;
- 1472 either ffast to other ran,  
 & stroakes gaue with might.  
 there was many a gentleman,  
 and alsoe Ladyes as white as swan,
- 1476 they prayed all ffor the Knight.
- but Mangis anon in the ffeild  
 carued assunder *Sir* Lybius sheild  
 with stroakes of armes great.
- 1480 then *Sir* Lybius rann away  
 thither were Mangis sheild Lay ;  
 & vp he can itt gett,
- & ran againe to him <sup>1</sup> ;
- 1484 with stroakes great and grim  
 together they did assayle ;  
 there beside the watter brimne  
 till it waxed wonderous dimm,
- 1488 betweene them lasted *that* battell.<sup>2</sup>  
*Sir* Lybius was warryour wight,  
 & smote a stroke of much might ;  
 through hawberke,<sup>3</sup> plate and maile,
- 1492 hee smote of by the shoolder bone  
 his right arme soone and anon  
 into the ffeild with-out ffaile.
- and tells  
Mangys
- he'll pay  
him out.
- They fight  
again ;
- Mangys  
cuts Lybius's  
shield in  
two.
- Lybius gets  
Mangys's  
shield ;
- and they  
fight on
- till Lybius
- cuts off  
Mangys's  
right arm.

<sup>1</sup> One stroke too many in MS.—F.  
<sup>2</sup> battayle.—P.

<sup>3</sup> coat of mail, *thro' plate & mail*, is  
 used both by Milton & Spencer.—P.

Mangys		<sup>1</sup> when the gyant <i>that</i> gan see
	1496	<i>that</i> he shold slaine bee, hee fled with much maine.
flees.		Sir Lybius after him gan hye, & with strong stroakes mightye
Lybius pursues him, and cuts his back in two,	1500	smote his backe in twaine. thus was the Gyant dead :
and his head off.		Sir Lybius smote of his head ; then was the people ffaine. <sup>2</sup>
Lybius goes into the town,	1504	Sir Lybius bare the head to the towne ; thé mett him with a ffaire procession, the people came him againe.
and is received by the beautiful Madam de Armoroure,	1508	a Ladye white as the Lyllye fflower, hight Madam de Armoroure, <sup>3</sup> receiued <i>that</i> gentle Knight, & thanked him in <i>that</i> stoure

<sup>1</sup> The Ashmole MS. 61 reads :  
Tho gyante gane to se  
That sleyne schuld [he] be :  
He stode to fense A-3eyne,  
And at þe secund stroke  
Syre lybeus to hym smote,  
And brake hys Arme in tweyne.  
The gyante þer he leuyd,  
lybeus smote of hys hede,  
There-of he was full feyne ;  
He bore þe hed in-to þe toune.  
With A feyre proressyoun  
The folke coñe hym A-3ene.  
That lady was whyte As flowre  
That men callyd denamowre.  
&c. &c.

<sup>2</sup> glad.—P. And of þe batayle was  
fayn.—Cot.

<sup>3</sup> The French text has a glowing des-  
cription of the lady's beauty (p. 78-9) :

Sa biauté tel clarté jeta,  
Quant ele ens le palais entra,  
Com la lune qu'ist de la nue . .  
Plus estoit blanche d'une flor,  
Et d'une vermelle color  
Estoit sa face enluminee :  
Moult estoit bele et colorée.  
Les oels ot vair, boce riant,

Le cors bien fait et avenant ;  
Les levres avoit vermelletes,  
[one Line wanting in the MS.]  
Boce bien faite por baisier,  
Et bras bien fais por embracer.  
Mains ot blances com flors de lis,  
Et la gorges, desous le vis.  
Cors ot bien fait, et le chief blond ;  
Onques si bele n'ot el mont.  
Ele estoit d'un samit vestue,  
Onques si bele n'ot sous nue,  
La pene en fu moult bien ouvrée  
D'ermine tote eschekerée ;  
Moult sont bien fait li eschekier,  
Li orles fu mout a prisier ;  
Et deriere ot ses crins jetés ;  
D'un fil d'or les ot galonés.  
De roses avoit i capel  
Moult avenant et gent et bel ;  
D'un afremail son col frema,  
Quant ele ens el palais entra.  
Molt i ot gente damoisele,  
Onques nus hom ne vit tant bele.  
La dame entre el palais riant,  
Al Desconnéu vint devant . .  
There is a further description of her  
in her *chemise* at p. 84-5.—F.

<sup>4</sup> la dame damore.—Cot.  
la dame Amoure.—Lam.

- that hee wold her succour*  
 1512     *against that ffeend to ffight.*  
 into the chamber shee him ledd,  
 & in purple & pall shee him cledd,  
       & in rich royall weede ;  
 1516     & proffered him with honor  
 ffor to be lord of towne & tower,  
       & her owne selfe to meede.
- Sir Lybius ffrened <sup>1</sup> her in hast,  
 1520     & loue to her anon he cast,  
       ffor shee was ffaire and sheene.  
 alas, *that* hee had not beene chast !  
 ffor afterwards att the Last  
 1524     shee did him betray & teene.<sup>2</sup>  
 12 monthes and more  
 Sir Lybius tarryed thore,<sup>3</sup>  
       & his mayden with renowne,  
 1528     *that* he might neuer out scape  
 ffor to helpe & ffor to wrake<sup>4</sup>  
       the Ladye of Sinadone ;
- ffor *that* ffaire Lady  
 1532     told<sup>5</sup> more of Sorcery  
       then such other ffiue ;  
 shee made him great melodye,  
 of all manner of minstrelsy  
 1536     *that* any man cold discreue.

who clothes  
him in  
purple,

and offers  
him her  
lands and  
herself.

He gives her  
his love,

but she  
betrays him  
at last.  
Lybius stays  
twelve  
months  
there,

beguiled by  
the Lady's  
sorcery,

<sup>1</sup> asked.—P. grāntede.—Cot.

<sup>2</sup> enrage, vex, grieve, Gl. ad G.D.

N.B. This does not appear from anything which follows in this Ballad: unless it be her detaining him by her enchantments in these stanzas.—P.

<sup>3</sup> there: so in Chauc.—P. The French Romance keeps Lybius only a night in the castle. The Lady comes to him in her chemise, leans on his breast:

Ses mameles et sa poitrine

Furent blances comme flors d'espine ;

Se li ot desus son pis mis. (p. 85-6.)

She desires his love. He wants to kiss her, but she draws back, as that would be lechery till he had married her, and leaves his room. He has troubled dreams, thinking he holds her all night in his arms, and next morning he resolutely rides away, but returns after freeing the Lady of Sinadowne.—F.

<sup>4</sup> wreak, i. e. revenge.—P.

<sup>5</sup> for cold, knew.—F.

for, when  
looking on  
her,  
he thinks  
himself in  
Paradise.

when he looked on her fface,  
him thought certainlye *that* hee was  
in paradice alieue,  
1540 with ffantasye and fayrye ;  
& shee bleared his eye  
with ffalse sorcerye.

[The Seventh Part.]

At last,  
Hellen meets  
him,

1544 till itt beffell vpon a day  
he mett with Ellen *that* may  
betwene the Castle and the tower ;

and  
reproaches  
him  
with his  
faithlessness  
to Arthur

1548  
7<sup>d</sup> Parte.

{ Then vnto him shee gan say,  
" thou art ffalse of thy ffay<sup>1</sup>  
vnto King Arthur !  
ffor the loue of that Ladye  
that can soe much curtesye,  
thou doest thee dishonor !

[page 338]

and the Lady  
of Sinadon.

1552 My Ladye of Sinadon  
may long lye in prison,  
& *that* is great dolour ! "

Lybius is  
touched to  
the heart,

1556 Sir Lybius hard her speake,  
him thought his hart wold breake  
ffor sorrow & ffor shame.

and they  
ride off *that*  
night.

1560 att a posterne there beside  
by night they gan out ryde  
ffrom *that* gentle dame.

Lybius

hee tooke with him his good steede,  
his sheeld & his best weede,  
& rode fforth all in-same ;

makes Sir  
Geffelett his  
steward,

1564 & the<sup>2</sup> steward stout in ffere,  
he made him his Squier,  
Sir Geffelett<sup>3</sup> was his name.

<sup>1</sup> faith.—P.    <sup>2</sup> Her.—Cot. Hir.—Lam.    <sup>3</sup> Gyfflet.—Cot. Gurfflete.—Lam.

- they rode fforth on their way,  
 1568 but lightly on their Iourney,  
       on bay horsse and browne ;  
 till itt beffell vpon a day  
 they saw a Citye ffaire and gay,  
 1572 men call itt Sinadowne,<sup>1</sup>  
       with a Castle hye & wyde,  
       and pauillyons of much pride  
       *that* were of ffaire ffashyon.  
 1576 then said Sir Lybius  
       “ I haue <sup>2</sup> great wonder of an vse  
       *that* he saw <sup>3</sup> in the towne ; ”  
 they gathered dirt & mire ffull ffast :  
 1580 *which* beffore was out cast,<sup>4</sup>  
       they gathered in I-wis.  
       Sir Lybius said in hast,  
       “ tell me now, mayd chast,  
 1584 what betokeneth this ?  
       they take in all their hore <sup>5</sup>  
       *that* was cast out beffore !  
       methinke they doe amisse.”  
 1588 then sayd Mayd Ellen,  
       “ Sir Lybius, without Leasing  
       I will tell thee why itt is.  
       “ there is no *King* soe well arrayed,  
 1592 tho he had before payd,  
       *that* there shold take ostell,<sup>6</sup>  
       ffor a dread of a steward  
       *that* men call Sir Lamberd ;  
 1596 he is the constable of the Castle.

and they  
ride ontill they  
see Sina-  
downe.Lybius asks  
why they aredrawing into  
the city the  
dirt that  
was before  
cast out of  
it :What does  
it mean ?Hellen  
answersthat no one  
can lodge  
therefor fear of  
Sir Lamberd.

<sup>1</sup> synadowne.—Cot. Lam. *La Cité Gaste* is the French name of Sinadowne ; but this preliminary castle is called *Galigans*.—F.

<sup>2</sup> He had (or).

<sup>3</sup> I see.—P. The Cotton MS. reads :  
But lybeaus desconus

He hadde wondere of an vus  
bat he saw do yn toune.

<sup>4</sup> For gore, and fen, and full wast,  
That there was out y-kast.—Cot.

<sup>5</sup> Sax. *horh*, fimus, scruta, phlegma.  
limus, Bens. Voc.—P.

<sup>6</sup> Fr. *hostel*, hospitium, Domus.—P.

- If Lybius  
asks for  
lodging,
- but ride into the Castle gate,  
& aske thine inne theratt  
both ffaire and well ;
- 1600 & or he bidd thee nede,  
Iusting he will thee bedd,  
by god & by S<sup>t</sup> Michaell !
- Lamberd  
will joust  
with him ;
- and if  
Lamberd  
wins,
- 1604 “ & if he beare thee downe,  
his trumpetts <sup>1</sup> shalbe bowne,  
their beaugles <sup>2</sup> ffor to blow ;  
then ouer all this towne,  
both mayd & garsowne <sup>3</sup>
- all the  
people in the  
town will  
throw dirt  
on Lybius ;
- 1608 but dirt on thee shall throwe ;  
& but thou thither wend,  
vnto thy liues end  
cowarde thou shalt be know ;
- and unless  
he fights,
- he'll be  
called a  
coward.
- 1612 & soe may King Arthur  
losse all his great honor  
for thy deeds slowe ! ”
- Lybius says  
he'll fight  
Lamberd
- 1616 Sir Lybius sayd, “ *that* were despite !  
thither I will goe ffull tyte,  
if I be man on liue ;  
ffor to doe Arthurs delight,  
& to make *that* Lady quite,
- and free the  
lady.
- 1620 to him I will driue.  
Sir Geffelett, make thee ready,  
& lett vs now goe hastilye,  
anon *that* wee were bowne.”
- He and his  
squire ride  
to the  
Castle,
- 1624 they rode fforth on their gate  
till they came <sup>4</sup> to the Castle gate  
That was of great renouwne,

[page 339]

<sup>1</sup> Trumpetters.—P.  
<sup>2</sup> bugles, hunting horns ; from bugle,  
a wild bull, Lye.—P.

<sup>3</sup> Fr. Garçon, Boy.—P.  
<sup>4</sup> *cane* in the MS.—F.

	& there they asked Ostell	
1628	in <i>that</i> ffaire Castell ffor a venturous knight.	and ask for lodging.
	the porter ffaire & well lett them in ffull snell,	The porter
1632	& asked anon-right, “who is <i>your</i> gouernor ?”	asks who their Governor is.
	they sayd, “King Arthur, a man of much might.	“King Arthur,
1636	to be a king he is worthy, he is the fflower of Chivalrye, his ffone to ffell in ffight.”	the flower of chivalry!”
	the porter went without fable	The porter
1640	to his lord the Constable, & this tale him told :	tells Lamberd
	“Sir, without any fable, of Arthurs round table	that two of Arthur's knights have come.
1644	be comen 2 knights bold. the one is armed ffull sure with rich & royall armoure, with 3 Lyons of gold.”	
1648	the <i>Lord</i> was gladd & blythe, & said to them ffull swythe, Iust with them hee wold :	Lamberd says they
	“bidd them make them yare <sup>1</sup>	are to get ready to fight.
1652	into the ffeeld ffor to ffare without the Castle gate.” the porter wold not stent, <sup>2</sup> but euen anon went	The porter
1656	to them lightlye att the yate, & sayd anon-rightes, “yee aduenturous knights,	tells them

<sup>1</sup> ready, Sax. *Gearwe*.—P. *se gearwa*, Bosworth.—F.

<sup>2</sup> stint, stop.—P.



- ffor nothing *that* yee Lett ;
- 1660 Looke *your* sheelds be good & strong,  
& *your* speres good and long,  
sheild, plate, & Basnett,
- to ride into  
the field,  
and his  
lord will  
fight them.
- 1664 “ & ryde you into the ffeild ;  
my Lord *with* speare and sheild  
anon *with* you will play.”  
Sir Lybius spake words bold,  
& said, “ this tale is well told,  
1668 & pleasant to my pay.<sup>1</sup>”  
into the feld thé rode,  
& boldlye there abode  
in their best array.<sup>2</sup>
- They ride in,  
and wait for
- Lamberd,
- 1672 S[ir] Lamberd armed ffull weele  
both in Iron and in steele  
*that* was both stout & gay ;
- whose shield
- 1676 his sheeld was sure & ffine,  
3 bores heads was therin  
as blacke as brond brent,<sup>3</sup>  
the bordure was of rich armin,—  
there was none soe quent<sup>4</sup> a ginn<sup>5</sup>
- is black,
- 1680 ffrom Carlile into Kent,—  
& of the same paynture  
was his paytrell & his armoure.  
in lande where euer he went,
- his armour  
too.
- Two squires  
attend him,
- 1684 2 squiers *with* him did ryde,  
& bare 3 speares by his side  
to deale *with* doughtye dint.
- \* then *that* stout stewared
- 1688 *that* hight Sir Lamberd

<sup>1</sup> liking.—P.<sup>2</sup> As best brojt to bay.—C.

As bestis brought to baye.—Lam.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. burnt brand.—P.<sup>4</sup> quent, queint.—P.<sup>5</sup> ginne, trick, contrivance.—P.

- armed him ffull well & bright,  
 & rode into the ffeild ward—  
 ffeircely as any Libbard—  
 1692 there abode him *that* knight.  
 him tooke a speare of great shape; <sup>1</sup>  
 he thought he came to Late.  
 when he him saw *with* sight,  
 1696 soone he <sup>2</sup> rode to him *that* stond  
 with a speare *that* was round,  
 as a man of much might.
- Either smote on others sheeld  
 1700 *that* the peeces ffell in the ffeild  
 of their speares long.  
 euery man to other tolde  
 “*that* younge *Knight* is ffull bold.”  
 1704 to him *with* a speare he fflounge;  
 Sir Lamberd did stifflye ssitt;  
 he was wrath out of his witt  
 ffor Ire and ffor teene,<sup>3</sup> [page 340]  
 1708 & sayd, “bring me a speare!  
 ffor this *Knight* is not to Lere,  
 soone itt shalbe seene.”<sup>4</sup>
- then they tooke shaftes round,  
 1712 *with* crownalls sharpe ground,  
 & ffast to-gether did run;  
 either proued other in *that* stond  
 to give either their deaths wound,  
 1716 *with* harts as ffeirce as any Lyon.  
 Lamberd smote Sir Lybius thoe  
*that* his sheeld ffell him ffroe
- and he rides  
 into the  
 field as fierce  
 as a leopard.
- Lybius  
 charges him,
- and both  
 shatter their  
 spears.
- They charge  
 again with  
 fresh spears.
- Lamberd  
 knocks  
 Lybius's

<sup>1</sup> He smote hys schaft yn grate.—C.  
 He sette his shelde in grate.—Lam.

<sup>2</sup> Lybeaus.—C. Lybeous.—Lam.

<sup>3</sup> anger, madness, vexation.—P.

<sup>4</sup> He cryde, “Do come a strangere  
 schaft!

3yf artours kny3t kan craft,

Now hyt schalle be sene.—Cot.

- into the ffeild a-downe ;
- shield on the  
ground,
- 1720 Sir Lamberd him soe hitt  
*that vnnethes*<sup>1</sup> hee might sett  
vpright in his arsowme,<sup>2</sup>
- and nearly  
unhors  
him.
- 1724 Sir Lybius hitt him on the visor  
*that* of went his helme bright ;  
the pesanye,<sup>3</sup> ventayle,<sup>4</sup> & gorgere,<sup>5</sup>  
with the helme flew fforth in fere,
- Lybius cuts  
off  
Lamberd's  
helm,
- 1728 & Sir Lamberd vpright  
sate rocking<sup>6</sup> in his sadle  
as a chyld in a cradle  
without maine & might.
- and makes  
him rock in  
his saddle  
like a child  
in a cradle.
- 1732 euery man tooke other by the lappe,  
& laughed and gan their hands clappe,  
barron, Burgesse, and *Knight*.
- Lamberd  
gets another  
helm,
- 1736 Sir Lamberd, he thought to sitt bett ;  
another helme he made to ffett,<sup>7</sup>  
& a shaft ffull meete.
- and they  
charge  
again.
- 1740 & when they together mett,  
either other on their helmes sett  
strokes grim & great.  
then Sir Lamberds speare brast,  
& Sir Lybius sate soe ffast
- Lybius

<sup>1</sup> scarcely.—P.<sup>2</sup> saddle.—P. arsoun.—C.<sup>3</sup> pysane.—C. pesanie.—Lam. In *The Anturs of Arther*, st. xlv. ed. Robson, p. 21, is:

He girdus to Syr Gauane  
Throzhe ventaylle and *pusane* ;  
on which Dr. Robson observes, p. 99,  
“This was either the Gorget or a substitute for it. In the Acts of Parliament of Scotland (anno 1429) vol. ii. p. 8, it is ordered that every one worth 20*l.* a year, or 100*l.* in moveable goods, ‘be wele horsit and hail enarmyt as a gen-

till man aucht to be. And uther sym-pillare of X lib. of rent, or L lib. in gudes haif hat, gorgeat or *pesaune*, with rerebrasares, vambbrasares, and gluffes of plate, breast plate, and leg splentes at the lest, or better gif him likes.”—F.<sup>4</sup> auentayle.—C. ventail, The Part of the Helmet which lifts up. Johns.—P.<sup>5</sup> Gorgere, id. ac Gorget. The Piece of Armour which defends the throat. Johns.—P.<sup>6</sup> One stroke too many in this word in the MS.—F.<sup>7</sup> fett, fetch.—P.

- in the saddle there hee <sup>1</sup> sett,  
 1744 that they Constable Sir Lamberd  
 ffell of his horsse backward,  
 soe sore they there mett.
- Sir Lamberd was ashamed sore.  
 1748 Sir Lybius asked if he wold more.<sup>2</sup>  
 he answered and said "nay!  
 ffor sithe *that* euer I was bore,  
 saw I neuer here beffore
- 1752 none ryde soe to my pay!  
 by the faith *that* I am in,  
 thou art come of Sir Gawayines kin,  
 thou<sup>3</sup> art soe stout and gay.
- 1756 if thou wilt ffight ffor my Ladye,  
 welcome thou art to mee,  
 by my troth I say!"
- Sir Lybius sayd, "sikerlye  
 1760 I will ffight for my Ladye;<sup>4</sup>  
 I promised soe to King Arthur;  
 but I ne wott how ne why  
 who does her *that* villanye,
- 1764 ne what is her dolor;  
 but this maid *that* is her mesenger,  
 certes has brought me here  
 her ffor to succour."
- 1768 Sir Lamberd said in *that* stond  
 "welcome, Sir *Knight* of the table round,  
 into my strong tower!"
- then mayd Ellen anon-rightes  
 1772 was ffeitched fforth with 5 *Knights*

unhorses  
Lamberd,

and asks  
him if he  
wants any  
more.  
"No," says  
Lamberd,

"you must be  
of Gawaine's  
blood ;

will you  
fight for  
my lady?"

"Certainly I  
will.

Hellen has  
brought me  
here to help  
her."

Lamberd  
welcomes  
him to his  
tower.

<sup>1</sup> One stroke too many in this word in the MS.—F.

<sup>2</sup> The French omits this question; makes *Lampars* go to Lybius and say:

"Sire," fait-il, "ça, descendés;  
Par droit avés l'ostel conquis;  
Vos l'auerés a vo devis,"

then embrace Hellen or *Hélie*, and ask her what she did (at Arthur's court).—F.

<sup>3</sup> A letter is crossed out at the end of this word in the MS.—F.

<sup>4</sup> *ffeyzte y schalle* for a lady.—C.  
ffyght y shall for thy ladye.—Lam.

- beffore Sir Lamberd.
- Hellen and  
the Dwarf  
are fetched  
in,
- and relate  
Lybius's  
adventures.
- 1776 shee & the dwarffe by-deene  
told of 6 battells <sup>1</sup> keene  
*that* he had done thitherward :  
thé sayd *that* Sir Lybius then  
had ffought with strong men,  
& beene in stowers hardye.
- 1780 then they were glad & blythe,  
& thanked god alsoe sithe <sup>2</sup>  
*that* he were soe mightye.
- they welcomed him with mild cheere,
- 1784 & sett them to supper  
with much mirth and game.  
Sir Lybius & Sir Lamberd in ffere  
of ancyents *that* beffore were
- Lybius and  
Lamberd  
talk of old  
heroes.
- 1788 talked both in<sup>3</sup>-same.  
Sir Lybius sayd, "with-out ffable,<sup>4</sup> [page 341]  
tell me now, Sir Constable,  
what is the *Knights* name
- Lybius asks  
what knight  
has im-  
prisoned the  
Lady of  
Sinadowne.
- 1792 *that* hath put in prison  
my Ladye of Sinadon  
*that* is soe gentle a dame ? "
- " No knight;
- Sir Lamberd said, " soe mote I gone,
- 1796 *Knights* there beene none  
*that* dare her away Lead ;  
2 Clarkes beene her ffone,  
ffull ffalse in body & in bone,
- but two  
clerks,
- 1800 *that* hath done this deed.  
they be men of Masterye  
their artes ffor to reade of Sorcerye<sup>5</sup>;
- sorcerers,  
named

<sup>1</sup> Tolde seven dedes.—Cot.<sup>3</sup> *im* in the MS.—F.<sup>2</sup> fele syde.—C. fele sythe.—Lam.  
<sup>4</sup> There is none of this in the French.  
<sup>5</sup> 'Swithe' is quickly.—F.

—F.

- 1804 Mabam<sup>1</sup> thé hight one in deede,  
 & Iron hight the other verelye,<sup>2</sup>  
 cla[r]ckes<sup>3</sup> of Nigromancye,  
 of them wee haue great dread.
- 1808 “ this Mabam & Irowne  
 haue made in the towne  
 a palace of quent gin<sup>4</sup> ;  
 there is no Erle ne barron  
*that* has hart as Lyon  
 1812 *that* dare come therin ;  
 itt is all of the ffaierye  
 wrought by Nigromancye,  
*that* wonder it is to winne.
- 1816 there they keepe in prison  
 my Ladye of Sinadowne,  
*that* is of *Knights kinn*.<sup>5</sup>
- 1820 “ oftentimes wee her crye ;  
 ffor to see<sup>6</sup> her with eye,  
 therto we haue no might.  
 this Mabam & Iron trulye  
 had sworene to death trulye
- 1824 her death ffor to dight,  
 but if shee grant vntill  
 ffor to do Mabams will,  
 & giue him all her right
- 1828 of all *that* Dukedome ffayre,  
 therof is my ladye heyre  
*that* is soe much of might.
- 1832 “ shee is soe meeke & soe ffaire ;  
 therefore wee be in dispayre

Mabam  
and Iron,  
necro-  
mancers,

have made a  
curious  
palace that  
no one dare  
enter,

as it's  
wrought by

necromancy;  
and there  
they keep the  
Lady of  
Sinadowne,

and will put  
her to death,

unless she

gives up her  
dukedom to  
Mabam.

<sup>1</sup> Syr Maboune.—C.  
 syr Irayn hys broþer.—C. Irayne.  
 —Lam.  
<sup>3</sup> Clarkes.—P.

<sup>4</sup> Curious contrivance.—P.  
<sup>5</sup> The *n* is made over an *e*, or *vice versa*, in the MS.—F.  
<sup>6</sup> A *w* follows and is crossed out.—F.

- Lybius says  
 that by  
 Jesus's help
- 1836      ffor the dolour *that* shees in."  
 then sayd Sir Lybius,  
 "through the helpe of Iesus  
 that Ladye I will winne ;  
 & Mabam & Iron,  
 smite of there anon  
 theire heads in *that* stoure,  
 1840 & wine that Lady bright,  
 & bring her to her right  
 with ioy & much honor."<sup>1</sup>
- he'll cut off  
 the heads of  
 Mabam and  
 Iron,  
 and restore  
 the lady to  
 her rights.
- Then they  
 sup ;  
 and many  
 come to  
 hear about  
 Lybius,  
 and listen to  
 him.
- 1844      then there was no more tales to tell  
 in *that* strong Castle.  
 to supp & make good cheere,<sup>2</sup>  
 the Barrons & Burgesse all  
 came to *that* seemlye hall  
 1848      ffor to listen & heare  
 how Sir Lybius had wrought ;  
 & if the *Knight* were ought,  
 his talking for to harke.<sup>3</sup>  
 1852      they ffound them sitting in ffere  
 talking, att their supper,  
 of *Knights* stout and starke.

<sup>1</sup> C. omits the next twelve lines, (and alters many before).—F.

<sup>2</sup> Tho was no more tale

I the Castell grete and smale,  
 But stouped and made hym blythe.  
 —Lam.

<sup>3</sup> His craftte for to kythe.—Lam.



## [The Eighth Part.]

[Of Lybius's Adventures in Sinadowne, and how he conquers the Lady's Enchanters.]

- |                      |                                                                                                                                                  |                                                           |
|----------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------|
|                      | & after they went to rest,                                                                                                                       | All go to bed.                                            |
| 1856                 | & tooke their likeing <sup>1</sup> as them list <sup>2</sup><br>in <i>that</i> Castell all night.                                                |                                                           |
| 1860                 | On the morrow anon-right<br>Sir Lybius was armed bright;<br>ffresh he was to ffight.                                                             | Next<br>morning                                           |
| 8 <sup>d</sup> parte | Sir Lamberd led him algate <sup>3</sup><br>right vnto the Castle gate;<br>open they were ffull right;                                            | Lamberd<br>takes<br>Lybius to<br>the castle<br>gates,     |
| 1864                 | no man durst him neere bringe<br>fforsooth, with-out Leasing,<br>Barron, Burgess, ne <i>Knicht</i> ,                                             | but no man<br>dares go in<br>with him.                    |
|                      | But turned home againe.                                                                                                                          |                                                           |
| 1868                 | Sir Gefflet his owne swaine <sup>4</sup><br>wold with him ryde,<br>but Sir Lybius ffor certaine<br>Sayd he shold backe againe, <sup>1</sup>      | His squire<br>wants to,<br><br>but Lybius<br>forbids him. |
| 1872                 | and att home abyde.<br>Sir Gefflett againe gan ryde <sup>5</sup><br>with Sir Lamberd ffor to abyde;<br>& to Iesu christ they <sup>6</sup> cryed, | [page 342]                                                |
| 1876                 | ffor to send them tydings gladd<br>of them <i>that</i> long had<br>destroyed their welthes wyde.                                                 | All pray for<br>thesorcerers'<br>deaths.                  |

<sup>1</sup> Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.<sup>2</sup> *po toke þeye hare reste,*  
In lykyng as hem leste.—C.  
Tho toke they ease and Reste,  
And lykynges of the beste.—Lam.<sup>3</sup> at all events, by all means.—P.  
The French makes *Lanpars* descriteto Lybius what he will see, and what  
he is to do, in *la Cité Gaste*, (p. 98–  
100).—F.<sup>4</sup> youth, servant. Jun.—P.<sup>5</sup> The Cotton text makes Gefflett stop  
at the castle, l. 1754.—F.<sup>6</sup> *sc.* the People.—P.

Lybius rides into the palace,	880	Sir Lybius, <i>Knight</i> curteous, rode into <i>that</i> proud palace, <sup>1</sup> & att the hall he light. trumpetts, hornes, & shaumes <sup>2</sup> ywis he ffound beffore the hye dese, <sup>3</sup>
sees horns, hears music, and sees a bright fire.	1884	he heard, & saw with sight. a ffayre ffyer there was stout & stowre in the midds of the flore, brening ffaire and bright. <sup>4</sup>
Lybius rides farther in,	1888	then ffarther in hee yeed, & tooke with him his steede <i>that</i> helped him to ffight.
and can see	1892	ffurthermore he began to passe, & beheld then euerye place all about the hall ;
nothing		of nothing, more ne lesse, he saw no body <i>that</i> there was,
but minstrels	1896	but minstrells cladde in pall, with harpe, ffidle & note, <sup>5</sup> & alsoe with Organ note,— great mirth they made all,—
with their harps, &c., all playing,	1900	& alsoe fiddle and sautrye <sup>6</sup> ; soe much of minstrelsy ne say <sup>7</sup> he neuer in hall.
and a torch before every man.	1904	before euery man stood a torch ffayre and good, brening ffull bright.
Lybius		Sir Lybius Euermore yode <sup>8</sup> ffor to witt <sup>9</sup> with Egar mood
can't find any one to fight,	1908	who shold with him ffight.

<sup>1</sup> The French text describes the palace, p. 101.—F.

<sup>2</sup> shaumes, a Psaltery; a Musical Instrument like a Harp. Chau. Gl.—P.

<sup>3</sup> Dese, Deis. The high table.—P.

<sup>4</sup> Was lyzt & brende bryzt.—C.

That tente and brende bright.—Lam.

<sup>5</sup> rote.—C. lute and roote.—Lam.

<sup>6</sup> a Psaltery, vid. Supra.—P.

<sup>7</sup> saw.—P.

<sup>8</sup> went.—P.

<sup>9</sup> know.—P.

- hee went into all the corners,  
 & beheld the pillars  
*that seemelye*<sup>1</sup> were to sight;  
 1912 of Iasper ffine & Cristall,  
 all was ffourished in the hall;  
 itt was ffull ffaire & bright.
- the dores were all of brasse,  
 1916 & the windowes of ffaire glasse,  
*that ymagyrye* itt was driue.  
 the hall well painted was;  
 noe ffairer in noe place;  
 1920 maruelous ffor to descriue.  
 hee sett him on the hye dese:  
 then the minstrells were in peace  
*that* made the mirth soe gay,  
 1924 the torches *that* were soe bright  
 were quenched anon-right,  
 & the minstrells were all away;
- the dores & the windowes all,  
 1928 thé bett<sup>2</sup> together in the hall  
 as it were strokes of thunder;  
 the stones in the Castle wall  
 about him downe gan ffall;—  
 1932 thereof he had great wonder;—  
 the earth began to quake,  
 & the dese ffor to shake  
*that* was him there vnnder<sup>3</sup>;  
 1936 the hall began for to breake,  
 & soe did the wall eke,  
 as they shold ffall assunder.
- as he sate thus dismayd,  
 1940 he held himselfe betrayd.

but only sees  
jasper  
pillars,

brass doors,  
&c.,

in the  
decorated  
hall.

He sits on  
the dais,  
and at once  
the music  
stops,

the torches  
go out,

the  
minstrels  
vanish,

the doors  
and windows  
clash  
together,

all the stones  
of the wall  
fall down,

the earth  
quakes,

the hall and  
walls begin  
to crack.

<sup>1</sup> In line 1910 in the MS.—F.

<sup>2</sup> They beat.—P.

<sup>3</sup> there under.—P.

Then he  
hears horses  
neigh. He  
says there's  
some one to  
fight,  
and sees

then horses heard hee nay :  
to himselfe then he sayd,  
"now I am the better apayd,  
1944 for yett I hope to play."

two men of  
arms

hee looked fforth into the ffeild,  
saw there with speare and sheild <sup>1</sup>  
men of armes tway,<sup>2</sup>

well arrayed.

1948 in purple & pale armoure  
well harnished in *that* stoure,  
with great garlands gay.

One rides  
into the  
hall,  
and tells  
Lybius he  
must fight  
them.

The one came ryding into the hall,  
1952 & to him thus gan call,

[page 343]

"*Sir Knight* aduenturous !  
such a case there is befall ;

tho thou bee proude in pall,  
1956 fight thou must with vs.

I hold thee quent of ginne <sup>3</sup>  
if thou my Ladye winne <sup>4</sup>  
*that* is in prison."

Lybius

1960 *Sir Lybius* sayd anon-right,  
"all ffresh I am ffor to ffight,  
with the helpe of goddes sonne."

is quite  
willing,

*Sir Lybyus* with good hart

mounts,

1964 ffast into the saddle he start ;  
in his hand a speare he hent,  
& ffeircly he rode him till,  
his enemyes ffor to spill ;

1968 ffor *that* was his entent.

<sup>1</sup> There is a stroke between the *e* and *i* in the MS.—F.

<sup>2</sup> The French postpones the darkness, &c., and makes Lybius first see and fight a single knight (p. 103, *Eurains li fiers*, p. 119), and put him to flight; then fight another (*Mabons*, p. 119), on a horse with a horn in his forehead, and fire shooting out of his nostrils, (p. 105–8). Then comes the darkness, and a horrible noise;

Lybius thinks of *La Damoiselle aux blanches mains*, and commends himself to God; the *Wivre* (Lat. *vipera*) appears, comes near him, and kisses him; he is stupefied; a voice tells him who he is; he dreams; and on waking sees the lovely *Esmeree*, who tells him her story.—F.

<sup>3</sup> clever of contrivance.—P.

<sup>4</sup> wime MS.—F.

- but when they had together mett,  
 either on others helme sett  
 with speares doughtye dent.
- 1972 Mabam his speare all to-brast ;  
 then was Mabam euill agast,  
 & held him shamefully shent.
- & with *that* stroke ffelowne <sup>1</sup>
- 1976 Sir Lybius bare him downe  
 ouer his horsse tayle ;  
 ffor Mabams saddle arsowne  
 brake there-with, & fell downe
- 1980 into the ffeild without ffayle.  
 well nye he had him slone ;  
 but then came ryding Iron
- In a good hawberke of mayle ;
- 1984 All ffresh he was to ffight,  
 & thought he wold anon-right  
 Sir Lybius assayle.
- Sir Lybius was of him ware,  
 1988 & speare vnto him bare,  
 & left his brother still.
- such a stroke he gaue hime thore  
*that* his hawberke all to-tore ;
- 1992 *that* liked him ffull ill.  
 their speares brake in 2 ;  
 swords gan they draw tho  
 with hart grim and grill,<sup>2</sup>
- 1996 & stifflye gan to other fflight ;  
 either on Other proued their might,  
 eche other ffor to spill.
- then together gan they hew.
- 2000 Mabam, the more shrew,<sup>3</sup>

and charges.

Mabam  
shivers his  
spear,and is cut  
ouer his  
horse's tail  
by Lybius,and nearly  
killed,  
but that  
Iron attacks  
Lybius,who rides at  
him,and rends  
his hauberk.They draw  
their swords,and hew at  
one another.<sup>1</sup> felon stroke, i. e. a murderous stroke.  
—P.<sup>2</sup> idem ac grisly. Gl. ad Ch.—P.<sup>3</sup> shrew, *apud Chaucer est*, a *Villaine* ;  
here it seems to signify shrewd, cunning,  
artful.—P.

- Mabam  
gets up,
- vp he rose againe ;  
he heard & alsoe knew  
Iron gaue strokes ffew ;
- 2004 therof he was not ffaine ;  
but to him he went ffull right  
ffor to helpe Iron to ffight,  
& auenge him on his enemye.
- and attacks  
Lybius too,
- 2008 tho he were neuer soe wroth,  
Sir Lybius fought against them both  
and kept himselfe manlye.
- but he  
defends  
himself like  
a man.
- when Mabam saw Iron,<sup>1</sup>
- Mabam (t.i.  
Iron)
- 2012 he ffought as a Lyon  
the *knight* to slay with wreake.  
before his ffardar arsowne  
soone he carued then downe
- chops off  
Lybius's  
steed's neck.
- 2016 Sir Lybius steeds necke.  
Sir Lybius was a worthy warryour,  
& smote a 2 his thye <sup>2</sup> in *that* stoure,  
skine,<sup>3</sup> bone, and blood.
- Lybius cuts  
Iron's thigh  
in two,
- 2020 then helped him not his clergye,  
neither his ffalse Sorcerye,<sup>4</sup>  
but downe he ffell with sorry moode.
- dismounts,
- Sir Lybius of his horsse alight,  
2024 with Mabam ffor to ffight.  
in the ffeild both in ffere  
strong stroakes they gaue with might,  
*that* sprakeles <sup>6</sup> sprang out ffull bright
- and fights  
Mabam.
- The sparks  
fly.
- 2028 ffrom helme and harnesse cleere.  
as either ffast on other bett,<sup>6</sup>  
both their swords mett,

<sup>1</sup> Yrayn saw Mabonn.—Cot. Lam.

<sup>2</sup> There is the long part of another *h*  
in the MS.—F.

<sup>3</sup> ? skime in the MS.—F.

<sup>4</sup> þo halp hym nojt hys armys,  
Hys chauntement, ne hys charmys.

—Cot.

Ne halpe hym not his Armour,

His chauntements, ne his chambur.

—Lam.

<sup>5</sup> ? MS. spaakeles.—F.

<sup>6</sup> did beat.—P.

- [page 344]
- As yee may now heare.
- 2032 Mabam, *that* was the more shrew,  
the sword of Sir Lybius he did hew  
in 2 quite and cleare. Mabam  
cuts Lybius's  
sword in  
two.
- 2036 then Sir Lybius was ashamed,  
& in his hart euil<sup>1</sup> agramed<sup>2</sup>  
ffor he had Lost his sword,  
& his steed was lamed,  
& he shold be defamed Lybius  
gets angry,
- 2040 to King Arthur his lord.  
to Iron lithelye<sup>3</sup> he ran,  
& hent vp his sword then catches up  
Iron's sword,
- 2044 & ran to Mabam right runs to  
& ffast on him gan ffight, Mabam  
& like a madman he ffared.
- 2048 but euer then ffought Mabam,  
as he had beene a wyld man,  
Sir Lybius ffor to sloe.  
but Sir Lybius carued downe  
his sheild with *that* ffawchowne and cuts off  
his shield
- 2052 *that* he tooke Iron ffroe :  
true tale ffor to be told,<sup>5</sup>  
the left hand with the sheild  
away he smote thoe. and left  
hand.
- 2056 then sayd Mabam him till Mabam  
" Sir ! thy stroakes beene ill !  
gentle Knight, now hoe,<sup>6</sup>
- 2060 " & I will yeeld me to thee offers to  
surrender  
himself,  
in loue and in Loyaltye

<sup>1</sup> for euir, or evil.—F. sore.—Lam.  
Cot. omits it.—F.

<sup>2</sup> *agamed*, displeased, grieved. Gl.  
ad Chauc. rather (*agamed*) angered.  
A.-S. *Gram. Furor. Lye.*—P.

<sup>3</sup> lithely, gently, (nimble).—P.

<sup>4</sup> The *d* has two bottoms in the MS.,  
or the word is *eidge*.—F.

<sup>5</sup> teld, *rhythmi gratia*.—P.

<sup>6</sup> i. e. now stop.—P.



- and to give  
up the Lady  
of Sina-  
downe,
- 2064 att thine owne will,  
& alsoe *that* Lady ffree  
*that* is in my posstee,<sup>1</sup>  
take her I will thee till ;  
ffror through *that* sh[r]ued dint  
my hand I haue tint<sup>2</sup> ;  
the veinim will me spill ;
- for Iron's  
sword was  
poisoned,  
and will kill  
him.
- 2068 fforsooth without othe  
I venomed them both,  
our enemyes ffro to kill."
- Lybius  
refuses,
- 2072 Sir Lybius sayd, "by my thrifft  
I will not haue of thy gift  
ffor all this world to w[i]nn !  
therefore lay on stroakes swythe !  
the one shall cut the other blythe  
2076 the head of by the Chin<sup>3</sup> !"  
then Sir Lybius and Mabam  
ffought together ffast then,  
& lett ffro nothing againe ;
- and then
- 2080 *that* Sir Lybius *that* good Knight  
carued his helme downe right,  
& his head in twayne.<sup>4</sup>
- splits his  
head in two.

<sup>1</sup> posté, apud Chauc. est Power. Vid.  
\* Gl.—P.

<sup>2</sup> lost.—P.

<sup>3</sup> One stroke too many in the MS.—F.

<sup>4</sup> The French adds (p. 108):  
Del cors li saut i fumiere,  
Qui molt estoit hideuse et fiere,  
Qui li issoit parmi la boce, &c.—F.

## [The Ninth Part.]

[How Lybius disenchantes and weds the Lady of Sinadowne.]

2084	Now is Mabam slaine ; & to Irom he went againe, with sword drawne to ffight ; ffor to haue Clouen his braine,	Lybius goes to kill Iron,
9 <sup>d</sup> Parte 2088	I tell you ffor certaine he went to him ffull right ; but when he came there, <sup>1</sup> away he was bore, into what place he nist. <sup>2</sup>	but he has vanished,
2092	he sought him ffor the nones <sup>3</sup> wyde in many woones <sup>4</sup> ; to ffight more him List.	and can't be found.
2096	as he stood, & him bethought <sup>5</sup> <i>that</i> itt wold be deere bought <i>that</i> he was ffrom him fare, ffor he wold with sorcerye doe much tormenrtye,	Lybius  thinks he may give him trouble.
2100	& <i>that</i> was much care. he tooke his sword hastilye, & rode vpon a hill hye,	Lybius

<sup>1</sup> there.—P.<sup>2</sup> MS. list. ? nist, knew not.—F.  
nyste.—Cot. nuste.—Lam.<sup>3</sup> the *nones*, or *nonce*, on purpose ; de  
industria. Jun. purposely.—P.<sup>4</sup> *wone*, a house, habitation.—P.<sup>5</sup> Neither the French, nor Cot., nor  
Lam., has the seeing and slaying of the  
knight which follows here. Cot. reads:

And whanne he ne fond hym nojt,

He held hymself be-cauht,

And gan to syke sare,

And seyde yn word and bouht,

"bys wyll be sore a-bouht

þat he ys thus fram me y-fare."

¶ On kne hym sette þat gentyll knyht,

And prayde to marie bryht,

Keuere hym of hys care.

For the last three lines, Lam. substi-  
tutes:

" He will with sorcerye

Do me tormentrye

That is my moste care."

Sore he sat and sighte ;

He muste whate do her myght ;

He was of blysse all bare.

(l. 2122-7 here).—F.

- & looked round about.
- sees a  
knight in a  
valley,
- 2104 then he was ware of [a] valley ;  
thitherward he tooke the way  
as a sterne *Kn*ight and stout.
- as he rode by a riuer side
- 2108 he was ware of him *that* tyde  
vpon the riuer brimm :  
He rode to him ffull hott,
- rides to him,  
and cuts his  
head off,
- & of his head he smote,
- 2112 ffast by the Chinn ;  
& when he had him slaine,  
ffast hee tooke the way againe  
for to haue *that* lady gent.
- then comes  
back,
- 2116 as soone as he did thither come,  
of his horsse he light downe,  
and into the hall hee went
- and goes to  
the hall
- & sought *that* ladye ffaire and hend,
- 2120 but he cold her not find ;  
therfor he sighed ffull sore.<sup>1</sup>  
still he sate mourni[n]g  
ffor *that* Ladye ffaire & young;
- He mourns,  
because he  
can't find  
her.
- 2124 for her was all his care ;  
he ne wist what he doe might ;  
but still he sate, & sore he sight,  
of Ioy hee was ffull bare.
- A window  
opens,
- 2128 but as he sate in *that* hall,  
he heard a window in the wall,  
ffaire itt gan vnheld ;—  
great [wonder<sup>2</sup>] there with-all
- 2132 in his hart gan ffall ;—  
as he sate & beheld,

[page 345]

<sup>1</sup> sair. Scotice.—P.    <sup>2</sup> fear or dread.—P.    wonder.—Cot.    wondyr.—Lam.

- a worme<sup>1</sup> out gan pace  
with a womans fface
- 2136 *that* was younge & nothing old.  
the wormes tayle<sup>2</sup> & her winges  
shone ffayre in all thinges,  
& gay ffor to beholde.
- 2140 grislye great was her taile,  
the clawes large without ffayle ;  
Lothelye<sup>3</sup> was her bodye.  
Sir Lybius swett for heate,
- 2144 there sate in his seate  
as all had beene a ffire him by.<sup>4</sup>  
then was Sir Lybius euill agast,  
& thought his body wold brast.
- 2148 then shee neighed him nere ;  
& or Sir Lybius itt wist,  
the worme with mouth him Kist,  
& colled about his lyre.<sup>5</sup>
- 2152 & after *that* kissing,  
the wormes tayle & her wing
- and out  
creeps a  
worm (or  
serpent)  
with a  
young  
woman's  
face,  
shining  
wings,
- big claws  
and tail,
- and a loathly  
body.
- It comes to  
Lybius,
- kisses him  
on the  
mouth,
- its tail and  
wings fall  
off,

<sup>1</sup> Fr. *wivre*. Phillips gives "*Wyver*, the Name of a Creature little known otherwise than as it is painted in Coats of Arms and described by Heralds: 'Tis represented by Gwillim as a kind of flying Serpent, and so may be deriv'd from *Vipera*, as it were a winged Viper or Serpent; but others will have it to be a sort of Ferret call'd *Viverra* in Latin." De Biauju's description of it may be compared with the English:

A tant vit i aumaire ouvrir  
Et une WIVRE fors issir,  
Qui jetoit une tel clarté  
Com i cierge bien enbrasé.  
Tot le palais enluminoit,  
Une si grant clarté jetoit.  
Hom ne vit onques sa pabelle,  
Que la bouce ot tot vermelle;  
Parmi jetoit le feu ardent;  
Moult par estoit hideus et grant;

Parmi le pis plus grosse estoit  
Que i vaissaus d'un mui ne soit;  
Les iols avoit gros et luisans,  
Comme ii escarbocles grans;  
Contreval l'aumaire descent,  
Et vint parmi le pavement.  
Quatre toises de lonc duroit,  
En la queue iii neus avoit.  
C'onques nus hom ne vit greignor,  
Ains Dius ne fist cele color,  
Qu'en li ne soit entremellée,  
Dessous sambloit estre dorée.

(pp. 110-11).—F.

<sup>2</sup> Hyre body.—Cot. Lam.

<sup>3</sup> i.e. loathsome.—P.

<sup>4</sup> Maad as he were.—C.

As alle had ben in fyre.—Lam.

<sup>5</sup> apud Scot. flesh. Apud Chauc. *lere* is the Complexion or Air of the face.—P. Swyre.—Cot. Lam. *Coll* is to embrace; Fr. *collée*, an imbracing about the necke. Cotgrave.

- ffell away her ffroe ;  
 she was ffaire in all thing,  
 and a lovely woman      2156    a woman without Leasing ;  
                                                   fairer he saw neuer or thoe.<sup>1</sup>  
 stands naked before him.      shee stood vpp al soe <sup>2</sup> naked  
                                                   as christ had her shaped.  
                                                   2160    then was Sir Lybius woe.  
 She tells him                      shee sayd, “ god *that* on the rood gan bleed,  
                                                   Sir *Knight*, quitt thee thy meede,  
                                                   ffor thou my ffone wold sloe.<sup>3</sup>
- he has slain two sorcerers,      2164    “ thou hast slaine now ffull right  
                                                   2 clarkes wicked of might  
                                                   *that* wrought by the ffende.  
                                                   East, west, north and south,  
                                                   2168    they were *masters* of their mouth ;<sup>4</sup>  
                                                   many a man they haue shend.  
 who turned her into a serpent      through their inchantment,  
                                                   to a worme thé had me meant,<sup>5</sup>
- 2172    ne woe to wrapp me in  
 till she should kiss Gawaine or one of his kin.      till I had k[i]ssed Sir Gawaine  
                                                   *that* is a noble *Knight* certaine,  
                                                   or some man of his kinn.

<sup>1</sup> De Biauju sends her back into her cupboard after the kiss, stupefies Lybius, and reveals his name and parentage to him,—*Giglains*, son of *Gauvains* (Gawaine), and *la fée as Blances Mains*, then sends him to sleep, and on his waking shows him the lady at her toilet (p. 115), fairer than any one else in the world, except she of the *Blances Mains* (who excels Paris's Elaine, Isex la blonde, Biblis, Lavine de Lombardie, and Morge la fée, (p. 152). This all takes place in *L'ille de la Montbestéc* (p. 116); and the lady declares herself as the daughter of *le bon roi Gringars*. She narrates how *Mabons* and *Eurains* enchanted the 5000 inhabitants and made them destroy the city, and then turned her into a worm. Of the town she says :

... ceste ville par droit non  
 Est apelée Senaudon ;

Por ce que Mabons l'a gastée,  
 Est GASTECITÉS apelée. (p. 120.)

But as the story has been sketched in the Introduction, I only note here that the lady's name, BLONDE ESMERÉE, is not given till p. 130, when she is starting for Arthur's court.—F.

<sup>2</sup> MS. alsoe.—F.

<sup>3</sup> God yelde þe dy whyle,  
 þat my fon þou woldest slo.—Cot.  
 God yelde the thi wille,  
 My foon thou woldest sloo.—Lam.

<sup>4</sup> Be wordes of hare mouthe.—Cot.  
 With maystres of her mouthe.—Lam.

<sup>5</sup> this word signifies mingled, mixed, ap<sup>d</sup> G. Doug. Chauc. &c.—P.

To warme me hadde þey y-went  
 In wo to welde and wend.—Cot.  
 To a worme they had me went,  
 In wo to leven and lende.—Lam.

- 2176 ffor <sup>1</sup> thou hast sauēd my liffe,  
Castles 50 and <sup>2</sup> ffine  
take to thee I will,  
& my selfe to be thy wiffe  
2180 right without striffe,  
if itt be your will." <sup>3</sup>
- then was he glad & blythe,  
& thanked god often sythe <sup>4</sup>
- 2184 That him *that* grace had sent, [page 346]  
& sayd, "my Lord <sup>5</sup> faire & ffree,  
all my loue I leaue with thee,  
by god omnipotent!
- 2188 I will goe, my *Ladye* bright,  
to the castle gate ffull right,  
thither ffor to wend  
ffor to feitch your geere
- 2192 *that* yee were wont to weare,  
& them I will you send.
- "alsoe, if itt be *your* will,  
I pray you to abyde still  
2196 till I come <sup>6</sup> againe."  
"Sir," shee said, "I you pray  
wend fforth on your way,<sup>7</sup>  
therof I am ffaine."
- 2200 Sir Lybius to the castle rode,  
there the people him abode;

She promises  
Lybius  
fifty-five  
castles

and herself  
as his wife.

Lybius is  
blithe,

and proposes  
to fetch the  
lady's  
clothes from  
the castle,

if she will  
stay till he  
comes back.

Lybius rides  
to the castle

<sup>1</sup> because.—P.    <sup>2</sup> MS. amd.—F.

<sup>3</sup> 3yf hyt ys artours wylle.—Cot.

And hit be Arthures will.—Lam.

<sup>4</sup> Time—also, since, afterwards. Gl.  
Chauc.—P. Cot. has for this and the  
next sixteen lines:

And lepte to horse swybe,

And lefte þat lady styлле.

But euer he dradde yrayn,

For he was noȝt y-slayn,

With speche he wolde hym spyлле.

Lam. has nearly the same words, but  
omits the last line but one.—F.

<sup>5</sup> Ladye.—P.

<sup>6</sup> cone in MS.—F.

<sup>7</sup> "I you pray" the writer of the MS.  
was going to repeat, and got as far as  
*p*: then he stopt, put in *on* after *I*,  
added *r* to *yo*", and *way* to the *p*, so  
that the words are "I on your pway."  
—F.

- to Iesu chr[i]st gan they crye  
ffor to send them tydings glad  
2204 of them *that* Long had  
done them tormentrye.  
Sir Lybius is to the Castle come,  
& to Sir Lamberd he told anon,  
2208 and alsoe the Barronye,<sup>1</sup>  
how Sir Mabam was slaine  
& Sir Iron, both twayine,  
by the helpe of mild Marye.
- 2212 when *that* Knight soe keene  
had told how itt had beene  
to them all by-deene,  
a rich robe good & ffine,  
2216 well ffurred with good Ermine,  
he sent *that* Ladye sheene ;
- and garlands  
to the lady,  
2220 Kerchers and garlands rich  
he sent to her priuiliche,<sup>2</sup>  
*that* mayd ho wold home bring.<sup>3</sup>  
& when shee was readye dight,  
thither they went anon-right,  
both old and young,
- 2224 & all the ffolke of Sinadowne  
with a ffaire procession  
the Ladye home they flett.  
& when they were come to towne,  
2228 of precyous gold a rich crowne  
there on her head thé sett.
- and thank  
God.  
they were glad and blythe,  
& thanked god often sithe

<sup>1</sup> i. e. The Barrons collectively.—P.<sup>2</sup> i. e. privily.—P.<sup>3</sup> A-non with-out dwellynge.—Cot.  
A byrd hit ganne hir bringe.—Lam.



2232 *that* ffrom woe them had brought.  
all the Lords of dignitye  
did him homage and ffealtye,  
as of right they ought.

2236 they dwelled 7 dayes in the tower  
there Sir Lamberd was gouernor,  
with mirth, Ioy, and game;  
& then they rode with honor

Lybius and  
the lady stay  
seven days  
there,  
and then  
ride off to  
Arthur.

2240 vnto King Arthur,  
the Knights all in-same.

ffins.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> It is so very wrong of the copier or translator to have broken off the story without giving the wedding between Lybius and his love, that I add it here from the three unprinted MSS. as well as the Cotton one. The Lincoln's Inn and Ashmole MSS. have more stanzas than the Cotton and Lambeth ones.

*Lincoln's Inn MS. Hale, No. 150, art. i.,  
last leaf.*

þay þonkyd god almyȝt,  
Boþe Arthour and his knyȝt,  
þat heo [ne] hadde\* schame.  
Arthour ȝaf as blyue  
Libeus þat may to wyue  
þat was so gent a dame.

þeo murthe of þeo brydale,  
Nomon con wiþ tale  
Telle hit in no geste.  
In þat semly sale  
Weore lordes monye and fale,  
And ladyes wel honeste.  
þer was ryche seruise  
Boþe to fool and wyse,  
To leste and to meste.  
þer wan þay yche ȝifthes, [back of leaf]  
vche mynstral a ryȝtis,  
And somme þat weore vnprest.

Sir Gawayn, knyȝt of renoun,  
saide to þeo lady of synaydoun,  
"Madame, treouely,  
he þat weddid þe wiþ pruyde,  
y gat him by a forest syde  
On a gentil lady."

*Ashmole MS. 61, leaf 58b.*

They thankyd god of his myȝhtes,  
Kynge Arthour And hys knyȝhtes,  
That sche had no schame.  
Arthour ȝane be-lyue [leaf 59]  
Syre lybeus þat mey to wyue,  
That was so jentill A dame.

The my[r]the of þat brydall  
May no man tell *with* tale  
Ne sey in no geste:  
Yn þat sembly sale  
Where brydes grete *and* smale,  
And lades full honeste;  
There was many A mane,  
And seruys gode wone  
Both to most *and* leste.  
Fore soth þe mynstralles Alle  
That [were] *with-in* þat halle  
And † ȝyftes of þe beste.

Syre lybeus moder so fre  
Come to þat mangerre;  
Hyre rudd was rede as ryse;  
Sche knew lybeus wele be syȝht,  
And wyst wele A-none ryȝht  
That he was of mych pryse.  
Sche went to *ser* gawene,  
And seyde, "*with-ou*ten leyne

\* An s, blotted, stands here in the MS.—F.

† had.—F.

*(Lincoln's Inn MS. continued.)*

þanne þat lady blyþe was,  
 And ful ofte kyssed his fas,  
 And haylþel [*sic*] hym sykyrly.  
 Sir Libeus þan wold kyþe:  
 he wente to his fader swyþe,  
 And kyssed him tymes monye.

he kneoled in þat stounde,  
 And saide, kneoland on grounde,  
 "for godis loue al weldand,  
 þat made þeo world so round,  
 fayre fadir, or y fonde,  
 blesse me wiþ þyn hond."  
 þat hynde knyzt Gawayn  
 blessyd þeo child wiþ mayn,  
 And made him seopþe vp stande.  
 he comaundyd knyzt and sweyn  
 To clepe Libeus "Gengelayne,"  
 þat was lord of lond.

fourty dayes þay dwellyd,  
 And heore feste faire heold  
 wiþ Arthoure þeo kyng.  
 As þeo gest vs tolde,  
 Arthour wiþ knyztis bolde  
 hom gonne þay brynge.  
 twenty yere þay lyued in-same  
 wiþ muþe gleo and game,  
 he and þat swete þyng.  
 Ihesu Cryst oure saucour,  
 And his modir þat swete flour,  
 spede vs at our nede!

Explicit Lebius de-sconius [? MS.]

*(Ashmole MS. continued.)*

Thys is owre chyld so fre."  
 Than was he glad and blyth,  
 And kyssed hym many A sythe,  
 And seyð, "þat lykes me."

Syre gawen, knyzt of renowne,  
 Seyd to þe lady of synadoun,  
 "Madame, treuly  
 He þat hath þe wedyd with pride,  
 Y gate hym vnd[er] A forest syde  
 Off a gentyll lady."  
 Than þat lady was blyth,  
 And thankyd hym many A syth,  
 And kyssed hym sykerly.  
 Than lybeus to hym wan,  
 And þer he kyssed þat man;  
 Fore soth treuly

He fell on kneys in þat stound,  
 lybeus knelyd on þe ground,  
 And seyð, "fore god All weldinge  
 That made þe werld rownd,  
 Feyre fader, wele be 3e fownd!  
 Blysse me with 3our blyssyng!"

That hend knyzt gawene  
 Blyssed hys sone with mayne,  
 And made hym vp to stond,  
 And comandyd knyzt and sweyne  
 To calle hym gyngelyane,  
 That was lorde of lond.

Forty deys þer they duellyd, [leaf 595.]  
 And grete fest þei held  
 With Arthour þe kyng.  
 As þe gest hath told,  
 Arthour with knyhtes bold  
 Home gane hym bryng.  
 X 3ere þei lyued in-same  
 With mekyll gle and game,  
 He and that suete thyng.  
 Ihesu cryst owre sauyour,  
 And his moder þat suete floure,  
 To heuene blys vs bryng!

Here endes þe lyfe—  
 Y telle 3ow with-uten stryfe—  
 Off gentyll libeus disconius.  
 Fore his saule now byd 3e  
 A pater noster And An Aue,  
 Fore þe loue off Ihesus,  
 That he of hys sawle haue pyte,  
 And off owrys, iff hys wyll be,  
 When we schall wend þer-to.  
 And 3e þat haue herd þat talkyng,  
 3e schall haue þe blyssyng  
 Of Ihesu cryst All-so.

[Finis.]

*Cotton, Calig. A. ii. fol. 57, col. 2.*

And þonkede godes myztes,  
 Artoure and hys knyztēs,  
 Ðat he ne hadde no schame.  
 Artoure yaf here al so \* blyue,  
 Lybeaus to be hys wyfe,  
 Ðat was so gentylle a dame.

De Ioye of þat bredale  
 Nys not told yn tale,  
 Ne rekened yn no gest.  
 Barons and lordynges fale  
 Come to þat semyly sale,  
 And ladyes welle honeste.

Der was ryche seruyse  
 Of alle þat men kouþ deuyse,  
 To lest & ek to mest.  
 De menstrales yn boure & halle  
 Hadde ryche yftes with-alle,  
 And þey þat weryn vnwrest.

Fourty dayes þey dwellede  
 And hare feste helde  
 With artoure þe kyng.  
 As þe frenssche tale teld,  
 Artoure with knyztēs beld  
 At hom gan hem brynge.

Fele ʒere þey leuede yn-same  
 With moche gle & game,  
 Lybeaus & þat swete þyng.  
 Ihesu cryst oure sauouure,  
 And hys modere þat swete floure,  
 Graunte vs alle good endyngē.  
 Amen.

Explicit libeaus desconus.

*Lambeth MS. 306, leaf 106.*

They thanked god with al his myghtis,  
 Arthur and alle his knyghtis,  
 That he hade no shame.  
 Arthur gave als blyue  
 Lybeous that lady to wyfe,  
 That was so gentille a dame.

The myrroure of that brydale  
 No man myght telle with tale  
 In Ryme nor in geste.  
 In that semely Saale  
 Were lordys many and fale,  
 And ladies fulle honeste.

There was Riche Service  
 Bothe to lorde and ladyes,  
 To leste and eke to moste.  
 Thare were gevyn riche giftis,  
 Euche mynstrale her thriftis,  
 And some that were vnbrest.

ffourty dayes thei dweldeñ,  
 And ther here feste heldeñ  
 With Arthur the kyngē,  
 As the ffrenssche tale vs tolde.  
 Arthur kyng, with his knyghtis bolde,  
 Home he gonne hem brynge.

Sevyn yere they levid same  
 With mekyllē Ioye and game,  
 He and that swete thyngē.  
 Nowe Ihesu Criste oure Savioure,  
 And his moder, that swete floure,  
 Grawnte vs gode Endyngē! Amen.

Explicit libious Disconyus.

\* MS. also.

### Childe Maurice :<sup>1</sup>

THIS piece has been already printed from the Folio, just as it is by Jamieson in his *Popular Ballads and Songs* (1806).

The other versions of the old ballad are, *Gil Morice* given by Percy in the *Reliques* from a printed edition current in Scotland, *Child Noryce* and *Chield Morice* given by Motherwell from recitations, 3 stanzas of a traditional version given by Jamieson. The number of these versions shows how popular the ballad was. Another proof is its use by Langhorne, by Home, and others, as the basis of longer, more pretentious works. Of the said versions *Gil Morice* and *Chield Morice* closely resemble each other, and are infinitely less forcible than the other two. They are intolerably prolix. The fire is quenched with much water. They are the offspring of men who possessed the faculty of Midas with a difference—they turned everything they touched into dross. The other two versions are admirably terse and vigorous, and have a right to places in the first ranks of our ballad-poetry. Undoubtedly the less corrupted is the Folio version; but, unhappily, it is somewhat imperfect.

This is indeed a noble specimen of our ballad-poetry in all its strength. For the overpowering vigour of its objective style it may be compared with *Little Musgrave and Lady Bernard*. How vivid every picture it paints is! how effective every stroke! Not a word is wasted. The writer is too absorbed in the action of his piece to indulge in any comments, or moralisings, or superfluities of any sort.

Semper ad eventum festinat, et in medias res,  
Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit.

---

<sup>1</sup> vid. Scottish Edition which is evidently a modern Improvement.—P.

This abstinence from all reflections and sentimentalities is indescribably impressive. The ballad-writer of later times is too often like the guide who introduces the traveller to a fine cathedral, and disturbs the glorious effect of the sight with his intrusive conceited garrulity. This old writer presents us with a wonderful spectacle without putting in ever a word of his own. You forget the guide, and are given up wholly to the effect of the spectacle. If we could never consider the heavens without having suggested to us the names of the stars and their sizes and distances from the earth! This old writer is content to let his tale produce its own effect. He conceives it in all its tremendous force, too really to permit him to criticise or dally with it in any way. Feeling much, he says little. Hence the intensity of his narration.

What strange wild pictures he paints! The Child in the silver wood,

sitting on a block  
With a silver comb in his hand,  
Kemming his yellow lock.

—the foot-page hastening on his errand with the presents of the grass-green mantle and of the gold and precious stone rings—the husband and his wife's son drying on the grass or a sleeve their bright brown swords—the victor, his supposed rival's head cut off, how he

pricked it on his sword's point,  
Went singing there beside,  
And he rode till he came to the lady fair  
Whereas this lady lied,  
& says "Dost thou know Child Maurice head  
If that thou dost it see?  
And lap it soft and kiss it oft,  
For thou lovedst him better than me.

—the mother recognising in her slain lover her one only son. That terrible passage in the *Bacchæ* of Euripides, where the scales fall from Agave's eyes, naturally suggests itself as one looks at that last picture; though there, indeed, the horror of

the situation is deepened by the fact that her own hands have done the deed :

Ξα, τί λεύσσω ; τί φέρομαι τόδ' ἐν χερσῶν ;

Then answers Cadmus :

ἄθρησον αὐτὸ καὶ σαφέστερον μάθε.,

ΑΓ. ὄρω μέγιστον ἔλγος ἢ τάλαιν' ἐγώ.

ΚΑ. μῶν σοι λέοντι φαίνεται προσεικέναι ;

ΑΓ. οὐκ· ἀλλὰ Πενθέως ἢ τάλαιν' ἔχω κῆρα.

Child  
Maurice,  
while  
hunting,

CHILDE Maurice hunted in the siluen<sup>1</sup> wood,  
he hunted it round about,  
& noebodye *that* he ffound therin,  
4 nor none there was with-out.

tells his  
footpage

<sup>2</sup> & he tooke his siluer combe in his hand,  
to kembe his yellow lockes ;  
he sayes, " come hither, thou litle ffoot page,  
8 *that* runneth<sup>3</sup> lowlye by my knee ;  
ffor thou shalt goe to Iohn stewards wiffe  
& pray her speake with mee.

to go to John  
Steward's  
wife,

greet her as  
many times  
as there are  
knots on a  
net,

12 " & as itt ffalls out many times,  
as knotts beene knitt on a kell,<sup>4</sup>  
or Marchant men gone to Leeue London  
either to buy ware or sell,

and ask her

16 " I, and greete thou doe *that* Ladye well,  
euer soe well ffroe mee,—  
And as itt ffalles out many times  
as any hart can thinke,

[page 347]

<sup>1</sup> The downstroke of the *r* of *siluen* is made twice over.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Prof. Child dots two lines as missing, before lines 5, 15, & 21, and after line 64. *Ballads* ii. 313-16.—F.

<sup>3</sup> MS. *rumeth*.—F.

<sup>4</sup> *Kelle*, *reticulum*, *retiaculum* (Catholicon). *Reticula* a lytell nette or kalle. *Reticinellum*, a kalle (Ortus) . . . The fashion of confining the hair in an orna-

mental network, which occasionally was jewelled, seems to have obtained in England from the time of Henry III. until that of Elizabeth, and an endless variety of examples are afforded by illuminated MSS. and monumental effigies. It was termed *calle* or *kelle*, a term directly taken, perhaps, from the French *cale*, Latin *calantica* or *callus*. Way in *Promptorium*, p. 270, note <sup>1</sup>.—F.



- “ as schoole masters are in any schoole house  
 20 writting with pen and linke,—  
 ffor if I might, as well as shee may,  
 this night I wold with her speake.
- “ & heere I send her a mantle of greene,  
 24 as greene as any grasse,  
 & bidd her come to the siluer wood  
 to hunt with Child Maurice ;
- “ & there I send her a ring of gold,  
 28 a ring of precyous stone,  
 & bidd her come to the siluer wood ;  
 let ffor no kind of man.”
- one while this litle boy he yode,  
 32 another while he ran ;  
 vntill he came to Iohn Stewards hall,  
 I-wis he neuer blan.
- & of nurture the child had good ;  
 36 hee ran vp hall & bower ffree,  
 & when he came to this Lady ffaire,  
 sayes, “ god you saue and see !
- “ I am come ffrom Ch[i]ld Maurice,  
 40 a message vnto thee ;  
 & Child Maurice, he greetes you well,  
 & euer soe well ffrom mee.
- “ & as itt ffalls out oftentimes,  
 44 as knotts beene knitt on a kell,  
 or Marchant men gone to leene London,  
 either ffor to buy ware or sell,
- “ & as oftentimes he greetes you well  
 48 as any hart can thinke,  
 or schoolemasters in any schoole  
 wryting with pen and inke ;

to come and  
hunt with  
him.

He sends her  
a ring.

The footpage  
goes to Iohn  
Steward's  
hall,

and gives  
the lady

Child  
Maurice's  
message :

he greets  
her as many  
times as  
there are  
knots on  
her cap,



he sends her  
a green  
mantle

52 “ & heere he sends a Mantle of greene,  
as greene as any grasse,  
& he bids you come to the siluer wood,  
to hunt with Child Maurice.

and a gold  
ring.

56 “ & heere he sends you a ring of gold,  
a ring of the *precious* stone,  
he prays you to come to the siluer wood,  
let ffor no kind of man.”

and begs her  
to come to  
the wood to  
him.

60 “ now peace, now peace, thou litle ffootpage,  
ffor Christes sake, I pray thee !  
ffor if my *lord* heare one of these words,  
thou must be hanged hye ! ”

John  
Steward  
overhears  
this,  
orders his  
steed

64 Iohn steward stood vnder the Castle wall,  
& he wrote the words euerye one,  
& he called vnto his horskeeper,  
“ make readye you my steede ! ”  
I, and soe hee did to his Chamberlaine,  
68 “ make readye then my weede ! ”

and armour,

rides to the  
wood,

& he cast a lease<sup>1</sup> vpon his backe,  
& he rode to the siluer wood ;  
& there he sought all about,  
72 about the siluer wood,

finds Child  
Maurice,

& there he ffound him Child Maurice  
sitting vpon a blocke,  
with a siluer combe in his hand  
76 kemming his yellow locke.

and asks  
what he  
means.

he sayes, “ how now, how now, Child Maurice ?  
alacke ! how may this bee ? ”  
but then stood vp him Child Maurice,  
80 & sayd these words trulye :

<sup>1</sup> ? leash, thong, cord. See *lees, lese* in Halliwell.—F.

- “I doe not know your Ladye,” he said,  
 “if *that* I doe her see.”
- 84    ffor thou hast sent her loue tokens,  
       more now then 2 or 3;
- “ ffor thou hast sent her a Mantle of greene,  
       as greene as any grasse,  
 & bade her come to the siluer woode  
 88    to hunt with Child Maurice;
- “ & thou [hast] sent her a ring of gold,  
       a ring of *precyous* stone,  
 & bade her come to the siluer wood,  
 92    let ffor noe kind of man.
- “ and by my ffaith, now, Child Maurice,  
       the tone of vs shall dye!”
- “ Now be my troth,” sayd Child Maurice, [page 348]  
 96    “ & *that* shall not be I.”
- but hee pulled forth a bright browne<sup>1</sup> sword  
       & dryed itt on the grasse,  
 & soe ffast he smote att Iohn Steward,  
 100    I-wisse he neuer rest.
- then hee pulled fforth his bright browne sword,  
       & dryed itt on his sleeue;  
 & the ffirst good stroke Iohn stewart stroke,  
 104    Child Maurice head he did cleue;
- & he pricked itt on his swords poynt,  
       went singing there beside,  
 & he rode till he came to *that* Ladye ffaire  
 108    wheras this ladye Lyed;

The Child  
 says he  
 doesn't know  
 John's wife.  
 “And yet  
 you've sent  
 her love-  
 tokens,

a green  
 mantle,

and a gold  
 ring,

and bade  
 her come to  
 the wood to  
 you!

One of us  
 shall die.”

John draws  
 his sword,  
 splits the  
 Child's head,

carries it on  
 his sword-  
 point to his  
 wife,

<sup>1</sup> Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.

- and says, "dost thou know Child Maurice head  
if *that* thou dost itt see?  
& lapp itt soft, & kisse itt offt,  
112 ffor thou louedst him better then mee."
- and tells her  
to kiss it.
- but when shee looked on Child Maurice head,  
shee neuer spake words but 3,  
"I neuer beare no Child but one,  
116 & you haue slaine him trulye."
- She says  
he has  
killed her  
only child.
- says, "wicked be my merrymen all,  
I gaue Meate, drinke, & Clothe!  
but cold they not haue holden me  
120 when I was in all *that* wrath?"
- John  
Steward  
reproaches  
his men for  
not staying  
him in his  
wrath;
- "ffor I haue slaine one of the curteouse[s]t *Knights*  
*that* euer bestrode a steed!  
soe haue I done one [of] the fairest Ladyes  
124 *that* euer ware womans weede!"
- ffins.

## Phillis hoe:

HERE apparently one endeavours to reconcile an offended swain to his offending mistress. He had begged a kiss, it would seem, and been denied it; had concluded that his Phillis cared nothing for him. Deaf to all the pleas urged in her behalf, he rejoices that he has escaped from her. We do not know any other copy of the song.

- 
- SHEPARDES hoe! Shepards hoe!  
 harkes how Phillis<sup>1</sup> calles thee! La: La: La:  
 Philis hoe: Phillis hoe!
- 4 "shall I lose my Phillis? noe, noe, noe!"  
 "what ailes thee Shepard [that thou] looke soe sadd? Why are you  
 where is thy louely lasse shold make thee gladd?" sad?
- "ay me! my *mistress* proues vntrue, "My love is  
 8 & my louely lasse bidde me adew!" false."
- "Shepards, ffye! Sheperds, ffye!  
 doe not wrong thy lasse, & noe cause whye." No, she is  
 "Phillis noe, Phillis noe!" not.
- 12 but if shee proue light in loue, Ile let her goe."  
 thus wee poore mayds must beare the blame,  
 which<sup>2</sup> inconstant men deserue the same.  
 if ought be ill, tis our amisse,
- 16 but a womans word is noe iudge in this.
- "Come away! Come away!  
 see! the louelye lasse tripps ore the lay." Come and  
 look at her.
- "lett her goe! lett her goe!" "Not I, let  
 20 neuer more shall my loue say mee noe." her go."

<sup>1</sup> The first *l* is much like an *s* in the MS. Before the first *La* MS. The colons in lines 2 and 3 are Percy inserts *hoe*.—F. <sup>2</sup> while.—P.

- “ ffe shepard ! thou thy loue dost wrong !  
ffor maides, thé dare not doe amidst a throng.”
- She  
wouldn't  
kiss me !” 24 “ O, beg I did but one pore kisse ;  
but shee with coy disdainé said noe by Iys.<sup>1</sup>”
- Don't be  
jealous,
- “ Ielous loue, Ielous loue,  
herafter doth vnconstant proue.”  
“ many ffind,<sup>2</sup> many ffind  
28 women & their words are like the winde.  
men sweare thé loue, & do protest ;  
but when a woman sweares, shee doth but Iest.  
who Iestes with loue, playes with a bayte  
32 *that* doth wound the hart with slye decepte.”
- love your  
love again ;
- “ Shepards swaine, Shepards swaine,  
let thy lasse inioy thy loue againe !  
Iff maids pray, if maids pray,  
36 women in their wants will haue noe nay ;  
thus women they must learne to wooe,  
when men fforgetts what nature bids them do.”  
“ if women wooe, tis much abuse,  
40 tho cunningly they coyne<sup>3</sup> a coy excuse.”
- “ No, I'm not  
such a fool.
- “ Haples shee, hapless shee  
*that* doth loue<sup>4</sup> soe base a swaine as thee ! ”  
“ happye I, happye I :  
44 *that* ffortune haue such folly for to fflye !  
base minds to basenes still will flee,  
but honor in an honored hart doth lye.  
tho base, my mind true honor brings ;
- We shep-  
herds are as  
coy as  
kings.” 48 [w]ee shepards in our loues are as coy as Kings.” ffins.

<sup>1</sup> noe Iwis.—P.<sup>2</sup> There is a tag to the *d*.—F.<sup>3</sup> MS. coyme.—F.<sup>4</sup> Three strokes for the *u*.—F.

## Guy & Colebrande : <sup>1</sup>

[In 3 Parts.—P.]

“GUY & PHILLIS” is simply a *résumé*, with some slight additions from other sources, of the old romance of *Guy of Warwick*; “Guy & Amaranth” and “Guy & Colbrand” are versions, one modern, by Samuel Rowlands, the other much older, of scenes in that romance.

The presence in the MS. Folio of three pieces dealing with Sir Guy is a sign of the immense popularity he enjoyed, if any sign were needed. But indeed there is no lack of evidence of his warm acceptance with the Middle Ages as well in foreign countries as in England. Certainly among the heroes of romance he was one of the most popular. At home, Arthur, and Sir Bevis, and he, surpassed all others in the extent and endurance of the admiration they attracted. There is nothing more touching anywhere than the story of the last moments of Guy. Such was its intrinsic interest, that it won the ear of the world solely on the strength of it; for the story seems never to have been worthily told. Not one of the three poems treasured up in the Folio is of any considerable literary value. Nor can higher praise be bestowed on the old romance. “Guy of Warwick,” says Ellis, “is certainly one of the most ancient and popular, and no less certainly one of the dullest and most tedious of our early romances.” Dull and tedious it emphatically is. This jewel then has never yet been skilfully set. But its preciousness was appreciated in spite of the rude craftsmen into whose hands it

<sup>1</sup> A curious old Song, but very incorrect.—P.

had fallen. Its lustre glorified its clumsy encasements as the beauty of the beggar-maid her unworthy dress.

As shines the moon in cloudy skies  
She in her poor attire was seen.

The oldest form in which we have the story is that of an Anglo-Norman romance, *Romanz de Gui de Warwyk*, extant, as Ritson informs us, in the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge (l. 6), and in the University Library (More 690), Harl. MSS. No. 3775, King's MSS. 8 F. ix. There are two fragments of it in the Bodleian (printed in the *British Bibliographer*, iii. 268; see Introduction to the Abbotsford Club edition of the copy of the English romance in the Auchinleck MS.). Other fragments were found in the cover of an old book by Sir Thomas Phillips. There is also a copy in the Bibl. Impériale (MSS. de Colbert, 4289), Paris. There was a copy at Bruges in 1467, at Brussels in 1487, as we learn from Barrois' account of the *Librairies du Fils du Roi Jean Charles V., &c.* (See *Guy de Warwick*, Abbotsford Club, Introduction.) This French work was composed probably in the thirteenth century. Its composer may possibly have been Walter of Exeter, as is stated by Carew in his *Survey of Cornwall*. Whoever composed it, and wherever, it was done into English early in the fourteenth century, which English version is mentioned in the Prologue to Hampole's *Speculum Vitæ*, or *Mirroure of Life*, written about 1350, amongst the popularities of the day :

I warne you firste at the begynnyng  
That I will make no vayne carpyng  
Of dedes of armes, ne of amours,  
As does mynstellis & gestours,  
That maketh carpyng in many a place  
Of Octavione & Isenbrace,  
And of many other gestes  
And namely when they come to festes,  
Ne of the lyf of Bevis of Hamptoune  
That was a knyght of grete renoune,  
Ne of Syr Gye of Warwyke. (*apud* Warton, H. Eng. P.)



and by Chaucer in the *Rime of Sir Topas* (about 1380) as one of the romances of price of his day. Of it the oldest copy extant is preserved in the Auchinleck MS. There are others in Caius College and the Public Libraries, Cambridge. It was still in demand in the sixteenth century, and was then printed by Copland, and by Cawood. The romance was then condensed, as was the custom, into a ballad. In 159½ Richard Jones has entered on the Register of the Stationers' Company "A pleasante songe of the valiant actes of Guy of Warwicke to the tune of *Was ever man so tost in love.*" This is the "Guy & Phillis" of the present volume. The common title, says Percy, is "A pleasant song of the valiant deeds of chivalry atchieved by that noble knight Sir Guy of Warwick, who for the love of fair Phelis became a hermit & dyed in a cave of craggy rocke, a mile distant from Warwick." Of this ballad there are copies in the Bagford, the Pepys, and the Roxburghe Collections. The legend was afterwards rendered into prose, and in that shape printed again and again down to very recent times. In the British Museum Library there is a copy of the 7th edition of a cheap printed prose version, 1733. Ellis speaks of this popular form as "to be found at almost every stall in the metropolis." The Anglo-Norman romance was converted into prose in 1525.

But the story was not given up wholly to the romance-writers and their followers. The oldest other recital of it now extant may possibly be that ascribed to Gerard of Cornwall, printed by Hearne in the Appendix to his edition of the *Annales de Dunstable*. This *Historia Guidonis de Werwyke* is preserved in MS. 147, Magd. Coll. Oxford. "There is not however anything else of Gerard's in the Magd. MS. (which the compiler has seen), and the short piece which has been printed is written at the end of Higden's Polychronicon, on the same page with it, and preceding its copious index." (See *Macray's Manual of British Historians.*) Of Gerard's date and life nothing whatever is

known. "He is said to have written a book *De Gestis Britonum*, and another *De Gestis Regum West-Saxonum*, which are referred to three times by Th. Rudburn in his History of Winchester. This also mentions him in his catalogue of historians in Holinshed, p. 1590." This piece, whenever written and by whomsoever, describes the famous fight with Colbrand much as the Folio MS. version narrates it. An entry in the Registry of the priory at Winchester, quoted by Warton in his *History of English Poetry*, tells us that when Adam de Orleten, bishop of Winchester, visited his cathedral priory of St. Swithin in that city, "Cantabat jocularior quidam, nomine Herebertus, *Canticum Colbrondi*, necnon gestum Emme regine, a judicio ignis liberate in aula prioris." The first certain historical mention of the great Saxon champion is to be found, as Ritson points out, in the Robert de Brunne's translation with additions, made *circ.* 1338, of Peter Langtoft's Chronicle, written *circ.* 1308.

That was Guy of Warwik, as the boke sais,  
There he slouh Colbrant with hache Daneis.

The story of Guy's abnegation of his wife, and his lonely uncomforted end in the cell he had hewn for himself, is told in chapter clxxii. of the *Gesta Romanorum*, compiled in all probability about the same time with Langtoft's Chronicle. This compilation, made to serve mediæval preachers for purposes of illustration, naturally took that part of the story that exemplified their favourite teachings. Towards the end of the same, the fourteenth century, Henry Knighton, Canon of Leicester, in his *Chronicon de Eventibus Angliæ ab anno 950 ad 1395*, recounted the old tale at full length. He introduces it with a sort of apology. "Set quia historia dicti Guidonis," he writes, "cunctis seculis laudabili memoria commendanda est, in presenti historia immiscere curavi." Then he relates, with circumstances, how "Olavus rex Daciæ," "Golanus rex Norwegiæ," and "dux Neustriæ," invaded England and besieged King Athelstan for a space of two years

in Winchester. They had enlisted in the service of their expedition a vast Saracen, "de Africâ quendam gigantem, Colebrandum nomine, qui eo tempore fortissimus et elegantissimus reputabatur in orbe," described subsequently as "diabolicæ staturæ," and by Guy when he stands face to face with him as "non homo, immo potius spiritus diaboli in effigie hominis latens." Eventually a truce, "treuga," was agreed to, and the determining of the war by a single combat. But there seemed scant hope of finding a match for Colebrand, who was of course put forward to maintain the Scandinavian cause. Then follows, as in "Guy & Colbrand," an account of the vision that appeared to the perplexed King Athelstan, and how, obeying it, and posting himself "ad altam primam" at one of the city's gates, he saw amongst the entering crowd "virum elegantem cursantem, de una sclauuma alba vestitum, et unum sertum de albis rosis in capite tectum, fustemque grandem in manu ferentem; set multum erat debilitatus et discoloratus anxietateque minoratus, eo quod nudipes laboravit, barbamque prolixam habuit." This wild woe-begone figure was Guy—Guy in deep distress for his sins, and caring only to escape from hospitalities to pray for indulgence and pardon. But he is moved at last to undertake the combat with the giant. "Fecit se armari de melioribus armaturis regis, et cinxit se gladio Constantini [the sword of Constantine the Great and the spear of Charlemagne were among the presents given to Athelstan by Hugh, Duke of the Franks] lanceamque sancti Mauricii in manu tulit." Then the fight is described with extreme minuteness. Colbrand seems overpowering till Guy cuts off his sword-arm; "Quod Dani videntes, multum ex hoc contabuerunt, et Deos suos in Colubrandi adiutorum cum ejulatu magno invocare cœperunt." And then comes the final scene in the hero's life.

In 1410, as Dugdale (Baron. i. 243) relates on the authority of Rous, to whom we shall come presently, Guy's fame was well spread abroad at Jerusalem; for the Soldan's lieutenant hearing

that Lord Beauchamp, then travelling in the Holy Land, "was descended from the famous Guy of Warwick, whose story they had in books of their own language, invited him to his palace; and royally feasting him presented him with three precious stones of great value, besides divers cloaths of silk and gold given to his servants." The history of Sir Guy, as Percy points out (*Reliques*, vol. iii.), "is alluded to in the old Spanish romance, 'Tirante el blanco' which, it is believed, was written not long after the year 1430." About the middle of the fifteenth century Rudburn, who has been mentioned above in a quotation, a Benedictine of Winchester, called *Junior* to distinguish him from another chronicler of the same name who died Bishop of St. David's in 1441, gives some account of the great combat. Leland in his *Collectanea*, fol. 595, quotes "ex chronicis Thomæ Rudbourne monachi Wintonensis" this amongst other passages: "Tertio Ethelstani anno, duellum inter Colbrondum Danum & Guidonem comitem de Warwik, extra borealem civitatis Wintoniensis plagam, in loco qui modo Hidemedede, olim Denmarsch appellatus est, prope monasterium de Hida. Insignum vero victoriæ servatur sica prædicti Colbronde gigantis, cumqua truncatum erat; caput ejus a Guidone comite de Warwik in eccl. cathedrali Wintoniæ usque in hodiernum diem.<sup>1</sup> Rudbourne describes the fight more fully in his *Historia Major Wintonensis* (apud Wharton's *Anglia Sacra*). There the "Rex Dacorum" is "Anelaf;" the scene of the combat is Hyde Mede; the "gigas" is "miræ longitudinis, invisus, inhumanus ac non malæ meditationis ignarus." Lydgate, contemporary with Rudbourne, versified the above-mentioned *Historia Guidonis de Werwyke* just as Samuel Rowland, something more than a century after him, retold the conflict of Guy with Amaranth in the form given in this volume. Lydgate's work, never yet printed, is preserved among the Bodleian MSS. and

<sup>1</sup> "This history remained in rude painting against the walls of the north transept of the cathedral till within my memory." Warton, H. E. P.

in Harl. MS. 7333 f. 35. b.<sup>1</sup> Revised by one Lane, it was licensed to be printed in 1617 (Harl. MSS. 5243),<sup>1</sup> but the licence seems never to have been acted upon. Later on, in the latter half of the fifteenth century, John Rous, appointed priest, or one of the two priests, at the chapel at Guy's Cliff near Warwick (erected, with a statue of Guy, by Richard Beauchamp in 1422), "labored and finished" a "roll" (now in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, numbered 839) containing a biography of him in whose honour he held his office, for whose soul he offered daily prayers. Dugdale pronounces him "a diligent searcher after antiquities, and especially of this county," and one that "hath left behind him divers notable things, industriously gathered from many choice manuscripts, whereof he had perusal in sundry monasteries in England and Wales, which now, through the fatal subversion of those houses, are for the most part perisht." Rous narrates as sober facts the story of the romance :

Dame Felys, daughter and heire to Erle Rohand, for her beauty called Felye belle, or Felys the fayre by true enheritance, was countesse of Warwyke, and lady and wyfe to the most victorouse Knight, Sir Guy, to whome in his woinge tyme she made greate straungenes, and caused him for her sake, to put himself in meny greate distresse, dangers and perills; but when they wer wedded and bñ but a litle season together, he departed from her to her greate hevynes, and never was conversaunt with her after, to her vnderstandinge; and all the while she kept her cleanè and trew lady and wyf to him, devout to godward, and by way of Almes, greatly helpinge them that wer in poore estate. Sir Gy of Warwyke, flower and honor of Knighthode, sonne to Sir Seyward, baron of Walingforde, and his lady and wyfe Dame Sabyn, a florentyne in Italy of the noble bloode of the contrey, translate from Italy vnto this lande, as Dame Genches, Saynt Martyns sister, borne in Greke lande, was maryed here, and had in this lande noble Saynct Patryke, that converted Irelande to the Christian faythe. This worshipfull Knight Sir Gy, in his actes of warre ever consydered what parties had wronge, and therto wold he draw, by which doinge his loos spred so

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix at the end of this Introduction.



farre that he was called the worthiest Knight lyvinge in his dayes. Then his most speciall and chief Lady that he had sette his hart of most, Dame Felys, applied to his will and was wedded to him. This noble warryor Sir Gy, after his mariage consideringe [what] he had don for a womans sake, thought to besset the other part of his lyf for Goddes sake, departed from his lady in pilgrymeweede as hir shewys, which rayment he kept to his lyves ende, and did meny greate battells, of the which the last was the victory of Colbrond at Winchester by the warninge of an angell. And from thence, vnknowne savinge to the Kinge only, come to Warwyke, receyved as a pilgryme of his owne lady, and by her leave at his abydinge at Gibclif, and his livery by his page dayly sett at the Castell. And two dayes afore his deathe, an angell enformed of his passage oute of this world, and of his ladyes the day fourtnight after him. And at Gibclyf wer they bothe buryed, for ther cowld no man fro thence Remofe him till his sworn brother com, Sr Tyrry, w<sup>th</sup> whome he was translate without lett. And to this day God for her sake, to tho that devoutely seeke him for hur sakes, with other Greuis as by miracle seen remedied. And in remembrance of his habit it wer full convenient you y<sup>t</sup> it pleased som good lord or lady to fynde in the same place ij. poore men that cowde help a priest to singe, one of them to be ther continually present, wearinge his pilgrime habyte, and to shew folke the place; and their habitacion might be full well sett over his cave in the rocke.

The story of Sir Guy then had evidently long before Rous's time found a local habitation, both at Warwick and at Winchester. Leland, in his *Itinerary*, says of Gibclife or Guycliffe: "Ould Fame remaineth with the People there that Guido Earl of Warwike in King Athelston's Dayes . . . lived in this place like a Heremite, unknouen to his wife Felice, untill at the Article of his Death he shewed what he was. . . . Here is a house of Pleasure, a Place meet for the Muses. There is sylence, a praty Wood, *antra in vivo saxo*, the River rowling over the stones with a praty noyse, *nemusculum ibidem opacum, fontes liquidi et gemmei, prata florida, antra muscosa, rivi leves et per saxa discursus, necnon solitudo et quies multis amicissima.*" The heart of the antiquary warms towards the lovely spot.

Such are the authorities, if the word may be used in this case,

for the legend. At any rate, they may serve to show how old it is, and how widely and generally popular it was. In the Elizabethan literature allusions to it abound, though, strangely enough, not one occurs in the plays of Shakespeare, familiar as he must have been with it and the locality to which the more touching part is attached. Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry* (1589), speaks of "places of assembly where the company shall be desirous to hear of old adventures and valiances of noble knights in times past, as are those of King Arthur and the Knights of the round table—Sir Bevis of Southampton, Guy of Warwick, and others like." In Dr. King's *Dialogues of the Dead* (quoted by Mr. Chappell), "It is the negligence of our ballad singers," a Ghost remarks, "that makes us to be talked of less than others; for who almost besides St. George, King Arthur, Bevis, Guy and Hickathrift, are in the chronicles?" The Little French Lawyer in Fletcher's play of the name, and Old Master Merrythought in the *Knight of the Burning Pestle* sing snatches of the *Legend*. Corbet in his *Iter Boreale* wishes,

May all the ballads be call'd in & dye,  
Which sing the warrs of Colebrand & Sir Guy.

Butler tells us of Talgol, one of Hudibras' supporters (who, according to L'Estrange, represented a certain Newgate Market butcher),

He many a boar & huge dun-cow  
Did, like another Guy, o'erthrow;  
But Guy with him in fight compar'd  
Had like the boar or dun-cow far'd.

Such has been the popularity of this story. The oldest literary form of it preserved to us is, as we have seen, an Anglo-Norman romance, composed probably in the thirteenth century. This, no doubt, was founded on songs and traditions that were then commonly in vogue in the country, that had then already been so for many a generation. These were dressed and decorated by the romance-writer according to the fashion of his age;



the old Saxon hero transformed into a Norman knight, dispatched to the crusades, conducted from tournament to tournament throughout Europe, and carried through all the adventures proper for a hero of chivalry. One most prominent feature of the romance is its monastic feeling, which, indeed, is so strong that one may well believe it to be the work of a monk. A terrible remorse seizes Guy at last for all the blood he has shed, and his love for the woman who has incited him to his blood-shedding career passes away. Is this penitential element part of the original tale? Was this sung of by old pre-Norman gleemen? Or is it rather to be ascribed to the translator and editor of the thirteenth century? Probably so. In the old Saxon poetry, so far as is known, women occupy but an unimportant place. Neither there, nor indeed in the life which that poetry reflects, do they "rain influence and adjudge the prize." Moreover, one can well conceive such an addition being made to the story in the thirteenth century, a period of a great monastic revival—a period of much doubt as to matrimony, an uneasy suspicion prevailing that it was an indulgence which the truly pious man would scarcely allow himself. Such a suspicion enters the soul of Guy, when at last, after waiting and longing and serving so long, he is at last crowned with the happiness of his heart; he resolves to abandon the treasure gained. How noble and devout such an abandonment was held to be by the mediæval monks may be seen from endless instances, notably from the story of Saint Alexios, of whom Alban Butler thus writes<sup>1</sup>:

Having, in compliance with the will of his parents, married a rich and virtuous lady, he on the very day of the nuptials, making use of the liberty which the laws of God and his church give a person before the marriage be consummated, of preferring a more perfect state, secretly withdrew, in order to break all the ties which held him in this world. In disguise he travelled into a different country, em-

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix at the end of this Introduction.

braced extreme poverty, and resided in a hut adjoining to a church dedicated to the Mother of God. Being after some time there discovered to be a stranger of distinction, he returned home, and being relieved as a poor pilgrim, lived some time unknown in his father's house, bearing the contumely and ill-treatment of the servants with invincible patience and silence. A little before he died he by a letter discovered himself to his parents.

Guy's wife-desertion then, and his severe asceticism, may be later additions to his original story. There can be little doubt that that original story belongs to a remote age,—possibly, as has been suggested, to an age anterior even to that assigned to it in the romance—the age of Athelstan. With this age of Athelstan it would seem to have been connected from a very early time. There is no kind of historical basis for it in what records we have of that age. There was certainly a great Northern invasion in the reign of Athelstan. Northumbria, lately annexed by him, allied itself with Scots, Danes, Welsh, and essayed to recover its independence. “They fought with Athelstan,” writes Milton, “at a place called Wenduse [which might easily have been confounded with Wynton]; others term it Brununbury, others [as William of Malmesbury] Bruneford; which Ingulgh [who calls it Brunford] places beyond Humber; Camden in Glendale of Northumberland on the Scottish borders—the bloodiest fight, say authors, that ever this island saw.” Ellis suggests that Guy—he should say Egil—may be identical with one Egils, “who did in fact contribute very materially” to the victory. If this be so, then the legend must be rather Scandinavian than Saxon; for this Egil was a northern viking enlisted on the side of Athelstan. But, indeed, if the legend be an old Saxon one, there need be no difficulty in accounting for its later connection with the reign of Athelstan. That was the most glorious reign in the history of Saxon England. Athelstan reaped the rich fruits of his illustrious grandfather's wisdom and policy. He was enabled to consolidate the kingdom, and to maintain its unity unimpaired. At home

and abroad his name was known and feared. His crowning victory at Brunanburgh produced a profound impression. Even the Saxon imagination was stirred by such power and glory. "To describe his famous fight," says Milton, "the Saxon annalist, wont to be sober and succinct, whether the same or another writer, now labouring under the weight of his argument and overcharged, runs on a sudden into such extravagant fancies and metaphors as bear him quite beyond the scope of being understood." Strangely enough, the great poet did not recognise in the passage he thus characterises the work of an older bard; for it is in fact one of the few Saxon poems that survive. There are many signs of a rich ballad literature, besides that spirited piece, appertaining to this great monarch's reign. There is the story of Analaf belonging to that same battle, which is evidently taken by Malmesbury from some old ballad. Then there are the stories of the King's mother's dream, and of his brother Edwin's punishment for taking part in a conspiracy against him, both which that chronicler confessedly found in old ballads. Naturally enough, the story too of the great combat with the giant was attached to his reign; for legends attract each other, so to speak. The name given in later times to the national combatant was Guy.

Other romances in course of time grew around that of Guy, treating of his son Ruisburn, of his tutor Heraud and his son.

---

*Harl. MS. 7333, fol. 35 b.*

þe ermyte with Inne litil spase	By an Aungel his spirit to conveye
By dethe is past þe Ende of his laboure	Aftir his bodyly Resolycioune
Aftir whome Guy was þer successoure	For his meritis to þe hevenely mansyoune
Space of two yere by grace of crist	þan in alle haste he sent his weddyng
Ihesu	Ryng
Dauntynge his fleshe by penaunce and	Vn to his wyff of trewe Affeccioune
Rygour	Prayd her to come And beo at his condynge
Ay more and more encressyng in vertev	¶ That she sholde doone þere hir besyde
¶ God made him knowe þe daye þe he	cure
shold dye	As by A maner wyffly deligense
þorowe his gracious vesitacioune	In haste to ordeyne for his Cepulture

With noo þret coste ne with no grete  
 dispence  
 Sheo hasted hir til sheo cam in presence  
 Wher þat Guy lay dedly pale of face  
 Bespreynt with teeres knelyng with  
 Reuerence  
 þe dede body Felyce did ther inbrace  
 ¶ This notable & Famosouse worthi knyght  
 Sent her to sayne bi his messagier  
 In þilke place to burye hym anoone  
 Right  
 Wher that he lay to fore in A smal  
 Awter  
 And Afftir this doo trewly hir deveyre  
 þer for her selfe dysposyn and provide  
 Fyftene dayes Folowyng þe same zere  
 She to be buried þere by Guyes syde  
 ¶ His holy wyf of al this toke good hede  
 Like as he badde and liste no longer  
 tarye  
 Tacquyte hir selfe of wyffly womanhede  
 For she was loþe frome his desire to  
 varye  
 Sent in Al haste for þe ordenarye  
 Wiche occupied in þat dyosyse  
 She was not founde in oone poynt  
 contrarye  
 Eche thyng tacomplyshe / as ye have  
 herde devise  
 ¶ And alle þis cronicle / For to conclude  
 At hes Exequyes old & younge of age  
 Of diuerse folke cam grete multitude  
 With grete devocioune vn to þat her-  
 mitage  
 Lyche A prynse with al þe surplusage  
 þei tooke hym vppe / and leyde him in his  
 grave  
 Ordeynid of god be marcyal curage  
 Ageinst þe Danys þis Regioun to saue  
 ¶ Whos sowle I truste restight nowe in  
 glorie

With holy Spiretis Above þe Firmament  
 Felice his wyf calling to her memorye  
 þe daye gane neghe of her enterrement  
 To forne provided in her testament  
 Reynborne þeire heyre/ioustely to succede  
 By title of hir and lynealle discent  
 þeorldame of warwike trewly to possede  
 ¶ þe stok descendyng doune by þe pee  
 dugree  
 To Guy his fadir by title of mariage  
 Afftir whos dethe/of lawe and equitye  
 Reynborne to entre in to his Eritage  
 Cleimeyng his Ryght/his moder of good  
 age  
 Hæþe yolde hir dette by dethe vnto  
 nature  
 By side her lorde in þat Ermitage  
 Wiche eonded feyre was made hir  
 Sepulture  
 ¶ For to auctorise better þis matere  
 Whos translacioun sheweþe þe sentence  
 Oote of latyne made by þe Cronniculier  
 Callid of olde Gyrard Cronubyence  
 Wiche whilome wrot with gret deligence  
 Dedis of hem in westesex crowned kynges  
 Gretly comendyng for knyghtly ex-  
 cellence  
 Guy of werrewike in heos famouse  
 wreytingis  
 ¶ Of whos nobelesse ful gret hede he toke  
 His knyghtly fame to putten in Re-  
 memberavnse  
 þe eleventþe chapitre/of his historialboke  
 þe parfite lyf þe vertuouse gouernaunce  
 His wilfulle pouertee/harde ligginge and  
 penaunce  
 Al sent to me in Englishe to translate  
 If owght be wrong in metre or substance  
 Put al þe wyte/for dulnesse oñ lydegate

*Harleian MS. 5243, fol. 4.*

To all heroical knightes, and illustrious Ladies, both in Court, and Countrie for virtewe, love, bewtie, chivalrie, prowes, bowntie: & of other compleate departmentes most eminent and honorabl, John Lane in all dutie wisheth gracious perfection to felicitie eternal.

After, nay before all your secular affaires, vouchsafe to accepte, to your recreations

the pleasant historie of this vertuous paire instanced in the most noble pair of frendes, and lovers, the Ladie Felis, and her exemplarie sparck of christian honor, Sir Gwy Earle of warwick, surnamed the heremite; reckoned for more then two hundred yeeres togeather, the last of the Nine worthies: albeit in that heroical ranck, hee standeth indignified, or neglected, but without anie known cause,



by some forane heraultes, for their Duke Gothfreyes sake, whereof expostulation is made after a modest fasshion in this Poem. His deedes have lately bin renewed in verse, and published in a litle tract; nevertheles for brevities sake, (as it seemeth) it omitteth much of the original historie, left vnto vs by all the ancient English poetes: whose historie I take to bee meerly english, and not delt withall by anie straungers, (vnlesse by Ariosto) as kinge Arturs hath bin by the Italian Bocas, in honorable manner, and by some French, and Spanish, as it is reported. But all our ancientes, fallinge in love with the high-pitchd vertew, *which* our noble Guyon bore in martial prowes, have in divers successive ages, as Poetes historical, reillustrated the same; as well is observed by our learned, and farthest traveled antiquarie Mr Camden, whoe with approved poetical iudgment, of givinge discreet accompte to the Muses, calleth him Guidonem warwicensem decantatum illum heroem. And him have they sunge in deed into the fabrick of sownd poetrie, although in termes obsolete; the *which*, posteritie maie againe, and againe, (as listeth Poetes) refine, in lines more polite, accordinge as our language is become refined, and more copious, equal (at the least) to anie circumstant vulgar: as with reason, and learned demonstration, is witnessed by our noble, and highlie ingenious knight Sir Philip Sidney, but in sublimitie of conceipt, cann passe them never, for that they (dealinge in own loomes as poets historical) have ever since, built on the same model, either expressly, or transposedly, *which* also is punctually. It beinge by them idealie layd, after the laudabl, & lawfull manner of poetical fiction, doe serve out Guions trewe real historie, vnder the signature of Misterie; *which* hath to drawe with it Allusion, Circumstance, Discourse, Speculation, Sentence, Immitation: all sommd vp in these twoe yz Invention, Demonstration. as well knoweth the Classis of poetes laureat, to whome I produce Chaucers tale by the Squier, never yet told out by anie in the same straine; the *which* formes, I also in this poem shall, and in my poetical visions, first and second partes, and in my Twelue monethes observe, and exemplifye. the name Poeta, being derived

of ποιέω, signifieth to make as a maker; howbeeit to define the art it selfe is all as hard, as to doe it indeede, but not to doe it rightly I cannever define yt soundly: No though her practise doe thus extend yt: vz Primo, into the Satyrical, *which* proveth so offensive to the meridian where yt confineth! as that her back cannever beare half the enimies shee begetteth to her self. Secundo, it maie be laid in y<sup>e</sup> Lyrical *which* hath to praise or despraise; *which* satisfyeth not the best wittes; sith flotinge topp of the wave for the gull to feed on particulars. Tercio, it may bee carried in the kind called heroical, or Allegorical; the *which* (allegorical waie anglinge at the bottom) implieth those other twaine, and all notions ells, beinge exercised in such different descant, and varietie of verse in kind, as discrete art findeth most congruent to the muse: is thearefore most delightfull to the most iudicious, as having in yt an heroical powr of callinge the highest vnderstandings of all others, as namely our master Aristotel, Alexander magnus, Scipio Affricanus, Octavius Augustus Cesar, Jacobus Angliæ rex, with manie moe, whoe are by so much the more often honorable remembred, as their bownteous favors to the ingenious in this faculty, have bin shewed, and their own iudicious dexterities in it abownded, but is no meate for paperpeckinge In rimers — out poetasters, sith — muse-traduceinge, — witt abusinge, — Poesie-missvsinge Pieridistes. In *which* last, szt heroical kind; Homer bestirred him selfe to lead the dawnce. Virgil blasoned the riches of his learninge in the same cloth of arras. the ancient English Poetes (meaninge allwaies the sownd ones) have delivered them of heroical birthes in this kind; *which* doe survive of their deceased parentes glorie, all of them adducinge a complete knight, in the personations of twoe in number; and maie as lawfullie bee instanced in one: and all as well in twoe, as pleaseth the ingenious. For so Mr Edm: Spencer in his allegorical declaratorie, faerely declameth. Now, for my own part (vnder correction) I endeavour to call a general muster of all our noblest Guions whole historie, in the same kind also, as beinge most proper for it, and him; but without derogatinge from the desert of our ancient

English poets first plott: the *which* (representinge excellent) was written almost three hundred yeeres gonn, by Don Lidgate, and since him, by John Rowse & Pepulwick. But wheare all they had their first president! is now by the ancient historiens verie hard to prove; for that in our greate combustion of antiquitie, they suffred shippwrack: Notwithstandinge, some of them escaped y<sup>e</sup> distroier, and are yet extant, & well preserved by the singular industries of osm, that waie both studious, and learned: amongst whome, M<sup>r</sup> Thomas Allen, in the learnedst ranckes hath reputation; as Sir Robert Coton knight his industrie in this kind, hath singular commendation. All these ancient Cronoclers wrote of Guyes person, & greate prowes; namely, Henricus Knighton, Thomas Radburn, Giraldus Cornubiensis, Johannes Strench, Johannes Hardinge, Johannes Gresley, Johannes Powtrel: all beinge manuscripts, never printed, with many moe, as saith John Rosse, whoe dilligentlie in K. Hen: the seavnth time collected them on the point of Gwy, while the recordes weare yet extant, every of them avouchinge his overcominge of Colbrand on the same conditions, *which* tradition hath ever since that time maintained. Cronica cronicorum affirmeth the same, though at the second hand, and with misnaminge of Giraldus Cambrensis, for Giraldus Cornubiensis. Yet all this notwithstandinge! our valient Guy is so vnfortunate amongst our late Croniclers, as that they are pleased to saie lesse of him, then Hanibals epitaph, amounted vnto. Amongst whome! som of oures, (but vnkindlie for th'innocent English penn, and that to this worthies dishonor) whose person they confesse; yet after holdinge his own for many ages in his grave *ex concessio*, woold faine decline the credite of all y<sup>e</sup> ancientes, concerninge the conditions of Guyes fightinge the Duello for this kingdom, when hee slewe Colbrand the Affrican giant challenginge for the Danes: as yf Sir Guy, beinge then a man retired to obscuritie, and besides overtaken of old age; shoold, or woold runn at a masterie so dangerous for glorie, *which* hee contemned: and not vpon the necessitie of that occasion. but this presumptuous kind of novitious writinge, maie rest assured, that onlie

one of yonder ancientes, livinge neerer the time of the famous Guy by some hundreds of yeeres, will carrie more credite! then one thowsand such newe, offringe so forwardly, *which* must needes bee ignorantlie, sith not havinge seene anie of the manuscripts before mentioned. Howbeeit, John Stowes note of Guy, is perfecter then all the rest of the newe. Against *which* manner of historifyenge, *which* intendeth but to vex the credite of antiquity, (speakinge this vnder correction, and without taxinge the good endeouvre of anie man, or the person it selfe) Poetrie hath to bringe her action of enerochment, for vsurpinge on her licence of allusion in matter of fact, and it applienge to historie of longe before our new writers times: *which* manner, scarce is *historicum dicendi* genus, but is goodly to shewe with what eloquation such endewe them selves with all, and to enlarge tomes beyond movinge, without the helpe of a porter. In the meane time, the precise naked integritie of the ancientes, gave (with more brevitye) accompt, rather of plaine fact, as it was indeede, then of affected eloquence poeticalie interlined (but vnlawfullie) in historie. *Which* new fluence, breedinge affluence, will shortlie leave in evidence, that what Poetrie doth idealie deliver for fiction! is trewe; constant truth standing vp her perpetual ensigne: and what this novel kind of historifenge affirmeth for trewe! is false, sith mixed. For, marck if their affected insinuations doe not purposely wooe these three common concubines Partialitie! feare! flattery! and on them begetteth the bastard falsity! a chaungelin, the *which* mote these faeries overlive them selves! and the parties they have with their mowth glewe starched! they woold not faile so to stripp off their old skinn, cast all their loose haier, and rectifie their new sett countenance att another glasse; as that Proteus him selfe woold not bee able to knowe them. How then may such bee trusted to bee cited in other discentes de futuro? yf not as trewly reportinge! as doth positive divinitie in schooles: with whome, to growe to particulars, woold surelie provoke their passion, but their integritie never. On thother side, sownd Poetrie of the ancient manner, suffreth no alter-

ation, but as a beakeun, or land marcke, standeth vp from age to age impregnable, against all wittes invectives, to drive them home to their vocatiuo caret. Againe, yet som others, contrarie to thallegeance dewe to the muses, and thearfore impardonable, sith blabbinge their secretes left in trust without leave, vncleanlie, (yet as it weare iocundlie) denie Guy, and his actes to bee at all; but how these doe better know it now! or whie wee must take their wordes for aucthenticall, against the soberer & chaster ancientes, livinge neerer that time by many ages! wee no more dare believe, then them selves are suer to bee belived, regarded, or ought esteemed, when they also have takenn farewell of the world: though now seeming to bee fallen out but with Lidgate onlie, and his poetrie; doe yet in effect, through his sides, word fensor like let drive at her, but not as Aristotels scholers, naie rather his masters, in not obayenge his iniunction concerninge facultie, of oportet discentem credere. Wheareas Lidgate hath respectivelie followed the advise of the same Aristotl given for Poetry szt of fownding yt on ann historie, and the same determininge in a short time: both *which* preceptes, Lidgate hath dewlie performed in this manner, viz that touchinge time! Manns whole lief is but short, and touchinge truth of storie! Lidgate fownd this of Guy, first recorded by Giraldus Cornubiensis, and by manie other croniclers before named. Besides, that the noblest Normanes, whoe came in with the Conquerour, and weare earles of Warwick after earle Newbreghte, above six score yeeres after Guy, namely the familie of Beauchamp, or Bellocampe, many yeeres after that; reioiced to ioine them selves to the memorie of such ann ancestor: and did not onlie repaire those monumentes weare fownd of Guy, but added somewhat elles. Thus Lidgat faierlie discharginge him selfe, leaveth it apparent, that the meere historien, is of all other infestus! the most malignant toward the Poet historical; whome hee vnderstandeth not: though him the Poet doth, at ann haier, is thearfore the most vnfit to accuse, or censure the industrious, in the same case, that Prince Hector, and kinge Artur maie also bee

doubted of, because they likewise have binn poeticalie historified by poetes prosequutinge ideal veritie, as the historien pretendeth positive truith. But now alas so sickly! sith tempted by yonder three fountaine troublinge faeries, that (as the world waggeth,) it is harder to find ann ancient poet false, then a new historien trewe; while hee imbibeth that rancke penn swoln humor, newly cleaped the art of reformation: meaninge the same art, *which* our excellently learned knight Sir Henrie Sauyl in his annotations vppon Tacitus, mett stealinge oversea hitherward. vppon whose bold forehead, hee scoreth a lecture, wheareof shee is hardlie capable szt of more modestie. Weare it not thearfore better, that Don Barckley (the ferriman) bee delt with all, to shipp her back againe? sith none that knowes, trustes her for strawes; rather then thus, through her envious suppressinge the heroes, to discourage the fertile wittes of our Englishe nation, *which* weare readie to *comme* into the deservinge ranck with the Greekes, Latines and Italiens, to renewe that poetical reputation it inherited of old, but for this odd fashion of presumed-sinceare wisdom, down strikinge with her lightned thunderbolt the deceased. Whoe in their times (without comparison) sored on no contemptible opinion, an hartninge of the foraner, to detract also. But if it should bee imposed on the meere historiens (so well beeseene in antiquities, and glistringe of the reformatives aforesaid) to reconcile those Poemes of Chaucer, and Lidgate, & of *somme* other later English (even the best of that kind, *which* staieth not yt selfe on particulars only, the *which* kind was, is, and ever wilbee scandalous) to bee all one thinge variously transposed! it mote chauce to pose them all though to the poet it bee possible to give a tract, *which* cann satisfy all men, on what kinds of learninge soever they insist! And further demonstrate, how that a forane poet (esteemed excellent, but dealinge with holie scripture in the Letter) hath from trewe poetries waiese (meaninge the ancient) not a litle erred: forasmuch as it is well knowen to the Academick Classis Laureate, that not good verse alone, nor prose alone, ne store of similes, or some discription with allusion onlie, and the



like, doe make poetrie complete. Yet beinge of it! cann at the most amount but to Sermocination, of prose turnd verse. Thus yf Poetes bee of my iury! I hope I have not provoked anie discrete manns choler, in thus showldringe (though weakely, to poetries behoof) for the same roome for her, *which* Porphirie in schooles collateth szt habet esse in genere demonstrantium; and thearfore without leave, is worthie of own ingenious reputation as well now, as then; to whome ancient learninge woold never give the lye, for doubt of pledginge the new in apium risus. Otherwise, even Cornelius Agrippa, ipse aries (for all his occult philosophick lookes) maie chaunce in this straine, to sitt beatinge his heeles without the muses gates, singinge to own vanity, *Beati qui non intelligunt.* more mote bee brought how lustie some historiens deport them on own glorious ostentation, as yf theare weare none to them! sith vncivillie tauntinge, discreditinge, degradinge, and controwlinge delected poetrie (the ideal model of moral demonstratives) *which* ever was *rara avis in terris*, and knoweth what shee doth, without such as publish ann ignorance, never ingendred in schooles: for Poetrie hath waies by her selfe. Whearfore such angrie quillmen maie, (when they knowe more) blush of own shame, yf shee acquitt her self from beinge either ward! or tenent

at will to them! Howbeet love predominatinge with vs, concealeth names, that by this litle (gentlie ment,) they woold bee pleased to amend much; *which* more woold commend their own learninge, yf not indignlie baiting sound poetrie of virtuous institute; and thearfore so much the more esteemed by the most noble, most honorable, most valient, wise, and learned, as thinge (by som maintained) *which* none maie teach to other: Least elles shee complaine her to all her ingenious pupills, whoe cann byte home yf bytten. I never had the philosophers stone, whearewith to promise our Guyon, in suche daintie limned worck, as Ariostoes orlando hath fownd since hee came into England; neverthel this meanethie historicalie with the ancientes, to present Sir Gwies youth, manwood, and old age: his love, warr, & mortification, all sommed vp in his liefe, and death, and that accordinge to our most ancient historiens, poetes, heraltes recordes, publick monumentes, and tradicion also, *which* sometime is a never dienge trewe cronicler. Thus not havinge whearewith ells to expresse my poore service vnto you then in this expense of times leasure with takinge humblest leave doe recommend it vnto you, and you all, to thalmightie.

this of  
Your verie lovinge frend  
Jo: La:

See Mrs. Jameson's *Sacred and Legendary Art*. Alexis' father wishes him to marry, and chooses him a bride. "On the appointed day the nuptials were celebrated with great pomp and festivity; but when the evening came the bride-groom had disappeared, and they sought him everywhere in vain; and when they questioned the bride, she answered, 'Behold, he came into my chamber and gave me this ring of gold, and this girdle of precious stones, and this veil of purple, and then he bade me farewell, and I know not whither he is gone.' And they were all astonished; and seeing he returned not, they gave themselves up to grief: his mother spread sackcloth on the earth and sprinkled it with ashes, and sat down upon it; and his

wife took off her jewels and bridal robes, and darkened her windows, and put on widow's attire, weeping continually; and Euphemian sent servants and messengers to all parts of the world to seek his son, but he was nowhere to be found. In the meantime, Alexis, after taking leave of his bride, disguised himself in the habit of a pilgrim, fled from his father's house, and throwing himself into a little boat, he reached the mouth of the Tiber; at Ostia he embarked in a vessel bound for Laodicea, and thence he repaired to Edessa, a city of Mesopotamia, and dwelt there in great poverty and humility, spending his days in ministering to the sick and poor, and in devotion to the Madonna, until the people who beheld his great

piety, cried out 'A saint!' Then fearing for his virtue, he left that place and embarked in a ship bound for Tarsus, in order to pay his devotions to St. Paul. But a great tempest arose, and after many days the ship, instead of reaching the desired port, was driven to the mouth of the Tiber, and entered the port of Ostia. When Alexis found himself again near his native home, he thought, 'It is better for me to live by the charity of my parents than to be a burden to strangers,' and hoping that he was so much changed that no one would recognise him, he entered the city of Rome. As he approached his father's house, he saw him come forth with a great retinue of servants, and accosting him humbly besought a corner of refuge beneath his roof, and to eat of the crumbs which fell from his table; and Euphemian, looking on him, knew not that it was his son, nevertheless he felt his heart moved with unusual pity, and granted his petition, thinking within himself, 'Alas for my son Alexis! perhaps he is now a wanderer and poor, even as this man.' So he gave Alexis in charge to his servants, commanding that he should have all things needful. But, as it often happens with rich men who have many servitors and slaves, Euphemian was ill obeyed; for, believing Alexis to be what he appeared—a poor ragged wayworn beggar—they gave him no other lodging than a hole under the marble steps which led to his father's door, and all who passed and repassed looked on his misery; and the servants, seeing that he bore all uncomplaining, mocked at him, thinking him an idiot, and pulled his matted beard, and threw dirt on his head; but he endured in silence. A far greater trial was to witness every day the grief of his mother and wife; for his wife, like another Ruth, refused to go back to the house of her fathers; and often, as he lay in his dark hole under the steps, he heard her weeping in her chamber and crying, 'O my Alexis! whither art thou

gone? Why hast thou espoused me only to forsake me?' And hearing her thus tenderly lamenting and upbraiding his absence, he was sorely tempted; nevertheless he remained steadfast. Thus many years passed away, until his emaciated frame sunk under his sufferings, and it was revealed to him that he should die. Then he procured from a servant of the house pen and ink, and wrote a full account of all these things, and all that had happened to him in his life, and put the letter in his bosom, expecting death. It happened about this time, on a certain feast day, that Pope Innocent was celebrating high mass before the Emperor Honorius and all his court, and suddenly a voice was heard, which said, 'Seek the servant of God who is about to depart from this life, and who shall pray for the city of Rome.' So the people fell on their faces; and another voice said, 'Where shall we seek him?' And the first voice answered, 'In the house of Euphemian the patrician.' And Euphemian was standing next to the emperor, who said to him, 'What! hast thou such a treasure in thy house, and hast not divulged it? Let us now repair thither immediately.' So Euphemian went before to prepare the way, and as he approached his house a servant met him, saying, 'The poor beggar whom thou hast sheltered has died within this hour, and we have laid him on the steps before the door.' And Euphemian ran up the steps and uncovered the face of the beggar, and it seemed to him the face of an angel, such a glory of light proceeded from it; and his heart melted within him, and he fell on his knees; and as the emperor and his court came near, he said, 'This is the servant of God of whom the voice spake just now.' And when the pope saw the letter which was in the dead hand of Alexis, he humbly asked him to deliver it; and the hand relinquished it forthwith, and the chancellor read it aloud before all the assembly."

## [The First Part.]

[How Guy undertakes to fight a Danish Giant.]

- WHEN: meate & drinke is great plentye, [page 349] At feasts  
 then lords and Ladyes still wilbe,  
 & sitt, & solace lythe<sup>1</sup>;
- 4 then itt is time ffor mee to speake I tell of  
 of keene knights & kempes<sup>2</sup> great, knights and  
 such carping ffor to kythe,<sup>3</sup> warriors
- how they haue conquered, for Englands right: who have
- 8 with helme vpon head, with halbert<sup>4</sup> bright,  
 ffull oft & many a sithe<sup>5</sup>  
 they<sup>6</sup> haue burnt by dale and downe, burnt towers  
 citye, castle, tower, & towne, and towns,
- 12 & made bearnes vnablythe;
- made Ladyes ffor to weepe with dreery mood, and made  
 when theirre ffreinds ought ayled but good, women weep  
 their hands<sup>7</sup> to wring and writhe.<sup>8</sup> for their  
 friends.
- 16 of all cronicles ffarr and neere, Above all  
 were<sup>9</sup> any deeds of armes weere,<sup>10</sup> heroes
- the most I prayse Sir Guy I put Guy of  
 Warwick,
- of warwicke! *that* noble knight
- 20 oft times ffor Englands right who kept  
 hath done ffull worthylye; secret his  
 yett hee kept itt as priuilye noble deeds  
 as tho itt had neuer beene hee, for England.
- 24 without noyse or crye.
- & when he came ouer the salt ffome  
 ffrom Sir Terrey of Gorwaine,<sup>11</sup> When he  
 came back

<sup>1</sup> soft, gentle.—P. listen to.—F.<sup>2</sup> *kempa*, a soldier, Champion; *kemp*, to contend. Scot. vid. Gl. ad G.D.—P.<sup>3</sup> A.-S. *cyðan*, to make known, relate.—F.<sup>4</sup> hauberck.—P.<sup>5</sup> *sithe*, vices (time) Lye; Chaucer.—P.<sup>6</sup> The Danes.—P.<sup>7</sup> MS. lands.—F. hands.—P.<sup>8</sup> The author wrote "wry."—Dyce.<sup>9</sup> where.—P.<sup>10</sup> There is a tag to the *e*.—F.<sup>11</sup> Sir Thierry of Gurmoise, in the *Affleck Romance* as analysed by Ellis, first Guy's opponent, then the friend rescued by him. See Ellis, p. 204, 214, 218, 223 (ed. Bohn).—F.

- from helping  
Sir Terrey,
- 28 a knight of maine and moode,  
ffor ffearre lest any one shold him know,  
he kept him in silly beggars rowe  
where euer hee went or stood ;
- he dressed as  
a beggar,
- 32 & euer he sperred <sup>1</sup> priuilicke  
how they ffared att warwicke,  
& how they liued there.  
*King Athels*[t]one, the truth to say,  
att the towne of winchester there he lay
- and only  
enquired  
about  
Warwick.  
Athelstan  
was then  
besieged in  
Winchester
- 36 with one soe royall a ffare.
- by the  
Danish king,  
Auelocke,
- the *King* of Denmarke, Auelocke,<sup>2</sup>  
he into England brought a fflocke  
of bearnes as breeme as beare<sup>3</sup> ;
- whose  
Giant
- 40 & with him a Gyant stiffe & starke,  
a Lodlye devill out of Denmarke :  
such another you neuer saw yore :
- was all  
armed in  
plate,
- 44 hee was rayed richlye with royall plate  
both legg & arme, you may well wott,<sup>4</sup>  
in armor bright to be seene ;  
he brought weapon,—who list ffor to read—  
more then any cart could lead,<sup>5</sup>
- 48 to ding men downe by-deene ;
- and had  
sworn to  
subdue all  
England.
- & swore othes great and grim,  
*that* all England shold hold of him,  
or he would kindle their care.
- No English  
knight dares  
fight him.
- 52 then in England there was neuer a *knicht*  
*that* once with him durst ffight,—  
ffull sore<sup>6</sup> he did them dread,<sup>7</sup>—
- Athelstan  
prays ;
- neither with Auelocke nor Athelstone.  
56 then our *King*, to Christ he made his moane,

<sup>1</sup> i. e. enquired.—P. There are two strokes for the second *i* in *priuilicke*.—F.  
<sup>2</sup> Anlaf, in the Affleck MS. The change here is due, no doubt, to the Romance of Havelok the Dane.—F.

<sup>3</sup> boare, q.—P. *Bore* is the regular word.—F. <sup>4</sup> wate, weet, q.—P.  
<sup>5</sup> forté pro (lade, i. e.) load, A.-S. hladen, B. læden.—P.  
<sup>6</sup> soe sore.—P. <sup>7</sup> dare, q.—P.

- & to his mother bright to be seene.  
 then one Night as our *King* lay in a vision,  
 there came an Angell downe ffrom heauen  
 60 . to lett him vnderstand <sup>1</sup> :  
 he sayd, " rise vp in the morning by prime,<sup>2</sup>  
 & goe to the gates in a good time ;  
 an old man shall you ffind there,  
 64 both with his scripp and his pike,  
 as *that* hee were palmer like,  
 lowring <sup>3</sup> vnder his here.<sup>4</sup>  
 vpon thy knees, *Sir King*, looke thou kneele him to,  
 68 & pray him the battell to doe,  
 ffor his loue *that* Marry bore.<sup>5</sup> "
- with *that* the Angell vanished away.  
 but more of this Gyant I haue to say.  
 72 as I haue heard my Elders tell,  
 he was soe ffoule & soe great course,<sup>6</sup>  
 That neither might beare him steed nor horsse ; . [page 350]  
 men thought he came ffrom hell.
- 76 the[n] bespake a Squier priuilye :  
 " where is the *Knight* men call *Sir Guy*,  
 some time <sup>7</sup> in this land did dwell?  
 or *Sir Arrard* <sup>8</sup> of arden alsoe ?  
 80 the one of these might thither goe  
 the Gyant ffor to quell." (A squire says *Sir Guy*  
 or *Sir Arrard* of Arden would fight him.)
- then bespake him an Erle in *that* while,  
 & sais, " *Sir Guy* is now in Exile,  
 84 no man knowes wh[i]ther or where ;  
 he had but one sonne, & he hight Rainborne ;  
 a merchant stold him ffrom wallingford towne,  
 ouer the seas with him to ffare ; (Ah ! but *Guy* is in exile.  
 His son *Rainborne* is stolen ;

<sup>1</sup> him ken aright, q.—P.<sup>2</sup> *Prime*, the first houre of the day (in Summer at foure a clocke, in Winter at eight). Cotgrave.—F.<sup>3</sup> Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.<sup>4</sup> hair, q.—P. here = hair.—F.<sup>5</sup> bare, q.—P.<sup>6</sup> i. e. Corpse.—P.<sup>7</sup> *tine* in the MS.—F.<sup>8</sup> *Sir Heraud*, *Guy*'s trusty companion, then "in a dungeon on the coast of Africa." Ellis, p. 198, 234.—F.



- and his wife,  
Felix,
- 88 " the Erle & the Countesse beene both dead,  
Dame ffelix is sore adread  
of <sup>1</sup> her Lord, Sir Guye.
- thinks he,  
Guy, is  
dead.")
- Next  
morning,  
Athelstan  
goes to the  
gates,
- 92 " her ffather and mother beene dead her ffroe ;  
& soe shee thinkes Sir Guy is alsoe,  
the flower of knighthood bold."  
then Earlye, as soone as itt was day,  
our *King* to the gates tooke his way,
- 96 his fforward <sup>2</sup> ffor to hold.
- finds an old  
man in  
palmer's  
dress,
- 100 right certaine truth to tell,  
he ffound <sup>3</sup> a man in the same apparell  
as the Angell before had him told.  
vpon his knees the *King* kneeled him to,  
and prayd him the battell doe,  
ffor his loue *that* Iudas sold.
- and prays  
him to fight  
the giant.
- The Palmer  
says
- 104 then answered the Palmer right,  
& sayd, " in England you haue many a *Knicht*  
the battell *that* may doe.
- he is too  
weak.
- I am brused in my body, & am vnyeeld <sup>4</sup> ;  
alas, I may no wepons welde !
- 108 behold, & take good heede <sup>5</sup> ! "
- Athelstan  
says  
God wills  
that he  
should fight.
- our *King* sayd the palmer vntill,  
" well I wott itt is gods will  
you shold helpe me in my need <sup>6</sup> ! "
- " Then I  
will,"  
answers he.
- 112 " If *that* be soe," the palmer did speake,  
" by the might of Christ I shall thee wreake,<sup>7</sup>  
if I had armour & sheild."
- Athelstan
- our *King* of this hee was ffull ffaine,  
116 & soe were all his lords certaine.

<sup>1</sup> for, q.—P.<sup>2</sup> agreement: with the angel?—F.<sup>3</sup> MS. faund.—F.<sup>4</sup> unwielde or unweld, q. Chauc.—P.<sup>5</sup> Then take good heed thereto, q.—P.<sup>6</sup> in the field, q.—P.<sup>7</sup> revenge.—P.

- to a Chamber they cold him Lead ;  
 they sought vp Armour bright and ffaire,  
 inough ffor any *King* to haue in store,<sup>1</sup>  
 120 & they best they did him bidd.
- but meete for his body there was none,  
 he was soe large of blood and bone,  
 the ffersest<sup>2</sup> *that* euer was ffedd.  
 124 the day of battell drew neere hand ;  
 but 5 dayes before, as I vnderstand,  
 our king was sore affrayd.
- then bespake the palmer priuilye,  
 128 “ where is the *Knicht* men call *Sir Guye* ?  
 sometimes in this land he dyd dwell<sup>3</sup> ;  
 once I see him beyond the sea ;  
 his Armoure I thinke wold serue mee  
 132 in battell stifflye to stand.”
- the *King* did thereto assent ;  
 the *Kings* messenger to warwicke went,  
 the Countesse soone he ffound.<sup>4</sup>  
 136 before her he kneeled him on his knee,  
 prayed her of the armor belonged to *Sir Guy*  
 when he was a-liue liuande.<sup>5</sup>
- shee saught vp armoure ffaire to bee seene :  
 140 *Sir Guyes* sword was sharpe & keene,  
 himselfe was wonnt to weare.  
 to the towne of winchester they did itt bring ;  
 ffull gladd therof then was the *King*,  
 144 & many *that* with him there were.
- then thé rayed the palmer anon-right  
 with helme vpon head, with halbert<sup>6</sup> bright ;
- offers him  
 armour,
- but none  
 will fit him,  
 he is so big.
- The day of  
 battle draws  
 near.
- The Palmer  
 suggests  
 that *Guy's*  
 armour will  
 fit him.
- Athelstan  
 sends to the  
 Countess for  
 it,
- and she  
 sends it  
 back, with  
*Guy's* sword.
- They arm  
 him,

<sup>1</sup> to wear, q.—P.<sup>2</sup> MS. fferffest.—F.<sup>3</sup> he did dwell in this land, q.—P.<sup>4</sup> fand, q.—P.<sup>5</sup> alive on ground, q.—P.<sup>6</sup> hauberk, q.—P.



- they raught him sheild and speare.
- he mounts,  
and rides  
forth. 148 Then he lope on horsbacke with good entent, [p. 251]  
& fforth of the gates then hee went,  
his ffoes ffor to ffeare.
- When he  
gets to the  
field 152 then al be-spread<sup>1</sup> was the ffeild  
with helme vpon head, with shining sheild,<sup>2</sup>  
as breeme<sup>3</sup> as any beare.<sup>4</sup>
- Guy dis-  
mounts,  
and prays  
to Christ 156 & when the palmer all the armes sawe,  
he lighted downe, & list not lauge,  
but he mad his prayers arright<sup>5</sup>:  
"Christ! *that* suffered wounds 5,  
& raised Lazarus ffrom dath to liffe,<sup>6</sup>  
to grant mee speech & sight,—
- to grant him  
strength to 160 & saued danyell the Lyons ffroe,  
& borrowed<sup>7</sup> Susanna out of woe,—  
to grant vs strenght & might,
- free England  
from the  
Danish yoke. 164 "that I may England out of thraldome bring  
& not let vnder<sup>8</sup> the danish King  
haue litle England att his will."
- Then he  
springs into  
the saddle, 168 then without any stirropp verament  
into the saddle he sprent,  
& sate there sadd and still.
- and Athel-  
stan says our King said, "by gods grace  
this riseth ffrom a light liuerues,<sup>9</sup>  
and of an Egar will.
- he never  
saw any one  
do that  
except Sir  
Guy. 172 I neuer kneww no man *that* soe cold haue done,  
but old Sir Guy of warw[i]cke towne,  
*that* curteous knight himselfe.<sup>10</sup>"

<sup>1</sup> MS. albe spread.—F. all bespread.  
—P.

<sup>2</sup> With Hauberk glitterand bright,  
query.—P.

<sup>3</sup> MS. breeue.—F.

<sup>4</sup> boar, *qu.*—P. *Bore* is the old word;  
but the rhyme with *feare* makes the  
change necessary. See too l. 39.—F.

<sup>5</sup> prayers thore.—P.

<sup>6</sup> from dead on live, *q.*—P.

<sup>7</sup> borrow, ab. A.-S. *beorgan*; *servare*,  
*custodire.*—P.

<sup>8</sup> delend.—P.

<sup>9</sup> nimbleness. See *liuer*, vol. i. p. 17,  
l. 46. Fr. *delivre de sa personne*, an  
active nimble wight. Cotgrave.—F.

<sup>10</sup> himsel. Boreal. D.—P.

## [The Second Part.]

[How Sir Guy fights and kills the Danish Giant.]

- 176 { The Gyant was the first *that* tooke the place ; The foul  
 vglye he was, and ffoule of fface ; Giant comes,  
 the danish men began to smile.  
 he wold neither runne nor leape,  
 2<sup>d</sup> parte { but layd all his weapons vpon a heape, stands still,  
 & dryd <sup>1</sup> himselfe for guile and tries his  
*that* he might choose of the best, weapons.  
*that* who-soeuer with them hee hitt,  
 which warr *that* hard while.
- 184 Trumpetts made steeds to stampe & stare ;  
 the *King* of denmarke, he was there, King  
 the *King* of England alsoe. Avelocke  
 then the *King* of Denmarke a booke out breade,<sup>2</sup>
- 188 & sware theron, as the story sayes,— swears  
 behold & take good heed :—
- “ if the Gyant had the warre,<sup>3</sup>  
 of England he wold neuer cleame more,  
 192 neither nye nor ffurr.<sup>4</sup> ” that if the  
 the kinge of England was there alsoe ; Giant is  
 the same othe he sware alsoe,— beaten,  
 Athelstan he’ll never  
 swears that  
 if
- 196 “ if the pore palmer had the wore, his Palmer  
 of England he wold neuer claime more, is beaten  
 he’ll not  
 claim  
 England.  
 while his liffe dayes last wold.”  
 & thus their trothes together they strake,  
 200 they said their poyntment shold not slake,  
 nor exile out off Arr.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> fortè *dress’d*.—P. tried.—F.<sup>2</sup> breide, braide, arose, &c., also pulled out, drew, Gl. ad Chauc.—P.<sup>3</sup> werre for werrs.—P.<sup>4</sup> *i.e.* nigh nor far.—P.<sup>5</sup> corrupt.—P.<sup>6</sup> mold, q.—P.

The Giant  
says that  
he'll

then the Gyant loud did crye :  
to the *King* of Denmarke <sup>1</sup> these words says hee,

204 " behold & take good heede !  
yonder is an Iland in the sea ;  
ffrom me he can-not scape away,  
nor passe my hands indeed ;

kill or drown  
Guy,

208 " but I shall either slay him with my brand,  
or drowne him in yonder salt strand <sup>2</sup> ;  
ffro me he shall not scape away.

and crown  
Avelocke  
King of  
England.

then I will with my owne hand  
212 crowne thee king of litle England  
ffor euer and ffor aye."

*that* was true, as the *King* of denmarke thought ;  
comanded 2 barges fforth to be brought,

The Giant  
and Guy  
cross to an  
island in  
two barges.

216 & either into one was done.  
the Gyant was <sup>3</sup> the ffirst *that* ore did passe.  
& as soone as hee <sup>4</sup> to the Iland come was,  
his barge there he thrust him ffrom ;

Guy pushes  
his barge off

220 with his ffoote & with his hand  
he thrust his barge ffrom the Land,  
with the watter he lett itt goe,  
he let itt passe ffrom him downe the streame.

into the  
stream,

224 then att him the Gyant wold ffreane <sup>5</sup>  
why he wold doe soe.

saying that

then bespake the Palmer anon-right,  
" hither wee be come ffor to ffight

228 till the tone of vs be slaine ;

2 botes brought vs hither,

& therefore came not both together,

but one will bring vs home. <sup>6</sup>

one is  
enough to  
carry the  
victor back.

<sup>1</sup> MS. Denmarke.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Cp. "then I was ware of a runing  
*strand*." Eger & Grime, vol. i. p. 360,  
l. 187.—F.

<sup>3</sup> It should be 'Sir Guy was.'—P.

<sup>4</sup> Guy.—F.

<sup>5</sup> *frein, fraine*, interrogare, Jun.—P.

<sup>6</sup> Percy adds (again) ? Home is for  
*hame*.—F.

- 232 " ffor thy Bote thou hast yonder tyde, [page 352]  
 ouer in thy bote I trust to ryde ;  
 & therefore Gyant, beware ! "
- trumpetts blew, & bade them goe toote,  
 236 the one [on] horsbacke, the other on ffoote <sup>1</sup> ;  
 but Guy to god was darre.<sup>2</sup>
- Sir Guy weened well to doo,  
 he tooke a strong speare & rode h[i]m too,  
 240 he was in a good intent :  
 althoe he rode neuer soe ffast,  
 his strong speare on the Gyant hee brast,  
*that* all to shiuers itt went.
- 244 & then Sir Guy anon-right  
 drew out his sword *that* was soe bright,  
*that* many a man beheld,  
 & on the Gyant he smote <sup>3</sup> soe  
 248 *that* a quarter of his sheild fell him ffree,  
 euen vntill the ffeild.
- the Gyant against him made him bowne <sup>4</sup> ;  
 horsse & man & all came downe  
 252 vpon the ground <sup>5</sup> soe greene.  
 throughout Sir Guyes steede  
 the Gyants sword to the ground yeed <sup>6</sup> ;  
 such stroakes haue seldome <sup>7</sup> beene scene.
- 256 then Sir Guy started on his feete ffull tyte,<sup>8</sup>  
 & on the Gyant cold hee smite  
 as a man *that* had beene woode ;  
 & vpon the Gyant he smote soe ffast  
 260 *that* the Gyants strong armour all to-brast ;  
 there-out sprang the bloode.

The  
trumpets  
sound,

and Sir Guy  
charges.

He shivers  
his spear on  
the Giant,

draws his  
sword,

and cuts off  
part of his  
shield.

The Giant  
knocks Guy  
over,

and cuts his  
horse right  
through.

Guy cuts

through the  
Giant's  
armour,  
and draws  
blood.

<sup>1</sup> There is a mark between the *f* and  
o in the MS.—F.

<sup>2</sup> deare, q.—P.

<sup>3</sup> *snote* in the MS.—F.

<sup>4</sup> ready.—P

<sup>5</sup> One stroke too many in the MS.—F.

<sup>6</sup> passed.—P.

<sup>7</sup> seld or seeld, q.—P.

<sup>8</sup> Light, q.—P.

- The Giant  
knocks off  
the jewelled  
crest of  
Guy's helm,
- 264 then the Gyant hitt Sir Guy vpon the helme ;  
 aboue on his head the stroake itt fell ;  
 itt was with stoness sett,  
 itt was with precyous stoness made ;  
 Sir Guys helmett neere assunder yode <sup>1</sup> ;  
 such stroakes of men beene drade.
- and then
- 268 then the Gyant thirsted sore ;  
 some of his blood he had lost thore <sup>2</sup> ;  
 & this he sayd on hye :
- asks leave
- “ good Sir, & itt be thy will,
- o drink ;
- 272 giue me leaue to drinke my fill,  
 ffor sweete S<sup>t</sup> Charytye ;
- he'll let Guy  
do the same.
- “ and I will doe thee the same deede  
 another time, if thou haue neede,
- 276 I tell the certainlye.”
- Guy gives  
him leave,
- “ why, vpon *that* couenant,” Sir Guy can sayine,  
 “ goe & drinke thy fill, & come againe,  
 and heere Ile abyde thee.”
- the Giant  
drinks,
- 280 beside them there the riuer ran ;  
 the Gyant went & reffresht him then,  
 & came ffull soone againe.
- and they  
fight till  
noon.
- ffrom *that* itt was lowe prime
- 284 till itt was hye noone,  
 thé delten strokes with maine.<sup>3</sup>
- but the sword *that* Sir Guy had lead,  
 therewith he kept his head,
- 288 stode oft in poynt ffor to be slaine.  
 then Sir Guy thirsted sore ;  
 he had rather haue had drunke there  
 then haue had England & almaine <sup>4</sup> :
- Then Guy  
thirsts

yade.—P.

<sup>2</sup> So Chaucer RR 1853, pro *tho*, vel  
*there*, metri gratia.—P.<sup>3</sup> amaine, q.—P.<sup>4</sup> Germany.—P.

- 292 "good Sir, iff itt be thy will,  
lett me goe now & drinke my ffill,  
    beffore as I did thee."  
    "nay," then sayd the Gyant, "I were to blame  
296 vnlesse *that* I knew thy name,  
    I tell thee certainlye."  
  
    "why then," quoth hee, "Ile neue[r] swicke<sup>1</sup>;  
my name is Guy of warwicke;  
300 what shold I longer layne<sup>2</sup> to thee?"  
the Gyant sayd, "soe might I swinke,<sup>3</sup>  
doest thou thinke Ile let thee drinke?  
    no! not ffor all Cristentye!"  
  
304 "Ah ha!" quoth the Gyant, "haue I Sir Guy here?  
in all this world is not a<sup>4</sup> peere.  
    ffor ought *that* thou can doe or deale,<sup>5</sup>  
thy head [I] shall present my Lady the Queene,  
308 I tell thee certainlye [bedeene.]<sup>6</sup>"  
    then Sir Guy towards the riuier came.  
  
the Gyant was not light, but after him went;  
the Gyant Layd after Guy with strokes strong,  
312 but Guy was light, & lope againe to the Land<sup>7</sup>;  
ffor ere he cold any stroke of Sir Guy woone,<sup>8</sup>  
Guy had beene in the riuier<sup>9</sup> to the chune,<sup>10</sup>  
    & dranke *that* did him gaine.  
  
316 & vp he start, & sayd there:  
    "thou ffoule traitor! I will thee loue noe more<sup>11</sup>!  
    ffor thy trechery, traytor, thou shalt abuy<sup>12</sup>!"

and asks the  
Giant to let  
him drink.

"You may if  
you'll tell me  
your name."

"Guy of  
Warwick."

"Then you  
sha'n't  
drink."

I'll give  
your head  
to my  
queen."

However,  
Guy goes  
into the  
river,

[page 353]

up to his  
chin, and  
drinks.

Then he  
reproaches  
the Giant  
for his  
treachery,

<sup>1</sup> *swik*, fallere, decipere. Lye. G.D.  
102, 38.—P.

<sup>2</sup> *laine celare*.—P.

<sup>3</sup> labor, toil.—P.

<sup>4</sup> his.—F.      <sup>5</sup> delend, q.—P.

<sup>6</sup> Added by Percy.—F.

<sup>7</sup> The Giant did not lag behind him  
long,

But layd after Guy with strokes  
strong.

Guy lope on *the Land* againe.—P.

<sup>8</sup> winne, q.—P.

<sup>9</sup> Only half the *u* in the MS.—F.

<sup>10</sup> chinne.—P.

<sup>11</sup> leave no mair, q.—P.

<sup>12</sup> reel, q.—P. Perhaps "kneele":  
compare l. 327.—Dyce.

- these words spake good Sir Guy,  
 320 & liffted vp his swordd on hye,  
 & saies, "good stroakes thou shalt ffeele."  
 and hits him  
 a stroke  
 then Sir Guy att the Gyant smote  
 a dint *that* wonderffull byterlye bote :  
 that cuts  
 324 he smote assunder Iron & steele ;  
 Sir Guys sword through the basnett <sup>1</sup> ran,  
 down to his  
 skull.  
 & glased <sup>2</sup> vpon his braine pan,  
 & the Gyant began to kneele.
- The Giant  
 knocks Guy  
 down.  
 328 & then the Gyant att Sir Guy smote  
 a dint *that* wonderffull <sup>3</sup>bitterlye bote ;  
 he smote Sir Guy downe to the ground.  
 Sir Guy was neuer soe discomfitted before ;  
 332 but through <sup>4</sup> the might of him *that* Marye bore,  
 releued him againe in *that* stonde.
- Guy thinks  
 on Christ,  
 he thought on Christ *that* suffered wounds <sup>5</sup>,  
 & raised Lazarus ffrom d[e]ath to liffe,  
 336 & vpon the crosse was wound,  
 to giue him grace to quitt *that*.  
 & then his sword in his hand he gatt,  
 & narr <sup>5</sup> the Gyant did hee stand,<sup>6</sup>
- sticks the  
 Giant  
 through the  
 breast-plate,  
 340 & att the Gyant there he smote  
 a dint *that* wonderffull bitterlye bote ;  
 through his brest-plate his sword he stake.<sup>7</sup>  
 & as Sir Guy wold haue wrested itt out,  
 but breaks  
 his sword.  
 344 his good sword broke with-ou[t] all <sup>8</sup> doubt,  
 within the hiltes itt brake ;

<sup>1</sup> *Bassnet*, Helmet, or Head-piece  
 (French) Gl. ad G. D.—P. A light helmet,  
 shaped like a skull-cap. Fairholt.—F.

<sup>2</sup> glanced or grazed, q.—P.

<sup>3</sup> *bu* with one dot for *bi* in the MS.—F.

<sup>4</sup> delend.—P.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. nearer.—P.

<sup>6</sup> stond, q.—P.

<sup>7</sup> strake, Qu.—P.

<sup>8</sup> without all, q.—P.



- & theratt loughe the Danish *King*,  
 & Athelstone made much mour[n]ing  
 348 to heare how the Gyant spake :
- “now thou hast broken thy sword & thy sheeld,  
 here is no wepons ffor to weld ;  
 therefore yeeld thee to mee swythe,<sup>1</sup>  
 352 & I will thy arrand soe doo,  
 & to Auelocke our *King* Ile speake ffor thee,  
 to grant thèe land and liffe,  
 that thou durst ffor thy Chivalrye  
 356 be soe bold as ffight with mee  
 that am <sup>2</sup> soe stiffe and stithe.<sup>3</sup>”
- “nay !” sayd Sir Guy, “by heauen Queene,  
 that sight by me shall neuer be seene,  
 [forsooth I do thee tell.]  
 360 ffor I shall kindle thy *Kings* cares <sup>4</sup> :  
 through the Might of him that Marry bare,  
 with stroakes I shall thee fell.”
- the Gyant laught, & loud gan crye,  
 364 “why speakest thou masterffullye ?  
 hearke what I shall thee tell :  
 thou hast broken thy sword & thy sheeld,  
 & thou hast noe weapons thy selfe to weld,  
 368 nor <sup>5</sup> here is none to sell.”
- “no,” sayd Sir Guy, “I know better cheape ;  
 yonder lyes a great cart-load on a heape,  
 that thou thy-selfe hither did bring.”  
 372 “then thé wold laugh me to scorne, my *Lords* manye,  
 if of my wepons I shold let thee take anye,  
 my selfe downe ffor to dinge.”

The Giant  
tells him

he had  
better yield  
at once, and

Auelocke  
will grant  
him land  
and life.

Guy refuses.

But, says the  
Giant,

you've no  
weapons to  
fight with.

“I'll help  
myself from  
your heap.”

<sup>1</sup> soon, instantly.—P. There is a stroke between *to* and *mee*.—F.

<sup>2</sup> *ann* in the MS.—F.

<sup>3</sup> Stithe, *rigidus, validus, strenuus*.  
Lyc.—P.

<sup>4</sup> care, q.—P.

<sup>5</sup> ? MS. now.—F.

- Guy seizes a  
Danish axe,  
376 then Sir Guy to the weapons went :  
a danish <sup>1</sup> axe in his hand hee hent,  
& lightlye about his head he can itt fling.  
cuts off the  
Giant's  
sword-arm,  
the Gyant vpon the sholder he smote ;  
the sword and arme ffell to hys <sup>2</sup> ffoote,  
380 this was noe leasinge.
- and then, as  
he stoops,  
then as he wold haue stooped, as I vnde[r]stand,  
to haue taken vp his sword in his other hand  
to haue wreaked him of *that* wrathe,  
384 Sir Guys axe was sharpe, & share,  
his head. the Gyants head he smote of there,  
bremelye <sup>3</sup> in that breath.
- The Danes  
388 & then the Danish men gan say  
to our Englishmen, " well-away [page 354]  
*that* euer wee came in your griste <sup>4</sup> !"  
flee, they ran & they rode ouer hill & slade <sup>5</sup> ;  
much haste home-ward they made  
392 with sorrow & care enough.
- and take  
their king  
home,  
they hyed them ouer the salt ffome  
to bring the *King* of denmarke hame  
with sorrow and mickle care ;  
396 ffor they haue left behind them slaine  
a ffull ffoule Lodlye <sup>6</sup> swayne,  
both of head and hayre.
- as they  
swore to  
claim  
England no  
more.  
ffor their trothes they had truly plight,  
400 *that* ' as they were true *King* and Knight,  
of England neuer to clayme more.'  
& then to the body they sett his head ;  
his sword in his hand was lead,<sup>7</sup>  
404 <sup>8</sup> the strongest *that* euer man bo[re].

<sup>1</sup> See note <sup>a</sup> to l. 169, p. 68, vol. i. —F.

<sup>2</sup> The *y* is dotted as in old MSS.—F.

<sup>3</sup> breme, *ferox, atrox*. Lye.—P.

<sup>4</sup> ? MS. grisle.—F.

<sup>5</sup> A.-S. *slæd*, a slade ; plain, open tract

of country. Bosworth.—F.

<sup>6</sup> filthy.—P.

<sup>7</sup> laid, q.—P.

<sup>8</sup> & *stanke* as *did the tike* is crossed out at the beginning of this line in the MS.—F.

- the Gyants blood was blacke & red,  
his body was like the beaten lead,  
& stanke as did the tyke.<sup>1</sup>
- 408 then thé Layd the head to the corse,  
& the arme againe to the bodye alsoe,  
& buryed them both in a dicke.<sup>2</sup>
- great hauocke our Englishmen made.
- 412 of<sup>3</sup> the great cart-loade of weapons *that* were made,<sup>4</sup>  
they loughe, & good game they made.<sup>5</sup>  
*that* the axe out of Denmarke was brought,  
the Gyants head of to smyte,<sup>6</sup>
- 416 thé thanked christ *that* tyde.
- & then the *King* beffore the palmer did kneele,  
sayes, "thou art blest, I wott itt weele,  
of god and our Ladye."
- 420 the palmer, in his hart hee was full sore  
when he saw our king kneele him before ;  
" stand vp, my lord ! " sayd hee,  
" ffor well I wott itt was his deede
- 424 *that* ffor vs vpon a crosse did bleede  
vpon the mount of Caluarye."
- & then our king after *that*,  
in the honor of this battell great,
- 428 this deed hee caused to be done :  
gard them to take vp the axe & the sword,  
& keepe them well in royall ward,  
& bring them to winchester towne,
- 432 & hang them vp on St. Swythens church on hye  
*that* all men<sup>7</sup> there may see,

The Giant's

corpse

is buried.

The English  
make fun  
over his  
weapons.Athelstan  
thanks Guy.

Guy

gives the  
victory to  
Christ.

Athelstan

has the  
Giant's  
sword and  
axe hung  
up inSt. Swithin's  
Church in  
Winchester.

<sup>1</sup> tike, *Ricinus*, [tick,] a dog-louse.  
In Shakespear it is used for a little dog.  
Johnson.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Dyke, q.—P.

<sup>3</sup> at.—P.

<sup>4</sup> laid, q.—P.

<sup>5</sup> & did deryde, q.—P.

<sup>6</sup> that smote, q.—P.

<sup>7</sup> *mem* in the MS.—F. There is no  
tradition in Winchester of Guy's axe  
and sword ever having been in St.  
Swithin's church.—Bailey.

thither if they wold ffare.<sup>1</sup>  
 I tell you the weapons be there & thore  
 436 but of this matter Ile tell you more,  
 hastylye and soone.

## [The Third Part.]

[How Sir Guy turns Hermit, and sends for his Wife as he dies.]

A procession  
of monks,

440

singing  
*Te Deum*,  
meets  
Atheistan,3<sup>d</sup> partewho offers  
Guy castles  
and towers.

444

Guy asks  
only for his  
staff and  
pike.

448

Then all religious of the towne,  
 they mett the *King* with ffaire procession;  
 & other psalmes amonge,<sup>2</sup>  
 te deum was their song,  
 & other praises there amonge,  
*that* pleased<sup>3</sup> the Lords to pray.  
 thé profferred the palmer att *that* tyde,  
 castles hye & towers wyde,  
 good horssees to assay.

“Nay,” saies he, “giue me *that* is mine,  
 448 my scripp & my pike & my slauen,<sup>4</sup>  
 & lett me wend my way.”

ffor all they profferred him there,  
 he fforsooke them : wold haue no more<sup>5</sup>

452 but *that* with him he brought.The King  
goes with  
him and  
asks his  
name.

& then our *King* with him forth on his way went;  
 to know his name was his entent;

“but all,” he sayd, “is ffor nought,

Guy tells

456 without you wilbe sworne vnto me,  
ffor 12 monthes in councell itt shalbe,
<sup>1</sup> gone.—P.<sup>2</sup> all their *Psalms* 'gan say, q.—P.<sup>3</sup> It pleased, q.—P.<sup>4</sup> *Slaveine*, a pilgrim's mantle. *Sarabarda*, Anglice a slavene. Halliwell. Fr. *Esclavine* as *Esclavune* (a long and thicke riding cloake to beare off the raine;

a Pilgrims cloake or mantle; a cloake for a traoueller;) or a sea-gowne; or a course high-collered, and short-sleeued gowne, reaching downe to the mid-leg, and vsed most by seamen and Saylor. Cotgrave, A.D. 1611.—F.

<sup>5</sup> mair, q.—P.

by him *that* all this world has wrought.”  
 & when our *King* had sworne him too,  
 460 “why, my name,” he sayes, “is Guy of warwicke, loe!  
 & this ffor thee I haue ffought.”

him under a  
 vow of  
 secresy.

“O,” said our *King*, “*Sir Guy*, abyde with mee,  
 & halfe of England I will giue thee,  
 464 & assunder wee will neuer.”  
 “nay, I thanke you my lord curteous & kind,<sup>1</sup>  
 I haue a pilgramage great to wend,  
 ffrom sinne my soule to couer.<sup>2</sup>  
 468 Sometimes I was one of *your Erles wight*,<sup>3</sup> [page 355]  
 but now age & tranell hath me dight ;  
 ffarwell, my Lord, ffor euer !  
 for to warwicke wend will I,  
 472 to speake with fayre ffelice<sup>4</sup> my wiffe, before I dye,  
 for nothing I had leauer.”

Athelstan  
 offers him  
 half of  
 England  
 to stay.

Guy refuses,  
 he must go a  
 pilgramage

to Warwick,  
 to see his  
 wiffe.

he had beene in battell stiffe & strong,  
 & smitten with wepons *that* were long,  
 476 & bidden many a drearye day :  
 when thé *parted*, they both did weepe.  
*Sir Guy* held downe the hye street,<sup>5</sup>  
 in<sup>6</sup> warwicke where he lay.

Guy  
 journeyes

480 & when he came to warwicke towne,  
 his owne countesse to dinner was bowne  
 & all masses were sayd.  
 ffor ffearre lest any man shold him Ken,  
 484 he sett him downe among the poore godsmen,  
 & held him well pleased.<sup>1</sup>

to Warwick,  
 finds his  
 Countess at  
 dinner,

and  
 sits down  
 among the  
 poor  
 godsmen.

<sup>1</sup> hend, q.—P.

<sup>2</sup> pronounced *kiver*; perhaps *sever*.  
 —P.

<sup>3</sup> stout, active.—P.

<sup>4</sup> Felice, in Ellis.—F.

<sup>5</sup> i.e. the High-way. Qu. the high  
 Roman Road.—P.

<sup>6</sup> to, q.—P.

<sup>7</sup> well-apaied, q. (eodem fere sensu.)  
 —P.

- The  
Countess  
feeds daily  
13 palmers.
- 488 his owne Ladye euerye day att her gate  
13 palmers in cold shee take  
to dine with her att noone.
- Guy goes in  
as one,
- Sir Guy was leane of cheeke & chin,  
& therefore the porter lett him in,  
& 12 after him did goe.<sup>1</sup>
- and his  
Lady gives
- 492 the Ladye see hee was ill att ease ;  
shee ffounded<sup>2</sup> ffast him to please,  
[and did him make good cheere ;<sup>3</sup>]  
shee ffett him a pott of her best wine :
- him wine :  
he gives it to  
his mates.
- 496 he dealt<sup>4</sup> itt about him at that time,  
all to his ffellowes there.
- He takes  
leave of his  
Lady.
- 500 then after dinner, as saith the booke,  
leauē of his owne Ladye he tooke  
before them in the hall.
- She bids her  
steward
- the Ladye called her steward vnto ;  
shee sayd, " my bidding looke thou doe."  
" Madam," hee sayd, " I shall."
- tell him to  
come to  
dinner every  
day.
- 504 " why then, goe to yonder<sup>5</sup> pore palmer,  
& bidd him come euerye day to dinner  
before me in this hall ;  
ffor an honest man<sup>6</sup> he hath beene  
508 when he was younge & kept cleane,  
as may be well seene."<sup>7</sup>
- The steward  
gives Guy  
the message.
- the steward wold no longer abyde,  
but went after the palmer *that* tyde,

<sup>1</sup> gone, q.—P.<sup>2</sup> *fond*, *found*, to try, endeavour.  
A.S. *fandian*, tentare. Urry, Jun.—P.<sup>3</sup> A Line wanting:And bade (or did) him make good  
cheere." q.—P.<sup>4</sup> *him* follows, marked out.—F.<sup>5</sup> *yonder* in the MS.—F.<sup>6</sup> MS. *me*. A.-S. *mæg* is a relation,  
friend, neighbour.—F.<sup>7</sup> as may be seene of all, q.—P.

- 512 & did as the Ladye him bede; <sup>1</sup>  
 says, "well greetes you my Ladye mild of cheere,  
 prayes you euery day to come to dinner, <sup>2</sup>  
 giffe *that* itt be your will."
- 516 the palmer made answer her steward vnto <sup>3</sup>;  
 say, "I pray to christ grant her *that* meede  
*that* welds both welth and witt!  
 a litle ffurther I haue to ffare,  
 520 to speake with an hermitt here,  
 giff I can with him hitt."  
 "an hermitt is dead, I vnderstand,  
 & here a hermitage stands vacand,  
 524 as [I] doe vnderstand."<sup>4</sup>  
 & there he liued, the truth to say,  
 till itt was his ending day,  
 & serued christ our King;  
 528 he neuer eate other meate  
 but herbes and rootes greate,  
 & dranke the water of a springe.  
 then he hyred him a litle page  
 532 *that* was but 13 yeeres of age,  
 he was both ffayre and ffeate <sup>5</sup>;  
 & euery day when the noone bell rang,  
 the litle ladd to the towne must gang,  
 536 to ffeitch <sup>6</sup> the Ladyes liuerye.<sup>7</sup>
- Guy says  
 he must go  
 on to an  
 empty  
 hermitage  
 near.  
 He goes,  
 lives on  
 herbs, roots,  
 and water,  
 and his  
 page  
 dally at  
 noon  
 fetches the  
 Countess's  
 allowance to  
 him.

<sup>1</sup> as y<sup>e</sup> Lady did him tell.As the Ladye bade him till or tell.  
q.—P.<sup>2</sup> dinnere, q.—P.<sup>3</sup> to her Steward answer made, q.—P.<sup>4</sup> Half a *Stanza* or more wanting.  
These seem to be the Steward's words.  
—P.<sup>5</sup> MS. may be *feale*.—F. feate, q.—P.  
"both ffayre and ffeate was he."—Dyce.<sup>6</sup> to fet, q.—P.<sup>7</sup> delivery, allowance of food. Fr. *Livrée*, A deliuerie of a thing thats giuen; and (but lesse properly) the thing so giuen; hence, a Liuerie; Ones cloth, colours, or deuce in colours worn by his servants, or others. *La Livrée des Chanoines*. Their liuerie, or corrodie; their stipend, exhibition, daillie allowance in victualls or money. Cotgrave.—F.



- the Ladye was gladd, as I vnderstand ;  
 shee gaue itt with her owne handes,<sup>1</sup>  
 and gladd itt soe shold bee.
- At last a death-sick-  
 ness takes  
 Guy ;
- 540 but there he lined, as sayth the booke,  
 till a sicknesse there him tooke,  
*that* needlye<sup>2</sup> he must dye.
- an angel  
 comes to  
 him
- 544 one night as Sir Guy lay in vysion,  
 there came an Angell downe ffrom heauen  
 to lett him vnderstand.  
 he was as light as any leame,<sup>3</sup>  
 as bright as any sunn beames.
- to warn him  
 he shall  
 die—
- 548 with *that* wakened Sir Guy.<sup>4</sup>
- [page 356]
- St. Michael,  
 from God.
- 552 He sayes, “ I coniure in the power of Iesus christ<sup>5</sup>  
 to tell me wether thou be an euill angell or a good!”  
 he sayd, “ I hett Michall.  
 I came ffrom him *that* can both loose and bind  
 both mee, and thee, and all mankind,  
 both heauen, earth, and hell.”
- Sir Guy  
 sends his  
 page
- 556 & then Sir Guy his ring out raught  
 to the litle ladd, and him taught,  
 & bidd he shold “ goe snell<sup>6</sup>  
 to her *that* hath beene true to mee,  
 & pray her to come, my end and see ;
- to tell his  
 wife to  
 come to him.
- 560 ffor nothing *that* shee dwell.<sup>7</sup> ”
- The page  
 goes to the  
 Countess,
- the litle lad made him bowne  
 till he came to warwicke towne.

<sup>1</sup> hand.—P.<sup>2</sup> so Chaucer, for needs must.—P.<sup>3</sup> *Leame, leme*, a flame, a Light, a blaze.  
 Chauc. Urry. Jun.—P. A.-S. *leoma*.  
 —F.<sup>4</sup> Sir Guy wakende, q.—P.<sup>5</sup> Jesus' blood, q. I conjure thee  
 by y<sup>e</sup> Roode. Qu.—P.<sup>6</sup> snell, *celer, pernix, citus, agilis*. A.-S.  
*snel*. Lye.—P.<sup>7</sup> dwelle, to stay, tarry. Chauc. Isl.  
*dwelia*, est cessare, morari. Jun. Lye.  
 —P.

- the Countesse soone hee ffound ;  
 564 before her he kneeled on his knee ;  
 saith, " well <sup>1</sup> greeteth you my Lord, Sir Guy !  
 but he is dead neere hand, <sup>2</sup> tells her  
that Guy is  
dying,
- " & heere he hath sent to you his ringe,—  
 568 ffull well you know this tokeninge,—  
 & bidde you hye him till." and bids her  
come to him.  
 a squier wold haue brought her a palfrey,  
 but shee tooke a neerer stay ;
- 572 ffor *knight* ne squier none wold shee haue,  
 but ffollow shee did the litle knaue <sup>3</sup> ;  
 the way was ffayre and drye ;  
 ffollow shee did the litle ffoot page She follows  
the page  
to the  
hermitage,  
 576 till shee came to the hermitage  
 wheras her lord did lye ;
- & then the lady curteous & snell,  
 vpon his bed-side downe shee ffell  
 580 with many a greuous grone.  
 hee looked vpon her with eyes <sup>4</sup> ;  
 he neuer spake more words but these,  
 saying, " Madam, lett be thy ffare <sup>5</sup> ! " and falls  
down by  
Guy,  
groaning  
grievously.  
  
He tells her  
to be still.
- 584 a man *that* had seene the sorrow shee had;  
 & alsoe the contrition *that* shee made  
 ffor her Lord, Sir Guy,  
 they wold haue shed many salt teares <sup>6</sup> :  
 588 soe did all *that* with them were,  
 both lords eke and Ladyes.

<sup>1</sup> *greeth* follows, marked out, in the MS.—F.

<sup>2</sup> *hond*, q.—P.

<sup>3</sup> *cnafa*, puer.—P.

<sup>4</sup> *with his eyes*, q.—P.

<sup>5</sup> *mone*.—P.

<sup>6</sup> *many a teare*, q.—P.

She says  
she and Guy  
were  
together  
only 40  
days ;

then shee told them how they had loued long,  
& were marryed together when they were younge,  
592 & liued together but dayes 40 :  
& afterward shee neuer him see,  
by no knowledge *that* cold bee,  
of 30 winters and three.

their child  
was stolen,

596 then shee told them of much more woe :  
theire younge child was stolen them froe ;  
they had neuer none but one.

and Sir  
Arrarde  
went to  
seek it.

Sir Arrarde of Arden after him went  
600 to seeke the child *with* good intent,  
*that* was true of borne blood.<sup>1</sup>

& as shee can <sup>2</sup> these tales tell,  
in swooning downe shee fell  
604 vpon the ground soe greene ;  
& when shee was reuorted againe,

The  
Countess  
goes to King  
Athelstan,

shee wold neuer rest nor rowe <sup>3</sup>  
till shee came our king vnto,  
608 her to wishe and read.  
before our king when shee was brought,  
the king told her how Sir Guy had fought  
& smitten of the Gyants head :

who tells her  
how Guy  
slew the  
giant.

612 “ ffast his name I did ffreane,<sup>4</sup>  
but he sware me *that* I must leane <sup>5</sup>  
ffor a 12 month and a day.”

Athelstan  
vows he'll  
bury Guy in  
Winchester.

the king said, “ soe christ me saue !  
616 this Erle to winchester I will haue ;

<sup>1</sup> of true blood borne, q.—P.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. gan.—P. did.—F.

<sup>3</sup> A.-S. *row*, sweet, quiet, repose.—F.

<sup>4</sup> ask.—P.

<sup>5</sup> conceal.—P.

- his body there I will interre.”  
 but all *that* about him there cold stand,  
 they cold not remoue him with their hands  
 620 nor ffurther thence him beare.
- a new purpose there thé tooke ;  
 they made a graue, as saith the booke,  
 before the hye Altar,  
 624 & buryed him in warwicke, the truth to say.  
 the ladye liued after him but dayes 40:  
 And there was buryed alsoe.<sup>1</sup> [page 357]
- & then they ffounded a ffayre abbey,  
 628 & monkes ffor them to singe.
- . . . . .  
 thus came the *knight* out of his cares,<sup>2</sup>  
*that* had beene in land wyde where,  
*that* came to England safe againe.
- 632 now all you *that* haue heard this litle Iest,<sup>3</sup>  
 I betake *your* soules to Iesus christ,  
<sup>4</sup> [to save from endless pain,]  
 & *that* wee may on doomesday  
 come to the blisse *that* shall ffor aye,  
 636 with Angells to remaine. ffins.

But his  
corpse  
cannot be  
moved,

and is there-  
fore buried  
in Warwick,  
with his  
wife, who  
soon dies.

Bless you,  
all my  
hearers !  
May you go  
to heaven!

<sup>1</sup> *alwa*, Chauc. idem.—P.

<sup>2</sup> *care*.—P.

<sup>3</sup> Properly Gest.—P.

<sup>4</sup> a Line wanting.—P.

## John : De<sup>1</sup> Reeve :<sup>2</sup>

[in 3 Parts.—P.]

THIS piece, now for the first time published, represents Royalty mixing freely and genially with one of its lowest subjects. All the splendours of majesty are for the nonce laid aside, the crown done off, the sceptre laid down; and the King wanders forth as a common man, and fraternizes with common men. Such a descending from its height down to the level of the humblest, was, as we have said in the Introduction to the *King and Miller*, a picture of monarchy highly agreeable to the popular taste—(see p. 147 above). The value of the following piece, however, does not lie so much in the picture of such a fellowship as in the portrayal of a villain's life and circumstances that it gives. The hero of this piece is not the King; it is the villain. The King appears, but as a good-humoured genial presence, who can forget his dignity and enjoy a frolic with the best. All the powers of the poet are devoted to the description and portraiture of the villain. He understands best the life of the villain; his sympathies go with it; his great delight is to depict it.

I incline to believe that the piece was originally written about the middle of the fifteenth century.<sup>3</sup> It professes to describe an incident that took place in the days of King Edward. It adds:

Of that name were Kings *three* ;  
But Edward with the long shanks was he,  
A lord of great renown.

<sup>1</sup> *De* is of course *ðe*, i. e. *the*.—H.

<sup>2</sup> or John the Reeve, i. e. Bailiff, vid. St. 23. See also St. 7, P. 3. An Old

Song of King Edward Longshanks, not unlike the King and the Millar.—P.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Wright assigns it to the latter part of the fourteenth century.—H.

The poem then was written after the death of Edward III., that is, after 1377 and before the accession of Edward IV., that is, before 1461. Its general character shows that it was written at a period when the position and prospects of the villain were brightening. It was evidently written in the decadence of feudalism, when the darkest ages of villenage were fast passing away. The bare notion of making a villain a knight could scarcely have occurred to any man's mind before the fifteenth century; nor yet the bare notion of a villain's delighting in his position. The lower classes had already felt their strength, and made their strength felt, when John de Reeve was described with so much respect and pride. The great rising of Richard II.'s reign, however abortive, however completely foiled it might have seemed at the time, had produced a lasting effect. In the course of events, kings were presently to assume in earnest that position of leadership which Richard had taken lyingly in Smithfield in 1381. This is a poem of mirth and of hope, not a wild angry satire, not a deep bitter moan. That mighty exodus which the fifteenth century witnessed is being accomplished. The house of bondage is being left. The land of freedom is coming into sight.

The knight had had poems sung and written in his honour for many a long year. A whole literature had celebrated him; he is the one star and glory of the old romances. The yeoman, too, had had his praises sung. His services at Creçy and Poitiers had given him an importance and a celebrity that could not be forgotten. He had become a name. And now, at last, the villain had raised himself so far out of the depths of his abasement, that he too was found worthy of poetic celebration.

John de Reeve, one of the King's bondmen, is represented here as extremely well-to-do and comfortable in his circumstances, of a highly independent spirit, with a supreme contempt



deth that takith the cherl, such death takith the lord. Wherfor I rede do right so with thi cherl as thou woldist thi lord dide with the, if thou were in his plyt. Every sinful man is a cherl as to synne. I rede the certes, thou lord, that thou werke in such a wise with thy cherles that they rather love the than drede the." Such words as these said more perhaps than their utterer intended. Certainly, they enable us to understand how the position of the villain grew to be much more tolerable than its expressed conditions would have led us to expect.

Moreover, the villain's hardships must have been greatly alleviated by that resolute independence which forms so prominent a feature in the native English character. The Englishman would prove but a stiff-necked, obstinate, troublesome slave—his self-willedness would go far to protect him from the worst excesses of the hardest master—his surliness would often serve him for a shield.

This ballad gives us a view of both the private and public life of the churl. We see him as he goes abroad, and we see him in the security of his domestic comfort. He makes no secret of the cause of those fears which make him so chary of his hospitality, which induce him to cut such a sorry figure when out of doors. See v. 103 *et seq.*, v. 199 *et seq.* &c. His personal appearance is described with great care in vv. 52–57, and again in vv. 593–650. He offers his guests the poorest food and liquor at first. (Compare the account of the poor widow's "scleuder meel" in the *Nonne Prest his Tale*.) No doubt his fears were well grounded. "Thurgh his cursed synne of avarice," says the Parson whom we have already quoted, "comen these harde lordschipes, thurgh whiche men ben destreynd by talliages, custumes, and cariages more than here duete of resoun is; and elles take thay of here bondemen amercimentes, whiche mighte more resonably ben callid extorcious than mercymendis. Of whiche mersymendis and raunsonyng of bondemen, some lordes stywardes seyn that it



is rightful, for as moche as a cherl hath no temporel thing that it nys his lordes, as thay sayn. But certes thise lordeshipes doon wrong that bireven here bondemen thinges that thay never gave hem." When the abolition of slavery was proposed in the first Parliament that met after Wat Tyler's insurrection, "with one accord," writes Knight (in his *Popular History of England*), "the interested lords of the soil replied that they never would consent to be deprived of the services of their bondmen. But they complained of grievances less inherent in the structure of society—of purveyance; of the rapacity of law officers; of maintainers of suits, who violated right and law as if they were kings in the country; of excessive and useless taxation." "I have no doubt," says Eden, "that the tax-gatherers were extremely partial to the rich and oppressive to the poor; for notwithstanding the above instance of their scrupulous attention to levy the utmost farthing on petty tradesmen [certain instances he has quoted from the valuation of movable property made at Colchester in 1296, see *Rot. Parl.* i. 228], we find that the master and brethren of an hospital, besides their cattle and corn, only accounted for one household utensil, a brass pot, and an Abbot and a Prior paid only for their corn and their live stock. The Rector of St. Peter's seems to have been equally fortunate."

But, on whatever account John de Reeve may make whatever pretence of direful penury, he is in fact a man of wealth. He may say with Horace's miser, "At mihi plaudo ipse domi." He says:

"I go girt in a russet gown,  
My hood is of homemade browne,  
I wear neither burnet nor green,  
And yet I trow I have in store  
A thousand pounds and some deal more,  
For all ye are prouder and fine.

Therefore I say, as mote I thee,  
A bondman it is good to be,  
And come of carles kin;

For and I be in tavern set,  
To drink as good wine I will not let  
As London Edward or his Queen."

The Earl said: "By godes might,  
John, thou art a comely knight  
And sturdy in every fray."  
"A knight!" quoth John, "do away for shame!  
I am the King's bondman:  
Such waste words do away.

"I know you not in your estate;  
I am misnurtured, well I wot;  
I will not thereto say nay.  
But if any such do me wrong  
I will fight with him hand to hand  
When I am clad in mine array."

We must now commend this most interesting ballad to our readers.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The Editors have received the following letter from Archdeacon Hale, whom they here beg to thank:

Charterhouse, Dec. 18, 1867.

Dear Sir,—I am obliged to you for the opportunity of reading the interesting ballad of "John de Reeve." That he designates himself as the King's bondman, seems to me to imply that he was of villain rank. I think it probable that the king's bondmen, *nativi* and villains, were proud of their position, as being attached to royalty, and as having the privilege of tenants in ancient demesne, of not being impleaded or distrained except in the king's courts. It would seem from the Act of Richard the Second, of which mention is made in the preface, p. 552, that they made use of this privilege to withdraw their services from the lords of manors in which they were tenants, and that they were in reality leaders of that resistance to the rights of the lords which produced the disturbances of Tyler and Cade. Except *tailage ad voluntatem domini*, none of the services due from the various classes of villains appear to me cruel or unjust,

prædial service being the rent paid for the possession of land by the villain class. I am inclined to think that as trade increased in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the tradesmen became possessors of villain land, and that as those lands were accumulated in fewer hands, the prædial service became more difficult to be rendered, as well as more unsuitable to the personal position of the tenant, who might himself be a freeholder, *liber tenens*, and yet possess villain land. John de Reeve had become rich; his name implies that he had come from a family who held office, possibly in a royal manor; the house in which he lived having a hall and a dais, indicates the superior character of his tenement. I may also remark that his abode was in the south-west country, and that, to the best of my recollection, royal manors, and consequently tenants in ancient demesnes, abound in Wilts and Somerset. The description of his house would lead to the idea that he dwelt in the hall of the demesne. He was of the same freeledge (p. 564) as his two neighbours; but it was afterwards (p. 593), that they were made

## [The First Part.]

[How John at first avoids the King, and then takes him home.]

- GOD : through thy might and thy mercy,  
 all *that* loueth game and glee,  
 their soules to heauen bringe !
- 4 best is mirth of all solace ;  
 therefore I hope itt betokens grace,  
 of mirth who hath likinge.
- as I heard tell this other yeere,  
 8 a clarke came out of Lancashire :  
 a rolle<sup>1</sup> he had reading,  
 a bourde<sup>2</sup> written therein he ffound,<sup>3</sup>  
*that* some time ffell in England,<sup>4</sup>  
 12 in Edwards dayes our King.
- by East, west, north, and Southe,  
 all this realme well run<sup>5</sup> hee cowthe,<sup>6</sup>  
 castle, tower, and towne. •

God bless all  
who love  
merriment!A Lanca-  
shire clerk  
found

this story

of Edward

freemen. I shall be very glad if what I have written should seem to throw light upon the condition of John de Reeve.

And I remain,

Yours very faithfully,  
 W. H. HALE.

Mr. Toulmin Smith, in a communication made to the Editors, is of opinion that the Reeve "was the King's collector of local dues—in other words the Farmer of the taxes. He was in bond to the King (as all collectors still are) to remit truly, and hence, and not as a vassal, his bondsman. The collector would only be afraid of the King because he did not

want it known what a capital bargain he had made, lest the price paid by him for his office should be raised." But there is nothing whatever in the ballad to justify this interpretation of the Reeve's fear. Nor are we prepared to acquiesce in the confusion of the terms "bondman" and "bondsman."—H.

<sup>1</sup> rolle.—P. Qu. MS. rolde.—F.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. Jest. Junius.—P.

<sup>3</sup> fonde.—P.

<sup>4</sup> Englonde, qu.—P.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. run over.—P.

<sup>6</sup> couthe, could. So, 'he ne couth,' He could not. Gloss. ad G. Doug.—P.

- Longshanks. 16 of *that* name were Kings 3 ;  
but Edward with the long shankes was hee,  
a Lord of great renowne.
- One day, out  
hawking, the  
King loses  
all his 20 3 ffawcons <sup>1</sup> fflew away ;  
he ffollowed wonderous ffast.  
thé rode vpon their horssees *that* tyde,  
they rode forth on euery side,  
24 the country they out cast ;
- followers  
ffrom morning vntill eueninge late,  
many menn abroad they gate  
wandring all alone ;  
28 the night came att the last ;  
there was no man *that* wist  
what way the King was gone,
- except a  
Bishop and  
an Earl. 32 saue a Bishopp & an Erle ffree  
*that* was allwayes the king ffull nye,  
& thus then gan they say :  
“ itt is a ffolly, by St. Iohn,  
ffor vs thus to ryde alone  
36 soe many a wilsome <sup>2</sup> way ;
- The three  
lose their  
way,  
“ a *King* and an Erle to ryde in hast,  
a bishopp ffrom his coste <sup>3</sup> to be cast,  
ffor hunting sikerlye.<sup>4</sup>  
40 the whether happned <sup>5</sup> wonderous ill,  
all night wee may ryde vnskill,<sup>6</sup>  
nott wotting where wee bee.”
- and the  
weather is  
very bad.

<sup>1</sup> 3 [of his] fawc! Qu.—P.

<sup>2</sup> *wilsome, wilsum.* Desert, solitary, wandering. i. e. Wild: (Scotch) Gloss. to Ramsay's Evergreen, q. d. *wildsome*. Gloss. to G. D.—P.

<sup>3</sup> province, district.—F.

<sup>4</sup> surely, certainly: *sicker, sur, certain.* Johns?—P.

<sup>5</sup> happneth, query.—P.

<sup>6</sup> i. e. unskill'd.—P.

- then the *King* began to say,  
 44 "good Sir Bishopp, I you pray  
     some comfort, if you may."  
 as they stode talking<sup>1</sup> all about,      They see  
 they were ware of a carle<sup>2</sup> stout:      a man
- 48 "good deene, ffellow!" can<sup>3</sup> they say.
- then the Erle was well apayd<sup>4</sup>:  
 "you be welcome, good ffellow!" hee sayd,  
 "of ffellowshipp wee pray thee!"
- 52 the carle ffull hye on horsse sate,<sup>5</sup>      on horseback  
 his leggs were short and broad,<sup>6</sup>  
     his stirropps were of tree<sup>7</sup>;
- a payre of shooes were<sup>8</sup> stiffe & store,<sup>9</sup>
- 56 on his heele a rustye spurre,      riding away  
     thus fforwards rydeth hee.      from them.
- the Bishopp rode after on his palfrey:  
 "abyde, good ffellow, I thee pray,  
 60 and take vs home with thee!"      The Bishop  
     asks him to  
     stop,
- The carle answered him *that* tyde,      [page 358]  
 "ffrom me thou gett oft noe other guide,      but the man  
     I sweare by sweete St. Iohn<sup>10</sup>!"      won't,
- 64 then said the Erle ware and wise,  
 "thou canst litle of gentrise<sup>11</sup>!  
     say not soe ffor shame!"

<sup>1</sup> *forté* were stalking.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Carle (*ceorl.*) Vir tenuioris atque obscuræ sortis. idem ac *churl* &c. Jun.—P. The shape of the initial *c* in the MS. begins to change here frequently. It is made like an *l* instead of a foreigner's *c*, accented. It might be printed C, but that the old form of the C is retained, as in *Curteouslye*, l. 121.—F.

<sup>3</sup> can, delend.—P. can *is* did.—F.

<sup>4</sup> glad. *letus*. Jun.—P.

<sup>5</sup> The rhyme requires *rode*.—Dyce.

<sup>6</sup> [some deal] *brade* or *braid*—Lancashire Dialect.—P

<sup>7</sup> i.e. wood.—P. *treene*, wooden, p. 181, l. 1.—F.

<sup>8</sup> *Forté* The shoes he ware were &c.—P.

<sup>9</sup> *stour*, *sture*, great, thick, ingens crassus, Jun., stiff, strong, robust. Gloss. ad G. D.—P.

<sup>10</sup> Jame, see st. 22<sup>d</sup> [l. 132]—P.

<sup>11</sup> *Gentrice* is still in use in Scotland, for gentility, honourable birth. See Gloss. to Ramsay's *Evergreen*.—P.

- the carle answered the Erle vnto,  
 he has  
 nothing to  
 do with  
 courtesy. 68 “with gentlenesse <sup>1</sup> I haue nothing to doe,  
 I tell thee by my ffay.”  
 the weather was cold & euen roughe <sup>2</sup> ;  
 the King and the Erle sate and longhe,  
 72 the Bishopp did him soe pray.
- The King  
 and Earl the King said, “soe mote I thee <sup>3</sup> !  
 hee is a carle, whosoouer hee be !  
 I reade <sup>4</sup> wee ryde him neere.”  
 76 the said <sup>5</sup> with words hend, <sup>6</sup>  
 beg the man  
 to stop, “ryd saftlye, gentle ffreind,  
 & bring vs to some harbor.”
- but he still  
 rides on. 80 then to tarry the carle was lothe,  
 but rode forth as he was wrothe,  
 I tell you sickerlye.  
 The King  
 tells them the king sayd, “by mary bright,  
 I troe <sup>7</sup> wee shall ryde all this night  
 84 in wast vnskillffullye <sup>8</sup> ;
- to pull the  
 man down. “I ffeare wee shall come to no towne ;  
 ryde to the carle and pull him downe  
 hastilye without delay.”
- The Bishop  
 asks him to  
 stop. 88 the Bishopp said soone on hye,  
 “abyde, good ffellow, & take vs with thee !  
 ffor my loue, I thee pray.”

<sup>1</sup> gentry, qu.—P.<sup>2</sup> evening rough.—P. pronounced row.þe Amyral bende ys browes rowe,  
& clepede is consaile.Kyng Sortybrant & oþre ynowe  
ther come wyb-oute fayle.

Sir Ferumbras, MS. Ashmole 33, fol. 26.

Thow a Sarsens hed ye bere,  
Row, and full of lowsy here.

Skelton, Poems against Garnesche, l. 124.

Works, ed. Dyce, vol. i. p. 123.—F.

<sup>3</sup> thee, i. e. thrive. Lye.—P.<sup>4</sup> i. e. counsel: reade is counsel, con-  
silium. Junius.—P.<sup>5</sup> sayd [to him].—P.<sup>6</sup> i. e. kind, hend, hende, i. e. feat, fine,  
gentle, forté, q. d. handy or handsome.  
Skinner, ab Isl. henta, i. e. decere. Lye.  
MS.—P.<sup>7</sup> trow, confido, opinor. Lye.—P.<sup>8</sup> without reason. O. N. skil, reason.  
—F.

the Erle said, "by god in heauen !  
 92 oft men meete att vnsett steuen <sup>1</sup> ;  
 to quite thee well wee may."

The Earl  
 says he'll  
 pay him out  
 some day.

the carle sayd, "by St. Iohn  
 I am <sup>2</sup> affraye of you eche one,  
 96 I tell you by my ffay !"

The man  
 explains  
 that he is  
 afraid of  
 them.

the carle sayd, "by Marye bright,  
 I am afrayd of you this night !  
 I see you rowne <sup>3</sup> and reason,<sup>4</sup>  
 100 I know <sup>5</sup> you not & itt were day,  
 I troe you thinke more then you say,  
 I am affrayd of treason.

"the night is merke,<sup>6</sup> I may not see  
 104 what kind of men *that* you bee.  
 but & you will doe one thinge,  
 swere to doe me not <sup>7</sup> desease,<sup>8</sup>  
 then wold I ffaine you please,  
 108 if I cold, with any thinge."

If they'll  
 swear not to  
 hurt him,

he'll help  
 them.

then sayd the Erle with words ffree,  
 "I pray you, ffellow, come hither to mee,  
 & to some towne vs bringe ;  
 112 & after, if wee may thee kenn,  
 amonge Lords and gentlemen  
 wee shall requite <sup>9</sup> thy dealinge."

The Earl  
 says, if he  
 will, they'll

reward him  
 among  
 Lords.

"of lords," sayes hee, "speake no more <sup>10</sup> !  
 116 with them I haue nothing to doe,  
 nor neuer thinke to haue ;

The man  
 says he'll

<sup>1</sup> i. e. unexpectedly: at a time un-  
 appointed. *Steven*, tempus statutum.  
 Jun.—P. See p. 386, note <sup>3</sup>, above.—F.

<sup>2</sup> MS. ann.—F.

<sup>3</sup> *rowne*, i. e. whisper.—P.

<sup>4</sup> t. i. talk, as in Shakspeare, &c.—Dyce.

<sup>5</sup> *forté* knew.—P.

<sup>6</sup> i. e. dark.—P.

<sup>7</sup> no disease.—P.

<sup>8</sup> prejudice, to make uneasy. see  
 Johnson.—P.

<sup>9</sup> *forté*, quite.—P.

<sup>10</sup> *moe*.—P. Compare  
 Aqueyntanse of lordschip wyll y noght,  
 For, furste or laste, dere hit wold be  
 bowght.—Proverbs from MS. Ii. iii.,  
 back of last leaf. Camb. Univ. Lib., in  
*Reliq. Antiq.*, vol. i. f. 205.—F.



- ffor I had rather be brought in bale,  
my hood or *that*<sup>1</sup> I wold vayle,<sup>2</sup>  
never crouch to Lords. 120 on them to crouch or craue.<sup>3</sup>”
- The King asks him who he is. the King sayd Curteouslye,  
“ what manner of man aree yee  
att home in your dwellinge ? ”
- The King's bondman, 124 “ a husbandman, fforssooth I am,  
& the Kings bondman<sup>4</sup>;  
thereof I haue good Likinge.”
- tho' he never spoke to him. 128 “ Sir, when spake you with our King ? ”  
“ in ffaith, neuer, in all my liuing !  
he knoweth not my name ;  
& I haue my Capull<sup>5</sup> & my crofft<sup>6</sup> ;  
if I speake not with the King oft,  
132 I care not, by St. Iame ! ”

<sup>1</sup> or that, i. e. before that.—P.

<sup>2</sup> vail, to let fall ; to suffer, to descend, in token of respect. Fr. *avaller le bonet*. Johnson.—P.

<sup>3</sup> Was John, like Chaucer's Reeve, 'a sklendre colericke man' ? Among the marks of persons of 'Chollericke complexion' are : 'The sixth is, they be stout stomacked, that is, they can suffer no injuries, by reason of the heate in them. And therefore Avicen sayth, That to take every thing impatiently signifieth heate. The seauenth is, they be liberall to those that honour them,'—as John says in lines 169, 243, he'll give the wanderers all they want, so that they be thankful :—'The fourteenth is, he is wily,'—cp. the first bad supper, below ;—'The eleuenth is, he is soone angry, through his hote nature'—as the King's porter experiences, l. 731 ;—'The thirteenth is, he is bold, for boldnesse commeth of great heat, specially about the heart,'—cp. l. 304 ;—John's cowardice at first, l. 97, was but prudence, the better part of valour. Also, he must have had a beard. 'The ninth is, a Cholericke person is hayry, by reason of

the heate that openeth the pores, and moueth the matter of hayres to the skinne. And therefore it is a common saying, *The Cholericke man is as hayrie as a Goat*.' On the other hand John must have had a cross of 'the sanguine person' in him, for 'Secondly, the Sanguine person is merry and jocond, that is to say, with merry words he moueth other to laugh, or else he is glad through benignity of the sanguine humour, pro-uoking a man to gladnesse and jocondity, through cleare and perfect spirits ingendred of bloud. Thirdly, he gladly heareth fables and merry sports, for the same cause. . Fifthly, he gladly drinketh good Wine. Sixthly, he delighteth to feede on good meate, by reason that the sanguine person desireth the most like to his complexion, that is, good Wines and good meates.' *Regimen Sanitatis Salerni*, ed. 1634, p. 169-71.—F.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. Vassall.—P.

<sup>5</sup> capuil, i. e. *keyfil*, Welch for a Horse. Lye.—P.

<sup>6</sup> Croft est agellus prope domum rusticum. Lye.—P.

- “ what is thy name, ffellow, by thy leaue ? ”  
 “ marry,” quoth hee, “ Iohn de Reeue <sup>1</sup> ;  
 I care not who itt heare ;  
 136 ffor if you come into my inne, <sup>2</sup>  
 with beeffe & bread you shall beginn  
 soone att your supper <sup>3</sup> ; [page 359] he can feed  
 them
- “ salt Bacon of a yeere old,  
 140 ale *that* is both sower & cold, <sup>4</sup>— with stale  
 I vse neither braggatt <sup>5</sup> nor beere, — he brews no  
 I lett you witt withouten lett, beer, for  
 I dare eate noe other meate,  
 144 I sell my wheate ech yeere.” he sells his  
 wheat,
- “ why doe you, Iohn, sell your wheate ? ”  
 “ ffor [I] dare <sup>6</sup> not eate *that* I gett. he dare not  
 therof I am ffull wrothe ; keep it,  
 148 ffor I loue a draught of good drinke as well  
 as any man *that* doth itt sell, though he  
 & alsoe a good wheat loffe. likes  
 good drink  
 and bread.
- “ ffor he *that* first <sup>7</sup> starueth Iohn de reeue,  
 152 I pray to god hee may neuer well <sup>8</sup> cheeue, <sup>9</sup> May all who  
 neither on water nor land, starve him  
 come to  
 grief!  
 whether itt be <sup>10</sup> Sherriffe or King  
*that* makes such statuinge, <sup>11</sup>  
 156 I outcept <sup>12</sup> neuer a one !

<sup>1</sup> Query, John the Reeve, i. e. Bailiff. Jun. See St. 7, P. 3.—P.

<sup>2</sup> *inne*, Sax. est cubiculum, caverna, diversorium domus. Inne, a house, habitation.—P.

<sup>3</sup> *suppere*.—P.

<sup>4</sup> *Non sit acetosa cervisia, sed bene clara* . . . This text declareth fwe things, by which one may know good Ale and Beere. The first is, that it be not sower, for that hurteth the stomacke. A sower thing (as Avicen saith in many places) hurteth the sinewes. And the stomacke is a member full of sinewes, especially

about the brim or mouth. *Regimen Sanitatis Salerni*, ed. 1634, p. 59.—F.

<sup>5</sup> Chauc. *Brakit*, Camb. Br. *bragod*. A sweet drink made of honey & spices, used in Wales, &c. Urry's Gloss.—P.

<sup>6</sup> I dare, Qu.—P.

<sup>7</sup> first, *delend*, Qu.—P.

<sup>8</sup> well, *delend*, Qu.—P.

<sup>9</sup> thrive, qu.—P. Fr. *chevir*, to bring a business to a head, get well through it; from *chef*.—F.

<sup>10</sup> MS. ber.—F. <sup>11</sup> statuing.—P.

<sup>12</sup> *forté* except.—P. An odd hybrid. *Outtake* is the older word.—F.

- “ ffor and the Kings penny were Layd by mine,  
I durst as well as hee drinke the <sup>1</sup> wine  
till all my good <sup>2</sup> were gone.  
He asks  
where they  
live. 160 but sithence *that* wee are mett <sup>3</sup> soe meete,  
tell mee where is *your* recreate,<sup>4</sup>  
you seeme good laddes eche one.”
- The Earl  
says,  
In the  
King's  
house. 164 the Erle answered with words ffaire,  
“ in the kings house is our repayre,<sup>5</sup>  
if <sup>6</sup> wee bee out of the way.”
- John pro-  
mises to  
lodge them if 168 “ this night,” quoth Iohn, “ you shall not spill ;  
such harbour I shall bring you till ;  
I hett <sup>7</sup> itt you to-day.
- they are  
thankful, 172 “ soe *that* yee take itt thankefullye  
in gods name & St. Iollye,  
I aske noe other pay ;  
but if they're  
saucy he'll  
keep'em out, 172 & if you be sturdy & stout,  
I shall garr <sup>8</sup> you to <sup>9</sup> stand without,  
ffor ought *that* you can say.
- with the  
help of his  
two neigh-  
bours, 176 “ for I haue 2 neighbors won <sup>10</sup> by mee  
of the same ffreeledge <sup>11</sup> *that* am I,  
of old band-shipp <sup>12</sup> are wee :  
the Bishopp of Durham this towne <sup>13</sup> oweth,  
the Erle of Gloster—who-soe him knoweth—  
owned by  
the Bishop of  
Durham  
and the Earl  
of Glo'ster, 180 Lord of the other is hee.

<sup>1</sup> the, delend.—P.

<sup>2</sup> goods, qu.—P.

<sup>3</sup> One stroke too many in the MS.—F.

<sup>4</sup> ? MS. retreat, home.—F.

<sup>5</sup> *repair*, resort, abode, the act of be-  
taking oneself any whither. Johnson.—P.

<sup>6</sup> ? but.—F.

<sup>7</sup> i. e. I promise, assure.—P.

<sup>8</sup> cause.—F.

<sup>9</sup> To, delend. Qu.—P.

<sup>10</sup> i. e. dwell.—P.

<sup>11</sup> *frelege*, freedom, power, privilege: a  
quo fortè corrupt. It is yet used in

Sheffield. Ray. Gloss. ad G. Doug. who  
has render'd *Cui tanta Deo permissa  
potestas*, Quhat God has to him grantit,  
sic *frelege*, St. 9, v. 97.—P. A.-Sax.  
*freólac* is A free offering, a sacrifice: but  
*-lac* and *-ledge* have the meaning of state,  
condition.—F.

<sup>12</sup> à *band*, Vinculum, retinaculum, liga-  
men, nexus; A.S. *banda*.—P.

<sup>13</sup> Perhaps Tone, viz. the one of his  
Companions was vassal to the Bishop,  
vid. p. 66, V. 251 [of MS.; vol. i. p. 159,  
l. 466 of text].—P.

- “wist my neighbors *that* I were thratt,<sup>1</sup>  
 I vow to god thé wold not lett  
 ffor to come soone to mee ;  
 184 if any wrong were to mee done, who'd fight  
all afternoon  
for him.  
 wee 3 durst ffight a whole afternoone,  
 I tell you sikerlye.”
- the King sayd, “Iohn, tell vs not this tale ;  
 188 wee are not ordayned ffor battell,<sup>2</sup> The King  
says their  
clothes are  
wet,  
 our weeds are wett and cold ;  
 heere is no man *that* yee shall greeue.  
 but helpe vs, Iohn, by *your* leaue,  
 192 with bright a ffeare<sup>3</sup> and bold.” they want a  
good fire.
- “Ifaith,” sayd Iohn, “*that* you shall want,  
 ffor ffuell heere is wonderous scant,  
 as I heere haue yee told.  
 196 thou getteth noe other of Iohn de Reeue ;  
 ffor the kings statutes,<sup>4</sup> whilest I lue,  
 I thinke to vse and hold. John says he  
can't give  
them that,  
 as he is a  
boudman.
- “If thou find in my house payment ffine,<sup>5</sup>  
 200 or in my kitchin poultry slaine,  
 peraduenture thou wold say  
*that* Iohn Reeue his bond hath broken :  
 I wold not *that* such words weere spoken  
 204 in the kings<sup>6</sup> house another day, If he were to  
feed them  
well,

<sup>1</sup> A.-S. *þreatian*, to threaten, disquiet, distress.—F.

<sup>2</sup> battayle. Chauc.—P.

<sup>3</sup> with a bright fire &c.—P.

<sup>4</sup> ?referring to William the Conqueror's law that fires and lights were to be put out at the 8 o'clock curfew, and people go to bed. The evening must have been far advanced when John spoke.—F.

<sup>5</sup> I would read 'If thou find in my house Pain de main,' fortassè corruptè pro pain de maine, i.e. white bread.

So Chaucer, 'White was his face as paine de maine.' Rime of Sir Thopas. Lye.—P. 'Payman, a kind of cheese-cake.' Halliwell. Pymment or Piment was both a special honeyed and spiced wine,—see a recipe in Halliwell,—and also the general name for sweet wines: see *Henderson's Hist.*, p. 283, and *Babees Book*, &c., p. 202. If 'payment' is used here for bread, as in l. 428, part ii. below, then I suppose it means 'spiced bread.'—F.

<sup>6</sup> To the King an:—P.

it might get  
to some  
officials'  
ears, and  
injure him.

“ ffor itt might turne me to great greeffe <sup>1</sup> ;  
such proud ladds *that* beare office  
wold danger a pore man aye ;  
208 & or I wold pray thee of mercy longe,  
yett weere I better <sup>2</sup> to lett thee gange  
in twentye twiine devills way. <sup>3</sup> ”

John takes  
the King,  
Bishop, and  
Earl to his  
hall.

thus thé rode to the towne :  
212 Iohn de Reeue lighted downe  
beside a comlye hall. <sup>4</sup>  
4 men belive <sup>5</sup> came wight <sup>6</sup> ;  
they hasted them ffull swyft  
216 when they heard Iohn call ;  
thé served him honestly and able,  
And [led <sup>7</sup> ] his horsse to the stable,  
& lett noe terme misfall.

[page 360]

His wife  
welcomes  
them.

220 some went to warne their dame  
*that* Iohn had brought guests home. <sup>8</sup>  
shee came to welcome them tyte <sup>9</sup>  
in a side <sup>10</sup> kirtle of greene, <sup>11</sup>  
224 her head was dight all by-deene, <sup>12</sup>  
the wiffe was of noe pryde ;

Her hair is  
white.

her kerchers were all of silke,  
her hayre as white as any milke,  
228 loue-some of hue <sup>13</sup> and hyde ;

<sup>1</sup> Two letters are marked out after the *g*.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Yt were better.—P.

<sup>3</sup> ‘twenty devil way’ is the ordinary phrase.—F.

<sup>4</sup> Cp. Chaucer’s description of the Reeve’s ‘wonyng fair upon an heth.’ *ProL Cant. T.* l. 609.—F.

<sup>5</sup> *belive*, instantly. Lye.—P.

<sup>6</sup> *wight*, swift, nimble. Johnson; also stout, valiant, clever, active. Gloss? ad G.D.—P.

<sup>7</sup> And [led] his &c.—P.

<sup>8</sup> I would read thus (St. 38)

To welcome *them* that tyde

Shee came in a side Kirtle &c.—P.

<sup>9</sup> brôt [3] guests hame. Qu.—P.

<sup>10</sup> all. or, that tyde.—P. *tyte*, quickly.—F.

<sup>11</sup> i. e. long.—P. A.-S. *sid*, wide.—F.

<sup>12</sup> *bedene*, Scotch, is, immediately. Gloss? to Ramsays Evergreen; a Germ. *bedienen* præstare officium. Gloss. ad G.D.—P. Dutch *by dien*, by this.—F.

<sup>13</sup> ? MS. *huid*.—F. hue, Qu. See Eggar & Grime, pa.—P.

shee was thicke, & some deal broad,  
of comlye ffashyon was shee made,  
both belly, backe, and side.

She is  
comely.

232 then Iohn called his men all,  
sayes, "build me a ffire in the hall,  
& gine their Capulls meate ;  
lay before them corne and hay ;  
236 ffor my loue rubb of the clay,  
ffor they beene weary and wett ;

John orders  
a fire for his  
guests, and  
food for  
their horses.

"lay vnder them straw to the knee,  
ffor courtyes <sup>1</sup> comonly wold be Iollye,  
240 and haue but litle to spend."

then hee said, "by St. Iohn,  
you are welcome euery one,  
if you take itt thankfullye !  
244 curtesye I learned neu[e]r none,  
but after mee, ffellowes, I read you gone."  
till a chamber they went all 3 ;

John bids  
them  
welcome,

a charcole <sup>2</sup> ffire was burning bright,  
248 candles on chandlours <sup>3</sup> light,  
Eche ffreake <sup>4</sup> might other see.  
"where are your sords <sup>5</sup> ?" quoth Iohn de  
Reeue.  
the Erle said, "Sir, by your leaue,  
252 wee weare none, pardye."

and shows  
them into a  
room  
with a fire  
and candles.

<sup>1</sup> courtyers.—P.  
<sup>2</sup> Charcoal fires were used to avoid the smoke from wood or coal getting into men's eyes, as there were no chimneys. See *Ladye Bessye*, vol. iii.,

and cp. *Kinge and Miller*, p. 150, l. 40, above.—F.

<sup>3</sup> chandlours. Fr. *chandelier*, a Candlestick.—P.

<sup>4</sup> freke, man. Jun.—P.

<sup>5</sup> sords.—P.

- John asks  
the Earl  
who the  
long-legged  
fellow is.
- then Iohn rownd<sup>1</sup> with the Erle soe ffree :  
“ what long ffellow is yonder,” quoth hee,  
“ *that* is<sup>2</sup> soe long of lim and lyre<sup>3</sup> ? ”
- 256 the Erle answered with words small,  
“ yonder is Peeres pay-ffor-all,  
the Queenes Cheefe ffawconer.<sup>4</sup> ”
- “ The  
Queen’s head  
Falconer.”
- “ ah, ah ! ” quoth Iohn, “ ffor gods good,  
where gott hee *that* gay hood,  
glitering as gold itt were ?  
& I were as proud as hee is like,  
there is no man in England ryke<sup>5</sup>
- I’d keep no  
man’s  
hawks.
- 264 shold garr me keepe his gleads<sup>6</sup> one yeere.
- But who’s  
that  
next the  
Falconer ? ”
- “ I pray you, sir, ffor gods werke,  
who is yond in yonder serke<sup>7</sup>  
*that* rydeth<sup>8</sup> Peeres soe nye ? ”
- 268 the Erle answered him againe,  
“ yonder is a pore chaplaine,  
long aduanced or hee bee ;
- “ That’s  
a poor  
Chaplain,
- and I am a  
Sumpter-  
man.”
- 272 “ & I my selfe am a sumpter man,<sup>9</sup>  
other craft keepe I none,  
I say you withouten Misse.”
- “ Gay  
fellows, and  
penniless  
too, I  
suppose ! ”
- 276 “ you are ffresh ffellowes in your appay,<sup>10</sup>  
lolly letters<sup>11</sup> in your array,  
proud ladds, & I trow penyles.”

<sup>1</sup> whispered.—F.

<sup>2</sup> that is, delend.—P.

<sup>3</sup> lim, i. e. limb : lyre, i. e. flesh, quicquid carnosum & nervosum in homine. Lye. Also Lire, is complexion or air of the face. Gloss. ad G. D.—P. “ Lyke the quhyte lylie wes her lyre.” Lyndesay’s *Hist. of Squyer Meldrum*.—F.

<sup>4</sup> fawconere.—P.

<sup>5</sup> ryke, A.-Sax. *rice regnum, imperium*.—P.

<sup>6</sup> *gleads*, i. e. Kites.—P.

<sup>7</sup> *serke*, Indusium, a shirt or such garment. Jun.—P.

<sup>8</sup> ? standeth.—F.

<sup>9</sup> *fortè mon*.—P.

<sup>10</sup> ? content, self-satisfaction.—F.

<sup>11</sup> To *jet*, inter alia, signifies to strut, to agitate the body by a proud gait. So the Turkey-Cock is said to *jett*, when he bridles &c. See Johnson, from Shakesp. 12<sup>th</sup> Night. *Jettors* then are strutters &c. See pag. 237 [of MS. ; p. 155, l. 178 of text, above].—P.



- the King said, "soe mote I thee,  
there is not a penny amongst<sup>1</sup> vs 3  
to buy vs bread and fflesh."
- 280 "ah, ha!" quoth Iohn, "there is<sup>2</sup> small charge;  
280\* ffor courtyes<sup>3</sup> comonlye are att large,  
if they goe neuer soe ffresh.
- "I goe girt in a russett gowne,  
my hood is of homemade browne,  
284 I weare neither burnett<sup>4</sup> nor greene,  
& yett I troe I haue in store  
a 1000<sup>5</sup> and some deale more,  
ffor all yee are prouder and ffine;
- 288 "therfore I say, as mote I thee,<sup>5</sup>  
a bondman itt is good<sup>6</sup> [to] bee,<sup>7</sup>  
& come of carles kinne;  
ffor and I bee in tauerne<sup>8</sup> sett,  
292 to drinke as good wine I will not Lett,  
as London<sup>9</sup> Edward or his Queene."
- the Erle sayd, "by gods might,  
Iohn, thou art a comly knight,  
296 and sturdy in euerye ffray."  
"a knight!" quoth Iohn, "doe away, ffor shame!  
I am the King's bondman.  
Such wast words doe away! [page 361]
- 300 "I know you not in your estate;  
I am misnurtured, well I wott<sup>10</sup>;  
I will not therto say nay.
- "We haven't a penny to pay for our food," says the King.
- "Ah, courtiers generally live on other people;
- but though I wear russet,
- I've 1000l. in store.
- It's well to be a bondman,
- for I drink as good wine as the King."
- "You're a comely knight, John."
- "Knight! nonsense!"

<sup>1</sup> *annongst* in the MS.—F.

<sup>2</sup> *fortè* that is.—P.

<sup>3</sup> *courtyers*.—P.

<sup>4</sup> *burnet*, a kind of colour, whether that of the Pimpernel, which is called Burnet, or a dark brown (French *brunette*) stuff worn by Persons of quality. Gloss? ad G. Doug.—P.

<sup>5</sup> St. 49, as mote I thee. Thee,—to thrive. Vid. Jun. & Lye.—P.

<sup>6</sup> *fortè* "as good."—P.

<sup>7</sup> bee, or to bee. Qu.—P.

<sup>8</sup> Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.

<sup>9</sup> *fortè* delend.—P.

<sup>10</sup> *fortè wate*; G. Doug<sup>s</sup> *wete, weet*. Chauc.—P.

- But if any  
one  
wrongs me  
I'll fight  
him."
- 304 but if any such doe me wrong,<sup>1</sup>  
I will fight with him hand to hand,<sup>2</sup>  
when I am cladd in mine<sup>3</sup> array."
- "Have you  
travelled  
beyond sea,  
John?"  
"Not I!
- 308 the Bishopp sayd, "you seeme sturdye:  
trauelled you neuer beyond the sea?"  
Thon sayd sharplye "nay!  
I know none such strange guise,  
but att home on my<sup>4</sup> owne wise  
I dare hold the hye way;
- But I can  
hold my own  
on the road  
at home,  
and have got  
into trouble  
by it."
- 312 "& that hath done Iohn Reeue scath,  
ffor I haue made such as you wrath  
with choppes and chances<sup>5</sup> yare."  
"Iohn de Reeue,<sup>6</sup>" sayd our King,  
316 "hast thou any armouringe,  
or any weapon to weare?"
- "None but  
a two-  
pronged  
pitchfork,  
a rusty  
sword,  
and a broad  
knife,  
tho' perhaps  
I can fight  
as well as  
you.
- 320 "I vow, Sir, to god," sayd Iohn thoe,<sup>7</sup>  
"but a pikefforke with graines 2—  
my ffather vsed neuer other<sup>8</sup> speare:—  
a rusty sword that well will byte,  
& a handffull, a thyttille<sup>9</sup> syde  
that<sup>10</sup> sharplye will stare,<sup>11</sup>  
324 "an acton<sup>12</sup> & a habargyon a ffoote side;  
& yett peraduenture I durst abyde<sup>13</sup>  
as well as thou, Peeres, ffor all thy painted geere."

<sup>1</sup> fortè *wrang*. Dialect. boreal.—P.

<sup>2</sup> fortè hond to hond.—P.

<sup>3</sup> ? *mime* in the MS.—F.

<sup>4</sup> fortè in my.—P.

<sup>5</sup> Changes, Qu. *yare*, ready. dextrous,  
ready.—P.

<sup>6</sup> John the Reeve.—P.

<sup>7</sup> thoe, i.e. then.—P.

<sup>8</sup> had no other. Qu.—P.

<sup>9</sup> *thuitel*, a knife. Halliwell. A.-Sax.  
*þwitan*, to cut off.—F. *thytill*, some  
weapon, perhaps a Dagger, so named  
from its being worn upon the thigh,  
*thigh-till*. *syde* is long; perhaps the verse  
should be read "And a thytill a handfull

*syde*," i.e. a handful long: so a foot side,  
is a foot long. Vid. Stan. 26, P<sup>t</sup> 3<sup>d</sup>—P.  
*Syde* is also broad, wide.—F.

<sup>10</sup> will full sharplye share.—P.

<sup>11</sup> share.—P.

<sup>12</sup> Acton, Fr[ench] *Hocqueton*, *sagum*  
*militare*: a kind of armour made of  
Taffity or leather, quilted thick, and  
stuck full of thread, fringe, &c. reaching  
from the neck to the knee, worn under  
the Habergeon, to save the body from  
Bruises &c. Skene's exposition of difficult  
words contain'd in the 4 buiks of Regiam  
Magestatem, 1641 Q<sup>to</sup>—ubi plura.—P.

<sup>13</sup> stand a charge, fight; last out.—F.

- quoth Iohn, "I reede wee goe to the hall,  
 328 wee 3 ffellowes ; & peeres pay=for=all  
 the proudest before shall fare."
- thither they raked <sup>1</sup> anon-wright <sup>2</sup> :  
 a charcole ffyer burning bright  
 332 with manye a strang <sup>3</sup> brand.  
 the hall was large & some deale wyde,  
 there bords were <sup>4</sup> couered on euerye syde,  
 there mirth was comanded.<sup>5</sup>
- 336 then the good wiffe sayd with a seemlye cheere,  
 "your supper is readye there."  
 "yett watter,<sup>6</sup>" quoth Iohn, "letts see."  
 by then came Iohn's neighbors 2,  
 340 hobkin <sup>7</sup> long and hob alsoe :  
 the ffirst fitt here ffind wee.
- But let's go  
to supper."
- They go to  
the Hall,  
which has a  
fire in it,
- and tables  
laid.
- John's  
neighbours,  
Hobkin and  
Hodgkin,  
come in.

<sup>1</sup> went.—F.<sup>2</sup> right.—P.<sup>3</sup> strong.—P.<sup>4</sup> *werer* in the MS.—F.<sup>5</sup> *forté*, at command.—P.<sup>6</sup> This was for washing hands. See*Babees Book*, p. 5, l. 129, &c.Whenne that ye se youre lorde to mete  
shalle goo,Be redy to fecche him *water* sone.—F.<sup>7</sup> Hodgkin, vid. infra.—P.

## [The Second Part.]

[How John feasts the King, and dances with him.]

- |                                                                              |     |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |                                                                                                                                |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| John<br>arranges his<br>guests :                                             | }   | John sayd, "for want of a marshall, I will take<br><i>the wand</i> : <sup>1</sup>                                                                                                                                                                                                       |                                                                                                                                |
| the King at<br>top, the                                                      |     | 344                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     | Peerer ffauconer before shall gange ;<br>begin the dish <sup>2</sup> shall hee.                                                |
| Bishop next<br>his wife,                                                     |     | 2. <sup>d</sup> parte.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | goe to the bench, thou proud chaplaine,<br>my wiffe shall sitt thee againe ;<br>thy meate-fellow <sup>3</sup> shall shee bee." |
| the Earl<br>near the<br>King,                                                |     | 348                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     | he sett the Erle against the King ;<br>they were ffaine att his bidding.<br>thus Iohn marshalled his meanye. <sup>4</sup>      |
|                                                                              |     |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |                                                                                                                                |
| his prettiest<br>daughter<br>next the<br>King,<br>the other by<br>the Earl ; | 352 | Then Iohn sperred <sup>5</sup> where his daughters were :<br>"the ffairer shall sitt by the ffawconere ;<br>he is the best ffarrand <sup>6</sup> man :<br>the other shall the Sompter man hauc."<br>the Erle sayd, "soe god me saue !<br>356 of curtesye, Iohn, thou can." <sup>7</sup> |                                                                                                                                |
|                                                                              |     |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |                                                                                                                                |
| and says<br>that if                                                          |     | "If my selfe," quoth Iohn, "be bound, <sup>8</sup><br>yett my daughters beene well ffarrand,<br>I tell you sickerlye.                                                                                                                                                                   |                                                                                                                                |
| the King<br>married one,                                                     | 360 | Peerer, & thou had wedded Iohn daughter reene,<br>there were no man <i>that</i> durst thee greeue<br>neither ffor gold nor ffee.                                                                                                                                                        |                                                                                                                                |

<sup>1</sup> John said as marshal I'll take the wand &c.—P. Compare *The Boke of Curtasye*, Sloane MS. 1486, ed. Halliwell, Percy Soc., ed. Furnivall in *Babees Book* &c. E. E. Text Soc. 1868, Fowre men þer ben þat 3erdis schalle bere, Porter, marshalle, stuarde, vsshere ; The porter schalle haue þe lengest wande, The marshalle a schorter schalle haue in hande.

l. 352-6 ; *Babees Book*, &c. p. 309. In halle, marshalle alle men schalle sett

After here degre, *with-uten* lett.

l. 403-4.—F.

<sup>2</sup> deese, dais.—F.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. Mess-mate.—P.

<sup>4</sup> familia, multitudo. Lye.—P.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. enquired.—P.

<sup>6</sup> *farrand*, perhaps the same as *far-rantly*, a word in Staffordshire signifying sufficient, handsome, proper &c. T. P. *farand*, *farrant*, beseeming, becoming, courteous, handsome. Gloss. to G. Doug.<sup>8</sup> —P.

<sup>7</sup> knowest.—F.

<sup>8</sup> bende, or bande.—P.

- 364 "Sompter man, & thou the other had,<sup>1</sup>  
 in good ffaith then thou were made  
 ffor euer in this cuntrye;  
 then, Peeres,<sup>2</sup> thou might<sup>3</sup> beare the prize.  
 yett I wold this chaplaine had a benefize,  
 368 as mote I<sup>4</sup> thariue<sup>5</sup> or three<sup>6</sup> !
- "in this towne a kirke there is ;  
 & I were king, itt shold be his,  
 he shold haue itt of mee ;  
 372 yett will I helpe as well as I may."  
 the King, the Erle, the Bishopp, can say,  
 "Iohn, & wee liue wee shall quitte thee."
- when his daughters were come to dease,<sup>7</sup>  
 376 "sitt ffarther," quoth Iohn withouten Leaze,<sup>8</sup>  
 "ffor there shalbe no more."<sup>9</sup> [page 362]  
 these strange ffellowes I doe not ken ;  
 peraduenture they may be some<sup>10</sup> gentlemen ;  
 380 therefore I and my neighbors towe,
- "att side end bord wee<sup>11</sup> will bee,  
 out of the gentles companye<sup>12</sup> ;  
 thinke yee not best soe ?  
 384 ffor itt was neuer the Law of England<sup>13</sup>  
 to sett gentles blood with bound<sup>14</sup> ;  
 therefore to supper will wee goe.<sup>15</sup> "

and the Earl  
the other,  
they'd be  
made men.

And as for  
the Bishop,

if he, John,  
were king,  
he'd give  
him their  
parish  
church.

They all 3  
promise to  
reward him.

John and his  
two neigh-  
bours sit at  
a side table.

<sup>1</sup> yee—had, Qu.—P.  
<sup>2</sup> Tho' Peeres, &c.—P.  
<sup>3</sup> mought, mote.—P.  
<sup>4</sup> so mote I.—P.  
<sup>5</sup> Qu. MS. There is one stroke too few  
for *thariue*. "Thrive or thee" is the  
phrase intended.—F.  
<sup>6</sup> all three, Qu.—P.  
<sup>7</sup> *Deis*, erat altior & eminentior mensa  
in aula. The high table. See Jun. *Deis*,  
desk, bench, seat, table. Per metonym.  
adj., a feast, banquet, or entertainment  
Et per al. meton. to set at deis with one

(Lat. *hospitium*) is taken for friendship,  
alliance, or [cov]enant. . . .—P.

<sup>8</sup> *Lese*, Lying, falsehood, treachery.  
Urry, Gloss. to Chaucer.—P.

<sup>9</sup> moe.—P.

<sup>10</sup> some *delend*.—P.

<sup>11</sup> At side bord end wee &c. Vid. St.  
15. At siden borde we &c. So with-  
outen for without. Shenstone.—P.

<sup>12</sup> Only half the *n* in the MS.—P.

<sup>13</sup> Englonde.—P.

<sup>14</sup> bonde.—P.

<sup>15</sup> wee'll go.—P.

- The supper  
is bean  
bread,  
salt bacon,  
broth,  
lean beef,  
sour ale.
- 388 by then came in beane bread,<sup>1</sup>  
salt Bacon rusted and redd,  
& brewice<sup>2</sup> in a blacke dish,  
leane salt beefe of a yeere old,  
ale *that* was both sower & cold :
- 392 this was the first service :
- eche one had of that ylke<sup>3</sup> a messe.  
the king sayd, "soe haue I blisse,  
such service nerest<sup>4</sup> I see."
- The King  
doesn't like  
it.
- John says
- 396 quoth Iohn, "thou gettest noe other of mee  
att this time but this."<sup>5</sup>
- "yes, good fellow," the *King* gan say,  
"take this service here<sup>6</sup> away,  
400 & better bread vs bringe ;  
& gett vs some better drinke ;  
we shall thee requite, as wee thinke,  
without any letting."
- he'll give  
him no  
better,  
unless they  
all swear
- 404 quoth Iohn, "beshrew the morsell of bread  
this night *that* shall come in *your* head  
but thou sweare me one thinge !  
swere to me by booke and bell
- not to tell  
the King.
- 408 *that* thou shalt neuer Iohn Reeue bettell  
vnto Edward our kinge."
- The King  
vows he'll  
never tell  
him,
- 412 quoth the king, "to thee my truth I plight,  
he shall nott witt our service<sup>7</sup>  
no more then he doth nowe,  
neuer while wee 3 liue in land."  
"therto," quoth Iohn, "hold vp thy hand,  
& then I will thee troe."

<sup>1</sup> Compare the loaves of beans and bran baked for his children by the Ploughman. *Vision*, p. 89, l. 270 ed. Skeat.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Brewice, i.e. Broth, Pottage. Jun.—P. The *ice* stands over *ish* marked out.—F.

<sup>3</sup> ilk, *ipse* that ilk, *idem* that same. Lye.—P.

<sup>4</sup> never, or ne'er.—P.  
<sup>5</sup> Forté other [Meate or other Service] Q<sup>th</sup> John, at this Time, but this Thou gettest none of me.—P.

<sup>6</sup> MS. herer.—F.

<sup>7</sup> our service witt. Qu.—P.

- 416 "loe," quoth the king, "my hand is heere!"  
 "soe is mine!" quoth the Erle with a merry cheere, and so say  
the Earl  
 "thereto I giue god a vowe."  
 "haue heere my hand!" the Bishopp sayd. and Bishop.
- 420 "marry," quoth Iohn, "thou may hold thee well  
 apayd,  
 ffor itt is ffor thy power.<sup>1</sup>
- "take this away, thou hobkin<sup>2</sup> long,  
 & let vs sitt out of the throng John orders  
the bad  
supper  
off,
- 424 att a side bords end;  
 these strange ffellowes thinke vncouthlye  
 this night att our<sup>3</sup> Cookerye,  
 such as god hath vs sent.<sup>4</sup>"
- 428 by them<sup>5</sup> came in the payment bread,  
 wine *that* was both white and redd and then has  
in the good:  
spiced bread,  
and good  
wine.  
 in siluer cupp[e]s cleare.  
 "a ha!" quoth Iohn,<sup>6</sup> "our supper begins with  
 drinke!
- 432 tasste itt, ladds! & looke how<sup>7</sup> yee thinke,<sup>8</sup>  
 ffor my loue, and make good cheere! He tells  
them to  
taste his  
wine.
- "of meate & drinke you shall haue good ffare;  
 & as ffor good wine, wee will not spare, There is  
plenty  
of it,
- 436 I goe<sup>9</sup> you to vnderstand.<sup>10</sup>  
 ffor euerye yeere, I tell thee thoe,<sup>11</sup>  
 I will haue a tunn or towe and the best  
that can be  
got.  
 of the best *that* may be ffound.<sup>12</sup>
- 440 "yee shall see 3 Churles heere  
 drinke the wine with a merry cheere;  
 I pray you doe you soe;

<sup>1</sup> Forté,Qu<sup>th</sup> John yee may be well ap<sup>d</sup>  
For it is in my power now.—P.*Power* is for *Proue*, profit, advantage;  
Fr. *prou*.—F.<sup>2</sup> Hodgkin, vid. *Infra*.—P.<sup>3</sup> of our &c.—P.<sup>4</sup> God doth us send.—P.<sup>5</sup> ? MS. then.—F.<sup>6</sup> Quoth John, &c. (a ha *delend*).—P.<sup>7</sup> *Fortè* tell how &c.—P.<sup>8</sup> Qu. slink, perhaps thinke.—P.<sup>9</sup> Qu. give.—P.<sup>10</sup> understonde.—P.<sup>11</sup> thee now or true.—P.<sup>12</sup> fonde.—P.



- They'll all  
sup, and  
then dance. 444 & when our supper is all doone,  
you and wee will dance soone;  
letts see who best can doe."
- The Earl  
says the  
King  
can drink no  
better wine. 448 the Erle sayd, "by Marry bright,  
wheresoeuer the King lyeth this night,  
he drinketh no better wine  
then thou selfe<sup>1</sup> does att this tyde."  
"infaith," quoth Iohn, "soe had leeuere<sup>2</sup> I did  
then liue ay in woe & payne.<sup>3</sup>
- 452 "If I be come of Carles kinne,  
part of the good *that* I may winne, [page 3 63]  
some therof shall be mine.  
he *that* neuer spendeth but alway spareth,  
456 comonlye oft<sup>4</sup> the worsse he ffareth;  
others will broake<sup>5</sup> itt ffine.<sup>6</sup>"
- Next come  
the boar's  
head, 460 by then came in red wine & ale,  
the bores head<sup>7</sup> into the hall,  
then sheild<sup>8</sup> with sauces seere<sup>9</sup>;  
Capons both baked & rosted,<sup>10</sup>  
capons,  
woodcockes, venison, without bost,  
venison,  
& dish meeate<sup>11</sup> dight full deere.
- swans, 464 swannes they had piping hott,  
curlews,  
herons, &c. Coneys, curleys,<sup>12</sup> well I wott,  
the crane, the hearne<sup>13</sup> in ffere,<sup>14</sup>

<sup>1</sup> thyself.—P.<sup>2</sup> i. e. rather: I leever, *legend*.—P.<sup>3</sup> pine or pyne. Chauc. *idem*.—P.<sup>4</sup> oft, *delend*.—P.<sup>5</sup> to brouke, broke, to brook, bear;  
To use, enjoy. Urry in Chauc.—P.<sup>6</sup> fine for finely.—P.<sup>7</sup> See the Carol, *The boris hede furst*,  
in Mrs. Ormsby Gore's *Porkington MS.*  
No. 10. The carol is printed in *Reliq.*  
*Antiq.* vol. ii., *Babees Book* &c. p. 397.—F.<sup>8</sup> The swerd of Bacon is call'd the  
Shield: and the horny Part of brawn in  
some places.—P.<sup>9</sup> *seere, seere, several*; many; contract.from *sever*, or *several*. Gloss. ad G. D.  
—P.<sup>10</sup> roste.—P.<sup>11</sup> sweet dishes, &c. Russell says in  
his *Boke of Nurture*, l. 513-14,  
Some maner cury of Cookes crafft sotelly  
y haue espied,how þeire dischmetes ar dressid with  
hony not claryfied.—F.<sup>12</sup> curlews.—P.<sup>13</sup> heron. See Russell, in *Babees Book*,  
p. 143-4. Compare this feast with Rus-  
sell's *Fest for a Franklen*, B.B. p. 172-3.  
—F.<sup>14</sup> i. e. together, along.—P.

- pigeons, partrid[g]es, with spicerye,  
 468 Elkes,<sup>1</sup> fflomes,<sup>2</sup> with ffroterye.<sup>3</sup> partridges,  
 tarts &c.
- Iohn bade them make good cheere.
- the Erle sayd, "soe mote I thee,  
 Iohn, you serue vs royallye !  
 472 if yee had dwelled att London,<sup>4</sup> The Earl  
 says it's  
 a royal  
 feast ;
- if king Edward where here,<sup>5</sup> the King  
 might be  
 pleased with  
 it.
- he might be a-payd<sup>6</sup> with this supper,<sup>7</sup>  
 such ffreindshipp wee haue ffound."
- 476 "Nay," sayd Iohn, "by gods grace,  
 & Edward wher in<sup>8</sup> this place,  
 hee shold not touch this tonne.  
 hee wold be wrath with Iohn, I hope ;  
 480 therefore I beshrew<sup>9</sup> the soupe<sup>10</sup>  
 that shall come in his mouth<sup>11</sup> !"
- theratt the King laughed & made good cheere.  
 the Bishopp sayd, "wee fare well heere !"
- 484 the Erle sayd as him thought.  
 they spake lattine amongst them there<sup>12</sup> : They talk  
 Latin  
 together.  
 John tells  
 them to
- "infayth," quoth Iohn, "and yee greeue mee,  
 ffull deere itt shalbe bought.
- 488 "speake English euerye-eche one,<sup>13</sup> talk English,  
 or else sitt still, in the devills name !  
 such talke loue I naught.<sup>14</sup>
- Lattine spoken amongst Lewd<sup>15</sup> men,  
 492 therin noe reason ffind I can ;  
 ffor ffalshood itt is wrought.

<sup>1</sup> 'Elk, a wild swan. Northern.' Halliwell. ? *yelk*, some dish of eggs.—F.

<sup>2</sup> ? *flauns*, a kind of cheesecake.—F.

<sup>3</sup> *fruterye*, fruit collectively taken, *fruiterie* Fr. Johnson.—P. Fritters, I have no doubt. See them in Russell's *Boke of Nurture* (p. 168-70 *Babees Book*) and many other Bills of Fare.—F.

<sup>4</sup> *Fortè* As ye at London won'd.—P.

<sup>5</sup> Edward's self were heere.—P.

<sup>6</sup> to appay, to satisfy, to content, hence

'well appaid' is pleased. 'ill appayd' is uneasy (Fr. *appayer*). Johns.—P.

<sup>7</sup> *suppere*.—P.

<sup>8</sup> MS. wherin.—F. were in.—P.

<sup>9</sup> *beshrew*, *verbum male precantis*. Jun.—P.

<sup>10</sup> *sup*, *soupe*.—P.

<sup>11</sup> That in his Mouth sholde come.—P.

<sup>12</sup> perhaps "three."—P.

<sup>13</sup> *everiche* one.—P.

<sup>14</sup> not, or hold I naught.—P.

<sup>15</sup> Lewd, i. e. Laymen. Johnson.—P.

he doesn't  
like whisper-  
ing,

“row[n]ing,<sup>1</sup> I loue itt<sup>2</sup> neither young nor old ;  
therefore yee ought not to bee to bold,

496       neither att Meate nor meale.

it's traitors'  
work

hee was ffalse *that* rowning began ;  
therefore I say to you certaine  
I loue itt neuer a deale :

and not to  
be tolerated  
by any  
courteous  
host.

500       “that man can [nought] of curtesye  
*that* lets att his meate rowning bee,<sup>3</sup>  
I say, soe haue I seile.<sup>4</sup>”

The Earl  
promises to  
leave off.

the Erle sayd right againe,  
504       “att your bidding wee will be baine,<sup>5</sup>  
wee thinke you say right weele.”

Then sweets  
come in,

by this came vp ffrom the kitchin  
sirrupps<sup>6</sup> on plates<sup>7</sup> good and ffine,

508       wrought in a ffayre array.

and John  
proposes  
that they  
shall be  
merry

“Sirrah,<sup>8</sup>” sayth Iohn, “sithe wee are mett,  
& as good ffellowes together sett,  
lett vs be blythe to-day.

and he and  
his mates  
shall

512       “Hodgkin long, & hob of the Lath,<sup>9</sup>  
you are counted good ffellowes both,<sup>10</sup>  
now is no time to thrine<sup>11</sup> ;

<sup>1</sup> rowning, they are used promiscuously in Chauc. —P.

<sup>2</sup> *in*, qu. ; or loved neither.—P.

<sup>3</sup> John is right here. Whispering is strictly forbidden by the old Books of Courtesy, &c.

“Loke þou rownde not in no mannys ere.”

*Babees Book*, p. 20, l. 54.

Looke that ye be in rihte stable sylence,  
Withe-oute lowde lauhtere or Iangelynge,  
*Rovnyng*, Iapyng or other Insolence.

*ib.* p. 253, l. 93-5.

Bekenyng, fynguryng, non þou vse,  
And pryue rownyng loke thou refuse.

*Boke of Curtasye*, l. 250, Bab. Book, p. 306.

<sup>4</sup> *seil*, Scotch, i.e. prosperity, happiness. Gloss? to Ramsay's Ever-green. à Teut. *selig*. &c., beatus, felix. Gloss.

ad G. D.—P.

<sup>5</sup> so *bane* in G. Doug. is ready. Æ. 3, v. 96, Antiquam exquirite matrem: ‘to seik zour auld moder make ze bane.’ perhaps for *bowne*, metri gratia. Gloss. ad G. Doug.—P.

<sup>6</sup> Compare Russell, l. 509, (in *Babees Book* &c.) speaking of cooks: Some with Sireppis (Sawces), Sewes and soppes.—F.

<sup>7</sup> *fortè* platters.—P.

<sup>8</sup> *Fortè* Sirs.—P. Sirrahs.—Dyce.

<sup>9</sup> Lathe.—P. <sup>10</sup> baith.—P.

<sup>11</sup> The German *thränen*, to run over, weep, is the only word I can suggest for this, though it could hardly become *thrine*. A.-S. *þringan* is to throng, crowd, press. *Trine*, to hang. Halliwell.—F.

- this wine is new come out of ffrance ;  
 516 be god ! me list well to dance, dance.  
       therefore take my hand in thine ;
- “ ffor wee will ffor our guests sake  
 hop and dance, & Reuell make.”  
 520 the truth ffor to know,  
 vp he rose, & dranke the wine : John stands  
up  
 “ wee must haue powder of ginger therein,”  
 Iohn sayd, as I troe.
- 524 Iohn bade them stand vp all about,  
 “ & yee shall see the carles stout  
 dance about the bowle.  
 Hob of the lathe <sup>1</sup> & Hodgkin long,  
 528 in ffayth you dance your mesures wrong ! with Hob  
and  
Hodgkin,  
and they  
dance  
       methinkes *that* I shold know.
- “ yee dance neither Gallyard <sup>2</sup> nor hawe,<sup>3</sup>  
 Trace <sup>4</sup> nor true mesure, as I trowe,<sup>5</sup> [page 364]  
 532 but hopp as yee were woode.”  
 when they began of ffoote to ffayle,  
 thé tumbled top ouer taylor,  
       & *Master* and *Master* they yode. till they  
tumble  
down.
- 536 fforth they stepped on stones store <sup>6</sup> ;  
 Hob of the lathe lay on the fflore,  
       his brow brast out of blood.  
 “ ah, ha ! ” Quoth Iohn, “ thou makes good game ! John laughs  
at Hob,  
 540 had thou not ffalled, wee had not laught ;  
       thou gladds vs all, by the rood.”

<sup>1</sup> *lathe* est horreum ; a Corn-house, a Grange. Jun.—P.

<sup>2</sup> A quick and lively dance introduced into this country about 1541. Halliwell.—F.

<sup>3</sup> *Hay*, Qu. Dance the Hay.—P. A round country dance. Halliwell.—F.

<sup>4</sup> *Trasinge*, ap<sup>d</sup> G. Douglas, is explain'd in y<sup>e</sup> Gloss., ‘stepping, walking softly,’ from the Fr. *trace*, a step ; but it

is join'd with dancing in y<sup>e</sup> following Passage :

The harpis & gythornis playis attanis,  
 Upstert Troyanis, & syne Italianis  
 And gan do doubil brangillis & gambettis  
 Dansis & roundis *trasing* mony gatis.  
 —P.

<sup>5</sup> *Fortè*, as I say.—P.

<sup>6</sup> *store*, *stour*, *sture*, *ingens*, *crassus*. Lye.—P.

- and pulls  
him up.
- John hent<sup>1</sup> vp hobb<sup>2</sup> by the hand,<sup>3</sup>  
sayes, "methinkes wee dance our measures wronge,  
544 by him *that* sitteth in throne."  
then they began to kicke & wince,<sup>4</sup>  
Iohn hitt the king ouer the shinnes  
with a payre of new clowted shoone.
- They begin  
to play at  
kicks,
- 548 sith *King* Edward was mad a knight,  
had he neuer soe merry a night  
as he had with Iohn de Reeue.<sup>5</sup>  
to bed thé busked them anon,  
552 their liueryes<sup>6</sup> were serued them vp soone  
with a merry cheere ;
- and the  
King has a  
merry night.
- Next  
morning
- 556 & thus<sup>7</sup> they sleeped till morning att prime<sup>8</sup>  
in ffull good sheetes of Line.  
a masse<sup>9</sup> he garred them to haue,  
& after they dight them to dine  
with boyled capons good & ffine.  
the Duke sayd,<sup>10</sup> "soe god me saue,  
560 if euer wee come to our abone,<sup>11</sup>  
we shall thee quitt our Barrison<sup>12</sup> ;  
thou shalt not need itt<sup>13</sup> to craue."
- they hear  
Mass,  
breakfast,
- promise  
John a  
reward,

<sup>1</sup> i. e. held. Lye.—P.

<sup>2</sup> The first *b* is made over a *p* in the MS.—F.

<sup>3</sup> hond or wrang.—P.

<sup>4</sup> *Winche*, to kick. Halliwell.—F.

<sup>5</sup> the Reeve, or John Reeve there.—P.

<sup>6</sup> Allowances of meat and drink &c. 'Lyueray he hase of mete and drynke.' *Boke of Curtasye*, l. 371, *Babees Book*, p. 310. Bouge of Court it is called in *Household Ordinances*, t. Edw. IV.—F.

<sup>7</sup> there.—P.

<sup>8</sup> prime sic legerit. Lye. D. *fortè* morn<sup>z</sup> prime, or morn at prime.—P.

<sup>9</sup> perhaps *Mess.*—P. Mass was heard by all in the morning.—F.

<sup>10</sup> The Erle said.—P.

<sup>11</sup> *Fortasse* Wone.—P. *Abofe* is abode, dwelling (Halliwell); *abone*, above.—F.

<sup>12</sup> Warrison [gift, reward] see P: 3:rd St. 40.—P.

<sup>13</sup> *it* delend.—P.

## [The Third Part.]

[How the King invites John to court, and rewards him.]

- 564 the king tooke leaue att man & mayde <sup>1</sup>;  
Iohn sett him in the rode way;  
to windsor can hee <sup>2</sup> ryde.
- 568 { Then all the court was ffull faine  
that the king was comen againe,  
& thanked chr[i]st that tyde.
- 3<sup>d</sup> parte { the Ierfawcons were taken againe  
in the fforrest of windsor without laine,<sup>3</sup>  
the Lords did soe *provyde*,  
572 they thanked god & S<sup>t</sup> Iollye.  
to tell the Queene of their harbor <sup>4</sup>  
the lords had ffull great pryde.
- 576 The Queene sayd, " Sir, by your leaue,  
I pray you send ffor that Noble Reeue,  
that I may see him with sight."  
the Messenger was made to wend,  
& bidd Iohn Reeue goe to the King  
580 hastilye with all his might.
- Iohn waxed vnfaine <sup>5</sup> in bone & blood,  
saith, " dame, to me this is noe good,  
my truth to you I plight."  
584 " you must come in your best array."  
" what too," sayd Iohn, " Sir, I thee pray ?"  
" thou must be made a Knight."

and take  
their leaue.King  
Edward is  
welcomed at  
Windsor.They tell the  
Queen about  
John de  
Reeve,and she asks  
the King to  
send for him.A messenger  
tells John to  
come to the  
King.He is put  
out at first,<sup>1</sup> may.—Dyce.<sup>2</sup> gan he &c.—P. *Can* means did.—F.<sup>3</sup> MS. laime.—F. Vid. Stanz. 45.—P.<sup>4</sup> *fortè* harborye, or harberye.—P.  
lodging.—F.<sup>5</sup> displeased, literally 'unglad.'—P.

- thinks his  
late guests 588 “a knight,” sayd Iohn, “by Marry myld,  
I know right well I am beguiled  
with the guests I harbord late.
- have got him  
into a  
scrape;  
“but never  
mind, 592 to debate they will me bring;  
yett cast <sup>1</sup> I mee ffor nothings  
noe sorrow ffor to take;
- wife, fetch  
my armour, 596 “Allice, ffeitch mee downe my side Acton,  
my round pallett <sup>2</sup> to my crowne,  
is made of Millayne <sup>3</sup> plate,  
pitchfork,  
and sword.” a pitch-fforke and a sword. <sup>4</sup>”  
shee sayd shee was affrayd <sup>5</sup>  
this deede wold make debate.
- 600 Allice ffeitched downe his Acton syde;  
hee tooke itt ffor no litle pryde,  
yett must hee itt weare.
- The  
scabbard  
is torn. 604 the Scaberd was rent withouten doubt,  
a large handfull the bleade <sup>6</sup> hanged out:  
Iohn the REEUE sayd there,
- John calls  
for leather  
and a nail to  
mend it, 608 “gett lether & a nayle,” Iohn can say,  
“lett me sow itt <sup>7</sup> a chape to-day,  
Lest men scorne my geere. [page 365]  
Now,” sayd Iohn, “will I see  
[w]hether <sup>8</sup> itt will out lightlye  
or <sup>9</sup> I meane itt to weare.”
- and tries to  
pull the  
blade out. 612 Iohn pulled ffast att the blade:  
(I wold hee had kist my arse *that* itt made!)  
he cold not gett itt out.

<sup>1</sup> to cast, to calculate, to reckon, compute. Item, to contrive, to turn the thoughts. Johnson.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Pallat, in G. Doug<sup>s</sup> is used for *caput*. Scot. bor. *pallet* or *pallat* is the crown of the Head or Skull. Gloss. ad G. Doug<sup>s</sup>. Hence it *should* signify here an Helmet or Skull-cap.—P.

<sup>3</sup> See note <sup>2</sup>, vol. i. p. 68.—F.

<sup>4</sup> *forte* sward.—P.

<sup>5</sup> *affear'd*.—P.

<sup>6</sup> blade.—P.

<sup>7</sup> *Fortè* sow in. in, qy.—P. *Chape*, the hook of a scabbard; the metal part at the top. Halliwell.—F.

<sup>8</sup> whether.—P.

<sup>9</sup> or, i. e. before.—P.



- Alice held, & Iohn draughe,<sup>1</sup>  
 either att other ffast longhe,<sup>2</sup>  
 616 I doe yee out of doubt.
- Iohn pulled att the scaberd soe hard,  
 againe a post he ran backward  
 & gaue his head a rowte.<sup>3</sup>  
 620 his wiffe did laughe when he did ffall,  
 & soe did his<sup>4</sup> meanye all  
*that* were there neere about.
- Iohn sent after his neighbors both,<sup>5</sup>  
 624 Hodgkine long & hobb of the lath.<sup>6</sup>  
 they were beene<sup>7</sup> att his biddinge.  
 3 pottles of wine<sup>8</sup> in a dishe  
 they supped itt<sup>9</sup> all off, as I wis,  
 628 all there att their partinge.
- Iohn sayd, “ & I had my buckler,<sup>10</sup>  
 theres nothing *that* shold me dare,  
 I tell you all in ffere.<sup>11</sup>  
 632 ffeitch me downe,” quoth he, “ my gloues ;  
 they came but<sup>12</sup> on my<sup>13</sup> hands but once  
 this 22<sup>14</sup> yeere.
- “ ffeitch mee my Capull,” sayd hee there.  
 636 his saddle was of a new manner,<sup>15</sup>  
 his stirropps were of a tree.<sup>16</sup>  
 “ dame,” he sayd, “ ffeitch me wine ;  
 I will drinke to thee<sup>17</sup> once againe,  
 640 I troe I shall neuer thee see.
- His wife holds, he pulls,  
 and he falls back against a post.  
 His wife and men laugh at him.  
 He sends for Hodgkin and Hob,  
 to drink and take leave of him.  
 Then he calls for his  
 gloves,  
 his horse,  
 and more wine.

<sup>1</sup> drowghe, Chaucer, i. e. drew.—P.  
<sup>2</sup> lough, or lowghe, i. e. laughed.  
 Chaucer.—P.

<sup>3</sup> Great or violent stir. Devon.  
 Hall.—F.

<sup>4</sup> *his* in the MS.—F.

<sup>5</sup> baith.—P.

<sup>6</sup> Lathe.—P.

<sup>7</sup> Qu. bowne, bane, bayne, Vid. Pt 2.

St. 29 [t. i. 28 of MS., l. 504 above].—P.

<sup>8</sup> MS. wime.—F.

<sup>9</sup> *itt*, delend, censeo.—P.

<sup>10</sup> bucklere.—P.

<sup>11</sup> in fere, together, intire, wholly.  
 Gloss. ad G.D.—P.

<sup>12</sup> delend. Qu.—P.

<sup>13</sup> came upon my.—P.

<sup>14</sup> two & twentye.—P.

<sup>15</sup> mannere.—P.

<sup>16</sup> of tree.—P. wood.—F.

<sup>17</sup> An upright stroke, which may be for  
 1, stands between *thee* and *once*.—F.

He,  
Hodgkin,  
and Hob

“Hodgkin long, & hob of the lathe,  
tarry & drinke with me bothe,<sup>1</sup>  
ffor my cares are ffast commaunde.<sup>2</sup>”

drink five  
gallons ;

644 they dranke 5 gallons verament :  
“ffarwell ffellowes all present,  
ffor I am readye to gange !”

and  
Hodgkin  
heaves him  
on to his  
mare.

John was soe combred in his geere  
648 hee cold not gett vpon his mare  
till hodgkinn heaue vp<sup>3</sup> behind.

When he  
gets to  
Windsor  
Castle, the  
porter won't  
let him in,

“Now ffarwell, Sir, by the roode !”  
to neither *Knight* nor Barron good  
652 his hatt he wold not vayle  
till<sup>4</sup> he came to the *Kings* gate :  
the Porter wold not lett him in theratt,  
nor come within the walle,

656 till a *Knight* came walking out.  
they sayd, “yonder standeth a carle stout  
in a rusticall arraye.”  
on him they all wondred wright,<sup>5</sup>  
660 & said he was an vnseemelye wight,  
& thus to him they<sup>6</sup> gan say :

and the  
servants  
chaff him.

“hayle, ffellow ! where wast thou borne?  
thee beseemeth ffull well to weare a horne !  
664 where had thou *that* ffaire geere ?  
I troe a man might seeke ffull long,  
one like to thee ar *that* hee ffound,<sup>7</sup>  
tho he sought all this yeere.”

<sup>1</sup> bathe or baith.—P.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. are coming fast. *comand*, idem  
ac coming.—P.

<sup>3</sup> hove up.—P.

<sup>4</sup> when. Qu.—P.

<sup>5</sup> right.—P.

<sup>6</sup> they *delend*.—P.

<sup>7</sup> fonde.—P. ? ffont, got hold of.—  
Dyce.

- 668 Iohn bade them kisse the devills arse<sup>1</sup>:      John says  
     "ffor you my geare is much the worsse<sup>2</sup>!  
     you will itt not amend,  
     by my ffaith, *that* can I lead!
- 672 vpon<sup>3</sup> the head I shall you shread      he'll crack  
     but if you hence wende!      their crowns  
     if they don't  
     go.
- "the devill him speede vpon his crowne  
     *that* causeth<sup>4</sup> me to come to this towne,  
 676      whether he weare Iacke or Iill!  
     what shold such men as I doe heere  
     att the kings Manner<sup>5</sup>?  
     I might haue beene att home still."
- 680 as Iohn stode fflyting<sup>6</sup> ffast,      Then John  
     he saw one of his guests come at the last;      sees his  
     to him he spake ffull bold,      guest,  
     to him he ffast ffull rode,<sup>7</sup>      the Earl,
- 684 he vayled neither hatt nor hood;  
     sayth, "thou hast me betold!      [page 366] and  
     and reproaches  
     him with  
     having  
     told of him.
- "full well I wott by this light  
     *that* thou hast disdaine me right;  
 688      ffor wrat[h] I waxe neere wood!"  
     The Erle sayd, "by Marry bright,  
     Iohn, thou made vs a merry night;  
     thou shalt haue nothing but good."
- 692 the Erle tooke leaue att Iohn Reue,  
     sayd, "thou shalt come in without greefe;  
     I pray thee tarry a while."

<sup>1</sup> Erse, Chauc.—P.<sup>2</sup> werse, Chauc.—P.<sup>3</sup> MS. vpan or vpom.—F.<sup>4</sup> *Fortè* caused.—P.<sup>5</sup> Mannere.—P. Dwelling, mansion.  
—F.<sup>6</sup> To flyte, i. e. to chide, is still in use  
in Scotland. Gloss? to Ramsay's Ever-  
green. *flyt*, to scold, chide. A.-S. *flitan*,  
contendere, rixari. Gloss. ad G. Doug.  
—P.<sup>7</sup> full faste rode.—P.

and goes to  
tell the King  
that John is  
at the gate.

the Erle into the hall went,  
696 & told the *King* verament  
that <sup>1</sup> Iohn Reeue was att the gate ;  
“to no man list hee lout.  
a rusty sword gird <sup>2</sup> him about,  
700 & a long ffawchyon, I wott.<sup>3</sup>”

King  
Edward  
orders John  
to be brought  
in to table.

the *King* said, “goe wee to meate,  
& bringe him when <sup>4</sup> wee are sett ;  
our dame shall haue a play.”

The Earl  
describes  
John's

704 “he hath 10 arrowes in a thonge,  
some are short & some are long,  
the sooth as I shold say ;

armour,

“a rusty sallett <sup>5</sup> vpon his crowne,  
708 his hood were made home browne <sup>6</sup> ;  
there may nothing him dare ;

his knife,

a thytill hee hath ffast in his hand  
that hangeth in a peake band,<sup>7</sup>  
712 & sharplye itt will share.

gloves,

“he hath a pouch hanging ffull wyde,  
a rusty Buckeler on the other syde,  
his mittons <sup>8</sup> are of blacke clothe.  
716 who-soe to him sayth ought but good,  
<sup>9</sup> [I swear it to you by the rood,]  
and temper.  
ffull soone hee wilbe wrothe.”

John tells  
the porter to  
let him in.

then Iohn sayd, “Porter, lett mee in !  
720 some of my goods thou shalt win ;  
I loue not ffor to pray.”

<sup>1</sup> That *delend*.—P.

<sup>2</sup> girdeth.—P.

<sup>3</sup> weet. Item. wate, wat, i.e. know,  
knew, wot. Gloss. ad G. D.—P.

<sup>4</sup> him in, when.—P.

<sup>5</sup> Aliter *salad*, a Gallic. *Salade*, a Head-  
piece. *Celada*, or *Zelada*, Spanish. Lye.  
vid. St. 6, P<sup>t</sup>. 3<sup>d</sup> [l. 594 above].—P.

<sup>6</sup> of homespun brown : or rather, was  
of homemade brow[n]. See P<sup>t</sup> 1, St. 48  
[l. 284 above].—P.

<sup>7</sup> See the Picture of Chaucer.—P.

<sup>8</sup> Cp. Twey mitteynes as meter. *Piers  
Plowman's Crede*.—F.

<sup>9</sup> A line wanting.—P.

- the Porter sayd, "stand abacke !  
 & thou come neere I shall thee rappe,  
 724 thou carle, by my ffay !"
- John tooke his fforke<sup>1</sup> in his hand,  
 he bare his fforke on an End,  
 he thought to make a ffray ;  
 728 his Capull was wight,<sup>2</sup> & corne ffedd ;  
 vpon the Porter hee him spedd,  
 and him had welnye slaine.<sup>3</sup>
- he hitt the Porter vpon the crowne,  
 732 with *that* stroke hee ffell downe,  
 fforsooth as I you tell ;  
 & then hee rode into the hall,  
 & all the doggs both great & small<sup>4</sup>  
 736 on Iohn ffast can thé yell.<sup>5</sup>
- Iohn layd about as hee were wood,  
 & 4 hee killed as hee stood ;  
 the rest will now be ware.  
 740 then came fforth a squier hend,  
 & sayd, "Iohn, I am thy ffreind,  
 I pray you light downe heere."
- another sayd, "giue me thy fforke,"  
 744 & Iohn sayd, "nay, by S<sup>t</sup> William of Yorke,<sup>6</sup>  
 ffirst I will cracke thy crowne !"

The porter  
says he'll  
give him  
a rap.

On which  
John  
charges him  
with his  
pitchfork,

nearly  
kills him,

and then  
rides into the  
King's hall,

killing four  
of his dogs  
on the way.

One squire  
asks him to  
dismount ;

another, to  
give up his  
fork ;

<sup>1</sup> forke. Perhaps *stocke*, which is used by Gawain Douglas for a dagger, rapier, Æn. 7, 669, "veruque sabello" being render'd "with stokkis sabellyne." ab Ital. *stoico*, ensis longior. Gloss. ad G. D. *Stock*, caudex, Truncus. Jun. It signifies also the handle of anything. Johnson. A staff or long Pole.—P. John's tool is of course his two-grained pitchfork that he describes in line 319, and asks for in line 596 above.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Vid. Pt. 1, St. 36.—P.

<sup>3</sup> did well-nye slay.—P.

<sup>4</sup> Dogs had possession of the whole of the houses in Early English days. See the directions for turning them out of the lord's bedroom in Russell, the Sloane MS. Boke of Curtasye, &c. in *Babees Book*, p. 182, l. 969 ; p. 283, l. 93, p. 69.—F.

<sup>5</sup> gan to yell.—P.

<sup>6</sup> ? what saint.—F.

- a third, his sword  
 748 another sayd, "lay downe thy sword<sup>1</sup> ;  
 sett vp thy horsse ; be not affeard ;  
 thy bow, good Iohn, lay downe ;
- and helmet.  
 752 " I shall hold *your* stirroppe ;  
 doe of *your* pallett & *your* hoode  
 ere thé ffall, as I troe.
- He must be very stupid not to see in whose presence he is.  
 752 yee see not who sitteth att the meate ;  
 yee are a wonderous silly ffreake,  
 & alsoe passing sloe<sup>2</sup> ! "
- " What the devil's that to you ? " says John. " I shall wear my sword."  
 756 " what devill," sayd Iohn, " is *that* ffor thee<sup>3</sup> ?  
 itt is my owne, soe mote I thee !  
 therfore I will itt weare."
- The Queen asks who he can be.  
 the Queene beheld him in hast :  
 " my lord,<sup>4</sup> " shee sayd, " ffor gods ffast,  
 760 who is yonder *that* doth ryde ?  
 such a ffellow saw I neuer yore<sup>5</sup> !  
 shee saith, " hee hath the quaintest geere,  
 he is but simple of pryde." [page 367]
- John rides on,  
 764 right soe came Iohn as hee were wood ;  
 he vayled neither hatt nor hood,  
 he was a ffaley<sup>6</sup> ffreake ;
- with his pitchfork at the charge,  
 768 he tooke his fforke as hee wold Iust ;  
 vp to the dease<sup>7</sup> ffast he itt thrust.  
 the Queene ffor ffearre did speake,
- and frightens the Queen.  
 & sayd, " lords, beware, ffor gods grace !  
 ffor hee<sup>8</sup> will ffrowte<sup>9</sup> some in the fface  
 772 if yee take not good heede ! "

<sup>1</sup> swerde.—P.<sup>2</sup> slow.—P.<sup>3</sup> y<sup>e</sup> deuill . . is that to thee.—P.<sup>4</sup> my Lords. Qu.—P.<sup>5</sup> yore, jamdudum, jam olim. Jun. perhaps here.—P.<sup>6</sup> perhaps *stately*.—P. ? *Ferley*, wonderful.—F.<sup>7</sup> Dease, or Deis. See P: 2<sup>d</sup> S: 6. —P.<sup>8</sup> MS. thee.—F.<sup>9</sup> Perhaps from Fr. *froter*, in the sense of to bang or beat (*battre, frapper*), or in its original sense to rub. To *frote* is in use in this sense in Shropshire.—T. P.

- thé laughed without doubt,  
& soe did all *that* were about,  
to see Iohn on his steede.
- 776 then sayd Iohn to our Queene,  
“ thou mayst be proud, dame, as I weene,  
to haue such a ffawconer <sup>1</sup> !  
ffor he is a well ffarrand man,  
780 & much good manner <sup>2</sup> hee can,  
I tell you sooth in ffere.  
<sup>3</sup> [ . . . . . ]  
“ but, lord,” hee sayd, “ my good, its thine ;  
my body alsoe, ffor to pine,  
784 ffor thou art king with crowne.  
but, lord, thy word is *honorable*,  
both stedffast, sure, and stable,  
& alsoe <sup>4</sup> great of renowne !
- 788 “ therefore haue mind <sup>5</sup> what thou me hight  
when thou *with* me [harbord <sup>6</sup>] a night,  
a warryson <sup>7</sup> *that* I shold haue.”  
Iohn spoke to him *with* sturдые mood,  
792 hee vayed neither hatt nor hood,  
but stood *with* him checkmate. <sup>8</sup>
- the King sayd, “ fellow mine,  
ffor thy capons hott, & good red wine,  
796 much thankes I doe giue thee.”  
the Queene sayd, “ by Mary bright,  
award him as his <sup>9</sup> right ;  
well aduanced lett him bee ! ”
- The rest laugh.
- John tells the Queen she may be proud of her falconer.
- He's a fine-looking man.
- [Then finding that it's King Edward I.,] to whom his goods and body belong,
- he reminds him of the pledge he made the night he lodged with him.
- Edward thanks him for his capons and wine,

<sup>1</sup> fawconere.—P.

<sup>2</sup> manners.—P.

<sup>3</sup> Some lines wanting here, containing the discovery of the King's rank. Some lines seem wanting here.—P.

<sup>4</sup> also *delend*.—P.

<sup>5</sup> *nind* in the MS.—F.

<sup>6</sup> me [passedst] a.—P.

<sup>7</sup> *warison*, reward. Scottish. See

Gloss<sup>r</sup> to Ramsay's Ever-green.—P.

<sup>8</sup> Qu. Cheek-mate: *mate* is companion, *Socius*, *sodalis*, q.d. cheek by Jole This passage may also be explain'd from the Term in chess; checkmate being when the king is hem'd in by some inferiour Piece; so that he cannot stir.—T. P.

<sup>9</sup> *fortè as is*, or *as it is*.—P.



- 800 the *King* sayd vntill him then,  
 “ Iohn, I make thee a gentleman;  
 thy manner place <sup>1</sup> I thee giue,  
 & a 100<sup>li</sup> to thee and thine,<sup>2</sup>  
 804 & euery yeere a tunn of red wine  
 soe long as thou dost liue.”
- John kneels  
 and thanks  
 the King,  
 808 but then Iohn began to kneele :  
 “ I thanke you, my Lord, as I haue soule,<sup>3</sup>  
 therof I am well payd.<sup>4</sup> ”  
 thee *King* tooke a coller bright,  
 & sayd, “ Iohn, heere I make thee a knight  
 with worshippe.” when hee sayd,
- John fears  
 that  
 812 then was Iohn euill apayd,<sup>5</sup>  
 & amongst them all thus hee sayd,  
 “ ffull oft I haue heard tell  
 that after a coller comes a rope ;  
 a rope will  
 follow the  
 collar,  
 and doesn't  
 like it.  
 816 I shall be hanged by the throate ;  
 methinkes itt doth not well.”
- But they  
 tell him  
 he must sit  
 in the chief  
 place.  
 820 <sup>6</sup> “ sith thou hast taken this estate,  
 that euery man may itt wott,<sup>7</sup>  
 thou must begin the bord.”  
 then Iohn therof was nothing ffaine—  
 I tell you truth with-ouen laine,<sup>8</sup>—  
 he spake neuer a word,
- He does so,  
 wishing  
 himself  
 at home.  
 824 but att the bords end he sate him downe ;  
 ffor hee had leeuere beene att home  
 then att all <sup>9</sup> their ffrankish <sup>10</sup> ffare ;

<sup>1</sup> *place* delend.—P. dwelling place.  
 —F.

<sup>2</sup> *and thime* in the MS.—F.

<sup>3</sup> *sele* or *seil*.—P.

<sup>4</sup> *fortè* apayd, i. e. content.—P.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. sad, *tristis*. (See Jun<sup>r</sup>) uneasy.  
 —P.

<sup>6</sup> something is wanting here.—P.

<sup>7</sup> *wate*, or *weet*.—P.

<sup>8</sup> *lean*, *celare*, *occultare*, ab. Isl. *leina*,  
*launa*, *occultare*. Lye.—P.

<sup>9</sup> *All* is redundant.—P.

<sup>10</sup> frank, *liber*, *liberalis*. Jun.—P.

- ffor there was wine, well I wott ;  
 828 royall meates of the best sortes  
       were sett before him there.
- a gallon of wine was put in a dishe ;  
 Iohn supped itt of, both more & lesse.  
 832 “ ffeitch,” Quoth the King, “ such more.<sup>1</sup> ”  
 “ by my Lady,<sup>2</sup> ” Quoth Iohn, “ this is good wine !  
 lett vs make merry, ffor now itt is time ;  
       Christis curse on him *that* doth itt spare <sup>3</sup> ! ”
- 836 with *that* came in the Porter <sup>4</sup> hend  
 & kneeled downe before the King,  
       was all <sup>5</sup> berunnen <sup>6</sup> with blood.  
 then the King in hart was woe,  
 840 sayes, “ Porter, who hath dight thee soe ?  
       tell on ; I wax neere wood.”
- “ Now infaith,” sayd Iohn, “ *that* same was I,  
 for to teach him some curtesye,  
 844 <sup>7</sup> ffor thou hast taught him noe good. [page 368]  
 for when thou came to my pore place,  
 with mee thou found soe great a grace,  
       <sup>8</sup> noe man did bidd thee stand without ;
- 848 “ ffor if any man had against thee spoken,  
 his head ffull soone I shold haue broken,”  
       Iohn sayd, “ with-outen doubt.  
 therefore I warne thy porters ffree,  
 852 when any man [comes] out of my <sup>9</sup> Countrye,  
       another <sup>10</sup> [time] lett them not be soe stout.
- He drinks  
off a gallon  
of wine,  
  
and wants to  
make merry.  
  
The porter  
comes in  
  
all over  
blood.  
  
“ Who did  
this ? ” says  
the King.  
  
“ I,” says  
John, “ to  
teach him  
manners.  
  
When you  
came to me,  
if anyone  
had told you  
to  
  
stop outside,  
I’d have  
broken his  
head.  
  
Your porters  
mustn’t be  
so saucy  
next time.”

<sup>1</sup> mare or mair.—P.<sup>2</sup> *forté* our Lady.—P.<sup>3</sup> on them that spare.—P.<sup>4</sup> MS. Porters.—F.<sup>5</sup> One was all &c.—P.<sup>6</sup> MS. berumen.—F.<sup>7</sup> For none thou hast him taught. Qu.—P.<sup>8</sup> None bade thee stand *without*.—P.<sup>9</sup> Any come out, or comes from my &c.—P.<sup>10</sup> *delend* another.—P.

- “ if both thy porters goe walling <sup>1</sup> wood,  
 begod I shall reave <sup>2</sup> their hood,  
 856 or goe on floote boote.  
 but thou, Lord, hast after me sent,  
 & I am come att thy commandement  
 hastilye withouten doubt.”
- The King  
 acknow-  
 ledges  
 that his  
 porter was  
 in fault,  
 860 the King sayd, “ by St. Iame !  
 Iohn, my porters were to blame ;  
 yee did nothing but right.”  
 he tooke the case into his hand ;  
 but makes  
 John kiss  
 him  
 864 then to kisse <sup>3</sup> hee made them gange ;  
 then laughed both *King* and *Knight*.  
 and be  
 friends.  
 “ I pray you,” quoth the *King*, “ good ffellows bee.”  
 “ yes,” quoth Iohn, “ soe mote I thee,  
 868 we were not wrathe <sup>4</sup> ore night.”
- The Bishop  
 promises  
 to put  
 John's two  
 sons to  
 school,  
 then they <sup>5</sup> Bishopp sayd to him thoe,  
 “ Iohn, send hither thy sonnes 2 ;  
 to the schoole <sup>6</sup> I shall them ffind,  
 872 & soe god may for them werke,  
*that* either of them haue a kirke  
 if ffortune be their ffreind.
- and says the  
 King will  
 find his  
 daughters  
 good  
 husbands.  
 “ also send hither thye daughters both <sup>7</sup> ;  
 876 2 marryages the *King* will garr them to haue, <sup>8</sup>  
 & wedd them with a ringe.

<sup>1</sup> walling, i. e. boiling, fervent ; S. *wellan*. Lye.—P.

<sup>2</sup> reave, i. e. bereave (like as reft is for bereft) to take away by stealth or violence. Johnson. (used rather for *rive*, i. e. cleave.)—P.

<sup>3</sup> Cp. Chaucer's making the Host and Pardonere kiss. *Cant. Tales*, end of The Pardonere's Tale :

‘ And ye, sir host, that ben to me so deere,  
 I pray yow that ye kisse the pardonere ;

And pardonere, I pray you draweth yow  
 ner,

And as we dede, let us laugh and playe.’  
 Anon thay kisse, and riden forth her  
 waye.

v. iii., p. 105, l. 502-6, ed. Morris.—F.

<sup>4</sup> wrothe.—P.

<sup>5</sup> the.—P.

<sup>6</sup> *Fortè* At schoole.—P.

<sup>7</sup> baith.—P.

<sup>8</sup> gar them have.—P.

- went<sup>1</sup> fforth, Iohn, on thy way,  
 looke thou be kind & curteous aye,  
 880 of meate & drinke be neu[e]r nithing.<sup>2</sup>”
- then Iohn tooke leaue of *King* & *Queene*,<sup>3</sup>  
 & after att all the court by-deene,  
 & went fforth on his way.  
 884 he sent his daughters to the *King*,  
 & they were weded with a ringe  
 vnto 2 squiers gay.
- his sonnes both hardye & wight,  
 888 the one of them was made a *Knight*,  
 & fresh in euery ffray ;  
 the other a parson of a kirke,  
 gods seruice ffor to worke,  
 892 to god serue<sup>4</sup> night & day.
- thus Iohn Reeue and his wiffe  
 with mirth & Iolty<sup>5</sup> ledden their liffe ;  
 to god they made Laudinge.  
 896 Hodgikin long & hobb<sup>6</sup> of the lathe,  
 they were made ffreemen bothe<sup>7</sup>  
 through the grace of the *King* hend.<sup>8</sup>
- then thought [John]<sup>9</sup> on the Bishoppes word,  
 900 & euer after kept open bord  
 ffor guests *that* god him send ;  
 till death ffeitcht him away  
 to the blisse *that* lasteth aye :  
 904 & thus Iohn Reeue made an end.

John takes  
leave of the  
Court.

The King  
marries his  
daughters  
to two  
squires ;

knights  
one of his  
sons,

gives the  
other a  
living,

and makes  
Hodgkin  
and Hob  
freemen.

John de  
Reeve  
keeps open  
house

till he dies.

<sup>1</sup> wend.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Nithing, *nequam*, naught, It. a dastard poltron: here it seems to mean niggardly.—P. A.-S. *niðing*; a wicked man, an outlaw,—Bosworth,—later, a niggard.—F.

<sup>3</sup> Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.

<sup>4</sup> to serve God.—P.

<sup>5</sup> Jollity.—P.

<sup>6</sup> A stroke like a *t* follows in the MS.—F.

<sup>7</sup> baith.—P.

<sup>8</sup> Perhaps hend King.—P.

<sup>9</sup> thought [he].—P.

thus endeth the tale of Reeue soe wight.<sup>1</sup>  
 god *that* is soe ffull of might,  
 to heauen their soules bring  
 have heard 908 *that* haue heard this litle story,  
 this story!  
*that* lined<sup>2</sup> sometimes in the south-west countrye  
 in long<sup>3</sup> Edwards dayes our King.  
 fms.

<sup>1</sup> See Page 210 [of MS.] top of y<sup>e</sup> Page (fell some time, &c.).—P.

<sup>2</sup> Forte *happned*.—P.

<sup>3</sup> long-[shanks] or without *long*.—P.

## Appendix.

### I.

#### Agincourt Ballads.

(See p. 159, Nos. 3 and 4.)

##### 1. Agincourt, or the English Bowman's Glory.

A spirited black-letter ballad, of early date, the only existing copy of which was, however, "printed for Henry Harper in Smithfield," not long anterior to the Civil Wars; it bears for title "Agincourt, or the English Bowman's Glory," purporting to have been sung "to a pleasant new tune." *Collier's Shakespeare*, ed. 1858, vol. iii. p. 538.

Agincourt, Agincourt!  
 Know ye not Agincourt?  
 Where English slue and hurt  
 All their French foemen?  
 With our pikes and bills brown,  
 How the French were beat downe,  
 Shot by our bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt!  
 Know ye not Agincourt,  
 Never to be forgot  
 Or known to no men?  
 Where English cloth-yard arrows  
 Kill'd the French like tame sparrows,  
 Slaine by our bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt!  
 Know ye not Agincourt,  
 Where we won field and fort?  
 French fled like wo-men  
 By land, and eke by water;  
 Never was seene such slaughter,  
 Made by our bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt !  
 Know ye not Agincourt ?  
 English of every sort,  
     High men and low men,  
 Fought that day wondrous well, as  
 All our old stories tell us,  
     Thanks to our bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt !  
 Know ye not Agincourt ?  
 Either tale, or report,  
     Quickly will show men  
 What can be done by courage,  
 Men without food or forage,  
     Still lusty bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt !  
 Know ye not Agincourt ?  
 Where such a fight was fought,  
     As, when they grow men,  
 Our boys shall imitate ;  
 Nor need we long to waite ;  
     They'll be good bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt !  
 Know ye not Agincourt ?  
 Where our fifth Harry taught  
     Frenchmen to know men :  
 And when the day was done,  
 Thousands there fell to one  
     Good English bowman.

Agincourt, Agincourt !  
 Huzza for Agincourt !  
 When that day is forgot  
     There will be no men.  
 It was a day of glory,  
 And till our heads are hoary  
     Praise we our bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt !  
 Know ye not Agincourt ?  
 When our best hopes were nought,



Tenfold our foemen.  
 Harry led his men to battle,  
 Slue the French like sheep and cattle :  
 Huzza ! our bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt !  
 Know ye not Agincourt ?  
 O, it was noble sport !  
 Then did we owe men ;  
 Men, who a victory won us  
 'Gainst any odds among us :  
 Such were our bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt !  
 Know ye not Agincourt ?  
 Dear was the victory bought  
 By fifty yeomen.  
 Ask any English wench,  
 They were worth all the French :  
 Rare English bowmen !<sup>1</sup>

2. King Henry V. his Conquest of France  
 In Revenge for the Affront offered by the French King ;  
 In sending him (instead of the Tribute) a Ton  
 of Tennis Balls.

(From the copy in Chetham's Library, Manchester, obligingly transcribed by Mr. Jones, the Librarian. Dr. Rimbault has a copy of this ballad "Printed and sold in Aldermary Church Yard." He says that traditional versions of it also appeared in the Rev. J. C. Tyler's *Henry of Monmouth*, 8vo. vol. ii. p. 197, and in Mr. Dixon's *Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs of the Peasantry of England*, printed by the Percy Society in 1846. *Notes and Queries*, No. 23, Jan. 25, 1851, vol. iii. p. 51, col. 1.)

As our King lay musing on his bed,  
 He bethought himself upon a time,  
 Of a tribute that was due from France,  
 Had not been paid for so long a time.  
 Fal, lal, &c.

<sup>1</sup> In the original it is "Rare English *women*," but probably a mistake for "bowmen," the printer having been misled by the word "wench" above. All the other stanzas end with "bowmen."—J. P. Collier.

He called for his lovely page,  
 His lovely page then called he ;  
 Saying, you must go to the King of France,  
 To the King of France, sir, ride speedily.  
 O then went away this lovely page,  
 This lovely page then away went he ;  
 Low he came to the King of France,  
 And when fell down on his bended knee.  
 My master greets you, worthy sir,  
 Ten ton of gold that is due to he,  
 That you will send him his tribute home,  
 Or in French land you soon will him see.  
 Fal, lal, &c.

Your master's young and of tender years,  
 Not fit to come into my degree :  
 And I will send him three Tennis-Balls,  
 That with them he may learn to play.

O then returned this lovely page,  
 This lovely page then returned he,  
 And when he came to our gracious King,  
 Low he fell down on his bended knee.  
 What news? what news? my trusty page,  
 What is the news you have brought to me?  
 I have brought such news from the King of France,  
 That he and you will ne'er agree.  
 He says, you're young and of tender years,  
 Not fit to come into his degree ;  
 And he will send you three Tennis-Balls,  
 That with them you may learn to play.  
 Recruit me Cheshire and Lancashire  
 And Derby Hills that are so free :  
 No marry'd man or widow's son,  
 For no widow's curse shall go with me.  
 They recruited Cheshire and Lancashire,  
 And Derby Hills that are so free :  
 No marry'd man, nor no widow's son,  
 Yet there was a jovial bold company.

O then we march'd into the French land,  
 With drums and trumpets so merrily ;  
 And then bespoke the King of France,  
 Lo yonder comes proud King Henry.

The first shot that the Frenchmen gave,  
They kill'd our Englishmen so free.  
We kill'd ten thousand of the French,  
And the rest of them they run away.  
And then we marched to Paris gates,  
With drums and trumpets so merrily ;  
O then bespoke the King of France,  
The Lord have mercy on my men and me,  
O I will send him his tribute home,  
Ten ton of gold that is due to he,  
And the finest flower that is in all France  
To the Rose of England I will give free.

## II.

## King Estmere.

(See p. 200, note 1.)

WE give here reprints of this ballad as it appeared in the 1st and 4th editions of the *Reliques*, putting in italics all the words changed in spelling or position, or for other words, in the two editions, so as to make Percy's acknowledged changes apparent. His unacknowledged ones we must leave to the critical power of our readers to ascertain.

## FIRST EDITION, 1765.

HEARKEN to me, gentlemen,  
Come and you shall heare;  
He tell you of two of the boldest brethren,  
That ever *born* y-were.

The tone of them was Adler *yonge*, 5  
The tother was kyng Estmere;  
The were as bolde men in their *deedes*,  
As any were farr and neare.

As they were drinking ale and wine  
Within kyng Estmeres halle: 10  
*Whan* will ye marry a wyfe, brother,  
A wyfe to *gladd* us all?

Then bespake him kyng Estmere,  
And answered him hastilee:  
I knowe not that ladye in any *lande*, 15  
*That* is able <sup>4</sup> to *marry* with mee.

Kyng Adland hath a daughter, brother,  
Men call her bright and sheene;  
If I were kyng here in your stead,  
That ladye *sholde* be queene. 20

## FOURTH EDITION, 1794.

HEARKEN to me, gentlemen,  
Come and you shall heare;  
He tell you of two of the boldest brethren <sup>1</sup>  
That ever *borne* y-were.

The tone of them was Adler *younge*,  
The tother was kyng Estmere;  
The were as bolde men in their *deeds*,  
As any were farr and neare.

As they were drinking ale and wine  
Within kyng Estmeres halle <sup>2</sup>:  
*When* will ye marry a wyfe, brother,  
A wyfe to *glad* us all?

Then bespake him kyng Estmere,  
And answered him hastilee <sup>3</sup>:  
I know not that ladye in any *land*  
*That's* able <sup>4</sup> to *marrye* with mee.

Kyng Adland hath a daughter, brother,  
Men call her bright and sheene;  
If I were kyng here in your stead,  
That ladye *shold* be my queene.

Ver. 3. brether. fol. MS.  
Ver. 10. his brother's hall. fol. MS.

<sup>3</sup> Ver. 14. hartilye. fol. MS.  
<sup>4</sup> He means fit, suitable.

## FIRST EDITION, 1765.

Sayes, Reade me, reade me, deare brother,  
Throughout *merry* England,  
Where we might find a messenger  
*Betweene us two* to sende.

Sayes, You shal ryde yourselfe, brother, 25  
Ile beare you *companée* ;  
Many through the fals messengers are *de-*  
*ceivde*,  
And I feare lest soe shold wee.

Thus the renisht them to ryde  
Of twoe good renisht *steedes*, 30  
And when *they* came to *kyng* Adlands  
halle,  
Of *red golde* shone their *weedes*.

And *whan* the came to kyng Adlands  
*halle*  
Before the goodlye *gate*,  
*Ther* they found good kyng Adlând 35  
Rearing himselfe theratt.

*Nowe* Christ thee save, good kyng Ad-  
lând ;  
*Nowe* Christ *thee* save and see.  
Sayd, you be welcome, *kyng* Estmere,  
Right hartilye *unto* mee. 40

You have a daughter, *sayd* Adler *yonge*,  
Men call her bright and sheene,  
My brother wold marrye her to his wiffe,  
Of Englande to *bee* queene.

*Yesterday* was at my *deare* daughtèr 45  
Syr Bremor the kyng of Spayne ;  
And then *she* nicked him of naye,  
I *feare* sheele doe *youe* the same.

The kyng of Spayne is a foule paynim,  
And 'leeveth on Mahound ; 50  
And pitye it were that fayre ladyè  
Shold marrye a heathen hound.

But grant to me, sayes kyng Estmere,  
For my love I you praye,  
That I may see your daughter *deare* 55  
Before I goe hence awaye.

## FOURTH EDITION, 1794.

Saies, Reade me, reade me, deare bro-  
ther,  
Throughout *merry* England,  
Where we might find a messenger  
*Betwixt us tow*e to sende.

Saies, You shal ryde yourselfe, brother,  
Ile beare you *companye* ;  
Many through the fals messengers are <sup>1</sup> *de-*  
*ceivde*,  
And I feare lest soe shold wee.

Thus the renisht them to ryde  
Of twoe good renisht *steeds*,  
And when *the* came to *king* Adlands  
halle,  
Of *redd gold* shone their *weeds*.

And *when* the came to kyng Adlands  
*hall*  
Before the goodlye *gate*,  
*There* they found good kyng Adlând  
Rearing himselfe theratt.

*Now* Christ thee save, good kyng Ad-  
lând ;  
*Now* Christ *you* save and see.  
Sayd, You be welcome, *king* Estmere,  
Right hartilye *to* mee.

You have a daughter, *said* Adler *younge*,  
Men call her bright and sheene,  
My brother wold marrye her to his wiffe,  
Of Englande to *be* queene.

*Yesterday* was att my *deere* daughtèr  
Syr Bremor the kyng of Spayne ; <sup>2</sup>  
And then *she* nicked him of naye,  
*And* I *doubt* sheele do *you* the same.

The kyng of Spayne is a foule paynim,  
And 'leeveth <sup>3</sup> on Mahound ;  
And pitye it were that fayre ladyè  
Shold marrye a heathen hound.

But grant to me, sayes kyng Estmere,  
For my love I you praye ;  
That I may see your daughter *deere*  
Before I goe hence awaye.

<sup>1</sup> Ver. 27. Many a man . . . is. fol. MS.<sup>2</sup> Ver. 46. The king his sonne of Spayn. fol. MS.<sup>3</sup> Misprinted 'leeve thou.

## FIRST EDITION, 1765.

*Although* itt is seven *yeare* and more  
*Syth* my daughter was in halle,  
*Shee* shall come *downe once* for your sake  
 To glad my guestès *all*. 60

Downe then came that mayden fayre,  
 With ladyes *laced* in pall,  
 And halfe a *hondred* of *bolde* knightes,  
 To bring her from bowre to hall ;  
 And *eke* as *manye* gentle *squieres*, 65  
 To *waite* upon them all.

The talents of golde, were on her head  
 sette,  
*Hunge lowe* downe to her knee ;  
 And everye *rynge* on her *smalle* finger,  
 Shone of the chrystall free. 70

*Sayes*, *Christ* you save, my *deare madàme* ;  
*Sayes*, *Christ* you save and see.  
*Sayes*, You be welcome, kyng Estmere,  
 Right welcome unto mee.

And *iff* you love me, as you saye, 75  
*So* well and hartilèe,  
 All that ever you are comen about  
 Soone sped now itt *may* bee.

Then bespake her father deare :  
 My daughter, I saye naye ; 80  
 Remember well the kyng of Spayne,  
 What he sayd yesterdaye.

He wold pull downe my halles and  
 castles,  
 And reave me of my lyfe :  
*And ever I feare that paynim kyng*, 85  
*Iff* I reave him of his wyfe.

Your castles and your towres, father,  
 Are stronglye built aboute ;  
 And therefore of *that foule paynim*  
 Wee neede not stande in *doubte*. 90

*Plyght* me your troth, nowe, kyng Est-  
 mère,  
 By heaven and your righte hand,  
 That you will marrye me to your wyfe,  
 And make me queene of your land.

Then kyng Estmere he *plyght* his troth 95  
 By heaven and his righte hand,  
 That he wold marrye her to his wyfe,  
 And make her queene of his land.

## FOURTH EDITION, 1794.

*Although* itt is seven *yeers* and more  
*Since* my daughter was in halle,  
*She* shall come *once downe* for your sake  
 To glad my guestès *alle*.

Downe then came that mayden fayre,  
 With ladyes *laced* in pall,  
 And halfe a *hundred* of *bold* knightes,  
 To bring her [from] bowre to hall ;  
 And as *many* gentle *squieres*,  
 To *tend* upon them all.

The talents of golde were on her head  
 sette,  
*Hanged low* downe to her knee ;  
 And everye *ring* on her *small* finger,  
 Shone of the chrystall free.

*Saies*, *God* you save, my *deere madàm* ;  
*Saies*, *God* you save and see."  
*Said*, You be welcome, kyng Estmere,  
 Right welcome unto mee.

And, *if* you love me, as you saye,  
*Soe* well and hartilèe,  
 All that ever you are comen about  
 Soone sped now itt *shal* bee.

Then bespake her father deare :  
 My daughter, I saye naye ;  
 Remember well the kyng of Spayne,  
 What he sayd yesterdaye.

He wold pull downe my halles and  
 castles,  
 And reave me of my lyfe :  
*I cannot blame him if he doe*,  
*If* I reave him of his wyfe.

Your castles and your towres, father,  
 Are stronglye built aboute ;  
 And therefore of *the king of Spaine* <sup>1</sup>  
 Wee neede not stande in *doubt*.

*Plight* me your troth, nowe, kyng Est-  
 mère,  
 By heaven and your righte hand,  
 That you will marrye me to your wyfe,  
 And make me queene of your land.

Then kyng Estmere he *plight* his troth  
 By heaven and his righte hand,  
 hat he wolde marrye her to his wyfe,  
 And make her queene of his land.

<sup>1</sup> Ver. 89. of the King his sonne of Spaine. fol. MS.

## FIRST EDITION, 1765.

And he tooke leave of that ladye fayre,  
To goe to his owne countree, 100  
To fetch him dukes and lordes and  
knightes,  
That married the might bee.

They had not ridden scant a myle,  
A myle forthe of the towne,  
But in did come the kyng of Spayne, 105  
With kempes many a one.

But in did come the kyng of Spayne,  
With manye a *grimme* barone,  
Tone day to marrye kyng Adlands daugh-  
ter  
Tother daye to carrye her home. 110

Then shee sent after kyng Estmère  
In all the spede might bee,  
That he must either *returne* and fighte,  
Or goe home and *lose* his ladyè.

One whyle then the page he went, 115  
Another *why*le he ranne;  
Till he had oretaken *kyng* Estmère  
*I-wis*, he never blanne.

*Tydings, tydings*, kyng Estmère!  
What tydings nowe, my boye? 120  
O tydings I can tell to you,  
That will you sore annoye.

You had not ridden scant a *myle*,  
A *myle* out of the towne,  
But in did come the kyng of Spayne 125  
With kempes many a one:

But in did come the kyng of Spayne  
With manye a *grimme* barone,  
Tone daye to marrye king Adlands  
daughter,  
Tother daye to carrye her home. 130

That ladye fayre she greetes you well,  
And ever-more well by mee:  
You must either turne againe and fighte,  
Or goe home and *lose* your ladyè.

*Sayes*, Reade me, reade me, *deare* brothèr, 135  
My reade shall ryde<sup>1</sup> at thee,  
Whiche waye we best may turne and  
fighte,  
To save this fayre ladyè.

## FOURTH EDITION, 1794.

And he tooke leave of that ladye fayre,  
To goe to his owne countree,  
To fetch him dukes and lordes and  
knightes,  
That married the might bee.

They had not ridden scant a myle,  
A myle forthe of the towne,  
But in did come the kyng of Spayne,  
With kempes many one.

But in did come the kyng of Spayne,  
With manye a *bold* barone,  
Tone day to marrye kyng Adlands daugh-  
ter,  
Tother daye to carrye her home.

Shee sent *one* after kyng Estmère  
In all the spede might bee,  
That he must either *turne againe* and  
fighte,  
Or goe home and *loose* his ladyè.

One whyle then the page he went,  
Another *while* he ranne;  
Till he had oretaken *king* Estmère,  
*I wis*, he never blanne.

*Tydings, tydings*, kyng Estmère!  
What tydings nowe, my boye?  
O, tydings I can tell to you,  
That will you sore annoye.

You had not ridden scant a *mile*,  
A *mile* out of the towne,  
But in did come the kyng of Spayne  
With kempes many a one:

But in did come the kyng of Spayne  
With manye a *bold* barone.  
Tone daye to marrye king Adlands  
daughter,  
Tother daye to carrye her home.

*My* ladye fayre she greetes you well,  
And ever-more well by mee:  
You must either turne againe and fighte,  
Or goe home and *loose* your ladyè.

*Sayes*, Reade me, reade me, *deere* brothèr,  
My reade shall ryde<sup>2</sup> at thee,  
*Whether it is better* to turne and fighte,  
Or goe home and *loose my* ladyè.

<sup>1</sup> *Sic.* <sup>2</sup> *Sic* MS. It should probably be "ryse," i.e. my counsel shall arise from thee. See ver. 140.



## FIRST EDITION, 1765.

Now hearken to me, sayes Adler yonge,  
 And your reade must rise <sup>1</sup> at me, 140  
 I quicklye will devise a waye  
 To sette thy ladye free.

My mother was a westerne woman,  
 And learned in gramaryè,<sup>3</sup>  
 And when I learned at the schole, 145  
 Something shee taught itt mee.

There *groweth* an hearbe within this  
 felde,  
 And iff it were but knowne,  
 His color, which is whyte and redd,  
 Itt will make blacke and browne: 150

His color, which is browne and blacke,  
 Itt will make redd and whyte;  
 That sworde is not in all Englande,  
 Upon his coate will byte.

And you shal be a harper, brother, 155  
 Out of the north *countrye*;  
 And Ile be your *boye*, so faine of fighte,  
 To beare your harpe by your knee.

And you *shall* be the best harpèr,  
 That ever tooke harpe in hand; 160  
 And I *will* be the best singèr,  
 That ever sung in this *land*.

Itt shal be written in our forheads  
 All and in *gramaryè*,  
 That we towe are the boldest men, 165  
 That are in all Christentyè.

And thus they renisht them to ryde,  
 On *towe* good renish steedes;  
 And *whan* they came to king Adlands  
 hall,  
 Of redd gold shone their weedes. 170

And whan the came to kyng Adlands  
 hall,  
 Untill the fayre hall yate,  
 There they found a proud portèr  
 Rearing himselfe *theratt*.

Sayes, Christ thee save, thou proud  
 portèr: 175  
 Sayes, Christ thee save and see.  
 Nowe you be welcome, sayd the portèr,  
 Of what land soever ye bee.

## FOURTH EDITION, 1794.

Now hearken to me, sayes Adler yonge,  
 And your reade must rise <sup>2</sup> at me,  
 I quicklye will devise a waye  
 To sette thy ladye free.

My mother was a westerne woman,  
 And learned in gramaryè,<sup>3</sup>  
 And when I learned at the schole,  
 Something shee taught itt mee.

There *grows* an hearbe within this  
 field,  
 And iff it were but knowne,  
 His color, which is whyte and redd,  
 It will make blacke and browne:

His color, which is browne and blacke,  
 Itt will make redd and whyte;  
 That sworde is not in all Englande,  
 Upon his coate will byte.

And you shal be a harper, brother,  
 Out of the north *countrye*;  
 And Ile be your *boy*, soe faine of fighte,  
 And beare your harpe by your knee.

And you *shal* be the best harpèr,  
 That ever tooke harpe in hand;  
 And I *will* be the best singèr,  
 That ever sung in this *lande*.

Itt shal be written in our forheads  
 All and in *grammarè*,  
 That we towe are the boldest men,  
 That are in all Christentyè.

And thus they renisht them to ryde,  
 On *tow* good renish steedes;  
 And *whan* they came to king Adlands  
 hall,  
 Of redd gold shone their weedes.

And whan the came to kyng Adlands  
 hall,  
 Untill the fayre hall yate,  
 There they found a proud portèr  
 Rearing himselfe *theratt*.

Sayes, Christ thee save, thou proud  
 portèr;  
 Sayes, Christ thee save and see.  
 Nowe you be welcome, sayd the portèr,  
 Of what land soever ye bee.

<sup>1</sup> Sic.<sup>2</sup> Sic MS.<sup>3</sup> See at the end of this ballad, Note \*.\* [not reprinted here.—F.]

## FIRST EDITION, 1765.

*We been* harpers, sayd Adler *yonge*,  
Come out of the northe *countrée*; 180  
*We* beene come hither untill this place,  
This proud weddinge for to see.

Sayd, And your color were white and  
redd,  
As it is blacke and browne,  
*Ild* saye king Estmere and his brother 185  
Were comen untill this towne.

Then they pulled out a ryng of gold,  
Layd itt on the porters arme:  
And ever we will thee, proud portèr,  
Thow wilt saye us no harme. 190

Sore he looked on kyng Estmère,  
And sore he handled the ryng,  
Then opened to them the fayre hall yates,  
He lett for no kind of thyng.

Kyng Estmere he *light off* his steede 195  
*Up att the fayre hall board*;  
The *frothe*, that came from his brydle  
bitte,  
Light on kyng Bremors beard.

*Sayes*, Stable *thou* steede, thou proud  
harpèr,  
*Goe* stable him in the stalle; 200  
*Itt* doth not beseeme a proud harpèr  
To stable him in a kyngs halle.

My *ladd* he is so lither, he *sayd*,  
He will *do* nought that's meete;  
And *aye* that *I cold but find the man*, 205  
Were able him to beate.

Thou speakst proud *wordes*, sayd the *Pay-*  
*nim kyng*,  
Thou harper here to mee;  
There is a man within this halle,  
That will beate thy *lad* and thee. 210

O *lett* that man come downe, he *sayd*,  
A sight of him *wolde* I see;  
And *whan* hee hath beaten well my ladd,  
Then he shall beate of mee.

Downe then came the kemperye man, 215  
And looked him in the eare;  
For all the golde, that was under heaven,  
He durst not neigh him neare.

## FOURTH EDITION, 1794.

*Wee beene* harpers, sayd Adler *younge*,  
Come out of the northe *countrye*;  
*Wee* beene come hither untill this place,  
This proud weddinge for to see.

Sayd, And your color were white and  
redd,  
As it is blacke and browne,  
*I wold* saye king Estmere and his brother  
Were comen untill this towne.

Then they pulled out a ryng of gold,  
Layd itt on the porters arme:  
And ever we will thee, proud portèr,  
Thow wilt saye us no harme.

Sore he looked on kyng Estmère,  
And sore he handled the ryng,  
Then opened to them the fayre hall yates,  
He lett for no kind of thyng.

Kyng Estmere he *stabled* his steede  
*Soc fayre att the hall bord*;  
The *froth*, that came from his brydle  
bitte,  
Light in kyng Bremors beard.

*Saies*, Stable *thy* steed, thou proud  
harpèr,  
*Saies*, Stable him in the stalle;  
*It* doth not beseeme a proud harpèr  
To stable 'him' in a kyngs halle.<sup>1</sup>

My *ladde* he is so lither, he *said*,  
He will *doe* nought that's meete;  
And *is there any man in this hall*  
Were able him to beate.

Thou speakst proud *words*, *sayes* the *king*  
*of Spaine*,  
Thou harper here to mee:  
There is a man within this halle,  
Will beate thy *ladd* and thee.

O *let* that man come downe, he *said*,  
A sight of him *wold* I see;  
And *whan* hee hath beaten well my ladd,  
Then he shall beate of mee.

Downe then came the kemperye man,  
And looked him in the eare;  
For all the gold, that was under heaven,  
He durst not neigh him neare.

<sup>1</sup> Ver. 202. To stable his steede. fol. MS.

## FIRST EDITION, 1765.

And how nowe, kempe, *sayd* the kyng of  
*Spayne,*  
 And how what aileth thee? 220  
 He *sayes,* *Itt* is written in his forehead  
 All and in gramaryè,  
 That for all the gold that is under  
 heaven,  
 I dare not neigh him nye.

Kyng Estmere *then pulled* forth his harpe, 225  
 And *playd* theron so sweete:  
*Upstarte* the ladye from the kynge,  
 As hee sate at the meate.

Nowe stay thy harpe, thou proud harpèr,  
 Now stay thy harpe, I say; 230  
 For an thou playest as thou beginnest,  
 Thou'lt till my bride awaye.

He *strucke* upon his harpe agayne,  
 And playd both fayre and free;  
 The ladye was so pleasde theratt, 235  
 She laught loud laughters three.

Nowe sell me thy harpe, *sayd* the kyng of  
*Spayne,*  
 Thy harpe and stryngs eche one,  
 And as many gold nobles thou shalt  
 have,  
 As there be stryngs theron. 240

And what wold ye doe with my harpe,  
 he sayd,  
 Iff I did sell it ye?  
 To playe my wiffe and me a FITT,  
 When abed together we bee.

Now sell me, *syr kyng,* thy bryde soe  
 gay, 245  
 As shee sitts laced in pall,  
 And as many gold nobles I will give,  
 As there be rings in the hall.

And what wold ye doe with my bryde  
 so gay,  
 Iff I did sell her yee? 250  
 More seemelye it is for her fayre bodye  
 To lye by mee than thee.

Hee played agayne both loud and shrille,  
 And Adler he did syng,  
 "O ladye, this is thy owne true love; 255  
 "Noe harper but a kyng.

## FOURTH EDITION, 1794.

And how nowe, kempe, *said* the kyng of  
*Spaine,*  
 And how what aileth thee?  
 He *saias,* *It* is writt in his forehead  
 All and in gramaryè,  
 That for all the gold that is under  
 heaven,  
 I dare not neigh him nye.

Then kyng Estmere *pulld* forth his harpe,  
 And *plaid* a pretty thinge:  
 The ladye *upstart* from the borde,  
 And wold have gone from the king.

Stay thy harpe, thou proud harpèr,  
 For Gods love I pray thee  
 For and thou playes as thou begins,  
 Thou'lt till<sup>1</sup> my bryde from mee.

He *stroake* upon his harpe againe,  
 And playd a pretty thinge;  
 The ladye lough a loud laughte,  
 As shee sate by the king.

Saias, sell me thy harpe, thou proud  
 harper,  
 And thy string's all,  
 For as many gold nobles, 'thou shalt  
 have'  
 As heere bee ringes in the hall.

What wold ye doe with my harpe, 'he  
 sayd,'  
 Iff I did sell itt yee?  
 "To playe my wiffe and me a FITT,<sup>2</sup>  
 When abed together wee bee."

Now sell me, *quoth* hee, thy bryde soe  
 gay,  
 As shee sitts by thy knee,  
 And as many gold nobles I will give,  
 As leaves been on a tree.

And what wold ye doe with my bryde  
 soe gay,  
 Iff I did sell her thee?  
 More seemelye it is for her fayre bodye  
 To lye by mee then thee.

Hee played agayne both loud and shrille,<sup>3</sup>  
 And Adler he did syng,  
 "O ladye, this is thy owne true love;  
 "Noe harper, but a kyng.

<sup>1</sup> i.e. Entice. Vid. Gloss.

<sup>2</sup> i.e. a tune, or strain of music. See Gloss.

<sup>3</sup> Ver. 253. Some liberties have been taken in the following stanzas; but wherever this edition differs from the preceding, it hath been brought nearer to the folio MS.

## FIRST EDITION, 1765.

" O ladye, this is thy owne true love,  
 " As playnlye thou mayest see ;  
 " And Ile rid thee of that foule paynim,  
 " Who partes thy love and thee." 260

The ladye *louked*, the ladye blushte,  
 And blushte and lookt agayne,  
 While Adler he hath drawne his brande,  
 And hath *sir Bremor* slayne.

Up then rose the kemperye men, 265  
 And loud they gan to crye :  
 Ah ! traytors, yee have slayne our kyng,  
 And therefore yee shall dye.

Kyng Estmere threwe the harpe asyde,  
 And swith he drew his brand ; 270  
 And Estmere he, and Adler yonge  
 Right stiffe in stour can stand.

And aye their swordes soe sore can *byte*,  
 Throughe help of gramaryè,  
 That soone they have slayne the kemperye  
 men, 275  
 Or forst them forth to flee.

Kyng Estmere tooke that fayre ladyè,  
 And marryed her to his *wyfe*,  
 And brought her home to *merrye* England  
 With her to leade his *lyfe*. 280

## FOURTH EDITION, 1794.

" O ladye, this is thy owne true love,  
 " As playnlye thou mayest see ;  
 " And Ile rid thee of that foule paynim,  
 " Who partes thy love and thee."

The ladye *looked*, the ladye blushte,  
 And blushte and lookt agayne,<sup>1</sup>  
 While Adler he hath drawne his brande,  
 And hath *the Sowdan* slayne.

Up then rose the kemperye men,  
 And loud they gan to crye :  
 Ah ! traytors, yee have slayne our kyng,  
 And therefore yee shall dye.

Kyng Estmere threwe the harpe asyde,  
 And swith he drew his brand ;  
 And Estmere he, and Adler yonge  
 Right stiffe in stour can stand.

And aye their swordes soe sore can *fyte*,  
 Throughe help of Gramaryè,  
 That soone they have slayne the kemperye  
 men,  
 Or forst them forth to flee.

Kyng Estmere tooke that fayre ladyè,  
 And marryed her to his *wiffe*,  
 And brought her home to *merry* England  
 With her to leade his *life*.

---

These lines must be Percy's own.—F.

## III.

*Beginning of Guy and Phillis, p. 201.*

PERCY says in his *Reliques*, iii. 105, 1st ed., that his text of "The Legend of Sir Guy" is "Printed from an ancient MS. copy in the Editor's old folio volume, collated with two printed ones, one of which is in black letter in the Pepys collection." As he tore the beginning of it out of his Folio, I applied to the Librarian of Magdalene to correct by the Pepys copy a transcript of the first twenty-two stanzas of Percy's text; but as I could not give a reference to the volume and page where the ballad is, and the Librarian's catalogue is not yet complete, he has not sent me the collation. I am therefore obliged to print the beginning of the "inferior copy in Ritson's *Ancient Songs and Ballads*, ii. 193" (Child).

## SIR GUY OF WARWICK.

WAS ever knight, for ladys sake,  
 So toss'd in love, as I, Sir Guy,  
 For Phillis fair, that lady bright  
 As ever man beheld with eye?  
 She gave me leave myself to try  
 The valiant knight with shield and  
 spear,  
 Ere that her love she would grant me;  
 Which made me venture far and near.

The proud Sir Guy, a baron bold,  
 In deeds of arms the doughty knight,  
 That every day in England was,  
 With sword and spear in field to  
 fight;  
 An English man I was by birth,  
 In faith of Christ a Christian true;  
 The wicked laws of infidels  
 I sought by power to subdue.

Two hundred twenty years, and odd  
 After our saviour Christ his birth,  
 When king Athelstan wore the crown,  
 I lived here upon the earth.

Sometime I was of Warwick earl,  
 And, as I said, on very truth,  
 A ladys love did me constrain  
 To seek strange ventures in my youth:

To try my fame by feats of arms,  
 In strange and sundry heathen lands;  
 Where I atchieved, for her sake,  
 Right dangerous conquests with my  
 hands.

For first I sail'd to Normandy,  
 And there I stoutly won in fight,  
 The emperours daughter of Almain,  
 From many a valiant worthy knight.

Then passed I the seas of Greece,  
 To help the emperour to his right,  
 Against the mighty soldans host  
 Of puissant Persians for to fight:  
 Where I did slay of Saracens  
 And heathen pagans, many a man,  
 And slew the soldans cousin dear,  
 Who had to name, doughty Colbron.

Ezkeldered, that famous knight,  
 To death likewise I did pursue,  
 And Almain, king of Tyre, also,  
 Most terrible too in fight to view :  
 I went into the soldans host,  
 Being thither on ambassage sent,  
 And brought away his head with me,  
 I having slain him in his tent.

There was a dragon in the land,  
 Which I also myself did slay,  
 As he a lion did pursue,  
 Most fiercely met me by the way.  
 From thence I pass'd the seas of Greece,  
 And came to Pavy land aright,  
 Where I the duke of Pavy kill'd,  
 His heinous treason to requite.

And after came into this land,  
 Towards fair Phillis, lady bright ;  
 For love of whom I travel'd far,  
 To try my manhood and my might.  
 But when I had espoused her,  
 I stay'd with her but forty days,  
 But there I left this lady fair,  
 And then I went beyond the seas.

All clad in gray, in pilgrim sort,  
 My voyage from her I did take,  
 Unto that blessed holy land,  
 For Jesus Christ my saviours sake :  
 Where I earl Jonas did redeem,  
 And all his sons, which were fifteen,  
 Who with the cruel Saracen,  
 In prison for long time had been.

I slew the giant Amarant,  
 In battle fiercely hand to hand :  
 And doughty Barknard killed I,  
 The mighty duke of that same land.  
 Then I to England came again,  
 And here with Colbron fell I fought,  
 An ugly giant, which the Danes  
 Had for their champion hither brought.

I overcame him in the field,  
 And slew him dead right valiantly ;  
 Where I the land did then redeem  
 From Danish tribute utterly ;  
 And afterwards I offered up  
 The use of weapons solemnly,  
 At Winchester, whereas I fought,  
 In sight of many far and nigh.

In Windsor-forest, &c.

Ritson. *A Select Collection of English Songs*, vol. ii. p. 296-299.  
 Part IV., *Ancient Ballads*.



## INDEX.

	PAGE		PAGE
A Jigge . . . . .	334	Hugh Spencer . . . . .	290
Agincourte Battell . . . . .	158, 595	I liue where I loue . . . . .	325
Amongst the Mirtles . . . . .	35	John a Side . . . . .	203
Ay me, Ay me! Pore Sisley and undone . . . . .	43	John de Reeue . . . . .	559
Bell my Wyffe (photolithograph in vol. i.) . . . . .	320	King Estmere, <i>Percy's versions.</i> (See note, p. 200) . . . . .	600
Bessie off Bednall . . . . .	279	Kinge Adler . . . . .	296
Bishoppe & Browne . . . . .	265	Kinge & Miller . . . . .	147
Boy and Mantle . . . . .	301	Ladyes Fall . . . . .	246
Buckingham betrayd by Banister	253	Libius Disconius . . . . .	404
Cales Voyage . . . . .	136	Newarke . . . . .	33
Chevy Chase . . . . .	1	Northumberland betrayd by Dowglas . . . . .	217
Childe Maurice . . . . .	500	Risinge in the Northe . . . . .	210
Childe Waters . . . . .	269	Sir Triamore . . . . .	78
Cloris, farewell, I needs must go .	21	Sittinge late . . . . .	400
Come, come, come, shall wee masque or mum? . . . . .	52	The Ægyptian Queene . . . . .	26
Conscience . . . . .	174	The Emperour & the Childe . . . . .	390
Durham Feilde . . . . .	190	The Grene Knight . . . . .	56
Earle Bodwell . . . . .	260	The Kinge enjoyes his Rights againe	24
Eglamore . . . . .	338	The Tribe of Banburye . . . . .	39
Faine wolde I change my maiden Life . . . . .	46	The Worlde is changed, & wee have Choyces . . . . .	37
Guy & Colebrande . . . . .	509	When first I sawe her Face . . . . .	48
Guy & Phillis . . . . .	608, 201	When Love with unconfined Wings	17
Guye & Amarant . . . . .	136	White Rose & Red . . . . .	312
Guye of Gisborne . . . . .	227	Younge Andrewe . . . . .	327
Herefford & Norfolke . . . . .	238		
Hollowe, me Fancye . . . . .	30		
How fayre shee be . . . . .	50		

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., PRINTERS, NEW-STREET SQUARE AND PARLIAMENT STREET.

*Number 2*



# Early English Text Society.

The Subscription is £1 1s. a year, and another for the *Extra Series* of re-edited works, due in advance on the 1st of JANUARY, and should be paid either to the Society's Account at the Union Bank of London, 14 Argyll Place, Regent Street, W., or by post-office order (made payable to the Chief Office, London) to the Hon. Secretary, HENRY B. WHEATLEY, Esq., 53 Berners Street, London, W.

List of Works proposed for publication in 1867, by the Early English Text Society.

24. HYMNS TO THE VIRGIN AND CHRIST; THE PARLIAMENT OF DEVILS; AND OTHER RELIGIOUS POEMS. Edited from the Lambeth MS. 853, by F. J. Furnivall, Esq., M.A. 3s.
25. THE STATIONS OF ROME, AND THE PILGRIMS' SEA-VOYAGE AND SEA-SICKNESS, WITH CLENE MAYDENHOD. Edited from the Vernon and Porkington MSS., &c., by F. J. Furnivall, Esq., M.A. 1s.
26. RELIGIOUS PIECES IN PROSE AND VERSE. Edited from Robert Thornton's MS. (ab. 1440 A.D.) by the Rev. G. G. Perry, M.A. 2s.
27. LEVINS'S MANIPULUS, 1570; the earliest Rhyming Dictionary. To be Edited by Henry B. Wheatley, Esq. 12s.
28. LANGLANDE'S VISION OF PIERS PLOWMAN: the earliest Version from the earliest MS. Collated throughout with three other MSS. of the same (or earliest) type. To be edited by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A. 7s.
29. ENGLISH GILDS, THEIR STATUTES AND CUSTOMS: with an Introduction, and an Appendix of translated Statutes. To be edited from the MSS. 1389 A.D. by Toulmin Smith, Esq. [In the Press.]
30. PIERS PLOWMAN'S CREDE. To be edited from the MSS. by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A. 2s.

For 1868.

31. MIRK'S DUTIES OF A PARISH PRIEST, IN VERSE. To be edited for the first time from the MSS. in the British Museum and Bodleian Libraries (ab. 1420 A.D.) by E. Peacock, Esq. [In the Press.]
32. THE BABEES BOKE, THE CHILDREN'S BOOK, URBANITATIS, THE BOKES OF NORTURE OF JOHN RUSSELL AND HUGH RHODES, THE BOKES OF KERUYNG, CORTASYE, AND Demeanour, &c., with some French and Latin Poems on like subjects. To be edited from Harleian and other MSS. by F. J. Furnivall Esq., M.A. [In the Press.]
33. THE KNIGHT DE LA TOUR LANDRY, 1372: a Father's book for his daughters. To be edited from the Harleian MSS. 1764, by Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., and Mr. William Rossiter. [In the Press.]
34. EARLY ENGLISH HOMILIES (ab. 1220-30 A.D.) from unique MSS. in Lambeth and Trinity College, Cambridge, Libraries. To be edited by R. Morris, Esq. [In the Press.]
35. MERLIN. Part III. To be edited by H. B. Wheatley, Esq. [Copied.]

For 1869.

- VARIOUS POEMS RELATING TO SIR GAWAINE. To be edited from the MSS. by R. Morris, Esq.
- PALLADIUS ON HUSBONDRIE; the earliest English Poem on Husbandry. To be edited from the unique MS. in Colchester Castle (ab. 1425 A.D.) by the Rev. Barton Lodge, M.A. Part I. [In the Press.]
- THE RULE OF ST. BENET. Four Texts: 1. Anglo-Saxon and 2. Semi-Saxon Prose: 3. Northern Verse of the 15th Century: 4. Fox's Prose Version, 1530. Edited from MSS. and a black letter copy, by Richard Morris, Esq. [In the Press.]
- THE ALLITERATIVE ROMANCE OF THE DESTRUCTION OF TROY. Translated from Guido de COLONNA. To be edited from the unique MS. in the Hunterian Museum, Glasgow, by the Rev. G. A. Panton. [In the Press.]
- SIR DAVID LYNDESAY'S WORKS. Part III. To be edited by F. Hall, Esq., D.C.L.
- POEMS ON MANNERS AND MORALS, in the Northern Dialect, from a unique MS. in the Cambridge University Library. Two Texts. To be edited by the Rev. J. R. Lumby, M.A. [In the Press.]

*Extra Series.* (8vo. £1 1s.; Large Papers, £2 2s.)

1867. I. WILLIAM AND THE WEREWOLF. Re-edited from the unique MS. by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A. [In the Press.]
- II. CHAUCER'S PROSE WORKS. To be edited from the MSS. by R. Morris, Esq. Part I.
1868. I. CHAUCER'S PROSE WORKS. Part II.
- II. MALEORE'S MORTE D'ARTHUR. Caxton's edition. Part I.

LONDON: N. TRÜBNER & CO., 60 PATERNOSTER ROW.

EDINBURGH: T. G. STEVENSON, 22 SOUTH FREDERICK STREET.

GLASGOW: OGLE & CO., 1 ROYAL EXCHANGE SQUARE.

BERLIN: ASHER & CO., UNTER DEN LINDEN, 20.

NEW YORK: C. SCRIBNER & CO. LEYPOLDT & HOLT.

PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

BOSTON: DUTTON & CO.



# Bishop Percy's Folio Manuscript.

---

This long hidden MS., the foundation of the celebrated PERCY'S RELIQUES, will be printed in 4 Volumes (BALLADS and ROMANCES, 3 Vols. ; LOOSE and HUMOROUS SONGS, 1 Vol.) of the following sizes, and at the following Subscriptions :

	£	s.
Large 4to., on Whatman's Best Ribbed Paper, made expressly by Messrs. Balston of Maidstone for this edition. (65 copies printed : 50 for Subscribers, 10 for Public Libraries, 5 for the Editors).....	10	10
Extra Royal 8vo., on Whatman's Best Ribbed Paper. (50 copies printed). .....	5	5
Extra Demy 8vo., on Whatman's Ribbed Paper. (250 copies printed). .....	2	2
Demy 8vo., for Members of the Early English Text Society only .....	1	1

---

Subscriptions should be sent, with Subscribers' Names, to F. J. FURNIVALL, Esq., 3 Old Square, Lincoln's Inn, W.C., Post Office Orders being made payable to him at the Chancery Lane Post Office, and Cheques to THE PERCY MANUSCRIPT FUND, crossed 'Union Bank, Chancery Lane.' Messrs. Trübner & Co. also receive Subscriptions.

---

Vol. I., and Part I. of Vol. II., of the BALLADS and ROMANCES, and the LOOSE and HUMOROUS SONGS, are published. Part II. of Vol. II. of the BALLADS and ROMANCES will be ready in September, and will be issued then, or with Vol. III., early in October.

---

The prices of all the editions will be raised, to the public, on the completion of the work.



Bishop Percy's  
Folio Manuscript.

---

Ballads and Romances.

---

EDITED BY

JOHN W. HALES, M.A.

LATE FELLOW AND ASSISTANT TUTOR OF CHRIST'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

AND

FREDERICK J. FURNIVALL, M.A.

OF TRINITY HALL, CAMBRIDGE.

(ASSISTED BY PROFESSOR CHILD, W. CHAPPELL, Esq., &c. &c.)

Vol. III.—Part III.

LONDON :

N. TRÜBNER & CO., 60 PATERNOSTER ROW.

1868.

*Price Seven Shillings and Sixpence.*



# Early English Text Society.

## Committee of Management:

DANBY P. FRY, Esq.                                  RICHARD MORRIS, Esq.  
FREDERICK J. FURNIVALL, Esq.      H. T. PARKER, Esq.  
FITZEDWARD HALL, Esq.                  REV. GEORGE G. PERRY.  
REV. J. RAWSON LUMBY.                  REV. WALTER W. SKEAT.  
HENRY B. WHEATLEY, Esq.

(With power to add Workers to their number.)

## Honorary Secretary:

HENRY B. WHEATLEY, Esq., 53 BERNERS STREET, LONDON, W.

## Bankers:

THE UNION BANK OF LONDON, REGENT STREET BRANCH,  
14 ARGYLL PLACE, W.

The Publications for 1864-65 and '66 are out of print, but a *Reprinting Fund* is now open for reprinting them. The texts of 1864 are now at press. More subscribers are wanted for the other years. A few copies of separate texts remain: of No. 4.—Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight, ab. 1320—30, edited by R. Morris, Esq., 10s.; and No. 5, of the Orthographie and Congruitie of the Britan Tongue, be Alexander Hume, ab. 1617 A.D., edited by Henry B. Wheatley, Esq., 4s.

No. 1 is Early English Alliterative Poems, ab. 1320-30, A.D.; 2, Arthur, ab. 1440 A.D.; 3, Lauder on the Dewtie of Kyngis, &c. 1556 A.D.; 6, Lancelot of the Laik, ab. 1500; 7, Genesis and Exodus, ab. 1250; 8, Morte Arthure, ab. 1440; 9, Thynne on Chaucer's Works, 1598; 10, Merlin, ab. 1450, Pt. I.; 11, Lyndesay's Monarche, &c. 1552, Pt. I.; 12, The Wright's Chaste Wife, ab. 1462.

## The Publications for 1866 are—

13. SEINTE MARHERETE, þe Meiden ant Martyr. Three Texts of ab. A.D. 1200, 1310, 1330. First edited in 1862 by the Rev. Oswald Cockayne, M.A., and now re-issued. 2s.
14. THE ROMANCE OF KYNG HORN, FLORIS AND BLANCHEFLOUR, AND THE ASSUMPTION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN. Edited from the MS. in the Library of the University of Cambridge, by the Rev. J. Rawson Lumby. 3s. 6d.
15. POLITICAL, RELIGIOUS, AND LOVE POEMS, from the Lambeth MS. No. 306, and other sources. Edited by F. J. Furnivall, Esq., M.A. 7s. 6d.
16. A TRETICE IN ENGLISCH breuely drawe out of þe book of Quintis essencijs in Latyn, þat Hermys þe prophete and king of Egipt, after þe flood of Noe, fader of Philosophris, hadde by reuelacioun of an aungil of God to him sente. Edited from the Sloane MS. 73, by F. J. Furnivall, Esq., M.A. 1s.
17. PARALLEL EXTRACTS FROM TWENTY-NINE MSS. OF PIERS PLOWMAN, with Comments, and a Proposal for the Society's Three-Text Edition of the Poem. By the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A. 1s.
18. HALI MEIDENHAD, ab. 1200 A.D. Edited for the first time from the MS. (with a translation), by the Rev. Oswald Cockayne, M.A. 1s.
19. SIR DAVID LYNDESAY'S MONARCHE, Part II., the Complaynt of the King's Papingo, and other Minor Poems. Edited from the first editions, by Fitzedward Hall, Esq., D.C.L. 3s. 6d.
20. SOME TREATISES BY RICHARD ROLLE DE HAMPOLE. Edited from Robert Thorntone's MS., ab. 1440 A.D., by the Rev. G. Perry, M.A. 1s.
21. MERLIN, OR THE EARLY HISTORY OF ARTHUR. Edited for the first time from the unique MS. in the Cambridge University Library about 1450 A.D. Part II. Edited Henry B. Wheatley, Esq. 4s.
22. THE ROMANCE OF PARTENAY OR LUSIGNEN. Edited for the first time from the unique MS. in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A. 6s.
23. DAN MICHEL'S AYENBITE OF INWYT, or Remorse of Conscience, in the Kentish dialect, 1340 A.D. Edited from the unique MS. in the British Museum, by Richard Morris, Esq. 10s. 6d.

The Society's Report, January 1868, with Lists of Texts to be published in future years, etc., etc. can be had on application to the Hon. Secretary, HENRY B. WHEATLEY, Esq., 53 Berners Street, W.



# Early English Text Society.

The Subscription is £1 1s. a year, and another for the *Extra Series* of re-edited works, due in advance on the 1st of JANUARY, and should be paid either to the Society's Account at the Union Bank of London, 14 Argyll Place, Regent Street, W., or by post-office order (made payable to the Chief Office, London) to the Hon. Secretary, HENRY B. WHEATLEY, Esq., 53 Berners Street, London, W.

List of Works published in 1867, by the Early English Text Society.

24. HYMNS TO THE VIRGIN AND CHRIST; THE PARLIAMENT OF DEVILS; AND OTHER RELIGIOUS POEMS. Edited from the Lambeth MS. 853, by F. J. Furnivall, Esq., M.A. 3s.
25. THE STATIONS OF ROME, AND THE PILGRIMS' SEA-VOYAGE AND SEA-SICKNESS, WITH CLENE MAYDENHOD. Edited from the Vernon and Porkington MSS., &c., by F. J. Furnivall, Esq., M.A. 1s.
26. RELIGIOUS PIECES IN PROSE AND VERSE. Edited from Robert Thornton's MS. (ab. 1440 A.D.) by the Rev. G. G. Perry, M.A. 2s.
27. LEVINS'S MANIPULUS, 1570; the earliest Rhyming Dictionary. To be Edited by Henry B. Wheatley, Esq. 12s.
28. LANGLANDE'S VISION OF PIERS PLOWMAN: the earliest Version from the earliest MS. Collated throughout with three other MSS. of the same (or earliest) type. To be edited by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A. 7s.
29. ENGLISH GILDS, THEIR STATUTES AND CUSTOMS: with an Introduction, and an Appendix of translated Statutes. To be edited from the MSS. 1389 A.D. by Toulmin Smith, Esq. Part I. [In the Press.]
30. PIERS PLOWMAN'S CREDE. To be edited from the MSS. by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A. 2s.

List of Books for 1868.

31. MIRK'S DUTIES OF A PARISH PRIEST, IN VERSE. Edited for the first time from the MSS. in the British Museum and Bodleian Libraries (ab. 1420 A.D.) by E. Peacock, Esq. 4s.
32. THE BABEES BOKE, THE CHILDREN'S BOOK, URBANITATIS, THE BOKES OF NORTURE OF JOHN RUSSELL AND HUGH RHODES, THE BOKES OF KERUYNG, CORTASYE, AND DEMEANOUR, &c., with some French and Latin Poems on like subjects. Edited from Harleian and other MSS. by F. J. Furnivall, Esq. M.A. 15s.
33. THE KNIGHT DE LA TOUR LANDRY, 1372: a Father's book for his daughters. Edited from the Harleian MSS. 1764, by Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., and Mr. William Rossiter. 8s.
34. EARLY ENGLISH HOMILIES (ab. 1220-30 A.D.) from unique MSS. in Lambeth and Trinity College, Cambridge, Libraries. To be edited by R. Morris, Esq. [In the Press.]
35. SIR DAVID LYNDESAY'S WORKS. Part III. The Historie & Testament of Squyer Meldrum. Edited by F. HALL, Esq., D.C.L. [In the Press.]
36. MERLIN. Part III. To be edited by H. B. Wheatley, Esq. [In the Press.]

Proposed List for 1869.

- VARIOUS POEMS RELATING TO SIR GAWAINE. To be edited from the MSS. by R. Morris, Esq.
- PALLADIUS ON HUSBONDRIE; the earliest English Poem on Husbandry. To be edited from the unique MS. in Colchester Castle (ab. 1425 A.D.) by the Rev. Barton Lodge, M.A. Part I. [In the Press.]
- THE RULE OF ST. BENET. Four Texts: 1. Anglo-Saxon and 2. Semi-Saxon Prose: 3. Northern Verse of the 15th Century: 4. Fox's Prose Version, 1530. Edited from MSS. and a black letter copy, by Richard Morris, Esq. [In the Press.]
- THE ALLITERATIVE ROMANCE OF THE DESTRUCTION OF TROY. Translated from GUIDO de COLONNA. To be edited from the unique MS. in the Hunterian Museum, Glasgow, by the Rev. G. A. Panton. [In the Press.]
- SIR DAVID LYNDESAY'S WORKS. Part IV. To be edited by F. Hall, Esq., D.C.L. [In the Press.]
- POEMS ON MANNERS AND MORALS, in the Northern Dialect, from Cambridge University Library. Two Texts.

*Extra Series.* (8vo. £1 1s.; Large Paper)

1867. I. WILLIAM OF PALERNE, and a Fragment of an  
Re-edited from the unique MSS. by the Rev. W. W.
- II. CHAUCER'S PROSE WORKS. To be edited from
- III. CAXTON'S BOOK OF COURTESY, with two MS.  
by F. J. Furnivall, Esq., M.A.
- IV. HAVELOK THE DANE. Re-edited from the unique
1868. V. CHAUCER'S PROSE WORKS. Part II. Edited by

LONDON: N. TRÜBNER & CO., 60 PA...

EDINBURGH: T. G. STEVENSON, 22 SOUTH FR...

GLASGOW: OGLE & CO., 1 ROYAL EXCHAN...

BERLIN: ASHER & CO., UNTER DEN LIN...

NEW YORK: C. SCRIBNER & CO. LEYPOLD...

PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPINCOTT &

BOSTON: DUTTON & CO.



# Bishop Percy's Folio Manuscript.

This long hidden MS., the foundation of the celebrated **PERCY'S RELIQUES**, is printed in 4 Volumes (**BALLADS and ROMANCES**, 3 Vols. ; **LOOSE and HUMOROUS SONGS**, 1 Vol.) of the following sizes, and at the following Subscriptions :

	<i>£</i>	<i>s.</i>
Large 4to., on Whatman's Best Ribbed Paper, made expressly by Messrs. Balston of Maidstone for this edition. (65 copies printed: 50 for Subscribers, 10 for Public Libraries, 5 for the Editors).....	10	10
Extra Royal 8vo., on Whatman's Best Ribbed Paper. (50 copies printed). .....	5	5

The following editions of the **BALLADS and ROMANCES**, 3 vols., half-roan, cloth sides, are on sale to the public, through the Trade, at the prices under-mentioned:

Extra Demy 8vo., on Whatman's Ribbed Paper. (250 copies printed: 125 on sale) .....	3	15
revelac. (1,000 copies printed: 275 on sale).....	2	2
17. PARALLEL EA F. J. Furnivall. Comments, and a W. W. Skeat, M.A.		
18. HALL MEIDENHAD, ab. 1100 by the Rev. Oswald Cockayne		
19. SIR DAVID LYNDESAY'S other Minor Poems. Edited by C. Mackenzie		
20. SOME TREATISES BY R. Thorntone's MS., ab. 1440		
21. MERLIN, OR THE EARL unique MS. in the Cambr. Library. Edited by Henry B. Wheatley, Esq.		
22. THE ROMANCE OF PAULINE MS. in the Library of the University of Cambridge		
23. DAN MICHEL'S AYE 1340 A.D. Edited by F. J. Furnivall. 10s. 6d.		

The Society's Revenue  
years, etc., etc. can be  
Esq., 53 Berners Street

AND CO., PRINTERS, NEW-STREET SQUARE AND PARLIAMENT STREET.









