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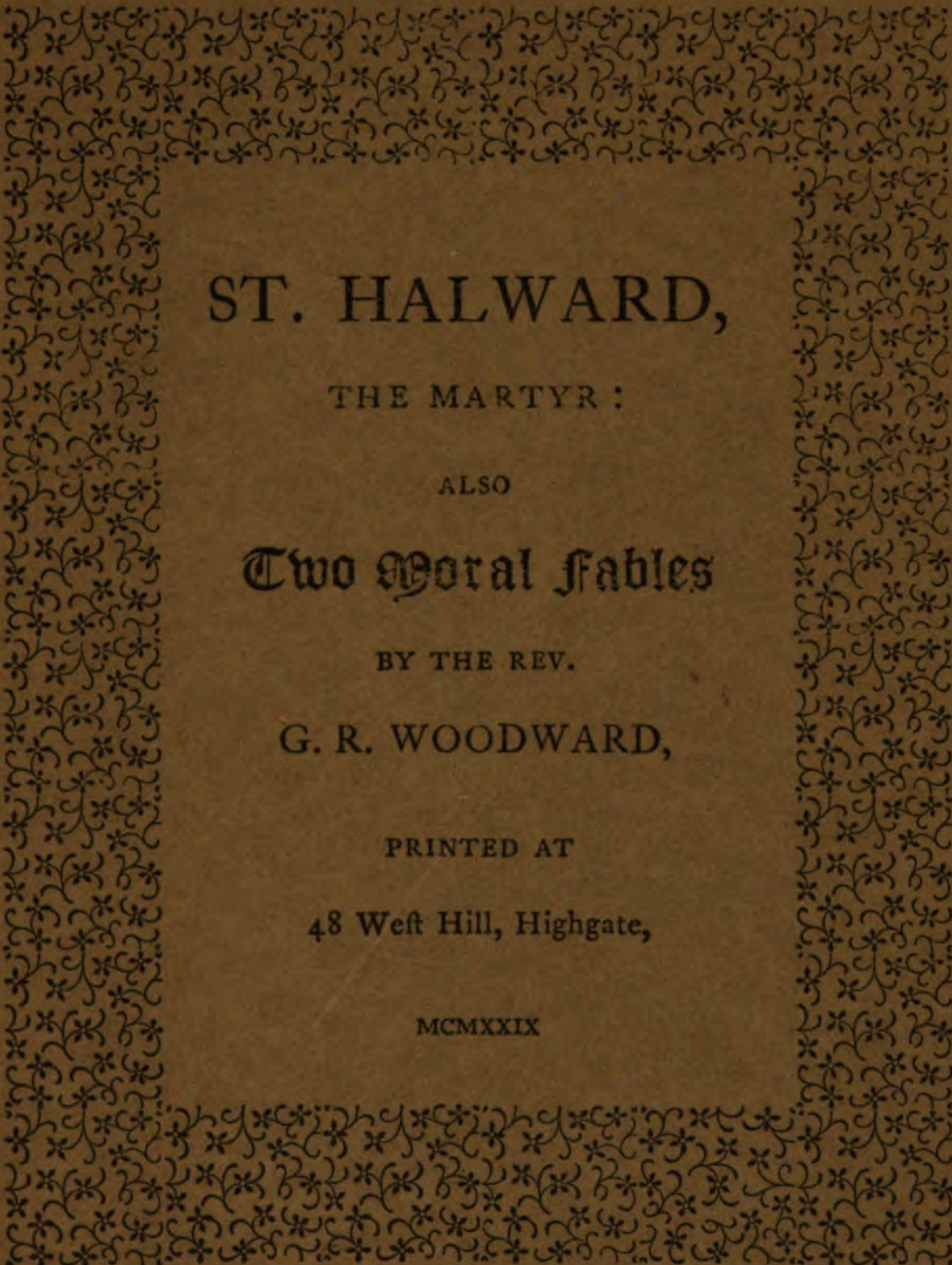
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A decorative border of repeating floral and vine motifs surrounds the central text.

ST. HALWARD,

THE MARTYR :

ALSO

Two Moral Fables

BY THE REV.

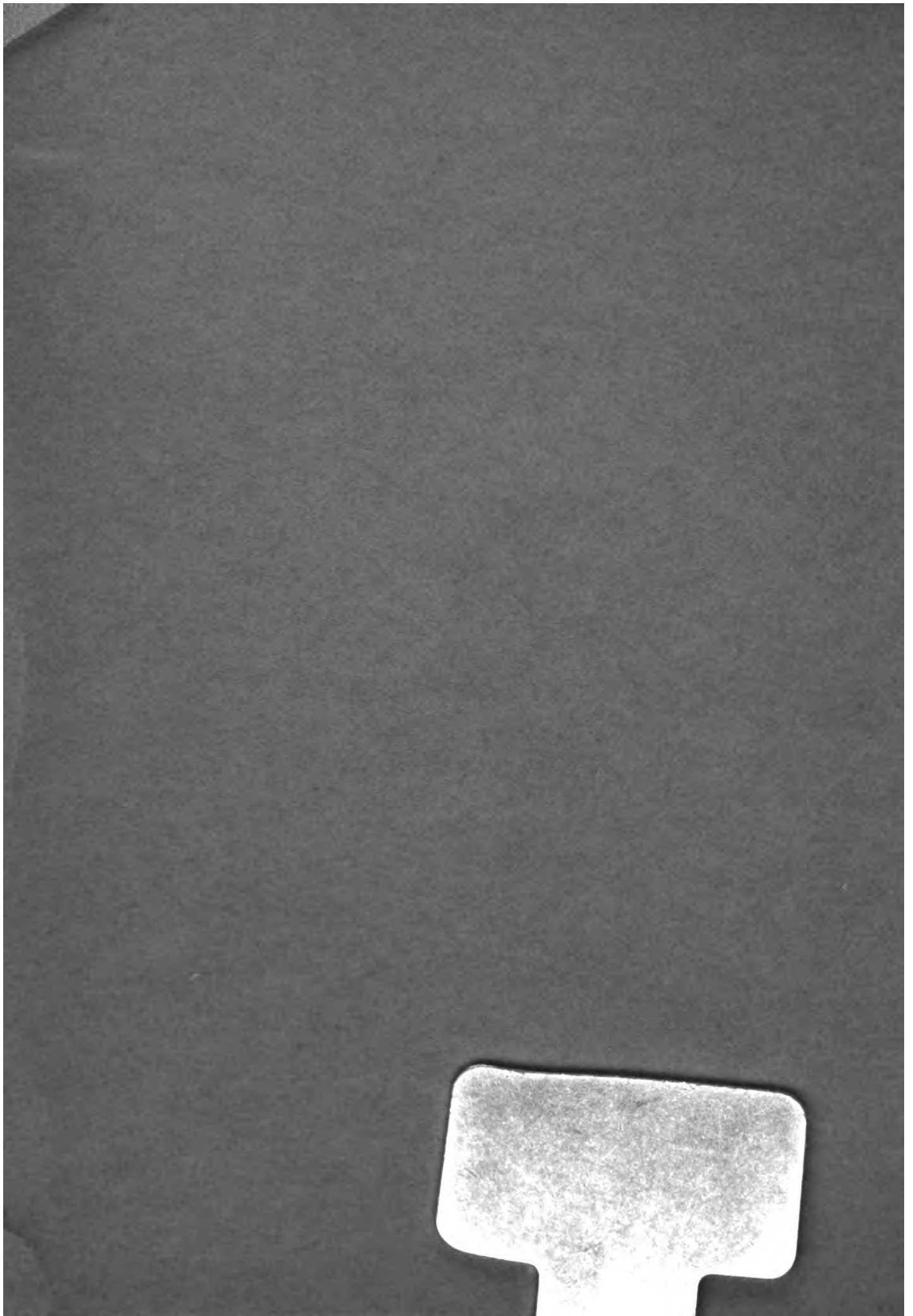
G. R. WOODWARD,

PRINTED AT

48 West Hill, Highgate,

MCMXXIX

28001 f. 1891





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## ST. HALWARD, THE MARTYR

(May 14, A. D. 1043)

’**T**Was in the merry month of May,  
And, namely, on the fourteenth day,  
As olden Kalendar doth fay,  
And in the land of Noroway,  
When, early as the rising sun,  
With axe, but other weapen none,  
A goodly youth was seen to take  
His way to-ward a certain lake.  
Come thither, he began to loose  
The moorings, painter, rope and noose,  
That held a skiff, equipt with oar,  
Fast to a stake upon the shore :  
Prince Halward was this youth y-clept.  
Aboard the boat he lightly stept,  
To cros unto the other side,  
Where he was due that morrow-tide.

ST. HALWARD, THE MARTYR

For of free-will, and not constraint,  
He went to aid that Norfe-man Saint,  
His kindred, well beknown to fame,  
King Olaf, as was he by name.  
Like Jephtha brave in days of old,  
Or as an other Samson bold,  
This Christen monarch, sooth to say,  
Was off upon some new foray  
Against the heathen, and had vow'd,  
Please God, to teach the pagan proud;  
Whereon I may no longer dwell,  
But only will of Halward tell.  
He scarce had thrust his punt from shore  
A stone-throw, rather less than more,  
When lo! where grew the rushes green,  
There was a peasant woman seen  
To rise up from some hiding-place.  
Her weary look and care-worn face,  
Her fear and agony of mind,  
Belike some poor bewilder'd hind,  
Her hurried voice and flurried speech,  
Her very presence on the beach,  
Were tokens true of suffering fore,  
And prophecy of peril more:  
Besides, 'twas evident that she,  
Poor thing, a mother soon would be.

ST. HALWARD, THE MARTYR

Now when this dame, in forry plight,  
Uplifted voice, as best she might,  
And begg'd the Prince, for Jesu's sake,  
To ferry her across the lake,  
Sir Halward, like a gentle knight,  
That call for succour would not flight,  
But back'd his wherry hard a-stern,  
And took this burd a-board full yearn,  
Then plied the oar with smiling cheer,  
To row the twain across the mere.  
A quarter of the distance o'er,  
Prince Halward and this wife forlore  
Look'd up, and spied upon the shore,  
Which they had left not long afore,  
Two men appear'd anon in hie,  
Like blood-hounds in full hue and cry,  
And shouted loud with hollow throat,  
'Ahoy! Ho, stop you yonder boat.'  
'Good lady,' said Prince Halward then,  
'What part hast thou with such-like men?'  
'My lord, they seek my life,' quod she.  
'But why and wherefore? Tell it me.'  
'Because they lay it to my charge,  
That while abroad and at my large,  
I brake into their house one day,  
And with their chattels went away.'



ST. HALWARD, THE MARTYR

‘But art thou guiltless of that sin?’  
‘I had nor art nor part therein.’  
‘And wilt thou give thy word on oath,  
And plight the same with solemn troth  
Upon the relicks of the Saint  
In gilden shrine antique and quaint  
Within the Church, that first we find,  
Should we escape these men unkind?’  
‘I swear it gladly, fir,’ said she.  
‘And art thou ready, too,’ quoth he,  
‘To undergo the fire ordeal,  
To prove thee whether false or real,  
The trial of the plow-share hot?’  
‘This also gladly, God it wot.’  
‘Then God forsake me, at this tide  
If I forsake thee,’ Halward cried.  
But see thy foes have found a boat;  
Already be they well afloat.’  
Yes, they had found them in the sedge  
A craft beside the water-edge;  
And, launching forth, these rowers twain  
Gan pull with all their might and main.  
‘What seek ye, masters?’ Halward cried.  
‘We want yon woman,’ they replied:  
Only surrender her, and we  
Will do no manner harm to thee.’

ST. HALWARD, THE MARTYR

‘What evil hath she done to you,  
That she should here her trespass rue?’  
‘She brake into our house one day,  
And with our chattels made away.’  
‘Give ear,’ replied that noble Prince,  
‘I know her to be guiltless, since  
Upon the relicks of the nearest Hallow,  
Or else on plow-share hot o’er fallow,  
The lady fain doth plight her troth,  
Confirming it with solemn oath,  
To prove her thorough innocence.  
What want ye further? Get you hence;  
Allay your wrath, from clamour cease,  
And let the woman fare in peace.  
But if the sin lie at her door,  
[Which heaven forbend, or look it o’er]  
Myself will all your losse defray,  
Or for her lawful ransom pay,  
Far sooner than undo forlorn  
The mother and the babe unborn.’  
‘We want no ransom, not a penny;  
And further proof we need not any.  
Revenge, revenge is all we need,  
And we will have revenge indeed.’  
‘Then, by the grace of God, [quoth he]  
Take your revenge, when it may be.’

ST. HALWARD, THE MARTYR

Here Halward plied his either oar,  
And never half so hard before,  
For, maugre they were two to one,  
Their gain on him was well-nigh none.  
Then up and spake one of the two,  
And strung therewith his bow of yew :  
'I ken thee, Halward, who thou art,  
Nor wish to quell thee like an hart.  
Yet otherwise, if so it be  
I cannot feize, apart from thee,  
Yon woman, an I lay thee dead,  
Thy blood be on thy hairy head.'  
'Thou hapless lady by my side,  
How can I shield thee?' Halward cried.  
'One battle-axe, and nought but it :  
To Christ our cause we here commit.'

He scarce had spoken thus, when lo !  
'Twang' went the foe-man archer's bow :  
The arrow hurtled through the air,  
But miss'd his mark by breadth of hair.  
'A near escape,' brave Halward thought,  
As harder with both oars he wrought,  
Thereby exposing chest and heart  
Full target for a second dart.  
Another moment, and it came :  
This time alas ! with surer aim.

ST. HALWARD, THE MARTYR

The Prince is hurt ; his either hand  
Of oar and row-lock lose command.  
He backward o'er the bench doth fall,  
His work is over, once for all ;  
For blood from mouth and nostril tell  
That bolt had only sped too well.  
It needed but a little time  
To consummate the bloody crime.  
The wherry, of her pilot reft,  
May drift about to right or left,  
Until the unrelenting foe  
Along-side of their quarry row.  
A struggle short and sharp : all o'er.  
The woman also breathes no more.  
The murder-men, to hide their guilt,  
And trace of blood so foully spilt,  
Tie both the bodies of the dead  
With heavy weights, to sink as lead,  
And throw the victims of their slaughter  
Into the chilly deepsome water.

But not long after, it was said  
By many a peasant, man and maid,  
Who hapt to pass along the shore,  
When night was come, and day-light o'er,  
How that above a certain spot,  
It was no idle tale, God wot,

ST. HALWARD, THE MARTYR

About the middle of the mere,  
Two wonder-lights, exceeding clear,  
In form of fiery Crosses twain,  
Were nightly to be seen full plain,  
And one of them shone out more bright  
Than did the other leffer light.  
The fame hereof like wild-fire ran :  
Men boult the matter to the bran,  
And searh is made that place around,  
And finally two bodies found :  
For, keep the secret ne'er so fast,  
Foul murder ay will out at last.

Now, ere return of Easter-tide,  
A goodly Church was built beside  
The margin of that inland sea,  
In worship, Jesu Christ, of thee.  
And when the Bishop came in state,  
The building for to consecrate,  
To note the Martyr's worth and work,  
'Twas rightly call'd, 'St. Halward Kirk.'



## LAMB & WOLF (*A Fable*)

ONE day about the hour of noon,  
To-ward the latter end of June,  
When now the fiery summer sun  
Had half his course through Cancer run,  
Upon a certain mountain-side  
A flock of sheep perchance I spied  
Within a wattled palisade,  
Of osier-crate and hurdle made.  
Much sheep lay safely in the fold,  
Ewe, lambkin, tup and wether old,  
Drawn thither to avoid the heat,  
And take the shade refreshing sweet.  
Wide open stood the sheep-cot door,  
Whereby at leisure less or more  
Might enter in, or wander out,  
To find them pasture round about.  
Our dogs, the colley Watcher, Rock,  
And Argus, keepers of the flock,  
Despite their titles, every one  
Lie basking in the high-day sun.  
The herd-men, Hob and Colin, each  
Sit neath a spreading shady beech,  
With voice of Pan-pipe shrill and gay  
Entuning of a merry lay.  
This ended, not far off one hears  
Two other shepherds, Hal and Piers,

LAMB AND WOLF

As each of these in answering strain  
Belauds his Joan, or fair Elayne.

Now in a copse across a field  
There lay an hungry Wolf conceal'd.  
He, seeing that the coast was clear,  
Approach'd the sheep-fold, near and near.  
'What? Dogs asleep, and men at play:  
I 'ie steal a lambkin, an I may.  
Go to, Sir Wolfe! As book-men say,  
While sunshine dureth, go make hay.'  
He spake, and chose a spot, from whence  
To peep inside the wattle-fence.  
A young and filly lamb within  
Ere long gat sight of Ifengrin.  
At first she, startled at the sight,  
Was minded straight to take to flight:  
For though the simple thing till now  
Had ne'er seen wolf or fox, I trow,  
Instinct and nature bade her know  
That outside stood a deadly foe.  
Yet, rallying from first alarm,  
This ewe-lamb argued, 'twere no harm  
To peer, or e'en exchange a word  
With one, of whom she oft had heard,  
Fore-warn'd against him by her dam:  
Sure, nobody would hurt a lamb.

LAMB AND WOLF

Perhaps the fiend, although not fainted,  
Is scarce as black as he is painted.  
Young sheep began, 'Sir, of your grace,  
Say wherefore come you to this place :  
Why, whither, whence ? What seek you here ?'  
'The herb, the tender herb, my dear.  
I come like any ox or ass,  
In quest of worts and meadow-grasses.  
There 's nought, ye know, that can compare  
With clover sweet and pasture-fare,  
With yellow butter-cups, with prime  
Blue gentian, and purple thyme :  
To satiate my thirst at will  
With water from the crystal rill.  
All here I find, and oft enquire  
What more can man or beast desire ?  
Philosophy : *that* is my art,  
A science dear, and near my heart,  
Enabling folk, till life be spent,  
To have with little much content.'

'Good,' quod the lamb. 'So nought is true  
That men affirm concerning you ;  
Your diet is not carrion flesh,  
But worts and meadow-grasses fresh.  
If so, well am I satisfied  
To feed from henceforth at your side :

#### THE MAN IN THE MOON

In fold, on wold, in fern and heather,  
Let wolf and lamb lie down together.'

She spake, and pass'd without the door ;  
Went out, to enter in no more.  
The false Philosopher can tell  
The ending of my tale. Farewell !

#### THE MAN IN THE MOON

**O**Nce on a time, as we are told  
In legendary writ of old,  
Across a lawn at break of day  
A certain Hebrew took his way.  
Though 'twas the Sabbath of the Lord,  
He went with axe and hempen cord  
To gather fire-wood, and to fell  
A fir-tree in the neighbour dell,  
Which heedless he had fail'd to seek  
In all the six days of the week.  
Attended only by his hound,  
To-ward the forest he was bound :  
Where, having made a seemly stack  
Of sticks, he strapt it on his back.

Now as this disobedient Jew  
To-ward his habitation drew,  
And as he stagger'd neath his load,  
There met him, half-way on his road,

THE MAN IN THE MOON

A Man, of noble countenance,  
Of stature tall, and quick of glance.  
In modest wise the pilgrim trod,  
Belike some holy man of God.  
In festal, not in work-day, drefs,  
The stranger on his path did prefs :  
As was the duty and the way  
Of Jewry on the seventh day,  
To-ward the Synagogue he went  
For worship, it was evident.  
The traveller [’twas none other than  
The Lord of Sabbath, robed as Man]  
Stood still, and bade the carl, that bare  
The billet on his back, declare  
From whence he came, and whither went,  
Beneath that heavy burden bent ;  
And, ‘Friend,’ said he, ‘haft thou forgot  
The day when thou shouldst labour not ?  
Lay down thy bundle on the ground,  
While I in brief the word expound,  
Why man must mind the Fourth Behest ;  
Let Sabbath-day be day of rest.  
The cause thereof is not to seek ;  
For on the first day of the week  
The Lord eternal, God of might,  
From darkness thick departed light.



#### THE MAN IN THE MOON

The brightness by the heavenly wright  
Was callèd Day, the darkness Night.  
Upon the next day of the seven  
He spake the word, and lo! the heaven.  
Upon the third day, of his grace,  
God drave the waters to their place;  
And quick the dry-land must appear  
Above the surface of the mere.  
This named he Land, the other Sea,  
And fixt their bounds with sure decree.  
Thereto the Lord commanded Earth  
To give to herbs and grasses birth,  
And bade the green trees of the field  
Their kindly fruits in season yield.  
The fourth day come, the Lord full soon  
Created both the Sun and Moon :  
The greater orb to rule the day,  
The lesser globe the night to sway ;  
That either should with divers light  
Depart asunder Day and Night.  
In heaven set he these wonder spheres,  
For signs and seasons, days and years.  
He also fixt the Stars on height,  
And Planets in their courses bright.  
The fifth day's travail it was rise  
With moving things instinct with life,

#### THE MAN IN THE MOON

All manner fish with glittering scales,  
That sweep the flood, the mighty whales.  
Of water-fowl th' Almighty wrought :  
And on the earth there failèd nought  
Of birds according to their kind,  
That soar aloft and cleave the wind :  
Their Maker bade them fruitful be,  
And multiply by land and sea.  
When Friday came, the heavenly King  
Created every creeping thing,  
The cattle on a thousand hills  
That from the wells and running rills  
Allay their thirst; ox, sheep and as,  
Whose fodder is dry hay and grafs.  
And last of all, the self-same day,  
Made in his image, out of clay  
In wondrous wise, of noble plan,  
The Lord thy God created man,  
And gave him power & sovranty  
O'er all the fishes of the sea,  
The feather'd fowl aloft in air,  
The beasts and cattle everywhere,  
The living things that walk or creep  
Upon the earth, or swim the deep.  
In six days thus God wrought his will :  
The seventh, of work he held him still,

THE MAN IN THE MOON

And, resting when the Sabbath came,  
Commanded man to do the same.'

With harden'd heart & mind unfirr'd  
These things the Sabbath-breaker heard.  
'Enough! thou gabbest, man,' said he.  
'What matter this to me & thee?  
What if your week-days number seven,  
Or eight, nine, ten, or e'en eleven,  
Be it your new moon, fast or high-day,  
Your Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,  
Myself, I would as lief keep Monday  
As hallow Saturday or Sunday.'

The stranger answer'd, 'Be it so.  
No longer mayst thou dwell below;  
But to yon Moon shalt thou be sent,  
There of thy folly to repent.  
Off thither straighway must thou pack,  
With bundle-sticks upon thy back:  
And if men miss thee and thy hound,  
Up yonder shall ye both be found,  
And they shall see thee clear as noon,  
And dub thee OLD MAN IN THE MOON:  
There shalt thou stand for sign & token  
That Sabbaths be not lightly broken.  
Now mount thy Moon; therein remain  
Till Moon shall cease to wax and wane.'

¶ ST. HALWARD THE MARTYR. Taken from John Mason Neale's *Tales of the Apostles' Creed*. That is in prose; this in verse, but often-times repeating *ipsissima verba magistri*.

¶ LAMB & WOLF. Fable by Abp. Fénelon.

¶ MAN IN THE MOON. *Gressumque canis comitatur herilem*.

¶ But 120 copies of this booklet have been printed, whereof this bears the Number 74







