[Rebound Feb. 1930]

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TWO

IMITATIONS

OF

CHAUCER.

VIZ.

I. *SUSANNAH* and the Two *ELDERS.*

II. Earl *ROBERT*'s Mice.

By *MATTHEW PRIOR*, Esq;

LONDON:

Printed in the Year M.DCC.XII.

SUSANNAH and the TWO ELDERS,

IN

Imitation of *CHAUCER*.

By Mr. PRIOR.

FAIR SUSAN did her Wifehode (Well maintaine,
Algates assaulted sore by Leachers (twaine:
Now, an' I reade aryghte that auncient (Song,
The Paramours were Olde, the Dame (was Yong.

Had thilke same Tale in other guise (bene tolde,
Had they been Yong (pardie) and she bene (Olde,
Sweet Jesu! that had bene much sorer (Tryale;
Full Marvaillous, I wot, were such (Denyale!

SUSANNAH and the TWO ELDERS,

Attempted in a

MODERN STILE.

WHEN Fair SUSANNAH in a cool retreat
Of ſhady Arbours ſhun'd the Sultry heat.
Two wanton Lechers to her Garden came,
And, ruſhing furious, ſeiz'd the trembling Dame.
What Female Strength could do, her Arms perform,
And guarded well the Fort they ſtrove to Storm.
The Story's ancient, and, if rightly told,
Young was the Lady, but the Lovers Old.

Had the Reverſe been true, had Authors Sung,
How that the Dame was *Old*, the Lovers *Young*.
If She had then the blooming Pair deny'd,
With tempting Youth and Vigour on their ſide,
Lord! How the Story would have ſhock'd my (*Creed!*
For that had been a Miracle indeed.

Earl

Earl *ROBERT*'s

MICE.

TWA Mice, full Blythe and Ami-
(cable,
Batten beside Earl ROBERT's Table.
Lies there ne Trap their Necks to catch,
Ne old black Cat their Steps to watch.
Their fill they eat of Fowl and Fish;
Feast like as Heart of Mouse could Wish.
As Guests sat Jovial at the Board,
Forth leap'd the Mice: Eftsoons the Lord
Of BOLING, whilome JOHN the SAINT,
Who maketh oft Propose full Quaint;
Laugh'd Jocund, and aloud he cry'd,
To MATTHEW seated on the other side;
To

To thee lean Bard it doth pertain
To understand these Creatures Twain.
Come frame us now some clean Device,
Or pleasant Rhyme on yonder Mice.
They seem, God shield me, MAT. and (CHARLES,
Bad as Sir Topaz * or Squire Quarles.
MATTHEW did for the nonce Reply,
At Emblem or Device am I,
But could I Chant or Rhyme pardie,
Clear as Dan Chaucer, or as Thee,
Ne Verse from me, so God me shrive,
On Mouse or any Beast alive.
Certes I have these many Days,
Sent mine Poetic Herd to graze.
Ne Armed Knight ydred in War,
With Lyon fierce Will I compare.
Ne judge unjust, With furred Fox;
Harming in Secret Guise the Flocks.
Ne Priest unworthy Godes Coat,
To Swine ydrunk, or filthy Stoat.

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* A sort of Ballad Rhymes so call'd by *CHAUCER*.

Elk

Elk Simile farewell for aye,
From Elephant I trow to Flea.
Reply'd the friendlike Peer, I weene
MATTHEW is angred in the Spleen.
Ne so, quoth MATT. ne shall be er'e,
With Wit that falleth all so fair.
Eftsoons well weet ye mine Intent,
Boweth to your Commaundement.
If by these Creatures ye have seen,
Portrayed CHARLES and MATTHEW (been:
Behoveth neet to rack my Brain,
The rest in Order to explain.
That Cupboard where the Mice disport,
I liken to St. * STEPHEN's Court:
Therein is Space enough I trow,
For elke Comrade to come and goe.
And therein eke may both be fed,
With Shiver from the Wheaten Bread.
And whenas these Mine Eyen survey,
They cease to Skip, aud Squeak and (Play;

* Exchequer.

Return

Return they may to different Cells,
AUDITING One, whilst t'other TELLS.
Dear ROBERT, quoth the SAINT, whose (Mind
In Bounteous Deed no Mean can bind;
Now as I hope to grow devout,
I deem this Matter well made out.
Laugh I, whilst thus I serious Pray,
Let that be done which MATT. doth say;
Yea, quoth the EARL, but not to Day.

FINIS.
