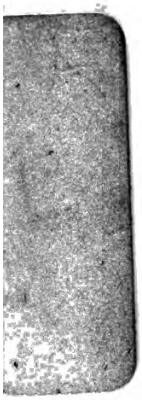

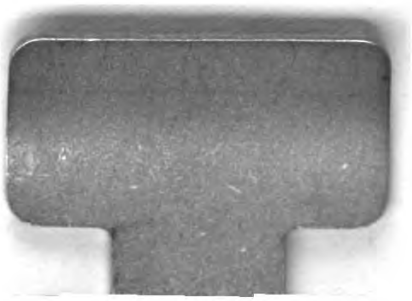

Percy (Thomas)

Reliques of ancient English poetry

[Part of Vol 2 of the 3rd ed. with the Corrections made by by Percy in the preparation for the 4th ed.]

~~1800~~ 1794

Percy 5

The baron he ſtroakt his dark-brown cheeke,
  And turnde his heade aſyde
To whipe awaye the ſtarting teare,
  He proudly ſtrave to hyde.

In deepe revolving thought he ſtoode, 185
  And muſde a little ſpace:
Then raiſde faire Emmeline from the grounde,
  With many a fond embrace.

Here take her, Child of Elle, he ſayd,
  And gave her lillye hand; 190 white
Here take my deare and only child,
  And with her half my land:

Thy father once mine honour wrongde
  In dayes of youthful pride;
Do thou the injurye repayre 195
  In fondneſſe for thy bride.

And as thou love her, and hold her deare,
  Heaven proſper thee and thine:
And nowe my bleſſing wend wi' thee,
  My lovelye Emmeline. 200

P. 58

XII.

EDOM O' GORDON,

A Scottish Ballad,

——was printed at Glasgow, by Robert and Andrew Foulis, MDCCLV. 8vo. 12 pages.—We are indebted for its publication (with many other valuable things in these volumes) to Sir David Dalrymple, Bart. who gave it as it was preserved in the memory of a lady, that is now dead.

The reader will here find it improved, and enlarged with several fine stanzas, recovered from a fragment of the same ballad, in the Editor's folio MS. It is remarkable that the latter is intitled Captain Adam Carre, *and is in the English idiom. But whither the author was English or Scotch, the difference originally was not great. The English Ballads are generally of the North of England, the Scottish are of the South of Scotland, and of consequence the country of Ballad-singers was sometimes subject to one crown, and sometimes to the other, and most frequently to neither. Most of the finest old Scotch songs have the scene laid within* 20 *miles of England; which is indeed all poetic ground, green hills, remains of woods, clear brooks. The pastoral scenes remain: Of the rude chivalry of former ages happily nothing remains but the ruins of the castles, where the more daring and successful robbers resided. The House, or Castle of the* Rodes, *stood about a measured mile south from Duns in Berwickshire: some of the ruins of it may be seen to this day. The* Gordons *were anciently seated in the same county: the two villages of East and West Gordon lie about*

Ze paid me weil my hire, lady;
  Ze paid me weil my fee:
But now Ime Edom o' Gordons man, 75
  Maun either doe or die.

O than beſpaik hir little ſon,
  Sate on the nourice' knee:
Sayes, Mither deare, gi owre this houſe,
  For the reek it ſmithers me. 80

I wad gie a' my gowd, my childe,
  Sae wad I a' my fee,
For ane blaſt o' the weſtlin wind,
  To blaw the reek frae thee.

O then beſpaik hir dochter dear, 85
  She was baith jimp and ſma:
O row me in a pair o' ſheits,
  And tow me owre the wa.

They rowd hir in a pair o' ſheits,
  And towd hir owre the wa; 90
But on the point of Gordons ſpear,
  She gat a deadly fa.

O bonnie bonnie was hir mouth,
  And cherry were hir cheiks,
And clear clear was hir zellow hair, 95
  Whereon the reid bluid dreips.

Then wi' his ſpear he turnd hir owre,
O gin hir face was wan!
He ſayd, Ze are the firſt that eir
I wiſht alive again. 100

He turnd hir owre and owre again,
O gin hir ſkin was whyte!
I might ha ſpared that bonnie face
To hae been ſum mans delyte.

Buſk and boun, my merry men a', 105
For ill dooms I doe gueſs;
I cannae luik in that bonnie face,
As it lyes on the graſs.

Thame, luiks to freits, my maſter deir,
Then freits wil follow thame: 110
Let it neir be ſaid brave Edom o' Gordon
Was daunted by a dame.

But quhen the ladye ſee the fire
Cum flaming owre hir head,
She wept and kiſt her children twain, 115
Sayd, Bairns, we been but dead.

The

V. 98, 102. O gin, &c. *a Scottiſh idiom to expreſs great admiration.*

V. 109, 110. Thame, &c. *i. e. Them that look after omens of ill luck, ill luck will follow.*

Vol. 2

4

RELIQUES
OF ANCIENT POETRY,
&c.

SERIES THE SECOND.

BOOK I.

I.

RICHARD OF ALMAIGNE.

" *A ballad made by one of the adherents to Simon de* " *Montfort, earl of Leicester, soon after the battle of Lewes,* " *which was fought May* 14, 1264."

—*affords a curious specimen of ancient Satire, and shews that the liberty, assumed by the good people of this realm, of abusing their kings and princes at pleasure, is a privilege of very long standing.*

To render this antique libel intelligible, the reader is to understand that just before the battle of Lewes which proved so fatal to the interests of Henry III. *the barons had offered his brother Richard King of the Romans* 30,000*l. to procure a peace upon such terms, as would have divested Henry of all his regal power, and therefore the treaty proved abortive.—The consequences of that battle are well known: the king, prince Edward his son, his brother Richard, and many of his friends fell into the hands of their enemies: while two great barons of the king's party, John earl of Warren, and Hugh Bigot the king's Justiciary, had been glad to escape into France.*

In the 1*st stanza the aforesaid sum of* THIRTY THOUSAND *pounds is alluded to, but with the usual misrepresentation of party malevolence, is asserted to have been the exorbitant demand of the king's brother.*

With regard to the 2*d st. the Reader is to note that Richard, along with the earldom of Cornwall, had the honours of* WALINGFORD *and Eyre confirmed to him on his marriage with Sanchia daughter of the Count of Provence, in* 1243. ——WINDSOR *castle was the chief fortress belonging to the king, and had been garrisoned by foreigners: a circumstance, which furnishes out the burthen of each stanza.*

The 3*d st. alludes to a remarkable circumstance, which happened on the day of the battle of Lewes. After the battle was lost, Richard king of the Romans took refuge in a Windmill, which he baricadoed, and maintained for some time against the Barons, but in the evening was obliged to surrender. See a very full account of this, in the Chronicle of Mailros. Oxon.* 1684. *p.* 229.

The 4*th st. is of obvious interpretation: Richard, who had been elected king of the Romans in* 1256, *and had afterwards gone over to take possession of his dignity, was in the year* 1259 *about to return into England, when the barons raised a popular clamour, that he was bringing with him foreigners to over-run the kingdom: upon which he was forced to dismiss almost all his followers, otherwise the barons would have opposed his landing.*

In

In the 5th st. the writer regrets the escape of the Earl of Warren, and in the 6th and 7th sts. insinuates that if he and Sir Hugh Bigot once fell into the hands of their adversaries, they should never more return home. A circumstance, which fixes the date of this ballad; for in the year 1265 *both these noblemen landed in South Wales, and the royal party soon after gained the ascendant. See Holingshed, Rapin,* &c.

The following is copied from a very ancient MS. in the British Museum. [*Harl. MSS.* 2253. *f.* 23.] *This MS. is judged, from the peculiarities of the writing, to be not later than the time of Richard* II.; th *being every where expressed by the character* þ; *the* ÿ *is pointed after the Saxon manner, and the* í *hath an oblique stroke over it.*

Prefixed to this ancient libel on government is a small design, which the engraver intended should correspond with the subject. On the one side a Satyr, (emblem of Petulance and Ridicule) is trampling on the ensigns of Royalty; on the other Faction under the masque of Liberty is exciting Ignorance and Popular Rage to deface the Royal Image; which stands on a pedestal inscribed MAGNA CHARTA, *to denote that the rights of the king, as well as those of the people, are founded on the laws; and that to attack one, is in effect to demolish both.*

SITTETH alle stille, ant herkneth to me;
The kyng of Alemaigne, bi mi leaute,
Thritti thousent pound askede he
For te make the pees in the countre,
Ant so he dude more. 5
Richard, thah thou be ever trichard,
Tricthen shalt thou never more.

Ver. 2. kyn. *MS.*

Richard of Alemaigne, whil that he wes kying,
He ſpende al is treſour opon ſwyvyng,
Haveth he nout of Walingford oferlyng, 10
Let him habbe, aſe he brew, bale to dryng,
Maugre Wyndeſore.
Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

The kyng of Alemaigne wende do ful wel,
He ſaiſede the mulne for a caſtel, 15
With hare ſharpe ſwerdes he grounde the ſtel,
He wende that the ſayles were mangonel
To helpe Wyndeſore.
Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

The kyng of Alemaigne gederede ys hoſt, 20
Makede him a caſtel of a mulne poſt,
Wende with is prude, ant is muchele boſt,
Brohte from Alemayne mony ſori goſt
To ſtore Wyndeſore.
Richard, thah thou be ever, &c. 25

By God, that is aboven ous, he dude muche ſynne,
That lette paſſen over ſee the erl of Warynne:
He hath robbed Engelond, the mores, ant th fenne,
The gold, ant the ſelver, and y-boren henne,
For love of Wyndeſore. 30
Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

Sire

an additional Stanza to come in here

Be the lucf, be the loht, sire Edward, 45
Thou shalt ride sporeles o thy Lyard
Al the ryhte way to Dovere-ward,
Shalt thou never more breke foreward;
Ant that reweth sore
Edward, thou dudest as a fhr^eward, 50
~~Tof~~ Forsoke thyn ernes lore
Richard, &c.

~~Ad~~ Note to come in above (* *) this mark
~~[illegible]~~ in Italicks of the same size as the note above

^Ver. 45. This Stanza was omitted in the former Editions, having escaped the Editors attention, from its occurring in the MS. at the head of a new Page and the Letters being marked with red ink like the beginning of a new

Sire Simond de Mountfort hath ſuore bi ys chyn,
Hevede he nou here the erl of Waryn,
Shuld he never more come to is yn,
Ne with ſheld, ne with ſpere, ne with other gyn, 35
To help of Wyndeſore.
Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

Sire Simond de Montfort hath ſuore bi ys ~~ſcot~~, /cop.
Hevede he nou here Sire Hue de Bigot:
Al he ſhulde grante here twelfmoneth ſcot, 40
Shulde he never more with his ſot pot
To helpe Wyndeſore.
Richard, thah thou be ever trichard,
Tricthen ſhalt thou never more,

~~Ver. 38. top or cop.~~
Ver. 40. g'te here. *MS. i. e. grant their. Vid. Gloſs.*

A note to come in here, ver. 4

*** *The ſatirical Ballad on* RICHARD OF ALMAIGNE *will riſe in its importance with the curious Reader, when he finds, that it is even believed to have occaſioned a Law in our ſtatute Book, viz. "Againſt ſlanderous reports or tales, "to cauſe diſcord betwixt king and people."* (WESTM. PRIMER, c. 34. anno 3. Edw. I.) *That it had this effect is the opinion of an eminent Writer: See "Obſervations upon the Statutes, chiefly the more Ancient, &c."* 4*to.* 2*d Edit.* 1766. *p.* 71.

~~*If this very learned and ingenious Antiquary would examine the original MS.*~~ *in the Harl. Collection,* ~~*whence our Ballad was extracted, he would, I believe, find*~~ *other ſatirical and defamatory rhymes of the ſame age, that might have their ſhare in contributing to this firſt Law againſt Libels.*

However ~~the MS.~~ /may be found

However in the Harl. Collection may be found other Satirical and . . . .

II.

ON THE DEATH OF K. EDWARD THE FIRST.

We have here an early attempt at Elegy. EDWARD I. *died July 7. 1307, in the 35th year of his reign, and 69th of his age. This poem appears to have been composed soon after his death. According to the modes of thinking peculiar to those times, the writer dwells more upon his devotion, than his skill in government, and pays less attention to the martial and political abilities of this great monarch, in which he had no equal, than to some little weaknesses of superstition, which he had in common with all his cotemporaries. The king had in the decline of life vowed an expedition to the holy land, but finding his end approach, he dedicated the sum of 32,000l. to the maintenance of a large body of knights (140 say historians, 80 says our poet,) who were to carry his heart with them into Palestine. This dying command of the king was never performed. Our poet with the honest prejudices of an Englishman, attributes this failure to the advice of the king of France, whose daughter Isabel ~~his~~ young monarch immediately married. But the truth is, Edward and his destructive favourite Piers Gaveston spent the money upon their pleasures. —— To do the greater honour to the memory of his heroe, our poet puts his eloge in the mouth of the Pope; with the same poetic licence, as a more modern bard would have introduced Britannia, or the Genius of Europe pouring forth his praises.*

This antique Elegy is extracted from the same MS. volume, as the preceding article; is found with the same peculiarities

/the

who succeeded,

culiarities of writing and orthography; and tho' written at near the diſtance of half a century contains little or no variation of idiom: whereas the next following poem by Chaucer, which was probably written not more than 50 or 60 years after this, exhibits almoſt a new language. This ſeems to countenance the opinion of ſome antiquaries, that this great poet made conſiderable innovations in his mother tongue, and introduced many terms, and new modes of ſpeech from other languages.

ALLE, that beoth of huerte trewe,
A ſtounde herkneth to my ſong
Of duel, that Deth hath diht us newe,
That maketh me ſyke, ant ſorewe among;
Of a knyht, that wes ſo ſtrong, 5
Of wham God hath don ys wille;
Me-thuncheth that deth hath don us wrong,
That he ſo ſone ſhall ligge ſtille.

Al Englond ahte for te knowe
Of wham that ſong is, that y ſynge; 10
Of Edward kyng, that lith ſo lowe,
Zent al this world is nome con ſpringe:
Treweſt mon of alle thinge,
Ant in werre war ant wys,
For him we ahte oure honden wrynge, 15
Of Criſtendome he ber the prys.

Byfore that oure kyng wes ded,
He ſpek aſe mon that wes in care,
"Clerkes, knyhtes, barons, he ſayde,
"Y charge ou by oure ſware, 20

 "That

" That ye to Engelonde be trewe.
" Y deze, y ne may lyven na more;
" Helpeth mi ſone, ant crouneth him newe,
" For he is neſt to buen y-core.

" Ich biqueth myn herte aryht,
" That hit be write at mi devys,
" Over the ſee that Hue * be diht,
" With fourſcore knyhtes al of prys,
" In werre that buen war ant wys,
" Azein the hethene for te fyhte,
" To wynne the croiz that lowe lys,
" Myſelf ycholde zef that y myhte."

Kyng of Fraunce, thou hevedeſt ' ſinne,'
That thou the counſail woldeſt fonde,
To latte the wille of ' Edward kyng'
To wende to the holy londe;
That oure kyng hede take on honde
All Engelond to zeme ant wyſſe,
To wenden in to the holy londe
To wynnen us heveriche bliſſe.

The meſſager to the pope com,
And ſeyde that oure kynge wes ded:
Ys oune hond the lettre he nom,
Ywis his herte wes ful gret:

The

* ~~This is probably~~ The name of ~~some~~ the person, who was to preſide over this buſineſs. *Ver.* 33. ſunne. *MS.* ^ *Ver.* 35. kyng Edward. *MS.*
Ver. 43. ys *is probably a contraction of* in hys *or* yn his.

* The Name of the Person,

The Pope him ſelf the lettre redde, 45
Ant ſpec a word of gret honour.
" Alas! he ſeid, is Edward ded?
" Of Criſtendome he ber the flour."

The Pope to is chaumbre wende,
For dol ne mihte he ſpeke na more; 50
Ant after cardinals he ſende,
That muche couthen of Criſtes lore,
Bothe the laſſe, ant eke the more,
Bed hem bothe rede ant ſynge:
Gret deol me myhte ſe thore, 55
Mony mon is honde wrynge.

The Pope of Peyters ſtod at is maſſe
With ful gret ſolempnetè,
Ther me con the ſoule bleſſe:
" Kyng Edward honoured thou be: 60
" God love thi ſone come after the,
" Bringe to ende that thou haſt bygonne,
" The holy crois y-mad of tre,
" So fain thou woldeſt hit hav y-wonne.

" Jeruſalem, thou haſt i-lore 65
" The flour of al chivalrie
" Now kyng Edward liveth na more:
" Alas! that he zet ſhulde deye!

" He

Ver. 55. Me, *i. e. Men. ſo in Robert of Glouceſter paſſim.*

59.

" He wolde ha rered up ful heyze
" Oure banners, that bueth broht to grounde;
" Wel! longe we mowe clepe and crie 70
" Er we a fuch kyng han y-founde."

Nou is Edward of Carnarvan
King of Engelond al aplyht,
God lete him ner be worfe man
Then is fader, ne laffe of myht, 75
To holden is pore men to ryht,
And underftonde good counfail,
Al Engelong for to wyffe ant dyht;
Of gode knyhtes darh him nout fail.

Thah mi tonge were mad of ftel, 80
Ant min herte yzote of bras,
The godnefs myht y never telle,
That with kyng Edward was:
Kyng, as thou art cleped conquerour,
In uch bataille thou hadeft prys; 85
God bringe thi foule to the honour,
That ever wes, ant ever ys *.

* *Here follow in the original three lines more, which, as ~~apparently spurious~~, we chufe to throw to the bottom of the Page, viz.*
That lafteth ay withouten ende,
Bidde we God, ant oure Ledy to thilke bliffe
Jefus us fende. Amen.

III. AN

/seemingly redundant,

III.

AN ORIGINAL BALLAD BY CHAUCER.

This little sonnet, which hath escaped all the editors of Chaucer's works, is now printed for the first time from an ancient MS in the Pepysian library, that contains many other poems of its venerable author. The versification is of that species, which the French call RONDEAU, *very naturally englished by our honest countrymen* ROUND O. *Tho' so early adopted by them, our ancestors had not the honour of inventing it: Chaucer picked it up, along with other better things, among the neighbouring nations. A fondness for laborious trifles hath always prevailed in the dark ages of literature. The Greek poets have had their* WINGS *and* AXES: *the great father of English poesy may therefore be pardoned one poor solitary* RONDEAU.—*Dan Geofrey Chaucer died Oct.* 25. 1400. *aged* 72.

I. 1.

YOURE two eyn will sle me sodenly,
I may the beaute of them not sustene,
So wendeth it thorowout my herte kene.

2.

And but your words will helen hastely
My hertis wound, while that it is grene,
Youre two eyn will sle me sodenly.

3.

Upon my trouth I sey yow feithfully,
That ye ben of my liffe and deth the quene;
For with my deth the trouth shal be sene.
Youre two eyn, &c.

II. 1. So

II. 1.

So hath youre beauty fro your herte chaſed
Pitee, that me n' availeth not to pleyn;
For daunger halt your mercy in his cheyne.

2.

Giltleſs my deth thus have ye purchaſed;
I ſey yow ſoth, me nedeth not to fayn:
So hath your beaute fro your herte chaſed.

3.

Alas, that nature hath in yow compaſsed
So grete beaute, that no man may atteyn
To mercy, though he ſterve for the peyn,
So hath youre beaute, &c.

III. 1.

Syn I fro love eſcaped am ſo fat,
I nere thinke to ben in his priſon lene;
Syn I am fre, I counte hym not a bene.

2.

He may anſwere, and ſey this and that,
I do no fors, I ſpeak ryght as I mene;
Syn I fro love eſcaped am ſo fat.

3.

Love hath my name i-ſtrike out of his ſclat,
And he is ſtrike out of my bokes clene:
For ever mo ~~[illegible]~~ ('Her*) is non other mene.
Syn I fro love eſcaped, &c.

* This. *MS.*

IV. THE

/good writers*,
/there is little hope of its being
abolished.

IV.

THE TURNAMENT OF TOTTENHAM:

"OR, THE WOOEING, WINNING, AND WEDDING
"OF TIBBE, THE REEV'S DAUGHTER THERE."

*It does honour to the good sense of this nation, that while all Europe was captivated with the bewitching charms of Chivalry and Romance, two of our writers in the rudest times could see thro' the false glare that surrounded them, and discover whatever was absurd in them both. Chaucer wrote his Rhyme of sir Thopas in ridicule of the latter, and in the following poem we have a humourous burlesque of the former. Without pretending to decide, whether the institution of chivalry was upon the whole useful or pernicious in the rude ages, a question that has lately employed many ~~fine pens~~ *, it evidently encouraged a vindictive spirit, and gave such force to the custom of duelling, that ~~it will probably never be worn out~~. This, together with the fatal consequences which often attended the diversion of the Turnament, was sufficient to render it obnoxious to the graver part of mankind. Accordingly the Church early denounced its censures against it, and the State was often prevailed on to attempt its suppression. But fashion and opinion are superior to authority; and the proclamations against Tilting were as little regarded in those times, as the laws against Duelling are in these. This did not escape the discernment of our poet, who easily perceived that inveterate opinions must be attacked by other weapons, than proclamations and censures; he accordingly made use of the keen one of* RIDICULE. *With this view he has here introduced, with admirable humour, a parcel of clowns, imitating all the solemnities of the Tournay. Here we have the regular*

* See [Mr. Hurd's] Letters on Chivalry, 8vo. 1762. Memoires de la Chevalerie par M. de la Curne des Palais, 1759. 2 tom. 12mo. &c.

regular challenge—the appointed day—the lady for the prize—the formal preparations—the display of armour—the scucheons and devices—the oaths taken on entering the lists—the various accidents of the encounter—the victor leading off the prize,—and, the magnificent feasting,—with all the other solemn fopperies, that usually attended the ~~*exercise of the barriers*~~. *And how acutely the sharpness of the author's humour must have been felt in those days, we may learn, from what we can perceive of its keenness now, when time has so much blunted the edge of his ridicule.*

THE TURNAMENT OF TOTTENHAM *was first printed from an ancient MS. in* 1631, 4*to*, *by the rev. Whilhem Bedwell, rector of Tottenham,* ~~*and*~~ *one of the translators of the Bible*; *he tells us it was written by Gilbert Pilkington, thought to have been some time parson of the same parish, and author of another piece intitled* Passio Domini Jesu Christi. *Bedwell, who was eminently skilled in the oriental languages, appears to have been but little conversant with the ancient writers in his own, and he so little entered into the spirit of the poem he was publishing that he contends for its being a serious narrative of a real event, and thinks it must have been written before the time of Edward* III, *because Turnaments were prohibited in that reign.* "*I do* "*verily beleeve, says he, that this Turnament was acted* "*before this proclamation of K. Edward. For how durst* "*any to attempt to do that, although in sport, which was* "*so straightly forbidden, both by the civill and ecclesiasticall* "*power? For although they fought not with lances, yet, as* "*our authour sayth,* "*It was no childrens game.*" *And* "*what would have become of him, thinke you, which* "*should have slayne another in this manner of jeasting?* "*Would he not, trow you, have been* HANG'D FOR IT "IN EARNEST? YEA, AND HAVE BENE BURIED LIKE "A DOGGE?" *It is however well known that Turnaments were in use down to the reign of Elizabeth.*

In the former editions of this work, Bedwell's copy was transcribed here, with some few conjectural emendations; but as Bedwell seemed to have reduced the orthography at least, if not the phraseology, to the standard of his own time, it was

 with

solemn tournament.

and afterwards Bishop of Kilmore in Ireland, where he lived and died with the highest reputation of sanctity, in 1641.

with great pleasure that the Editor was informed of an ancient MS. copy preserved in the Museum [Harl. MSS. 5396.] which appeared to have been transcribed in the reign of K. Hen. VI. *about* 1456. *This obliging information the Editor owed to the friendship of* THO. TYRWHITT, *esq; and he has chiefly followed that more authentic Transcript, improved however by some readings from Bedwell's Book.*

OF all thes kene conquerours to carpe it were kynde;
Of fele feyztyng folk ferly we fynde;
The Turnament of Totenham have we in mynde;
It were harme sych hardynes were holden byhynde,
In story as we rede
Of Hawkyn, of Herry,
Of Tomkyn, of Terry,
Of them that were dughty
And stalworth in dede.

It befel in Totenham on a dere day,
Ther was mad a shurtyng be the hy-way:
Theder com al manen of the contray,
Of Hyssylton, of Hy-gate, and of Hakenay,
And all the swete swynkers.
Ther hopped Hawkyn,
Ther daunsed Dawkyn,
Ther trumped Tomkyn,
And all wer trewe drynkers.

Tyl the day was gon and evyn-song past,
That thay schuld reckyn ther scot and ther counts cast:

Perkyn

Ver. 20. *It is not very clear in the MS. whether it should be* conts, *or* conters.

Perkyn the Potter into the preſs paſt,
And ſayd Randol the refe, a dozter thou haſt,
Tyb the dere:
Therfor faine wyt wold I,
Whych of all thys bachelerz 25
Were beſt worthye
To wed hur to hys fere.

Upſtyrt thos gadelyngys wyth ther lang ſtaves,
And ſayd, Randol the refe, lo! thys lad raves;
Boldely amang us thy dozter he craves; 30
We er rycher men then he, and mor gode haves
Of cattell and corn;
Then ſayd Perkyn To Tybbe I have hyzt
That I ſchal be alway redy in my ryzt,
If that it ſchuld be thys day ſevenyzt, 35
Or elles zet to morn.

Then ſayd Randolfe the refe, Ever be he waryd,
That about thys carpyng lenger wold be taryd:
I wold not my dozter, that ſcho were miſcaryd,
But at hur moſt worſchip I wold ſcho were maryd; 40
Therfor a Turnament ſchal begynne
Thys day ſevenyzt,—
Wyth a flayl for to fyzt:
And 'he', that is moſt of myght
Schal brouke hur wyth wynne. 45

Whoſo berys hym beſt in the turnament,
Hym ſchal be granted the gre be the comon aſſent,

For to wynne my dozter wyth 'dughtyneſſe' of dent,
And coppeld my brode-henne 'that' was brozt out of Kent:
And my dunnyd kowe
For no ſpens wyl I ſpare,
For no cattell wyl I care,
He ſchal have my gray mare,
And my ſpottyd ſowe.

Ther was many 'a' bold lad ther bodyes to bede:
Than thay toke thayr leve, and homward thay zede;
And all the weke ~~[after' thay]~~ [afterward] graythed ther wede,
Tyll it come to the day, that thay ſuld do ther dede.
They armed ~~t~~ham in matts;
Thay ſet on ther nollys,
For to kepe ther pollys,
Gode blake bollys,
For batryng of bats.

Thay ſowed tham in ſchepeſkynnes, for thay ſchuld not breſt:
Ilk-on toke a blak hat, inſted of a creſt:
'A baſket or a panyer before on ther breſt,'
And a flayle in ther hande; for to fyght preſt,
Furth gon thay fare:
Ther was kyd mekyl fors,
Who ſchuld beſt fend hys cors:
He that had no gode hors,
He gat hym a mare.

Ver. 48. Dozty. *MS.* *V.* 49. *We ſtill uſe the phraſe "a copple-crowned hen."* *V.* 57. ~~[afterward MS. id]~~ gayed. *PC.* *V.* 60. *is wanting in MS. and ſupplied from PC.* *V.* 70. He borrowed him. *PC.*

Sych another gadryng have I not ſene oft,
When all the gret company com rydand to the croft:
Tyb on a gray mare was ſet up on loft 75
On a ſek ful of fedyrs, for ſcho ſchuld ſyt ſoft,
And led 'till the gap'.
For cryeng of the men
Forther wold not Tyb then,
Tyl ſcho had hur brode hen 80
Set in hur Lap.

A gay gyrdyl Tyb had on, borowed for the nonys,
And a garland on hur hed ful of rounde bonys,
And a bronche on hur breſt ful of 'ſapphyre' ſtonys,
Wyth the holy-rode tokenyng, was wrotyn for the nonys; 85
For no 'ſpendings' thay had ſpared.
When joly Gyb ſaw hur thare,
He gyrd ſo hys gray mare,
'That ſcho lete a fowkin' fare
At the rereward. 90

I wow to God, quoth Herry, I ſchal not lefe behynde,
May I mete wyth Bernard on Bayard the blynde,
Ich man kepe hym out of my wynde,
For whatſoever that he be, before me I fynde,
I wot

Ver. 76. *The MS. had once* ſedys, *i. e. ſeeds, which appears to have been altered to* ſedyrs, *or feathers. Bedwell's copy has* Senvy, *i. e. Muſtard-ſeed.* *V.* 77. And led hur to cap. *MS.* *V.* 83. *Bedwell's PC. has* 'Ruel Bones'. *V.* 84. ſafer ſtones. *MS.* *V.* 85. wrotyn, *i. e. wrought. PC. reads,* written. *V.* 86. No catel they had ſpared. *MS.* *V.* 89. Then . . . fancon. *MS.*

[perhaps chatel]

I wot I ſchall hym greve. 95
Wele ſayd, quoth Hawkyn.
And I wow, quoth Dawkyn,
May I mete wyth Tomkyn,
Hys flayle I ſchal hym reve.

I make a vow, quoth Hud, Tyb, ſon ſchal thou ſe, 100
Whych of all thys bachelery 'granted' is the gre:
I ſchal ſcomfet thaym all, for the love of the;
In what place ſo I come thay ſchal have dout of me,
Myn armes ar ſo clere:
I bere a reddyl, and a rake, 105
Poudred wyth a brenand drake,
And three cantells of a cake
In ycha cornere.

I vow to God, quoth Hawkyn, yf 'I' have the Gowt,
Al that I fynde in the felde 'thruſtand' here aboute, 110
Have I twyes or thryes redyn thurgh the route,
In ycha ſtede ther thay me ſe, of me thay ſchal have doute,
When I begyn to play.
I make avowe that I ne ſchall,
But yf Tybbe wyl me call, 115
Or I be thryes don fall,
Ryzt onys com away.

Then ſayd Terry, and ſwore be hys crede;
Saw thou never yong boy forther hys body bede,

Ver. 101. grant. *MS.* *V.* 109. yf he have. *MS.*
V. 110. *the MS. literally has* th^t. ſand, *here.*

For when thay fyzt fasteſt and moſt ar in drede, 120
I ſchall take Tyb by the hand, and hur away lede:
I am armed at the full;
In myn armys I bere wele
A doz trogh, and a pele,
A ſadyll wythout a panell, 125
Wyth a fles of woll.

I make a vow, quoth Dudman, and ſwor be the ſtra,
Whyls me ys left my merth, thou gets hurr not ſwa;
For ſcho ys wele ſchapen, and lizt as the rae,
Ther is no capul in thys myle befor hur ſchal ga; 130
Sche wul ne nozt begyle:
Sche wyl me bere, I dar ſay,
On a lang ſomerys day,
Fro Hyſſylton to Hakenay,
Nozt other half myle. 135

I make a vow, quoth Perkyn, thow ſpeks of cold roſt,
I ſchal wyrch 'wyſelyer' withouten any boſt:
Five of the beſt capulys, that ar in thys oſt,
I wot I ſchal thaym wynne, and bryng thaym to my coſt,
And here I grant thaym Tybbe 140
Wele boyes here ys he,
That wyl fyzt, and not fle,
For I am in my jolyte,
Wyth ſo forth, Gybbe.

When

Var. 137. ſwyſelier. *MS.*

When thay had ther vowes made, furth can thay hie, 145
Wyth flayles, and hornes, and trumpes mad of tre:
Ther were all the bachelerys of that contre;
Thay were dyzt in aray, as thaymſelfes wold be:
Thayr baners wer ful bryzt
Of an old rotten fell; 150
The cheveron of a plow-mell;
And the ſchadow of a bell,
~~Quartred~~ wyth the mone lyzt. Poudred

I wot yt 'was' no chylder game, whan thay togedyr met,
When icha freke in the feld on hys feloy bet, 155
And layd on flyfly, for nothyng wold thay let,
And foght ferly faſt, tyll ther horſes ſwet,
And few wordys ſpoken;
Ther were flayles al to flatred,
Ther were ſcheldys al to flatred, 160
Bollys and dyſches al to ſchatred,
And many hedys brokyn.

There was clynkyng of cart-ſadellys, & clatteryng of cannes;
Of fele frekys in the feld brokyn were their fannes;
Of ſum were the hedys brokyn, of ſum the brayn-pannes,
And yll were thay beſene, or thay went thanns, 166

Ver. 146 flailes, and harniſſe. *PC.* *V.* 151. The Chiefe. *P C.* ~~*V.* 153. Poudred. *MS.*~~ *V.* 154. yt ys. *MS.*

Wyth ſwyppyng of ſwepyls :
Thay were ſo wery for-foght,
Thay myzt not fyzt mare oloft,
But creped about in the 'croft,' 170
As thay were croked crepyls.

Perkyn was ſo wery, that he began to loute ;
Help, Hud, I am ded in thys ylk rowte :
An hors for forty pens, a gode and a ſtoute !
That I may lyztly come of my noye oute, 175
For no coſt wyl I ſpare.
He ſtyrt up as a ſnayle,
And hent a capul be the tayle,
And 'reft' Dawkin hys flayle,
And wan there a mare. 180

Perkyn wan five, and Hud wan twa :
Glad and blythe thay ware, that thay had don ſa ;
Thay wold have tham to Tyb, and preſent hur with tha:
The Capulls were ſo wery, that thay myzt not ga,
But ſtyl gon thay ſtond. 185
Alas ! quoth Hudde, my joye I leſe ;
Mee had lever then a ſton of cheſe,
That dere Tyb had al theſe,
And wyſt it were my ſond.

Perkyn turnyd hym about in that ych thrang, 190
Among thos wery boyes he-wreſt and he wrang ;
He

Ver. 168. The boyes were *MS.* *V.* 170. creped then about in the roft. *MS.* *V.* 179. razt. *MS.* *V.* 185. ſtand. *MS.* *V.* 189. ſand. *MS.*

He threw tham doun to the erth, and thraſt tham amang,
When he ſaw Tyrry away wyth Tyb fang,
And after hym ran ;
Off his horſe he hym drogh, 195
And gaf hym of hys flayl inogh :
We te he ! quoth Tyb, and lugh,
Ye er a dughty man.

' Thus' thay tugged, and rugged, tyl yt was nere nyzt :
All the wyves of Tottenham came to ſe that ſyzt 200
Wyth wyſpes, and kexis, and ryſchys there lyzt,
To fetch hom ther huſbandes, that were tham trouth plyzt ;
And ſum brozt gret harwos,
Ther huſbandes hom to fetch,
Sum on dores, and ſum on hech, 205
Sum on hyrdyllys, and ſom on crech,
And ſum on whele-barows.

Thay gaderyd Perkyn about, ' on' everych ſyde,
And grant hym ther ' the gre,' the more was hys pryde:
Tyb and he, wyth gret ' mirth,' homward con thay ryde,
And were al nyzt togedyr, tyl the morn tyde ; 211
And thay ' to church went :'
So wele hys nedys he has ſped,
That dere Tyb he ' hath' wed ;
The prayse-folk, that hur led, 215
Were of the Turnament.

Ver. 199. Thys. *MS.* *V.* 204. hom for to ſetch. *MS.* *V.* 208. about everych ſide. *MS.* *V.* 209. the gre, *is wanting in MS.* *V.* 210. mothe. *MS.* *V.* 212. And thay ifere aſſent. *MS.* *V.* 214. had wed. *MS.* *V.* 215. The cheefemen. *PC.*

account, and other heterogeneous matter.

To that ylk feſt com many for the nones;
Some come hyphalte, and ſome trippand 'thither' on the
ſtonys;
Sum a ſtaf in hys hand, and ſum two at onys;
Of ſum were the hedes broken, of ſome the ſchulder
bonys: 220
With ſorrow com thay thedyr.
Wo was Hawkyn, wo was Herry,
Wo was Tomkyn, wo was Terry,
And ſo was all the bachelary,
When thay met togedyr. 225

* At that feaſt were they ſerved in rich aray,
Every fyve & fyve had a cokeney;
And ſo thay ſat in jollity all the long day;
Tyb at night, I trowe, had a ſimple aray:
Mickle mirth was them among; 230
In every corner of the houſe
Was melody delicious,
For to here precious
Of ſix mens ſong †.

V. FOR

Ver. 218. trippand on. *MS.*

reprint this note on ye other side

~~* *The laſt ſtanza is not in MS. but given from Bedwell's copy.*~~

† Six-men's ſong, *i. e. a ſong for ſix voices. So Shakeſpeare uſes* Three-man ſong-men, *in his Winter's Tale, A.* 3. *ſc.* 3. *to denote men that could ſing Catches compoſed for three Voices. Of this ſort are Weelkes's Madrigals mentioned below, Book II. Song* 9. *So again Shakeſp. has* Three-men Beetle; *i. e. a Beetle or Rammer worked by three men.* 2 *Hen.* 4. *A. I. Sc.* 3.

*At that fest thay wer servyd with a ryche aray,
Every fyve & fyve had a cokenay;
And so thay sat in jolyte al the lung day,
And at the last thay went to bed with ful gret deray:
Mekyl myrth was them among; 23
In every corner of the hous
Was melody delyeyous
For to here precyus
Of six menys song.†

note in Italick.

*In the former Impressions this concluding Stanza was only given from Bedwell's printed Edition, but it is here copied from the old MS, wherein it has been since found Separated from the Rest of the Poem, by several Pages of a Money Account, and other heterogeneous matter

V.

FOR THE VICTORY AT AGINCOURT.

That our plain and martial anceſtors could wield their ſwords much better than their pens, will appear from the following homely Rhymes, which were drawn up by ſome poet laureat of thoſe days to celebrate the immortal victory gained at Agincourt, Oct. 25, 1415. This ſong or hymn is given meerly as a curioſity, and is printed from a MS. copy in the Pepys collection, vol. I. folio. It is there accompanied with the muſical notes, which are copied in a ſmall plate at the end of this volume.

Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria!

OWRE kynge went forth to Normandy,
With grace and myzt of chivalry;
The God for hym wrouzt marveloufly,
Wherefore Englonde may calle, and cry 5
Deo gratias:
Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria.

He ſette a ſege, the ſothe for to ſay,
To Harflue toune with ryal aray;
That toune he wan, and made a fray, 10
That Fraunce ſhall rywe tyl domes day.
Deo gratias, &c.

Then went owre kynge, with alle his oſte,
Thorowe Fraunce for all the Frenſhe boſte;
He ſpared 'for' drede of leſte, ne moſt, 15
Tyl he come to Agincourt coſte.
Deo gratias, &c.

Than for ſothe that knyzt comely
In Agincourt feld he fauzt manly,
Thorow grace of God moſt myzty 20
He had bothe the felde, and the victory.
Deo gratias, &c.

Ther dukys, and erlys, lorde and barone,
Were take, and ſlayne, and that wel ſone,
And ſome were ledde in to Lundone 25
With joye, and merthe, and grete renone.
Deo gratias, &c.

Now gracious God he ſave owre kynge,
His peple, and all his wel wyllynge,
Gef him gode lyfe, and gode endynge, 30
That we with merth mowe ſavely ſynge
Deo gratias:
Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria.

VI. THE

/ The Poem has since been

VI.

THE NOT-BROWNE MAYD.

The sentimental beauties of this ancient ballad have always recommended it to Readers of taste, notwithstanding the rust of antiquity, which obscures the style and expression. Indeed if it had no other merit, than the having afforded the groundwork to Prior's HENRY AND EMMA, *this ought to preserve it from oblivion. That we are able to give it in so correct a manner, is owing to the great care and exactness of the accurate Editor of the* PROLUSIONS 8vo. 1760; *who has formed the text from two copies found in two different editions of Arnolde's Chronicle, a book supposed to be first printed about* 1521. *From the Copy in the Prolusions the following is printed, with a few additional improvements gathered from another edition of Arnolde's book * preserved in the public Library at Cambridge. All the various readings of this Copy will be found here, either received into the text, or noted in the margin. The references to the* Prolusions *will shew where they occur. In our ancient folio MS. described in the preface, is a very corrupt and defective copy of this ballad, which yet afforded a great improvement in one passage.* See v. 310.

It has been a much easier task to settle the text of this poem, than to ascertain its date. The Ballad of the NUTBROWNE MAYD *was first revived in "The Muses Mercury for June,* 1707." 4to. *being prefaced with a little "Essay on the "old English Poets and Poetry:" in which this poem is concluded to be "near* 300 *years old," upon reasons, which, though they appear inconclusive to us now, were sufficient to determine Prior; who there first met with it. However, this opinion had the approbation of the learned* WANLEY, *an excellent judge of ancient books. For that whatever related to the reprinting of this old piece was referred to Wanley,*

* *This (which my friend Mr. Farmer supposes to be the first Edition) is in folio: the folios are numbered at the bottom of the leaf: the Song begins at folio* 75. *In this 3d Edit. the poem has been collated with a very fine copy that was in the collection of the late James West, Esq; the readings extracted thence are denoted thus 'Mr. W.'*

Wanley, appears from two letters of Prior's preserved in the British Museum [*Harl. MSS.* N° 3777.] *The Editor of the Prolusions thinks it cannot be older than the year* 1500, *because in Sir Thomas More's tale of* THE SERJEANT, *&c. which was written about that time, there appears a sameness of rhythmus and orthography, and a very near affinity of words and phrases, with those of this ballad. But this reasoning is not conclusive; for if Sir Thomas More made this ballad his model, as is very likely, that will account for the sameness of measure, and in some respect for that of words and phrases, even tho' this had been written long before: and as for the orthography, it is well known that the old Printers reduced that of most books to the standard of their own times. Indeed it is hardly probable that an antiquarian like Arnolde would have inserted it among his historical Collections, if it had been then a modern piece; at least he would have been apt to have named its author. But to shew how little can be inferred from a resemblance of rhythmus or style, the editor of these volumes has in his ancient folio MS. a poem on the Victory of Flodden-field, written in the same numbers, with the same alliterations, and in orthography, phraseology, and style nearly resembling the Visions of Pierce Plowman, which are yet known to have been composed above* 160 *years before that battle. As this poem is a great curiosity, we shall give a few of the introductory lines,*

" *Grant gracious God, grant me this time,*
" *That I may 'say, or I cease, thy selven to please;*
" *And Mary his mother, that maketh this world;*
" *And all the seemlie saints, that sitten in heaven;*
" *I will carpe of kings, that conquered full wide,*
" *That dwelled in this land, that was alyes noble;*
" *Henry the seventh, that soveraigne lord,* &c.

With regard to the date of the following ballad, we have taken a middle course, neither placed it so high as Wanley and Prior, nor quite so low as the editor of the Prolusions: we should have followed the latter in dividing every other line into two, but that the whole would then have taken up more room, than could be allowed it in this volume.

BE

Sobre considerações
[illegible]

BE it ryght, or wrong, these men among
On women do complayne * ;
Affyrmynge this, how that it is
A labour spent in vayne,
To love them wele ; for never a dele 5
They love a man agayne :
For late a man do what he can,
Theyr favour to attayne,
Yet, yf a newe do them persue,
Theyr first true lover than 10
Laboureth for nought ; for from her thought
He is a banyshed man.

I say nat nay, but that all day
It is bothe writ and sayd
That womans faith is, as who sayth, 15
All utterly decayd ;
But, nevertheleſſe, ryght good wytnèſſe
In this caſe might be layd,
That they love true, and continùe :
Recorde the not-browne mayde : 20
Which, when her love came, her to prove,
To her to make his mone,
Wolde nat depart ; for in her hart
She loved but hym alone.

Than

* *My friend Mr.* Farmer *propoſes to read the firſt lines thus as a Latiniſm :*

Be it right or wrong, 'tis men among,
On women to complayne.

Ver. 2. Woman, *Prolaſions*, and *Mr. Weſt's copy.* *Ver.* 11. her, *i. e. their.*

Than betwaine us late us dyſcus 25
What was all the manere
Betwayne them two: we wyll alſo
Tell all the payne, and fere,
That ſhe was in. Nowe I begyn,
So that ye me anſwère; 30
Wherfore, all ye, that preſent be
I pray you, gyve an ere.
"I am the knyght; I come by nyght,
As ſecret as I can;
Sayinge, Alas! thus ſtandeth the caſe, 35
I am a banyſhed man."

SHE.

And I your wyll for to fulfyll
In this wyll nat refuſe;
Truſtying to ſhewe, in wordès fewe,
That men have an yll uſe 40
(To theyr own ſhame) women to blame,
And cauſeleſſe them accuſe:
Therfore to you I anſwere nowe,
All women to excuſe,—
Myne owne hart dere, [illegible] you what chere? 45
I pray you, tell anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

He.

It ſtandeth ſo; a dede is do
  Wherof grete harme ſhall growe: 50
My deſtiny is for to dy
  A ſhamefull deth, I trowe;
Or elles to fle: the one muſt be;
  None other way I knowe,
But to withdrawe as an outlawe, 55
  And take me to my bowe.
Wherfore, adue, my owne hart true!
  None other rede I can;
For I muſt to the grene wode go,
  Alone, a banyſhed man. 60

She.

O lord, what is this worldys blyſſe,
  That changeth as the mone!
My ſomers day in luſty may
  Is derked before the none.
I here you ſay, farewell; Nay, nay, 65
  We départ nat ſo ſone;
Why ſay ye ſo? wheder wyll ye go?
  Alas! what have ye done?
All my welfàre to ſorrowe and care
  Sholde chaunge, yf ye were gone; 70
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
  I love but you alone.

He.

Ver. 63. The ſomers. *Prol.*

HE.

I can beleve, it ſhall you greve,
And ſomewhat you dyſtrayne;
But, aftyrwarde, your paynes harde
Within a day or twayne
Shall ſone aſlake; and ye ſhall take
Comfort to you agayne.
Why ſholde ye ought? for, to make thought,
Your labour were in vayne.
And thus I do; and pray you to,
As hartely, as I can;
For I muſt to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyſhed man.

SHE.

Now, ſyth that ye have ſhewed to me
The ſecret of your mynde,
I ſhall be playne to you agayne,
Lyke as ye ſhall me fynde;
Syth it is ſo, that ye wyll go,
I wolle not leve behynde;
Shall never be ſayd, the not-browne mayd
Was to her love unkynde:
Make you redy, for ſo am I,
Allthough it were anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE

Ver. 91. Shall it never. *Prol. and Mr. W.* *Ver.* 94. Althought. *Mr. W.*

HE.

Yet I you rede to take good hede
  What men wyll thynke, and ſay :
Of yonge, and olde it ſhall be tolde,
  That ye be gone away ;
Your wanton wyll for to fulfill,
  In grene wode you to play ;
And that ye myght from your delyght
  No lenger make delay ;
Rather than ye ſholde thus for me
  Be called an yll womàn,
Yet wolde I to the grene wode go,
  Alone, a banyſhed man.

SHE.

Though it be ſonge of old and yonge,
  That I ſholde be to blame,
Theyrs be the charge, that ſpeke ſo large
  In hurtynge 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.

Ver. 117. To ſhewe all. *Prol. and Mr. W.*

HE.

I counceyle you, remember howe
It is no maydens lawe,
Nothynge to dout, but to renne out
To wode with an outlàwe:
For ye muſt there in your hand bere 125
A bowe, redy to drawe;
And, as a theſe, thus muſt you lyve,
Ever in drede and awe;
Wherby to you grete harme myght growe:
Yet had I lever than, 130
That I had to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyſhed man.

SHE.

I thinke nat nay, but as ye ſay,
It is no maydens lore:
But love may make me for your ſake, 135
As I have ſayd before
To come on fote, to hunt, and ſhote
To gete us mete in ſtore;
For ſo that I your company
May have, I aſke no more: 140
From which to part, it maketh my hart
As colde as ony ſtone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE

Ver. 133. I ſay nat, *Prol. and Mr. W. Camb. copy.*

Ver. 138. and ſtore.

HE.

For an outlawe this is the lawe, 145
That men hym take and bynde;
Without pytè, hanged to be,
And waver with the wynde.
If I had nede, (as God forbede!)
What reſcous coude ye fynde? 150
Forſoth, I trowe, ye and your bowe
For fere wolde drawe behynde:
And no mervayle: for lytell avayle
Were in your counceyle than:
Wherfore I wyll to the grene wode go, 155
Alone, a banyſhed man.

SHE.

Ryght wele knowe ye, that women be
But feble for to fyght;
No womanhede it is indede
To be bolde as a knyght: 160
Yet, in ſuch fere yf that ye were
With enemyes day or nyght,
I wolde withſtande, with bowe in hande,
To greve them as I myght,
And you to ſave; as women have 165
From deth 'men' many one:
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

Ver. 150. ſocours. *Prol. and Mr. W.* *Ver.* 162. and night. *Camb. Copy.* *Ver.* 164. to helpe ye with my myght. *Prol. and Mr. W.*

HE.

Yet take good hede ; for ever I drede
That ye coude nat ſuſtayne 170
The thornie wayes, the depe valèies,
The ſnowe, the froſt, the rayne,
The colde, the hete : for dry, or wete,
We muſt lodge on the playne ;
And, us above, none other roſe 175
But a brake buſh, or twayne :
Which ſone ſholde greve you, I beleve ;
And ye wolde gladly than
That I had to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyſhed man. 180

SHE.

Syth I have here bene partynère
With you of joy and blyſſe,
I muſt alſo parte of your wo
Endure, as reſon is :
Yet am I ſure of one pleſùre ; 185
And, ſhortely, it is this :
That, where ye be, me ſemeth, pardè,
I coude nat fare amyſſe.
Without more ſpeche, I you beſeche
That we were ſone agone ; 190
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

Ver. 172. froſt and rayne. *Mr. W.* *Ver.* 174. Ye muſt. *Prol.*
Ver. 190. ſhortley gone. *Prol. and Mr. W.*

HE.

If ye go thyder, ye muſt conſyder,
  Whan ye have luſt to dyne,
There ſhall no mete be for you gete, 195
  Nor drinke, bere, ale, ne wyne.
No ſhetés clene, to lye betwene,
  Made of threde and twyne;
None other houſe, but leves and bowes,
  To cover your hed and myne, 200
O myne harte ſwete, this evyll dyéte
  Sholde make you pale and wan;
Wherfore I wyll to the grene wode go,
  Alone, a banyſhed man.

SHE.

Amonge the wylde dere, ſuch an archère, 205
  As men ſay that ye be,
Ne may nat fayle of good vitayle,
  Where is ſo grete plentè:
And water clere of the ryvére
  Shall be full ſwete to me; 210
With which in hele I ſhall ryght wele
  Endure, as ye ſhall ſee:
And, or we go, a bedde or two
  I can provyde anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde 215
  I love but you alone.

Ver. 196. Neyther bere. *Prol. and Mr. W.* *Ver.* 201. Lo myn. *Mr. W.* *Ver.* 207. May *ye* nat fayle, *Prol.* *Lb.* May nat fayle, *Mr. W.*

HE.

Lo yet, before, ye muſt do more,
  Yf ye wyll go with me:
As cut your here up by your ere,
  Your kyrtel by the kne; 220
With bowe in hande, for to withſtande
  Your enemyes, yf nede be:
And this ſame nyght before day-lyght,
  To wode-warde wyll I fle.
Yf that ye wyll all this fulfill, 225
  Do it ſhortely as ye can;
Els wyll I to the grene wode go,
  Alone, a banyſhed man.

SHE.

I ſhall as nowe do more for you
  Than longeth to womanhede; 230
To ſhorte my here, a bowe to bere,
  To ſhote in tyme of nede.
O my ſwete mother, before all other
  For you I have moſt drede:
But nowe, adue! I muſt enſue, 235
  Where fortune doth me lede.
All this make ye: Now let us fle;
  The day cometh faſt upon;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
  I love but you alone. 240

HE.

Ver. 219. above your ere. *Prol.* *Ver.* 220. above the kne. *Prol. and Mr. W.* *Ver.* 223. the ſame. *Prol. and Mr. W.*

HE.

Nay, nay, nat ſo; ye ſhall nat go,
  And I ſhall tell ye why,——
Your appetyght is to be lyght
  Of love, I wele eſpy:
For, lyke as ye have ſayed to me, 245
  In lyke wyſe hardely
Ye wolde anſwére whoſoever it were,
  In way of company.
It is ſayd of olde, Sone hote, ſone colde;
  And ſo is a womàn. 250
Wherfore I to the wode wyll go,
  Alone, a banyſhed man.

SHE.

Yf ye take hede, it is no nede
  Such wordes to ſay by me;
For oft ye prayed, and longe aſſayed, 255
  Or I you loved, pardè:
And though that I of aunceſtry
  A barons daughter be,
Yet have you proved howe I you loved
  A ſquyer of lowe degré; 260
And ever ſhall, whatſo befall;
  To dy therfore * anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
  I love but you alone.

Ver. 251. For I muſt to the grene wode go. *Prol. and Mr. W.* *Ver.* 253. yet is. *Camb. Copy. Perhaps for* yt is. *Ver.* 262. dy with him. *Editor's MS.*

* i. e. *for this cauſe; tho' I were to die for having loved you.*

HE.

A barons chylde to be begylde! 265
It were a curſed dede;
To be felàwe with an outlawe!
Almighty God forbede!
Yet beter were, the pore ſquyère
Alone to foreſt yede, 270
Than ye ſholde ſay another day,
That, by my curſed dede,
Ye were betray'd: Wherfore, good mayd,
The beſt rede that I can,
Is, that I to the grene wode go, 275
Alone, a banyſhed man.

SHE.

Whatever befall, I never ſhall
Of this thyng you upbrayd:
But yf ye go, and leve me ſo,
Than have ye me betrayd. 280
Remember you wele, howe that ye dele;
For, yf ye, as ye ſayd,
Be ſo unkynde, to leve behynde,
Your love, the not-browne mayd,
Truſt me truly, that I ſhall dy 285
Sone after ye be gone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

Ver. 278. outbrayd. *Prol. and Mr. W.* *Ver.* 282. ye be as. *Prol. and Mr. W.* *Ver.* 283. Ye were unkynde to leve me behynde. *Prol. and Mr. W.*

HE.

Yf that ye went, ye ſholde repent;
  For in the foreſt nowe 290
I have purvayed me of a mayd,
  Whom I love more than you;
Another fayrère, than ever ye were,
  I dare it wele avowe;
And of you bothe eche ſholde be wrothe 295
  With other, as I trowe:
It were myne eſe, to lyve in peſe;
  So wyll I, yf I can;
Wherfore I to the wode wyll go,
  Alone, a banyſhed man. 300

SHE.

Though in the wode I undyrſtode
  Ye had a paramour,
All this may nought remove my thought,
  But that I wyll be your:
And ſhe ſhall fynde me ſoft, and kynde, 305
  And courteys every hour;
Glad to fulfyll all that ſhe wyll
  Commaunde me to my power:
For had ye, lo, an hundred mo,
  'Of them I wolde be one;' 310
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
  I love but you alone.

HE.

Ver. 310. *So the Editor's MS. All the printed copies read,*
Yet wolde I be that one.

HE.

Myne owne dere love, I ſe the prove
That ye be kynde, and true;
Of mayde, and wyfe, in all my lyfe, 315
The beſt that ever I knewe.
Be mery and glad, be no more ſad,
The caſe is chaunged newe;
For it were ruthe, that, for your truthe,
Ye ſholde have cauſe to rewe; 320
Be nat diſmayed; whatſoever I ſayd
To you, whan I began;
I wyll nat to the grene wode go,
I am no banyſhed man.

SHE.

Theſe tydings be more gladd to me, 325
Than to be made a quene,
Yf I were ſure they ſholde endure:
But it is often ſene,
Whan men wyll breke promyſe, they ſpeke
The wordés on the ſplene. 330
Ye ſhape ſome wyle me to begyle,
And ſtele from me, I wene:
Than, were the caſe worſe than it was,
And I more wo-begone:
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde 335
I love but you alone.

HE.

Ver. 315. of all. *Prol. and Mr. W.* *Ver.* 325. gladder. *Prol. and Mr. W.*

HE.

Ye ſhall nat nede further to drede;
  I wyll nat dyſparàge
You, (God defend!) ſyth ye deſcend
  Of ſo grete a lynàge. 340
Nowe undyrſtande; to Weſtmarlande,
  Which is myne herytage,
I wyll you brynge; and with a rynge,
  By way of maryage
I wyll you take, and lady make, 345
  As ſhortely as I can:
Thus have you won an erlys ſon,
  And not a banyſhed man."

AUTHOR.

"Here may ye ſe, that women be
  In love, meke, kynde, and ſtable: 350
Late never man reprove them than,
  Or call them variable;
But, rather, pray God, that we may
  To them be comfortable;
Which ſometyme proveth ſuch, as he loveth, 355
  Yf they be charytable.
For ſyth men wolde that women ſholde
  Be meke to them each one;
Moche more ought they to God obey,
  And ſerve but hym alone. 360

VII. A

Ver. 340. grete lynyage. *Prol. and Mr. W.* *Ver.* 347. Then have. *Prol.* *Ver.* 348. And no banyſhed. *Prol. and Mr. W.* *V.* 352. *This line wanting in Prol. and Mr. W.* *Ver.* 355. proved—loved. *Prol. and Mr. W.* *Ib.* as loveth. *Camb.* *V.* 357. Forſoth. *Prol. and Mr. W.*

VII.

A BALET BY THE EARL RIVERS.

The amiable light, in which the character of Anthony Widville the gallant Earl Rivers has been placed by the elegant Author of the Catal. of Noble Writers, interests us in whatever fell from his pen. It is presumed therefore that the insertion of this little Sonnet will be pardoned, tho' it should not be found to have much poetical merit. It is the only original Poem known of that nobleman's; his more voluminous works being only translations. And if we consider that it was written during his cruel confinement in Pomfret castle a short time before his execution in 1483, *it gives us a fine picture of the composure and steadiness with which this stout earl beheld his approaching fate.*

The verses are preserved by ROUSE *a contemporary historian, who seems to have copied them from the Earl's own hand writing.* In tempore, *says this writer,* incarcerationis apud Pontem-fractum edidit unum BALET in anglicis, ut mihi monstratum est, quod subsequitur sub his verbis: Sum what musyng, &c. "Rossi Hist. 8vo. 2 Edit. p. 213." *The 2d Stanza is, notwithstanding, imperfect, and we have inserted asterisks, to denote the defect.*

This little piece, which perhaps ought rather to have been printed in stanzas of eight short lines, is written in imitation of a poem of Chaucer's, that will be found in Urry's Edit. 1721. *pag.* 555. *beginning thus,*

"*Alone walkyng, in thought plainyng,*
"*And sore sighying, All desolate.*
"*My remembrying Of my livyng*
"*My death wishyng Bothe erly and late.*

"*Infortunate Is so my fate*
"*That wote ye what, Out of mesure*
"*My life I hate; Thus desperate*
"*In such pore estate, Doe I endure, &c.*"

SUM-

SUMWHAT muſyng, and more mornyng,
In remembring the unſtydfaſtnes;
This world being of ſuch whelyng,
Me contrarieng, what may I geſſe?

I fere dowtles, remediles, 5
Is now to ſeſe my wofull chaunce.
Lo 'is' this traunce now in ſubſtaunce,
* * * * * ſuch is my dawnce.

Wyllyng to dye, me thynkys truly
Bowndyn am I, and that gretly, to be content: 10
Seyng playnly, that fortune doth wry
All contrary from myn entent.

My lyff was lent me to on intent,
Hytt is ny ſpent. Welcome fortune!
But I ne went thus to be ſhent, 15
But ſho hit ment, ſuch is hur won.

Ver. 7. in this. *Roſſi Hiſt.*
Ver. 15. went, *i. e. weened.*

VIII. C U.

VIII.

CUPID's ASSAULT: BY LORD VAUX.

The Reader will think that infant Poetry grew apace between the times of RIVERS *and* VAUX, *tho' nearly contemporaries; if the following Song is the composition of that Sir* NICHOLAS *(afterwards Lord)* VAUX, *who was the shining ornament of the court of Henry VII. and died in the year* 1523.

And yet to this Lord it is attributed by Puttenham in his "Art of Eng. Poesie, 1589. 4*to.*" *a writer commonly well informed: take the passage at large. "In this figure "[Counterfait Action] the Lord* NICHOLAS VAUX, *a "noble gentleman and much delighted in vulgar making, "and a man otherwise of no great learning, but having "herein a marvelous facilitie, made a dittie representing the "Battayle and Assault of Cupide, so excellently well, as for "the gallant and propre application of his fiction in every "part, I cannot choose but set downe the greatest part of his "ditty, for in truth it cannot be amended.* WHEN CUPID "SCALED, *&c.*" *p.* 200.——*For a farther account of Nicholas Lord Vaux, see Mr. Walpole's Noble Authors, Vol.* 1.

The following Copy is printed from the first Edit. of Surrey's Poems, 1557, 4*to.*——*See another Song of Lord Vaux's in the preceding Vol. Book II. No. II.*

WHEN Cupide scaled first the fort,
Wherin my hart lay wounded sore;
The batry was of such a sort,
That I must yelde or die therfore.

There sawe I Love upon the wall, 5
How he is banner did display:
Alarme, alarme, he gan to call:
And bad his souldiours kepe aray.

45

The armes, the which that Cupide bare,
  Were pearced hartes with teares beſprent, 10
In ſilver and ſable to declare
  The ſtedfaſt love, he alwayes ment.

There might you ſe his band all dreſt
  In colours like to white and blacke,
With powder and with pelletes preſt 15
  To bring the fort to ſpoile and ſacke.

Good-wyll, the maiſter of the ſhot,
  Stode in the rampire brave and pronde,
For ſpence of pouder he ſpared not
  Aſſault! aſſault! to crye aloude. 20

There might you heare the cannons rore;
  Eche pece diſcharged a lovers loke;
Which had the power to rent, and tore
  In any place whereas they toke.

And even with the trumpettes ſowne 25
  The ſcaling ladders were up ſet,
And Beautie walked up and downe,
  With bow in hand, and arrowes whet.

Then firſt Deſire began to ſcale,
  And ſhrouded him under 'his' targe; 30
As one the worthieſt of them all,
  And apteſt for to geve the charge.

Then

Ver. 30. ſo *Ed.* 1585. her. *Ed.* 1557.

Then pushed souldiers with their pikes,
And halberders with handy strokes;
The argabushe in feshe it lightes, 35
And duns the ayre with misty smokes.

And, as it is the souldiers use
When shot and powder gins to want,
I hanged up my flagge of truce,
And pleaded for my livès grant. 40

When Fansy thus had made her breche,
And Beauty entred with her band,
With bagge and baggage, sely wretch,
I yelded into Beauties hand.

Then Beautie bad to blow retrete, 45
And every souldier to retire,
And Mercy wyll'd with spede to set
Me captive bound as prisoner.

Madame, quoth I, sith that this day
Hath served you at all assayes, 50
I yeld to you without delay
Here of the fortresse all the kayes.

And sith that I have ben the marke,
At whom you shot at with your eye;
Nedes must you with your handy warke 55
Or salve my sore, or let me die.

*** SINCE

*** *SINCE the foregoing Song was first printed off, reasons have occurred, which incline me to believe that Lord* VAUX *the poet, was not the Lord* NICHOLAS VAUX, *who died in* 1523, *but rather a successor of his in the title.——For in the first place it is remarkable that all the old writers mention Lord Vaux the poet, as contemporary or rather posterior to Sir* THOMAS WYAT, *and the E. of* SURREY, *neither of which made any figure till long after the death of the first Lord Nicholas Vaux. Thus Puttenham in his "Art of English Poesie,* 1589." *in p.* 48. *having named* SKELTON, *adds, "In the latter end of the same "kings raigne [Henry VIII.] sprong up a new company of "courtly Makers, [poets] of whom Sir* THOMAS WYAT "*th' elder, and Henry Earl of* SURREY *were the two "chieftaines, who having travailed into Italie, and there "tasted the sweet and stately measures and stile of the "Italian poesie . . greatly polished our rude and homely "manner of vulgar poesie . . . . In the* SAME TIME, *or "*NOT LONG AFTER *was the Lord* NICHOLAS VAUX, "*a man of much facilitie in vulgar makings* †."—*Webbe in his Discourse of English Poetrie,* 1586. *ranges them in the following order, "The E. of Surrey, the Lord* VAUX, *Norton, Bristow." And Gascoigne in the place quoted in the* 1*st vol. of this work,* [*B. II. No. II.*] *mentions Lord* VAUX *after Surrey.——Again, the stile and measure of Lord* VAUX'*s pieces seem too refined and polished for the age of Henry VII. and rather resemble the smoothness and harmony of Surrey and Wyat, than the rude metre of Skelton and Hawes:—But what puts the matter out of all doubt, in the British Museum is a copy of his poem,* I lothe that I did love, [*vid. vol.* 1. *ubi supra*] *with this title, "A dyttye or "sonet made by the Lord* VAUS, *in the time of the noble "Queene Marye, representing the image of Death." Harl. MSS. No.* 1703. §. 25.

It is evident then that Lord VAUX *the poet was not he that flourished in the reign of Henry vij. but either his son, or grandson: and yet according to Dugdale's Baronage, the former was named* THOMAS, *and the latter* WILLIAM: *but this*

† *i. e. Compositions in English.*

difficulty is not great, for none of the old writers mention the christian name of the poetic Lord Vaux †, *except Puttenham; and it is more likely that he might be mistaken in that Lord's name, than in the time in which he lived, who was so nearly his contemporary.*

THOMAS *Lord* VAUX *of Harrowden in Northamptonshire, was summoned to parliament in* 1531. *When he died, does not appear; but he probably lived till the latter end of Queen Mary's reign, since his son*

WILLIAM *was not summoned to parl. till the last year of that reign, in* 1558. *This Lord died in* 1595. *See Dugdale, V.* 2. *p.* 304.——*Upon the whole I am inclined to believe that Lord* THOMAS *was the* POET.

† *In the Paradise of Dainty Devises,* 1596, *he is called simply "Lord "Vaux the elder."*

IX.

SIR ALDINGAR.

This old fabulous legend is given from the Editor's folio MS, with ~~[illegible]~~ *conjectural emendations, and the insertion of* ~~3 or 4~~ *stanzas to supply* ~~defects in the original copy~~ *& compleat the story.*

It has been suggested to the Editor, that the Author of this Poem seems to have had in his eye the story of Gunhilda, who is sometimes called Eleanor, and was married to the Emperor (here called King) Henry.

OUR king he kept a false stewàrde,
Sir Aldingar they him call;
A falser steward than he was one,
Servde not in bower nor hall.

He wolde have layne by our comelye queene, 5
Her deere worshippe to betraye:

This old fabulous legend is given from the Editor's folio MS. with conjectural emendations, and the insertion of several additional stanzas to supply & compleat the story.

Our queene ſhe was a good womàn,
And evermore ſaid him naye.

Sir Aldingar was wrothe in his mind,
With her hee was never content,
Till traiterous meanes he colde devyſe,
In a fyer to have her brent.

There came a lazar to the kings gate,
A lazar both blinde and lame:
He took the laza upon his backe,
And on the queenes bed layne.

"Lye ſtill, lazàr, wheras thou lyeſt,
"Looke thou go not hence away;
"Ile make thee a whole man and a ſound
"In two howers of the day *."

Then went him forth ſir Aldingar,
And hyed him to our king:
"If I might have grace, as I have ſpace,
"Sad tydings I could bring,"

Saye on, ſaye on, ſir Aldingar,
Saye on the ſoothe to mee.
"Our queene hath choſen a new new love,
"And ſhee will have none of thee.

 "If

* *He probably inſinuates that the king ſhould heal him by his power of touching for the King's Evil.*

" If ſhee had choſen a right good knight,
" The leſſe had beene her ſhame; 30
" But ſhe hath choſe her a lazar man,
" A lazar both blinde and lame."

If this be true, ſir Aldingar,
The tyding thou telleſt to me,
Then I will make thee a rich rich knight, 35
Rich both of golde and fee.

But if it be falſe, ſir Aldingar,
As God nowe grant it bee!
Thy body, I ſweare by the holye rood,
Shall hang on the gallows tree. 40

He brought our king to the queenes chamber,
And opend to him the dore.
A lodlye love, king ~~Henrye~~ ſayd,
For our queene dame Elinore!

If thou were a man, as thou art none, 45
Here on my ſword thouſt dye;
But a payre of new gallowes ſhall ~~now~~ be built,
And there ſhalt thou hang on hye.

Forth then hyed our king, I wyſse,
And an angry man was hee; 50
And ſoone he found queene Elinore,
That bride ſo bright of blee.

Now

Now God you ſave, our queene, madame,
And Chriſt you ſave and ſee;
Heere you have choſen a newe newe love, 55
And you will have none of mee.

If you had choſen a right good knight,
The leſſe had been your ſhame:
But you have choſe you a lazar man,
A lazar both blinde and lame. 60

Therfore a fyer there ſhall be built,
And brent all ſhalt thou bee.——
"Now out alacke! ſayd our comly queene,
Sir Aldingar's falſe to mee.

Now out alacke! ſayd our comlye queene, 65
My heart with griefe will braſt.
I had thought ſwevens had never been true;
I have proved them true at laſt.

I dreamt a ſweven on thurſday eve, in my
In my bed wheras I laye, 70
I dreamt a grype and a grimlie beaſt
Had carried my crowne awaye;

My gorget and my kirtle of golde,
And all my faire head-geere:
And he wold worrye me with his tuſh 75
And to his neſt y-beare:

Saving there came a litle 'grey' hawke,
A merlin him they call,
Which untill the grounde did ſtrike the grype,
That dead he downe did fall. 80

Giffe I were a man, as now I am none,
A battell wold I prove,
To fight with that traitor Aldingar;
Att him I caſt my glove.

But ſeeing Ime able noe battell to make, 85
My liege, grant me a knight
To fight with that traitor Aldingar,
To maintaine me in my right."

"Now forty dayes I will give thee
To ſeeke thee a knight therin: 90
If thou find not a knight in forty dayes
Thy bodye it muſt brenn."

Then ſhee ſent eaſt, and ſhee ſent weſt,
By north and ſouth bedeene:
But never a champion colde ſhe find, 95
Wolde fight with that knight ſoe keene.

Now twenty dayes were ſpent and gone,
Noe helpe there might be had;
Many a teare ſhed our comelye queene
And aye her hart was ſad. 100

Then

Then came one of the queenes damsèlles,
And knelt upon her knee,
" Cheare up, cheare up, my gracious dame,
I truſt yet helpe may be:

And here I will make mine avowe, 105
And with the ſame me binde;
That never will I return to thee,
Till I ſome helpe may finde."

Then forth ſhe rode on a faire palfràye
Oer hill and dale about: 110
But never a champion colde ſhe finde,
Wolde fighte with that knight ſo ſtout.

And nowe the daye drewe on a pace,
When our good queene muſt dye;
All woe-begone was that faire damsèlle, 115
When ſhe found no helpe was nye.

All woe-begone was that faire damsèlle,
And the ſalt teares fell from her eye:
When lo! as ſhe rode by a rivers ſide,
She met with a tinye boye. 120

A tinye boye ſhe mette, God wot,
All clad in mantle of golde;
He ſeemed noe more in mans likenèſſe,
Then a childe of four yeere olde.

Why grieve you, damſelle faire, he ſayd, 125
And what doth cauſe you moane?
The damſell ſcant wolde deigne a looke,
But faſt ſhe pricked on.

Yet turn againe, thou faïre damsèlle,
And greete thy queene from mee: 130
When bale is att hyeſt, boote is nyeſt,
Now helpe enoughe may bee.

Bid her remember what ſhe dreamt
In her bedd, wheras ſhee laye;
How when the grype and the grimly beaſt 135
Wolde have carried her crowne awaye,

Even then there came the litle gray hawke,
And ſaved her from his clawes:
Then bidd the queene be merry at hart,
For heaven will fende her cauſe. 140

Back then rode that faire damsèlle,
And her hart it lept for glee:
And when ſhe told her gracious dame
A gladd woman was ſhee.

a/ then

But when the appointed day was come, 145
No helpe appeared nye:
Then woeful, woeful was her hart,
And the teares ſtood in her eye.

And

And nowe a fyer was built of wood;
  And a ſtake was made of tree; 150
And now queene Elinor forth was led,
  A ſorrowful ſight to ſee.

Three times the herault he waved his hand,
  And three times ſpake on hye:
Giff any good knight will fende this dame, 155
  Come forth, or ſhee muſt dye.

No knight ſtood forth, no knight there came,
  No helpe appeared nye:
And now the fyer was lighted up,
  Queen Elinor ſhe muſt dye. 160

And now the fyer was lighted up,
  As hot as hot might bee;
When riding upon a little white ſteed,
  The tinye boy they ſee.

"Away with that ſtake, away with thoſe brands, 165
  And looſe our comelye queene:
I am come to fight with ſir Aldingar,
  And prove him a traitor keene."

Forthe then ſtood ſir Aldingar,
  But when he ſaw the chylde, 170
He laughed, and ſcoffed, and turned his backe,
  And weened he had been beguylde.

Now

Now turne, now turne thee, Aldingar,
And eyther fighte or flee;
I truſt that I ſhall avenge the wronge, 175
Thoughe I am ſo ſmall to ſee.

The boye pulld forth a well good ſworde
So gilt it dazzled the ee;
The firſt ſtroke ſtricken at Aldingar
Smote off his leggs by the knee. 180

Stand up, ſtand up, thou falſe traitòr,
And fight upon thy feete,
For and thou thrive as thou begin'ſt,
Of height wee ſhal be meete.

A prieſt, a prieſt, ſayes Aldingàr, 185
While I am a man alive.
A prieſt, a prieſt, ſayes Aldingàr,
Me for to houzle and ſhrive.

I wolde have layne by our comlie queene,
Bot ſhee wolde never conſent; 190
Then I thought to betraye her unto our kinge
In a fyer to have her brent.

There came a lazar to the kings gates,
A lazar both blind and lame:
I tooke the lazar upon my backe, 195
And on her bedd him layne.

Then

For and thou thrive, as thou begin'st

Then ranne I to our comlye king,
  Theſe tidings ſore to tell.
But ever alacke! ſayes Aldingar,
  Falſing never doth well. 200

Forgive, forgive me, queene, madame,
  The ſhort time I muſt live.
Nowe Chriſt forgive thee, Aldingar,
  As freely I forgive.

Here take thy queene, our king Harry'e, 205
  And love her as thy life,
For never had a king in Chriſtentye,
  A truer and fairer wife.

King Henrye ran to claſpe his queene,
  And looſed her full ſone: 210
Then turnd to look for the tinye boye;
  ——The boye was vaniſht and gone.

But firſt he had touchd the lazar man,
  And ſtroakt him with his hand:
The lazar under the gallowes tree 215
  All whole and ſounde did ſtand.

The lazar under the gallowes tree
  Was comelye, ſtraight and tall;
King Henrye made him his head ſtewàrde
  To wayte withinn his hall. *** 220

X. THE

X.

THE GABERLUNZIE MAN.

A Scottish Song.

informs

Tradition ~~assures~~ us that the author of this song was K. James V. *of Scotland. This prince (whose character for wit and libertinism bears a great resemblance to that of his gay successor Charles II.) was noted for strolling about his dominions in disguise* †, *and for his frequent gallantries with country girls. Two adventures of this kind he hath celebrated with his own pen, viz. in this ballad of* The Gaberlunzie Man; *and in another intitled* The Jolly Beggar, *beginning thus,*

Thair was a jollie beggar, and a begging he was boun,
And he tuik up his quarters into a land'art toun.
Fa, la, la, &c.

It seems to be the latter of these ballads (which was too licentious to be admitted into this collection) that is meant in the Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors *, *where the ingenious writer remarks, That there is something very ludicrous in the young woman's distress when she thought her first favour had been thrown away upon a beggar.*

Bp. Tanner has attributed to James V. the celebrated Ballad of Christ's Kirk on the Green, *which is ascribed to K. James I. in Bannatyne's MS, written in* 1568: *And notwithstanding that authority, the Editor of this Book is of opinion that Bp. Tanner was right.*

K. James V. *died Dec.* 13*th*, 1542, *aged* 33.

† *sc. of a tinker, beggar, &c. Thus he used to visit a smith's daughter at Niddry near Edinburgh.* * *Vol.* 2. *p.* 203.

THE

THE pauky auld Carle came ovir the lee
Wi' mony good-eens and days to mee,
Saying, Goodwife, for zour courteſie,
Will ze lodge a ſilly poor man?
The night was cauld, the carle was wat, 5
And down azont the ingle he ſat;
My dochters ſhoulders he gan to clap,
And cadgily ranted and ſang.

O wow! quo he, were I as free,
As firſt when I ſaw this countrie, 10
How blyth and merry wad I bee!
And I wad nevir think lang.
He grew canty, and ſhe grew fain;
But little did her auld minny ken
What thir ſlee twa togither were ſay'n, 15
When wooing they were ſa thrang.

And O! quo he, ann ze were as black,
As evir the crown of your dadyes hat,
Tis I wad lay thee by my back,
And awa wi' me thou ſould gang. 20
And O! quoth ſhe, ann I were as white,
As evir the ſnaw lay on the dike,
Ild clead me braw, and lady-like,
And awa with thee Ild gang.

Between the twa was made a plot; 25
They raiſe a wee before the cock,
And wyliely they ſhot the lock,

And

And faſt to the bent are they gane.
Up the morn the auld wife raiſe,
And at her leiſure put on her claiths, 30
Syne to the ſervants bed ſhe gaes
To ſpeir for the ſilly poor man.

She gaed to the bed, whair the beggar lay,
The ſtrae was cauld, he was away,
She clapt her hands, cryd, dulefu' day! 35
For ſome of our geir will be gane.
Some ran to coffers, and ſome to kiſts,
But nought was ſtown that could be miſt,
She dancid her lane, cryd, praiſe be bleſt,
I have lodgd a leal poor man. 40

Since naithings awa, as we can learn,
The kirns to kirn, and milk to earn,
Gae butt the houſe, laſs, and waken my bairn,
And bid her come quickly ben.
The ſervant gaed where the dochter lay, 45
The ſheets was cauld, ſhe was away,
And faſt to her goodwife can ſay,
Shes aff with the gaberlunzie-man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
And haſt ze, find theſe traitors agen; 50
For ſhees be burnt, and hees be ſlein,

The

Ver. 29, The Carline. *Other copies.*

The wearyfou gaberlunzie man.
Some rade upo horſe, ſome ran a fit,
The wife was wood, and out o' her wit;
She could na gang, nor yet could ſhe ſit, 55
But ay did curſe and did ban.

Mean time far hind out owre the lee,
Fou ſnug in a glen, where nane could ſee,
The twa, with kindlie ſport and glee,
Cut frae a new cheeſe a whang. 60
The priving was gude, it pleas'd them baith,
To lo'e her for ay, he gae her his aith.
Quo ſhe, to leave thee, I will be laith,
My winſome gaberlunzie man.

O kend my minny I were wi' zou, 65
Illfardly wad ſhe crook her mou,
Sic a poor man ſheld nevir trow,
Aftir the gaberlunzie-mon.
My dear, quo he, zee're zet owre zonge;
And hae na learnt the beggars tonge, 70
To follow me frae toun to toun,
And carrie the gaberlunzie on.

Wi' kauk and keel, Ill win zour bread,
And ſpindles and whorles for them wha need,
Whilk is a gentil trade indeed 75

The

The gaberlunzie to carrie----o.
Ill bow my leg and crook my knee,
And draw a black clout owre my ee,
A criple or blind they will cau me:
While we fall ſing and be merrie----o. 80

XI.

ON THOMAS LORD CROMWELL.

It is ever the fate of a diſgraced miniſter to be forſaken by his friends, and inſulted by his enemies, always reckoning among the latter the giddy inconſtant multitude. We have here a ſpurn at fallen greatneſs from ſome angry partiſan of declining popery, who could never forgive the downfall of their Diana, and loſs of their craft. The ballad ſeems to have been compoſed between the time of Cromwell's commitment to the tower, June 11. 1540, *and that of his being beheaded July* 28. *following. A ſhort interval! but Henry's paſſion for Catharine Howard would admit of no delay. Notwithſtanding our libeller, Cromwell had many excellent qualities; his great fault was too much obſequiouſneſs to the arbitrary* WILL *of his maſter; but let it be conſidered that this maſter had raiſed him from obſcurity, and that the high-born nobility had ſhewn him the way in every kind of mean and ſervile compliance.* —— *The original copy printed at London in* 1540, *is intitled, "A newe ballade "made of Thomas Crumwel, called* TROLLE ON AWAY." *To it is prefixed this diſtich by way of burthen,*

Trolle on away, trolle on awaye.
Synge heave and howe rombelowe trolle on away.

BOTH

BOTH man and chylde is glad to here tell
Of that falſe traytoure Thomas Crumwel,
Now that he is ſet to learne to ſpell.
Synge trolle on away.

When fortune lokyd the in thy face,
Thou haddyſt fayre tyme, but thou lackydyſt grace; 5
Thy cofers with golde thou fyllydſt a pace.
Synge, &c.

Both plate and chalys came to thy fyſt,
Thou lockydſt them vp where no man wyſt,
Tyll in the kynges treaſoure ſuche thinges were myſt.
Synge, &c.

Both cruſt and crumme came thorowe thy handes, 10
Thy marchaundyſe ſayled over the ſandes,
Therfore nowe thou art layde faſt in bandes.
Synge, &c.

Fyrſte when kynge Henry, God ſaue his grace!
Perceyud myſchefe kyndlyd in thy face,
Then it was tyme to purchaſe the a place. 15
Synge, &c.

Hys grace was euer of gentyll nature,
Mouyd with petye, and made the hys ſeruyture;
But thou, as a wretche, ſuche thinges dyd procure.
Synge, &c.

Thou dyd not remembre, falſe heretyke,
One God, one fayth, and one kynge catholyke, 20
For thou haſt bene ſo long a ſcyſmatyke.
Synge, &c.

Thou woldyſt not learne to knowe theſe thre;
But euer was full of iniquite:
Wherfore all this lande hathe ben troubled with the.
Synge, &c.

All they, that were of the new trycke, 25
Agaynſt the churche thou baddeſt them ſtycke;
Wherfore nowe thou haſte touchyd the quycke.
Synge, &c.

Bothe ſacramentes and ſacramentalles
Thou woldyſt not ſuffre within thy walles;
Nor let vs praye for all chryſten ſoules. 30
Synge, &c.

Of what generacyon thou were no tonge can tell,
Whyther of Chayme, or Syſchemell,
Or elſe ſent vs frome the deuyll of hell.
Synge, &c.

Thou woldeſt neuer to vertue applye,
But couetyd euer to clymme to hye, 35
And nowe haſte thou trodden thy ſhoo awrye.
Synge, &c.

ver. 32. i.e. Cain, or Ishmael.
See below the Note Book II. No. III.
Stanz. 3d.

Who-ſo-euer dyd winne thou wolde not loſe ;
Wherfore al Englande doth hate the, as I ſuppoſe,
Bycauſe thou waſt falſe to the redolent roſe.
Synge, &c.

Thou myghteſt have learned thy cloth to flocke 40
Upon thy greſy fullers ſtocke ;
Wherfore lay downe thy heade vpon this blocke.
Synge, &c.

Yet ſaue that ſoule, that God hath bought,
And for thy carcas care thou nought,
Let it ſuffre payne, as it hath wrought. 45
Synge, &c.

God ſaue kyng Henry with all his power,
And prynce Edwarde that goodly flowre,
With al hys lordes of great honoure.
Synge trolle on awaye, ſyng trolle on away.
Hevye and how rombelowe trolle on awaye.

Ver. 40. *Cromwell's father is generally ſaid to have been a Blackſmith at Putney: but the author of this Ballad would inſinuate that either he himſelf or ſome of his anceſtors were Fullers by trade.*

*** *The foregoing Piece gave riſe to a poetic controverſy, which was carried on thro' a ſucceſſion of ſeven or eight Ballads written for and againſt Lord* CROMWELL. *Theſe are all preſerved in the archives of the Antiquarian Society, in a large folio Collection of Proclamations, &c. made in the Reigns of K. Hen. VIII. K. Edw. VI. Q. Mary. Q. Eliz. K. James I. &c.*

XII.

HARPALUS.

An ancient English Pastoral.

This beautiful poem, which is perhaps the first attempt at pastoral writing in our language, is preserved among the Songs and Sonnettes *of the earl of Surrey, &c.* 4*to. in that part of the collection, which consists of pieces by* uncertain auctours. *These poems were first published in* 1557, *ten years after that accomplished nobleman fell a victim to the tyranny of Henry VIII: but it is presumed most of them were composed before the death of sir Thomas Wyatt in* 1541. *See Surrey's poems,* 4*to. fol.* 19. 49.

Tho' written perhaps near half a century before the Shepherd's calendar ‡, *this will be found far superior to any of those Eclogues in natural unaffected sentiments, in simplicity of style, in easy flow of versification, and all other beauties of pastoral poetry. Spenser ought to have profited more by so excellent a model.*

PHYLIDA was a faire mayde,
As fresh, as any flowre;
Whom Harpalus the herdman prayde
To be his paramour.

Harpalus, and eke Corin, 5
Were herdmen both yfere:
And Phylida could twist and spinne,
And thereto sing full clere.

But

‡ *First published in* 1579.

But Phylida was all tò coye,
  For Harpalus to winne :
For Corin was her onely joye,
  Who forſt her not a pinne.

How often would ſhe flowers twine ?
  How often garlàndes make
Of couſlips and of columbine ?
  And al for Corin's ſake.

But Corin, he had haukes to lure,
  And forced more the field :
Of lovers lawe he toke no cure ;
  For once he was begilde.

Harpalus prevailed nought,
  His labour all was loſt ;
For he was fardeſt from her thought,
  And yet he loved her moſt.

Therefore waxt he both pale and leane,
  And drye as clot of clay :
His fleſhe it was conſumed cleane ;
  His colour gone away.

His beard it had not long be ſhave ;
  His heare hong all unkempt :
A man moſt fit even for the grave,
  Whom ſpitefull love had ſhent.

His eyes were red, and all 'forewacht';
  His face beſprent with teares:
It ſemde unhap had him long 'hatcht', 35
  In mids of his diſpaires.

His clothes were blacke, and alſo bare;
  As one forlorne was he;
Upon his head alwayes he ware
  A wreath of wyllow tree. 40

His beaſtes he kept upon the hyll,
  And he ſate in the dale;
And thus with ſighes and ſorrowes ſhril,
  He gan to tell his tale.

Oh Harpalus! thus would he ſay; 45
  Unhappieſt under ſunne!
The cauſe of thine unhappy day,
  By love was firſt begunne.

For thou wenteſt firſt by ſute to ſeeke
  A tigre to make tame, 50
That ſettes not by thy love a leeke;
  But makes thy griefe her game.

As eaſy it were for to convert
  The froſt into 'a' flame;
As for to turne a frowarde hert, 55
  Whom thou ſo faine wouldſt frame.

Corin

Ver. 33. &c. *The Corrections are from Ed.* 1574.

Corin he liveth carèleſſe:
  He leapes among the leaves:
He eates the frutes of thy redreſſe:
  Thou 'reapſt', he takes the ſheaves. 60

My beaſtes, a whyle your foode refraine,
  And harke your herdmans ſounde:
Whom ſpitefull love, alas! hath ſlaine,
  Through-girt with many a wounde.

O happy be ye, beaſtès wilde, 65
  That here your paſture takes:
I ſe that ye be not begilde
  Of theſe your faithfull makes.

The hart he feedeth by the hinde:
  The bucke harde by the doe: 70
The turtle dove is not unkinde
  To him that loves her ſo.

The ewe ſhe hath by her the ramme:
  The yong cowe hath the bulle:
The calfe with many a luſty lambe 75
  Do fede their hunger full.

But, wel-a-way! that nature wrought
  Thee, Phylida, ſo faire:
For I may ſay that I have bought
  Thy beauty all tò deare. 80

What reaſon is that crueltie
  With beautie ſhould have part?
Or els that ſuch great tyranny
  Should dwell in womans hart?

I ſee therefore to ſhape my death
  She cruelly is preſt;
To th'ende that I may want my breath:
  My dayes been at the beſt.

O Cupide, graunt this my requeſt,
  And do not ſtoppe thine eares;
That ſhe may feele within her breſt
  The paines of my diſpaires:

Of Corin 'who' is carèleſſe,
  That ſhe may crave her fee:
As I have done in great diſtreſſe,
  That loved her faithfully.

But ſince that I ſhal die her ſlave;
  Her ſlave, and eke her thrall:
Write you, my frendes, upon my grave
  This chaunce that is befall.

"Here lieth unhappy Harpalus
  "By cruell love now ſlaine:
"Whom Phylida unjuſtly thus,
  "Hath murdred with diſdaine."

XIII. ROBIN

XIII.

ROBIN AND MAKYNE.

An ancient Scottish Pastoral.

The palm of pastoral poesy is here contested by a cotemporary writer with the author of the foregoing. The critics will judge of their respective merits; but must make some allowance for the preceding ballad, which is given simply, as it stands in the old editions: whereas this, which follows, has been revised and amended throughout by Allan Ramsey, *from whose* Ever-Green, *Vol. I. it is here chiefly printed. The curious Reader may however compare it with the more original copy, printed among "Ancient Scottish "Poems, from the MS. of George Bannatyne,* 1568. *Edinb. "*1770. 12*mo."* *Mr.* Robert Henryson *(to whom we are indebted for this Poem) appears to so much advantage among the writers of eclogue, that we are sorry we can give little other account of him, besides what is contained in the following eloge, written by W. Dunbar, a Scottish poet, who lived about the middle of the* 16*th century:*

"In Dumferling, he [Death] hath tane Broun,
"With gude Mr. Robert Henryson."

Indeed some little farther insight into the history of this Scottish bard is gained from the title prefixed to some of his poems preserved in the British Museum; viz. "The morall "Fabillis of Esop compylit be Maister Robert Henri-"soun, scolmaister *of Dumfermling,* 1571." *Harleian MSS.* 3865. § 1.

In Ramsay's Evergreen, *Vol. I. whence the above distich is extracted, are preserved two other little Doric pieces by Henryson; the one intitled* The Lyon and the Mouse; *the other,* The garment of gude Ladyis. *Some other of his Poems may be seen in the "Ancient Scottish Poems "printed from Bannatyne's MS. above referred to."*

ROBIN

ROBIN ſat on the gude grene hill,
Keipand a flock of ſie,
Quhen mirry Makyne ſaid him till,
" O Robin rew on me
" I haif thee luivt baith loud and ſtill, 5
" Thir towmonds twa or thre:
" My dule in dern bot gif thou dill,
" Doubtleſs but dreid Ill die.

Robin replied, Now by the rude,
Naithing of luve I knaw, 10
But keip my ſheip undir yon wod:
Lo quhair they raik on raw.
Quhat can have mart thee in thy mude,
Thou Makyne to me ſchaw;
Or quhat is luve, or to be lude? 15
Fain wald I leir that law.

" The law of luve gin thou wald leir,
" Tak thair an A, B, C;
" Be heynd, courtas, and fair of feir,
" Wyſe, hardy, kind and frie, 20
" Sae that nae danger do the deir,
" Quhat dule in dern thou drie;
" Preſs ay to pleis, and blyth appeir,
" Be patient and privie."

Robin,

Ver. 19. *Bannatyne's MS. reads as above,* heynd, *not,* keynd, *as in the Edinb. edit.* 1770. *Ver.* 21. So that no danger. *Bannatyne's MS.*

Robin, he anſwert her againe,
I wat not quhat is luve;
But I haif marvel in certaine
Quhat makes thee thus wanruſe.
The wedder is fair, and I am fain;
My ſheep gais hail abuve;
And we ſould pley us on the plain,
They wald us baith repruve.

" Robin, tak tent unto my tale,
" And wirk all as I reid;
" And thou ſall haif my heart all hale,
" Eik and my maiden-heid:
" Sen God, he ſendis bute for bale,
" And for murning remeid,
" I'dern with thee bot gif I dale,
" Doubtleſs I am but deid."

Makyne, to-morn be this ilk tyde,
Gif ye will meit me heir,
Maybe my ſheip may gang beſyde,
Quhyle we have liggd full neir;
But maugre haif I, gif I byde,
Frae thay begin to ſteir,
Quhat lyes on heart I will nocht hyd,
Then Makyne mak gude cheir.

" Robin, thou reivs me of my reſt;
" I luve bot thee alane."
Makyne, adieu! the ſun goes weſt,
The day is neir-hand gane.

" Robin,

" Robin, in dule I am ſo dreſt,
" That luve will be my bane."
Makyn, gae luve quhair-eir ye liſt, 55
For leman I luid nane.

" Robin, I ſtand in ſic a ſtyle,
" I ſich and that full ſair."
Makyne, I have bene here this quyle;
At hame I wiſh I were. 60
" Robin, my hinny, talk and ſmyle,
" Gif thou will do nae mair."
Makyne, ſom other man beguyle,
For hameward I will fare.

Syne Robin on his ways he went, 65
As light as leif on tree;
But Makyne murnt and made lament,
Scho trow'd him neir to ſee.
Robin he brayd attowre the bent:
Then Makyne cried on hie, 70
" Now may thou ſing, for I am ſhent!
" Quhat ailis luve at me?"

Makyne went hame withouten fail,
And weirylie could weip;
Then Robin in a full fair dale 75
Aſſemblit all his ſheip;
Be that ſome part of Makyne's ail,
Out-throw his heart could creip,
Hir faſt he ſollowt to aſſail,
And till her tuke gude keip. 80

Abyd,

Abyd, abyd, thou fair Makyne,
A word for ony thing;
For all my luve, it ſall be thyne,
Withouten departing.
All hale thy heart for till have myne, 85
Is all my coveting;
My ſheip to morn quhyle houris nyne,
Will need of nae keiping.

"Robin, thou haſt heard ſung and ſay,
"In geſts and ſtorys auld, 90
"The man that will not when he may,
"Sall have nocht when he wald.
"I pray to heaven baith nicht and day,
"Be eiked their cares ſae cauld,
"That preſſes firſt with thee to play 95
"Be forreſt, firth, or fauld."

Makyne, the nicht is ſoft and dry,
The wether warm and fair,
And the grene wod richt neir-hand by,
To walk attowre all where: 100
There may nae janglers us eſpy,
That is in luve contrair;
Therin, Makyne, baith you and I
Unſeen may mak repair.

"Robin,

V. 99. *Bannatyne's MS. has* woid, *not* woud, *as in Ed.* 1770.

" Robin, that warld is now away, 105
" And quyt brocht till an end.
" And nevir again thereto perfay,
" Sall it be as thou wend;
" For of my pain thou made but play,
" I words in vain did ſpend; 110
" As thou haſt done, ſae ſall I ſay,
" Murn on, I think to mend."

Makyne, the hope of all my heil,
My heart on thee is ſet;
I'll evermair to thee be leil, 115
Quhyle I may live but lett,
Never to fail as uthers feill,
Quhat grace ſo eir I get.
" Robin, with thee I will not deill;
" Adieu, for this we met." 120

Makyne went hameward blyth enough,
Outowre the holtis hair;
Pure Robin murnd and Makyne leugh;
Scho ſang, and he ſicht ſair:
And ſo left him bayth wo and wreuch, 125
In dolor and in care,
Keipand his herd under a heuch,
Amang the ruſhy gair.

XIV. GENTLE

V. 117. *Bannatyne's MS. reads as above* feill, *not* faill, *as in Ed:* 1770.

XIV.

GENTLE HERDSMAN, TELL TO ME.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A PILGRIM AND HERDSMAN.

The scene of this beautiful old ballad is laid near Walsingham in Norfolk, where was anciently an image of the Virgin Mary, famous over all Europe for the numerous pilgrimages made to it, and the great riches it possessed. Erasmus has given a very exact and humorous description of the superstitions practised there in his time. See his account of the VIRGO PARATHALASSIA, *in his colloquy, intitled,* PEREGRINATIO RELIGIONIS ERGO. *He tells us, the rich offerings in silver, gold, and precious stones, that were there shewn him, were incredible, there being scarce a person of any note in England, but what some time or other paid a visit, or sent a present to* OUR LADY OF WALSINGHAM*. *At the dissolution of the monasteries in* 1538, *this splendid image, with another from Ipswich, was carried to Chelsea, and there burnt in the presence of commissioners; who, we trust, did not burn the jewels and the finery.*

This poem is printed from a copy in the Editor's folio MS. which had greatly suffered by the hand of time; but vestiges of several of the lines remaining, some conjectural supplements have been attempted, which, for greater exactness, are in this one ballad distinguished by Italicks.

GEntle herdsman, tell to me,
Of curtesy I thee pray,
Unto the towne of Walsingham
Which is the right and ready way.

" Unto

* *See at the End of this* ~~Poem, p. 89,~~ *an account of the annual offerings of the Earls of Northumberland.*

/Ballad

" Unto the towne of Walſingham
" The way is hard for to be gone;
" And verry crooked are thoſe pathes
" For you to find out all alone."

Were the miles doubled thriſe,
And the way never ſoe ill,
Itt were not enough for mine offence;
Itt is ſoe grievous and ſoe ill.

" Thy yeares are young, thy face is faire,
" Thy witts are weake, thy thoughts are greene;
" Time hath not given thee leave, as yett,
" For to committ ſo great a ſinne."

Yes, herdſman, yes, ſoe woldſt thou ſay,
If thou kneweſt ſoe much as I;
My witts, and thoughts, and all the reſt,
Have well deſerved for to dye.

I am not what I ſeeme to bee,
My clothes, and ſexe doe differ farr:
I am a woman, woe is me!
Born to greeffe and irkſome care.

For my beloved, and well-beloved,
My wayward cruelty could kill:
And though my teares will nought avail,
Moſt dearely I bewail him ſtill.

He was the flower of noble wights,
None ever more sincere colde bee;
Of comely mien and shape he was,
And tenderlye hee loved mee.

When thus I saw he loved me well,
I grewe so proud his paine to see,
That I, who did not know myselfe,
Thought scorne of *such a youth* as hee.

* And grew soe coy and nice to please,
As womens lookes are often soe,
He might not kisse, nor hand forsooth,
Unless I willed him soe to doe.

Thus being wearyed with delayes
To see I pityed not his greeffe,
He gott him to a secrett place,
And there hee dyed without releeffe.

And

* *Three of the following stanzas have been finely paraphrased by Dr.* GOLDSMITH, *in his charming Ballad of* EDWIN AND EMMA; *the reader of taste will have a pleasure in comparing them with the original.*

'And still I try'd each fickle art,
Importunate and vain;
And while his passion touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain.

'Till quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride;
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret, where he dy'd.

And for his ſake theſe weeds I weare, 45
  And ſacriffice my tender age;
And every day Ile begg my bread,
  To undergoe this pilgrimage.

Thus every day I faſt and pray,
  And ever will doe till I dye; 50
And gett me to ſome ſecrett place,
  For ſoe did hee, and ſo will I.

Now, gentle herdſman, aſke no more,
  But keepe my ſecretts I thee pray;
Unto the towne of Walſingham 55
  Show me the right and readye way.

" Now goe thy wayes, and God before!
  " For he muſt ever guide thee ſtill:
" Turne downe that dale, the right hand path,
  " And ſoe, faire pilgrim, fare thee well!" 60

But mine the ſorrow, mine the fault,
  And well my life ſhall pay;
I'll ſeek the ſolitude he ſought,
  And ſtretch me where he lay.

And there forlorn deſpairing hid,
  I'll lay me down and die:
'Twas ſo for me that Edwin did
  And ſo for him will I.

*** *To ſhew what conſtant tribute was paid to* OUR LADY OF WALSINGHAM, *I ſhall give a few extracts from the ~~ancient MS. of the "Eſtabliſhment of the Houſe-~~*

" hold

"Household-Book of the Hon.ble
"Algernon Percy 5th Earl of
"Northumberland" [Print.]
1770. 8vo.

~~" hold of HENRY V. Earl of Northumberland." (Hist. Vol. I. p. 36.)~~ ~~Page~~ 27

Sect. XLIV.

ITEM, *My Lorde usith yerly to sende afore Michaelmas for his Lordship's Offerynge to our Lady of Walsyngeham.* iiij *d.*

ITEM, *My Lorde usith and accustomyth to send yerely for the upholdynge of the Light of Wax which his Lordship syndeth birnyng yerly befor our Lady of Walsyngham, conteinynge* vj *lb. of Wax in it, after* vj *d. ob. for the syndynge of every lb. redy wrought by a covenant maid with the Chanon by great, for the hole yere, for the findinge of the said Lyght byrnynge,* vi *s.* viij *d.*

ITEM, *My Lord useth and accustometh to send yerely to the Chanon that kepith the Light before our Lady of Walsyngham, for his reward for the hole yere, for kepynge of the said Light, lyghtynge of it at all service tymes dayly thorowt the yere,* xij *d.*

ITEM, *My Lord useth and accustomyth yerely to sende to the Prest that kepith the Light, lyghtynge of it at all sservice tymes daily thorout the yere,* iij *s.* iiij *d.*

XV.

K. EDWARD IV. AND TANNER OF TAMWORTH

Was a story of great fame among our ancestors. The author of the ART OF ENGLISH POESIE, 1589, 4*to*, *seems to speak of it, as a real fact.—Describing that vicious mode of speech, which the Greeks called* ACYRON, *i. e.* " *When we use a dark and obscure word, utterly repugnant to that we should express;*" *he adds,* " *Such manner of un-*
" *couth speech did the Tanner of Tamworth use to king Ed-*
" *ward the fourth; which Tanner, having a great while*
" *mistaken him, and used very broad talke with him, at*
" *length perceiving by his traine that it was the king, was*

 " *afraide*

Collection; he now refers the curious reader to it as an imperfect & incorrect Copy of the Original Ballad.

" *afraide he ſhould be puniſhed for it,* [*and*] *ſaid thus, with* " *a certaine rude repentance,*

" I hope I ſhall be hanged to-morrow,

" *for* [I feare me] I ſhall be hanged; *whereat the king* " *laughed a good**, *not only to ſee the Tanner's vaine* " *feare, but alſo to heare his illſhapen terme; and gave* " *him for recompence of his good ſport, the inheritance of* " *Plumpton-parke.* I AM AFRAID," *concludes this ſagacious writer,* " THE POETS OF OUR TIME, THAT SPEAKE " MORE FINELY AND CORRECTEDLY, WILL COME " TOO SHORT OF SUCH A REWARD," p. 214.——*The phraſe, here referred to, is not found in this ballad at preſent, but occurs with ſome variation in an older poem, intitled* JOHN THE REEVE, *deſcribed in the following volume, (ſee the Preface to* THE KING AND THE MILLER), *viz.*

" *Nay, ſayd John, by Gods grace,*
" *And Edward wer in this place,*
" *Hee ſhold not touch this tonne:*
" *He wold be wroth with John* I HOPE,
" *Therefore I beſhrew the ſoupe,*
" *That in his mouth ſhold come,*" *Pt. 2. ſt. 24.*

The following text is ſelected from two copies in black letter. The one in the Bodleyan library, intitled, " *A merrie, pleaſant, and delectable hiſtorie bet-weene K. Edward* " *the Fourth, and a Tanner of Tamworth, &c. printed* " *at London, by John Danter,* 1596." *This copy, ancient as it now is, appears to have been modernized and altered at the time it was publiſhed; but many veſtiges of the more ancient readings were recovered from another copy, (though more recently printed,) in one ſheet folio, without date, in the Pepys collection.*

IN ſummer time, when leaves grow greene,
And bloſſoms bedecke the tree,
King Edward wolde a hunting ryde,
Some paſtime for to ſee.

With

* *Vid. Gloſs.*

(with such Corrections as occur'd

~~with some conjectural Improvements~~

But these are both very inferior in point of antiquity to the old Ballad of The King & the Barker, reprinted with other Pieces of ancient Popular Poetry from "authentic Manuscripts & Old Printed Copies. "Qto. Lond. 1791. 8vo. ~~which the curious Reader will undoubtedly~~ That very antique Poem, ~~which it~~ As that very antique Poem had never occur'd to the Editor of the Reliques, till he saw it in the above Collection; he now refers the curious Reader to it as an imperfect & incorrect Copy ~~of what was probably~~ the Original Ballad.

With hawke and hounde he made him bowne, 5
  With horne, and eke with bowe;
To Drayton Baſſet he tooke his waye,
  With all his lordes a rowe.

And he had ridden ore dale and downe
  By eight of clocke in the day, 10
When he was ware of a bold tannèr,
  Come ryding along the waye.

A fayre ruſſet coat the tanner had on
  Faſt buttoned under his chin,
And under him a good cow-hide, 15
  And a mare of four ſhilling *,

Nowe ſtand you ſtill, my good lordes all,
  Under the grene wood ſpraye;
And I will wend to yonder followe,
  To weet what he will ſaye. 20

* *In the reign of Edward IV. Dame Cecill, lady of Torboke, in her will dated March 7. A.D.* 1466; *among many other bequeſts has this, "Alſo I will that my ſonne Thomas of Torboke have* 13*s.* 4*d. to buy him "an horſe." Vid. Harleian Catalog.* 2176. 27.——*Now if* 13*s.* 4*d. would purchaſe a ſteed fit for a perſon of quality, a tanner's horſe might reaſonably be valued at four or five ſhillings.*

This ſpecific manner of creating esquires was

God ſpeede, God ſpeede thee, ſaid our king.
Thou art welcome, ſir, ſayd hee.
" The readyeſt waye to Drayton Baſſet
I praye thee to ſhewe to mee."

" To Drayton Baſſet woldſt thou goe, 25
Fro the place where thou doſt ſtand?
The next payre of gallowes thou comeſt unto,
Turne in upon thy right hand."

That is an unreadye waye, ſayd our king,
Thou doeſt but jeſt I ſee: 30
Nowe ſhewe me out the neareſt waye,
And I pray thee wend with mee.

Awaye with a vengeance! quoth the tanner:
I hold thee out of thy witt:
All daye have I rydden on Brocke my mare, 35
And I am faſting yett.

" Go with me downe to Drayton Baſſet,
No daynties we will ſpare;
All daye ſhalt thou eate and drinke of the beſt,
And I will paye thy fare." 40

Gramercye for nothing, the tanner replyde,
Thou payeſt no fare of mine:
I trowe I've more nobles in my purſe,
Than thou haſt pence in thine.

God

God give thee joy of them, ſayd the king, 45
And ſend them well to priefe.
The tanner wolde faine have beene away,
For he weende he had beene a thiefe.

What art thou, hee ſayde, thou fine fellòwe,
Of thee I am in great feare, 50
For the cloathes, thou weareſt upon thy backe,
Might beſeeme a lord tò weare.

I never ſtole them, quoth our king,
I tell you, ſir, by the roode.
"Then thou playeſt, as many an unthrift doth, 55
And ſtandeſt in midds of thy goode †."

What tydinges heare you, ſayd the kynge,
As you ryde farre and neare?
"I heare no tydinges, ſir, by the maſſe,
But that cowe-hides are deare." 60

"Cowe-hides! cowe-hides! what things are thoſe?
I marvell what they bee?"
What art thou a foole? the tanner reply'd;
I carry one under mee.

What craftſman art thou, ſaid the king, 65
I praye thee tell me trowe.
"I am a barker ||, ſir, by my trade;
Nowe tell me what art thou?"

 I am

† *i. e. ~~haſt~~ haſt no other wealth, but what thou carrieſt about thee.*
|| *i. e. a dealer in Bark.*

This ſpecific manner of creating ſignures was

I am a poore courtier, ſir, quoth he,
  That am forth of ſervice worne ; 70
And faine I wolde thy prentiſe bee,
  Thy cunninge for to learne.

Marrye heaven forfend, the tanner replyde,
  That thou my prentiſe were :
Thou woldſt ſpend more good than I ſhold winne 75
  By fortye ſhilling a yere.

Yet one thinge wolde I, ſayd our king,
  If thou wilt not ſeeme ſtrange :
Thoughe my horſe be better than thy mare,
  Yet with thee I faine wold change. 80

"Why if with me thou faine wilt change,
  As change full well maye wee,
By the faith of my bodye, thou proude fellòwe,
  I will have ſome boot of thee."

That were againſt reaſon, ſayd the king, 85
  I ſweare, ſo mote I thee :
My horſe is better than thy mare,
  And that thou well mayſt ſee.

"Yea, ſir, but Brocke is gentle and mild,
  And ſoftly ſhe will fare : 90
Thy horſe is unrulye and wild, I wiſs ;
  Aye ſkipping here and theare."

What

e better than thy mare,
ne wold change. 80

ou faine wilt change,
ll maye wee,
odye, thou proude fellòwe,
oot of thee."

aſon, ſayd the king, 85
I thee:
an thy mare,
ll mayſt ſee.

cke is gentle and mild,
l fare: 90
ild I wiſs:

Although thou haſt gotten Brocke
Thou getteſt not my cowe-hide.

I will not have it, ſayd the kynge,
I ſweare, ſo mote I thee;
Thy foule cowe-hide I wolde not be
If thou woldſt give it to mee.

The tanner hee tooke his good cowe-
That of the cow was hilt;
And threwe it upon the king's ſadèll
That was ſoe fayrelye gilte.

"Now help me up, thou fine fellòw
'Tis time that I were gone:
When I come home to Gyllian, my

The king he tooke him up by the legge;
  The tanner a f * * lett fall.
Nowe marrye, good fellowe, ſayd the kyng,
  Thy courteſye is but ſmall. 120

When the tanner he was in the kinges ſadèlle,
  And his foote in the ſtirrup was;
He marvelled greatlye in his minde,
  Whether it were golde or braſs.

But when his ſteede ſaw the cows taile wagge, 125
  And eke the blacke cowe-horne;
He ſtamped, and ſtared, and awaye he ranne,
  As the devill had him borne.

The tanner he pulld, the tanner he ſweat,
  And held by the pummil faſt: 130
At length the tanner came tumbling downe;
  His necke he had well-nye braſt.

Take thy horſe again with a vengeance, he ſayd,
  With mee he ſhall not byde.
"My horſe wolde have borne thee well enoughe, 135
  But he knewe not of thy cowe-hide.

Yet if againe thou faine woldſt change,
  As change full well may wee,
By the faith of my bodye, thou jolly tannèr,
  I will have ſome boote of thee." 140

What

What boote wilt thou have, the tanner replyd,
Nowe tell me in this ſtounde?
"Noe pence nor halfpence, ſir, by my faye,
But I will have twentye pound."

"Here's twentye groates out of my purſe; 145
And twentye I have of thine:
And I have one more, which we will ſpend
Together at the wine."

The king ſet a bugle horne to his mouthe,
And blewe both loude and ſhrille: 150
And ſoone came lords, and ſoone came knights,
Faſt ryding over the hille.

Nowe, out alas! the tanner he cryde,
That ever I ſawe this daye!
Thou art a ſtrong thiefe, yon come thy fellowes 155
Will beare my cowe-hide away.

They are no thieves, the king replyde,
I ſweare, ſoe mote I thee:
But they are the lords of the north countrèy,
Here come to hunt with mee. 160

And ſoone before our king they came,
And knelt downe on the grounde:
Then might the tanner have beene awaye,
He had lever than twentye pounde.

A coller,

A coller, a coller *, here: ſayd the king, 165
A coller he loud did crye:
Then woulde he lever then twentye pound,
He had not beene ſo nighe.

A coller, a coller, the tanner he ſayd,
I trowe it will breed ſorrowe: 170
After a coller comes a halter,
And I ſhall be hanged to-morrowe.

"Awaye with thy feare, thou jolly tanner,
For the ſport thou haſt ſhown to me,
I wote noe halter thou ſhalt weare, 175
But thou ſhalt have a knight's fee.

For Plumpton-parke I will give thee,
With tenements faire beſide:
'Tis worth three hundred markes by the yeare,
To maintaine thy good cowe-hide." 180

Gramercye, my liege, the tanner replyde,
For the favour thou haſt me ſhowne;
If ever thou comeſt to merry Tamworth,
Neates leather ſhall clout thy ſhoen.

* *A collar was, I believe, anciently uſed in the ceremony of conferring knighthood. Or perhaps the King uſed the French word* Acoller, *ſignifying to give the* Acolade, *or blow that was to dub him a knight. This the Tanner ignorantly miſtakes for* A collar.

XVI. AS

*Be not afraid Tanner, said our King,
I tell thee, so mought I thee,
So here I make thee the best Esquire
That is in the North Countrie.*

Note

*This Stanza is restored from ~~[illegible]~~ a Quotation of this Ballad in Selden's "Titles of Honour." Who produces it as a good Authority to prove, That one mode of creating ~~[illegible]~~ the Esquires at that time, was by imposition of a Collar. His words are, "Nor is that old Pamphlet "of the Tanner of Tamworth and King "Edward the fourth so contemptible, but "that we may thence note also an ob= "=servable Passage, wherein the use of "making Esquires by giving Collars "is expressed." (~~[illegible]~~ Sel Tit. Esquire: ~~[illegible]~~ Vide in Spelmanni Glossar. ~~[illegible]~~ Armiger.) This specific manner of creating Esquires

was in use so long as Heralds were made with Ceremony, & actually exists at this Day among the Serjeants at Arms, who are invested with a Collar, (which they wear on Collar-Days) by the King himself.

This curious Information I owe to the Friendship of Samuel Pegge Esq. the learned Author of the Curialia &c.

XVI.

AS YE CAME FROM THE HOLY LAND.

Dialogue between a Pilgrim and Traveller.

The ſcene of this ſong is the ſame, as in Num. XIV. The pilgrimage to Walſingham ſuggeſted the plan of many popular pieces. In the Pepys collection, Vol. I. p. 226, is a kind of Interlude in the old ballad ſtyle, of which the firſt ſtanza alone is worth reprinting.

As I went to Walſingham,
  To the ſhrine with ſpeede,
Met I with a jolly palmer
  In a pilgrimes weede.
Now God you ſave, you jolly palmer!
  " Welcome, lady gay,
" Oft have I ſued to thee for love."
  —Oft have I ſaid you nay.

*The pilgrimages undertaken on pretence of religion, were often productive of affairs of gallantry, and led the votaries to no other ſhrine than that of Venus *.*

The following ballad was once very popular; it is quoted in Fletcher's " Knt. of the burning peſtle," Act 2. ſc. ult. and in another old play, called, " Hans Beer-pot, his inviſible Comedy, &c." 4to, 1618; Act I.—The copy below was communicated to the Editor by the late Mr. Shenſtone as corrected by him from an ancient MS, and ſupplied with a concluding ſtanza.

We

* *Even in the time of Langland, pilgrimages to Walſingham were not unfavourable to the rites of Venus. Thus in his Viſions of Pierce Plowman, fo. 1.*

Hermets on a heape, with hoked ſtaves,
Wenten to Walſingham, and her ‡ wenches after.

‡ *i. e. their.*

We have placed this, and GENTLE HERDSMAN, *&c. thus early in the volume, upon a presumption that they must have been written, if not before the dissolution of the monasteries, yet while the remembrance of them was fresh in the minds of the people.*

AS ye came from the holy land
Of 'blessed' Walsingham,
O met you not with my true love
As by the way ye came?

" How should I know your true love, 5
" That have met many a one,
" As I came from the holy land,
" That have both come, and gone?"

My love is neither white *, nor browne,
But as the heavens faire; 10
There is none hath her form divine,
Either in earth, or ayre.

" Such an one did I meet, good sir,
" With an angelicke face;
" Who like a nymphe, a queene appeard 15
" Both in her gait, her grace."

Yes: she hath cleane forsaken me,
And left me all alone;
Who some time loved me as her life,
And called me her owne. 20

* *sc. pale.*

" What

Last Leaf of Copy of Sheet G Vol. 2. 85

" What is the cauſe ſhe leaves thee thus,
" And a new way doth take,
" That ſome time loved thee as her life,
" And thee her joy did make ?"

I that loved her all my youth, 25
Growe old now as you ſee ;
Love liketh not the falling fruite,
Nor yet the withered tree.

For love is like a careleſſe childe,
Forgetting promiſe paſt: 30
He is blind, or deaf, whenere he liſt ;
His faith is never faſt.

His ' fond' deſire is fickle found,
And yieldes a truſtleſſe joye ;
Wonne with a world of toil and care, 35
And loſt ev'n with a toye.

Such is the love of womankinde,
Or Loves faire name abuſde,
Beneathe which many vaine deſires,
And follyes are excuſde. 40

' But true love is a laſting fire,
' Which viewleſs veſtals † tend,
' That burnes for ever in the ſoule,
' And knowes nor change, nor end.'

***

† *ſc. Angels.*

XVII. HAR-

XVII.

HARDYKNUTE.

A Scottish Fragment.

As this fine morsel of heroic poetry hath generally past for ancient, it is here thrown to the end of our earliest pieces; that such as doubt of its age, may the better compare it with other pieces of genuine antiquity. For after all, there is more than reason to suspect, that most of its beauties ~~are of modern date; and that those at least~~ *(if not its whole existence)* ~~have flowed from~~ *owes the pen of a lady, within* ~~the~~ *to present century. The following particulars may be depended on.* ~~Long~~ *Mrs. Wardlaw, whose maiden name was Halket (aunt to the late Sir Peter Halket of Pitferran in Scotland, who was killed in America, along with general Bradock in 1755) pretended she had found this poem, written on shreds of paper, employed for what is called the bottoms of clues. A suspicion arose that it was her own composition. Some able judges asserted it to be modern. The lady did in a manner acknowledge it to be so. Being desired to shew an additional stanza, as a proof of this, she produced the* ~~three~~ *two last beginning with "*~~Loud and schrill~~*," &c. which were not in the copy that was first printed. The late Lord President Forbes, and Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto (late Lord Justice Clerk for Scotland) who had believed it ancient, contributed to the expence of publishing the first Edition,* ~~which came out~~ *in folio* ~~about the year~~ *1719.—This account* ~~is~~ *was transmitted from Scotland by* ~~a gentleman of distinguished rank, learning, and genius,~~ *who yet* ~~is~~ *was of opinion, that part of the ballad may be ancient; but retouched and much enlarged by the lady abovementioned. Indeed he* ~~hath~~ *had been informed, that the late William Thompson, the Scottish musician, who published the* ORPHEUS CALEDONIUS, *1733, 2 vols. 8vo. declared he had heard fragments of it repeated in his infancy, before Mrs. Wardlow's copy was heard of.*

"Sheres nae light,"

that it owes most of its beauties, (if not its whole existence) to the Pen of a Lady, within the pre-present Century.

last beginning with "There's nae light. &c"

. . . . . the first Edition in folio, 1719. — This account was transmitted from Scotland by Sir David Dalrymple, the late Lord Hailes, who yet was of opinion . . . .

Concluding Copy
Sheet G
Vol. II

87

Instead of the 3 Lines cancelled give as in the annexed Paper

8vo. declared he had heard fragments of it repeated during his infancy, before ever Mrs. Wardlaw's copy was heard of.

I

STately ſtept he eaſt the wa',
And ſtately ſtept he weſt,
Full ſeventy ~~ſeins~~ he now had ~~ſene,~~ years seen
~~With ſkerſ~~ ſevin yeirs of reſt. Wi' Scarce 'd
He livit when Britons breach of faith
Wrought Scotland ~~miſkle~~ wae: - - - - - 5 mickle
And ay his ſword tauld to their coſt,
He was their deidly ſae.

II

~~Hie~~ on a hill his caſtle ~~ſtude, ſtood~~ stood High
With ~~halls~~ and ~~touris~~ a ~~hicht,~~ towrs 10 height, has
And ~~guidly~~ chambers fair to ſe, goodly
~~Aſiege~~ ~~Quhair~~ he lodgit mony a knight. where
His dame ſae peirleſs anes and fair,
For chaſt and beauty ~~deimt,~~ deem'd,
Nae marrow had in all the land, 15
~~Saif~~ Elenor the quene. Save

III

Full thirtein ſons to him ~~ſchu~~ bare, she
All men of valour ſtout;
In ~~bluidy ſchir~~ with ſword in hand bloody fight
Nine loſt their lives but doubt: 20 bot
Four yit remain, lang may they live yet
To ſtand by liege and land;
~~Hie~~ was their fame, ~~hie~~ was their ~~ſchicht,~~ High high knight
And ~~hie~~ was their command.

high Great

NB. Between every Stanza give Roman Numerals in small Capital Letters

IV

Great love they bare to Fairly fair,
Their ſiſter ſaſt and deir,
Her girdle ſhawd her midle gimp,
And gowden gliſt her hair.
What waefu' wae her beauty bred?
Waefu' to lung and auld,
Waefu' I trow to kyth and kin,
As ſtory ever tauld.

V

The king of Norſe in ſummer tyde,
Puff up with powir and micht,
Landed in fair Scotland the Ile,
With mony a hardy knicht.
The tydings to our gude Scots king
Came, as he ſat at dine,
With noble chiefs in brair aray,
Drinking the blude reid wine.

VI

"To horſe, to horſe, my ryal liege,
Your faes ſtand on the ſtrand,
Full twenty thouſand glittering ſpears
The king of Norſe commands."
Bring me my ſteed Mage dapple gray,
Our gude king raiſe and cridd,
A truſtier beaſt in all the land
A Scots king nevir tridd.

Go

VII.

Go little page, tell Hardyknute,
That lives on hill ~~to~~ hie,
To draw his ſword, the dre~~id~~d of faes,
And haſte and follow me.
The little page flew ſwift as dart
Flung by his maſters arm,
" Com down, com down, lord Hardyknute,
And rid your king ~~frae~~ harm."

VIII.

Then re~~d~~ re~~d~~ grew his dark-brown cheiks,
Sae did his dark-brown brow;
His looks grew ken~~d~~, as they were wont
In dangers great to do;
~~He he~~ ~~tane~~ a horn as green as glaſs,
And gien five ſounds ſae ſhill,
That tre~~e~~s in gren~~e~~ wood ~~ſchuld~~ thereat,
Sae loud rang ~~ilka~~ hill.

IX.

His ſons in manly ſport and gle,
Had paſt that ſummers morn,
Quhen low down in a graſſy dale,
They heard their fathers horn.
That horn, ~~quod~~ they, ner ſounds in peace,
~~We haif~~ other ſport to bide.
And ~~ſune~~ they ~~hoyd~~ them up the hill,
And ~~ſune~~ were at his ~~ſide~~.

X

" Late late the ~~yestrene~~ I weind in peace
To end my lengthned life,
My age ~~micht~~ well excuſe my arm
Frae manly feats of ſtriſe ;
But now that Norſe dois proudly boaſt
Fair Scotland to inthrall,
Its neir be ſaid of Hardyknute,
He feard to ~~ficht~~ or fall.

XI

" Robin of Rothſay, bend thy bow,
Thy arrows ~~ſchute~~ ſae leil,
~~Thy Mony~~ a comely countenance
They ~~haid~~ turnd to deadly pale.
Brade Thomas tak ~~ye~~ but your lance,
~~Ye~~ neid nae weapons mair,
~~Gif ye ficht~~ wi' it as ~~ye~~ did anes
'Gainſt Weſtmorlands ~~forſe~~ heir.

XII

" ~~And~~ Malcom, ~~licht~~ of ~~ſute~~ as ſtag
That runs in foreſt wild,
Get me my thouſands thrie of men
Well bred to ſword and ſhield :
Bring me my horſe and harniſine
My blade of mettal cleir.
If faes kend but the hand it bare,
They ~~ſune~~ had fled for feir.

" Fareweil

weend

/That mony

XIII

" Farewell my dame ſae peirleſs ~~gude,~~ good,
(And ~~luke~~ her by the hand), /took
Fairer to me in age you ſeim,
Than maids for beautie famd; 100
My youngeſt ſon ſhall here remain
To guard theſe ſtately towirs,
And ſhut the ſilver bolt that keips
Sae faſt your painted bowirs."

XIV

And firſt ~~echo~~ wet her comely cheiks, /She 105
And then her boddice grene,
Hir ſilken cords of twirtle twiſt,
Well plett with ſilver ſchene; sheen
And apron ſet with mony a dice
Of needle-wark ſae rare, 110
Wove by nae hand, as ye may gueſs,
/Save ~~Saif~~ that of Fairly fair.

XV

And he has ridden ~~ower~~ muir and moſs, /o'er
/O'er ~~Owre~~ hills and mony a glen,
When he came to a wounded knight 115 /gh
Making a heavy mane;
" Here maun I lye, here maun I dye,
By treacheries ~~falſe gyles~~; /false guiles
Witleſs I was that ~~fir gaif~~ faith /e'er ga'
To wicked woman's ſmiles." 120

XVI

" Sir knight, gin ye were in my bower,
To lean on silken seat,
My laydis kindlie care youd prove,
Quha neir kend deidly hate :
Herself wald watch ye all the day, 125
Hir maids a deid of night ;
And Fairly fair your heart wald cheir,
As scho stands in your sight.

XVII

" Arise young knight, and mount your steid,
Full lowns the shynand day : 130
Choose Chois frae my menzie whom ye please
To leid yo on the way."
With smylefe luke, and visage wan
The wounded knight replyd,
" Kind chiftain, your intent pursue, 135
For here I maun abyde.

XVIII.

To me nae after day nor night
Can ever be sweet or fair,
But soon beneath som draping tree,
Cauld death shall end my care." 140
With him nae pleading might prevail ;
Brave Hardyknute to gain,
With fairest words, and reason strong,
Strave courteously in vain.

Syne

Who ne'er knew deadly

XIX

Syne he has gane far hynd ~~Attowre~~ 145 /out o'er
Lord Chattan's land sae wide;
That lord a worthy wight was ay,
When faes his courage seyd:
Of Pictish race by mother's side,
When Picts ruld Caledon, 150
Lord Chattan claimd the princely maid,
When he ~~laid~~ Pictish crown. /sav'd

XX

Now with his ~~ferfs~~ fierce and stalwart train,
He ~~reicht~~ reach'd a rising ~~heicht~~ hight,
Quhair braid encampit on the dale, 155
Norfs menzie lay in ficht.
"Yonder my valiant fons and ~~ferfs~~, /feirs
Our raging revers wait
On the unconquerit Scottish ~~fwaird~~ /sward
To try with us their fate. 160

XXI

Make orisons to him that ~~faift~~ sav'd
Our fauls upon the rude;
Syne ~~braifly schaw~~ your veins are filld /bravely shaw
With Caledonian blude."
Then furth he drew his trusty glaive, 165
While thousands all around
Drawn frae their sheaths ~~glanst~~ in the sun, /glanc'd
And loud the ~~bougills~~ sound. /bougles

XXII

To joyn his king adoun the hill
In haſt his merch he made, 170
While, playand pibrochs, minſtralls meit
Afore him ſtatly ſtrade.
" Thrife welcome valiant ſtoup of weir,
Thy nations ſchaild and pride;
Thy king nae reaſon has to fear 175
When thou art by his ſide."

XXIII

When bows were bent and darts were thrawn;
For thrang ſcarce could they flee;
The darts clove arrows as they met,
The arrows dart the trie. 180
Lang did they rage and fight ~~fu' ferſ~~,
With little ſkaith to man,
But blody blody was the field,
~~Or~~ that lang day was done.

XXIV

The king of Scots, that ſindle braikd 185
The war that ~~hilt~~ like play,
Drew his braid ſword, and brake his bow,
Sen bows ~~ceim~~ but delay.
Quoth noble Rothſay, " Mine I'll keip,
I wat its bleid a ſore." 190
Haſt up my merry men, cryd the king,
As he ~~n~~de on before.

rode

The

XXV

The king of Norſe he ~~ſocht~~ to find, /sought
With him to menſe the faught,
But on his forehead there did light 195
A ſharp ~~unſonſie~~ ſhaft; /unsonsie
As he his hand put up to ~~find~~ /feel
The wound, an arrow keen,
O waefu' chance! there pinn'd his hand
In midſt between his ~~ene~~. /een 200

XXVI

"Revenge, revenge, cry'd Rothſay's heir,
Your mail-coat ~~ſall nocht~~ bide /sha' na
The ſtrength and ſharpneſs of my dart:"
Then ſent it ~~thruch~~ his ſide. /through
Another arrow well he mark'd, 205
It ~~perſit~~ his neck in twa, /piere'd
His hands then quat the ſilver reins,
He low as ~~ſard~~ did fa'. /earth

XXVII

"Sair bleids my liege, ſair, ſair he bleids!"
Again ~~with micht~~ he drew 210 /wi' mighr
And geſture dreid his ſturdy bow, dread
Faſt the braid arrow flew:
Wae to the knight he ettled at;
Lament now queen Elgreid;
~~His~~ dames to wail your darling's fall, 215 /High
His youth and comely meid.

"Take

XXVIII.

"Take aff, take aff his coſtly jupe
(Of gold well was it twind,
Knit like the fowler's net, through quhilk
His steilly harneſs ſhind) 220
Take, Norſe, that gift frae me, and bid
Him venge the blude it beirs;
Say, if he face my bended bow,
He ſure nae weapon feird." fears

XXIX

Proud Norſe with giant body tall, 225
Braid ſhoulders and arms ſtrong,
Cry'd, "Where is Hardyknute ſae famd,
And feird at Britains throne:
Tho' Britons tremble at his name,
I ſune ſall make him wail, 230
That fir my ſword was made ſae ſharp,
Sae ſaft his coat of mail."

XXX

That brag his ſtout heart could na bide,
It lent him youthfu' micht:
"I'm Hardyknute; this day, he cry'd, 235
To Scotland's king I hecht
To lay thee low, as horſes kufe; hoof
My word I mean to keip."
Syne with the firſt ſtrakeir he ſtrake,
He garr'd his body bleid. 240

Norſe

9

youthful

Norfs' een like gray gosthawk's ~~shard~~ stair'd

XXXI

Norſe ~~one~~ like gray goſehawk ſtaird wyld,
He ſight wi' ſhame and ſpite;
"Diſgrac'd is now my far-fam'd arm
That left thee power to ſtrike:"
Then gaf his head a blow ſae fell, 245
It made him doun to ſtoop,
As ~~few~~ as he to ladies ~~ſuit~~ /laigh /us'd
In courtly ~~guſe~~ to lout. /guiſe

XXXII

Fu ſoon he raiſd his bent body,
His bow he marvell'd fair, 250
Sin blows till then on him but darrd
As touch of Fairly fair:
Norſe ~~ferlie~~ too as fair as he /marvell'd
To ſee his ſtately ~~luke~~; /look;
Sae ~~ſoon~~ as eir he ſtrake a fae, 255
/soon Sae ~~ſund~~ his life he ~~luker~~ /took/

where XXXIII

~~Wha~~ like a fire to hether ſet, heather
Bauld Thomas did advance,
/Ane A ſturdy fae with ~~luke~~ enrag'd /look
Up toward him did prance; 260
/r' He ſpurd his ſteid throgh thickeſt ranks
The hardy youth to quell,
~~Wha ſtude unmov'd~~ at his approach /stood unmov'd
His fury to repell.

"That

"That short brown shaft sae meanly trim'd, 265
Lukis like poor Scotlands gear,
But dreidfull seems the rusty point!"
And loud he leugh in jeir.
"Oft Britons bluds has dimd its shine;
This point cut short their vaunt:" 270
Syne pierc'd the boisterie bairded cheik;
Nae time he luke to taunt.

Short while he in his sadill swang,
His stirrup was nae stay,
Sae feible hang his unbent knee 275
Sure taken he was fey:
Swith on the harden'd clay he fell,
Right far was heard the thud:
But Thomas luikt not as he lay
All waltering in his bludd: 280

With cairles gesture, mind unmovit,
On rode he north the plain;
His seam in throng of fierceſt strife,
When winner ay the same:
Not yet his heart dames simpelit cheik 285
Could mease soft love to bruik,
Till vengefu' Ann return'd his scorn,
Then languid grew his luke.

XXXIV

boasters bearded cheek

dimplet cheek

May lang luik ow'r the shiplefs
Befor her

XXXVII

In thrawſs of death, with wallowit cheik
All panting on the plain,
The fainting corps of warriours lay,
Neir to ariſe again;
Noir to return to native land,
Nae mair with blithſom ſounds
To boſt the glories of the day,
And ſhaw their ſhining wounds.

XXXVIII

On Norways coaſt the widowit dame
May waſh the rocks with teirs,
May lang ~~luke owre~~ the ſhiplſs ſeis
Befoir hir mate appears.
Ceiſe, Emma, ceiſe to hope in vain;
Thy lord lyis in the clay;
The valiant Scots nae revers thole
To carry liſe away.

XXXIX

Here on a ~~lie, quhair~~ ſtands a croſs
Set up for monument,
Thouſands fu fierce that ſummers day
Filld kene wars black intent.
Let Scots, while Scots, praiſe Hardyknute,
Let Norſe the name ay dreid,
Ay how he ~~feught~~, aft how he ~~ſpaird~~,
~~Sal~~ lateſt ages ~~leid~~.

Loud

~~XLI~~

Now Loud and chill blew the westlin wind, th'
Sair beat the heavy showir,
Mirk grew the night ~~fir~~ Hardyknute, /ere 315
Wan neir his stately towir.
His ~~towir~~ that ~~usd with~~ torches ~~blaze~~ /blaze /tow'r /us'd wi'
To shine sae far at night,
Seimd now as black as mourning ~~weid~~ /weed,
Nae marvel sair he sighd. 320

XLI

There's /There's "~~Thairs~~ nae light in my lady's bowir,
~~Thairs~~ nae light in my ~~hall~~; /ha'
Nae blink shines round my Fairly fair,
Nor ward stands on my ~~wall~~. /wa'
"What bodes it? Robert, Thomas, say;"— 325
Nae answer fits their ~~dreid~~ dread.
"Stand back, my sons, I'le be your ~~guid~~:" /guide
But by they past with speid.

XLII.

"As fast I ~~heif~~ sped owre Scotlands faes,"—
There ~~leif~~ his brag of weir, 330
Sair ~~schamif~~ /sham'd to mind ~~scht~~ /ought but his dame, /ceas'd
And maiden Fairly fair.
Black feir he felt, but what to feir
He wist nae yet; wi dread ~~He wist not fit with dreid;~~
Sair ~~schuke~~ his body, sair his limbs, /shook 335
And ~~all~~ the warrior fled. /a'

* * * * *

*** Since

He wist nae yet; wi' dread

RELIQUES
OF ANCIENT POETRY, &c.

SERIES THE SECOND.
BOOK II.

I.
A BALLAD OF LUTHER, THE POPE, A CARDINAL, AND A HUSBANDMAN.

In the former Book we brought down this second Series of poems, as low as about the middle of the sixteenth century. We now find the Muses deeply engaged in religious controversy. The sudden revolution, wrought in the opinions of mankind by the Reformation, is one of the most striking events in the history of the human mind. It could not but engross the attention of every individual in that age, and therefore no other writings would have any chance to be read, but such as related to this grand topic. The alterations made in the established religion by Henry VIII, the sud-

den changes it underwent in the three succeeding reigns within so short a space as eleven or twelve years, and the violent struggles between expiring Popery, and growing Protestantism, could not but interest all mankind. Accordingly every pen was engaged in the dispute. The followers of the Old and New Profession (as they were called) had their respective Ballad-makers; and every day produced some popular sonnet for or against the Reformation. The following ballad, and that intitled LITTLE JOHN NOBODY, *may serve for specimens of the writings of each party. Both were written in the reign of Edward VI; and are not the worst that were composed upon the occasion. Controversial divinity is no friend to poetic flights. Yet this ballad of "Luther and the Pope," is not altogether devoid of spirit; it is of the dramatic kind, and the characters are tolerably well sustained; especially that of Luther, which is made to speak in a manner not unbecoming the spirit and courage of that vigorous Reformer. It is printed from the original black-letter copy (in the Pepys collection, vol. I. folio,) to which is prefixed a large wooden cut, designed and executed by some eminent master. This is copied in miniature in the small Engraving inserted above.*

We are not to wonder that the Ballad-writers of that age should be inspired with the zeal of controversy, when the very stage teemed with polemic divinity. I have now before me two very ancient quarto black-letter plays: the one published in the time of Henry VIII, intitled, Every Man; *the other called* Lusty Juventus, *printed in the reign of Edward VI. In the former of these, occasion is taken to inculcate great reverence for old mother church and her superstitions* †: *in the other, the poet (one* R. WEVER)

† *Take a specimen from his high encomiums on the priesthood,*
"There is no emperour, kyng, duke, ne baron
"That of God hath commijsyon,
"As hath the leest preest in the world beynge.
* * *
"God hath to them more power gyven,
"Than to any aungell, that is in heven;

"With

WEVER) *with great ſucceſs attacks both. So that the Stage in thoſe days literally was, what wiſe men have always wiſhed it,—a ſupplement to the pulpit :—This was ſo much the caſe, that in the play of Luſty Juventus, chapter and verſe are every where quoted as formally, as in a ſermon ; take an inſtance,*

" *The Lord by his prophet Ezechiel ſayeth in this wiſe playnlye,*
" *As in the xxxiij chapter it doth appere :*
" *Be converted, O ye children, &c.*"

From this play we learn that moſt of the young people were New Goſpellers, or friends to the Reformation ; and that the old were tenacious of the doctrines imbibed in their youth : for thus the Devil is introduced lamenting the downfal of ſuperſtition,

" *The olde people would believe ſtil in my lawes,*
" *But the yonger ſort leade them a contrary way,*
" *They wyl not beleve, they playnly ſay,*
" *In olde traditions, and made by men, &c.*"

" *With v. words he may conſecrate*
" *Goddes body in fleſſhe and blode to take,*
" *And handeleth his maker bytwene his handes.*
" *The preeſt byndeth and unbindeth all bandes,*
" *Bothe in erthe and in heven.—*
" *Thou miniſters all the ſacramentes ſeven.*
" *Though we kyſt thy fete thou were worthy ;*
" *Thou art the ſurgyan that cureth ſynne dedly ;*
" *No remedy may we fynde under God,*
" *But alone on preeſthode.*
" —— *God gave preeſt that dignitè,*
" *And letteth them in his ſtede amonge us be,*
" *Thus be they above aungels in degre.*"

See Hawkins's Orig. of Eng. Drama. Vol. I. p. 61.

And in another place Hypocrisy urges,

" *The worlde was never meri*
" *Since chyldren were so boulde :*
" *Now every boy wil be a teacher,*
" *The father a foole, the chyld a preacher.*"

Of the plays abovementioned, to the first is subjoined the following Printer's Colophon, ¶ Thus endeth this moral playe of Every Man. ¶ Imprynted at London in Powles chyrche yarde by me John Skot. *In Mr. Garrick's collection is an imperfect copy of the same play, printed by Richarde Pynson.*

The other is intitled, An enterlude called Lusty Juventus: *and is thus distinguished at the end :* Finis. quod R. Wever. Imprinted at London in Paules churche yeard, by Abraham Dele at the signe of the Lambe. *Of this too Mr. Garrick has an imperfect copy of a different edition.*

Of these two Plays, the Reader may find some further particulars in the former Volume, Book II. see THE ESSAY ON THE ORIGIN OF THE ENGLISH STAGE; *and the curious Reader will find the Plays themselves printed at large in* HAWKINS'S "*Origin of the English Drama.*" 3 *vols. Oxford.* 1773. 12*mo.*

THE HUSBANDMAN.

LET us lift up our hartes all,
And prayse the lordes magnificence,
Which hath given the wolues a fall,
And is become our strong defence :
For they thorowe a false pretens 5
From Christes bloude dyd all us leade ‡,

Gettynge

‡ *i. e. denied us the Cup. see below, ver.* 94.

Gettynge from every man his pence,
As ſatisfactours for the deade.

For what we with our FLAYLES coulde get
To kepe our houſe, and ſervauntes; 10
That did the Freers from us fet,
And with our ſoules played the marchauntes:
And thus they with theyr falſe warrantes
Of our ſweate have eaſelye lyved,
That for fatneſſe theyr belyes pantes, 15
So greatlye have they us deceaued.

They ſpared not the fatherleſſe,
The carefull, nor the pore wydowe;
They wolde have ſomewhat more or leſſe,
If it above the ground did growe: 20
But now we huſbandmen do knowe
Al their ſubteltye, and their falſe caſte;
For the lorde hath them overthrowe.
With his ſwete word now at the laſte,

DOCTOR MARTIN LUTHER.

Thou antichriſt, with thy thre crownes, 25
Haſt uſurped kynges powers,
As having power over realmes and townes,
Whom thou oughteſt to ſerve all houres:
Thou thinkeſt by thy jugglyng colours
Thou maiſt lykewiſe Gods word oppreſſe; 30

As do the deceatful foulers,
When they theyr nettes craftelye dreſſe.

Thou flattereſt every prince, and lord,
Thretening poore men with ſwearde and fyre;
All thoſe, that do followe Gods worde, 35
To make them cleve to thy deſire,
Theyr bokes thou burneſt in flaming fire;
Curſing with boke, bell, and candell,
Such as to reade them have deſyre,
Or with them are wyllynge to meddell. 40

Thy falſe power wyl I bryng down,
Thou ſhalt not raygne many a yere,
I ſhall dryve the from citye and towne,
Even with this PEN that thou ſeyſte here:
Thou fyghteſt with ſwerd, ſhylde, and ſpeare, 45
But I wyll fyght with Gods worde;
Which is now ſo open and cleare,
That it ſhall brynge the under the borde *.

THE POPE.

Though I brought never ſo many to hel,
And to utter dampnacion, 50
Throughe myne enſample, and conſel,
Or thorow any abhominacion,
Yet doth our lawe excuſe my faſhion.
And thou, Luther, arte accurſed;

For

* *i. e. Make thee knock under the table.*

For blamynge me, and my condicion, 55
The holy decres have the condempned.

Thou ſtryveſt againſt my purgatory,
Becauſe thou findeſt it not in ſcripture;
As though I by myne auctorite
Myght not make one for myne honoure. 60
Knoweſt thou not, that I have power
To make, and mar, in heaven and hell,
In erth, and every creature?
Whatſoever I do it muſt be well.

As for ſcripture, I am above it; 65
Am not I Gods hye vicare?
Shulde I be bounde to folowe it,
As the carpenter his ruler †?
Nay, nay, heretickes ye are,
That will not obey my auctoritie. 70
With this SWORDE I wyll declare,
That ye ſhal al accurſed be.

THE CARDINAL.

I am a cardinall of Rome,
Sent from Chriſtes hye vicary,
To graunt pardon to more, and ſume, 75
That wil Luther refiſt ſtrongly:
He is a greate hereticke treuly,
And regardeth to much the ſcripture;

† *i. e. his rule.*

For he thinketh onely thereby
To ſubdue the popes high honoure. 80

Receive ye this PARDON devoutely,
And loke that ye agaynſt him fight;
Plucke up youre herts, and be manlye,
For the pope ſayth ye do but ryght:
And this be ſure, that at one flyghte, 85
Allthough ye be overcome by chaunce,
Ye ſhall to heaven go with greate myghte;
God can make you no reſiſtaunce.

But theſe heretikes for their medlynge
Shall go down to hel every one; 90
For they have not the popes bleſſynge,
Nor regarde his holy pardòn:
They thinke from all deſtruction
By Chriſtes bloud to be ſaved,
Fearynge not our excommunicacion, 95
Therefore ſhall they al be dampned.

II.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

A Scottish Song.

While in England verſe was made the vehicle of controverſy, and Popery was attacked in it by logical argument, or ſtinging ſatire; we may be ſure the zeal of the Scottiſh Reformers would not ſuffer their pens to be idle, but many a paſquil was diſcharged at the Romiſh prieſts, and their enormous encroachments on property. Of this kind perhaps is the following, (preſerved in ~~an ancient~~ *MS. Collection of* Maitland's *Scottiſh poems in the Pepyſian library :)*

Tak a Wobſter, that is leill,
And a Miller, that will not ſteill,
With ane Prieſt, that is not gredy,
And lay ane deid corpſe thame by,
And, throw virtue of thame three,
That deid corpſe ſall qwyknit be.

Thus far all was fair: but the furious hatred of popery led them to employ their rhymes in a ſtill more licentious manner. It is a received tradition in Scotland, that at the time of the Reformation, ridiculous and obſcene ſongs were compoſed to be ſung by the rabble to the tunes of the moſt favourite hymns in the Latin ſervice. Greene ſleeves and pudding pies *(deſigned to ridicule the popiſh clergy) is ſaid to have been one of theſe metamorphoſed hymns:* Maggy Lauder *was another:* John Anderſon my jo *was a third. The original muſic of all theſe burleſque ſonnets was very fine. To give a ſpecimen of their manner, we have inſerted*

one

one of the least offensive. The Reader will pardon the meanness of the composition for the sake of the anecdote, which strongly marks the spirit of the times.

In the present Edition this song is much improved by some new readings communicated by a friend; who thinks the "Seven Bairns," in st. 2d. allude to the Seven Sacraments; five of which were the spurious offspring of Mother Church: ae the first st. contains a satirical allusion to the luxury of the popish clergy.

*The adaptation of solemn church music to these ludicrous pieces, and the jumble of ideas, thereby occasioned, will account for the following fact.—From the Records of the General Assembly in Scotland, called, "The Book of the Universal Kirk,' p. 90. 7th July, 1568, it appears, that Thomas Bassendyne printer in Edinburgh, printed "a psalme "buik, in the end whereof was found printit ane baudy "sang, called, "Welcome Fortunes *."*

WOMAN.

JOHN Anderson my jo, cum in as ze gae bye,
And ze sall get a sheips heid weel baken in a pye;
Weel baken in a pye, and the haggis in a pat:
John Anderson my jo, cum in, and ze's get that.

MAN.

And how doe ze, Cummer? and how hae ze threven?
And how mony bairns hae ze? WOM. Cummer, I hae seven.
MAN. Are they to zour awin gude man? WOM. Na, Cummer, na;
For five of tham were gotten, quhan he was awa'.

* *See also Biograph. Britan. vol. I. p. 177.*

III.

LITTLE JOHN NOBODY.

We have here a witty libel on the Reformation under king Edward VI. written about the year 1550, *and preſerved in the Pepys collection, Britiſh Muſeum, and Strype's Mem. of Cranmer. The author artfully declines entering into the merits of the cauſe, and wholly reflects on the lives and actions of many of the Reformed. It is ſo eaſy to find flaws and imperfections in the conduct of men, even the beſt of them, and ſtill eaſier to make general exclamations about the profligacy of the preſent times, that no great point is gained by arguments of that ſort, unleſs the author could have proved that the principles of the Reformed Religion had a natural tendency to produce a corruption of manners: whereas he indirectly owns, that their* REVEREND FATHER [*archbiſhop Cranmer*] *had uſed the moſt proper means to ſtem the torrent, by giving the people acceſs to the ſcriptures, by teaching them to pray with underſtanding, and by publiſhing homilies, and other religious tracts. It muſt however be acknowledged, that our libeller had at that time ſufficient room for juſt ſatire. For under the banners of the Reformed had inliſted themſelves, many concealed papiſts, who had private ends to gratify; many that were of no religion; many greedy courtiers, who thirſted after the poſſeſſions of the church; and many diſſolute perſons, who wanted to be exempt from all eccleſiaſtical cenſures: And as theſe men were loudeſt of all others in their cries for Reformation, ſo in effect none obſtructed the regular progreſs of it ſo much, or by their vicious lives brought vexation and ſhame more on the truly venerable and pious Reformers.*

The

The reader will remark the fondness of our Satirist for alliteration: in this he was guilty of no affectation or singularity; his versification is that of Pierce Plowman's Visions, in which a recurrence of similar letters is essential: to this he has only superadded rhyme, which in his time began to be the general practice. See farther remarks on this kind of metre in the preface to BOOK III. BALLAD I.

IN december, when the dayes draw to be short,
After november, when the nights wax noysome and [long;
As I past by a place privily at a port,
I saw one sit by himself making a song:
His last * talk of trifles, who told with his tongue
That few were fast i'th' faith. I 'freyned †' that freake,
Whether he wanted wit, or some had done him wrong.
He said, he was little John Nobody, that durst not speake.

John Nobody, quoth I, what news? thou soon note and [tell
What maner men thou meane, that are so mad.
He said, These gay gallants, that wil construe the gospel,
As Solomon the sage, with semblance full sad;
To discusse divinity they nought adread;
More meet it were for them to milk kye at a fleyke.
Thou lyest, quoth I, thou losel, like a leud lad. [speake.
He said, he was little John Nobody, that durst not

Its meet for every man on this matter to talk,
And the glorious gospel ghostly to have in mind;
It is sothe said, that sect but much unseemly skalk,
As boyes babble in books, that in scripture are blind:
Yet

* *Perhaps* He left talk.

† feyned. *MSS. and P. C.*

Yet to their fancy ſoon a cauſe wil find;
As to live in luſt, in lechery to leyke:
Such caitives count to be come of Cains kind;
But that I little John Nobody durſt not ſpeake.

For our reverend father hath ſet forth an order,
Our ſervice to be ſaid in our ſeignours tongue;
As Solomon the ſage ſet forth the ſcripture;
Our ſuffrages, and ſervices, with many a ſweet ſong,
With homilies, and godly books us among,
That no ſtiff, ſtubborn ſtomacks we ſhould freyke:
But wretches nere worſe to do poor men wrong;
But that I little John Nobody dare not ſpeake.

For bribery was never ſo great, ſince born was our Lord,
And whoredom was never les hated, ſith Chriſt harrowed hel,
And poor men are ſo ſore puniſhed commonly through the world,
That it would grieve any one, that good is, to hear tel
For al the homilies and good books, yet their hearts be ſo quel,
That if a man do amiſſe, with miſchiefe they wil him wreake;
The faſhion of theſe new fellows it is ſo vile and fell:
But that I little John Nobody dare not ſpeake.

Thus to live after their luſt, that life would they have,
And in lechery to leyke al their long life;

For

Ver. 3. *Cain's kind.*] *So in Pierce the Plowman's creed, the proud friars are ſaid to be*

——— "Of Cayms kind." *Vid. Sig.* C ij. *b.*

For al the preaching of Paul, yet many a proud knave
Wil move mischiefe in their mind both to maid and wife
To bring them in advoutry, or elſe they wil ſtrife,
And in brawling about baudery, Gods commandments breake:
But of theſe frantic il fellowes, few of them do thrife;
Though I little John Nobody dare not ſpeake.

If thou company with them, they wil curriſhly carp, and not care
According to their fooliſh fantacy; but faſt wil they naught:
Prayer with them is but prating; therefore they it forbear:
Both almes deeds, and holineſs, they hate it in their thought:
Therefore pray we to that prince, that with his bloud us bought,
That he wil mend that is amiſs: for many a manful freyke
Is ſorry for theſe ſects, though they ſay little or nought;
And that I little John Nobody dare not once ſpeake.

Thus in NO place, this NOBODY, in NO time I met,
Where NO man, 'ne * NOUGHT was, nor NOTHING did appear;
Through the ſound of a ſynagogue for ſorrow I ſwett,
That 'Aeolus †' through the eccho did cauſe me to hear.
Then I drew me down into a dale, whereas the dumb deer
Did ſhiver for a ſhower; but I ſhunted from a freyke:
For I would no wight in this world wiſt who I were,
But little John Nobody, that dare not once ſpeake.

IV. Q.

* then. *MSS. and P. C.* † Hercules, *MSS. and PC.*

IV.

Q. ELIZABETH's VERSES, WHILE PRISONER AT WOODSTOCK.

WRIT WITH CHARCOAL ON A SHUTTER,

— are preſerved by Hentzner, in that part of his Travels, which has lately been reprinted in ſo elegant a manner at STRAWBERRY-HILL. In Hentzner's book they were wretchedly corrupted, but are here given as amended by his ingenious Editor. The old orthography, and one or two ancient readings of Hentzner's copy are here reſtored.

OH, Fortune! how thy reſtleſſe wavering ſtate
Hath fraught with cares my troubled witt!
Witnes this preſent priſonn, whither fate
Could beare me, and the joys I quitt.
Thou cauſedeſt the guiltie to be loſed 5
From bandes, wherein are innocents incloſed:
Cauſing the guiltles to be ſtraite reſerved,
And freeing thoſe that death had well deſerved.
But by her envie can be nothing wroughte,
So God ſend to my foes all they have thoughte.

A. D. MDLV. ELIZABETHE, PRISONNER.

V. THE

Ver. 4. Could beare, *is an ancient idiom, equivalent to Did bear or Hath borne. See below the Beggar of Bednal Green, ver.* 57. Could ſay.

V.

THE HEIR OF LINNE.

This old ballad is given from a copy in the editor's folio MS; ſome breaches and defects in which, rendered the inſertion of ~~a few~~ ſupplemental ſtanzas neceſſary. Theſe it is hoped the reader will pardon.

From the Scottiſh phraſes here and there diſcernable in this poem, it ſhould ſeem to have been originally compoſed beyond the Tweed.

The Heir of Linne appears not to have been a Lord of Parliament, but a LAIRD, *whoſe title went along with his eſtate.*

PART THE FIRST.

LITHE and liſten, gentlemen,
To ſing a ſong I will beginne:
It is of a lord of faire Scotlànd,
Which was the unthrifty heire of Linne.

His father was a right good lord, 5
His mother a lady of high degree;
But they, alas! were dead, him froe,
And he lov'd keeping companie.

as indeed the conclusion of the story was suggested by a modern ballad on a similar subject.

Ital.

To ſpend the daye with merry cheare,
To drinke and revell every night,
To card and dice from eve to morne,
It was, I ween, his hearts delighte.

To ride, to runne, to rant, to roare,
To alwaye ſpend and never ſpare,
I wott, an' it were the king himſelfe,
Of gold and fee he mote be bare.

Soe fares the unthrifty lord of Linne
Till all his gold is gone and ſpent;
And he mun ſell his landes ſo broad,
His houſe, and landes, and all his rent.

His father had a keen ſtewarde,
And John o' the Scales was called hee:
But John is become a gentel-man,
And John has gott both gold and fee.

Sayes, Welcome, welcome, lord of Linne,
Let nought diſturb thy merry cheere,
If thou wilt ſell thy landes ſoe broad,
Good ſtore of gold ſhe give thee heere.

My gold is gone, my money is ſpent;
My lande nowe take it unto thee:
Give me the golde, good John o' the Scales,
And thine for aye my lande ſhall bee.

Then John he did him to record draw,
And John he gave him a gods-pennie ‡;
But for every pounde that John agreed, 35
The lande, I wis, was well worth three.

He told him the gold upon the board,
He was right glad his land to winne:
The land is mine, the gold is thine,
And now Ile be the lord of Linne. 40

Thus he hath ſold his land ſoe broad,
Both hill and holt, and moore and fenne,
All but a poore and loneſome lodge,
That ſtood far off in a lonely glenne.

For ſoe he to his father hight: 45
My ſonne, when I am gonne, ſayd hee,
Then thou wilt ſpend thy lande ſo broad,
And thou wilt ſpend thy gold ſo free:

But ſweare me nowe upon the roode,
That loneſome lodge thou'lt never ſpend; 50
For when all the world doth frown on thee,
Thou there ſhalt find a faithful friend.

The heire of Linne is full of golde:
And come with me, my friends, ſayd hee,
Let's drinke, and rant, and merry make, 55
And he that ſpares, ne'er mote he thee.

They

* *i. e. earneſt-money; from the French 'Denier à Dieu.'*

addition in Italicks

At this day when application is made to the Dean and Chapter of Carlisle to accept an exchange of the ~~[illegible]~~ *tenant under one of their Leases, a piece of silver is presented by the new Tenant, which is still called a* <u>Gods-penny</u>.

They ranted, drank, and merry made,
  Till all his gold it waxed thinne;
And then his friendes they ſlunk away;
  They left the unthrifty heire of Linne. 60

He had never a penny left in his purſe,
  Never a penny left but three,
The tone was braſs, and the tone was lead,
  And tother it was white money.

Nowe well-away, ſayd the heire of Linne, 65
  Nowe well-away, and woe is mee,
For when I was the lord of Linne,
  I never wanted gold or fee.

But many a truſtye friend have I,
  And why ſhold I feel dole or care? 70
Ile borrow of them all by turnes,
  Soe need I not be never bare.

But one, I wis, was not at home,
  Another had payd his gold away;
Another call'd him thriftleſs loone, 75
  And bade him ſharpely wend his way.

Now well-away, ſayd the heire of Linne,
  Now well-away, and woe is me!
For when I had my landes ſo broad,
  On me they liv'd right merrilee. 80

To beg my bread from door to door
  I wis, it were a brenning ſhame :
To rob and ſteal it were a ſinne :
  To worke my limbs I cannot frame.

Now Ile away to loneſome lodge,
  For there my father bade me wend ;
When all the world ſhould frown on mee,
  I there ſhold find a truſty friend.

PART THE SECOND.

AWAY then hyed the heire of Linne
  O'er hill and holt, and moor and fenne,
Untill he came to loneſome lodge,
  That ſtood ſo lowe in a lonely glenne.

He looked up, he looked downe,
  In hope ſome comfort for to winne,
But bare and lothly were the walles :
  Here's ſorry cheare, quo' the heire of Linne.

The little windowe dim and darke
  Was hung with ivy, brere, and yewe ;
No ſhimmering ſunn here ever ſhone ;
  No haleſome breeze here ever blew.

No chair, ne table he mote ſpye,
  No chearful hearth, ne welcome bed,
Nought ſave a rope with renning nooſe, 15
  That dangling hung up o'er his head.

And over it in broad letters,
  Theſe words were written ſo plain to ſee:
" Ah! graceleſſe wretch, haſt ſpent thine all,
  " And brought thyſelfe to penurie? 20

" All this my boding mind miſgave,
  " I therefore left this truſty friend:
" Let it now ſheeld thy foule diſgrace,
  " And all thy ſhame and ſorrows end."

Sorely ſhent wi' this rebuke, 25
  Sorely ſhent was the heire of Linne,
His heart, I wis, was near to braſt
  With guilt and ſorrowe, ſhame and ſinne.

Never a word ſpake the heire of Linne,
  Never a word he ſpake but three: 30
" This is a truſty friend indeed,
  " And is right welcome unto mee."

Then round his necke the corde he drewe,
  And ſprang aloft with his bodie:
When lo! the ceiling burſt in twaine, 35
  And to the ground came tumbling hee.

Astonyed lay the heire of Linne,
Ne knewe if he were live or dead,
At length he looked, and sawe a bille,
And in it a key of gold so redd. 40

He took the bill, and lookt it on,
Strait good comfort found he there:
It told him of a hole in the wall,
In which there stood three chests in-fere †.

Two were full of the beaten golde, 45
The third was full of white money;
And over them in broad letters
These words were written so plaine to see:

"Once more, my sonne, I sette thee clere;
"Amend thy life and follies past; 50
"For but thou amend thee of thy life,
"That rope must be thy end at last."

And let it bee, sayd the heire of Linne;
And let it bee, but if I amend ‡:
For here I will make mine avow, 55
This reade ‖ shall guide me to the end.

Away then went the heire of Linne;
Away he went with a merry cheare;
I wis,

† in-fere, *i. e. together.*
‡ *i. e. unless I amend.*
‖ *i. e. advice, counsel.*

I wis, he neither ſtint ne ſtayd,
Till John o' the Scales houſe he came neare. 60

And when he came to John o' the Scales,
Up at the ſpeere * then looked hee;
There ſate three lords at the bordes end,
Were drinking of the wine ſo free.

And then beſpake the heire of Linne 65
To John o' the Scales then louted hee:
I pray thee now, good John o' the Scales,
One forty pence for to lend mee.

Away, away, thou thriftleſs loone;
Away, away, this may not bee: 70
For Chriſts curſe on my head, he ſayd,
If ever I truſt thee one pennie.

Then beſpake the heire of Linne,
To John o' the Scales wife then ſpake he:
Madame, ſome almes on me beſtowe, 75
I pray for ſweet ſaint Charitie.

Away, away, thou thriftleſs loone,
I ſwear thou getteſt no almes of mee;

* *Perhaps the Hole in the door or window, by which it was* ſpeered, *i. e. ſparred, faſtened, or ſhut.—In Bale's 2d Part of the Acts of Eng. Votaries, we have this phraſe, (fo.* 38.*)* "The dore therof oft tymes "opened and *ſpeared* agayne."

For if we ſhold hang any loſel heere,
The firſt we wold begin with thee. 80

Then beſpake a good fellòwe,
Which ſat at John o' the Scales his bord:
Sayd, Turn againe, thou heire of Linne;
Some time thou waſt a well good lord:

Some time a good fellow thou haſt been, 85
And ſparedſt not thy gold and fee,
Therefore Ile lend thee forty pence,
And other forty if need bee.

And ever, I pray thee, John o' the Scales,
To let him ſit in thy companee: 90
For well I wot thou hadſt his land,
And a good bargain it was to thee.

Up then ſpake him John o' the Scales,
All wood he anſwer'd him againe:
Now Chriſts curſe on my head, he ſayd, 95
But I did loſe by that bargàine.

And here I proffer thee, heire of Linne,
Before theſe lords ſo faire and free,
Thou ſhalt have it backe again better cheape,
By a hundred markes, than I had it of thee. 100

I drawe you to record, lords, he ſaid.
With that he gave him a gods pennèe:

Now

Now by my fay, ſayd the heire of Linne,
And here, good John, is thy money.

And he pull'd forth three bagges of gold, 105
And layd them down upon the bord:
All woe begone was John o' the Scales,
Soe ſhent he cold ſay never a word.

He told him forth the good red gold,
He told it forth with mickle dinne. 110
The gold is thine, the land is mine,
And now Ime againe the lord of Linne.

Sayes, Have thou here, thou good fellowe,
Forty pence thou didſt lend mee:
Now I am againe the lord of Linne, 115
And forty pounds I will give thee.

Now welladay! ſayth Joan o' the Scales:
Now welladay! and woe is my life!
Yeſterday I was lady of Linne,
Now Ime but John o' the Scales his wife. 120

Now fare thee well, ſayd the heire of Linne;
Farewell, good John o' the Scales, ſaid hee:
When next I want to ſell my land,
Good John o' the Scales, Ile come to thee.

***

VI. GAS-

VI.

GASCOIGNE'S PRAISE OF THE FAIR BRIDGES, AFTERWARDS LADY SANDES,

ON HER HAVING A SCAR IN HER FOREHEAD.

George Gascoigne was a celebrated poet in the early part of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and appears to great advantage among the miscellaneous writers of that age. He was author of three or four plays, and of many smaller poems; one of the most remarkable of which is a satire in blank verse, called the STEELE-GLASS, 1576. 4*to.*

Gascoigne was born in Essex, educated in both universities, whence he removed to Gray's-inn; but, disliking the study of the law, became first a dangler at court, and afterwards a soldier in the wars of the Low Countries. He had no great success in any of these pursuits, as appears from a poem of his, intitled, "Gascoigne's Wodmanship, written "to lord Gray of Wilton." Many of his epistles dedicatory are dated in 1575, 1576, *from "his poore house in Wal-"thamstoc:" where he died a middle-aged man in* 1578, *according to Anth. Wood: or rather in* 1577, *if he is the person meant in an old tract, intitled, "A remembrance of "the well employed Life and godly End of* GEO. GAS-"COIGNE, *Esq; who deceased at Stamford in Lincoln-"shire, Oct.* 7. 1577. *by Geo. Whetstone, Gent. an eye-"witness of his godly and charitable end in this world,"* 4*to. no date.—[From a MS. of Oldys.]*

A very ingenious critic thinks "Gascoigne has much ex-"ceeded all the poets of his age, in smoothness and harmony "of versification ‖*." But the truth is, scarce any of the earlier poets of Q. Elizabeth's time are found deficient in harmony and smoothness, tho' those qualities appear so rare in the writings of their successors. In the* PARADISE OF DAINTY DEVISES*, (the Dodsley's Miscellany of those times) will*

‖ *Observations on the Faerie Queen, Vol. II. p.* 168.

* *Printed in* 1578, 1596, *and perhaps oftener, in* 4*to, black let.*

will hardly be found one rough, or inharmonious line ‡: *whereas the numbers of Jonson, Donne, and most of their contemporaries, frequently offend the ear, like the filing of a saw.—Perhaps this is in some measure to be accounted for from the growing pedantry of that age, and from the writers affecting to run their lines into one another, after the manner of the Latin and Greek poets.*

The following poem (which the elegant writer above quoted hath recommended to notice, as possessed of a delicacy rarely to be seen in that early state of our poetry) properly consists of alexandrines of 12 *and* 14 *syllables, and is printed from two quarto black letter collections of Gascoigne's pieces; the first intitled, "A hundreth sundrie flowres, "bounde up in one small posie, &c. London, imprinted for "Richarde Smith:" without date, but from a letter of H. W. (p.* 202.*) compared with the Printer's epist. to the Reader, it appears to have been published in* 1572, *or* 3. *The other is intitled, "The Posies of George Gascoigne, Esq; "corrected, perfected, and augmented by the authour;* 1575. *"—Printed at Lond. for Richard Smith, &c." No year, but the epist. dedicat. is dated* 1576.

In the title page of this last (by way of printer's †, *or bookseller's device) is an ornamental wooden cut, tolerably well executed, wherein time is represented drawing the figure of Truth out of a pit or cavern, with this legend,* OCCULTA VERITAS TEMPORE PATET [R. S.] *This is mentioned because it is not improbable but the accidental sight of this or some other title page containing the same device, suggested to Rubens that well-known design of a similar kind, which he has introduced into the Luxemburg gallery* ||, *and which has been so justly censured for the unnatural manner of its execution.—The device abovementioned being not ill adapted to the subject of this volume, is with some small variations copied in a plate, which to gratify the curiosity of the Reader is prefixed to Book III.*

IN

‡ *The same is true of most of the poems in the* Mirrour of Magistrates, 1563, *4to, and even of* Surrey's *Poems,* 1557.

† *Henrie Binneman.* || LE TEMS DECOUVRE LA VERITE.

IN court whoſo demaundes
What dame doth moſt excell;
For my conceit I muſt needes ſay,
Faire Bridges beares the bel:

Upon whoſe lively cheeke,
To prove my judgment true,
The roſe and lillie ſeeme to ſtrive
For equall change of hewe:

And therewithall ſo well
Hir graces all agree,
No frowning cheere dare once preſume
In hir ſweet face to bee.

Although ſome laviſhe lippes,
Which like ſome other beſt,
Will ſay, the blemiſhe on hir browe
Diſgraceth all the reſt.

Thereto I thus replie,
God wotte, they little knowe
The hidden cauſe of that miſhap,
Nor how the harm did growe:

For when dame Nature firſt
Had framde hir heavenly face,
And thoroughly bedecked it
With goodly gleames of grace;

It lyked hir ſo well :
  Lo here, quod ſhe, a peece
For perfect ſhape, that paſſeth all
  Appelles' worke in Greece.

This bayt may chaunce to catche
  The greateſt God of love,
Or mightie thundring Jove himſelf,
  That rules the roaſt above.

But out, alas! thoſe wordes
  Were vaunted all in vayne ;
And ſome unſeen wer preſent there,
  Pore Bridges, to thy pain.

For Cupide, crafty boy,
  Cloſe in a corner ſtoode,
Not blyndfold then, to gaze on hir :
  I geſſe it did him good.

Yet when he felte the flame
  Gan kindle in his breſt,
And herd dame Nature boaſt by hir
  To break him of his reſt,

His hot newe-choſen love
  He chaunged into hate,
And ſodeynly with mightie mace
  Gan rap hir on the pate.

It greeved Nature muche
  To ſee the cruell deede:
Mee ſeemes I ſee hir, how ſhe wept
  To ſee hir dearling bleede.

Wel yet, quod ſhe, this hurt
  Shal have ſome helpe I trowe:
And quick with ſkin ſhe coverd it,
  That whiter is than ſnowe.

Wherwith Dan Cupide fled,
  For feare of further flame,
When angel-like he ſaw hir ſhine,
  Whome he had ſmit with ſhame.

Lo, thus was Bridges hurt
  In cradel of hir kind:
The coward Cupide brake hir browe
  To wreke his wounded mynd.

The ſkar ſtill there remains;
  No force, there let it bee:
There is no cloude that can eclipſe
  So bright a ſunne, as ſhe.

Ver. 62. In cradel of hir kind: *i. e. in the cradle of her family. Query.—See Warton's obſervations, vol. 2. p.* 137.

[illegible]

*** The Lady here celebrated was Catharine, daughter of Edmond Second Lord Chandos, wife of William Lord Sandys. See Collins's Peerage Vol. II. pag. 133. Ed. 1779.

Val

[illegible]

VII.

FAIR ROSAMOND.

Most of the circumstances in this popular story of king Henry II. and the beautiful Rosamond have been taken for fact by our English Historians; who, unable to account for the unnatural conduct of queen Eleanor in stimulating her sons to rebellion, have attributed it to jealousy, and supposed that Henry's amour with Rosamond was the object of that passion.

Our old English annalists seem, most of them, to have followed Higden the monk of Chester, whose account with some enlargements is thus given by Stow. "Rosamond the fayre "daughter of Walter lord Clifford, concubine to Henry II. "(poisoned by queen Elianor, as some thought) dyed at "Woodstocke [A. D. 1177.] where king Henry had made "for her a house of wonderfull working; so that no man "or woman might come to her, but he that was instructed "by the king, or such as were right secret with him touch-"ing the matter. This house after some was named Laby-"rinthus, or Dedalus worke, which was wrought like un-"to a knot in a garden, called a Maze †; but it was com-"monly said, that lastly the queene came to her by a clue of "thridde, or silke, and so dealt with her, that she lived "not long after: but when she was dead, she was buried "at Godstow in an house of nunnes, beside Oxford, with "these verses upon her tombe,

"Hic jacet in tumba, Rosa mundi, non Rosa munda:
"Non redolet, sed olet, quæ redolere solet.

"*In*

† *Consisting of vaults under ground, arched and walled with brick and stone, according to Drayton. See note on his Epistle of Rosamond.*

" *In Engliſh thus :*

" *The roſe of the world, but not the cleane flowre,*
" *Is now here graven; to whom beauty was lent:*
" *In this grave full darke nowe is her bowre,*
" *That by her life was ſweete and redolent:*
" *But now that ſhe is from this life blent,*
" *Though ſhe were ſweete, now foully doth ſhe ſtinke.*
" *A mirrour good for all men, that on her thinke.*"

Stowe's Annals, Ed. 1631. *p.* 154.

How the queen gained admittance into Roſamond's bower is differently related. Hollingſhed ſpeaks of it, as " the " common report of the people, that the queene . . . founde " hir out by a ſilken thread, which the king had drawne " after him out of hir chamber with his foot, and dealt " with hir in ſuch ſharpe and cruell wiſe, that ſhe lived " not long after." Vol. III. p. 115. *On the other hand, in Speede's Hiſt. we are told that the jealous queen found her out " by a clew of ſilke, fallen from Roſamund's lappe, " as ſhee ſate to take ayre, and ſuddenly fleeing from the " ſight of the ſearcher, the end of her ſilke faſtened to her " foot, and the clew ſtill unwinding, remained behinde: " which the queene followed, till ſhee had found what ſhe " ſought, and upon Roſamund ſo vented her ſpleene, as the " lady lived not long after." 3d Edit. p.* 509. *Our ballad-maker with more ingenuity, and probably as much truth, tells us the clue was gained, by ſurpriſe, from the knight, who was left to guard her bower.*

It is obſervable, that none of the old writers attribute Roſamond's death to poiſon, (Stow, above, mentions it meerly as a ſlight conjecture); they only give us to underſtand, that the queen treated her harſhly; with furious menaces, we may ſuppoſe, and ſharp expoſtulations, which had ſuch effect on her ſpirits, that ſhe did not long ſurvive it. Indeed on her

her tombstone, as we learn from a person of credit †, *among other fine sculptures, was engraven the figure of a* CUP. *This, which perhaps at first was an accidental ornament, might in after times suggest the notion that she was poisoned; at least this construction was put upon it, when the stone came to be demolished after the nunnery was dissolved. The account is, that "the tombstone of Rosamund Clifford was "taken up at Godstow, and broken in pieces, and that upon "it were interchangeable weavings drawn out and decked "with roses red and green, and the picture of the* CUP, *out "of which she drank the poison given her by the queen, "carved in stone."*

perhaps only the Chalice

Rosamond's father having been a great benefactor to the nunnery of Godstow, where she had also resided herself in the innocent part of her life, her body was conveyed there, and buried in the middle of the choir; in which place it remained till the year 1191, *when Hugh bishop of Lincoln caused it to be removed. The fact is recorded by Hoveden, a contemporary writer, whose words are thus translated by Stow. "Hugh bishop of Lincolne came to the abbey of "nunnes, called Godstow, ... and when he had entred "the church to pray, he saw a tombe in the middle of the "quire, covered with a pall of silke, and set about with "lights of waxe: and demanding whose tombe it was, he "was answered, that it was the tombe of Rosamond, that "was some time lemman to Henry II. . . . . who for the "love of her had done much good to that church. Then "quoth the bishop, take out of this place the harlot, and "bury her without the church, lest christian religion should "grow in contempt, and to the end that, through example of "her, other women being made afraid may beware, and "keepe themselves from unlawfull and advouterous company "with men." Annals, p.* 159.

History further informs us, that king John repaired Godstow nunnery, and endowed it with yearly revenues, "that

 "these

† *Tho. Allen of Gloc. Hall, Oxon. who died in* 1632, *aged* 90. *See Hearne's rambling discourse concerning Rosamond, at the end of Gul. Neubrig Hist. vol.* 3. *p.* 739.

" *these holy virgins might releeve with their prayers, the* " *soules of his father king Henrie, and of lady Rosamund* " *there interred.*" ‡ .... *In what situation her remains were found at the dissolution of the nunery, we learn from Leland,* " *Rosamundes tumbe at Godstowe nunnery was* " *taken up* [*of*] *late; it is a stone with this inscription,* " TUMBA ROSAMUNDÆ. *Her bones were closid in lede,* " *and withyn that bones were closyd yn lether. When it* " *was opened a very swete smell came owt of it.*‖ *See Hearne's discourse above quoted, written in* 1718; *at which time he tells us, were still seen by the pool at Woodstock the foundations of a very large building, which were believed to be the remains of Rosamond's labyrinth.*

To conclude this (perhaps too prolix) account, Henry had two sons by Rosamond, from a computation of whose ages, a modern historian has endeavoured to invalidate the received story. These were William Longue-espè; (or Long-sword) earl of Salisbury, and Geoffrey bishop of Lincolne ‖. *Geoffrey was the younger of Rosamond's sons, and yet is said to have been twenty years old at the time of his election to that see in* 1173. *Hence this writer concludes, that king Henry fell in love with Rosamond in* 1149, *when in king Stephen's reign he came over to be knighted by the king of Scots; he also thinks it probable that Henry's commerce with this lady* " *broke off upon his marriage with Eleanor* [*in* 1152] *and* " *that the young lady, by a natural effect of grief and resent-* " *ment at the defection of her lover, entered on that occasion* " *into the nunnery of Godstowe, where she died probably be-* " *fore the rebellion of Henry's sons in* 1173." [*Carte's hist. Vol. I. p.* 652.] *But let it be observed, that Henry was but sixteen years old when he came over to be knighted; that he staid but eight months in this island, and was almost all the time with the king of Scots; that he did not return back to England till* 1153, *the year after his marriage with Eleanor; and that no writer drops the least hint of Rosamond's having ever been abroad with her lover, nor indeed is it probable that a boy of sixteen should venture to carry over a mistress to his*

‡ *Vid. Reign of Henry II. in Speed's Hist. writ by Dr. Barcham, Dean of Bocking.* ‖ *Afterwards Archbishop of York, temp. Rich. I.*

additional Note

*This would have passed for miraculous, if it had happened in the tomb of any clerical person, & a proof of his being a Saint.

Ita C

.. printed (with [redacted] conjectural emend-
ations) from four . . . .

his mother's court. If all these circumstances are considered, Mr. Carte's account will be found more incoherent and improbable than that of the old ballad; which is also countenanced by most of our old historians.

Indeed the true date of Geoffrey's birth, and consequently of Henry's commerce with Rosamond, seems to be best ascertained from an ancient manuscript in the Cotton library: wherein it is thus registered of Geofferey Plantagenet, "Natus est 5°. Hen. II. [1159.] Factus est miles 25°. Hen. II. [1179.] Elect. in Episcop. Lincoln. 28°. Hen. II. [1182.]." Vid. Chron. de Kirkstall. (Domitian XII.) Drake's Hist. of York, p. 422.

The following ballad is printed from four ancient copies in black letter; two of them in the Pepys library. (with conjectural emendations)

WHEN as king Henry rulde this land,
The second of that name,
Besides the queene, he dearly lovde
A faire and comely dame.

Most peerlesse was her beautye founde, 5
Her favour, and her face;
A sweeter creature in this worlde
Could never prince embrace.

Her crisped lockes like threads of golde
Appeard to each mans sight; 10
Her sparkling eyes, like Orient pearles,
Did cast a heavenlye light.

The blood within her crystal cheekes
Did such a colour drive,
As though the lillye and the rose 15
For mastership did strive.

Yea Rosamonde, fair Rosamonde,
Her name was called so,
To whom our queene, dame Ellinor,
Was known a deadlye foe. 20

The king therefore, for her defence,
Against the furious queene,
At Woodstocke builded such a bower,
The like was never seene.

Most curiously that bower was built 25
Of stone and timber strong,
An hundered and fifty doors
Did to this bower belong:

And they so cunninglye contriv'd
With turnings round about, 30
That none but with a clue of thread,
Could enter in or out.

And for his love and ladyes sake,
That was so faire and brighte,
The keeping of this bower he gave 35
Unto a valiant knighte.

But fortune, that doth often frowne
Where she before did smile,
The kinges delighte and ladyes joy
Full soon shee did beguile: 40

For

For why, the kinges ungracious ſonne,
  Whom he did high advance,
Againſt his father raiſed warres
  Within the realme of France.

But yet before our comelye king
  The Engliſh land forſooke,
Of Roſamond, his lady faire,
  His farewelle thus he tooke:

"My Roſamonde, my only Roſe,
  That pleaſeſt beſt mine eye:
The faireſt flower in all the worlde
  To feed my fantaſye:

The flower of mine affected heart,
  Whoſe ſweetneſs doth excelle:
My royal Roſe, a thouſand times
  I bid thee nowe farewelle!

For I muſt leave my faireſt flower,
  My ſweeteſt Roſe, a ſpace,
And croſs the ſeas to famous France,
  Proud rebelles to abaſe.

But yet, my Roſe, be ſure thou ſhalt
  My coming ſhortlye ſee,
And in my heart, when hence I am,
  Ile beare my Roſe with mee."

When Rosamond, that ladye brighte, 65
Did heare the king saye soe,
The sorrowe of her grieved heart
Her outward lookes did showe;

And from her cleare and crystall eyes
The teares gusht out apace, 70
Which like the silver-pearled dewe
Ranne downe her comely face.

Her lippes, erst like the corall redde,
Did waxe both wan and pale,
And for the sorrow she conceivde 75
Her vitall spirits faile;

And falling down all in a swoone
Before king Henryes face,
Full oft he in his princelye armes
Her bodye did embrace: 80

And twentye times, with watery eyes,
He kist her tender cheeke,
Untill he had revivde againe
Her senses milde and meeke.

Why grieves my Rose, my sweetest Rose? 85
The king did often say.
Because, quoth shee, to bloodye warres
My lord must part awaye.

But ſince your grace on forrayne coaſtes
  Amonge your foes unkinde 90
Muſt goe to hazard life and limbe,
  Why ſhould I ſtaye behinde?

Nay rather, let me, like a page,
  Your ſworde and target beare;
That on my breaſt the blowes may lighte, 95
  Which would offend you there.

Or lett mee, in your royal tent,
  Prepare your bed at nighte,
And with ſweete baths refreſh your grace,
  At your returne from fighte. 100

So I your preſence may enjoye
  No toil I will refuſe;
But wanting you, my life is death;
  Nay, death Ild rather chuſe!

"Content thy ſelf, my dearest love; 105
  Thy reſt at home ſhall bee
In Englandes ſweet and pleaſant iſle;
  For travell fits not thee.

Faire ladies brooke not bloodye warres;
  Soft peace their ſexe delightes; 110
'Not rugged campes, but courtlye bowers;
  Gay feaſtes, not cruell fightes.'

My Rose shall safely here abide,
With musicke passe the daye;
Whilst I, amonge the piercing pikes, 115
My foes seeke far awaye.

My Rose shall shine in pearle, and golde,
Whilst Ime in armour dighte;
Gay galliards here my love shall dance,
Whilst I my foes goe fighte. 120

And you, sir Thomas, whom I truste
To bee my loves defence;
Be carefull of my gallant Rose
When I am parted hence."

And therewithall he fetcht a sigh, 125
As though his heart would breake:
And Rosamonde, for very griefe,
Not one plaine word could speake.

And at their parting well they mighte
Ly heart be grieved fore: 130
After that daye faire Rosamonde
The king did see no more.

For when his grace had past the seas,
And into France was gone;
With envious heart, queene Ellinor, 135
To Woodstocke came anone.

And

And forth ſhe calles this truſtye knighte,
In an unhappy houre;
Who with his clue of twined thread,
Came from this famous bower. 140

And when that they had wounded him,
The queene this thread did gette,
And went where ladye Roſamonde
Was like an angell ſette.

But when the queene with ſtedfaſt eye 145
Beheld her beauteous face,
She was amazed in her minde
At her exceeding grace.

Caſt off from thee thoſe robes, ſhe ſaid,
That riche and coſtlye bee; 150
And drinke thou up this deadlye draught,
Which I have brought to thee.

Then preſentlye upon her knees
Sweet Roſamonde did falle;
And pardon of the queene ſhe crav'd 155
For her offences all.

"Take pitty on my youthfull yeares,
Faire Roſamonde did crye;
And lett mee not with poiſon ſtronge
Enforced bee to dye. 160

I will

I will renounce my ſinfull life,
And in ſome cloyſter bide ;
Or elſe be baniſht, if you pleaſe,
To range the world ſoe wide.

And for the fault which I have done, 165
Though I was forc'd theretoe,
Preſerve my life, and puniſh mee
As you thinke meet to doe."

And with theſe words, her lillie handes
She wrunge full often there ; 170
And downe along her lovelye face
Did trickle many a teare.

But nothing could this furious queene
Therewith appeaſed bee ;
The cup of deadlye poyſon ſtronge, 175
As ſhe knelt on her knee,

Shee gave this comelye dame to drinke ;
Who tooke it in her hand,
And from her bended knee aroſe,
And on her feet did ſtand : 180

And caſting up her eyes to heaven,
Shee did for mercye calle ;
And drinking up the poiſon ſtronge,
Her life ſhe loſt withalle.

And

^ print here an asterisk *

And when that death through everye limbe
  Had ſhowde its greateſt ſpite, 185
Her chiefeſt foes did plaine confeſſe
  Shee was a glorious wight.

Her body then they did entomb,
  When life was fled away,
At Godſtowe, neare to Oxford towne,
  As may be ſeene this day. 190

VIII.

QUEEN ELEANOR's CONFESSION.

" *Eleanor, the daughter and heireſs of William duke of Guienne, and count of Poictou, had been married ſixteen years to Louis VII. king of France, and had attended him in a croiſade, which that monarch commanded againſt the infidels; but having loſt the affections of her huſband, and even fallen under ſome ſuſpicions of gallantry with a handſome Saracen, Louis, more delicate than politic, procured a divorce from her, and reſtored her thoſe rich provinces, which by her marriage ſhe had annexed to the crown of France. The young count of Anjou, afterwards Henry II. king of England, tho' at that time but in his nineteenth year, neither diſcouraged by the diſparity of age, nor by the reports of Eleanor's gallantry, made ſuch ſucceſsful courtſhip to that princeſs, that he married her ſix weeks after her divorce, and got poſſeſſion of all her dominions as a dowery. A marriage thus founded upon intereſt was not likely to be very happy: it happened*

happened accordingly. Eleanor, who had disgusted her first husband by her gallantries, was no less offensive to her second by her jealousy: thus carrying to extremity, in the different parts of her life, every circumstance of female weakness. She had several sons by Henry, whom she spirited up to rebel against him; and endeavouring to escape to them disguised in man's apparel in 1173, *she was discovered and thrown into a confinement, which seems to have continued till the death of her husband in* 1189. *She however survived him many years: dying in* 1204, *in the sixth year of the reign of her youngest son, John." See Hume's Hist.* 4*to. Vol.* 1. *p.* 260. 307. *Speed, Stow, &c.*

It is needless to observe, that the following ballad (given, from an old printed copy) is altogether fabulous; whatever gallantries Eleanor encouraged in the time of her first husband, none are imputed to her in that of her second.

with some Corrections,

QUEENE Elianor was a ficke womàn.
And afraid that ſhe ſhould dye:
Then ſhe ſent for two fryars of France
To ſpeke with her ſpeedilye.

The king calld downe his nobles all, 5
By one, by two, by three;
"Earl marſhall, Ile goe ſhrive the queene,
And thou ſhalt wend with mee."

A boone, a boone; quoth earl marſhàll,
And fell on his bended knee; 10
That whatſoever queene Elianor ſaye,
No harme therof may bee.

Ile

, with some ~~[illegible]~~ corrections,

Ile pawne my landes, the king then cryd,
My ſceptre, crowne, and all,
That whatſoere queen Elianor ſayes 15
No harme thereof ſhall fall.

Do thou put on a fryars coat,
And Ile put on another;
And we will to queen Elianor goe
Like fryar and his brother. 20

Thus both attired then they goe:
When they came to Whitehall,
The bells did ring, and the quiriſters ſing,
And the torches did lighte them all.

When that they came before the queene 25
They fell on their bended knee;
A boone, a boone, our gracious queene,
That you ſent ſo haſtilee.

Are you two fryars of France, ſhe ſayd,
As I ſuppoſe you bee? 30
But if you are two Engliſhe fryars,
You ſhall hang on the gallowes tree.

We are two fryars of France, they ſayd,
As you ſuppoſe we bee,
We have not been at any maſſe 35
Sith we came from the ſea.

The

The firſt vile thing that ever I did
  I will to you unfolde;
Earl marſhall had my maidenhed,
  Beneath this cloth of golde. 40

Thats a vile ſinne, then ſayd the king;
  May God forgive it thee!
Amen, amen, quoth earl marſhall;
  With a heavye heart ſpake hee.

The next vile thing that ever I did, 45
  To you Ile not denye,
I made a boxe of poyſon ſtrong,
  To poiſon king Henrye.

Thats a vile ſinne, then ſayd the king,
  May God forgive it thee! 50
Amen, amen, quoth earl marſhall;
  And I wiſh it ſo may bee.

The next vile thing that ever I did,
  To you I will diſcover;
I poyſoned fair Roſamonde, 55
  All in fair Woodſtocke bower.

Thats a vile ſinne, then ſayd the king;
  May God forgive it thee!
Amen, amen, quoth earl marſhall;
  And I wiſh it ſo may bee. 60

Do

fashyon'd

Do you ſee yonders little boye,
  A toſſing of the balle?
That is earl marſhalls eldeſt ſonne,
  And I love him the beſt of all.

Do you ſee yonders little boye, 65
  A catching of the balle?
That is king Henryes youngeſt ſonne,
  And I love him the worſt of all.

His head is faſhyond like a bull;
  His noſe is like a boare. 70
No matter for that, king Henrye cryd,
  I love him the better therfore.

The king pulled off his fryars coate,
  And appeared all in redde:
She ſhrieked, and cryd, and wrung her hands, 75
  And ſayd ſhe was betrayde.

The king lookt over his left ſhoulder,
  And a grimme look looked hee,
Earl marſhall, he ſayd, but for my oathe,
  Or hanged thou ſhouldſt bee. 80

V. 63, 67. *She means that the eldeſt of theſe two was by the earl marſhall, the youngeſt by the king.*

IX. THE

IX.

THE STURDY ROCK.

*This poem, subscribed M. T. [perhaps invertedly for T. Marshall *] is preserved in The Paradise of daintie devises, quoted above in page 138—The two first stanzas may be found accompanied with musical notes in "An howres recreation in musicke, &c. by Richard Alison, Lond. 1606. 4to.:" usually bound up with 3 or 4 sets of "Madrigals set to music by Tho. Weelkes, Lond. 1597. 1600. 1608, 4to." One of these madrigals is so compleat an example of the Bathos, that I cannot forbear presenting it to the reader.*

Thule, the period of cosmographie,
Doth vaunt of Hecla, whose sulphurious fire
Doth melt the frozen clime, and thaw the skie,
Trinacrian Ætna's flames ascend not hier:
These things seeme wondrous, yet more wondrous I,
Whose heart with feare doth freeze, with love doth fry.

The Andelusian merchant, that returnes
Laden with cutchinele and china dishes,
Reports in Spaine, how strangely Fogo burnes
Amidst an ocean full of flying fishes:
These things seeme wondrous, yet more wondrous I,
Whose heart with feare doth freeze, with love doth fry.

Mr. Weelkes seems to have been of opinion with many of his brethren of later times, that nonsense was best adapted to display the powers of musical composure.

THE

* *Vid. Athen. Oxon. p.* 152. 316.

Vol. II. M. (Copy of Vol. 2 143 for the Press

THE ſturdy rock for all his ſtrength
By raging ſeas is rent in twaine:
The marble ſtone is pearſt at length,
With little drops of drizling rain:
The oxe doth yeeld unto the yoke, 5
The ſteele obeyeth the hammer ſtroke.

The ſtately ſtagge, that ſeemes ſo ſtout,
By yalping hounds at bay is ſet:
The ſwifteſt bird, that flies about,
Is caught at length in fowlers net: 10
The greateſt fiſh, in deepeſt brooke,
Is ſoone deceived by ſubtill hooke.

Yea man himſelfe, unto whoſe will
All things are bounden to obey,
For all his wit and worthie ſkill, 15
Doth fade at length, and fall away.
There is nothing but time doeth waſte;
The heavens, the earth conſume at laſt.

But vertue ſits triumphing ſtill
Upon the throne of glorious fame: 20
Though ſpiteful death mans body kill,
Yet hurts he not his vertuous name:
By life or death what ſo betides,
The ſtate of vertue never ſlides.

X.

THE BEGGAR's DAUGHTER OF BEDNALL-GREEN.

This popular old ballad was written in the reign of Elizabeth, as appears not only from ver. 23. where the arms of England are called the "Queenes armes;" but from its tune's being quoted in other old pieces, written in her time. See the ballad on MARY AMBREE *in this volume.—The late Mr.* GUTHRIE *assured the Editor, that he had formerly seen another old song on the same subject, composed in a different measure from this; which was truly beautiful, if we may judge from the only stanza he remembered: in this it was said of the old beggar, that "down his neck*

—— his reverend lockes
In comelye curles did wave;
And on his aged temples grewe
The blossomes of the grave."

The following ballad is chiefly given from the Editor's folio MS. compared with two ancient printed copies: the concluding stanzas, which contain the old Beggar's discovery of himself, are not however given from any of these, being very different from those of the vulgar ballad. ~~They were communicated to the Editor in manuscript; but he will not answer for their being genuine: he rather thinks them the modern production of some person, who was offended at the~~ *absurdities and inconsistencies, which so remarkably prevailed in this part of the song, as it stood before: whereas by the alteration of a few lines, the story is rendered much more affecting, and is reconciled to probability and true history. For this informs us, that at the decisive battle of Evesham,*

Nor yet does the Editor offer them as genuine, but ~~rather~~ as a modern attempt to remove the

Evesham, (fought Aug. 4. 1265.) when Simon de Montfort, the great earl of Leicester, was slain at the head of the barons, his eldest son Henry fell by his side, and in consequence of that defeat, his whole family sunk for ever, the king bestowing their great honours and possessions on his second son Edmund earl of Lancaster.

PART THE FIRST.

ITT was a blind beggar, had long lost his sight,
He had a faire daughter of bewty most bright;
And many a gallant brave suiter had shee,
For none was soe comelye as pretty Bessee.

And though shee was of favor most faire,
Yett seeing shee was but a ~~blind~~ beggars heyre, poor
Of ancyent housekeepers despised was shee,
Whose sonnes came as suitors to pretty Bessee.

Wherefore in great sorrow faire Bessy did say,
Good father, and mother, let me goe away
To seeke out my fortune, whatever itt bee.
~~Her~~ suite then they granted to prettye Bessee. This

Then Bessy, that was of bewtye soe bright,
All cladd in gray russett, and late in the night
From father and mother alone parted shee;
Who sighed and sobbed for prettye Bessee.

Shee went till shee came to Stratford-le-Bow;
Then knew shee not whither, nor which way to goe:
With teares shee lamented her hard destinie,
So sadd and so heavy was pretty Bessee.

She kept on her journey untill it was day,
And went unto Rumford along the hye way;
Where at the Queenes armes entertained was shee:
So faire and wel favoured was pretty Bessee.

Shee had not beene there a month to an end, 25
But master and mistres and all was her friend:
And every brave gallant, that once did her see,
Was strait-way enamourd of pretty Bessee.

Great gifts they did send her of silver and gold,
And in their songs daylye her love was extold; 30
Her beautye was blazed in every degree;
Soe faire and soe comelye was pretty Bessee.

The young men of Rumford in her had their joy;
Shee shewed herself courteous, and modestlye coye;
And at her commandment still wold they bee; 35
Soe faire and soe comelye was pretty Bessee.

Foure suitors att once unto her did goe;
They craved her favor, but still shee sayd noe;
I wold not wish gentles to marry with mee.
Yett ever they honored prettye Bessee. 40

The first of them was a gallant young knight,
And he came unto her disguisde in the night:
The second a gentleman of good degree,
Who wooed and sued for prettye Bessee.

A mer-

in love with

never too coy

The

gentlemen marry

the boys?

A merchant of London, whoſe wealth was not ſmall, 45
He was the third ſuiter, and proper withall:
Her maſters own ſonne the fourth man muſt bee,
Who ſwore he wold dye for pretty Beſsee.

And, if thou wilt marry with mee, quoth the knight,
Ile make thee a ladye with joy and delight; 50
My hart's ſo inthralled by thy bewtie,
That ſoone I ſhall dye for prettye Beſsee.

The gentleman ſayd, Come, marry with mee,
As fine as a ladye my Beſsy ſhal bee:
My life is diſtreſſed: O heare me, quoth hee; 55
And grant me thy love, my prettye Beſsee.

Let me bee thy huſband, the merchant could ſay,
Thou ſhalt live in London both gallant and gay;
My ſhippes ſhall bring home rych jewels for thee,
And I will for ever love pretty Beſsee. 60

Then Beſſy ſhee ſighed, and thus ſhee did ſay,
My father and mother I meane to obey;
Firſt gett their good will, and be faithfull to mee,
And you ſhall enjoye your prettye Beſsee.

To every one this anſwer ſhee made, 65
Wherfore unto her they joyfullye ſayd,
This thing to fulfill wee all doe agree;
But where dwells thy father, my prettye Beſsee?

My father, ſhe ſaid, is ſoone to be ſeene :
The ſeely blind beggar of Bednall-greene, 70
That daylye ſits begging for charitie,
He is the good father of pretty Beſſee.

His markes and his tokens are knowen very well ;
He always is led with a dogg and a bell :
A ſeely olde man, God knoweth, is hee, 75
Yett hee is the father of pretty Beſſee.

Nay then, quoth the merchant, thou art not for mee :
Nor, quoth the innholder, my wiffe ſhalt thou bee :
I loathe, ſayd the gentle, a beggars degree,
And therefore, adewe, my pretty Beſſee ! 80

Why then, quoth the knight, hap better or worſe,
I weighe not true love by the weight of the purſe,
And bewtye is bewtye in every degree ;
Then welcome unto me, my pretty Beſſee.

With thee to thy father forthwith I will goe. 85
Nay ſoft, quoth his kinſmen, it muſt not be ſoe ;
A poor beggars daughter noe ladye ſhal bee,
Then take thy adew of pretty Beſſee.

But ſoone after this, by breake of the day
The knight had from Rumford ſtole Beſſy away. 90
The yonge men of Rumford, as thicke as might bee,
Rode after to feitch againe pretty Beſſee.

As ſwifte as the winde to ryde they were ſeene,
Untill they came neare unto Bednall-greene;
And as the knight lighted moſt curteouſlie, 95
They all fought againſt him for pretty Beſsee.

But reſcue came ſpeedilye over the plaine,
Or elſe the young knight for his love had beene ſlaine.
This fray being ended, then ſtraitway he ſee
His kinſmen come rayling at pretty Beſsee. 100

Then ſpake the blind beggar, Although I be poore,
Yett rayle not againſt my child at my own doore:
Though ſhee be not decked in velvett and pearle,
Yett I will dropp angells with you for my girle.

And then, if my gold may better her birthe, 105
And equall the gold that you lay on the earth,
Then neyther rayle nor grudge you to ſee
The blind beggars daughter a lady to bee.

But firſt you ſhall promiſe, and have itt well knowne,
The gold that you drop ſhall all be your owne. 110
With that they replyed, Contented bee wee.
Then here's, quoth the beggar, for pretty Beſsee.

With that an angell he caſt on the ground,
And dropped in angels ~~full three thouſand~~ fifty three thousand pound; ~~five hundred~~
And oftentimes it was proved moſt plaine, 115
For the gentlemens one the beggar dropt twayne:

* In the Editor's folio MS it is ~~500~~ 500.

Soe that the place, wherein they did sitt,
With gold it was covered every whitt.
The gentlemen then having dropt all their store,
Sayd, Now, beggar, hold, for we have no more. 120

Thou hast fulfilled thy promise aright.
Then marry my girle, quoth he to the knight;
And heere, added hee, I will now throwe you downe
A hundred pounds more to buy her a gowne.

The gentlemen all, that this treasure had seene, 125
Admired the beggar of Bednall-greene:
And all those, that were her suitors before,
Their flesh for very anger they tore.

Thus was faire Bessy ~~matell for~~ matched to the knight,
And then made a ladye in others despite: 130
A fairer ladye there never was seene,
Than the blind beggars daughter of Bednall-greene.

But of their sumptuous marriage and feast,
What brave lords and knights thither were prest,
The SECOND FIT* shall set forth to your sight 135
With marveilous pleasure, and wished delight.

*The word FIT, *for* PART, *often occurs in our ancient ballads and metrical romances; which being divided into several parts for the convenience of singing them at public entertainments, were in the intervals of the feast sung by* FITS,

*See the Essay on the Word FIT at the End of the Second Part.

Remove to the end of
the Second Part, this entire
Dissertation on the Word
ΣΑΤΑΝ.

FITS, *or intermissions. So Puttenham in his Art of English poesie,* 1589, *says* "*the Epithalamie was divided by* "*breaches into three partes to serve for three several* FITS, "*or times to be sung.*" *p.* 41.—

From the same writer we learn some curious particulars relative to the state of ballad-singing in that age, that will throw light on the present subject: speaking of the quick returns of one manner of tune in the short measures used by common rhymers; these, he says, "*glut the eare, unless it be* "*in small and popular musickes, sung by these Cantabanqui,* "*upon benches and barrels heads, where they have none* "*other audience then boys or countrey fellowes, that passe by* "*them in the streete; or else by* BLIND HARPERS, *or such* "*like taverne Minstrels, that give a* FIT *of mirth for a* "GROAT, . . *their matter being for the most part stories of* "*old time, as the tale of Sir Topas, the reportes of Bevis of* "*Southampton, Guy of Warwicke, Adam Bell and Clymme* "*of the Clough, and such other old romances or historical* "*rimes, made purposely for recreation of the common people at* "*Christmasse dinners and brideales, and in tavernes and* "*alehouses, and such other places of base resorte.*" *p.* 69.

This species of entertainment, which seems to have been handed down from the ancient bards, was in the time of Puttenham falling apace into neglect; but that it was not, even then, wholly excluded more genteel assemblies, he gives us room to infer from another passage, "*We ourselves, says* "*this courtly* § *writer, have written for pleasure a little* "*brief romance, or historical ditty in the English tong of* "*the Isle of Great Britaine in short and long meetres, and* "*by breaches or divisions* [*i. e.* FITS,] *to be more com-* "*modiously sung to the harpe in places of assembly, where* "*the company shal be desirous to heare of old adven-* "*tures, and valiaunces of noble knights in times past, as are* "*those*

§ *He was one of Q. Elizabeth's gent. pensioners, at a time when the whole band consisted of men of distinguished birth and fortune. Vid. Ath. Ox.*

" those of king Arthur and his knights of the Round table, " Sir Bevys of Southampton, Guy of Warwicke, and others " like." p. 33.

In more ancient times no grand scene of festivity was compleat without one of these reciters to entertain the company with feats of arms, and tales of knighthood, or, as one of these old minstrels says, in the beginning of an ancient romance in the Editor's folio MS.

" When meate and drinke is great plenyè,
" And lords and ladyes still wil bee,
" And sitt and solace lythe ;*
" Then itt is time for mee to speake
" Of keene knightes, and kempès great,
" Such carping for to kythe."

** Perhaps " blythe."*

If we consider that a GROAT *in the age of Elizabeth was more than equivalent to a shilling now, we shall find that the old harpers were even then, when their art was on the decline, upon a far more reputable footing than the ballad-singers of our time. The reciting of one such ballad as this of the Beggar of Bednal-green, in II parts, was rewarded with half a crown of our money. And that they made a very respectable appearance, we may learn from the dress of the old beggar, in the following stanzas, ver. 34, where he comes into company in the habit and character of one of these minstrels, being not known to be the bride's father, till after her speech, ver. 63. The exordium of his song, and his claiming a* GROAT *for his reward, v. 76, are peculiarly characteristic of that profession.—Most of the old ballads begin in a pompous manner, in order to captivate the attention of the audience, and induce them to purchase a recital of the song: and they seldom conclude the* FIRST *part without large promises of still greater entertainment in the* SECOND. *This was a necessary piece of art to incline the hearers to be at the expence of a second groat's-worth—Many of the old romances extend to eight or nine* FITS, *which would afford a considerable profit to the reciter.*

To

Part the Second.

Off a blind beggars daughter most bright
That late was betrothed unto a younge knight;
All the discourse thereof you did see;
But now comes ye wedd'g. of pretty Bessee.

~~gallant palace~~

To return to the word FIT; *it seems at* ~~first~~ one time *to have peculiarly signified the pause, or breathing-time between the several parts, (answering to* PASSUS *in the visions of Pierce Plowman): thus in the* ~~old poem of JOHN of GAUNT~~ ancient Ballad of Chevy-Chase. ~~Band~~, *the first* PART *ends with this line,* (Vol. I. p. 9.)

"*The first* FITT *here* ~~find wee~~ I fynde:"

i. e. here ~~we~~ I *come to the first pause or intermission.—By degrees it came to signify the whole part or division preceding the pause* ~~and~~ *This sense it had obtained so early as the time of Chaucer: who thus concludes the first part of his rhyme of Sir Thopas (writ in ridicule of the old ballad romances)* [See also ~~Hist~~ Vol. I. pag. 26.] (See Vol. I. pag. 164, 173.)

"*Lo! lordis mine, here is a* FITT;
"*If ye woll any more of it,*
"*To tell it woll I fonde.*"

Which Line

The Word FIT indeed appears originally to have signified a Poetic Strain, Verse or Poem; for

~~*See also above, Vol. I. p. 9, and the division in Pt. II. of the same vol. — The reader will find further remarks on the word* FIT *at the end of this Volume, and in the Glossary to Vol. I. &c.*~~

PART THE SECOND.

~~WITHIN~~ a gorgeous palace most brave, Within 5
Adorned with all the cost they could have,
This wedding was kept most sumptuously,
And all for the creditt of pretty Bessee.

All kind of dainties, and delicates sweete
Were bought for the banquet, as it was meete; most 10
Partridge, and plover, and venison most free,
Against the brave wedding of pretty Bessee.

This

This ~~wedding~~ marriage through England was ſpread by report,
So that a great number therto did reſort
Of nobles and gentles in every degree;
And all for the fame of prettye Beſſee.

To church then went this gallant young knight;
His bride followed after, an angell moſt bright,
With troopes of ladyes, the like nere was ſeene
That went with ſweete Beſſy of Bednall-greene.

This marryage being ſolemnized then,
With muſicke performed by the ſkilfulleſt men,
The nobles and gentles ſate downe at that tyde,
Each one admiring the beautifull bryde.

Now, after the ſumptuous dinner was done,
To talke, and to reaſon a number begunn:
They talkt of the blind beggars daughter moſt bright,
And what with his daughter he gave to the knight.

Then ſpake the nobles, "Much marveil have wee,
This jolly blind beggar we cannot here ſee."
My lords, quoth the bride, my father's ſo baſe,
He is loth with his preſence theſe ſtates to diſgrace.

"The prayſe of a woman in queſtyon to bringe
Before her own face, were a flattering thinge;
But wee thinke thy father's baſeneſs, quoth they,
Might by thy bewtye be cleane put awaye."

Marriage

~~the like never seen~~

Silk cote

And being ladyn forcatch.d of harms
He had a dainty Lock &c
Saias &c

Strainedon

They had no sooner these pleasant words spoke,
But in comes the beggar clad in a silke cloke;
A faire velvet capp, and a sether had hee,
And now a musicyan forsooth he wold bee.

He had a daintye lute under his arme,
He touched the strings, which made such a charme,
Saies, Please you to heare any musicke of mee,
Ile sing you a song of pretty Bessee.

With that his lute he twanged straightway,
And thereon begann most sweetlye to play;
And after that lessons were playd two or three,
He strayn'd out this song most delicatelie.

" A poore beggars daughter did dwell on a greene,
" Who for her faireneſſe might well be a queene:
" A blithe bonny lasse, and a dainty was shee,
" And many one called her pretty Bessee.

" Her father he had noe goods, nor noe land,
" But beggd for a penny all day with his hand;
" And yett to her marriage he gave thousands three,*
" And still he hath somewhat for pretty Bessee.

" And if any one here her birth doe disdaine,
" Her father is ready, with might and with maine,
" To prove shee is come of noble degree:
" Therfore never flout at prettye Bessee."

With

* So the folio MS.

With that the lords and the company round
With harty laughter were readye to ſwound;
At laſt ſaid the lords, Full well wee may ſee,
The bride and the beggar's beholden to thee.

On this the bride all bluſhing did riſe,
The pearlie dropps ſtanding within her faire eyes,
O pardon my father, grave nobles, quoth ſhee,
That throughe blind affection thus doteth on mee.

If this be thy father, the nobles did ſay,
Well may he be proud of this happy day;
Yett by his countenance well may we ſee,
His birth and his fortune did never agree:

And therfore, blind man, we pray thee bewray,
(And looke that the truth thou to us doe ſay)
Thy birth and thy parentage, what it may bee;
For the love that thou beareſt to pretty Beſſee.

" Then give me leave, nobles and gentles, each one,
" One ſong more to ſing, and then I have done;
" And if that itt may not winn good report,
" Then do not give me a GROAT for my ſport.

" [Sir Simon de Montfort my ſubject ſhal bee;
" Once chiefe of all the great barons was hee,
" Yet fortune ſo cruelle this lorde did abaſe,
" Now loſte and forgotten are hee and his race.

" When

" When the barons in armes did king Henrye oppose,
" Sir Simon de Montfort their leader they chose;
" A leader of courage undaunted was hee,
" And oft-times he made their enemyes flee.

" At length in the battle on Evesham plaine
" The barons were routed, and Montfort was slaine;
" Moste fatall that battel did prove unto thee,
" Thoughe thou wast not borne then, my prettye Bessee!

" Along with the nobles, that fell at that tyde,
" His eldest son Henrye, who fought by his side,
" Was fellde by a blowe, he receivde in the fight!
" A blowe that deprivde him for ever of sight.

" Among the dead bodyes all lifeleſſe he laye,
" Till evening drewe on of the following daye,
" When by a yong ladye discoverd was hee;
" And this was thy mother, my prettye Bessee!

" A barons faire daughter stept forth in the nighte
" To search for her father, who fell in the fight,
" And seeing yong Montfort, where gasping he laye,
" Was moved with pitye, and brought him awaye.

" In secrette she nurst him, and swaged his paine,
" While he throughe the realme was beleevd to be slaine:
" At lengthe his faire bride she consented to bee,
" And made him glad father of prettye Bessee.

" And nowe left oure foes oure lives sholde betraye,
" We clothed ourselves in beggars arraye;
" Her jewelles shee solde, and hither came wee:
" All our comfort and care was our prettye Bessee.]

" And here have we lived in fortunes despite,
" Thoughe ~~heavy~~, yet contented with humble delighte:
" ~~Thus many longe~~ winters ~~howe~~ have I beene
" ~~The~~ silly blind beggar of Bednall-greene.

" And here, noble lordes, is ended the song
" Of one, that once to your own ranke did belong:
" And thus have you learned a secrette from mee,
" That ne'er had beene knowne, but for prettye Bessee."

Now when the faire companye everye one,
He heard the strange tale in the song he had showne,
They all were amazed, as well they might bee,
Both at the blinde beggar, and pretty Bessee.

With that the ~~sweete maiden~~ faire bride they all did embrace,
Saying, Sure thou art come of an honourable race,
Thy father likewise is of noble degree,
And thou art ~~fighly~~ worthy a lady to bee.

Thus was the feast ended with joye, and delighte,
A bridegroome most happy then was the young knighte,
In joy and felicitie long lived hee,
All with his faire ladye, the pretty Bessee.

* * *

XI. FANCY

Remove to the End of this Ballad the entire Dissertation or Essay on the Word Fee from above, pag. 168, &c

XI.

FANCY AND DESIRE.

By the Earl of Oxford.

*Edward Vere Earl of Oxford was in high fame for his poetical talents in the reign of Elizabeth: perhaps it is no injury to his reputation that few of his compositions are preserved for the inspection of impartial posterity. To gratify curiosity, we have inserted a sonnet of his, which is quoted with great encomiums for its "excellencie and wit," in Puttenham's Arte of Eng. Poesie *, and found intire in the Garland of Good-will: A few more of his sonnets (distinguished by the initial letters E. O.) may be seen in the Paradise of Daintie Devises. One of these is intitled, "The Complaint "of a Lover, wearing blacke and tawnie." The only lines in it worth notice are these,*

A crowne of baies shall that man 'beare'
Who triumphs over me;
For black and tawnie will I weare,
Which mourning colours be.

We find in Hall's Chronicle, that when Q. Catharine of Arragon dyed Jan. 8. 1536; "*Queen Anne* [*Bullen*] *ware* "YELLOWE *for the mourning.*" *And when this unfortunate princess lost her head May* 19, *the same year,* "*on the ascen-* "*cion day following, the kyng* [illegible] *urning ware* WHYTE." *Fol.* 227, 228.

* *Lond.* 1589. *p.* 172.

Edward, who was the XVIIth earl of Oxford of the family of Vere, succeeded his father in his title and honours in 1562, and died an aged man in 1604. See Mr. Walpole's Noble Authors. Ath. Oxon. &c.

COME hither shepherd's swayne?
"Sir, what do you require?"
I praye thee, shewe to me thy name.
"My name is FOND DESIRE."

When wert thou borne, Desire? 5
"In pompe and pryme of may."
By whom, sweet boy, wert thou begot?
"By fond Conceit men say."

Tell me, who was thy nurse?
"Fresh Youth in sugred joy." 10
What was thy meate and dayly foode?
"Sad sighes with great annoy."

What hadst thou then to drinke?
"Unsavoury lovers teares."
What cradle wert thou rocked in? 15
"In hope devoyde of feares."

What lulld thee then asleepe?
"Sweete speech, which likes me best."
Tell me, where is thy dwelling place?
"In gentle hartes I rest." 20

What

What thing doth pleaſe thee moſt?
" To gaze on beautye ſtille."
Whom doſt thou thinke to be thy foe?
" Diſdayn of my good wille."

Doth companye diſpleaſe? 25
" Yea, ſurelye, many one."
Where doth Deſire delighte to live?
" He loves to live alone."

Doth either tyme or age
Bringe him unto decaye? 30
" No, no, Deſire both lives and dyes
" Ten thouſand times a daye."

Then, fond Deſire, farewelle,
Thou art no mate for mee;
I ſholde be lothe, methinkes, to dwelle 35
With ſuch a one as thee.

XII.

SIR ANDREW BARTON.

I cannot give a better relation of the fact, which is the ſubject of the following ballad, than in an extract from the late Mr. Guthrie's Peerage; which was begun upon a very elegant plan, but never finiſhed. Vol. I. 4to. p. 22.

"*The transaction which did the greatest honour to the earl of Surrey* * *and his family at this time* [*A. D.* 1511.] *was their behaviour in the case of Barton, a Scotch sea-officer. This gentleman's father having suffered by sea from the Portuguese, he had obtained letters of marque for his two sons to make reprisals upon the subjects of Portugal. It is extremely probable, that the court of Scotland granted these letters with no very honest intention. The council board of England, at which the earl of Surrey held the chief place, was daily pestered with complaints from the sailors and merchants, that Barton, who was called Sir Andrew Barton, under pretence of searching for Portuguese goods, interrupted the English navigation. Henry's situation at that time rendered him backward from breaking with Scotland, so that their complaints were but coldly received. The earl of Surrey, however, could not smother his indignation, but gallantly declared at the council board, that while he had an estate that could furnish out a ship, or a son that was capable of commanding one, the narrow seas should not be infested.*

"*Sir Andrew Barton, who commanded the two Scotch ships, had the reputation of being one of the ablest sea-officers of his time. By his depredations, he had amassed great wealth, and his ships were very richly laden. Henry, notwithstanding his situation, could not refuse the generous offer made by the earl of Surrey. Two ships were immediately fitted out, and put to sea with letters of marque, under his two sons, Sir Thomas* † *and Sir Edward Howard. After encountering a great deal of foul weather, Sir Thomas came up with the Lion, which was commanded by Sir Andrew Barton in person; and Sir Edward came up with the Union, Barton's other ship,* [*called by Hall, the bark of Scotland.*] *The engagement which ensued was extremely obstinate on both sides; but at last the fortune of the Howards prevailed. Sir Andrew was killed fighting bravely, and encouraging his men*

* *Afterwards created Duke of Norfolk.*

† *Called by old historians lord Howard, afterwards created earl of Surrey in his father's life-time.*

He was father of the poetical E. of Surrey.

This Ballad, which appears to have been written early in the Reign of Elizabeth, if not before, has received great improvements from the Editors folio MS. where it was an ancient copy, which tho' very incorrect, seemed greatly superior to the common vulgar ballad. The Latter being evidently modernized & abridged from it. The following Text is however in many places amended & improved by the Latter (chiefly from a black letter Copy in the Pepys Collection) as also occasionally by conjecture.

men with his whistle, to hold out to the last; and the two Scotch ships with their crews, were carried into the river Thames, [*Aug.* 2. 1511.]

"*This exploit had the more merit, as the two English commanders were in a manner volunteers in the service, by their father's order. But it seems to have laid the foundation of Sir Edward's fortune; for on the 7th of April* 1512, *the king constituted him (according to Dugdale) admiral of England, Wales, &c.*

"*King James 'insisted' upon satisfaction for the death of Barton, and capture of his ship: 'tho' Henry had generously dismissed the crews, and even agreed that the parties accused might appear in his courts of admiralty by their attornies, to vindicate themselves.*" *This affair was in a great measure the cause of the battle of Flodden, in which James IV. lost his life.*

IN the following ballad will be found perhaps some few deviations from the truth of history: to atone for which it has probably recorded many lesser facts, which history hath not condescended to relate. I take many of the little circumstances of the story to be real, because I find one of the most unlikely to be not very remote from the truth. In Pt. 2. *v.* 156. *it is said, that England had before "but two ships of war." Now the* GREAT HARRY *had been built* ~~for~~ *seven years before, viz. in* 1504: *which "was properly speaking the first ship in the English navy. Before this period, "when the prince wanted a fleet, he had no other expedient "but hiring ships from the merchants."* Hume. only

The following copy (which is given from the Editor's folio MS. and seems to have been written early in the reign of Elizabeth, if not before,) will be found greatly superior to the vulgar ballad, which is evidently modernized and abridged from it. Some few deficiencies are however supplied from a black-letter copy of the latter in the Pepys collection.

It is however in ~~many~~ many places amended & improved by the latter, chiefly from a black-letter copy in the Pepys's collection

THE FIRST PART.

'WHEN Flora with her fragrant flowers
' Bedekt the earth so trim and gaye,
' And Neptune with his daintye showers
' Came to present the monthe of Maye * ;'
King Henrye rode to take the ayre, 5
Over the river of Thames past hee;
When eighty merchants of London came,
And downe they knelt upon their knee.

" O yee are welcome, rich merchants;
Good saylors, welcome unto mee." 10
They swore by the rood, they were saylors good,
But rich merchants they could not bee:
" To France nor Flanders dare we pass:
Nor Bourdeaux voyage dare we fare;
And all for a rover that lyes on the seas, 15
Who robbs us of our merchant ware."

King Henrye frownd, and turned him rounde,
And swore by the Lord, that was mickle of might,
" I thought he had not been in the world,
Durst have wrought England such unright." 20
The merchants sighed, and said, alas!
And thus they did their answer frame,
He is a proud Scott, that robbs on the seas,
And Sir Andrewe Barton is his name.

The

* *From the pr. copy.*

it however in many places amend
ed by the latter (chiefly from a
black letter Copy in the Pepys Collection)
as also occasionally by conjecture.

The king lookt over his left ſhoulder,
And an angrye look then looked hee;
"Have I never a lorde in all my realme,
Will fetch yon traytor unto mee?"
Yea, that dare I; lord Howard ſayes;
Yea, that dare I with heart and hand;
If it pleaſe your grace to give me leave,
Myſelfe wil be the only man.

Thou art but yong; the king replyed:
Yond Scott hath numbred manye a yeare.
"Truſt me, my liege, Ile make him quail,
Or before my prince I will never appeare."
Then bowemen and gunners thou ſhalt have,
And chuſe them over my realme ſo free;
Beſides good mariners, and ſhipp-boyes,
To guide the great ſhipp on the ſea.

The firſt man, that lord Howard choſe,
Was the ableſt gunner in all the rea'm,
Thoughe he was threeſcore yeeres and ten:
Good Peter Simon was his name.
Peter, ſayd he, I muſt to the ſea,
To bring home a traytor live or dead:
Before all others I have choſen thee;
Of a hundred gunners to be head.

Ver. 29. lord Charles Howard. MS.

If you, my lord, have chosen mee,
Of a hundred gunners to be head, 50
Then hang me up on your maine-mast tree,
If I misse my marke one shilling bread †.
My lord then chose a boweman rare,
'Whose active hands had gained fame *,'
In Yorkshire he was a gentleman borne, 55
And William Horseley was his name.

Horseley, sayd he, I must with speede
Go seeke a traytor on the sea,
And now of a hundred bowemen brave
To be the head I have chosen thee. 60
If you, quoth hee, have chosen mee
Of a hundred bowemen to be head;
On your maine-mast Ile hanged bee,
If I miss twelvescore one penny bread †.

With pikes and gunnes, and bowemen bold, 65
The noble Howard is gone to the sea;
With a valyant heart and a pleasant cheare,
Out at Thames mouth sayled he.
And days he scant had sayled three,
Upon the 'voyage', he tooke in hand, 70
But there he met with a noble shipp,
And stoutly made it stay and stand.

Thou

† *An old Eng. word for* Breadth.

* *Pr. copy.*

vr. 70. Journey.

[illegible] improved by the Letter (chiefly from a black letter Copy in the Pepys Collection) as also occasionally by conjecture.

Note for the bottom

‡ Mr. Lamb in his Notes to the Poem on the Battle of Flodden Field contends, that this expert Bowman's Name was not Horseley, but Hustler, of a Family ~~of Note~~ long seated near Stockton, in Cleveland, Yorkshire. Vid. pag. 5

(Hal)

Thou muſt tell me, lord Howard ~~laied~~, /saie
  Now who thou art, and what's thy name;
And ſhewe me where thy dwelling is: 75
  And whither bound, and whence thou came.
My name is Henry Hunt, quoth hee
  With a heavye heart, and a carefull mind;
I and my ſhipp doe both belong
  To the Newcaſtle, that ſtands upon Tyne. 80

Haſt thou not heard, nowe, Henrye Hunt,
  As thou haſt ſayled by daye and by night,
Of a Scottiſh rover on the ſeas;
  Men call him ſir Andrew Barton, knighte?
Than ever he ſighed, and ſayd alas! 85
  With a grieved mind, and well away!
But over-well I knowe that wight,
  I was his priſoner yeſterday.

As I was ſayling upon the ſea,
  A Burdeaux voyage for to fare; 90
To his arch-borde * he claſped me,
  And robd me of all my merchant ware:
And mickle debts, God wot, I owe,
  And every man will have his owne;
And I am nowe to London bounde, 95
  Of our gracious king to beg a boone.

You

* *Perhaps* Hatch-borde.

You ſhall not need, lord Howard ~~ſaid~~; /sais
Lett me but once that robber ſee,
For every penny tane thee froe
It ſhall be doubled ſhillings three. 100
Nowe God forefend, the merchant ~~ſayd~~, said/
That you ſhold ſeek ſoe far amiſſe!
God keepe you out o' that traitors hand~~s~~!
Full litle ye wott what a man he is.

He is braſſe within, and ſteele without. 105
With beames on his topcaſtle ſtronge;
And thirtye pieces of ordinance
He carries on each ſide along:
And he hath a pinnace deerlye dight,
St. Andrewes croſſe itt is his guide; 110
His pinnace beareth nineſcore men,
And fifteen canons on each ſide.

Were ye twentye ſhippes, and he but one;
I ſweare by kirke, and bower, and hall;
He wold orecome them every one, 115
If once his beames they doe downe fall *.
This is cold comfort, ~~ſayd~~ my lord, /sais
To welcome a ſtranger on the ſea:
Yet Ile bring him and his ſhipp to ſhore,
Or to Scotland he ſhall carrye mee. 120

Then

* *The Editor would be obliged to any naval antiquary that would explain this.*

Instead of this give the opposite note

Note in Ital

* It should seem from hence, that before our ~~[illegible]~~ marine Artillery was brought to its present perfection: Some naval Commanders had recourse to Instruments or Machines, similar in use, tho' perhaps unlike in Construction, to the heavy Dolphins made of lead or iron used by the ancient Greeks: which they suspended from Beams or Yards fastened to the Masts, and which they ~~precipit~~ precipitately let fall on the Enemies Ships, in order to sink them by beating holes thro' the bottoms of their undecked Triremes, or otherwise damaging them. These are mentioned by Thucydides, Lib. 7. pag. 246. Ed. 1564. folio. & are more fully explained in Schefferi de Militiâ Navali, Lib. 2. cap. 5. p. 136. Ed. 1653. 4to.

NB. This every where in the MS. written Beams.

Rem.

Then a noble gunner you muſt have,
  And he muſt aim well with his ee,
And ſinke his pinnace in the ſea,
  Or elſe he ne'er orecome will bee:
And if you chance his ſhipp to borde, 125
  This counſel I muſt give withall,
Let no man to his topcaſtle goe
  To ſtrive to let his beams downe fall.

And ſeven pieces of ordinance,
  I pray your honour lend to mee, 130
On each ſide of my ſhipp along,
  And I will lead you on the ſea.
A glaſſe Ile ſett, that may be ſeene,
  Whether you ſayle by day or night;
And to-morrowe, I ſweare, by nine of the clocke 135
  You ſhall ſee Sir Andrewe Barton knight.

The Second Part.

THE merchant ſett my lorde a glaſſe
  Soe well apparent in his ſight,

And

And on the morrowe, by nine of the clocke,
He ſhewed him Sir Andrewe Barton knight.
His hatchborde it was 'gilt' with gold, 5
Soe deerlye dight it dazzled the ee:
Nowe by my faith, lord Howarde ſayd, Sais
This is a gallant ſight to ſee,

Take in your ancyents, ſtandards eke,
So cloſe that no man may them ſee; 10
And put me forth a white willowe wand,
As merchants uſe that ſayle the ſea.
But they ſtirred neither top, nor maſt *;
Stoutly they paſt Sir Andrew by.
What Engliſh churles are yonder, he ſayd, 15
That can ſoe little curteſye?

Now by the roode, three yeares and more
I have beene admirall over the ſea;
And never an Engliſh nor Portingall
Without my leave can paſſe this way. 20
Then called he forth his ſtout pinnàce;
"Fetch backe yond pedlars nowe to mee:
I ſweare by the maſſe, yon Engliſh churles
Shall all hang at my maine-maſt tree."

With

Ver. 5. 'hatched with gold.' *MS.* * *i. e. did not ſalute.*

167

For itt stroke down my lord's fore mast

With that the pinnace itt ſhott off, 25
Full well lord Howard might it ken;
For it ſtrike downe his fore-maſt ſtood,
And killed fourteen of his men.
Come hither, Simon, ſayes my lord,
Looke that thy word doe ſtand in ſtead; 30
For at my maine-maſt thou ſhalt hang,
If thou miſſe thy marke one ſhilling bread.

Simon was old, but his heart was bold.
His ordinance he laid right lowe;
He put in chaine full nine yardes long, 35
With other great ſhott leſſe, and moe;
And he lette goe his great gunnes ſhott;
Soe well he ſettled itt with his ee,
The firſt ſight that Sir Andrewe ſawe,
He ſawe his pinnace ſunke i' the ſea. 40

And when he ſaw his pinnace ſunke,
Lord, how his heart with rage did ſwell!
"Nowe cutt my ropes, itt is time to be gon;
Ile fetch yond pedlars backe myſel."
When my Lord ſawe Sir Andrewe looſe, 45
Within his heart hee was full faine:
"Nowe ſpread your ancyents, ſtrike up drummes,
Sound all your trumpetts out amaine."

Fight

Ver. 35. *i. e. diſcharged chain-ſhot.* *V.* 43. *i. e. ſlip my cables.*

Fight on, my men, Sir Andrewe ~~sayes~~, Sais,
  Weale howſoever this geere will ſway; 50
Itt is my lord admirall of Engländ,
  Is come to ſeeke mee on the ſea.
Simon had a ſonne, who ſhott right well,
  That did Sir Andrewe mickle ſcare;
In att his decke he gave a ſhott, 55
  Killed threeſcore of his men of warre.

Then Henrye Hunt with rigour hott
  Came bravely on the other ſide,
Soone he drove downe his fore-maſt tree,
  And killed fourſcore men beſide. 60
Nowe, out alas! Sir Andrewe cryed,
  What may a man now thinke, or ſay?
Yonder merchant theefe, that pierceth mee,
  He was my priſoner yeſterday.

Come hither to me, thou Gordon good, 65
  That aye waſt readye at my call;
I will give thee three hundred markes,
  If thou wilt let my beames downe fall.
Lord Howard hee then calld in haſte,
  "Horſeley ſee thou be true in ſtead; 70
For thou ſhalt at the maine-maſt hang,
  If thou miſſe twelveſcore one penny bread.

Then

Then Gordon ſwarvd the maine-maſt tree, e
He ſwarved it with might and maine;
But Horſeley with a bearing arrowe, 75
Stroke the Gordon through the braine;
And he fell ~~downe to~~ the hatches again, /unto
And ſore his deadlye wounde did bleed:
Then word went through Sir Andrews men,
How that the Gordon he was dead. 80

Come hither to mee, James Hambilton,
Thou art my only ſiſters ſonne,
If thou wilt let my beames downe fall,
Six hundred nobles thou haſt wonne.
With that he ſwarvd the maine-maſt tree, 85
He ſwarved it with nimble art;
But Horſeley with a broad arrowe
Pierced the ~~Hambilton~~ thorough the heart: Rymer
/Hambilton
And downe he fell upon the deck,
That with his blood did ſtreame amaine: 90
Then every Scott cryed, Well-away!
Alas a comelye youth is ſlaine!
All woe begone was Sir Andrew then,
With griefe and rage his heart did ſwell:
" Go fetch me forth my armour of proofe, 95
For I will to the topcaſtle myſel."

" Goe

Ver. 75. 4 bearing, &c. ſee Gloſſ. Vol. I.

"Goe fetch me forth my armour of proofe,
That gilded is with gold foe cleare:
God be with my brother John of Barton!
Againſt the Portingals hee it ware; 100
And when he had on this armour of proofe,
He was a gallant ſight to ſee:
Ah! nere didſt thou meet with living wight,
My deere brother, could cope with thee."

Come hither Horſeley, ſays my lord, 105
And looke your ſhaft that it goe right,
Shoot a good ſhoot in time of need,
And for it thou ſhalt be made a knight.
Ile ſhoot my beſt, quoth Horſeley then,
Your honour ſhall ſee, with might and maine; 110
But if I were hanged at your maine-maſt tree,
I have now left but arrowes twaine.

Sir Andrew he did ſwarve the tree,
With right good will he ſwarved then:
Upon his breaſt did Horſeley hitt, 115
But the arrow bounded back agen.
Then Horſeley ſpyed a privye place
With a perfect eye in a ſecrette part;
Under the ſpole of his right arme
He ſmote Sir Andrew to the heart. 120

" Fight on, my men, Sir Andrew ſayes,
A little Ime hurt, but yett not ſlaine;
Ile but lye downe and bleede a while,
And then Ile riſe and fight againe.
" Fight on, my men, Sir Andrew ſayes, 125
And never flinche before the foe;
And ſtand faſt by St. Andrewes croſſe
Untill you heare my whiſtle blowe."

They never heard his whiſtle blow,——
Which made their hearts waxe ſore adread: 130
Then Horſeley ſayd, Aboard, my lord,
For well I wott Sir Andrew's dead.
They boarded then his noble ſhipp,
They boarded it with might and maine;
Eighteen ſcore Scotts alive they found, 135
The reſt were either maimed or ſlaine.

Lord Howard tooke a ſword in hand,
And off he ſmote Sir Andrewes head;
" I muſt have left England many a daye,
If thou wert alive as thou art dead." 140
He cauſed his body to be caſt
Over the hatchborde into the ſea,
And about his middle three hundred crownes:
" Wherever thou land this will bury thee."

Thus from the warres lord Howard came, 145
And backe he ſayled ore the maine,
With mickle joy and triumphing
Into Thames mouth he came againe.
Lord Howard then a letter wrote,
And ſealed it with ſeale and ring; 150
"Such a noble prize have I brought to your grace,
As never did ſubject to a king,

"Sir Andrewes ſhipp I bring with mee;
A braver ſhipp was never none:
Nowe hath your grace two ſhipps of warr, 155
Before in England was but one."
King Henryes grace with royall cheere
Welcomed the noble Howard home,
And where, ſaid he, is this rover ſtout,
That I myſelfe may give the doome? 160

"The rover, he is ſafe, my leige,
Full many a fadom in the ſea;
If he were alive as he is dead,
I muſt hal left England many a day:
And your grace may thank four men i'the ſhip 165
For the victory wee have wonne,
Theſe are William Horſeley, Henry Hunt,
And Peter Simon, and his ſonne."

To

To Henry Hunt, the king then ſayd,
In lieu of what was from thee tane,
A noble a day now thou ſhalt have,
Sir Andrewes jewels and his chayne.
And Horſeley thou ſhalt be a knight,
And lands and livings ſhalt have ſtore;
Howard ſhall be earle Surrye hight,
As Howards erſt have beene before.

Nowe, Peter Simon, thou art old,
I will maintaine thee and thy ſonne:
And the men ſhall have five hundred markes
For the good ſervice they have done.
Then in came the queene with ladyes fair
To ſee Sir Andrewe Barton knight:
They weend that hee were brought on ſhore,
And thought to have ſeen a gallant fight.

But when they ſee his deadlye face,
And eyes ſoe hallowe in his head,
I wold give, quoth the king, a thouſand markes,
This man were alive as he is dead:
Yet for the manfull part he playd,
Which fought ſoe well with heart and hand,
His men ſhall have twelvepence a day,
Till they come to my brother kings high land.

***

~~v. 175. Erle of Nottingham . . never before~~

v. 175, 6... Erle of Nottingham, And ſoe was never ſo. MS.

XIII.

LADY ANNE BOTHWELL's LAMENT.

A Scottish Song.

The ſubject of this pathetic ballad the Editor once thought might poſſibly relate to the Earl of Bothwell, and his deſertion of his wife Lady Jean Gordon, to make room for his marriage with the Queen of Scots: But this opinion he now believes to be groundleſs; indeed earl Bothwell's age, who was upwards of 60 *at the time of that marriage, renders it unlikely that he ſhould be the object of ſo warm a paſſion as this elegy ſuppoſes. He has been ſince informed, that it entirely refers to a private ſtory: A lady of quality of the name of* Bothwell, *or rather* Boswell, *having been, together with her child, deſerted by her huſband or lover, compoſed theſe affecting lines herſelf; which here are given from a copy in the Editor's folio MS. compared with another in Allan Ramſay's Miſcellany.*

BALOW, my babe, ly ſtil and ſleipe!
It grieves me ſair to ſee thee weipe:
If thouſt be ſilent, Iſe be glad,
Thy maining maks my heart ful ſad.
Balow, my boy, thy mithers joy, 5
Thy father breides me great annoy.
Balow, my babe, ly ſtil and ſleipe,
It grieves me ſair to ſee thee weepe.

When

(See above No. XI. v. 10.)

Whan he began to court my luve,
And with his ſugred wordes * to muve, 10
His faynings fals, and flattering cheire
To me that time did not appeire:
But now I ſee, moſt cruell hee
Cares neither for my babe nor mee.
Balow, &c. 15

Ly ſtil, my darling, ſleipe a while,
And whan thou wakeſt, ſweitly ſmile:
But ſmile not, as thy father did,
To cozen maids: nay God forbid!
Bot yett I feire, thou wilt gae neire 20
Thy fatheris hart, and face to beire.
Balow, &c.

I cannae chuſe, but ever will
Be luving to thy father ſtil:
Whair-eir he gae, whair-eir he ryde, 25
My luve with him maun ſtil abyde:
In weil or wae, whair-eir he gae,
Mine hart can neire depart him frae.
Balow, &c.

* *When* ſugar *was firſt imported into Europe, it was a very great dainty; and therefore the epithet* ſugred *is uſed by all our old writers metaphorically to expreſs extreme and delicate ſweetneſs. (See above, p. 8.)* Sugar *at preſent is cheap and common; and therefore ſuggeſts now a coarſe and vulgar idea.* / No. XI. v. 10.

Bot doe not, doe not, prettie mine, 30
To faynings fals thine hart incline;
Be loyal to thy luver trew,
And nevir change hir for a new:
If gude or faire, of hir have care,
For womens banning's wonderous fair. 35
Balow, &c.

Bairne, fin thy cruel father is gane,
Thy winſome ſmiles maun eiſe my paine;
My babe and I'll together live,
He'll comfort me whan cares doe grieve: 40
My babe and I right ſaft will ly,
And quite forgeit man's cruelty.
Balow, &c.

Fareweil, fareweil, thou falſeſt youth,
That evir kiſt a womans mouth! 45
I wiſh all maides be warnd by mee
Nevir to truſt mans curteſy;
For if we doe bot chance to bow,
They'le uſe us than they care not how.
Balow, my babe, ly ſtil, and ſleipe, 50
It grieves me fair to ſee thee weipe.

XIV. THE

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printed, with ~~some~~ pifas corrections, from

XIV.

THE MURDER OF THE KING OF SCOTS.

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 murdered, Feb. 9. 1567-8. This crime was perpetrated by the E. of Bothwell, not out of reſpect to the memory of [redacted] *Riccio, but in order to pave the way for his own marriage with the queen.*

This ballad (printed 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.

with a few corrections

WOE worth, woe worth thee, falſe Scotlànde!
For thou haſt ever wrought by ſleight;
The worthyeſt prince that ever was borne,
You hanged under a cloud by night.

The queene of France a letter wrote, 5
And ſealed it with harte and ringe;
And bade him come Scotland within,
And ſhee wold marry and crowne him kinge.

To be a king is a pleaſant thing,
To be a prince unto a peere: 10
But you have heard, and ſoe have I, too,
A man may well buy gold too deare.

There was an Italyan in that place,
Was as well beloved as ever was hee,
Lord of ~~And~~ David ~~Riccio~~ was his name, 15
Chamberlaine to the queene was hee.

If the king had riſen forth of his place,
He wold have ſate him downe in the chaire,
And tho iff ~~Although it~~ beſeemed him not ſo well,
Altho had beene ~~And though~~ the kinge ~~were~~ preſent there. 20

Some lords in Scotlande waxed wroth,
And quarrelled with him for the nonce;
Of you ~~And~~ I ſhall tell how it befell,
Twelve daggers were in him att once.

When

When the queene ~~that~~ ſaw her chamberlaine ſlaine,
For him her faire cheeks ſhe did weete,
And made a vowe for a yeare and a day
The king and ſhee wold not come in one ſheete.

Then ſome of the lords they waxed wrothe,
And made their vow all vehementlye;
~~That~~ for the death of the chamberlaine,
~~How hee~~ the king himſelfe, ~~ſholde~~ dye.

With gun-powder they ſtrewed his roome,
And layd greene ruſhes in his way;
For the traitors thought that very night
This worthye king for to betray.

To bedd the king he made him bowne;
To take his reſt was his deſire;
He was noe ſooner caſt on ſleepe,
But his chamber was on a blaſing fire.

Up he lope, and the window brake,
And hee had thirtye foote to fall;
Lord Bodwell kept a privy watch,
~~All~~ underneath ~~the~~ caſtle wall.

Who have we here? lord Bodwell ſayd:
Now anſwer me, that I may know.
"King Henry the eighth my uncle was;
For his ſweete ſake ſome pitty ſhow."

Who

Who have we here? lord Bodwell ſayd,
Now anſwer me when I doe ſpeake.
"Ah, lord Bodwell, I know thee well;
Some pitty on me I pray thee take."

Ile pitty thee as much, he ſayd,
And as much favour ſhow to thee,
As thou didſt to the queenes chamberlaine,
That day thou deemedſt him to die †.

Through halls and towers the king they ledd,
Through towers and caſtles that were nye,
Through an arbor into an orchàrd,
There on a peare-tree hanged him hye.

When the governor of Scotland heard,
How that the worthye king was ſlaine;
He perſued the queen ſo bitterlye,
That in Scotland ſhee dare not remaine.

But ſhe is fledd into merry England,
And here her reſidence hath tane;
And through the queene of Englands grace,
In England now ſhee doth remaine.

† *Pronouneed after the northern manner* dee.

XV.

A SONNET BY Q. ELIZABETH.

The following lines, if they display no rich vein of poetry, are yet so strongly characteristic of their great and spirited authoress, that the insertion of them will be pardoned. They are preserved in Puttenham's Arte of Eng. Poesie; a book in which are many sly addresses to the queen's foible of shining as a poetess. The extraordinary manner in which these verses are introduced, shews what kind of homage was exacted from the courtly writers of those times, viz.

"*I find, says this antiquated critic, none example in Eng-*
"*lish metre, so well maintaining this figure* [Exargasia, *or*
"*the Gorgeous, Lat.* Expolitio] *as that dittie of her majes-*
"*ties owne making, passing sweete and harmonicall; which*
"*figure beyng as his very originall name purporteth the most*
"*bewtifull and gorgious of all others, it asketh in reason to*
"*be reserved for a last complement, and desciphred by a la-*
"*dies penne, herselfe beyng the most bewtifull, or rather bew-*
"*tie of queenes* †. *And this was the occasion: our soveraigne*
"*lady perceiving how the Scottish queenes residence within*
"*this realme at so great libertie and ease (as were skarce*
"*meete for so great and dangerous a prysoner) bred secret*
"*factions among her people, and made many of the nobilitie*
"*incline to favour her partie: some of them desirous of in-*
"*novation in the state: others aspiring to greater fortunes*
"*by her libertie and life. The queene our soveraigne ladie*
"*to declare that she was nothing ignorant of those secret*
"*practizes, though she had long with great wisdome and*
"*pacience*

† *She was at this time near three-score.*

" pacience dissembled it, writeth this dittie most sweete and " sententious, not hiding from all such aspiring minds the " danger of their ambition and disloyaltie: which after- " wards fell out most truly by th' exemplary chastisement of " sundry persons, who in favour of the said Scot. Qu. de- " clining from her majestie, sought to interrupt the quiet of the " realme by many evill and undutifull practizes."

This sonnet seems to have been composed in 1569, *not long before the D. of Norfolk, the earls of Pembroke and Arundel, the lord Lumley, Sir Nich. Throcmorton, and others, were taken into custody. See Hume, Rapin, &c.—It was originally written in long lines or alexandrines, each of which is here divided into two.*

The present edition is improved by some readings adopted from a copy printed in a collection from the papers of Sir John Harrington, intitled, NUGÆ ANTIQUÆ, *Lond.* 1769, 12*mo. Where the verses are accompanied with a very curious letter, in which this sonnet is said to be " of her " Highness own inditing. . . . My Lady Willoughby did " covertly get it on her Majesties tablet, and had much " hazzard in so doing; for the Queen did find out the thief, " and chid for her spreading evil bruit of her writing such " toyes, when other matters did so occupy her employment at " this time; and was fearful of being thought too lightly " of for so doing." ****

THE doubt of future foes
Exiles my present joy;
And wit me warnes to shun such snares,
As threaten mine annoy.

For falshood now doth flow, 5
And subjects faith doth ebbe;
Which would not be, if reason rul'd,
Or wisdome wove the webbe.

But

V. 1. Dread. *al. ed.*

Collated with D. of H. No. 2. fo. 16

The Dread
Exile

should not be

Doth cloke-
changed course of rage of late
minds

suppose
Rex shall
I
you shall

with blind
unscathe.

still peace hath taught

Realm broake no sedition sect ~~sedu~~
anker

my . . . . through reft
the topps that seeke
gaper for further joy

But clowdes of joyes untried
  Do cloake aſpiring mindes; 10
Which turn to raine of late repent,
  By courſe of changed windes.

The toppe of hope ſuppoſed
  The roote of ruthe will be;
And fruteleſſe all their graffed guiles, 15
  As ſhortly all ſhall ſee.

Then dazeld eyes with pride,
  Which great ambition blindes,
Shal be unſeeld by worthy wights,
  Whoſe foreſight falſhood finds. 20

The daughter of debate *,
  That diſcord ay doth ſowe,
Shal reape no gaine where former rule,
  Hath taught ſtil peace to growe.

No forreine banniſht wight 25
  Shall ancre in this port;
Our realme it brookes no ſtrangers force,
  Let them elſewhere reſort.

Our ruſty ſworde with reſt
  Shall firſt his edge employ, 30
To poll the toppes, that ſeeke ſuch change,
  Or gape for ſuch like joy.

††† I

Ver. 9. toyes. *al. ed.* * *She evidently means here the Queen of Scots.*

†|† *I cannot help subjoining to the above sonnet another distich of Elizabeth's preserved by Puttenham (p.* 197.*) "which (says he) our soveraigne lady wrote in defiance of "fortune."*

Never thinke you, Fortune can beare the sway,
Where Vertue's force can cause her to obay.

The slightest effusion of such a mind deserves attention.

XVI.

KING OF SCOTS AND ANDREW BROWNE.

This ballad is a proof of the little intercourse that subsisted between the Scots and English, before the accession of James I. to the crown of England. The tale which is here so circumstantially related does not appear to have had the least foundation in history, but was probably built upon some confused hearsay report of the tumults in Scotland during the minority of that prince, and of the conspiracies formed by different factions to get possession of his person. It should seem from ver. 197. *to have been written during the regency, or at least before the death, of the earl of Morton, who was condemned and executed June* 2. 1581; *when James was in his* 15*th year.*

The original copy (preserved in the archives of the Antiquarian Society London) is intitled, "A new Ballad, declar-"ing the great treason conspired against the young king of "Scots, and how one Andrew Browne an English-man, "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.

 "*Im-*

"*Imprinted at London for Yarathe James, dwelling in New-*
"*gate Market, over against Ch. Church,*" *in black letter, folio.*

This ELDERTON, *who had been originally an attorney in the sheriffs courts of London, and afterwards (if we may believe Oldys) a comedian, was a facetious fuddling companion, whose tippling and rhymes rendered him famous among his contemporaries. He was author of many popular songs and ballads; and probably other pieces in these volumes, besides the following, are of his composing. He is believed to have fallen a victim to his bottle before the year* 1592. *His epitaph has been recorded by Camden, and translated by Oldys.*

Hic situs est sitiens, atque ebrius Eldertonus,
Quid dico hic situs est? hic potius sitis est.

Dead drunk here Elderton doth lie;
Dead as he is, he still is dry:
So of him it may well be said,
Here he, but not his thirst, is laid.

See Stow's Lond. [*Guild-hall.*]—*Biogr. Brit.* [DRAYTON, *by Oldys, Note B.*] *Ath. Ox.*—*Camden's Remains.*—*The Exale-tation of Ale, among Beaumont's Poems,* 8*vo.* 1653.

'OUT alas!' what a griefe is this
That princes subjects cannot be true,
But still the devill hath some of his,
Will play their parts whatsoever ensue;
Forgetting what a grievous thing 5
It is to offend the anointed king?
Alas for woe, why should it be so,
This makes a sorrowful heigh ho.

In

In Scotland is a bonnie kinge,
As proper a youth as neede to be, 10
Well given to every happy thing,
That can be in a kinge to ſee:
Yet that unluckie country ſtill,
Hath people given to craftie will.
Alas for woe, &c. 15

On Whitſun eve it ſo befell,
A poſſet was made to give the king,
Whereof his ladie nurſe hard tell,
And that it was a poyſoned thing:
She cryed, and called piteouſlie; 20
Now help, or els the king ſhall die!
Alas for woe, &c.

One Browne, that was an Engliſh man,
And hard the ladies piteous crye,
Out with his ſword, and beſtir'd him than, 25
Out of the doores in haſte to flie;
But all the doores were made ſo faſt,
Out of a window he got at laſt.
Alas for woe, &c.

He met the biſhop coming faſt, 30
Having the poſſet in his hande:
The ſight of Browne made him aghaſt,
Who bad him ſtoutly ſtaie and ſtand.

With him were two that ranne away,
For feare that Browne would make a fray. 35
Alas for woe, &c.

Bishop, quoth Browne, what hast thou there?
Nothing at all, my friend, sayde he;
But a posset to make the king good cheere.
Is it so? sayd Browne, that will I see, 40
First I will have thyself begin,
Before thou go any further in;
Be it weale or woe, it shall be so,
This makes a sorrowful heigh ho.

The bishop sayde, Browne I doo know, 45
Thou art a young man poore and bare;
Livings on thee I will bestowe:
Let me go on, take thou no care.
No, no, quoth Browne, I will not be
A traitour for all Christiantie: 50
Happe well or woe, it shall be so,
Drink now with a sorrowfull, &c.

The bishop dranke, and by and by
His belly burst and he fell downe:
A just rewarde for his traitery. 55
This was a posset indeed, quoth Brown!
He serched the bishop, and found the keyes,
To come to the kinge when he did please.
Alas for woe, &c.

As ſoon as the king got word of this, 60
He humbly fell uppon his knee,
And prayſed God that he did miſse
To taſt of that extremity:
For that he did perceive and know,
His clergie would betray him ſo: 65
Alas for woe, &c.

Alas, he ſaid, unhappie realme,
My father, and grandfather ſlaine:
My mother baniſhed, O extreame!
Unhappy fate, and bitter bayne! 70
And now like treaſon wrought for me,
What more unhappie realme can be!
Alas for woe, &c.

The king did call his nurſe to his grace,
And gave her twenty poundes a yeere; 75
And truſtie Browne too in like caſe,
He knighted him with gallant geere;
And gave him 'lands and' livings great,
For dooing ſuch a manly feat,
As he did ſhowe, to the biſhop's woe, 80
Which made, &c.

When

℣. 67. His father was Henry Lord Darnley. His grandfather the old Earl of Lenox, regent of Scotland, and father of Lord Darnley, was murdered at Stirling, Sept. 5. 1571.

When all this treaſon done and paſt,
  Tooke not effect of traytery;
Another treaſon at the laſt,
  They ſought againſt his majeſtie: 85
How they might make their kinge away,
By a privie banket on a daye.
    Alas for woe, &c.

'Another time' to ſell the king
  Beyonde the ſeas they had decreede: 90
Three noble Earles heard of this thing,
  And did prevent the ſame with ſpeede.
For a letter came, with ſuch a charme,
That they ſhould doo their king no harme:
    For further woe, if they did ſoe, 95
    Would make a ſorrowful heigh hoe.

The Earle Mourton told the Douglas then,
  Take heede you do not offend the king;
But ſhew yourſelves like honeſt men
  Obediently in every thing: 100
For his godmother * will not ſee
Her noble childe miſus'd to be
    With any woe; for if it be ſo,
    She will make, &c.

God graunt all ſubjects may be true, 105
  In England, Scotland, every where:

* *Q. Elizabeth.*

That no ſuch daunger may enſue,
To put the prince or ſtate in feare:
That God the higheſt king may ſee
Obedience as it ought to be, 110
In wealth or woe, God graunt it be ſo
To avoide the ſorrowful heigh ho.

XVII.

THE BONNY EARL OF MURRAY.

A Scottish Song.

In December 1591, *Francis Stewart Earl of Bothwell had made an attempt to ſeize on the perſon of his ſovereign James VI. but being diſappointed, had retired towards the north. The king unadviſedly gave a commiſſion to George Gordon Earl of Huntley, to purſue Bothwell and his followers with fire and ſword. Huntley, under cover of executing that commiſſion, took occaſion to revenge a private quarrel he had againſt James Stewart Earl of Murray, a relation of Bothwell's. In the night of Feb.* 7. 1592, *he beſet Murray's houſe, burnt it to the ground, and ſlew Murray himſelf; a young nobleman of the moſt promiſing virtues, and the very darling of the people. See Robertſon's Hiſt.*

The preſent Lord Murray hath now in his poſſeſſion a picture of his anceſtor naked and covered with wounds, which had been carried about, according to the cuſtom of that age, in order to inflame the populace to revenge his death. If this picture did not flatter, he well deſerved the name of the BONNY EARL, *for he is there repreſented as a tall and comely perſonage. It is a tradition in the family, that Gordon of Bucky gave him a wound in the face: Murray half expiring,*

expiring, ſaid, "You hae ſpilt a better face than your awin." Upon this, Bucky pointing his dagger at Huntley's breaſt, ſwore, "You ſhall be as deep as I;" and forced him to pierce the poor defenceleſs body.

K. James, who took no care to puniſh the murtherers, is ſaid by ſome to have privately countenanced and abetted them, being ſtimulated by jealouſy for ſome indiſcreet praiſes which his Queen had too laviſhly beſtowed on this unfortunate youth. See the preface to the next ballad. See alſo Mr. Walpole's Catalogue of Royal Auth. vol. 1. p. 42.

YE highlands, and ye lawlands,
Oh! quhair hae ye been?
They hae ſlaine the Earl of Murray,
And hae laid him on the green.

Now wae be to thee, Huntley! 5
And quhairfore did you ſae!
I bade you bring him wi' you,
But forbade you him to ſlay.

He was a braw gallant,
And he rid at the ring; 10
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
Oh! he might hae been a king.

He was a braw gallant,
And he playd at the ba';
And the bonny Earl of Murray 15
Was the flower among them a'.

He was a braw gallant,
And he playd at the gluve;
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
Oh! he was the Queenes luve. 20

Oh! lang will his lady
Luke owre the caſtle downe *,
Ere ſhe ſee the Earl of Murray
Cum ſounding throw the towne.

* Caſtle downe *here has been thought to mean the* CASTLE OF DOWNE, *a ſeat belonging to the family of Murray.*

XVIII.

YOUNG WATERS.

A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

It has been ſuggeſted to the Editor, that this ballad covertly alludes to the indiſcreet partiality, which Q. Anne of Denmark is ſaid to have ſhewn for the BONNY EARL OF MURRAY; *and which is ſuppoſed to have influenced the fate of that unhappy nobleman. Let the Reader judge for himſelf.*

The following account of the murder is given by a contemporary writer, and a perſon of credit, Sir James Balfour, Knight, Lyon King of Arms, whoſe MS. of the Annals of Scotland is in the Advocates library at Edinburgh.

" *The ſeventh of Febry, this zeire,* 1592, *the Earle of* " *Murray was cruelly murthered by the Earle of Huntley at* " *his houſe in Dunibriſſel in Fyffe-ſhyre, and with him* " *Dunbar,*

" *Dunbar, sheriffe of Murray. It was given out and* " *publickly talkt, that the Earle of Huntley was only the* " *instrument of perpetrating this facte, to satisfie the King's* " *jealousie of Murray, quhum the Queene more rashely than* " *wisely, some few days before had commendit in the* " *King's hearing, with too many epithets of a proper* " *and gallant man. The reasons of these surmises pro-* " *ceedit from a proclamatione of the Kings, the* 13 *of* " *Marche following; inhibiteine the zoung Earle of Mur-* " *ray to persue the Earle of Huntley, for his father's* " *slaughter, in respect he being wardeit* [*imprisoned*] *in* " *the castell of Blackness for the same murther, was wil-* " *ling to abide a tryall, averring that he had done nothing* " *but by the King's majesties commissione; and was neither* " *airt nor part in the murther* †."

The following ballad is here given from a copy printed not long since at Glasgow, in one sheet 8*vo. The world was indebted for its publication to the lady Jean Hume, sister to the Earle of Hume, who died* ~~lately~~ *at Gibraltar.*

ABOUT Zule, quhen the wind blew cule,
And the round tables began,
A'! there is cum to our kings court
Mony a well-favourd man.

The queen luikt owre the castle wa, 5
Beheld baith dale and down,
And then she saw zoung Waters
Cum riding to the town.

His footmen they did rin before,
His horsemen rade behind, 10
Ane mantel of the burning gowd
Did keip him frae the wind.

† *This extract is copied from the Critical Review.*

Gowden graith'd his horſe before
  And ſiller ſhod behind,
The horſe zoung Waters rade upon 15
  Was fleeter than the wind.

But than ſpake a wylie lord,
  Unto the queen ſaid he,
O tell me qhua's the faireſt face
  Rides in the company. 20

I've ſene lord, and I've ſene laird,
  And knights of high degree;
Bot a fairer face than zoung Watèrs
  Mine eyne did never ſee.

Out then ſpack the jealous king, 25
  (And an angry man was he)
O, if he had been twice as fair,
  Zou micht have excepted me.

Zou're neither laird nor lord, ſhe ſays,
  Bot the king that wears the crown; 30
Theris not a knight in fair Scotland
  Bot to thee maun bow down.

For a' that ſhe could do or ſay,
  Appeasd he wad nae bee;
Bot for the words which ſhe had ſaid 35
  Zoung Waters he maun dee.

They hae taen zoung Waters, and
Put fetters to his feet ;
They hae taen zoung Waters, and
Thrown him in dungeon deep. 40

Aft I have ridden thro' Stirling town
In the wind both and the weit ;
Bot I neir rade thro' Stirling town
Wi fetters at my feet.

Aft have I ridden thro' Stirling town 45
In the wind both and the rain ;
Bot I neir rade thro' Stirling town
Neir to return again.

They hae taen to the heiding hill *
His zoung ſon in his craddle, 50
And they hae taen to the heiding-hill,
His horſe both and his ſaddle.

They hae taen to the heiding-hill
His lady fair to ſee.
And for the words the Queen had ſpoke, 55
Zoung Waters he did dee.

XIX. MA-

* Heiding-hill; *i. e. heading [beheading] hill. The place of execution was anciently an artificial hillock.*

XIX.

MARY AMBREE.

In the year 1584, *the Spaniards, under the command of Alexander Farnese prince of Parma, began to gain great advantages in Flanders and Brabant, by recovering many strong holds and cities from the Hollanders, as Ghent, (called then by the English* GAUNT,*) Antwerp, Mechlin, &c. See Stow's Annals, p.* 711. *Some attempt made with the assistance of English volunteers to retrieve the former of those places probably gave occasion to this ballad. I can find no mention of our heroine in history, but the following rhymes rendered her famous among our poets. Ben Johnson often mentions her, and calls any remarkable virago by her name. See his Epicæne, first acted in* 1609. *Act* 4. *sc.* 2. *His Tale of a Tub, Act* 1. *sc.* 4. *And his masque intitled the Fortunate Isles,* 1626, *where he quotes the very words of the ballad,*

—— MARY AMBREE,
(Who marched so free
To the siege of Gaunt,
And death could not daunt,
As the ballad doth vaunt)
Were a braver wight, &c.

She is also mentioned in Fletcher's Scornful Lady, Act 5. *sub finem.*

—— "*My large gentlewoman, my* MARY AMBREE, "*had I but seen into you, you should have had another bed-*"*fellow.*"——

This

Likewise

It is also evident that she is the ~~Her Character~~ Virago intended by Butler in Hudibras, (P. 1. c. 3. v. 365.) by her being ~~[illegible]~~ coupled with ~~the celebrated~~ Joan d'Arc the celebrated Pucelle d'Orleans.

A bold Virago stout & tall
As Joan of France, or English Mall.

~~(The last mention of her is by Swift, who has adopted the concluding line in Baucis & Philemon.~~

Hal.

This ballad is printed from a black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, improved from the Editor's folio MS. The full title is, "The valorous acts performed at Gaunt by the "brave bonnie lass Mary Ambree, who in revenge of her "lovers death did play her part most gallantly. The tune "is, The blind beggar, &c.

WHEN captaines couragious, whom death cold not daunte,
Did march to the siege of the citty of Gaunt,
They mustred their souldiers by two and by three,
And formost in battle was Mary Ambree.

When brave Sir John Major ‡ was slaine in her sight, 5
Who was her true lover, her joy, and delight,
Because he was slaine most treacherouslie,
Then vowd to revenge him Mary Ambree.

She clothed herselfe from the top to the toe
In buffe of the bravest, most seemelye to showe; 10
A faire shirt of male † then slipped on shee;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

A helmett of proofe she strait did provide,
A strong arminge sword shee girt by her side,
On her hand a goodly faire gauntlett shee; 15
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

Then

‡ *So MS.* Serjeant Major *in PC.*

† *A peculiar kind of armour, composed of small rings of iron, and worn under the cloaths. It is mentioned by Spencer, who speaks of the Irish Gallowglass or Foot-soldier as "armed in a long Shirt of Mayl." (View of the State of Ireland.)*

Then tooke ſhee her ſworde and her targett in hand,
Bidding all ſuch as wold, bee of her band,
To wayt on her perſon came thouſand and three:
Was not this a brave bonny laſs, Mary Ambree? 20

My ſoldiers ſo valiant and faithfull, ſhee ſayd,
Nowe followe your captaine, no longer a mayd;
Still formoſt in battel myſelfe will I bee:
Was not this a brave bonny laſſe, Mary Ambree?

Then cryed out her ſouldiers, and ~~thus~~ they did ſay, 25
Soe well thou becomeſt this gallant array,
Thy harte and thy weapons ſoe well do agree,
Noe mayden was ever like Mary Ambree.

Shee cheared her ſouldiers, that foughten for life,
With ancyent and ſtandard, with drum and with fife, 30
With brave clanging trumpetts, that ſounded ſo free;
Was not this a brave bonny laſſe, Mary Ambree?

Before I will ſee the worſt of you all
To come into danger of death, or of thrall,
This hand and this life I will venture ſo free: 35
Was not this a brave bonny laſſe, Mary Ambree.

Shee led upp her ſouldiers in batte array,
Gainſt three times theyr number by breake of the daye;
Seven howers in ſkirmiſh continued ſhee:
Was not this a brave bonny laſſe, Mary Ambree? 40

She

195

She filled the ſkyes with the ſmoke of her ſhott,
And her enemyes bodyes with bullets ſoe hott;
For one of her owne men a ſcore killed ſhee:
Was not this a brave bonny laſſe, Mary Ambree?

And when her falſe gunner, to ſpoyle her intent, 45
Away all her pellets and powder had ſpent,
Straight with her keen weapon ſhee ſlaſht him in three:
Was not this a brave bonny laſſe, Mary Ambree?

Being falſelye betrayed for lucre of hyre,
At length ſhe was forced to make a retyre; 50
Then her ſouldiers into a ſtrong caſtle drew ſhee:
Was not this a brave bonny laſſe, Mary Ambree?

Her foes they beſett her on every ſide,
As thinking cloſe ſiege ſhee cold never abide;
To beate down her walles they all did decree; 55
But ſtoutlye deffyd them brave Mary Ambree.

Then tooke ſhee her ſword and her targett in hand,
And mounting the walls all undaunted did ſtand,
There daring the captaines to match any three:
O what a brave captaine was Mary Ambree! 60

Now ſaye, Engliſh captaine, what woldeſt thou give
To ranſome thy ſelfe, which elſe muſt not live?
Come yield thyſelfe quicklye, or ſlaine thou muſt bee.
Then ſmiled ſweetlye faire Mary Ambree.

Ye

Ye captaines couragious, of valour ſo bold, 65
Whom thinke you before you now you doe behold?
A knight, ſir, of England, and captaine ſoe free,
Who ſhortelye with us a priſoner muſt bee.

No captaine of England; behold in your ſight
Two breſts in my boſome, and therfore no knight: 70
Noe knight, ſirs, of England, nor captaine you ſee,
But a poor ſimple ~~mayden, called~~ false called Mary Ambree.

But art thou a woman, as thou doſt declare,
Whoſe valor hath provd ſo undaunted in warre?
If England doth yield ſuch brave maydens as thee, 75
Full well may they conquer, faire Mary Ambree.

The prince of Great Parma heard of her renowne,
Who long had advanced for Englands faire crowne;
Hee wooed her and ſued her his miſtreſs to bee,
And offerd rich preſents to Mary Ambree. 80

But this virtuous mayden deſpiſed them all,
Ile nere ſell my honour for purple nor pall:
A mayden of England, ſir, never will bee
The whore of a monarcke, quoth Mary Ambree.

Then to her owne country ſhee backe did returne, 85
Still holding the foes of faire England in ſcorne:
Therfore Engliſh captaines of every degree
Sing forth the brave valours of Mary Ambree.

XX. BRAVE

Maydan called

1, with some conjectural Emenda-
tions,)

XX.

BRAVE LORD WILLOUGHBY.

Peregrine Bertie lord Willoughby of Eresby had, in the year 1586, *distinguished himself at the siege of Zutphen in the Low Countries. He was the year after made general of the English forces in the United Provinces, in room of the earl of Leicester, who was recalled. This gave him an opportunity of signalizing his courage and military skill in several actions against the Spaniards. One of these, greatly exaggerated by popular report, is probably the subject of this old ballad, which, on account of its flattering encomiums on English valour, hath always been a favourite with the people.*

"*My lord Willoughbie (says a contemporary writer) was* "*one of the queenes best swordsmen : . . . . he was a great* "*master of the art military . . . . . I have heard it spoken,* "*that had he not slighted the court, but applied himself to* "*the queene, he might have enjoyed a plentifull portion of* "*her grace ; and it was his saying, and it did him no good,* "*that he was none of the* REPTILIA ; *intimating, that he* "*could not creepe on the ground, and that the court was not* "*his element ; for indeed, as he was a great souldier, so he* "*was of suitable magnanimitie, and could not brooke the ob-* "*sequiousnesse and assiduitie of the court.*" (*Naunton.*)

Lord Willoughbie died in 1601.—*Both Norris and Turner were famous among the military men of that age.*

The subject of this ballad (which is printed from an old black-letter copy) may possibly receive illustration from what CHAPMAN *says in the Dedicat. to his version of Homer's Frogs and Mice, concerning the brave and memorable Retreat of Sir John Norris, with only* 1000 *men, thro' the whole Spanish army, under the duke of Parma, for three miles together.*

THE

THE fifteenth day of July,
With gliſtering ſpear and ſhield,
A famous fight in Flanders
Was foughten in the field :
The moſt couragious officers 5
Were Engliſh captains three ;
But the braveſt man in battel
Was brave lord Willoughbèy.

The next was captain Norris,
A valiant man was hee : 10
The other captain Turner,
From field would never flee.
With fifteen hundred fighting men,
Alas ! there were no more,
They fought with fourteen thouſand then 15
Upon the bloody ſhore.

Stand to it noble pikemen,
And look you round about :
And ſhoot you right you bow-men,
And we will keep them out : 20
You muſquet and calliver men,
Do you prove true to me,
I'le be the formoſt man in fight,
Says brave lord Willoughbèy.

And

And then the bloody enemy
They fiercely did aſſail,
And fought it out moſt furiouſly,
Not doubting to prevail;
The wounded men on both ſides fell
Moſt pitious for to ſee,
Yet nothing could the courage quell
Of brave lord Willoughbèy.

For ſeven hours to all mens view
This fight endured ſore,
Until our men ſo feeble grew
That they could fight no more;
And then upon dead horſes
Full favourly they eat,
And drank the puddle water,
They could no better get.

When they had fed ſo freely,
They kneeled on the ground,
And praiſed God devoutly
For the favour they had found;
And beating up their colours,
The fight they did renew,
And turning tow'rds the Spaniard,
A thouſand more they ſlew.

The ſharp ſteel-pointed arrows,
And bullets thick did fly ; 50
Then did our valiant ſoldiers
Charge on moſt furiouſly ;
Which made the Spaniards waver,
They thought it beſt to flee,
They fear'd the ſtout behaviour 55
Of brave lord Willoughbèy.

Then quoth the Spaniſh general,
Come let us march away,
I fear we ſhall be ſpoiled all
If here we longer ſtay ; 60
For yonder comes lord Willoughbey
With courage fierce and fell,
He will not give one inch of way
For all the devils in hell.

And then the fearful enemy 65
Was quickly put to flight,
Our men perſued couragiouſly,
And caught their forces quite ;
But at laſt they gave a ſhout,
Which ecchoed through the ſky, 70
God, and St. George for England !
The conquerers did cry.

This

This news was brought to England
With all the ſpeed might be,
And ſoon our gracious queen was told 75
Of this ſame victory :
O this is brave lord Willoughbey,
My love that ever won,
Of all the lords of honour
'Tis he great deeds hath done. 80

To th' ſouldiers that were maimed,
And wounded in the fray,
The queen allow'd a penſion
Of fifteen pence a day;
And from all coſts and charges 85
She quit and ſet them free,
And this ſhe did all for the ſake
Of brave lord Willoughbey.

Then courage, noble Engliſhmen, 90
And never be diſmaid ;
If that we be but one to ten,
We will not be afraid
To fight with foraign enemies,
And ſet our nation free,
And thus I end the bloody bout 95
Of brave lord Willoughbey.

XXI.

VICTORIOUS MEN OF EARTH.

This little moral ſonnet hath ſuch a pointed application to the heroes of the foregoing and following ballads, that I cannot help placing it here, tho' the date of its compoſition is of a much later period. It is extracted from "Cupid and "Death, a maſque by J. S. [James Shirley] preſented "Mar. 26. 1653. London printed 1653." 4to.

VIctorious men of earth, no more
Proclaim how wide your empires are;
Though you binde in every ſhore,
And your triumphs reach as far
As night or day; 5
Yet you proud monarchs muſt obey,
And mingle with forgotten aſhes, when
Death calls yee to the croud of common men.

Devouring famine, plague, and war,
Each able to undo mankind, 10
Death's ſervile emiſſaries are:
Nor to theſe alone confin'd,
He hath at will
More quaint and ſubtle wayes to kill;
A ſmile or kiſs, as he will uſe the art, 15
Shall have the cunning ſkill to break a heart.

XXII. THE

p. 17 with some Corrections,

XXII.

THE WINNING OF CALES.

The subject of this ballad is the taking of the city of Cadiz, *(called by our sailors corruptly* Cales) *on June* 21. 1596, *in a descent made on the coast of Spain, under the command of the Lord Howard admiral, and the Earl of Essex general.*

The valour of Essex was not more distinguished on this occasion than his generosity: the town was carried sword in hand, but he stopt the slaughter as soon as possible, and treated his prisoners with the greatest humanity, and even affability and kindness. The English made a rich plunder in the city, but miss'd of a much richer, by the resolution which the Duke of Medina the Spanish admiral took, of setting fire to the ships, in order to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. It was computed, that the loss which the Spaniards sustained from this enterprize, amounted to twenty millions of ducats. See Hume's Hist.

The Earl of Essex knighted on this occasion not fewer than sixty persons, which gave rise to the following sarcasm,

A gentleman of Wales, a knight of Cales,
And a laird of the North country;
But a yeoman of Kent with his yearly rent
Will buy them out all three.

The ballad is printed from the Editor's folio MS. and seems to have been composed by some person, who was con-

cerned in the expedition. Moſt of the circumſtances related in it will be found ſupported by hiſtory.

LONG the proud Spaniards had vaunted their conqueſts,
Threatning our country with fire and ſword;
Often preparing their navy moſt ſumptuous
With as great plenty as Spain could afford.
Dub a dub, dub a dub, thus ſtrike their drums; 5
Tantara, tantara, the Engliſhman comes.

To the ſeas haſtily went our lord admiral,
With knights couragious and captains full good;
The brave Earl of Eſſex, a proſperous general,
With him prepared to paſs the ſalt flood. 10
Dub a dub, &c.

At Plymouth ſpeedilye, took they ſhip valiantlye,
Braver ſhips never were ſeen under ſayle,
With their fair colours ſpread, and ſtreamers o'er their head,
Now bragging Spaniard, take heed of your tayle, 15
Dub a dub, &c.

Unto Cales cunninglye, came we moſt ſpeedilye,
Where the kinges navy ſecurelye did ride;
Being upon their backs, piercing their butts of ſacks,
Ere any Spaniards our coming deſcry'd. 20
Dub a dub, &c.

Great

Great was the crying, the running and ryding,
Which at that ſeaſon was made in that place ;
The beacons were fyred, as need then required ;
To hyde their great treaſure they had little ſpace. 25
Dub a dub, &c.

There you might ſee their ſhips, how theywere fyred faſt,
And how their men drowned themſelves in the ſea ;
There might you hear them cry, wayle and weep piteouſly,
When they ſaw no ſhift to ſcape thence away. 30
Dub a dub, &c.

The great St. Phillip, the pryde of the Spaniards,
Was burnt to the bottom, and ſunk in the ſea ;
But the St. Andrew, and eke the St. Matthew,
Wee took in fight manfullye and brought away. 35
Dub a dub, &c.

The Earl of Eſſex moſt valiant and hardye,
With horſemen and footmen march'd up to the town ;
The Spanyards, which ſaw them, were greatly alarmed,
Did fly for their ſafety, and durſt not come down. 40
Dub a dub, &c.

Now, quoth the noble Earl, courage my ſoldiers all,
Fight and be valiant, the ſpoil you ſhall have ;
And bè well rewarded all from the great to the ſmall ;
But ſee the women and children you ſave. 45
Dub a dub, &c.

The Spaniards at that ſight, thinking it vain to fight,
Hung out flags of truce and yielded the towne ;
We marched in preſentlye, decking the walls on high,
With Engliſh colours which purchas'd renowne. 50
Dub a dub, &c.

Entering the houſes then, of the moſt richeſt men,
For gold and treaſure we ſearched each day ;
In ſòme places wè did find, pyès baking left behind,
Meate at fire roſting, and folk run away. 55
Dub a dub, &c.

Full of rych merchandize, every ſhop catch'd our eyes,
Damaſks and ſattens and velvets full fayre; [ſwords ;
Whìch ſoldiers mèaſur'd out by' the length òf their
Of all commodities each had his ſhare, 60
Dub a dub, &c.

Thus Cales was taken, and our brave general
March'd to the market place, where he did ſtand ;
There many priſoners fell to our ſeveral ſhares,
Many crav'd mercye, and mercye they fonde. 65
Dub a dub, &c.

When our brave general ſaw they delayed all,
And would not ranſome their towne as they ſaid,
With their fair wanſcots, their preſſes and bedſteds,
Their joint-ſtools and tables a fire we made ; 70
And when the town burned all in a flame,
With tara, tantara, away we all came.

XXIII. THE

Ital

It was a Tradition in ye West of England, ~~It has been asserted~~ that the Person admired by the Spanish Lady was a Gentleman of the Popham Family, & that her Picture, with the Pearl Necklace mentioned in the Ballad, was not many years ago preserved at Littlecot near Hungerford, Wilts. the seat of that respectable Family ~~of which was which furnished knights of the Shire for Wiltshire in ye many Parliaments~~

Another Tradition hath pointed out Sir Richard Levison, of Trentham in Staffordshire ~~a gallant naval Commander of Qn Elizabeth's Reign~~, as the Subject of this Ballad. He married Margaret Daughter of

XXIII.

THE SPANISH LADY's LOVE.

This beautiful old ballad most probably took its rise from one of those descents made on the Spanish coasts in the time of queen Elizabeth; and in all likelihood from that which is celebrated in the foregoing ballad.

It is printed from an ancient black-letter copy, corrected in part by the Editor's folio MS.

WILL you hear a Spanish lady,
How she wooed an English man?
Garments gay as rich as may be
Decked with jewels she had on.
Of a comely countenance and grace was she, 5
And by birth and parentage of high degree.

As his prisoner there he kept her,
In his hands her life did lye;
Cupid's bands did tye them faster
By the liking of an eye. 10
In his courteous company was all her joy,
To favour him in any thing she was not coy.

But at laſt there came commandment
For to ſet the ladies free,
With their jewels ſtill adorned, 15
None to do them injury.
Then ſaid this lady mild, Full woe is me;
O let me ſtill ſuſtain this kind captivity!

Gallant captain, ſhew ſome pity
To a ladye in diſtreſſe; 20
Leave me not within this city,
For to dye in heavineſſe:
Thou haſt ſet this preſent day my body free,
But my heart in priſon ſtill remains with thee.

"How ſhould'ſt thou, fair lady, love me, 25
Whom thou knowſt thy country's foe?
Thy fair wordes make me ſuſpect thee:
Serpents lie where flowers grow."
All the harm I wiſhe to thee, moſt courteous knight,
God grant the ſame upon my head may fully light. 30

Bleſſed be the time and ſeaſon,
That you came on Spaniſh ground;
If you may our foes be termed,
Gentle foes we have you found:
With our city, you have won our hearts each one, 35
Then to your country bear away, that is your own.

"Reſt

Prince, as the Subject of this Ballad
Who married Margaret Daughter of

of Charles Earl of Nottingham;
~~and distinguished himself in~~
~~[illegible]~~ and was eminently
distinguished as a naval Officer & Commander
in all the Ex=
=peditions against the
Spaniards in the latter End of Qn. Elizabeth's Reign
particularly
in that to Cadez in 1596,
when he was aged 27. He
died in 1605, and has his
Monument with his Effigy
in brass in Wolverhampton
Church

| five hundred*

" Reſt you ſtill, moſt gallant lady;
Reſt you ſtill, and weep no more;
Of fair lovers there [redacted] plenty,
Spain doth yield [redacted] wonderous ſtore." 40
Spaniards fraught with jealouſy we [redacted] find,
But Engliſhmen through[redacted] the world are counted kind.

Leave me not unto a Spaniard,
[redacted] alone [redacted] my heart;
I am lovely, young, and tender, 45
Love is likewiſe my deſert:
Still to ſerve thee day and night my mind is preſt;
The wife of every Engliſhman is counted bleſt.

" It would be a ſhame, fair lady,
For to bear a woman hence; 50
Engliſh ſoldiers never carry
Any ſuch without offence."
I'll quickly change myſelf, if it be ſo,
And like a page will follow thee, where'er thou go.

" I have neither gold nor ſilver 55
To maintain thee in this caſe,
And to travel is great charges,
As you know in every place."
My chains and jewels every one ſhall be thy own, 59
And eke [redacted] pounds in gold that lies unknown.
" On

*So the MS. [redacted] 10,000 L. P. C.

/is a/ often/ /all

/You /enjoy

/10,000. P.C.

[redacted]

"On the ſeas are many dangers,
Many ſtorms do there ariſe,
Which will be to ladies dreadful,
And force tears from watery eyes."
Well in troth I ſhall endure extremity, 65
For I could find in heart to loſe my life for thee.

"Courteous ladye, leave this fancy,
Here comes all that breeds the ſtrife;
I in England have already
A ſweet woman to my wife; 70
I will not falſify my vow for gold nor gain,
Nor yet for all the faireſt dames that live in Spain."

O how happy is that woman
That enjoys ſo true a friend!
Many happy days God ſend her; 75
Of my ſuit I make an end:
On my knees I pardon crave for my offence,
Which did from love and true affection firſt commence.

Commend me to thy lovely lady,
Bear to her this chain of gold; 80
And theſe bracelets for a token;
Grieving that I was ſo bold:
All my jewels in like ſort bear thou with thee,
For they are fitting for thy wife, but not for me.

L. 65. Well in worth. MS.

I will

I will ſpend my days in prayer,
Love and all ~~his~~ her laws defye;
In a nunnery will I ſhroud mee
Far from any companye:
But ere my prayers have an end, be ſure of this,
To pray for thee and for thy love I will not miſs.

Thus farewell, moſt gallant captain!
Farewell too my heart's content!
Count not Spaniſh ladies wanton,
Though to thee my love was bent:
Joy and true proſperity goe ſtill with thee!
"The like fall ever to thy ſhare, moſt fair ladie."

XXIV.

ARGENTILE AND CURAN,

— *Is extracted from an ancient hiſtorical poem in XIII Books, intitled,* ALBION'S ENGLAND *by* WILLIAM WARNER: "*An author (ſays a former editor) only unhappy in "the choice of his ſubject, and meaſure of his verſe. His "poem is an epitome of the Britiſh hiſtory, and written "with great learning, ſenſe, and ſpirit. In ſome places fine "to an extraordinary degree, as I think will eminently appear "in the enſuing epiſode* [*of Argentile and Curan*]. *A tale "full of beautiful incidents, in the romantic taſte, extremely af-"fecting, rich in ornament, wonderfully various in ſtyle; and "in ſhort, one of the moſt beautiful paſtorals I ever met with.*" [*Muſes library* 8*vo.* 1738.] *To this elogium nothing can be objected,*

objected, unless perhaps an affected quaintness in some of his expressions, and an indelicacy in some of his pastoral images.

Give at on the opposite Page and begin after a new Paragraph

WARNER *is said to have been a Warwickshire man, and to have been educated in Oxford at Magdalene Hall* * *: in the latter part of his life he was retained in the service of Henry Cary lord Hunsdon, to whom he dedicates his poem. More of his history is not known. Tho' now* Warner's *is so seldom mentioned, his contemporaries ranked him on a level with Spenser, and called them the Homer and Virgil of their age* †. *But Warner rather resembled* OVID, *whose Metamorphosis he seems to have taken for his model, having deduced a perpetual poem from the deluge down to the æra of Elizabeth, full of lively digressions and entertaining episodes. And tho' he is sometimes harsh, affected, and obscure, he often displays a most charming and pathetic simplicity: as where he describes Eleanor's harsh treatment of Rosamond:*

With that she dasht her on the lippes
So dyed double red:
Hard was the heart that gave the blow,
Soft were those lippes that bled.

The edition of ALBION'S ENGLAND *here followed was printed in 4to, 1602; said in the title-page to have been "first penned and published by William Warner, and now "revised and newly enlarged by the same author." The story of* ARGENTILE AND CURAN *is I believe the poet's own invention; it is not mentioned in any of our chronicles. It was however so much admired, that not many years after he published it, came out a larger poem on the same subject in stanzas of six lines, intitled, "The most pleasant and delightful historie of Curan a prince of Danske, and the fayre princesse "Argentile, daughter and heyre to Adelbright, sometime king "of Northumberland, &c. by* WILLIAM WEBSTER, *London 1617." in 8 sheets 4to. An indifferent paraphrase of the following poem.—This episode of Warner's has also been altered into the common Ballad, "of the two young "Princes*

* *Athen. Oxon.* † *Ibid.*

W— — is said by A. Wood,* to hav- been a Warwickshire man, and to hav been educated in Oxford at Magdale hall: As also in the latter part of h Life to have been retained in the servi of Henry Cary Lord Hunsdon, to who he dedicates his Poem. However that may have been, New Light is throw upon his history by the time and manner of his Death are now ascertaini by the following Extract from the Parish Register Book, of Amwell in Hertfordshire; which was obligingly communicated to the Editor by Mr. Hoole the very ingenious Translator of Tasso, &c

" [redacted] (Rom)

" [redacted] "[1608—1609.]" [redacted] "Maſte
" William Warner a man of good yeares and of
" honeſt reputation; by his profeſsion an Atturnye
" of the Common Pleas: Author of Albions
" England, diynge ſuddenly in the night in his
" bedde, without any former complaynt or
" ſicknesse, on Thursday night beeinge the
" 9th daye of March, was buried the
" Satturday following, and lyeth in the
" Church at the corner under the ſtone
" of Walter Ffader" Signed Tho: Haſsall
Vicarius.

More Copy is wanted, if you
please Sir

Nor he, nor any noble-man
  Admitted to her vewe.

One while in melancholy fits
  He pines himſelfe awaye;
Anon he thought by force of arms
  To win her if he maye:

And ſtill againſt the kings reſtraint
  Did ſecretly invay.
At length the high controller Love,
  Whom none may diſobay,

Imbaſed him from lordlines
  Into a kitchen drudge,
That ſo at leaſt of life or death
  She might become his judge.

Acceſſe ſo had to ſee and ſpeake,
  He did his love bewray,
And tells his birth: her anſwer was,
  She huſbandles would ſtay.

Meane while the king did beate his braines,
  His booty to atchieve,
Nor caring what became of her,
  So he by her might thrive;
At laſt his reſolution was
  Some peſſant ſhould her wive.

And (which was working to his wish)
He did obſerve with joye
How Curan, whom he thought a drudge,
Scapt many an amorous toye *. 70

The king, perceiving ſuch his veine,
Promotes his vaſſal ſtill,
Leſt that the baſeneſſe of the man
Should lett, perhaps, his will.

Aſſured therefore of his love, 75
But not ſuſpecting who
The lover was, the king himſelfe
In his behalf did woe.

The lady reſolute from love,
Unkindly takes that he 80
Should barre the noble, and unto
So baſe a match agree:

And therefore ſhifting out of doores,
Departed thence by ſtealth;
Preferring povertie before 85
A dangerous life in wealth.

When

* *The conſtruction is, "How that many an amorous toy, or foolery of love, 'ſcaped Curan;" i. e. eſcaped from him being off his guard.*

When Curan heard of her eſcape,
  The anguiſh in his hart
Was more than much, and after her
  From court he did depart; 90

Forgetfull of himſelfe, his birth,
  His country, friends, and all,
And only minding (whom he miſt)
  The foundreſſe of his thrall.

Nor meanes he after to frequent 95
  Or court, or ſtately townes,
But ſolitarily to live
  Amongſt the country grownes.

A brace of years he lived thus,
  Well pleaſed ſo to live, 100
And ſhepherd-like to feed a flocke
  Himſelfe did wholly give.

So waſting love, by worke, and want,
  Grew almoſt to the waine:
But then began a ſecond love, 105
  The worſer of the twaine.

A country wench, a neatherds maid,
  Where Curan kept his ſheepe,
Did feed her drove: and now on her
  Was all the ſhepherds keepe. 110

He borrowed on the working daies
  His holy ruſſets oft,
And of the bacon's fat, to make
  His ſtartops blacke and ſoft.

And leaſt his tarbox ſhould offend, 115
  He left it at the folde:
Sweete growte, or whig, his bottle had,
  As much as it might holde.

A ſheeve of bread as browne as nut,
  And cheeſe as white as ſnow, 120
And wildings, or the ſeaſons fruit
  He did in ſcrip beſtow.

And whilſt his py-bald curre did ſleepe,
  And ſheep-hooke lay him by,
On hollow quilles of oten ſtraw 125
  He piped melody.

But when he ſpyed her his ſaint,
  He wip'd his greaſie ſhooes,
And clear'd the drivell from his beard,
  And thus the ſhepheard wooes. 130

" I have, ſweet wench, a peece of cheeſe,
  " As good as tooth may chawe,
" And bread and wildings ſouling well,
  (And therewithall did drawe

His

Ver. 112. *i. e. holy-day Ruſſets.*

His lardrie) and in 'yeaning' ſee 135
" Yon crumpling ewe, quoth he,
" Did twinne this fall, and twin ſhouldſt thou,
" If I might tup with thee.

" Thou art too elviſh, faith thou art,
" Too elviſh and too coy : 140
" Am I, I pray thee, beggarly,
" That ſuch a flocke enjoy ?

" I wis I am not: yet that thou
" Doeſt hold me in diſdaine
" Is brimme abroad, and made a gybe 145
" To all that keepe this plaine.

" There be as quaint (at leaſt that thinke
" Themſelves as quaint) that crave
" The match, that thou, I wot not why,
" Maiſt, but miſlik'ſt to have. 150

" How wouldſt thou match ? (for well I wot,
" Thou art a female) I,
" Her know not here that willingly
" With maiden-head would die.

" The plowmans labour hath no end, 155
" And he a churle will prove :
" The craftſman hath more worke in hand
" Then fitteth unto love :

Ver. 135. *Eating. PCC.* *Ver.* 153. Her know I not her that. 1602.

" The merchant, traffiquing abroad,
" Suſpects his wife at home: 160
" A youth will play the wanton; and
" An old man prove a mome.

" Then chuſe a ſhepheard: with the ſun
" He doth his flocke unfold,
" And all the day on hill or plaine 165
" He merrie chat can hold;

" And with the ſun doth folde againe;
" Then jogging home betime,
" He turnes a crab, or tunes a round,
" Or ſings ſome merry ryme. 170

" Nor lacks he gleefull tales, whilſt round
" The nut-brown bowl doth trot;
" And fitteth ſinging care away,
" Till he to bed be got:

" Theare ſleepes he ſoundly all the night, 175
" Forgetting morrow-cares;
" Nor feares he blaſting of his corne,
" Nor uttering of his wares;

" Or ſtormes by ſeas, or ſtirres on land,
" Or cracke of credit loſt: 180
" Not

Ver. 169. *i. e. roaſts a crab, or apple.* *Ver.* 171. to tell, whilſt round the bole doth trot. *Ed.* 1597.

" Not ſpending franklier than his flocke
" Shall ſtill defray the coſt.

" Well wot I, ſooth they ſay, that ſay
" More quiet nights and daies
" The ſhepheard ſleeps and wakes, than he 185
" Whoſe cattel he doth graize.

" Beleeve me, laſſe, a king is but
" A man, and ſo am I:
" Content is worth a monarchie,
" And miſchiefs hit the hie; 190

" As late it did a king and his
" Not dwelling far from hence,
" Who left a daughter, ſave thyſelfe,
" For fair a matchleſs wench."——
Here did he pauſe, as if his tongue 195
Had done his heart offence.

The neatreſſe, longing for the reſt,
Did egge him on to tell
How faire ſhe was, and who ſhe was.
" She bore, quoth he, the bell 200

" For beautie: though I clowniſh am,
" I know what beautie is;
" Or did I not, at ſeeing thee,
" I ſenceles were to mis.

* * *

" Her ſtature comely, tall ; her gate 205
" Well graced ; and her wit
" To marvell at, not meddle with,
" As matchleſs I omit.

" A globe-like head, a gold-like haire,
" A forehead ſmooth, and hie, 210
" An even noſe ; on either ſide
" Did ſhine a grayiſh eie :

" Two roſie cheeks, round ruddy lips,
" White juſt-ſet teeth within ;
" A mouth in meane ; and underneathe 215
" A round and dimpled chin.

" Her ſnowie necke, with blewiſh veines,
" Stood bolt upright upon
" Her portly ſhoulders : beating balles
" Her veined breaſts, anon 220

" Adde more to beautie. Wand-like was
" Her middle falling ſtill,
" And riſing whereas women riſe : * * *
" — Imagine nothing ill.

" And more, her long, and limber armes 225
" Had white and azure wriſts ;
" And ſlender fingers aunſwere to
" Her ſmooth and lillie fiſts.

" A legge in print, a pretie foot ;
" Conjecture of the reſt : 230
" For amorous eies, obſerving forme,
" Think parts obſcured beſt.

" With theſe, O raretie ! with theſe
" Her tong of ſpeech was ſpare ;
" But ſpeaking, Venus ſeem'd to ſpeake, 235
" The balle from Ide to bear.

" With Phœbe, Juno, and with both
" Herſelfe contends in face ;
" Wheare equall mixture did not want
" Of milde and ſtately grace. 240

" Her ſmiles were ſober, and her lookes
" Were chearefull unto all :
" Even ſuch as neither wanton ſeeme,
" Nor waiward ; mell, nor gall.

" A quiet minde, a patient moode, 245
" And not diſdaining any ;
" Not gybing, gadding, gawdy : and
" Sweete faculties had many.

" A nimph, no tong, no heart, no eie,
" Might praiſe, might wiſh, might ſee ; 250
" For life, for love, for forme ; more good,
" More worth, more faire than ſhee.

" Yea

" Yea ſuch an one, as ſuch was none,
" Save only ſhe was ſuch :
" Of Argentile to ſay the moſt,
" Were to be ſilent much."

I knew the lady very well,
But worthles of ſuch praiſe,
The neatreſſe ſaid : and muſe I do,
A ſhepheard thus ſhould blaze
The ' coate' of beautie *. Credit me,
Thy latter ſpeech bewraies

Thy clowniſh ſhape a coined ſhew.
But wherefore doſt thou weepe ?
The ſhepheard wept, and ſhe was woe,
And both doe ſilence keepe.

" In troth, quoth he, I am not ſuch,
" As ſeeming I profeſſe:
" But then for her, and now for thee,
" I from myſelfe digreſſe.

" Her loved I (wretch that I am
" A recreant to be)
" I loved her, that hated love,
" But now I die for thee.

" At Kirkland is my fathers court,
" And Curan is my name,

" In

* *i. e. emblazon beauty's coat. Ed.* 1597. 1602. 1612. *read,* Coote.

" In Edels court ſometimes in pompe,
" Till love contrould the ſame :

" But now—what now ?—deare heart, how now ?
" What aileſt thou to weepe ?" 280
The damſell wept, and he was woe,
And both did ſilence keepe.

I graunt, quoth ſhe, it was too much
That you did love ſo much :
But whom your former could not move, 285
Your ſecond love doth touch.

Thy twice-beloved Argentile
Submitteth her to thee,
And for thy double love preſents
Herſelf a ſingle fee, 290
In paſſion not in perſon chaung'd,
And I, my lord, am ſhe.

They ſweetly ſurfeiting in joy,
And ſilent for a ſpace,
When as the extaſie had end, 295
Did tenderly imbrace ;
And for their wedding, and their wiſh
Got fitting time and place.

Not England (for of Hengiſt then
Was named ſo this land) 300
Then Curan had an hardier knight ;

His force could none withſtand :
Whoſe ſheep-hooke laid apart, he then
Had higher things in hand.

Firſt, making knowne his lawfull claime 305
In Argentile her right,
He warr'd in Diria *, and he wonne
Bernicia * too in fight :

And ſo from trecherous Edel tooke
At once his life and crowne, 310
And of Northumberland was king,
Long raigning in renowne.

* * *During the Saxon heptarchy, the kingdom of Northumberland (conſiſting of 6 northern counties, beſides part of Scotland) was for a long time divided into two leſſer ſovereignties, viz. Deïra (called here Diria) which contained the ſouthern parts, and Bernicia, comprehending thoſe which lay north.*

XXV.

CORIN's FATE.

Only the three firſt ſtanzas of this ſong are ancient ; theſe are extracted from a ſmall quarto MS. in the editor's poſſeſſion, written in the time of Q. Elizabeth. As they ſeemed to want application, this has been attempted by a modern hand.

CORIN,

CORIN, moſt unhappie ſwaine,
Whither wilt thou drive thy flocke?
Little foode is on the plaine;
Full of danger is the rocke:

Wolfes and beares doe kepe the woodes; 5
Foreſts tangled are with brakes:
Meadowes ſubject are to floodes;
Moores are full of miry lakes.

Yet to ſhun all plaine, and hill,
Foreſt, moore, and meadow-ground, 10
Hunger will as ſurely kill:
How may then reliefe be found?

Such is haplefs Corins fate:
Since my waywarde love begunne,
Equall doubts begett debate 15
What to ſeeke, and what to ſhunne.

Spare to ſpeke, and ſpare to ſpeed;
Yet to ſpeke will move diſdaine:
If I ſee her not I bleed,
Yet her ſight augments my paine. 20

What may then poor Corin doe?
Tell me, ſhepherdes, quicklye tell;
For to linger thus in woe
Is the lover's ſharpeſt hell.

XXVI. JANE

XXVI.

JANE SHORE.

Tho' so many vulgar errors have prevailed concerning this celebrated courtezan, no character in history has been more perfectly handed down to us. We have her portrait drawn by two masterly pens; the one has delineated the features of her person, the other those of her character and story. Sir Thomas More drew from the life, and Drayton has copied an original picture of her. The reader will pardon the length of the quotations, as they serve to correct many popular mistakes relating to her catastrophe. The first is from Sir Thomas More's *history of Rich. III. written in* 1513, *about thirty years after the death of Edw. IV.*

"*Now then by and by, as it wer for anger, not for covetise, the protector sent into the house of Shores wife (for her husband dwelled not with her) and spoiled her of al that ever she had, (above the value of 2 or 3 thousand marks) and sent her body to prison. And when he had a while laide unto her, for the maner sake, that she went about to bewitch him, and that she was of counsel with the lord chamberlein to destroy him: in conclusion when that no colour could fasten upon these matters, then he layd heinously to her charge the thing that herselfe could not deny, that al the world wist was true, and that natheles every man laughed at to here it then so sodainly so highly taken,—that she was naught of her body. And for thys cause (as a goodly continent prince, clene and fautles of himself, sent oute of heaven into this vicious world for the amendment of mens maners) he caused the bishop of London to put her to open penance, going before the crosse in procession upon a sonday with a taper*

"*in*

" *in her hand. In which ſhe went in countenance and pace*
" *demure ſo womanly; and albeit ſhe was out of al array*
" *ſave her kyrtle only, yet went ſhe ſo fair and lovely, name-*
" *lye, while the wondering of the people caſte a comly rud in*
" *her chekes (of which ſhe before had moſt miſſe) that her*
" *great ſhame wan her much praiſe among thoſe that were*
" *more amorous of her body, then curious of her ſoule. And*
" *many good folke alſo, that hated her living, and glad wer*
" *to ſe ſin corrected, yet pittied thei more her penance then re-*
" *joiced therin, when thei conſidred that the protector pro-*
" *cured it more of a corrupt intent, then any virtuous affeccion.*
" *This woman was born in London, worſhipfully frended,*
" *honeſtly brought up, and very wel maryed, ſaving ſome-*
" *what to ſoone; her huſbande an honeſt citizen, yonge, and*
" *goodly, and of good ſubſtance. But foraſmuche as they*
" *were coupled ere ſhe wer wel ripe, ſhe not very fervently*
" *loved, for whom ſhe never longed. Which was happely*
" *the thinge, that the more eaſily made her encline unto the*
" *king's appetite, when he required her. Howbeit the reſpect*
" *of his royaltie, the hope of gay apparel, eaſe, pleſure, and*
" *other wanton welth, was able ſoone to perſe a ſoft tender*
" *hearte. But when the king had abuſed her, anon her*
" *huſband (as he was an honeſt man, and one that could his*
" *good, not preſuming to touch a kinges concubine) left her*
" *up to him al together. When the king died, the lord*
" *chamberlen [Haſtings] toke her*: which in the kinges*
" *daies, albeit he was ſore enamoured upon her, yet he forbare*
" *her,*

* *After the death of Haſtings, ſhe was kept by the marquis of Dorſet, ſon to Edward IV's queen. In Rymer's Fœdera is a proclamation of Richard's, dated at Leiceſter, Oct.* 23. 1483. *wherein a reward of* 1000 *marks in money, or* 100 *a year in land is offered for taking* " *Thomas late* " *marquis of Dorſet,*" *who* " *not having the fear of God, nor the ſal-* " *vation of his own ſoul, before his eyes, has damnably debauched and* " *defiled many maids, widows, and wives, and* LIVED IN ACTUAL " ADULTERY WITH THE WIFE OF SHORE." *Buckingham was at that time in rebellion, but as Dorſet was not with him, Richard could not accuſe him of treaſon, and therefore made a handle of theſe pretended debauccheries to get him apprehended. Vide Rym. Fœd. tom. xij. pag.* 204.

" *her, either for reverence, or for a certain frendly faithful-*
" *nes.*

" *Proper she was, and faire: nothing in her body that you*
" *wold have changed, but if you would have wished her*
" *somewhat higher. Thus say thei that knew her in her*
" *youthe. Albeit some that* NOW SEE HER (FOR YET SHE
" LIVETH) *deme her never to have bene wel visaged.*
" *Whose jugement seemeth me somewhat like, as though men*
" *should gesse the bewty of one longe before departed, by her*
" *scalpe taken out of the charnel-house; for now is she old,*
" *lene, withered, and dried up, nothing left but ryvilde skin,*
" *and hard bone. And yet being even such, whoso wel ad-*
" *vise her visage, might gesse and devise which partes how*
" *filled, wold make it a faire face.*

" *Yet delited not men so much in her bewty, as in her plea-*
" *sant behaviour. For a proper wit had she, and could both*
" *rede wel and write; mery in company, redy and quick of*
" *aunswer, neither mute nor ful of bable; sometime taunting*
" *without displeasure, and not without disport. The king*
" *would say, That he had three concubines, which in three*
" *divers properties diversly excelled. One the meriest, an-*
" *other the wiliest, the thirde the holiest harlot in his realme,*
" *as one whom no man could get out of the church lightly to*
" *any place, but it wer to his bed. The other two wer*
" *somwhat greater personages, and natheles of their humilite*
" *content to be nameles, and to forbere the praise of those pro-*
" *perties; but the meriest was the Shoris wife, in whom the*
" *king therfore toke special pleasure. For many he had,*
" *but her he loved, whose favour, to sai the trouth (for*
" *sinne it wer to belie the devil) she never abused to any*
" *mans hurt, but to many a mans comfort and relief. Where*
" *the king toke displeasure, she would mitigate and appease*
" *his mind: where men were out of favour, she wold bring*
" *them in his grace: for many, that had highly offended,*
" *shee obtained pardon: of great forfeitures she gate men*
" *remission: and finally in many weighty sutes she stode many*
" *men in gret stede, either for none or very smal rewardes,*
" *and those rather gay than rich: either for that she was*

" *content*

" *content with the dede selfe well done, or for that she de-*
" *lited to be sued unto, and to show what she was able to*
" *do wyth the king, or for that wanton women and welthy*
" *be not alway covetous.*

" *I doubt not some shal think this woman too sleight a*
" *thing to be written of, and set amonge the remembraunces*
" *of great matters: which thei shal specially think, that*
" *happely shal esteme her only by that thei* NOW SEE HER.
" *But me semeth the chaunce so much the more worthy to be*
" *remembred, in how much she is* NOW *in the more beg-*
" *gerly condicion, unfrended and worne out of acquaintance,*
" *after good substance, after as grete favour with the*
" *prince, after as grete sute and seeking to with al those,*
" *that in those days had busynes to spede, as many other*
" *men were in their times, which be now famouse only by*
" *the infamy of their il dedes. Her doinges were not much*
" *lesse, albeit thei be muche lesse remembred because thei*
" *were not so evil. For men use, if they have an evil*
" *turne, to write it in marble; and whoso doth us a good*
" *tourne, we write it in duste*. Which is not worst*
" *proved by her; for* AT THIS DAYE *shee beggeth of ma-*
" *ny at this daye living, that at this day had begged, if*
" *shee had not bene.*" *See More's workes, folio, bl. let.*
1557. *pag.* 56. 57.

DRAYTON *has written a poetical epistle from this lady to her royal lover, in his notes on which he thus draws her portrait.* " *Her stature was meane, her haire of a dark*
" *yellow, her face round and full, her eye gray, delicate*
" *harmony being betwixt each part's proportion, and each*
" *proportion's colour, her body fat, white and smooth, her*
" *countenance cheerfull and like to her condition. The pic-*

* *These words of Sir Thomas More probably suggested to Shakespeare that proverbial reflection, in Hen. viij. Act.* 4. *sc.* 11.

" *Men's evill manners live in brass: their virtues*
" *We write in water.*"

Shakesp. in his play of Rich. III. *follows More's Hist. of that reign, and therefore could not but see this passage.*

"ture which I have seen of hers was such as she rose out "of her bed in the morning, having nothing on but a rich "mantle cast under one arme over her shoulder, and sitting "on a chaire, on which her naked arm did lie. What her "father's name was, or where she was borne, is not cer- "tainly knowne: but Shore a young man of right goodly "person, wealth and behaviour, abandoned her bed after "the king had made her his concubine. Richard III. "causing her to do open penance in Paul's church-yard, "COMMANDED THAT NO MAN SHOULD RELIEVE "HER, *which the tyrant did not so much for his hatred to "sinne, but that by making his brother's life odious, he might "cover his horrible treasons the more cunningly."* *See England's Heroical epistles, by Mich. Drayton, Esq; Lond.* 1637. 12*mo.*

An original Picture of JANE SHORE *almost naked is preserved in the Provost's Lodgings at Eton; and another picture of her is in the Provost's Lodge at King's College Cambridge: to both which foundations she is supposed to have done friendly offices with* EDWARD IV. *A small quarto Mezzotinto Print was taken from the former of these by* J. FABER.

The following ballad is printed from an old black letter copy in the Pepys collection. Its full title is, "The woefull "lamentation of Jane Shore, a goldsmith's wife in London, "sometime king Edward IV. his concubine. To the tune "of LIVE WITH ME, *&c."* [*See the first volume.*] *To every stanza is annexed the following burthen:*

Then maids and wives in time amend,
For love and beauty will have end.

IF Rosamonde that was so faire,
Had cause her sorrowes to declare,
Then let Jane Shore with sorrowe sing,
That was beloved of a king.

227

22

(with some corrections

In maiden yeares my beautye bright 5
Was loved dear of lord and knight;
But yet the love that they requir'd,
It was not as my friends desir'd.

My parents they, for thirst of gaine,
A husband for me did obtaine; 10
And I, their pleasure to fulfille,
Was forc'd to wedd against my wille.

To Matthew Shore I was a wife,
Till lust brought ruine to my life;
And then my life I lewdlye spent, 15
Which makes my soul for to lament.

In Lombard-street I once did dwelle,
As London yet can witness welle;
Where many gallants did beholde
My beautye in a shop of golde. 20

I spred my plumes, as wantons doe,
Some sweet and secret friende to wooe,
Because chast love I did not finde
Agreeing to my wanton minde.

At last my name in court did ring 25
Into the eares of Englandes king,
Who came and lik'd, and love requir'd,
But I made coye what he desir'd;

Yet Miſtreſs Blague, a neighbour neare,
Whoſe friendſhip I eſteemed deare, 30
Did ſaye, It was a gallant thing
To be beloved of a king.

By her perſuaſions I was led,
For to defile my marriage-bed,
And wronge my wedded huſband Shore, 35
Whom I had married yeares before.

In heart and mind I did rejoyce,
That I had made ſo ſweet a choice;
And therefore did my ſtate reſigne,
To be king Edward's concubine. 40

From city then to court I went,
To reape the pleaſures of content;
There had the joyes that love could bring,
And knew the ſecrets of a king.

When I was thus advanc'd on highe 45
Commanding Edward with mine eye,
For Mrs. Blague I in ſhort ſpace
Obtainde a livinge from his grace.

No friende I had but in ſhort time
I made unto promotion climbe; 50
But yet for all this coſtlye pride,
My huſbande could not mee abide.

His bed, though wronged by a king,
His heart with deadlye griefe did ſting;
From England then he goes away 55
To end his life beyond the ſea.

He could not live to ſee his name
Impared by my wanton ſhame;
Although a prince of peerleſſe might
Did reape the pleaſure of his right. 60

Long time I lived in the courte,
With lords and ladies of great ſorte;
And when I ſmil'd all men were glad,
But when I frown'd my prince grewe ſad.

But yet a gentle minde I bore 65
To helpleſſe people, that were poore;
I ſtill redreſt the orphans crye,
And ſav'd their lives condemnd to dye.

I ſtill had ruth on widowes tears,
I ſuccour'd babes of tender yeares; 70
And never look'd for other gaine
But love and thankes for all my paine.

At laſt my royall king did dye,
And then my dayes of woe grew nighe;
When crook-back Richard got the crowne, 75
King Edwards friends were ſoon put downe.

I then was punisht for my sin,
That I so long had lived in;
Yea, every one that was his friend,
This tyrant brought to shamefull end. 80

Then for my lewd and wanton life,
That made a strumpet of a wife,
I penance did in Lombard-street,
In shamefull manner in a sheet.

Where many thousands did me viewe, 85
Who late in court my credit knewe;
Which made the teares run down my face,
To thinke upon my foul disgrace.

Not thus content, they took from mee
My goodes, my livings, and my fee, 90
And charg'd that none should me relieve,
Nor any succour to me give.

Then unto Mrs. Blague I went,
To whom my jewels I had sent,
In hope therebye to ease my want, 95
When riches fail'd, and love grew scant:

But she denyed to me the same
When in my need for them I came;
To recompence my former love,
Out of her doores shee did me shove. 100

So

So love did vaniſh with my ſtate,
Which now my ſoul repents too late;
Therefore example take by mee,
For friendſhip parts in povertie.

But yet one friend among the reſt, 105
Whom I before had ſeen diſtreſt,
And ſav'd his life, condemn'd to die,
Did give me food to ſuccour me:

For which, by lawe, it was decreed
That he was hanged for that deed; 110
His death did grieve me ſo much more,
Than had I dyed myſelf therefore.

Then thoſe to whom I had done good,
Durſt not afford mee any food;
Whereby I begged all the day, 115
And ſtill in ſtreets by night I lay.

My gowns beſet with pearl and gold,
Were turn'd to ſimple garments old;
My chains and gems and golden rings,
To filthy rags and loathſome things. 120

Thus was I ſcorn'd of maid and wife,
For leading ſuch a wicked life;
Both ſucking babes and children ſmall,
Did make their paſtime at my fall.

I could not get one bit of bread, 125
Whereby my hunger might be fed:
Nor drink, but ſuch as channels yield,
Or ſtinking ditches in the field.

Thus, weary of my life, at lengthe
I yielded up my vital ſtrength 130
Within a ditch of loathſome ſcent,
Where carrion dogs did much frequent:

The which now ſince my dying daye,
Is Shoreditch call'd, as writers ſaye *,
Which is a witneſs of my ſinne, 135
For being concubine to a king.

You wanton wives, that fall to luſt,
Be you aſſur'd that God is juſt;
Whoredome ſhall not eſcape his hand,
Nor pride unpuniſh'd in this land. 140

If God to me ſuch ſhame did bring,
That yielded only to a king,
How ſhall they ſcape that daily run
To practiſe ſin with every one?

You

* *But it had this name long before; being ſo called from its being a common SEWER (vulgarly SHORE) or drain. See Stow.*

You husbands, match not but for love, 145
Lest some disliking after prove;
Women, be warn'd when you are wives,
What plagues are due to sinful lives:
Then, maids and wives, in time amend,
For love and beauty will have end.

XXVII.

CORYDON's DOLEFUL KNELL.

This little simple elegy is given, with some corrections, from two copies, one of which is in "The golden garland of "princely delights."

The burthen of the song, DING DONG, *&c. is at present appropriated to burlesque subjects, and therefore may excite only ludicrous ideas in a modern reader; but in the time of our poet it usually accompanied the most solemn and mournful strains. Of this kind is that fine aerial Dirge in Shakespear's Tempest,*

"Full fadom five thy father lies,
"Of his bones are corrall made;
"Those are pearles that were his eyes;
"Nothing of him, that doth fade,
"But doth suffer a sea-change
"Into something rich and strange:

"Sea-

" Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell,
" Harke now I heare them, Ding dong bell."

["*Burthen, Ding dong.*"]

I make no doubt but the poet intended to conclude his air in a manner the most solemn and expressive of melancholy.

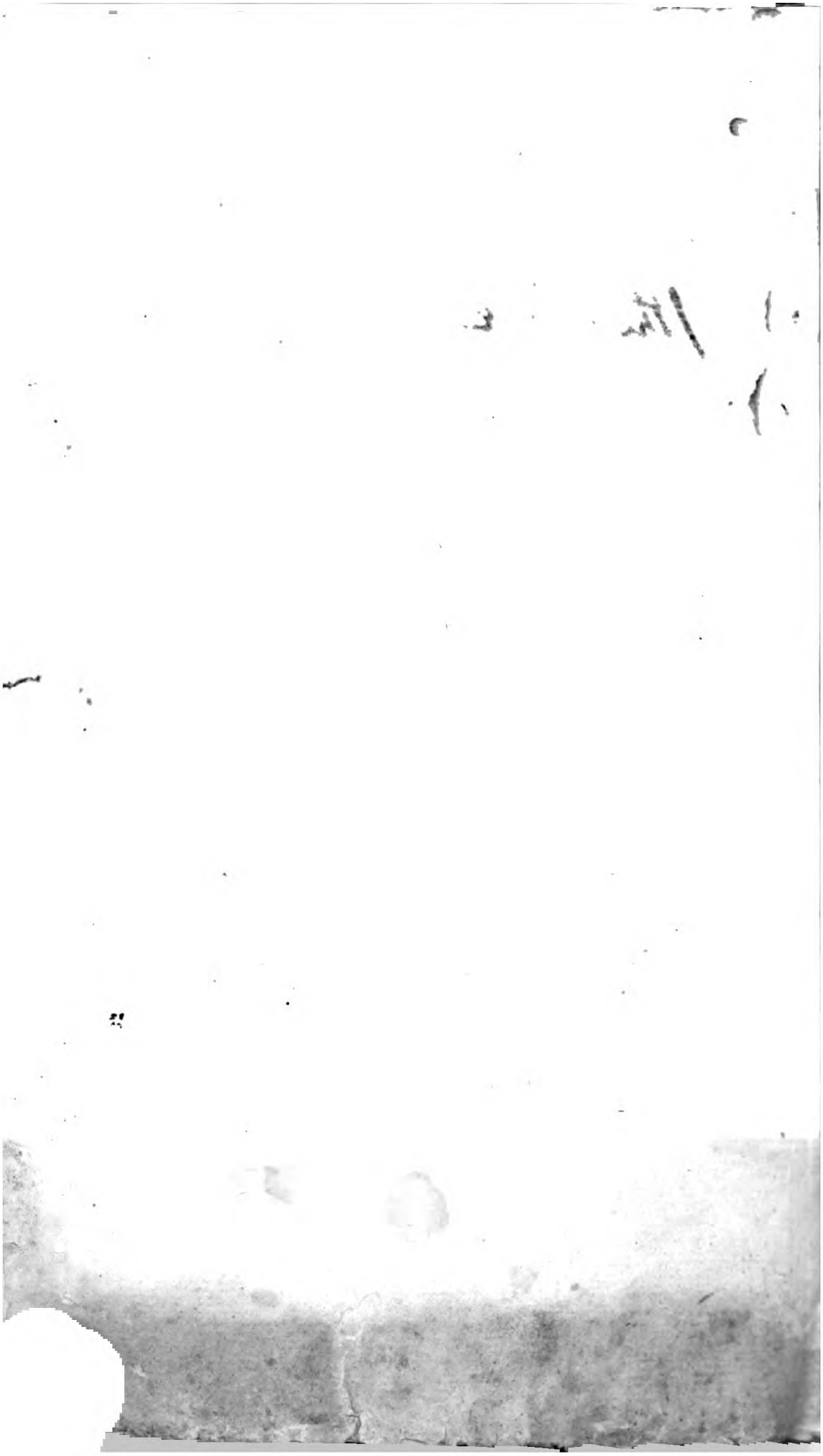
MY Phillida, adieu love!
For evermore farewel!
Ay me! I've lost my true love,
And thus I ring her knell,
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, 5
My Phillida is dead!
I'll stick a branch of willow
At my fair Phillis' head.

For my fair Phillida
Our bridal bed was made: 10
But 'stead of silkes so gay,
She in her shroud is laid.
Ding, &c.

Her corpse shall be attended
By maides in fair array,
Till th' obsequies are ended, 15
And she is wrapt in clay.
Ding, &c.

Her

Ithe above



Her herſe it ſhall be carried
By youths, that do excell;
And when that ſhe is buried,
I thus will ring her knell, 20
Ding, &c.

A garland ſhall be framed
By art and natures ſkill,
Of ſundry-colour'd flowers,
In token of good-will †:
Ding, &c.

And ſundry-colour'd ribbands 25
On it I will beſtow;
But chiefly black and yellowe *
With her to grave ſhall go.
Ding, &c.

I'll decke her tomb with flowers,
The rareſt ever ſeen, 30
And with my tears, as ſhowers,
I'll keepe them freſh and green.
Ding, &c.

Inſtead

† *It is a cuſtom in many parts of England, to carry a ~~fun~~ garland before the corpſe of a woman who dies unmarried.* flowery

* *See above, preface to No. XI. Book II.*

Inſtead of faireſt colours,
  Set forth with curious art *,
Her image ſhall be painted
  On my diſtreſſed heart.
    Ding, &c.

And thereon ſhall be graven
  Her epitaph ſo faire,
" Here lies the loveliest maiden,
  " That e'er gave ſhepheard care."
    Ding, &c.

In ſable will I mourne;
  Blacke ſhall be all my weede,
Ay me! I am forlorne,
  Now Phillida is dead.
    Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
      My Phillida is dead!
      I'll ſtick a branch of willow
        At my fair Phillis' head.

* *This alludes to the painted effiges of Alabaſter, anciently erected upon tombs and monuments.*

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

RELIQUES
OF ANCIENT POETRY, &c.

SERIES THE SECOND.
BOOK III.

I.
THE COMPLAINT OF CONSCIENCE.

I shall begin this THIRD BOOK *with an old allegoric Satire: A manner of moralizing, which, if it was not first introduced by the author of* PIERCE PLOWMAN'S VISIONS, *was at least chiefly brought into repute by that ancient satirist. It is not so generally known that the kind of verse used in this ballad hath any affinity with the peculiar metre of that writer, for which reason I shall throw together some cursory remarks on that very singular species of versification, the nature of which has been so little understood.*

ON

ON THE METRE OF PIERCE PLOWMAN'S VISIONS.

We learn from Wormius *(a)*, that the ancient Islandic poets used a great variety of measures: he mentions 136 different kinds, without including RHYME, or a correspondence of final syllables: yet this was occasionally used, as appears from the Ode of Egil, which Wormius hath inserted in his book.

He hath analysed the structure of one of these kinds of verse, the harmony of which neither depended on the quantity of the syllables, like that of the ancient Greeks and Romans; nor on the rhymes at the end, as in modern poetry; but consisted altogether in alliteration, or a certain artful repetition of the sounds in the middle of the verses. This was adjusted according to certain rules of their prosody, one of which was, that every distich should contain at least three words beginning with the same letter or sound. Two of these correspondent sounds might be placed either in the first or second line of the distich, and one in the other: but all three were not regularly to be crowded into one line. This will be best understood by the following examples *(b)*.

" *M*eire og *M*inne	" *G*ab *G*inunga
*M*ogu heimdaller."	Enn *G*ras huerge."

There were many other little niceties observed by the Islandic poets, who as they retained their original language and peculiarities longer than the other nations of Gothic

(a) Literatura Runica. Hafniæ 1636. 4to.—1651. fol. The ICELANDIC language is of the same origin as our ANGLO-SAXON, being both dialects of the ancient GOTHIC or TEUTONIC. Vid. Hickesii Præfat. in Grammat. Anglo-Saxon. & Moes-Goth. 4to. 1689.

(b) Vid Hickes Antiq. Literatur. Septentrional. Tom. 1. p. 217.