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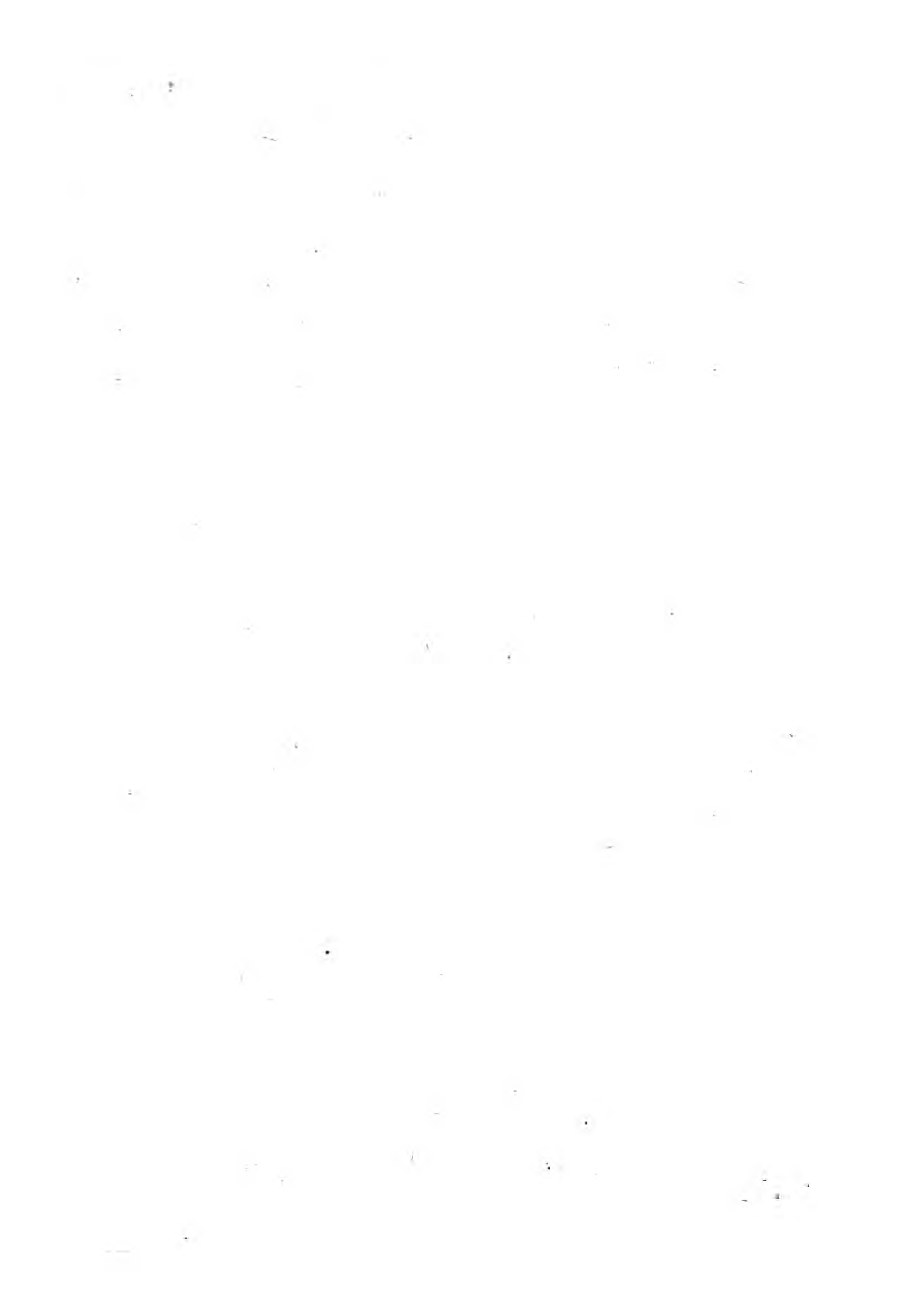


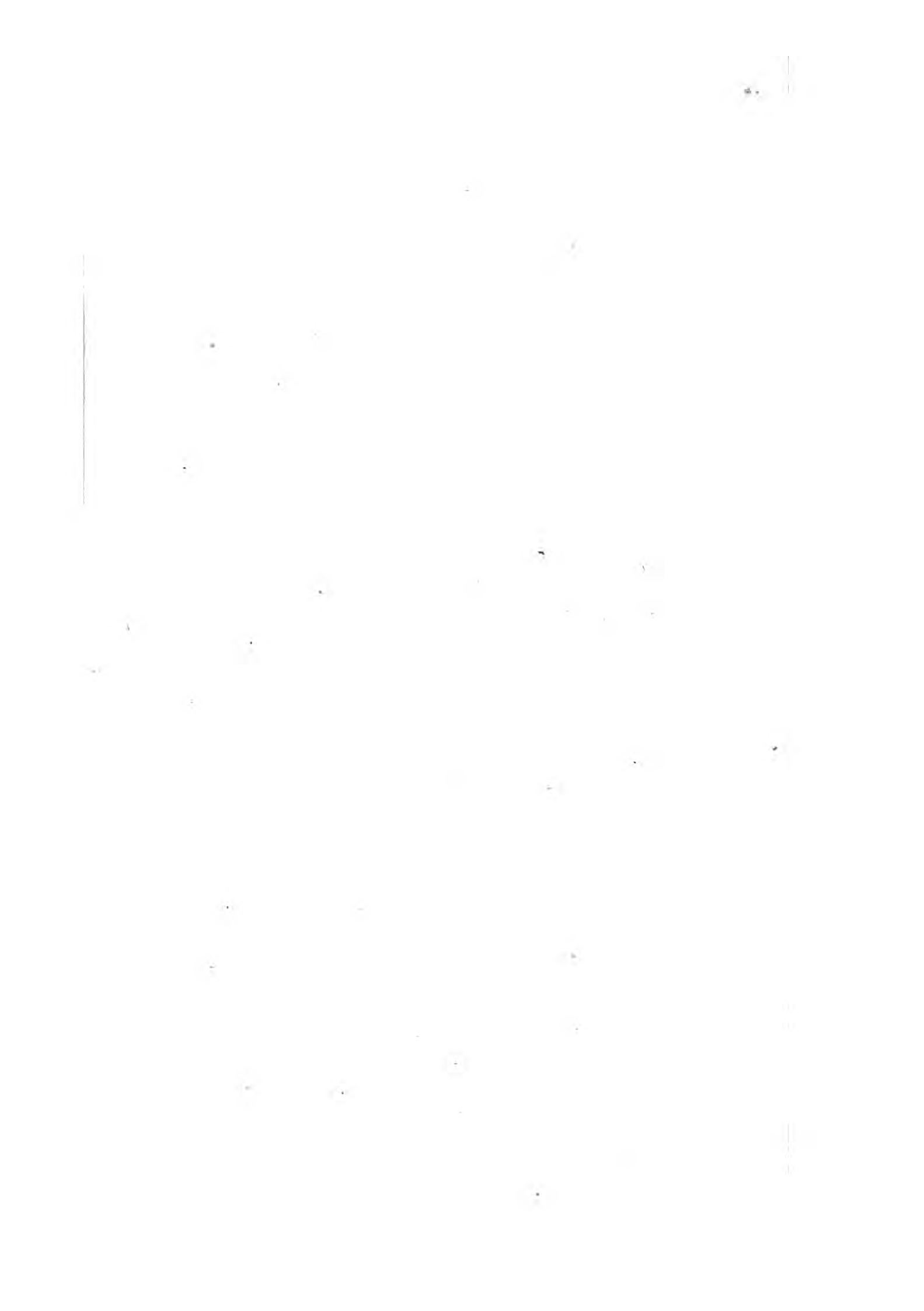
*R. F.*  
ROBERT FINCH

TAYLOR INSTITUTION.  
—  
BEQUEATHED  
TO THE UNIVERSITY  
BY



23





OLD BALLADS,  
HISTORICAL AND NARRATIVE,

*Middle Temple*

OLD BALLADS, 178

HISTORICAL AND NARRATIVE,

WITH SOME OF MODERN DATE,

AND SEVERAL ORIGINALS,

NONE OF WHICH ARE INSERTED IN

DR. PERCY'S COLLECTION,

SECOND EDITION,

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

PHYSICS 309

LECTURE 10

PROBLEMS

PROBLEM 1

PROBLEM 2

**OLD BALLADS,  
HISTORICAL AND NARRATIVE,  
WITH SOME OF MODERN DATE;**

Now first collected, and reprinted from rare Copies and MSS.

**WITH NOTES.**

By **THOMAS EVANS.**

**VOL. II.**



*Isaac Taylor del. et sculp.*

*With rough Majestic Force he mov'd the Heart,  
And Strength & Nature made Amends for Art.*

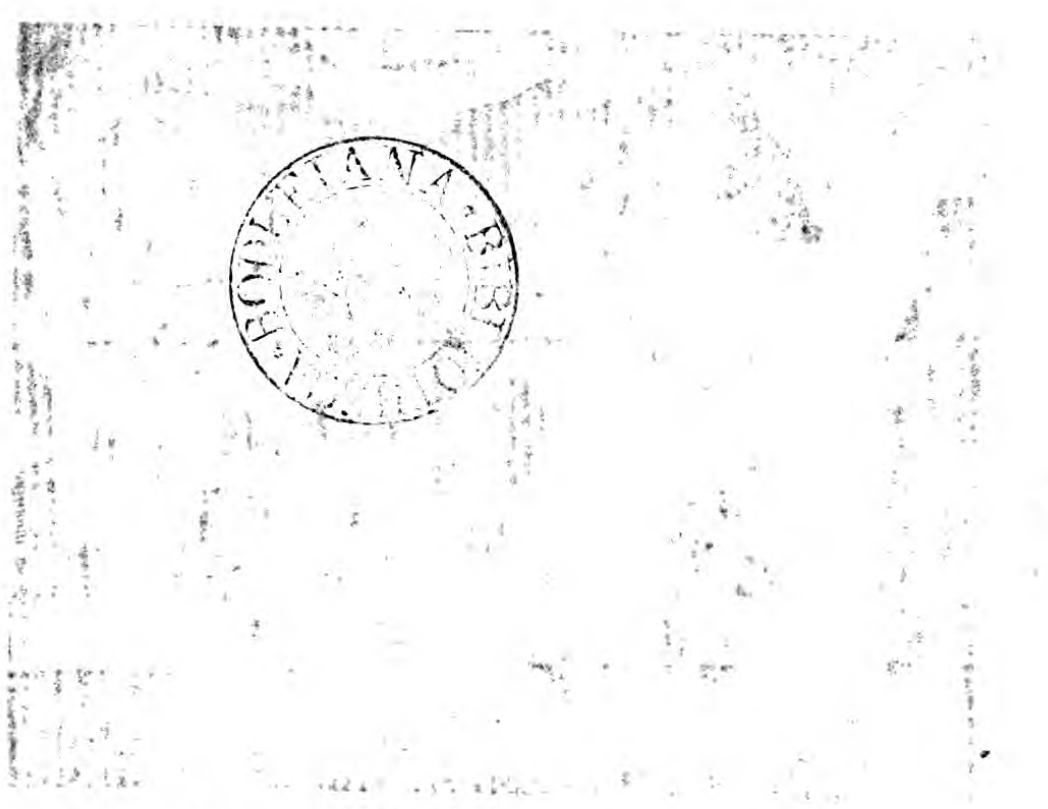
Rowe.

Printed for **T. EVANS**, in the Strand.

**M DCC LXXXIV.**



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A  
C O L L E C T I O N  
O F  
O L D B A L L A D S.

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I.

The Execution of Sir CHARLES BAWDIN.

*The following piece is the production of Thomas Rowlie, a priest in the 15th century; and is supposed to have been written some time after the event which is the subject of it, and which happened in Bristol, in the year 1461, when Edward IV, and the duke of Gloucester (afterwards Richard III.) were in that city.*

**T**HE featherde songsterre Chaunticleer  
Hanne wounde hys bugle horne,  
And tolde the earlie villagers  
The commynge of the morne :

Kynge Edward sawe the ruddie streakes  
Of lyghte eclypse the greie ;  
And hearde the ravenn's crokyng throte  
Proclayme the fatedd daie.

Thou'rt ryghte, quod hee, for, bye the Godde,  
 That fytted enthron'd on hyghe !  
 Charles Bawdin, and hys fellowes twaine,  
 To-daie shalle surelie die.

Thenne wythe a jugge of nappy ale  
 Hys knyghtes dydd onne hymm waite ;  
 Goe tell the traytor, thatt to-daie  
 Hee leaves thys mortalle state.

Syrr Canterlone thenne bendedd lowe,  
 Wythe harte brymm fulle of woe ;  
 Hee journey'd to the castle-gate,  
 And to fyrr Charles dydd goe.

Butt whenne he came, hys children twaine,  
 And eke hys lovyng wyfe,  
 Wythe brinie tears dydd wett the floore,  
 For goode fyrr Charles's lyfe.

O goode fyrr Charles ! sayd Canterlone,  
 Badde tydyngs I doe brynge.  
 Speek boldlie, manne, sayd brave fyrr Charles,  
 Whatte sayst thie traytor kynge ?

I greeve to telle, before yonne sonne  
 Does fromme the welkinn flye,  
 Hee hath uponne hys honorr sayde,  
 Thatt thou shalt surelie die.

Wee all must die, quod brave fyrr Charles ;  
 Of thatte I'm not affearde ;  
 Whatte bootes to lyve a little space ?  
 Thanke Jesu I'm prepar'd :

Butt telle thye kynge, for myne hee's not,  
 I'de soonerr die to-daie  
 Thanne lyve hys slave, as manie are,  
 Tho' I should lyve for aie.

Thenne Canterlone hee dydd goe out,  
 To telle the maior straite  
 To gett all thynges ynne readyness  
 Forre goode fyrr Charles's fate.

Thenne maisterr Canynge faughte the kynge,  
 And felle down onne hys knee ;  
 I'm comme, quod hee, unto your grace  
 To move your clemencye.

Thenne quod the kynge, Youre tale speeke out,  
 You have been much oure friende ;  
 Whateverr youre request may bee,  
 Wee wylle to ytte attende.

Mye noble leige ! alle mye request  
 Ys for a nobile knyghte,  
 Whoe, tho' mayhap hee has donne wronge,  
 Hee thoughte ytte styll was ryghte :



4 OLD BALLADS.

Hee has a spouse and childrenne twaine,  
Alle rewyn'd are forr aie ;  
Yff that you are resolv'd to lett  
Charles Bawdin die to-daie.

Speek nott of such a traytorr vile,  
The kynge ynne furie fayde ;  
Before the evening starre shalle sheene,  
Bawdin shalle loofe hys hedde :

Justice does loudlie for hymm calle,  
And hee shalle have hys meede :  
Speeke, maisterr Canynge ! whatte thyng else  
Att present doe you neede ?

Mye nobile leige ! goode Canynge sayde,  
Leave justice to our Godde,  
And laye the yronne rule asyde ;  
Bee thyne the olyve rodde.

Was Godde to ferche our hertes and reines,  
The best were fynners grete ;  
Christ's vycarr only knowes ne synne,  
Ynne alle this mortalle state.

Lette Mercie rule thyne ynnfante reigne,  
'Twylle faste thye crowne fulle sure ;  
From race to race thye familie  
Alle fov'reigns shalle endure :

Butt

Butt yff wythe bloode and slaughter thou  
Beginne thye ynnfante reigne,  
Thye crowne uponne thye childrennes brows  
Wylle neverr long rémayne.

Canynge, awaie ! thys traytorr vile  
Has scorn'd my powerr and mee ;  
Howe canst thou thenne forr such a manne  
Intreate my clemencye ?

Mye nobile leige ! the trulie brave  
Wylle val'rous actions prize,  
Respect a brave and nobile mynde,  
Altho' ynne enemies.

Canynge, awaie ! by Godde ynne heav'nne,  
Thatt dydd mee beinge gyve,  
I wylle nott taste a bitt of breade  
Whilst thys fyrr Charles dothe lyve !

Bye Marie, and alle seinctes ynne heav'nne,  
Thys funne shalle bee hys laste !  
Thenne Canyngedropt a brinie teare,  
And from the presence parte.

Wythe herte brymm fulle of gnawyngedgrief,  
Hee to fyrr Charles dydd goe,  
And satt hymm downe uponne a stoole,  
And teares beganne to flowe.

## 6 OLD BALLADS.

Wee all must die, quod brave fyrr Charles ;  
Whatte boottes ytte howe or whenne ;  
Dethe ys the fare, the certaine fate  
Of all we mortalle menne.

Saye whye, mye friend, thie honest soul  
Runns overr att thyne eye ;  
Is ytte forr mye most welcomme doome  
That thou dost child-lyke crye ?

Quod godlie Canynge, I doe weepe,  
Thatt thou soe soone must dye,  
And leave thye helplefs sonnes behynde ;  
'Tys thys that wettes myne eye.

Thenne drie the tears thatt out thyne eye  
Fromme godlie fountains sprynge ;  
Dethe I despise, and alle the powerr  
Of Edwarde, traytorr kynge.

Whenne thro' the tyrant's welcomme means,  
I shalle resigne mye lyfe,  
The Godde I serve wylle soone provyde  
For bothe mye sonnes and wyfe.

Before I sawe the lyghtsome funne,  
Thys was appointed mee ;  
Shalle mortal manne repyne and grudge  
Whatte Godde ordaynes to bee ?

Howe

Howe oft ynne battaile have I stode,  
 Whenne thousands dy'd arounde ;  
 Whenne smokyng streemes of crymson bloode  
 Imbrew'd the fatten'dde grounde :

Howe dydd I knowe thatt ev'ry darte,  
 Thatt cutte the airie waie,  
 Myghte nott fynde passage toe mye herte,  
 And close myne eyes for aie ?

And shalle I nowe, forr feare of dethe,  
 Looke wanne and bee dismayde ?  
 Ne ! fromme my herte flie childish feere,  
 Bee alle the manne display'd.

Ah, goddelyke Henrie ! Godde forefende,  
 And garde thee and thye sonne,  
 Yff 'tis hys wylle ; and yff 'tis nott,  
 Whye thenne hys wylle bee donne.

Mye honest friende, mye faulte has beene  
 To serve Godde and mye prynee ;  
 And thatt I no tyme-serverr am,  
 Mye dethe wylle soon convynce.

Ynne Londonne citye was I borne,  
 Of parents of grete note ;  
 My fader dydd a nobile armes  
 Emblazenn onne his cote :

## 8 OLD BALLADS.

I make ne doubtte butt hee ys gone  
Where soone I hope to goe ;  
Where wee forr everr blest shalle bee,  
Fromme oute the reech of woe :

Hee taughte mee justice and the laws  
Wythe pitie to unite ;  
And eke hee taughte mee howe to knowe  
The wronge cause fromme the ryghte ;

Hee taughte mee wythe a prudent hande  
To feede the hungrie poore,  
Ne lett mye sarvants dryve awaie  
The hungrie fromme mye doore ;

And none canne saye, butt alle mye lyfe  
I have hys wordyes kept ;  
And summ'd the actyonns of the daie  
Eche nyghte before I slept.

I have a spoufe, goe aske of her,  
Yff I defyl'd herr bedde ?  
I have a kynge, and none canne laie  
Blacke treasonn onne mye hedde.

Ynne Lent, and onne the holie eve,  
Fromme fleshe I did refrayne ;  
Whie should I thenne appeare dismay'd  
To leave thys worlde of payne ?

Ne! haplefs Henrie! I rejoyce,  
I fhalle ne fee thye dethe;  
Mofte willynglie in thye juft caufe  
Doe I refign mye brethe.

Oh, fickle people! rewyn'd londe!  
Thou wylt kenne peace ne moe;  
Whyle Richard's fonnes exalt themfelves,  
Thye brookes wythe bloude wyll flowe.

Saie, were ye tyr'd of godlie peace,  
And godlie Henrie's reigne,  
Thatt you dydd choppe youre eafie daies  
For thofe of bloude and peyne?

Whatte tho' I onne a fledde bee drawne,  
And mangledd bye a hynde,  
I doe defye the traytorr's pow'rre,  
Hee canne ne hurte mye mynde;

Whatte tho', uphoifted onne a pole,  
Mye lymbes fhalle rotte ynne ayre,  
And ne ryche monument of braffe  
Charles Bawdin's name fhalle bear;

Yett ynne the holie booke above,  
Whyche tyme can't eate awaie,  
There wythe the farvants of the Lorde  
Mye name fhalle lyve for aie.

Thenne

Thenne welcomme dethe! forr lyfe eterne  
 I leave thys mortalle lyfe :  
 Farewell, vayne worlde, and alle that 's deare,  
 Mye fonnes and lovyng wyfe!

Nowe dethe as wellcomme to mee comes,  
 As e'er the monthe of Maie ;  
 Norr wou'de I evenn wyfhe to lyve,  
 Wythe mye dere wyfe to staie.

Quod Canyng, 'Tys a goodlie thyng  
 To bee prepar'd to die ;  
 And fromme this place of care and peyne  
 To Godde ynne Heav'ne to flie.

And nowe the belle beganne to tolle,  
 And claryonnes to founde ;  
 Syrr Charles hee herde the horses feete  
 A prauncyng onne the grounde :

And just before the officers,  
 His lovyng wyfe came ynne,  
 Weepyng unfeigned teeres of woé,  
 Wythe loude and dysmalle dynne.

Sweet Florence ! nowe I praie forbere,  
 Ynne quiet lett mee die ;  
 Praie Godde, thatt ev'rye chrystianne soule  
 Maye looke onne dethe as I.

Sweet

Sweet Florence! whye these brinie teares?

Theye washe mye foule awaie,  
And almost make mee wyfhe forr lyfe,  
Wythe thee sweete dame, to staie,

'Tys butt a journie I shalle goe

Untoe the land of blyffe;  
Nowe, as a prooffe of husbände's love,  
Receive thys holie kyffe.

Thenne Florence, fault'ring ynne herr faie,

Tremblynge these wordyes spoke,  
Ah, cruele Edwarde! bloudie kyng!  
Mye herte ys welle nigh broke:

Ah, sweete fyrr Charles! whye wylt thou goe,

Wythoute thye lovyng wyfe?  
The cruelle axe thatt cuttes thye necke,  
Ytte eke shalle ende mye lyfe.

And nowe the officers came ynne

To bryng fyrr Charles awaie,  
Whoe turnedd toe hys lovyng wyfe,  
And thus toe her dydd faie:

I goe to lyfe, and nott to dethe:

Truste thou ynne Godde above,  
And teache thy sonnes to feare the Lorde,  
And ynne theyre hertes hymm love.

Teache



12      O L D B A L L A D S.

Teache themm to runne the nobile race  
Thatt I theyre faderr runne :  
Florence ! dydd dethe thee take—Adieu !  
Yee officerr, leade onne.

Thenne Florence rav'd as anie madde,  
And dydd her tresser teer ;  
Oh ! staie, mye husbande ! lorde ! and lyfe !  
Syrr Charles thenne dropt a teare.

Tyll tyredd oute wythe ravyngge loud,  
Shee fallenn onne the floore ;  
Syrr Charles exertedd alle hys myghte,  
And march'de fromme oute the doore.

Uponne a sledde hee mountedd thenne,  
Wythe lookes fulle brave and fwete ;  
Lookes that enshone ne moe concern  
Thanne anie ynne the strete.

Before hymm went the counccille menne,  
Ynne scarlett robes and golde,  
And tassils spanglyngge ynne the sunne,  
Muche glorious to beholde :

The fre'rs of Seincte Auguftyne next  
Appearedd to the fyghte,  
Alle cladd ynne homelie ruffett weedes,  
Of godlie monkysh plyghte :

Ynne

Ynne diffraunt partes a godlie pfaume  
 Moſte ſweetlie theye dydd chaunte ;  
 Behynde theyre backes fyx mynſtrelles came,  
 Whoe tun'd the ſtrunge bataunte ;

Thenne five-and-twentye archerrs came ;  
 Echone the bowe dydd bende,  
 Fromm reſcue of kynge Henrie's friends  
 Syrr Charles forr to defend.

Bolde as a lyon came Syrr Charles,  
 Drawne onne a clothe-layde ſledde,  
 Bye two black ſtedes ynne trappyngeſ white,  
 Wythe plumes uponne theyre hedde :

Behynde hymm, five-and-twenty moe  
 Of archerrs ſtronge and ſtoute,  
 Wythe bendedd bowe echone ynne hande,  
 Marchedd ynne goodlie route :

Seinſte James's freers marchedd next,  
 Echone hys parte dydd chaunte ;  
 Behynde theyre backes ſix mynſtrelles came,  
 Whoe tun'd the ſtrunge bataunte :

Thenne came the maior and eldermenne,  
 Ynne clothe of ſcarlett deckt ;  
 And theyre attendyng menne echone,  
 Like Eaſterne princes trickt :

And

And afterr themm a multitude  
 Of citizenns dydd thronge ;  
 The wyndowes were alle fulle of heddes,  
 As he did passe alonge.

And whenne hee came to the hyghe crosse,  
 Syrr Charles dydd turn and faie,  
 O thou, thatt savest manne fromme synne,  
 Washe mye foule clean thys daie !

Att the greate mynferr windowe fatte  
 The kynge ynne myckle state,  
 To see Charles Bawdin goe alonge  
 To hys most welcomme fate.

Soone as the sledde drew nyghe enowe,  
 Thatt Edwarde hee myghte heare,  
 The brave Syrr Charles hee dydd stande uppe,  
 And thus hys wordes declare :

Thou seeest mee, Edwarde ! traytorr vyle !  
 Expos'd to infamie ;  
 Butt bee assur'd disloyalle manne !  
 I'mm greaterr nowe thanne thee.

Bye foule procedyngs, murdre, bloude,  
 Thou wearest nowe a crowne ;  
 And hast appoyntedd mee to dye,  
 Bye powerr not thye owne.

Thou

Thou thynekest I shalle dye to-daie ;  
 I have beene dede 'tyll nowe,  
 And soone shalle lyve to weare forr aie  
 A crowne uponne mye browe :

Whylst thou, perhaps, forr somme few yeares,  
 Shaltt rule thys fickle lande,  
 To lett themm knowe howe wyde the rule  
 'Twixt kynge and tyrant hande :

'Thye pow'rr unjust, thou traytorr slave !  
 Shalle falle onne thye owne hedde—  
 Fromm out the hearyng of the kynge  
 Departedd thenne the fledde.

Kynge Edward's foule rush'dd to hys face,  
 Hee turn'dd hys hedde awaie,  
 And to hys broderr Gloucester  
 Hee thus dydd speeke and faie :

To hymm that foe-much-dreadedd dethe  
 Ne ghastlie feares canne brynge !  
 Beholde the manne ! hee spoke the truthe,  
 Hee's greaterr thanne a kynge !

See lett hymm die ! duke Richard fayde ;  
 And maye echone oure foes  
 Bende downe theyre neckes to bloudie axe,  
 And feede the caryonn crows.

**And**

And nowe the horses gentlie drewe  
 Syrr Charles uppe the hyghe hylle ;  
 The axe dydd glysterr ynne the funne,  
 Hys pretious bloude to spylle.

Syrr Charles dydd uppe the scaffold goe,  
 As uppe a gilded carre  
 Of victorie, bye val'rous chiefs,  
 Gayn'd ynne the bloudie warre :

And to the people hee dydd saie,  
 Beholde you see mee dye,  
 For ferynge loyallye mye kynge,  
 Mye kynge most ryghtfullie.

As longe as Edward rules thys lande,  
 Ne quiet you wylle knowe ;  
 Youre sonnes and husbandes shalle bee slayne,  
 And brookes wythe bloude shalle flowe.

You leave youre goode and lawfulle kynge,  
 Whenne ynne adverfitye ;  
 Lyke mee untoe the true cause stycke,  
 And for the true cause dye.

Thenn hee, wythe preeftes, uponne hys knees,  
 A pray'rr to Godde dydd make,  
 Befecchyng hymm unto himselfe  
 Hys partyng soule to take.

Thenne

Thenne kneelynge downe, hee layd hys hedde,  
 Most feemlie onne the blocke ;  
 Whyche fromme hys bodie fayre at once  
 The able heddes-manne stroke :

And oute the bloude beganne to flowe,  
 And rounde the scaffolde twyne ;  
 And teares enow to washe 't awaie,  
 Dydd flowe fromme each manne's eyne.

The bloudie axe hys bodye fayre  
 Ynnto foure parties cutte ;  
 And ev'rye parte, and eke hys hedde,  
 Uponne a pole was putte.

One parte dydd rotte onne Kynwulph-Hylle,  
 One onne the mynferr-towerr,  
 And one fromme off the castle-gate  
 The crowenn dydd devoure :

The other onne Seyncte Powle's goode gate,  
 A dreery spectacle ;  
 Hys hedde was plac'd onne the hyghe crosse,  
 Ynne hyghe streete most nobile.

Thus was the ende of Bawdin's fate :  
 Godde prosperr longe oure kynge,  
 And grante hee maye, wythe Bawdin's foule,  
 Ynne Heav'nne Godde's mercie syngel

## II.

The most cruel murder of Edward V. and his  
brother the duke of York, in the Tower, by their  
uncle the duke of Gloucester.

**W**HEN God had ta'en away true wisdom's king,  
Edward the IVth, whose fame shall always ring ;  
Which reigned had full two and twenty years,  
And ruled well amongst his noble peers.

When as he dy'd, two sons he left behind,  
The prince of Wales, and duke of York most kind :  
The prince the eldest but eleven years old ;  
The duke more young, as chronicles have told.

The dead king's brother, duke of Gloucester,  
Was chosen for the prince his protector ;  
Who straitway plotted how to get the crown,  
And pull his brother Edward's children down.

Edward the fifth the prince was call'd by name,  
Who by succession did that title gain :  
A prudent prince, whose wisdom did excel  
Which made his uncles' heart with hatred swell.

Then

Then did the duke use all the means he might,  
By damn'd devices for to work their spite ;  
At length the devil put it in his head,  
How all his plots should be accomplished.

With fugar'd words, which had a poison'd sting,  
He did entice the duke and the young king,  
For safety's fake to lodge them in the Tower ;  
A strong defence, and London's chiefest flower.

With fair-spoke speeches and bewitching charms,  
He told them 'twould secure them from all harms :  
Thus by fair words, yet cruel treachery,  
He won their hearts within the Tower to lie.

Great entertainment he these princes gave,  
And caus'd the Tower to be furnish'd brave ;  
With sumptous cheer he feasted them that day :  
Thus subtle wolves with harmless lambs do play.

With musick sweet he fill'd their princely ears,  
And to their face a smiling count'nance bears ;  
But his foul heart with mischief was possess'd,  
And treach'rous thoughts were always in his breast.

When as bright Phœbus had possess'd the west,  
And that the time was come for all to rest ;  
The duke of Glo'ster the two princes led  
Into a sumptuous chamber to their bed.



When these sweet children thus were laid in bed,  
 And to the Lord their hearty prayers had said ;  
 Sweet slumb'ring sleep then closing up their eyes,  
 Each folded in the other's arms there lies.

The bloody uncle of these children sweet,  
 Unto a knight to break his mind thought meet ;  
 One Sir James Tyrrell, which did think it best,  
 For to agree unto his vile request.

Sir James, he said, my resolution 's this,  
 And for to do the same you must not miss :  
 This night see that the king be murdered,  
 With the young duke, as they do lie in bed :

So when these branches I have hewed down,  
 There is none left to keep me from the crown :  
 My brother, duke of Clarence, he was found  
 I' th' Tower, within a butt of Malmsey drown'd :

It was my plot that he should drowned be,  
 'Cause none should claim the crown but only me :  
 And when these children thou hast murdered,  
 I'll wear that diadem upon my head.

And know, thou Tyrrell, when that I am king,  
 I'll raise thy state, and honours to thee bring,  
 Then be resolv'd, and be not thou afraid.  
 My lord, I 'll do it, bloody Tyrrell said,

He

He got two villains for to act this part,  
Disguised murderers, each a hell-bred heart ;  
The one Miles Forest, which their keeper was,  
The other John Dighton, master of his horse.

At midnight then, when all things they were hush'd,  
These bloody slaves into the chamber rush'd ;  
And to the bed full softly they did creep,  
Where these sweet princes lay full fast asleep :

Who presently did wrap them in the clothes,  
And stopp'd their harmless breath with the pillows ;  
Yet did they strive and struggle what they might,  
Until the slaves had stifled both them quite.

When as the murth'ers saw that they were dead,  
They took their bodies forth the fatal bed ;  
And then they bury'd these same little ones,  
At the stair-feet, under a heap of stones.

But mark how God did scourge them for this deed,  
As in the chronicles you there may read ;  
Blood deserves blood, for so the Lord hath said ;  
And at the length their blood was truly paid.

For when their uncle he had reign'd two years,  
He fell at variance then amongst his peers ;  
In Lei'stershire, at Bosworth he was slain,  
By Richmond's earl, as he did rightly gain.

In pieces he was hewed by his foes ;  
 Thus Richard crook-back ended life with woes ;  
 They stripp'd him then, and dragg'd him up and down,  
 And on stout Richmond's head they put the crown.

The bloody murtherer, Sir James Tyrrill,  
 For treason lost his head on Tower-hill ;  
 And to Miles Forest fell no worse a lot ;  
 Alive in pieces he away did rot.

And John Dighton, the other bloody fiend,  
 No man could tell how he came to his end.  
 Thus God did pay these murth'ers for their hire ;  
 And hell-bred Pluto plagues them now with fire.

### III.

The life and death of the great Duke of Buckingham,  
 who came to an untimely end, for consenting to the  
 deposing of the two gallant young princes, king Ed-  
 ward the fourth's children.

**A** Tale of grief I must unfold,  
 A tale that never yet was told,  
 A tale that might to pity move,  
 The spirits below, the saints above.

When

When wars did plague this maiden land,  
Great Buckingham in grace did stand;  
With kings and queens he ruled so,  
When he said Ay, none durst say No.

Great Gloucester's duke that wash'd the throne  
With blood of kings to make 't his own,  
By Henry Stafford's help obtain'd  
What reason will'd to be refrain'd.

If any noble of this land,  
Against great Gloucester's aim did stand,  
Old Buckingham with might and power,  
In grievous woes did him devour.

He hop'd when Richard was made king,  
He would much greater honours bring  
To Buckingham and to his name,  
And well reward him for the fame.

In Clarence death he had a hand,  
And 'gainst king Edward's queen did stand,  
And to her sons bore little love,  
When he as bastards would them prove.

King Edward swore him by his oath,  
In true allegiance to them both,  
Which if I fail, I wish, quoth he,  
All Christians curse may light on me.

It so fell out on All Souls day,  
 By law his life was ta'en away :  
 He had his wish, though not his will,  
 For treason's end is always ill.

In London having pleaded claim,  
 And Richard thereby won the game,  
 He challeng'd honour for his gain,  
 But was rewarded with disdain.

On which disgrace within few hours,  
 Great Buckingham had rais'd his powers :  
 But all in vain, the king was strong,  
 And Stafford needs must suffer wrong.

His army fail'd, and durst not stand,  
 Upon a traytor's false command.  
 Being thus deceiv'd, old Stafford fled,  
 And knew not where to hide his head.

The king with speed to have him found,  
 Did offer full ten thousand pound :  
 Thus Richard fought to cast him down,  
 Whose wit did win him England's crown.

The plain old duke his life to save,  
 Of his own man did succour crave ;  
 In hope that he would him relieve,  
 That late much land to him did give.

Bafe Banifter this man was nam'd,  
By this vile deed for ever sham'd:  
It is, quoth he, a common thing,  
To injure him who wrong'd his king.

King Edward's children he betray'd,  
The like 'gainst him I well have plaid:  
Being true, my heart him greatly grac'd,  
But proving false that love is past.

Thus Banifter his master fold  
Unto his foe for hire of gold;  
But mark his end, and rightly see,  
The just reward of treachery.

The duke by law did lose his head,  
For him he fought to do most good;  
The man that wrought his master's woe,  
By lingring grief was brought full low.

For when the king did hear him speak,  
How basely he the duke did take,  
Instead of gold gave him disgrace,  
With banishment from town to place.

Thus Banifter was forc'd to beg,  
And crave for food with cap and leg,  
But none on him would bread bestow,  
That to his master prov'd a foe.

Thus

Thus wandring in this poor estate,  
Repenting his misdeeds too late,  
Till starved he gave up his breath,  
By no man pitied at his death.

To woful end his children came,  
Sore punish'd for their father's shame :  
Within a channel one was drown'd,  
Where water scarce could hide the ground.

Another by the powers divine,  
Was strangely eaten up of swine :  
The last a woful ending makes,  
By strangling in an empty jakes.

Let traytors thus behold and see,  
And such as false to masters be :  
Let disobedient sons draw near,  
The judgments well may touch them near.

Both old and young that live not well,  
Look to be plagu'd from heaven or hell ;  
So have you heard the story then  
Of this great duke of Buckingham.

## IV.

A song of the life and death of king Richard III, who, after many murders by him committed upon the princes and nobles of this land, was slain at the battle of Bosworth, in Leicestershire, by Henry VII. king of England.

**I**N England once there reign'd a king,  
A tyrant fierce and fell,  
Who for to gain himself a crown,  
Gave sure his soul to hell :  
Third Richard was this tyrant's name,  
The worst of all the three ;  
That wrought such deeds of deadly dole,  
That worse could not be.

For his desires were still (by blood)  
To be made England's king,  
Which he to gain that golden prize,  
Did many a wondrous thing :  
He slaughter'd up our noble peers,  
And chiefest in this land,  
With every one that likely was  
His title to withstand.



Four bloody fields the tyrant fought,  
Ere he could bring to pass  
What he made lawless claim unto,  
As his best liking was :  
Sixth Henry's princely son he slew,  
Before his father's face,  
And weeded from our English throne,  
All his renowned race.

This king likewise in London tower,  
He murdering made away :  
His brother duke of Clarence life,  
He also did betray,  
With those right noble princes twain,  
King Edward's children dear,  
Because to England's royal crown  
He thought them both too near.

His own dear wife also he slew,  
Incestuously to wed  
His own dear daughter, which for fear  
Away from him was fled :  
And made such havock in this land,  
Of all the royal blood,  
That only one was left unflain,  
To have his claims withstood.

Earl Richmond he by heaven preserv'd,  
To right his country's wrong,  
From France prepar'd full well to fight,  
Brought o'er an army strong:  
To whom lord Stanley nobly came,  
With many an English peer,  
And join'd their forces all in one,  
Earl Richmond's heart to cheer.

Which news when as the tyrant heard,  
How they were come on shore,  
And how his forces day by day,  
Increased more and more:  
He frets, he fumes, and ragingly  
A madding fury shows,  
And thought it but in vain to stay,  
And so to battel goes.

Earl Richmond he in order brave,  
His fearless army led,  
In midst of whom these noble words,  
Their valiant leader said,  
Now is the time and place, sweet friends,  
And we the soldiers be,  
That must bring England's peace again,  
Or lose our lives must we.

Be valiant then, we fight for fame,  
And for our country's good,  
Against a tyrant mark'd with shame,  
For shedding English blood :  
I am right heir of Lancafter,  
Entitl'd to the crown,  
Against this bloody \* boar of York,  
Then let us win renown.

Mean while had furious Richard set  
His army in array,  
And with a ghastly look of fear,  
Desparingly did fay,  
Shall Henry Richmond with his troops  
O'er-match us thus by might,  
That comes with fearful cowardice,  
With us this day to fight ?

Shall Tudor from Plantagenet  
Win thus the crown away ?  
No, Richard's noble mind foretels,  
That ours will be the day :  
For golden crowns we bravely fight,  
And gold shall be their gain,  
In great abundance giv'n to them,  
That live this day unslain.

\* Richard was usually called the Boar of York, by reason of the boar he had in his coat of arms.

These words being spoke, the battels join'd,  
Where blows they bravely change,  
And Richmond, like a lion bold,  
Performed wonders strange ;  
And made such slaughter through the camp,  
Till he king Richard 'spies,  
Who fighting long together there,  
At last the tyrant dies.

Thus ended England's woful war,  
Ufurping Richard dead,  
King Henry fair Elizabeth  
In princely sort did wed :  
For he was then made England's king,  
And she is crowned queen :  
So 'twixt these houses long at strife,  
A unity was seen.

## V.

The Union of the Red Rose and the White, by a marriage between king Henry VII. and a daughter of Edward IV.

**W**HEN York and Lancaster made war  
 Within this famous land,  
 The lives of England's noble peers  
 Did much in danger stand.  
 Seven English kings in bloody fields,  
 For England's crown did fight ;  
 Of which their heirs were all but twain,  
 Of life bereaved quite.

Then thirty thousand Englishmen  
 Were in one battel slain ;  
 Yet could not all this English blood  
 A settled peace obtain.  
 Fathers unkind their children kill'd,  
 And sons their fathers slew ;  
 Yea, kindred fought against their kind,  
 And not each other knew.

At

At last, by Henry's lawful claim,  
The warring wars had end :  
For England's peace he soon restor'd,  
And did the same defend.  
For tyrant Richard, nam'd the third,  
The breeder of this woe,  
By him was slain near Leicester town,  
As chronicles do show.

All feats of war he thus exil'd,  
Which joy'd each Englishman ;  
And days of long-desir'd peace  
Within the land began.  
He rul'd this kingdom by true love,  
To cheer his subjects lives :  
For every one had daily joy  
And comfort of their wives.

King Henry had such princely care  
Our further peace to frame,  
Took fair Elizabeth to wife,  
That gallant Yorkish dame :  
Fourth Edward's daughter, bless'd of God,  
To 'scape king Richard's spite,  
Was thus made England's peerless queen,  
And Henry's heart's delight.

Thus Henry, first of Tudor's name,  
And Lancaster the first,  
With York's right heir a true love's knot  
Did link and tye full fast.  
Renowned York the white rose gave,  
Brave Lancaster the red :  
By wedlock now conjoin'd to grow  
Both in one princely bed.

These roses sprang and budded fair,  
And carry'd such a grace,  
That kings of England in their arms  
Afford them worthy place.  
And flourish may those roses long,  
That all the world may tell,  
How owners of these princely flow'rs  
In virtues did excel.

To glorify these roses more,  
King Henry and his queen  
First plac'd their pictures in wrought gold,  
Most gorgeous to be seen.  
The king's own guard now wear the same  
Upon their back and breast ;  
Where love and loyalty remain,  
And evermore shall rest.

The red rose on the back is plac'd,  
Thereon a crown of gold :  
The white rose on the breast is braye,  
And costly to behold.  
Bedeck'd most rich with silver studs,  
On coat of scarlet red ;  
A blushing hue, which England's fame  
Now many a year hath bred.

Thus Tudor and Plantagenet  
These honours first devis'd,  
To welcome long-desired peace,  
With us so highly priz'd.  
A peace that now maintained is,  
By James our royal king :  
For peace brings plenty to the land,  
With ev'ry blessed thing.

To speak again of Henry's praise,  
His princely lib'ral hand  
Gave gifts and graces many ways  
Unto this famous land :  
For which the Lord him blessings sent,  
And multiplied his store ;  
In that he left more wealth to us  
Than any king before.



For first his sweet and lovely queen,  
A joy above the rest,  
Brought him both sons and daughters fair,  
To make his kingdom blest'd.  
The royal blood that was at ebb,  
So increas'd by his queen,  
That England's heirs unto this day  
Do flourish fair and green.

The first fair blessing of his seed  
Was Arthur prince of Wales,  
Whose virtue to the Spanish court  
Quite o'er the ocean fails.  
There Ferdinand, the king of Spain,  
His daughter Katherine gave  
For wife unto the English prince ;  
A thing that God would have.

Yet Arthur in his lofty youth,  
And blooming time of age,  
Submitted meekly his sweet life  
To death's impartial rage ;  
Who dying so, no issue left,  
The sweet of nature's joy,  
Which compass'd England round with grief,  
And Spain with sad annoy.

King

King Henry's second comfort prov'd  
A Henry of his name ;  
In following times eighth Henry call'd,  
A king of noble fame.  
He conquer'd Bulloign with his sword,  
With many towns in France :  
With manly mind and fortitude,  
Did England's fame advance.

He popish abbeys first suppress'd,  
And papistry pull'd down ;  
And bound their lands by parliament  
Unto his royal crown.  
He had three children by three wives,  
And princes reigning here ;  
Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth  
A queen belov'd most dear.

These three sweet branches bear no fruit,  
God no such joy did send ;  
Thro' which the kingly Tudor's name  
In England here had end.  
The last Plantagenet that liv'd  
Was nam'd Elizabeth :  
Elizabeth last Tudor was,  
The greatest queen on earth.

Seventh Henry yet we name again,  
Whose grace gave free consent  
To have his daughters marry'd both  
To kings of high descent :  
Marg'ret, the eldest of the twain,  
Was made great Scotland's queen ;  
As wife, as fair, as virtuous  
As e'er was lady seen.

From which fair queen, our royal king  
Does lineally descend ;  
And rightfully enjoys that crown,  
Which God does still befriend.  
For Tudor and Plantagenet,  
By yielding unto death,  
Have made renowned Stuart's name  
The greatest upon earth.

His youngest daughter, Mary call'd,  
As princely in degree,  
Was by her father worthy thought  
The queen of France to be :  
And after to the Suffolk duke  
Was made a noble wife,  
When in the famous English court  
She led a virtuous life.

King

King Henry and his loving queen  
Rejoic'd to see the day,  
To have their children thus advanc'd  
With honours every way.  
Which purchas'd pleasure and content,  
With many years delight ;  
Till sad mischance, by cruel death,  
Procur'd them both a spite.

The queen, that fair and princely dame,  
That mother meek and mild,  
To add more number to her joy,  
Again grew big with child :  
All which brought comfort to her king,  
Against which careful hour,  
He lodg'd his dear kind-hearted queen  
In London's stately tower.

That tow'r that was so fatal once  
To princes of degree,  
Prov'd fatal to this noble queen,  
For therein died she.  
In childbed lost she her sweet life,  
Her life esteem'd so dear ;  
Which had been England's loving queen  
Full many a happy year.

The king herewith possess'd with grief,  
Spent many months in moan ;  
And daily sigh'd and said, that he,  
Like her, could find out none ;  
Nor none could he in fancy chuse  
To make his wedded wife ;  
Wherefore a widow'r would remain  
The remnant of his life.

His after-days he spent in peace  
And quietness of mind :  
Like king and queen, as these two were,  
The world can hardly find.  
Our king and queen, yet like to them  
In virtue and true love,  
Have heav'nly blessings in like sort,  
From heav'nly pow'rs above.

## VI.

The story of Ill May-day, in the time of king Henry VIII. and why it was so called ; and how queen Catherine begged the lives of two thousand London apprentices.

*The following song is founded upon a fact ; nor has the writer taken many liberties in altering it, having only magnified and illustrated the story. The thing happened on the May-eve, of the year 1517, the eighth of Henry VIIIth's reign. Numbers of foreigners were at that time settled in England, with particular privileges ; and our author observes, ran away with the greatest part of the trade, whilst several of the natives wanted. Exasperated at this, several were for encouraging a tumult, but particularly one Lincolne, a broker, who hired a certain preacher, called Dr. Bele, to inflame the people by his sermons. The court perceiv'd what the citizens would fain be at, but to prevent them, an order was sent by the king and his privy-council to the lord-mayor and aldermen, that they required every housekeeper, under very severe penalties, to take care that all his servants and his whole family should be within-doors by nine at night ; and this the magistrates were to see punctually performed. This order was for some time very well observed, but still they wanted only an opportunity of rising, which an accident gave them. Two apprentices playing in the streets about eleven o'clock on the May-eve, the alderman of the ward came to arrest them ; but they thinking they had more privilege on that night than any other, began*

began to call out to their fellows for assistance, and so many came running out of doors from the neighbourhood, that the alderman was forced to fly. Encouraged by this, and seeing their numbers increase as the rumour of their being up spread, they hastened to the prisons, where some had been committed for abusing strangers, and these they first delivered. The lord-mayor and sheriffs, and sir Thomas Moore, who had been their recorder, and was very much beloved by them, could not with all their persuasions restrain them, and force they had not sufficient to oppose them; but furiously rushing on to the house of a very rich foreigner, whom, as he was a great trader, they particularly hated, they broke open his doors, killed every one they met with there, and rifled all the goods; and in other places they committed divers other outrages. At length the news of this disorder reached the ears of the earls of Shrewsbury and Surrey: they rose, and taking with them all the inns-of-court men, they cleared the streets of the rioters, and took numbers of them prisoners. Shortly after, the duke of Norfolk, and the earl of Surrey, with 1300 soldiers, came into the city, and joining the lord-mayor and aldermen, proceeded against the criminals. Two hundred and seventy-eight were found guilty, but whether through the intercession of queen Catherine, or through a merciful disposition of king Henry, not above twelve or fifteen suffered; Lincolne, with three or four more of the most guilty, were hanged, drawn and quartered; about ten more were hanged on gibbets in the streets, and the lord-mayor, aldermen and recorder appearing on the behalf of the rest at court, they received a check, as if some of the magistracy had connived at the riot; and the rest of the criminals were ordered to appear before the king at Westminster in white shirts, and halters about their necks; and with them mixed a great number of people, who were not before suspected, that they might be entitled to a pardon; which the king having granted, he also ordered the gibbets which had been erected, to be taken down; and the citizens were again restored to favour.

PERUSE

**P**ERUSE the stories of this land,  
 And with advisement mark the same,  
 And you shall justly understand  
 How Ill May-day first got the name.  
 For when king Henry th' eighth did reign,  
 And rul'd our famous kingdom here,  
 His royal queen he had from Spain,  
 With whom he liv'd full many a year.

Queen Catherine nam'd, as stories tell,  
 Sometime his elder brother's wife :  
 By which unlawful marriage fell  
 An endless trouble during life :  
 But such kind love he still conceiv'd,  
 Of his fair queen, and of her friends,  
 Which being by Spain and France perceiv'd,  
 Their journeys fast for England bends.

And with good leave were suffered  
 Within our kingdom here to stay :  
 Which multitude made victuals dear,  
 And all things else from day to day :  
 For strangers then did so increase,  
 By reason of king Henry's queen,  
 And privileg'd in many a place  
 To dwell, as was in London seen.



Poor tradefmen had fmall dealing then,  
And who but ftrangers bore the bell?  
Which was a grief to Englifhmen,  
To fee them here in London dwell:  
Wherefore (God wot) upon May-eve,  
As prentices on Maying went,  
Who made the magiftrates believe,  
At all to have no other intent.

But fuch a May-game it was known,  
As like in London never were;  
For by the fame full many a one,  
With lofs of life did pay full dear:  
For thousands came with Bilbo blade,  
As with an army they could meet,  
And fuch a bloody flaugter made  
Of foreign ftrangers in the ftreet,

That all the channels ran down with blood,  
In every ftreet where they remain'd;  
Yea, every one in danger flood,  
That any of their part maintain'd;  
The rich, the poor, the old, the young,  
Beyond the feas tho' born and bred,  
By prentices they fuffer'd wrong,  
When armed thus they gather'd head.

Such multitudes together went,  
No warlike troops could them withstand,  
Nor yet by policy them prevent,  
What they by force thus took in hand:  
Till at the last king Henry's power,  
This multitude encompass'd round,  
Where with the strength of London's tower,  
They were by force suppress'd and bound.

And hundreds hang'd by martial law,  
On sign-posts at their masters doors,  
By which the rest were kept in awe,  
And frighted from such loud uproars:  
And others which the fact repented,  
(Two thousand prentices at least)  
Were all unto the king presented,  
As mayor and magistrates thought best.

With two and two together tied,  
Through Temple-bar and Strand they go,  
To Westminster there to be tried,  
With ropes about their necks also:  
But such a cry in every street,  
Till then was never heard or known,  
By mothers for their children sweet,  
Unhappily thus overthrown.

Whose bitter moans and sad laments  
 Possess'd the court with trembling fear ;  
 Whereat the queen herself relents,  
 Tho' it concern'd her country dear :  
 What if (quoth she) by Spanish blood,  
 Have London's stately streets been wet,  
 Yet will I seek this country's good,  
 And pardon for these young men get,

Or else the world will speak of me,  
 And say queen Catherine was unkind,  
 And judge me still the cause to be,  
 These young men did these fortunes find :  
 And so disrob'd from rich attires,  
 With hairs hang'd down, she sadly hies,  
 And of her gracious lord requires  
 A boon, which hardly he denies.

The lives (quoth she) of all the blooms  
 Yet budding green, these youths I crave ;  
 O let them not have timeless tombs,  
 For nature longer limits gave :  
 In saying so, the pearled tears  
 Fell trickling from her princely eyes ;  
 Whereat his gentle queen he hears,  
 And says, Stand up, sweet lady, rise.

The

The lives of them I freely give,  
No means this kindness shall debar,  
Thou hast thy boon, and they may live,  
To serve me in my Bullen war.  
No sooner was this pardon given,  
But peals of joy rung through the hall,  
As though it thunder'd down from heaven,  
The queen's renown amongst them all.

For which (kind queen) with joyful heart,  
She gave to them both thanks and praise,  
And so from them did gently part,  
And liv'd beloved all her days:  
And when king Henry stood in need  
Of trusty soldiers at command,  
These prentices prov'd men indeed,  
And fear'd no force of warlike band.

For at the siege of Tours in France,  
They shew'd themselves brave Englishmen;  
At Bullen too they did advance,  
St. George's lusty standard then;  
Let Tourine, Tournay, and those towns  
That good king Henry nobly won,  
Tell London's prentices renowns,  
And of their deeds by them there done.

48      O L D B A L L A D S.

For ill May-day, and ill May-games,  
Perform'd in young and tender days,  
Can be no hindrance to their fames,  
Or stains of manhood any ways :  
But now it is ordain'd by law,  
We see on May-day's eve at night,  
To keep unruly youths in awe,  
By London's watch in armour bright.

Still to prevent the like misdeed,  
Which once through headstrong young men came ;  
And that's the cause that I do read,  
May-day doth get so ill a name.

VII.

A song of an English knight, that married the royal  
princess, lady Mary, sister to king Henry VIII.  
which knight was afterwards made duke of Suffolk.

*Sir Charles Brandon, viscount Lisle, the hero of the fol-  
lowing song, was, for several good services done to king  
Henry VIII. created duke of Suffolk in the year 1514,  
and it was thought at the time the king conferred this honour  
upon*

upon him, he intended him a far greater, by giving him his second sister the princess Mary in marriage; but just at this time Lewis XII. of France seeking the alliance of the English king, a match was made up between him and the princess, to the great grief of the duke; who, however, though he dearly loved her, had honour enough never to use the least means for preventing the marriage, thinking it so very much to her advantage. The princess, with a noble retinue, was sent over to France, where she married Lewis on the 9th of October 1514; but that monarch did not long enjoy her, he dying the first of January following. His successor Francis I. proposed the queen dowager's return into England, to which king Henry consented, after having made the best conditions he could for his sister, and taken security for the payment of her dowry. This done, some of the English nobles were appointed to go over into France to receive the queen, and conduct her back; amongst them were the duke of Suffolk, who, upon his arrival, renewing his suit, and being already in her good graces, found it no difficult matter to gain his point; and wisely concluding, that king Henry might not so readily consent to his marrying the dowager of France, as he would have done to his marrying the princess his sister, he would not delay his happiness, but had the marriage privately celebrated before he left France. When the news was brought to Henry, he seemed much dissatisfied with it, and at first kept Suffolk at a distance; but the king of France and others interceding in his behalf, he was very well reconciled to him, and the duke had no small share afterwards in the administration of affairs. It is remarkable, that neither this lady or her sister had any great pride or ambition in them; for although they both, by the care of their friends, had been wedded to monarchs, we find that the eldest sister princess Margaret, after having buried her first husband, James V. of Scotland, chose one of her nobles for a second, and married Archibald Douglass, earl of Angus.

**E**ighth Henry ruling in this land,  
He had a sifter fair,  
That was the widow'd queen of France,  
Enrich'd with virtues rare :  
And being come to England's court,  
She oft beheld a knight,  
Charles Brandon nam'd, in whose fair eyes,  
She chiefly took delight.

And noting in her princely mind,  
His gallant sweet behaviour,  
She daily drew him by degrees,  
Still more and more in favour :  
Which he perceiving, courteous knight,  
Found fitting time and place,  
And thus in amorous fort began,  
His love-fruit to her grace :

I am at love, fair queen, said he,  
Sweet let your love incline,  
That by your grace Charles Brandon may  
On earth be made divine :  
If worthless I might worthy be  
To have so good a lot,  
To please your highness in true love,  
My fancy doubteth not.

Or if that gentry might convey  
So great a grace to me,  
I can maintain the same by birth,  
Being come of good degree.  
If wealth you think be all my want,  
Your highness hath great store,  
And my supplement shall be love,  
What can you wish for more?

It hath been known when hearty love  
Did tie the true-love knot,  
Though now if gold and silver want,  
The marriage proveth not.  
The goodly queen hereat did blush,  
But made a dumb reply;  
Which he imagin'd what she meant,  
And kifs'd her reverently.

Brandon (quoth she) I greater am,  
Than would I were for thee,  
But can as little master love,  
As them of low degree:  
My father was a king, and so  
A king my husband was,  
My brother is the like, and he  
Will say I do transgress.



But let him say what pleaseth him,  
His liking I'll forego,  
And chuse a love to please myself,  
Though all the world say no :  
If plowmen make their marriages,  
As best contents their mind,  
Why should not princes of estate  
The like contentment find ?

But tell me, Brandon, am I not  
More forward than befeems ?  
Yet blame me not for love, I love  
Where best my fancy deems.  
And long may live (quoth he) to love,  
Nor longer live may I,  
Than when I love your royal grace,  
And then disgraced die.

But if I do deserve your love,  
My mind desires dispatch,  
For many are the eyes in court,  
That on your beauty watch ;  
But am not I, sweet lady, now  
More forward than behoves ?  
Yet for my heart, forgive my tongue,  
That speaks for him that loves.

The queen and this brave gentleman  
Together both did wed,  
And after fought their king's good-will,  
And of their wishes sped :  
For Brandon soon was made a duke,  
And graced so in court,  
Then who but he did flaunt it forth  
Amongst the noblest sort.

And so from princely Brandon's line,  
And Mary's did proceed  
The noble race of Suffolk's house,  
As after did succeed :  
From whose high blood the lady Jane,  
Lord Guilford Dudley's wife,  
Came by descent, who with her lord,  
In London lost her life.

## VIII.

The doleful death of queen Jane, wife to king Henry VIII. and the manner of prince Edward's being cut out of her womb.

*One would think it almost impossible that there should be the least doubt among writers in any point so modern as the fact on which this ballad is founded, and yet if we search our historians, we shall hardly find any of them agreeing in the story of queen Jane. We shall not therefore pretend to advance any thing concerning the manner of her death, but shall quote the opinions of some of our writers, that every one may be at liberty to judge for themselves.*

*Anne of Bullen, Henry VIIIth's second queen, being beheaded in the tower for adultery, king Henry was married the very next day to lady Jane; who, on the 12th of October (according to the opinion of a vast majority) was delivered of a son at Hampton-court. But notwithstanding this, Sir John Hayward asserts, that prince Edward was not born until the 17th; and adds, "All reports do constantly run, "that he was not by natural passage delivered into the world, "but that his mother's belly was opened for his birth; and "that she died of the incision the fourth day following." Echard, in his history of England, is of a very different opinion; where talking of prince Edward's birth, he tells us "That the joy of it was much allayed by the departure of the "admirable queen, who, contrary to the opinion of many "writers, died twelve days after the birth of this prince, "having been well delivered, and without any incision, as  
" others*

“others have maliciously reported.” Lord Herbert of Cheshire, in his history of Henry VIII. asserts, “That the queen died two days after her delivery.” And indeed he has the authorities of Hollingshead and Stow to support the assertion. Du Chesne, a native of France, who in his history of England has undertaken to clear up this point, does but perplex us the more: talking of these times he goes on thus: “La royne Jeanne estoit alors enceinte & preste a enfanter, mais quand ce vint au terme de l'accouchement elle eut tant de tourment & de peine, qu' il lui fallut fendre le costé par lequel on tira son fruit le douzieme jour d' Octobre a Windsor — Elle mourut douze jours après et fut enterré au Chateau de Windsor.”

**W**HEN as king Henry rul'd this land,  
 He had a queen I understand;  
 Lord Seymour's daughter fair and bright,  
 King Henry's comfort and delight:  
 Yet death, by his remorseless pow'r,  
 Did blast the bloom of this sweet Flow'r;  
 O mourn, mourn, mourn, fair ladies;  
 Jane your queen, the flower of England's dead.

His former queen being wrapt in lead,  
 This gallant dame possess'd his bed:  
 Where rightly from her womb did spring  
 A joyful comfort to her king,  
 A welcome blessing to the land,  
 Preserv'd by God's most holy hand.  
 O mourn, &c.

The queen in travail, pained fore  
 Full thirty woful days and more,  
 And no ways could deliver'd be,  
 As every lady wish'd to see :  
 Wherefore the king made greater moan,  
 Than ever yet his grace had shewn.

O mourn, &c.

Then being something eas'd in mind,  
 His eyes a slumb'ring sleep did find ;  
 Where dreaming he had lost a rose,  
 But which he could not well suppose ;  
 A ship he had, a rose by name ;  
 Oh, no! it was his royal Jane.

O mourn, &c.

Being thus perplex'd with grief and care,  
 A lady to him did repair,  
 And said, O king ! show us thy will ;  
 The queen's sweet life to save or spill.  
 If she cannot deliver'd be,  
 Yet save the flow'r, tho' not the tree.

O mourn, &c.

Then down upon his tender knee,  
 For help from heaven prayed he,  
 Mean while into a sleep they cast  
 His queen, which evermore did last :  
 And op'ning then her tender womb,  
 Alive they took this budding bloom.

O mourn, &c.

This

This babe so born much comfort brought,  
And chear'd his father's drooping thought :  
Prince Edward he was call'd by name,  
Graced with virtue, wit and fame ;  
And when his father left this earth,  
He rul'd this land by lawful birth.

O mourn, &c.

But mark the pow'rful will of heav'n ;  
We from this joy was soon bereav'n :  
Six years he reigned in this land,  
And then obeyed God's command,  
And left his crown to Mary here,  
Whose five years reign cost England dear.

O mourn, &c.

Elizabeth reign'd next to her,  
Fair Europe's pride, and England's star ;  
The world's wonder ; for such a queen  
Under heaven was never seen :  
A maid, a faint, an angel bright,  
In whom all princes took delight.

O mourn, mourn, mourn, fair ladies ;  
Elizabeth, the flower of England's dead.

## IX.

A princely song of the six queens that were married to  
Henry VIII. king of England.

**W**HEN England's fame did ring,  
Royally, royally,  
Of Henry the eighth our king,  
All the world over:  
Such deeds of majesty,  
Won he most worthily,  
England to glorify,  
By the hand of fair heaven.

His royal father dead,  
Curiously, curiously,  
Was he then wrapt in lead,  
As it appeareth:  
Such a tomb did he make,  
For his sweet father's sake,  
As the whole world may speak  
Of his gallant glory.

England's

England's brave monument,  
Sumptuously, sumptuously,  
Kings and queens gave consent  
To have it there grac'd:  
Henry the eighth was he,  
Builed in gallantry,  
With golden bravery,  
In his rich chapel.

And after did provide,  
Carefully, carefully,  
To chuse a princely bride,  
For his land's honour:  
His brother's widow he  
Married most lawfully,  
His loving wife to be  
Royal queen Catherine.

Which queen he loved dear,  
Many a day, many a day,  
Full two-and-twenty year,  
Ere they were parted.  
From this renowned dame,  
Mary his daughter came,  
Yet did his bishops frame  
To have her divorced.

When



When as queen Catherine knew  
How the king, how the king,  
Prov'd in love most untrue,  
Thus to forsake her;  
Good Lord! what bitter woe,  
Did this fair princess show,  
Unkindly thus to go  
From her sweet husband.

O my kind sovereign dear,  
Said the queen, said the queen,  
Full two-and-twenty year  
Have I been marry'd:  
Sure it will break my heart,  
From thee now to depart,  
I ne'er plaid wanton's part,  
Royal king Henry.

All this availed nought,  
Woful queen, woful queen,  
A divorce being wrought,  
She must forsake him:  
Never more in his bed  
Laid she her princely head:  
Was e'er wife so bestead,  
Like to queen Catherine?

Amongst

Amongst our Englishmen,  
Of renown, of renown,  
The earl of Wiltshire then  
Had a virtuous fair daughter:  
A brave and princely dame,  
Anna Bullen by name,  
This virgin was by fame,  
Made wife to king Henry

From this fame royal queen,  
Blessedly, blessedly,  
As it was known and seen,  
Came our sweet princess  
England's Elizabeth,  
Fairest queen on the earth;  
Happy made by her birth,  
Was this brave kingdom.

When Anna Bullen's place,  
Of a queen, of a queen,  
Had been for three years space,  
More was her sorrow:  
In the king's royal head  
Secret displeasure bred,  
That cost the queen her head,  
In London's strong tower.

Then

Then took he to wife lady Jane,  
Lovingly, lovingly,  
That from the Seymours came,  
Nobly descended ;  
But her love bought she dear,  
She was but queen one year ;  
In child-bed she dy'd we hear,  
Of royal king Edward.

England then understand,  
Famously, famously,  
Princes three of this land,  
Thus came from three queens :  
Catherine gave Mary birth,  
Anna Elizabeth,  
Jane, Edward by her death ;  
All crown'd in England.

After these married he,  
All in fame, all in fame,  
A dame of dignity,  
Fair Anne of Cleve :  
Her sorrow soon was seen,  
Only six months a queen,  
Graces but growing green,  
So quickly divorced.

Yet

Yet liv'd she with grief to see,  
 Woful queen, woful queen!  
 Two more as well as she,  
 Married unto king Henry:  
 To enjoy love's delights,  
 On their sweet wedding-nights,  
 Which were her proper rites,  
 Mournful young princefs.

First a sweet gallant dame,  
 Nobly born, nobly born,  
 Which had unto her name  
 Fair Catherine Howard:  
 But e'er two years were past,  
 Disliking grew so fast,  
 She lost her head at last:  
 Small time of glory!

After her Catherine Parre,  
 Made he queen, made he queen,  
 Late wife to Lord Latimer,  
 Brave English baron.  
 This lady of renown,  
 Deserved not a frown,  
 Whilst Henry wore the crown  
 Of thrice famous England.

Six royal queens you see,  
 Gallant dames, gallant dames,  
 At command married he,  
 Like a great monarch:  
 Yet lives his famous name,  
 Without spot or defame;  
 From royal kings he came,  
 Whom all the world fear'd.

## X.

Johnny Armstrong's last good-night, shewing how John Armstrong with his eight-score men fought a bloody battle with the Scotch king, at Edenborough.

*The hero of the following ballad's habitation, was at no great distance from the river Ewse; there he had a strong body of men under his command, and all his neighbours, even the nearest English, stood in awe of him, and paid him tribute. When James V. reigned in Scotland, and Henry VIIIth. in England, the former, willing to suppress all robbers, levied a small army, march'd out against the banditti, and pitch'd his tents hard by the river Ewse. At this John Armstrong became sensible of his danger, and would willingly have made his peace. Some of the king's officers finding him in this disposition, secretly persuaded him*

to

*to make his submission; adding, that they durst assure him he would be kindly received. Armstrong followed their counsel, and with sixty horsemen unarmed, hastened to the king, but imprudently forgot to provide himself with passes, and a safe-conduct. Those who had given him this advice, sensible of his error, lay in ambush for, surprized and took him, with his sixty men, and carried them all to the king, pretending that they had made them prisoners. Nor was he accused of robbing only, but of having also formed a design of delivering up that part of the country to the English; and being condemned, he with fifty-four of his companions was hanged, the other six were reserved as hostages, to deter their fellows from being guilty of the like crime. Our poet possibly thought, that the gallows was too low a death for his heroe, and therefore rather chose to let him die bravely fighting. Instead of three, he gives him a retinue of eightscore men, and lays the scene in Edenburg; and these, I think, are the only material points in which he differs from history.*

**I**S there ever a man in all Scotland,  
 From the highest estate to the lowest degree,  
 That can shew himself before our king,  
 Scotland is so full of treachery?

Yes, there is a man in Westmoreland,  
 And Johnny Armstrong they do him call,  
 He has no lands or rents coming in,  
 Yet he keeps eightscore men within his hall.

He has horses and harness for them all,  
 And goodly steeds that be milk-white,  
 With their goodly belts about their necks,  
 With hats and feathers all alike.

The king he writes a loving letter,  
And with his own hand so tenderly,  
And hath sent it unto Johnny Armstrong,  
To come and speak with him speedily.

When John he look'd this letter upon,  
He look'd as blith as a bird in a tree,  
I was never before a king in my life,  
My father, my grandfather, nor none of us three.

But seeing we must go before the king,  
Lord we will go most gallantly,  
Ye shall every one have a velvet coat,  
Laid down with golden laces three.

And every one shall have a scarlet cloak,  
Laid down with silver laces five,  
With your golden belts about your necks,  
With hats and feathers all alike.

But when Johnny went from Giltnock-hall,  
The wind it blew hard, and full fast it did rain,  
Now fare thee well thou Giltnock-hall,  
I fear I shall never see thee again.

Now Johnny he is to Edenborough gone,  
With his eightscore men so gallantly,  
And every one of them on a milk-white steed,  
With their bucklers and swords hanging to their knee.

But

But when John came the king before,  
With his eightscore men so gallant to see,  
The king he mov'd his bonnet to him,  
He thought he had been a king as well as he.

O pardon, pardon, my soveraign liege,  
Pardon for my eightscore men and me ;  
For my name it is Johnny Armstrong,  
And subject of your's, my liege, said he.

Away with thee, thou false traytor,  
No pardon will I grant to thee,  
But to-morrow morning by eight of the clock,  
I will hang up thy eightscore men and thee.

Then Johnny look'd over his left shoulder,  
And to his merry men thus said he,  
I have ask'd grace of a graceless face,  
No pardon there is for you and me.

Then John pull'd out his good broad sword,  
That was made of the mettle so free,  
Had not the king mov'd his foot as he did,  
John had taken his head from his fair body.

Come, follow me, my merry men all,  
We will scorn one foot for to fly,  
It shall never be said we were hang'd like dogs,  
We will fight it out most manfully.



Then they fought on like champions bold,  
For their hearts were sturdy, stout and free,  
Till they had kill'd all the king's good guard ;  
There were none left alive but one, two, or three.

But then rose up all Edenborough,  
They rose up by thousands three,  
A cowardly Scot came John behind,  
And run him through the fair body.

Said John, fight on my merry men all,  
I am a little wounded, but am not slain,  
I will lay me down and bleed a-while,  
Then I'll rise and fight again.

Then they fought on like mad men all,  
Till many a man lay dead on the plain,  
For they were resolved before they would yield,  
That every man would there be slain.

So there they fought courageously,  
'Till most of them lay dead there and slain,  
But little Musgrave, that was his foot-page,  
With his bonny griffel got away unta'en.

But when he came to Giltnock-hall,  
The lady spy'd him presently,  
What news, what news, thou little foot-page,  
What news from thy master, and his company ?

My

My news is bad, lady, he said,  
Which I do bring, as you may see;  
My master Johnny Armstrong is slain,  
And all his gallant company.

Yet thou art welcome home, my bonny grissel,  
Full oft thou hast been fed with corn and hay,  
But now thou shalt be fed with bread and wine,  
And thy fides shall be spurr'd no more, I say.

O then bespoke his little son,  
As he sat on his nurse's knee,  
If ever I live to be a man,  
My father's death reveng'd shall be.

## X.

A pleafant ballad fhewing how two valiant knights, fir John Armstrong, and fir Michael Mufgrave fell in love with the beautiful daughter of the lady Dacres in the North; and of the great strife that happened between them for her, and how they wrought the death of one hundred men.

*Another poet, willing to conceal the ignominious death of Armstrong, has in this fong knighted him, and made his rival kill him; at leaft we are inclined to believe it is the fame Armstrong he is talking of, and for that reason we have inferted it.*

**A**S it fell out one Whitsunday,  
 The blith time of the year,  
 When every tree was clad with green,  
 And pretty birds fing clear:  
 The lady Dacres took her way,  
 Unto the church that pleafant day,  
 With her fair daughter fresh and gay,  
 A bright and bonny lafs,  
 Fa la tre dang de do  
 Trang trole le trang de do,  
 With hey trang trole lo lye,  
 She was a bonny lafs.

Sir

Sir Michael Musgrave in like sort  
 To church repaired then,  
 And so did Sir John Armstrong too,  
 With all his merry men ;  
 Two greater friends there could not be,  
 Nor braver knights for chivalry,  
 Both batchelors of high degree,  
 Fit for a bonny lass.

They sat them down upon one seat,  
 Like loving brethren dear,  
 With hearts and minds devoutly bent,  
 God's service for to hear ;  
 But rising from their prayers tho'  
 Their eyes a ranging strait did go,  
 Which wrought their utter overthrow,  
 All for one bonny lass.

Quoth Musgrave unto Armstrong then,  
 Yon fits the sweetest dame,  
 That ever for her fair beauty  
 Within this country came.  
 Insooth, quoth Armstrong presently,  
 Your judgment I must verify,  
 There never came unto my eye,  
 A braver bonny lass.

I swear, said Musgrave, by this sword,  
Which did my knighthood win,  
To steal away so sweet a dame,  
Could be no ghostly sin,  
That deed, quoth Armstrong, would be ill,  
Except you had her right good will,  
That your desire she would fulfil,  
And be thy bonny lass.

By this the service quite was done,  
And home the people past;  
They wish'd a blister on his tongue,  
That made thereof such haste.  
At the church door the knights did meet,  
The lady Dacres for to greet,  
But most of all her daughter sweet,  
That beauteous bonny lass.

Said Armstrong to the lady fair,  
We both have made a vow,  
At dinner for to be your guests,  
If you will it allow.  
With that bespoke the lady free,  
Sir knights, right welcome you shall be,  
The happier men therefore are we,  
For love of this bonny lass.

Thus

Thus were the knights both prick'd in love,  
Both in one moment thrall'd,  
And both with one fair lady gay,  
Fair Ifabella call'd.  
With humble thanks they went away,  
Like wounded harts chas'd all the day,  
One would not to the other fay,  
They lov'd this bonny las.

Fair Ifabel on the other fide  
As far in love was found,  
So long brave Armstrong she had ey'd,  
Till love her heart did wound:  
Brave Armstrong is my joy, quoth she,  
Would Christ he were alone with me,  
To talk an hour two or three  
With his fair bonny las.

But as these knights together rode,  
And homeward did repair,  
Their talk and eke their countenance shew'd,  
Their hearts were clogg'd with care.  
Fair Ifabel the one did fay,  
Thou hast subdu'd my heart this day.  
But she's my joy, did Musgrave fay,  
My bright and bonny las,

With

With that these friends incontinent,  
Become most deadly foes,  
For love of beauteous Isabel,  
Great strife betwixt them rose :  
Quoth Armstrong, she shall be my wife,  
Although for her I lose my life ;  
And thus began a deadly strife,  
And for one bonny lass.

Thus two years long this grudge did grow,  
These gallant knights between,  
While they a wooing both did go,  
Unto this beauteous queen.  
And she who did their furies prove,  
To neither would bewray her love,  
The deadly quarrel to remove,  
About this bonny lass.

But neither for her fair intreats,  
Nor yet her sharp dispute,  
Would they appease their raging ire  
Nor yet give o'er their suit.  
The gentlemen of the North country,  
At last did make this good decree,  
All for a perfect unity,  
About this bonny lass.

The love-sick knights should be fet,  
    Within one hall so wide,  
Each of them in a gallant fort  
    Even at a several tide :  
And 'twixt them both for certainty,  
Fair Isabel should placed be,  
Of them to take her choice full free,  
    Most like a bonny las.

And as she like an angel bright,  
    Betwixt them mildly stood,  
She turn'd unto each several knight  
    With pale and changed blood :  
Now am I at liberty  
To make and take my choice, quoth she ?  
Yea, quoth the knights, we do agree,  
    Then chuse thou bonny las.

O Musgrave, thou art all too hot  
    To be a lady's love,  
Quoth she, and Armstrong seems a sot,  
    Where love binds him to prove ;  
Of courage great is Musgrave still,  
And sith to chuse I have my will,  
Sweet Armstrong shall my joys fulfil,  
    And I his bonny las.



The nobles and the gentles both,  
That were in present place,  
Rejoyced at this sweet record ;  
But Musgrave in disgrace,  
Out of the hall did take his way,  
And Armstrong marry'd was next day,  
With Isabel his lady gay,  
A bright and bonny lass.

But Musgrave on the wedding-day,  
Like to a Scotchman dight,  
In secret fort allured out  
The bridegroom for to fight ;  
And he that will not outbraved be,  
Unto his challenge did agree,  
Where he was slain most suddenly  
For his fair bonny lass.

The news whereof was quickly brought  
Unto the lovely bride :  
And many of young Armstrong's kin  
Did after Musgrave ride ;  
They hew'd him when they had him got,  
As small as flesh into a pot,  
Lo ! thus befel a heavy lot,  
About this bonny lass.

The lady young, which did lament,  
 This cruel cursed strife,  
 For very grief dy'd that day,  
 A maiden and a wife.  
 An hundred men, that hapless day,  
 Did lose their lives in that same fray;  
 And 'twixt those names as many say,  
 Is deadly strife still biding.

## XI.

A lamentable ditty on the death of lord Guilford  
 Dudley and lady Jane Grey, that, for their parents  
 ambition, in seeking to make these two young princes  
 king and queen of England, were both beheaded in  
 the Tower of London.

**W**HEN as king Edward left this life,  
 In young and blooming years,  
 Began such deadly hate and strife,  
 That filled England full of tears.  
 Ambition in those ancient days,  
 More than ten thousand, thousand, thousand  
 Troubles did arise.

Northum-

Northumberland being made a duke,  
 Ambitiously did seek the crown,  
 And Suffolk for the same did look,  
 To put queen Mary's title down ;  
 That was king Henry's daughter bright,  
 And queen of England, England, England,  
 And king Edward's heir by right.

Lord Guilford and the lady Jane  
 Were wedded by their parents wills ;  
 The right from Mary so was ta'en,  
 Which drew them on to farther ill :  
 But mark the end of this misdeed,  
 Mary was crowned, crowned, crowned,  
 And they to death decreed.

And being thus adjudg'd to die,  
 For these their parents haughty aims,  
 That thinking thus to mount on high,  
 Their children king and queen proclaims :  
 But in such aims no blessings be,  
 When as ten thousand, thousand, thousand,  
 Their shameful endings see.

Sweet princes they deserv'd no blame,  
 That thus must die for father's cause,  
 And bearing of so great a name,  
 To contradict our English laws.

Let all men then conclude in this,  
That they are hapless, hapless, hapless,  
Whose parents do amiss.

Now who more great than they of late ?  
Now who more wretched than they are ?  
And who more lofty in estate,  
Thus suddenly consum'd with care ?  
Then princes all set down this rest,  
And say the golden, golden, golden  
Mean is always best.

Prepar'd at last drew on the day,  
Whereon the princes both must die ;  
Lord Guilford Dudley by the way,  
His dearest lady did espy,  
Whilst he unto the block did go,  
She in her window weeping, weeping, weeping,  
Did lament her woe.

Their eyes that look'd for love e'er-while,  
Now blubber'd were with pearled tears,  
And every glance and lover's smile  
Were turn'd to dole and deadly fears :  
Lord Guilford's life did bleeding lye,  
Expecting angels, angels, angels  
Silver wings to mount on high.

His dearest lady long did look,  
 When she unto the block should go,  
 Where sweetly praying on her book,  
 She made no sign of outward woe;  
 But wish'd that she had angels wings,  
 To see that golden, golden, golden  
 Sight of heavenly things.

And mounting on the scaffold then,  
 Where Guilford's lifeless body lay,  
 I come, quoth she, thou flower of men,  
 For death shall not my soul dismay :  
 The gates of heaven stand open wide,  
 To rest for ever, ever, ever,  
 And thus those princes dy'd.

Their parents likewise lost their heads,  
 For climbing thus one step too high :  
 Ambitious towers have slippery leads,  
 And fearful to a wise man's eye :  
 For one's amis great houses fall ;  
 Therefore take warning, warning, warning,  
 By this, you gallants all.

## XII.

The princess Elizabeth: A ballad alluding to a story recorded of her when she was prisoner at Woodstock, 1554.

*Written by the late William Shenstone, Esq.*

**W**ILL you hear how once repining  
Great Eliza captive lay?  
Each ambitious thought resigning,  
Foe to riches, pomp and sway?

While the nymphs and swains delighted  
Tript around in all their pride;  
Envyng joys by others slighted,  
Thus the royal maiden cry'd:

“ Bred on plains, or born in vallies,  
Who would bid those scenes adieu?  
Stranger to the arts of malice,  
Who would ever courts pursue?

Malice never taught to treasure,  
Censure never taught to bear:  
Love is all the shepherd's pleasure;  
Love is all the damsel's care.

How can they of humble station  
 Vainly blame the pow'rs above?  
 Or accuse the dispensation  
 Which allows them all to love?

Love like air is widely given;  
 Pow'r nor chance can these restrain;  
 Truest, noblest gifts of heaven!  
 Only purest on the plain!

Peers can no such charms discover,  
 All in stars and garters drest,  
 As, on Sundays, does the lover  
 With his nosegay on his breast.

Pinks and roses in profusion,  
 Said to fade when Chloe's near;  
 Fops may use the same allusion;  
 But the shepherd is sincere.

Hark to yonder milk-maid finging  
 Chearly o'er the brimming pail;  
 Cowslips all around her springing,  
 Sweetly paint the golden vale.

Never yet did courtly maiden  
 Move so sprightly, look so fair;  
 Never breast with jewels laden  
 Pour a song so void of care.

Would,

Would indulgent heav'n had granted  
 Me some rural damsel's part!  
 All the empire I had wanted  
 Then had been my shepherd's heart.

Then, with him, o'er hills and mountains,  
 Free from fetters, might I rove:  
 Fearless taste the crystal fountains;  
 Peaceful sleep beneath the grove.

Rustics had been more forgiving;  
 Partial to my virgin bloom:  
 None had envy'd me when living;  
 None had triumph'd o'er my tomb."

XIII.

The lamentable complaint of queen Mary for the unkind departure of king Philip, in whose absence she fell sick and died.

**M**ARY doth complain,  
 Ladies be you moved  
 With my lamentations,  
 And my bitter moans:  
 Philip king of Spain,



Whom in heart I loved,  
 From his royal queen  
 Unkindly now is gone;  
 Upon my bed I lie,  
 Sick and like to die:  
 Help me ladies to lament,  
 For in heart I bear,  
 He loves a lady dear;  
 Better can his love content:  
 Oh, Philip! most unkind,  
 Bear not such a mind,  
 To leave the daughter of a king:  
 Gentle prince of Spain,  
 Come, oh come again,  
 And sweet content to thee I'll bring.

For thy royal sake,  
 This my country's danger,  
 And my subjects woes,  
 I daily do procure:  
 My burning love to flake,  
 Noble princely stranger,  
 And the fame to move,  
 Where it was settled sure,  
 Divers in this land,  
 Against my foes did stand,  
 Pawning their lives therefore:  
 And for the fame were slain,  
 Gentle king of Spain,  
 Streets ran down with purple gore.

Forty thousand men,  
All in armour then,  
This noble kingdom did provide:  
To marry England's queen,  
Before thou should'st be seen,  
Or I be made thy gallant bride.

But now my great good-will,  
I see is not regarded,  
And my favours kind,  
Are here forgotten quite:  
My good is paid with ill,  
And with hatred rewarded,  
I unhappy queen,  
Left here in woful plight,  
On our English shore,  
Never shall I more  
Thy comely personage behold;  
For upon the throne,  
Gloriously he shone,  
In purple robes of gold.  
Oh my heart is flain,  
Sorrow, care and pain,  
Dwell within my sobbing breast:  
Death approacheth near me,  
Because thou wilt not cheer me,  
Thou gallant king of all the west.

Those jewels and those rings,  
 And that golden treasure,  
 First to win my love,  
 Thou broughtest out of Spain ;  
 Now unto me brings  
 No delight, no pleasure,  
 But a sorrowful tear,  
 Which ever will remain :  
 Thy picture when I see,  
 Much amazeth me,  
 Causeth tears a-main to flow,  
 The substance being gone,  
 Pleasures I have none,  
 But lamenting sighs of woe ;  
 The chair of state adorn'd,  
 Seems as if it mourn'd,  
 Binding up mine eyes with weeping,  
 And when that I am led  
 Unto my marriage-bed,  
 Sorrow keeps me still from sleeping.

Come you ladies kind,  
 Bring my gown of fable,  
 For I now must mourn,  
 The absence of my lord.  
 You see my love-sick mind,  
 Is no longer able,  
 To endure the sting  
 Of Cupid's pricking sword :

My

My dying heart doth rest,  
In Philip's princely breast,  
My bosom keeps no heart at all :  
But ever will abide,  
In secret by his side,  
And follow him through bower and hall,  
Though I live disdained,  
Yet my love unfeigned  
Shall remain both chaste and pure,  
And evermore shall prove  
As constant as the dove,  
And thus shall Mary still endure,

Ring out my dying knell,  
Ladies so renowned,  
For your queen must die,  
And all her pomp forsake :  
England now farewell,  
For the fates have frowned,  
And now ready stand,  
My breathing life to take :  
Consume with speed to air,  
Fading ghost prepare  
With my milk-white wings to fly :  
Where sitting on the throne,  
Let my love be shown,  
That for his sake is forc'd to die.  
Be for ever blessed,  
Tho' I die distressed,

Gallant king of high renown.  
 The queen now broken-hearted,  
 From this world's departed,  
 In the heavens to wear a crown.

## XIV.

The battle of Corichie on the Hill of Fair, fought  
 Oct. 28, 1562.

*This ballad, which is very ancient, has been but lately printed in Scotland. It is said to have been the production of one Forbes, a schoolmaster, at Mary Culter, upon Dieside.*

**M**URN ye heighlands, and murn ye leighlands,  
 I trow ye hae meikle need;  
 For thi bonny burn o' Corichie,  
 His run this day wi' bleid.

Thi hopefu' laird o' Finliter,  
 Erle Huntly's gallant son,  
 For thi love hi bare our beauteous quine  
 His gar't fair Scotland mone.

Hi his braken his ward in Aberdene,  
Throu dreid o' thi fause Murry ;  
And his gather't the gentle Gordone clan  
An' his father auld Huntly.

Fain wid he tak our bonny guide quine,  
An' beare hir awa' wi' him ;  
But Murry's flee wyles spoil't a' thi sport,  
An' rest him o' lyfe and lim.

Murry gar't rayse thi tardy Merns men,  
An Angis, an' mony ane mair ;  
Erle Morton, and the Byres lord Linsay ;  
An' campit at thi hill o' Fare.

Erle Huntlie came wi' Haddo Gordone,  
An' countit ane thufan men ;  
But Murry had abien twal hunder,  
Wi' fax score horsemen and ten.

They foundit thi bougills an' the trumpits,  
An' marchit on in brave array ;  
Till the spiers an' the axis forgatherit,  
An' than did begin thi fray.

Thi Gordones fae fercelie did fecht it,  
Withouten terrer or dreid,  
That mony o' Murry's men lay gaspin,  
An' dyit thi grund wi' their bleid.

Then

18 *Qu*

19 *Th*

20 *Lat*

21 *Lij*

22 *Tb*

23 *Th*

24 *Aj*

25 *An*

26 *TL*

27 *Ac*

28 *Br*

29 *TL*

30 *Lc*

31 *Hc*

32 *Si*

33 *T*

34 *N*

35 *Cl*

36 *Es*

37 *Es*

38 *D*

39 *L*

40 *E*

41 *T*

42 *M*

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**And**



Then fause Murry feingit to flee them,  
 An' they purfuit at his backe,  
 Whan' thi haf o' thi Gordones defestit,  
 An' turnit wi' Murray in a crack.

Wi' hether i' thir bonnits they turnit,  
 The traiter Haddo o' their heid,  
 An' flaid their brithers an' their fatheris,  
 An' spoilit an' left them for deid,

Than Murry cried to tak thi auld Gordone,  
 An' mony ane ran wi' speid;  
 But Stuart o' Inchbraik had him fstickit,  
 An' out gushit thi fat lurdane's bleid.

Than they teuke his twa fones quick an' hale,  
 An' bare them awa' to Aberdene;  
 But fair did our guide quine lament  
 Thi waefu' chance that they were tane.

Erle Murry loft mony a gallant stout man;  
 Thi hopefu' laird o' Thornitune,  
 Pittera's fons, an Egli's far fearit laird,  
 An' mair to mi unkend, fell doune.

Erle Huntly mist ten score o' his bra' men,  
 Sum o' heigh an' sum o' leigh degree,  
 Skeenis youngest fon, thi pryde o' a' the clan,  
 Was ther fun' dead, he widna flee.

This

This bloody fecht wis fercely faucht  
Octobri's aught an' twinty day,  
Cryftis' fyfteen hundred thriscore yeir  
An' twa will mark thi deidlie fray.

But now the day maist wæfu' came,  
That day the quine did grite her fill,  
For Huntly's gallant stalwart fon,  
Wis heidit on thi heidin hill.

Fyve noble Gordones wi' him hangit were,  
Upon thi famen fatal playne ;  
Crule Murry gar't thi wæfu' quine luke out,  
And see hir lover an' liges slayne.

I wis our quine had better frinds,  
I wis our countrie better peice ;  
I wis our lords wid na' discord,  
I wis our weirs at hame may ceise,

## XV.

The most rare and excellent history of the dutchefs of  
Suffolk's calamity,

**W**HEN God had taken for our sin,  
That prudent prince king Edward away,  
Then bloody Bonner did begin  
His raging malice to bewray :  
All those that did God's word profess,  
He persecuted more or less.

Thus whilst our lord on us did lowre,  
Many in prison he did throw,  
Tormenting them in Lollards tower,  
Whereby they might the truth forego :  
Then Cranmer, Ridley, and the rest,  
Were burning in the fire, that Christ profess.

Smithfield was then with faggots fill'd,  
And many places more beside,  
At Coventry was Saunders kill'd,  
At Worcester eke good Hooper dy'd :  
And to escape this bloody day,  
Beyond sea many fled away.

Amongst

Amongst the rest that fought relief,  
And for their faith in danger stood,  
Lady Elizabeth was chief,  
King Henry's daughter, of royal blood,  
Which in the Tower prisoner did lye,  
Looking each day when she should die.

The dutchefs of Suffolk seeing this,  
Whose life likewise the tyrant fought;  
Who in the hopes of heavenly blifs,  
Within God's word her comfort wrought:  
For fear of death was forc'd to fly,  
And leave her house most secretly.

Thus for the love of God alone,  
Her land and goods she left behind;  
Seeking still for that precious stone,  
The word and truth so rare to find:  
She with her nurse, husband and child,  
In poor array their sighs beguil'd.

Thus through London they passed along,  
Each one did take a several street,  
Thus all along escaping wrong  
At Billingsgate they all did meet,  
Like people poor in Gravesend barge,  
They simply went with all their charge.

And all along from Gravesend town,  
With journeys short on foot they went,  
Unto the sea-coast came they down,  
To pass the seas was their intent :  
And God provided so that day,  
That they took ship and sail'd away.

And with a prosperous gale of wind,  
In Flanders they did arrive ;  
This was to them great ease of mind,  
And from their heart much woe did drive :  
And so with thanks to God on high,  
They took their way to Germany.

Thus as they travell'd still disguis'd,  
Upon the highway suddenly,  
By cruel thieves they were surpriz'd,  
Assailing their small company :  
And all their treasures and their store,  
They took away, and beat them fore.

The nurse, in midst of all their fright,  
Laid down their child upon the ground,  
She ran away out of their fight,  
And never after that was found :  
Then did the dutchess make great moan,  
With her good husband all alone.

The thieves had there their horses kill'd,  
 And all their money quite had took,  
 The pretty baby almost spoil'd,  
 Was by their nurse also forfook.  
 And they far from their friends did stand,  
 And succourless in a strange land.

The sky likewise began to scowl,  
 It hail'd and rain'd in piteous sort,  
 The way was long and wondrous foul,  
 This I may now full well report,  
 Their grief and sorrow was not small,  
 When this unhappy chance did fall.

Sometimes the dutches bore the child,  
 As wet as ever she could be,  
 And when the lady kind and mild  
 Was weary, then the child bore he;  
 And thus they one another eas'd,  
 And with their fortunes seem'd well pleas'd.

And after many a weary step,  
 All wet-shod both in dirt and mire;  
 After much grief, their hearts yet leap;  
 For labour doth some rest require:  
 A town before them they did see,  
 But lodged there they could not be.

From

From house to house then they did go,  
 Seeking that night where they might lie ;  
 But want of money was their woe,  
 And still their babe with cold doth cry,  
 With cap and knee they court'fy make,  
 But none of them would pity take.

Lo, here a princess of great blood,  
 Doth pray a peasant for relief,  
 With tears bedewed as she stood,  
 Yet few or none regard her grief.  
 Her speech they could not understand,  
 But some gave money in her hand.

When all in vain her speeches spent,  
 And that they could no house-room get,  
 Into a church-porch then they went,  
 To stand out of the rain and wet :  
 Then said the dutchefs to her dear,  
 O that we had some fire here.

Then did her husband so provide,  
 That fire and coals they got with speed :  
 She sat down by the fire-side,  
 To dress her daughter that had need :  
 And whilst she dress'd it in her lap,  
 Her husband made the infant pap.

Anon

Anon the sexton thither came,  
Finding them there by the fire :  
The drunken knave, all void of shame,  
To drive them out was his desire ;  
And spurned out the noble dame,  
Her husband's wrath he did inflame.

And all in fury as he stood,  
He wrung the church keys out of his hand,  
And struck him so that all the blood  
His head run down as he did stand,  
Wherefore the sexton presently  
For aid and help aloud did cry.

Then came the officers in haste,  
And took the dutchess and her child,  
And with her husband thus they past,  
Like lambs beset with tygers wild,  
And to the governor were brought,  
Who understood them not in ought.

Then master Bertue brave and bold,  
In Latin made a gallant speech,  
Which all their miseries did unfold,  
And their high favour did beseech ;  
With that a doctor sitting by,  
Did know the dutchess presently.



And thereupon arising frait  
 With words abashed at this fight,  
 Upon them all that then did wait,  
 He thus broke forth in words aright:  
 Behold within your fight (quoth he)  
 A princefs of most high degree.

With that the governor and all the rest,  
 Were much amaz'd the same to hear,  
 Who welcomed this new-come guest,  
 With reverence great, and princely cheer,  
 And afterwards convey'd they were,  
 Unto their friend prince Cassimere.

A son she had in Germany,  
 Peregrine Bertue call'd by name,  
 Sirnam'd the good lord Willoughby,  
 Of courage great and worthy fame;  
 Her daughter young that with her went,  
 Was afterwards countess of Kent.

For when queen Mary was deceas'd,  
 The dutchess home return'd again,  
 Who was of sorrow quite releas'd,  
 By queen Elizabeth's happy reign:  
 Whose goodly life and piety,  
 We may praise continually.

## XVI.

A joyful song of the deserved praises of good queen Elizabeth, how princely she behaved herself at Tilbury camp in Essex, in 1588, when the Spaniards threatened the invasion of this kingdom.

**I** Sing a noble princess,  
England's late commanding mistress,  
King Henry's daughter fair Elizabeth:  
She was such a maiden queen,  
As the like ne'er was seen,  
Of any womankind upon the earth.

Her name in golden numbers,  
May written be with wonders,  
That liv'd lov'd four and forty years:  
And had the gifts of nature all  
That to a princess might befall,  
As by her noble virtues well appears.

With majesty admir'd,  
Her subjects she requir'd,  
That love for love might equally be shown ;  
Preferring more a publick peace,  
Than any private man's increase,  
That quietly we still may keep our own.

When embassies did come,  
From any prince in Christendom,  
Her entertainment was so princely sweet :  
She likewise knew what did belong,  
To every language, speech and tongue,  
Where grace and virtue did together meet.

No princes more could measure,  
Her well befeeming pleasure,  
In open court among her ladies fair :  
For musick, and for portly gate,  
The world afforded not her mate :  
So excellent her carriage was and rare.

Kingly states oppressed,  
And such as were distressed,  
With means and money daily she reliev'd.  
As law of nations did her bind,  
To strangers she was ever kind ;  
And such as with calamities were griev'd.

And

And when into this kingdom,  
Bloody wars did threaten come,  
Her highness would be ready with good will,  
As it in eighty-eight was seen :  
When as this thrice renowned queen,  
Gave noble courage to her soldiers still.

This more than worthy woman,  
Like to a noble Amazon,  
In silver-plated armour bravely went  
Unto her camp at Tilbury,  
With many knights of chivalry,  
Courageously her army to content.

But being there arrived,  
With noble heart she strived,  
To give them all what they desir'd to have :  
A lovely grace of countenance,  
Smiling with perseverance,  
To whom so sweet a countenance she gave.

Upon the drum-head fitting,  
As it was well befitting,  
For such a royal princess thus to speak :  
A soldier I will live and die,  
Fear shall never make me fly,  
Nor any danger leave to undertake.

With that amidst the battel  
 The musketeers did rattle  
 A peal of powder flaming all in fire ;  
 The cannons they did loudly play,  
 To please her majesty that day,  
 Which she in heart did lovingly desire.

Her highness thus delighted,  
 She royally requited  
 The noble captains and the soldiers all ;  
 For golden angels flew amain,  
 Round about the warlike train,  
 Each one rewarded was both great and small.

With that in noble manner,  
 To England's fame and honour,  
 The thund'ring shot began to play again ;  
 And for this royal princess sake,  
 Rattling made the ground to shake,  
 In spite of all their enemies of Spain.

The more to be commended,  
 She graciously befriended  
 Full many a worthy gentleman that day,  
 By knighting them in noble sort,  
 As it had been in England's court,  
 Such gallant graces had she every way.

So freely, kind and loving,  
 She was by her approving,  
     To rich and poor that came unto her grace ;  
 Not any one but found her still  
 A friend to good, a foe to ill,  
     And every virtue sweetly would embrace.

But now in heaven's high palace,  
 She lives in joy and solace,  
     Committing all her charge unto the king ;  
 Of whose admired majesty,  
 Ruling us so quietly,  
     Rejoicingly we subjects all do sing.

## XVII.

The life and death of the famous Thomas Stukely, an  
 English gallant, in the time of queen Elizabeth, who  
 ended his life in a battle of three kings of Barbary.

**I**N the west of England,  
 Born there was I understand,  
     A famous gallant was he in his days,  
 By birth a worthy clothier's son,  
 Deeds of wonders hath he done,  
     To purchase him a long and lasting praise.

If I would tell his story,  
Pride was all his glory,  
And lufly Stukely he was call'd in court,  
He ferv'd a bishop in the west,  
And did accompany the best,  
Maintaining of himself in gallant fort.

Being thus esteemed,  
And every where well deemed,  
He gain'd the favour of a London dame,  
Daughter to an alderman,  
Curtis she was called then,  
To whom a fuitor gallantly he came.

When she his person spyed,  
He could not be denied,  
So brave a gentleman he was to see ;  
She was quickly made his wife,  
In weal or woe to lead her life,  
Her father willing, thereto did agree.

Thus in state and pleasure,  
Full many days they measure,  
'Till cruel death with his regardless spight,  
Bore old Curtis to the grave,  
A thing that Stukely wish'd to have,  
That he might revel all in gold so bright.

He

He was no sooner tombed,  
 But Stukely he presumed,  
 To spend a hundred pounds a day in waste.  
 The greatest gallants in the land  
 Had Stukely's purse at their command,  
 Thus merrily the time away he pass'd.

Taverns and ordinaries,  
 Were his chiefest braveries,  
 Golden angels there flew up and down;  
 Riots were his best delight,  
 With stately feasting day and night,  
 In court and city thus he won renown.

Thus wasting lands and living,  
 By this lawless giving,  
 At length he sold the pavements of the yard,  
 Which cover'd were with blocks of tin,  
 Old Curtis left the same to him,  
 Which he consumed lately as you have heard.

Whereat his wife fore grieved,  
 Desiring to be relieved,  
 Make much of me, dear husband, she did say,  
 I'll make much more of thee (said he)  
 Than any one shall verily,  
 I'll sell thy cloaths, and so I'll go my way.

Cruelly



Cruelly this hard-hearted,  
 Away from her he parted,  
 And travell'd into Italy with speed ;  
 There he flourish'd many a day,  
 In his silks and rich array,  
 And did the pleasures of a lady feed.

It was the lady's pleasure  
 To give him goods and treasure,  
 For to maintain him in great pomp and fame ;  
 At last came news assuredly  
 Of a battle fought in Barbary  
 And he would valiantly go see the fame.

Many a noble gallant,  
 Sold both land and talent  
 To follow Stukely in his famous fight.  
 Whereas three kings in person would  
 Advent'rously with courage bold,  
 Within this battle shew themselves in fight.

Stukely and his followers all  
 Of the king of Portugal,  
 Had entertainment like to gentlemen.  
 The king affected Stukely so,  
 That he his secrets all did know,  
 And bore his royal standard now and then.

Upon

Upon this day of honour,  
Each man did shew his bammer,  
Morocco, and the king of Barbary,  
Portugal, and all his train,  
Bravely glittering on the plain,  
And gave the onset there most valiantly.

The cannons they rebounded,  
Thund'ring guns redounded,  
Kill, kill, was all the soldiers cry ;  
Mangled men lay on the ground,  
And with blood the earth was drown'd,  
The sun likewise was darken'd in the sky.

Heaven was so displeas'd,  
And would not be appeas'd,  
But tokens of God's wrath did show,  
That he was angry at this war,  
He sent a fearful blazing star,  
Whereby the kings might their misfortunes know.

Bloody was the slaughter,  
Or rather wilful murder,  
Where sixscore thousand fighting men were slain.  
Three kings within this battle dy'd,  
With forty dukes and earls beside,  
The like will never more be fought again.

With

With woeful arms infolding,  
 Stukely stood beholding  
 The bloody sacrifice of souls that day:  
 He fighting said, I woeful wight,  
 Against my conscience here do fight,  
 And brought my followers all unto decay.

Being thus molested,  
 And with grief oppressed,  
 Those brave Italians that did sell their lands,  
 With Stukely for to travel forth,  
 And venture life for little worth,  
 Upon him all did lay their murd'ring hands.

Unto death thus wounded  
 His heart with sorrow swooned,  
 And to them thus he made his heavy moan,  
 Thus have I left my country dear,  
 To be thus vilely murder'd here,  
 E'en in this place, whereas I am not known.

My wife I have much wronged,  
 Of what to her belonged,  
 I vainly spent in idle course of life;  
 What I have had is past I see,  
 And bringeth nought but grief to me,  
 Therefore grant me pardon, gentle wife.

Life I see consumeth,  
And death I see presumeth,  
    To change this life of mine into a new :  
Yet this my greatest comfort brings,  
I liv'd and dy'd in love of kings,  
    And so brave Stukely bid the world adieu.

Stukely's life thus ended,  
Was after death befriended,  
    And like a soldier bury'd gallantly,  
Where now there stands upon the grave,  
A stately temple builded brave,  
    With golden turrets piercing to the sky.

## XVIII.

Queen Elizabeth's champion: or, a victory obtain'd by  
the young earl of Essex, over the old emperor of Ger-  
many, by sea; in which he took the emperor's son,  
and brought him prisoner to queen Elizabeth.

**C**OME found up your trumpets and beat up your  
drums,

And let's go to sea with a valiant good cheer,  
In search of a mighty vast navy of ships,  
The like has not been for this fifty long years,  
Raderer two, tandaro te  
Raderer, tadorer, tan do re.

The queen she provided a navy of ships,  
With sweet flying streamers so glorious to see,  
Rich top and top-gallants, captains and lieutenants  
Some forty, some fifty brass pieces and three.  
Raderer two, &c.

They had not sail'd past a week on the seas,  
Not passing a week and days two or three,  
But they were aware of the proud emperor,  
Both him and all his proud company,  
Raderer two, &c.

When

When he beheld our powerful fleet,  
 Sailing along in their glory and pride,  
 He was amaz'd at their valour and fame,  
 Then to his warlike commanders he cry'd,  
 Raderer two, &c.

These were the words of the old emperor,  
 Saying, Who's this that is failing to me,  
 If he be a king that weareth a crown,  
 Yet am I a better man than he,  
 Raderer two, &c.

It is not a king nor lord of a crown,  
 Which now to the seas with his navy his come,  
 But the young earl of Essex, the queen's lieutenant,  
 Who fears no foe in Christendom,  
 Raderer two, &c.

Oh! Is that young lord then come to the seas,  
 Then let's tack about, and be steering away,  
 I have heard so much of his father before,  
 That I will not fight with young Essex to-day,  
 Raderer two, &c.

Oh! then bespoke the emperor's son,  
 As they were tacking and steering away,  
 Give me, royal father, this navy of ships,  
 And I will go fight with young Essex to-day,  
 Raderer two, &c.

Take them with all my heart, loving son,  
 Most of them are of a capital fize,  
 But should he do as his father has done,  
 Farewel thine honour and mine likewise.  
 Raderer two, &c.

With cannons hot, and thund'ring shot,  
 These two gallants fought on the main,  
 And as it was young Essex's lot,  
 The emperor's son by him was ta'en.  
 Raderer two, &c.

Give me my son, the emperor cry'd,  
 Which thou this day has taken from me,  
 And I'll give thee three keys of gold,  
 The one shall be of High Germany.  
 Raderer two, &c.

I care not for thy three keys of gold,  
 Which thou hast proffer'd to set him free,  
 But thy son he shall to England sail,  
 And go before the queen with me,  
 Raderer two, &c.

Then have I fifty good ships of the best,  
 As good as ever was sent to the sea,  
 And ere my son into England shall sail,  
 They shall go all for good company.  
 Raderer two, &c.

They

They had not fought this famous battle,  
They had not fought it hours were three,  
Ere some lost legs, and some lost arms,  
And some lay tumbling in the sea.  
Raderer two, &c.

Essex he got his battle likewise,  
Tho' 'twas the sharpest that ever was seen,  
Home return'd with a wonderful prize,  
And brought the emperor's son to the queen,  
Raderer two, &c.

Oh! then bespoke the 'prentices all,  
Living in London, both proper and tall,  
In a kind letter sent strait to the queen,  
For Essex's sake they would fight all.  
Raderer two; tandaro te;  
Raderer, tandorer, tan do re.



XIX.

A lamentable ditty on the death of Robert Devereux,  
 earl of Essex, who was beheaded in the Tower of  
 London, on Ash-Wednesday, 1600-1.

SWEET England's prize is gone,  
 Welladay, Welladay,  
 Which makes her sigh and groan  
 Evermore still:  
 He did her fame advance,  
 In Ireland, Spain, and France,  
 And by a sad mischance  
 Is from us ta'en.

He was a virtuous peer,  
 Welladay, &c.  
 And was esteemed dear,  
 Evermore still.  
 He always lov'd the poor,  
 Which makes 'em sigh full sore,  
 His death they did deplore  
 In every place.

Brave honour grac'd him still,  
 Gallantly, gallantly,  
 He ne'er did deed of ill,  
 Well it is known :  
 But envy that foul fiend,  
 Whose malice ne'er doth end,  
 Hath thus brought virtue's friend  
 Unto this thrall.

At tilt he did surpass,  
 Gallantly, &c.  
 All men that is and was,  
 Evermore still.  
 One day as it was seen,  
 In honour of the queen,  
 Such deeds have seldom been,  
 As he did do.

Abroad and eke at home,  
 Gallantly, &c.  
 For valour there was none,  
 Like him before :  
 For Ireland, France and Spain,  
 Still fear'd great Essex's name,  
 But England lov'd the same,  
 In every place.

But all would not avail,  
 Welladay, welladay,  
 His deeds did not prevail,  
 More was the pity:  
 He was condemn'd to die,  
 For treason certainly,  
 But God that sits on high,  
 Knoweth all things.

That Sunday in the morn,  
 Welladay, &c.  
 That he to the city came,  
 With all his troops;  
 Did first begin the strife,  
 And caus'd his loss of life,  
 And others did the like,  
 As well as he.

Yet her princely majesty,  
 Graciously, graciously,  
 Hath pardon given free  
 To many of them;  
 She hath releas'd them quite,  
 And given them their right:  
 They did pray day and night  
 God to defend her.

Shrove-tuesday in the night,  
Welladay, &c.  
With a heavy-hearted spight,  
As it is said ;  
The lieutenant of the Tower,  
Who kept him in his power,  
At ten a-clock that hour,  
To him did come.

And said unto him there,  
Mournfully, &c.  
My lord you must prepare,  
To die to-morrow.  
God's will be done, quoth he,  
Yet shall you strangely see,  
God strong in me to be,  
Tho' I am weak.

I pray you pray for me,  
Welladay, &c.  
That God may strengthen me  
Against that hour.  
Then straightway he did call  
To the guard under the wall,  
And did intreat them all,  
For him to pray ;

For to-morrow is the day,  
Welladay, &c.  
That I a debt must pay,  
Which I do owe ;  
It is my life I mean,  
Which I must pay the queen,  
Even so hath justice given,  
That I must die.

In the morning was he brought,  
Welladay, &c.  
Where the scaffold was set up,  
Within the Tower,  
Many lords were present then,  
With other gentlemen,  
Which were appointed then,  
To see him die.

You noble lords, quoth he,  
Welladay, &c.  
That must the witness be,  
Of this my dream :  
Know I ne'er lov'd papistry  
But still did it defy,  
And thus doth Essex die,  
Here in this place.

I have

I have a finner been,  
 Welladay, &c.  
 Yet never wrong'd my queen,  
 In all my life :  
 My God I did offend,  
 Which grieves me at my end :  
 May all the rest amend,  
 I them forgive.

To the state I ne'er meant ill,  
 Welladay, &c.  
 Neither wish'd the commons ill  
 In all my life :  
 But lov'd with all my heart,  
 And always took their part,  
 Whene'er they were desert,  
 In any place.

Then mildly did he crave,  
 Mournfully, &c.  
 He might the favour have,  
 Private to pray.  
 He then pray'd heartily,  
 And with great fervency,  
 To God that sits on high,  
 For to receive him.

And then he pray'd again,  
 Mournfully, &c.  
 God to preserve his queen  
 From all her foes,  
 And send her long to reign,  
 True justice to maintain,  
 And not to let proud Spain  
 Once to offend her.

His gown he stript off then,  
 Welladay, &c.  
 And put off his hat and band,  
 And hung them by,  
 Praying still continually,  
 To God that sits on high,  
 That he might patiently  
 There suffer death.

My headfman that must be,  
 Then said he chearfully,  
 Let him come here to me,  
 That I may see him.  
 Who kneeled to him then;  
 Art thou, quoth he, the man  
 Who art appointed now,  
 My life to free?

Yes,

Yes, my lord, he did say,  
 Welladay, &c.  
 Forgive me, I you pray,  
 For this your death :  
 I here do thee forgive,  
 And may true justice live,  
 No foul crimes to forgive,  
 Within this place :

Then he kneel'd down again,  
 Welladay, &c.  
 And was requir'd by some,  
 There standing by,  
 To forgive his enemies,  
 Before death clos'd his eyes,  
 Which he did in hearty-wise,  
 Thanking them for't.

That they would remember him,  
 Welladay, &c.  
 That he would forgive all them  
 That had him wrong'd :  
 Now I take my leave,  
 Sweet Christ my soul receive,  
 Now when you will prepare,  
 I am ready.



He laid his head on the block,  
Welladay, &c.

But his doublet lett the stroke,  
Some there did say :

What must be done, quoth he,  
Shall be done presently ;

Then his doublet off put he,  
And laid down again :

The headfman did his part,  
Cruelly, cruelly,

He was not feen to start,  
For all the blows :

His soul is now at rest,  
In heaven among the blest'd,  
Where God send us to rest,  
When it shall please him.

XX.

A lamentable ballad on the earl of Effex's death.

**A**LL you that cry O hone, O hone,  
 Come now and sing O hone with me,  
 For why our jewel is from us gone,  
 The valiant knight of chivalry :  
 Of rich and poor belov'd was he,  
 In time an honourable knight,  
 When by our laws condemn'd to die,  
 He lately took his last good-night.

Count him not like to Champion,  
 Those traiterous men of Babington,  
 Nor like the earl of Westmoreland,  
 By whom a number were undone :  
 He never yet hurt mother's son,  
 His quarrel still maintains the right,  
 With the tears my face run down,  
 When I think on his last good night.

The

The Portugals can witness be,  
His dagger at Lisbon gate he flung,  
And like a knight of chivalry,  
His chain upon the gates he hung :  
I would to God that he would come,  
To fetch them back in order right,  
Which thing was by his honour done,  
Yet lately took his last good-night.

The Frenchmen they can testify,  
The town of Gourney he took in,  
And march'd to Rome immediately,  
Not caring for his foes a pin :  
With bullets then he pierc'd his skin,  
And made them fly from his fight :  
He there that time did credit win,  
And now hath ta'en his last good-night.

And stately Cales can witness be,  
E'en by his proclamation right,  
And did command them all straitly,  
To have a care of infants lives,  
And that none should hurt man or wife,  
Which was against their right :  
Therefore they pray'd for his long life,  
Which lately took his last good-night.

Wou'd

Wou'd God he ne'er had Ireland known,  
Nor set one foot on Flanders ground,  
Then might we well enjoy'd our own,  
Where now our jewel will not be found,  
Which makes our eyes fill abound ;  
Trickling with salt tears in our sight,  
To hear his name in our ears to found,  
Lord Devereux took his last good-night.

Ash-Wednesday, that dismal day,  
When he came forth his chamber-door ;  
Upon a scaffold there he saw  
His headsmen standing him before ;  
The nobles all they did deplore,  
Shedding salt tears in his sight,  
He said farewell to rich and poor,  
At his good-morrow and good-night.

My lords, said he, you stand but by,  
To see performance of the law ;  
'Tis I that have deserv'd to die,  
And yield myself unto the blow ;  
I have deserv'd to die I know,  
But ne'er against my country's right,  
Nor to my queen was ever foe,  
Upon my death at my good-night.

Farewel

Farewel Elizabeth, my gracious queen,  
 God blefs thee, with thy council all ;  
 Farewel my knights of chivalry,  
 Farewel my foldiers stout and tall :  
 Farewel the commons great and fmall,  
 Into the hands of men I light,  
 My life fhall make amends for all,  
 For Effex bids the world good-night.

Farewel dear wife and children three,  
 Farewel my kind and tender fon :  
 Comfort your felves, mourn not for me,  
 Altho' your fall be now begun :  
 My time is come, my glafs is run,  
 Comfort your felf in former light,  
 Seeing by my fall you are undone,  
 Your father bids the world good-night.

Derick, thou know'ft at Cales I fav'd  
 Thy life, loft for a rape there done,  
 As thou thyfelf canft testify,  
 Thine own hand three-and-twenty hung ;  
 But now thou fee'ft my felf is come,  
 By chance into thy hands I light,  
 Strike out thy blow, that I may know,  
 Thou Effex lov'd at his good-night.

When

When England counted me a Papist,  
 The works of Papists I defy,  
 I ne'er worshipp'd faint nor angel in heav'n,  
 Nor the virgin Mary I;  
 But to Christ, which for my sins did die,  
 Trickling with salt tears in his sight,  
 Spreading my arms to God on high,  
 Lord Jesus receive my soul this night.

XXI.

The life and death of queen Elizabeth.

**I**N England reigned once a king,  
 Eighth Henry call'd by name,  
 Which made fair Anne of Bullen queen  
 Of England in great fame:  
 Who brought into this country joy,  
 And to her king delight;  
 A daughter that in England made  
 God's gospel shine most bright.

At Greenwich was the princess born,  
That gallant place in Kent,  
A house belov'd of kings and queens,  
A house of sweet content,  
E'en in her childhood she began,  
So stor'd with heav'nly grace,  
That all estates both high and low,  
Her virtues did embrace.

None like Elizabeth was found,  
In learning so divine,  
She had the perfect skilful art,  
Of all the muses nine:  
In Latin, Greek, and Hebrew she  
Most excellent was known,  
To foreign kings ambassadors  
The fame was daily shown.

Th' Italian, French, and Spanish tongue,  
She well could speak or read,  
The Turkish and Arabian speech  
Grew perfect at her need.  
The musick made her wonderful,  
So cunning therein found,  
The fame whereof about the world,  
In princes ears did sound;

Yet

Yet when her royal parents lives  
By death were ta'en away,  
And her dear brother Edward turn'd  
To clods of earth and clay;  
Her cruel sifter Mary fought  
Her lasting grief and woe,  
Regarding not the gifts which God  
Upon her did bestow.

A bloody reign queen Mary liv'd,  
A papist in belief,  
Which was unto Elizabeth  
A great heart-breaking grief.  
A faithful protestant she was,  
At which queen Mary spighted,  
And in Elizabeth's mishaps  
She daily much delighted.

Poor maiden, by the bishops wills  
In prison she was put,  
And from her friends and comforters  
In cruel manner shut.  
Much hoping she would turn in time,  
And her true faith forsake;  
But firm she was, and patiently  
Did all these troubles take.



Her sifter forthwith did command  
Her diet to be small,  
Her servants likewise very few,  
Yea, almost none at all :  
And also would have ta'en her life,  
But that king Philip said,  
O queen, thy country will report,  
Thou hast the tyger play'd.

The Lord thus put the king in mind  
His chofen faint to save,  
And also to queen Mary's life  
A sudden ending gave :  
And so Elizabeth was fetch'd  
From prifon to a crown,  
Which ſhe full four-and-forty years  
Poffefs'd with great renown.

She popery firft of all ſuppreſs'd,  
And in our English tongue,  
Did cauſe God's Bible to be read ;  
Which Heaven continue long !  
Pure preaching likewise ſhe ordain'd,  
With plenty in this land,  
And ſtill againſt the foes thereof  
Moſt zealouſly did ſtand.

The pride of Rome this queen abates,  
And spightful Spain keeps under,  
And succour'd much Low Country states,  
Whereat the world did wonder,  
That such a worthy queen as she,  
Should work such worthy things,  
And bring more honour to this land,  
Than all our former kings.

The gold still brought from Spanish mines,  
In spight of all her foes,  
Throughout all parts of Christendom,  
Her brave adventure shows :  
Her battels fought upon the seas,  
Refounded up to heaven,  
Which to advance her fame and praise,  
Had victory still given.

The Spanish power in eighty-eight,  
Which thirsted for her blood,  
Most nobly, like an Amazon,  
Their purposes withstood ;  
And boldly in her royal camp,  
In person she was seen :  
The like was never done, I think,  
By any English queen.

Full many a traytor fince that time,  
She hath confounded quite,  
And not the bloodieft mind of all  
Her courage could affright :  
For mercy join'd with majefty  
Still made her foes her friends,  
By pardoning many which deferv'd  
To have untimely ends.

Tyrone with all his Irish rout  
Of rebels in that land,  
Though ne'er fo desperate, bold and ftout,  
Yet fear'd her great command.  
She made them quake and tremble fore  
But for to hear her name :  
She planted peace in that fair land,  
And did their wildnefs tame.

Tho' wars fhe kept with dangers great,  
In Ireland, France, and Spain ;  
Yet her true fubjects ftill at home  
In fafety did remain :  
They joy'd to fee her princely face,  
And would in numbers run,  
To meet her royal majefty,  
More thick than moats in fun.

But

But time that brings all things to end,  
 A swift foot-course did run :  
 And of this royal maiden queen,  
 A woful conquest won.  
 Her death brought fear upon the land,  
 No words but tales of woe  
 In subjects ears resounded then,  
 Where-ever men did go.

But fear exchange'd to present joys,  
 Sweet comforts loud did ring,  
 Instead of queen, the people cry'd,  
 Long live our royal king ;  
 Which name of king did seem most strange,  
 And made us for to muse ;  
 Because full many a year the name  
 Of king we did not use.

Yet such a noble king is he,  
 And so maintains our peace,  
 That we in that may daily wish  
 His life may never cease.  
 Our hopeful and most royal prince,  
 Good angels still defend,  
 This is my muse's chief desire,  
 Her melody to end.

## XXII.

The honour of a London 'prentice. Being an account of his matchless manhood and brave adventures done in Turkey, and by what means he married the king's daughter, &c.

*The following song relates to a noble piece of chivalry performed in queen Elizabeth's days, and therefore claims a place here; though it must be acknowledged we have not been able to discover who the hero was, nor any account of the facts on which the ballad is founded.*

**O**F a worthy London 'prentice,  
 My purpose is to speak,  
 And tell his brave adventures  
 Done for his country's sake;  
 Seek all the world about,  
 And you shall hardly find,  
 A man in valour to exceed  
 A 'prentice gallant mind.

He

He was born in Cheshire,  
The chief of men was he,  
From thence brought up to London,  
A 'prentice for to be.  
A merchant on the bridge,  
Did like his service so,  
That for three years his factor,  
To Turkey he should go,

And in that famous country  
One year he had not been,  
Ere he by tilt maintained  
The honour of his queen,  
Elizabeth his princess,  
He nobly did make known,  
To be the phoenix of the world,  
And none but she alone.

In armour richly gilded,  
Well mounted on a steed,  
One score of knights most hardy  
One day he made to bleed ;  
And brought them all unto the ground,  
Who proudly did deny,  
Elizabeth to be the pearl  
Of princely majesty.

The king of that fame country  
Thereat began to frown,  
And will'd his son, there present,  
To pull this youngster down ;  
Who at his father's words  
These boasting speeches said,  
Thou art a traytor, English boy,  
And hast the traytor play'd.

I am no boy, nor traytor,  
Thy speeches I defy,  
For which I'll be revenged  
Upon thee by and by,  
A London 'prentice still  
Shall prove as good a man,  
As any of your Turkish knights,  
Do all the best you can.

And therewithal he gave him  
A box upon the ear,  
Which broke his neck afunder,  
As plainly doth appear.  
Now know proud Turk, quoth he,  
I am no English boy,  
That can with one small box o'th' ear  
The prince of Turks destroy.

When

When as the king perceived  
His son so strangely slain,  
His soul was fore afflicted  
With more than mortal pain :  
And in revenge thereof,  
He swore that he should dye  
The cruell'st death that ever man  
Beheld with mortal eye.

Two Lyons were prepar'd  
This 'prentice to devour,  
Near famish'd up with hunger,  
Ten days within the tower,  
To make them far more fierce,  
And eager of their prey,  
To glut themselves with human gore,  
Upon this dreadful day.

The appointed time of torment,  
At length grew nigh at hand,  
When all the noble ladies  
And barons of the land,  
Attended on the king,  
To see this 'prentice slain,  
And bury'd in the hungry maw  
Of those fierce Lyons twain.

Then



Then in his shirt of cambrick,  
 With filks most richly wrought,  
 This worthy London 'prentice  
 Was from the prison brought,  
 And to the Lyons given  
 To stanch their hunger great,  
 Which had not eat in ten days space  
 Not one small bit of meat.

But God that knows all secrets,  
 The matter so contriv'd,  
 That by this young man's valour  
 They were of life depriv'd;  
 For being faint for food,  
 They scarcely could withstand  
 The noble force and fortitude,  
 And courage of his hand:

For when the hungry Lyons,  
 Had cast on him their eyes,  
 The elements did thunder  
 With the echo of their cries:  
 And running all amain  
 His body to devour,  
 Into their throats he thrust his arms,  
 With all his might and power:

From

From thence by manly valour,  
Their hearts he tore in funder,  
And at the king he threw them,  
To all the peoples wonder.  
This I have done, quoth he,  
For lovely England's sake,  
And for my country's maiden queen,  
Much more will undertake.

But when the king perceived  
His wrathful Lyons hearts,  
Afflicted with great terror,  
His rigour soon reverts,  
And turned all his hate,  
Into remorse and love,  
And said it is some angel  
Sent down from heav'n above,

No, no, I am no angel,  
The courteous young man said,  
But born in famous England,  
Where God's word is obey'd;  
Assisted by the heavens,  
Who did me thus befriend,  
Or else they had most cruelly  
Brought here my life to end.

The king, in heart amazed,  
Lift up his eyes to heaven  
And for his foul offences  
Did crave to be forgiven;  
Believing that no land  
Like England may be seen,  
No people better govern'd  
By virtue of a queen.

So taking up this young man,  
He pardon'd him his life,  
And gave his daughter to him,  
To be his wedded wife:  
Where then they did remain,  
And live in quiet peace,  
In spending of their happy days  
In joy and love's increase.

## XXIII.

The true lovers knot unty'd: being the right path  
whereby to advise princely virgins how to behave  
themselves, by the example of the renowned princess  
the lady Arabella, and the second son of the lord  
Seymour, late earl of Hertford.

**A**S I to Ireland did pass,  
I saw a ship at anchor lay,  
Another ship likewise there was,  
Which from fair England took her way.

This ship that sail'd from fair England,  
Unknown unto our gracious king,  
The lord chief justice did command,  
That they to London should her bring.

I then drew near, and saw more plain,  
Lady Arabella in distress,  
She wrung her hands, and wept amain,  
Bewailing of her heaviness.

When

When near fair London tower she came,  
 Whereas her landing place should be,  
 The king and queen with all their train,  
 Did meet this lady gallantly.

How now, Arabella, said our good king,  
 Unto this lady strait did say,  
 Who hath first try'd thee to this thing,  
 That you from England took your way?

None but my self, my gracious liege,  
 These ten long years I've been in love,  
 With the lord Seymour's second son,  
 The earl of Hertford so we prove :

Full many a hundred pound I had  
 In goods and livings in the land,  
 Yet I have lands us to maintain,  
 So much your grace doth understand.

My lands and livings so well known  
 Unto your books of majesty,  
 Amount to twelvescore pounds a week,  
 Besides what I do give, quoth she.

In gallant Derbyshire likewise,  
 I ninescore beadsmen maintain there,  
 With hats and gowns and house rent free,  
 And every man five marks a year.

I never

I never raised rent, said she,  
Nor yet oppress'd the tenant poor,  
I never did take bribes for fines,  
For why, I had enough before.

Whom of your nobles will do so,  
For to maintain the commonality?  
Such multitudes would never grow,  
Nor be such store of poverty.

I would I had a milk-maid been,  
Or born of some more low degree,  
Then I might have lov'd where I lik'd,  
And no man could have hinder'd me.

Or would I were some yeoman's child,  
For to receive my portion now,  
According unto my degree,  
As other virgins whom I know.

The highest branch that soars aloft,  
Needs must beshade the myrtle-tree,  
Needs must the shadow of them both,  
Shadow the third in his degree.

But when the tree is cut and gone,  
And from the ground is bore away,  
The lowest tree that there doth stand,  
In time may grow as high as they.

Once too I might have been a queen,  
But that I ever did deny,  
I knew your grace had right to th' crown,  
Before Elizabeth did dye.

You of the eldest sister came,  
I of the second in degree,  
The earl of Hertford of the third,  
A man of royal blood was he.

And so good night, my sovereign liege,  
Since in the tower I must lye,  
I hope your grace will condescend,  
That I may have my liberty.

Lady Arabella, said the king,  
I to your freedom would consent,  
If you would turn and go to church,  
There to receive the sacrament.

And so good night, Arabella fair,  
Our king replied to her again,  
I will take councel of my nobility,  
That you your freedom may obtain.

Once more to prison must I go,  
Lady Arabella then did say,  
To leave my love breeds all my woe,  
The which will bring my life's decay.

Love is a knot none can unknit,  
Fancy a liking of the heart,  
Him whom I love I can't forget,  
Tho' from his presence I must part.

The meanest people enjoy their mates,  
But I was born unhappily,  
For being cross'd by cruel fates,  
I want both love and liberty.

But death I hope will end the strife,  
Farewel, farewel, my love, quoth she,  
Once I had thought to have been thy wife,  
But now am forc'd to part with thee.

At this sad meeting she had cause,  
In heart and mind to grieve full fore,  
After that time Arabella fair,  
Did never see lord Seymour more.



## XXIV.

A servant's sorrow for the loss of his late royal mistress  
queen Anne, who deceas'd at Hampton court the 2d  
of May, 1618.

**I**N dole and deep distress  
Poor soul I sighing make my moan,  
A doom of heaviness  
Constrains my heavy heart to groan.  
Then hapless I  
That thus must cry  
Against those sisters three,  
Which to my pain,  
Her life hath ta'en  
That late did comfort me.

In fable weeds I mourn,  
My prince's absence to condole,  
Who never can return  
Unto my sad forsaken soul.  
Yet will I show  
The grounds of woe,  
Of such as mourners be,  
For sorrowing care  
Will be my share,  
When none will comfort me.

My

My golden fun is fled,  
And clearest day beset with clouds,  
A hollow sheet of lead  
My late beloved prince's shrouds.  
For whose sweet sake  
This moan I make,  
As all the world may see,  
There is no joy,  
But in annoy ;  
Then who can comfort me ?

With grief I waste away,  
Remembring of my gracious queen ;  
We servants all may say,  
And witness well what she hath been,  
A prince's kind,  
Of royal mind,  
Adorn'd with courtesy ;  
But now a grave  
Her grace will have,  
And none will comfort me.

Oh let my ireful cries  
To sadness court and country move,  
No mourning may suffice  
To tell my dear affecting love,

Nor words of woe  
Cannot well shew,  
The griefs that fettle be  
Within my breast,  
So much distrest,  
That none can comfort me.

Yet mourners there be store  
Of kings, of states, and princes high,  
Who sadly do deplore  
The want of that sweet majesty:  
Who spent her days  
In virtuous ways,  
And doing good, we see:  
Her liberal hand  
' Adorn'd this land,  
Which much doth comfort me.

My sovereign lord king James,  
Lamenting moans his turtle dear,  
And princely Charles out-streams  
Full many a sad and sorrowful tear:  
So as that race  
Of royal grace  
And blooms of majesty,  
Conjoin in one,  
For to make moan,  
Yet none will comfort me.

The

The Palsgrave of the Rhine,  
 With Denmark's most true honoured king,  
 Unto sad sorrow's shrine,  
 Some sacrificing tears will bring :  
 Elizabeth  
 Thy mother's death  
 A mournful news will be,  
 To fill those courts  
 With sad reports,  
 Yet no man comforts me.

Methinks the Netherlands,  
 And German princes of her kin,  
 Possess with sorrow stand,  
 And sadly thus their grief begin :  
 Farewel, adieu,  
 Sweet queen so true,  
 Thy life much miss'd will be ;  
 For rich and poor  
 Fed on thy store,  
 But now none comforts me.

Where'er her highness went,  
 Sweet bounty frankly she bestow'd,  
 The gifts that God her lent,  
 Unto the world she nobly show'd :

With many ways  
Advanc'd her praise,  
So full of good was she ;  
The which did move  
All men to love,  
But now none comforts me.

You ladies fair and fine,  
Attendants on this royal queen,  
Her grace is made divine  
On this dull earth not to be seen.  
Her soul is flown  
Up to the throne  
Where angels reigning be,  
Whilst I aspire  
To vain desire,  
For now none comforts me.

Oh blessed be that mould  
Which shall contain so sweet a prize,  
Keep safe the same inroll'd,  
Untouch'd, unseen by mortal eyes.  
Till from this earth  
A second birth  
Of newness framed be,  
And till that hour  
Preserve this flower,  
Whose goodness comforts me.

A queen

A queen and mother dear,  
A wife, a daughter to a king,  
A sifter royal here,  
And grandom as renown doth ring :  
Which rich born fame  
Hath grac'd her name,  
Though all now buried be,  
Yet after-days  
Shall found her praise ;  
Which greatly comforts me.

## XXV.

An Excellent song made of the successors of king  
Edward IV.

**W**HEN as the king of England dy'd,  
Edward the fourth by name ;  
He had two fons of tender years,  
For to succeed the same :  
Then Richard duke of Gloucester  
Defiring kingly sway,  
Devis'd by treason how to make  
His nephews both away.

He with the duke of Buckingham  
     Did closely then contrive  
 How he unto the English crown  
     Might happily atchieve :  
 Betwixt them both they laid a plot,  
     And both together went  
 To Stony Stratford, where they met  
     Our king incontinent.

This sweet young king did entertain  
     His uncle lovingly,  
 Not thinking of their secret drift,  
     And wicked treachery ;  
 But when the duke of Buckingham  
     To set abroach the thing,  
 Began a quarrel for the once,  
     With them that kept the king.

And there they did arrest lord Gray,  
     The brother to the queen,  
 Her other brother lord Rivers,  
     In durance then was seen :  
 Sir Thomas Vaughan they likewise  
     Did then and there arrest ;  
 Thus was the king of all his friends  
     On sudden dispossess.

The king doth for his uncles plead,  
And would their fureties be :  
But both these dukes would in no case  
To his request agree.  
In brief these noblemen were sent  
To Pomfret castle soon,  
Where secretly and suddenly  
They there to death were doom.

Then forth they brought the king alone,  
To London with great speed,  
Using persuasions in such sort,  
Not to mislike their deed :  
But when to London he was come,  
For him they had prepar'd  
The bishop's palace there to hold,  
But safely under guard.

And then duke Richard takes on him  
The keeping of the king,  
Naming himself lord protector,  
His purpose about to bring :  
Devising how to get in hold  
The other brother too,  
The which the cardinal undertook  
Full cunningly to do.



The cardinal then all in haste  
Unto the queen did come,  
Using persuasions in such sort,  
He got the other son :  
And then they both incontinent  
Unto the Tower were sent,  
After which time they ne'er came forth,  
For death did them prevent.

Duke Richard having found the means  
To work these princes death,  
Did cause James Tirril's hired men  
Full soon to stop their breath :  
Miles Forrest and James Dighton both,  
These wicked cruel men,  
Were made the instruments of blood,  
To work the murder then.

These princes lying in their bed,  
Being sweetly arm in arm,  
Not thinking of this vile intent,  
Or meaning any harm :  
These villains in their feathered-beds  
Did wrap them up in haste,  
And with the cloaths did smother them,  
Till life and breath was past.

But

But when they were fo murdered,  
 Where laid no man did know :  
 But mark the judgment of the Lord  
 Did sharp revenge soon show.  
 Betwixt the dukes within short space,  
 Such discord there was bred,  
 That Buckingham to please the king,  
 Was forc'd to lose his head.

Then Richard in his kingly feat,  
 No rest nor ease could find,  
 The murder of his nephews did  
 So fore torment his mind ;  
 He never could take quiet rest,  
 His life he still did fear ;  
 His hand upon his dagger was,  
 And none might come him near.

At length the earl of Richmond came  
 With such a puissant hand,  
 That this usurping king was forc'd  
 In his defence to stand :  
 And meeting him in Bosworth field,  
 They fought with heart full fain,  
 But God (for shedding princes blood)  
 Caus'd Richard to be slain.

Then

Then being dead upon a horfe,  
Naked as he was born,  
His flesh fore cut and mangled,  
His hair all rent and torn.  
And then earl Richmond worthily,  
For this his deed of fame,  
Of England he was crowned king,  
Henry the seventh by name.

From whose most royal loins did spring  
That famous king of might,  
Henry the eighth, whose worthy deeds  
Our chronicles recite :  
Who dying left his land and crown  
To Edward his sweet son :  
Whose gracious reign all England ru'd,  
His time so soon was run.

His sister Mary did succeed,  
Next princess in this land,  
But in her time blind ignorance  
Against God's truth did stand :  
Which caused many a martyr's blood  
Be shed in rueful case ;  
But God did England's woes regard,  
And turn'd those storms to grace.

At length the other sister came,  
Elizabeth, late queen ;  
And she reliev'd her subjects hearts  
From grief and sorrow clean :  
She spent her days in peace and joy,  
And dy'd God's servant true,  
And now enjoys a place in heaven,  
Amongst the blessed crew.

Next her succeeding mighty James,  
Likewise of Henry's race,  
His majesty with royal right,  
Deserves this worthy place ;  
Whose progeny God long preserve,  
This kingdom for to sway,  
And send all subjects loyal hearts,  
Their sovereign to obey.

## XXVI.

On the Sea Fight off Cape la Hogue in the year 1692.

*The engagement which makes the subject of this very popular ballad, is very accurately described in the Memoirs of Great Britain and Ireland, by Sir John Dalrymple. See p. 205.*

**T**HURSDAY in the morn the ides of May,  
 Recorded for ever the famous ninety-two;  
 Brave Ruffel did discern by dawn of day,  
 The lofty sails of France advancing now:  
 All hands aloft, aloft, let English valour shine,  
 Let fly a culverin, the signal for the line,  
 Let every hand supply his gun,  
 Follow me, and you'll see,  
 That the battle will be soon begun.

Tourville on the main triumphant rowl'd,  
 To meet the gallant Ruffel in combat on the deep;  
 He led the noble train of heroes bold,  
 To sink the English admiral at his feet:  
 Now every valiant mind to victory doth aspire,  
 The bloody fight's begun, the sea itself on fire;  
 And mighty Fate stood looking on,  
 Whilst a flood all of blood,  
 Fill'd the scup'r-holes of the Royal Sun.

Sulphur,

Sulphur, smoke and fire disturb'd the air,  
 With thunder and wonder affright the Gallick shore;  
 Their regulated bands stood trembling near,  
 To see the lofty streamers now no more;  
 At six o'clock the red, the smiling victors led,  
 To give a second blow, the fatal overthrow;  
 Now death and horror equal reign,  
 Now they cry, run or die,  
 British colours rid the vanquish'd main.

See they fly amaz'd through rocks and sands,  
 One danger they grasp at to shun the greater fate;  
 In vain they cry for aid to weeping lands,  
 The nymphs and sea-gods mourn their lost estate:  
 For evermore adieu thou Royal dazzling Sun,  
 From thy untimely end thy master's fate begun;  
 Enough thou mighty king of war,  
 Now we sing blefs the king,  
 Let us drink to every English tar.

## XXVII.

Admiral Vernon's answer to Admiral Hosier's Ghost.  
Written in 1740. By John Price, a land-waiter in  
the port of Poole.

*In Dr. Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry, vol. 2. p. 376, is inserted an admirable ballad, intituled, Hosier's Ghost, an Address to Admiral Vernon, in Porto-Bello harbour; the production of Mr. Glover, author of Leonidas. "In April 1726, admiral Hosier was sent with a strong fleet into the Spanish West Indies, to block up the galleons in the Spanish ports, but was restrained by his orders from obeying the dictates of his courage. He continued cruizing in these seas, when seeing great numbers of his officers and men falling sacrifices to an unhealthy climate, and himself made the sport of the enemy, is said to have died of a broken heart."—The ballad concludes,*

*" O'er these waves for ever mourning,  
" Shall we roam deprived of rest,  
" If to Britain's shores returning,  
" You neglect my sad request.  
" After this proud foe subduing,  
" When your patriot friends you see;  
" Think on vengeance for my rain,  
" And for England sham'd in me."*

**HOSIER!**

**H**OSIER! with indignant sorrow,  
I have heard thy mournful tale;  
And, if heav'n permit, to-morrow  
Hence our warlike fleet shall sail.  
O'er these hostile waves, wide roaming,  
We will urge our bold design,  
With the blood of thousands foaming,  
For our country's wrongs and thine.

On that day, when each brave fellow,  
Who now triumphs here with me,  
Storm'd and plunder'd Porto-Bello,  
All my thoughts were full of thee.  
Thy disastrous fate alarm'd me;  
Fierce thy image glar'd on high,  
And with gen'rous ardour warm'd me,  
To revenge thy fall, or die.

From their lofty ships, descending,  
Thro' the flood, in firm array,  
To the destin'd city bending,  
My lov'd failors work'd their way.  
Strait the foe, with horror trembling,  
Quits in haste his batter'd walls;  
And in accents, undissembling,  
As he flies, for mercy calls.



Carthage, tow'ring wonder!  
 At the daring deed dismay'd,  
 Shall ere-long by Britain's thunder,  
 Smoaking in the dust be laid.  
 Thou, and these pale spectres sweeping,  
 Restless, o'er this watry round,  
 Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping,  
 Pleas'd shall listen to the sound.

Still rememb'ring thy sad story,  
 To thy injur'd ghost I swear,  
 By my hopes of future glory,  
 War shall be my constant care:  
 And I ne'er will cease pursuing,  
 Spain's proud sons from sea to sea,  
 With just vengeance for thy ruin,  
 And for England sham'd in thee.

## XXVIII.

A song, by Paul Whitehead, Esq.

*The following ballad was sung by Mr. Beard, at the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden, in December, 1759, in the character of a recruiting serjeant. It may be considered as a poetical register of British successes in that war.*

“ When Britain fought, and triumph'd o'er her foe,  
 “ Wherever winds could waft, or waters flow.”

**I**N story we're told  
How our monarchs of old  
O'er France spread their royal domain ;  
But no annals can show  
Their pride laid so low,  
As when brave George the Second did reign.

Of Roman and Greek  
Let fame no more speak,  
How their arms the old world did subdue ;  
Thro' the nations around  
Let our trumpets now sound  
How Britons have conquer'd the new.

East, west, north, and south,  
Our cannons' loud mouth  
Shall the right of our monarch maintain :  
On America's strand  
Amherst limits the land,  
Boscawen gives law on the main.

Each port and each town  
We will make our own,  
Cape Breton, Crown Point, Niagar,  
Guadaloupe, Senegal,  
Quebec's mighty fall  
Shall prove we've no equal in war.

Though Confians did boast  
He'd conquer our coast,  
Our thunder soon made monsieur mute ;  
Brave Hawke wing'd his way,  
Then pounc'd on his prey,  
And gave him an English salute.

At Minden, you know,  
How we conquer'd the foe,  
While homeward their army now steals,  
Though, they cry'd, British bands  
Are too hard for our hands,  
Begar we can beat them in heels.

While our heroes from home  
For laurels now roam,  
Should the flat-bottom boats but appear,  
Our militia shall shew  
No wooden-shoe foe  
Can with freemen in battle compare.

Our fortunes and lives,  
 Our children and wives,  
 To defend is the time now or never;  
 Then let each voluntier  
 To the drum-head repair,  
 King George and Old England for ever.

XXIX.

The complaint and lamentation of Mistresse Arden of Feversham in Kent, who for the loue of one Mosbie, hired certaine ruffians and villaines most cruelly to murder her husband; with the fatall end of her and her affociats.

*This ballad is reprinted from an old black letter copy. The event upon which it is founded was a real fact which happened in the reign of Henry VIII. In the year 1599, a play was written on the subject, which was reprinted in 1630, and since in 1730, with a preface wherein the publisher offers some reasons to induce us to ascribe it to Shakespeare. A few years since, George Lillo, the author of George Barnwell, and other dramatic pieces, made some alterations in it, and it was performed a single night at Drury Lane, with a prologue and epilogue, written, as we have been informed, by Dr. John Hoadley. For an account of the circumstances of the murder which occasioned both the play and ballad, see Hollingshead, and Jacob's History of Feversham.*

**A**H me, vile wretch, that euer I was borne,  
 Making my felse unto the world a scorne :  
 And to my friends and kindred all a fhame,  
 Blotting their blood by my unhappy name.

Unto a gentleman of wealth and fame,  
 (One master Arden, he was call'd by name)  
 I wedded was with ioy and great content,  
 Liuing at Feuerfham in famous Kent.

In loue we liu'd, and great tranquillity,  
 Until I came in Mosbie's company,  
 Whose fugged tongue, good fhape, and louely looke,  
 Soone won my heart, and Arden's loue forfooke.

And liuing thus in foule adultery,  
 Bred in my husband cause of iealoufie,  
 And lest the world our actions should bewray,  
 Wee did consent to take his life away.

To London faire my husband was to ride,  
 But ere he went I poyfon did prouide,  
 Got of a painter which I promifed  
 That Mosbie's fister Sufan he should wed.

Into his broth I then did put the fame,  
 He lik't it not when to the board it came,  
 Saying, There's something in it is not found,  
 At which inrag'd, I flung it on the ground.

Yet

Yet ere he went, his man I did coniure,  
Ere they came home, to make his master fure,  
And murder him, and for his faith and paine,  
Sufan, and store of gold that he should gaine.

Yet I misdoubting Michael's constancy,  
Knowing a neighbour that was dwelling by,  
Which to my husband bore no great good will,  
Sought to incense him his deare blood to spill.

His name was Greene; O master Greene (quoth I)  
My husband to you hath done iniury,  
For which I forry am with all my heart,  
And how he wrongeth me I will impart.

He keepes abroad most wicked company,  
With whores and queanes, and bad society:  
When he comes home, he beats me fides and head,  
That I do wish that one of us were dead.

And now to London he is rid to roare,  
I would that I might never see him more:  
Greene then incenst, did vow to be my friend,  
And of his life he soon would make an end.

O master Greene, said I, the danger's great,  
You must be circumspect to doe this feat;  
To act the deed your selfe there is no need,  
But hire some villaines, they will doe the deed.

Ten pounds Ile giue them to attempt this thing,  
And twenty more when certaine newes they bring,  
That he is dead, besides Ile be your friend,  
In honest courtesie till life doth end.

Greene vow'd to doe it ; then away he went,  
And met two villaines that did use in Kent,  
To rob and murder upon Shooter's-hill,  
The one call'd Shakebag, t' other nam'd Black Will.

Two such like villaines hell did never hatch,  
For twenty angels they made vp the match,  
And forty more when they had done the deed,  
Which made them sweare, they'd do it with al speed,

Then up to London presently they hye,  
Where master Arden in Paul's church they spy,  
And waiting for his coming forth that night,  
By a strange chance of him they then lost fight.

For where these villaines stood and made their stop,  
A prentice he was shutting vp his shop,  
The window falling light on Black Will's head,  
And broke it foundly, that apace it bled.

Where straight he made a brabble and a coyle,  
And my sweet Arden he past by the while ;  
They missing him, another plot did lay,  
And meeting Michael, thus to him they say :

Thou

Thou knowst that we must packe thy master hence,  
 Therefore consent and further our pretence,  
 At night when as your master goes to bed,  
 Leave ope the doores, he shall be murdered.

And so he did, yet Arden could not sleepe,  
 Strange dreames and visions in his senses creepe,  
 He dreamt the doores were ope, and villaines came,  
 To murder him, and 'twas the very same.

The S E C O N D P A R T.

HE rose and shut the doore, his man he blames,  
 Which cunningly he strait this answer frames,  
 I was so sleepey that I did forget,  
 To locke the doores, I pray you pardon it.

Next day these ruffians met this man againe,  
 Who the whole story to them did explaine,  
 My master will in towne no longer stay,  
 To-morrow you may meete him on the way.

Next day his businesse being finished,  
 He did take horse, and homeward then he rid,  
 And as he rid, it was his hap as then,  
 To ouertake lord Cheiney and his men.

With



With salutations they each other greet,  
I am full glad your honour for to meet,  
Arden did say ; then did the lord reply,  
Sir, I am glad of your good company.

And being that we homeward are to ride,  
I haue a suite that must not be denide,  
That at my house youle sup and lodge also,  
To Feuersham this night you must not goe.

Then Arden answered with this courteous speech,  
Your honour's pardon now I doe beseech,  
I made a vowe, if God did giue me life,  
To sup and lodge with Alice my louing wife.

Well, said my lord, your oath hath got the day,  
To-morrow come and dine with me, I pray,  
He wait upon your honour then (said he)  
And safe he went amongst this company.

On Raymon Downe, as they did passe this way,  
Black Will and Shakebag they in ambush lay,  
But durst not touch him, cause of the great traine,  
That my lord had : thus were they crost againe.

With horrid oaths these ruffians gan to sweare,  
They stampe and curst, and tore their locks of haire,  
Saying, some angel surely him did keepe,  
Yet vow'd to murder him ere they did sleepe.

Now

Now all this while my husband was away,  
 Mosby and I did reuel night and day ;  
 And Sufan, which my waiting-maiden was,  
 My loues owne sifter, knew how all did passe.

But when I saw my Arden was not dead,  
 I welcom'd him, but with a heavy head :  
 To bed he went, and slept secure from harmes,  
 But I did wish my Mosby in my armes.

Yet ere he slept, he told me he must goe  
 To dinner to my lord's, hee'd haue it so ;  
 And that same night Black Will did send me word,  
 What lucke bad fortune did to them afford.

I sent him word, that he next day would dine  
 At the lord Cheinies, and would rise betime,  
 And on the way their purpose might fulfill,  
 Well Ile reward you, when that you him kill.

Next morne betimes, before the breake of day,  
 To take him napping then they took their way ;  
 But such a mist and fog there did arise,  
 They could not see although they had foure eyes.

Thus Arden scap'd these villaines where they lay,  
 And yet they heard his horse goe by that way,  
 I thinke (said Will) some spirit is his friend,  
 Come life or death, I vow to see his end.

Then

Then to my house they strait did take their way,  
 Telling me how they missed of their prey;  
 Then presently we did together gree,  
 At night at home that he should murdered be.

Mosby and I, and all, our plot thus lay,  
 That he at tables should with Arden play,  
 Black Will and Sakebag they themselves should hide,  
 Until that Mosby he a watch-word cride.

The word was this whereon we did agree,  
 Now (master Arden) I haue taken ye:  
 Woe to that word, and woe unto us all,  
 Which bred confusion and our sudden fall.

When he came home, most welcome him I made,  
 And Iudas like, I kist whom I betraide,  
 Mosby and he together went to play,  
 For I on purpose did the tables lay.

And as they plaid the word was straightway spoke,  
 Blacke Will and Sakebag out the corner broke,  
 And with a towell backwards pul'd him downe,  
 Which made me think they now my ioyes did crowne.

With swords and knives they stabb'd him to the heart,  
 Mosby and I did likewise act our part,  
 And then his body straight we did conuey  
 Behind the abbey in the field he lay.

And

And then by justice we were straight condemn'd,  
Each of us came vnto a shamelesse end,  
For God our secreet dealings soone did spy,  
And brought to light our shamefull villainy.

Thus have you heard of Arden's tragedy,  
It rests to show you how the rest did die:  
His wife at Canterbury she was burnt,  
And all her flesh and bones to ashes turn'd.

Mosby and his fair sifter they were brought  
To London for the trespasse they had wrought,  
In Smithfield on a gibbet they did die,  
A iust reward for all their villainie.

Michael and Bradshaw, which a goldsmith was,  
That knew of letters which from them did passe,  
At Feuerham were hanged both in chaines,  
And well rewarded for their faithfull paines.

The painter fled none knowes how he did speed,  
Shakebag in Southwark he to death did bleed,  
For as he thought to scape and run away,  
He suddenly was murdered in a fray.

In Kent at Osbridge Greene did suffer death,  
Hang'd on a gibbet he did lose his breath:  
Blacke Will at Flushing on a stage did burne,  
Thus each one came unto his end by turne.

And

And thus my story I conclude and end,  
 Praying the Lord that he his grace will fend  
 Upon us all, and keep us all from ill.  
 Amen say all, if't be thy blessed will.

## XXX.

The lamentable song of the lord Wigmore, governour  
 of Warwick-castle, and the fair maid of Dunsmore.

**I**N Warwickshire there stands a down,  
 And Dunsmore-heath it hath to name,  
 Adjoining to a country town,  
 Made famous by a maiden's name :

Fair Isabel she named was,  
 A shepherd's daughter, as some say ;  
 To Wigmore's ears her fame did pass,  
 As he in Warwick-castle lay.

Poor love-sick lord immediately  
 Upon her fame set his delight ;  
 And thought much pleasure sure did lye  
 Possessing of so fair a wight.

There-

Therefore to Dunsmore did repair,  
To recreate his sickly mind ;  
Where in a summer's evening fair,  
His chance was Isabel to find.

She sat amidst a meadow green,  
Most richly spread with smelling flowers,  
And by a river she was seen  
To spend away some evening hours.

There laid this maiden all alone,  
Washing her feet in secret wise,  
Which virgin fair to look upon  
Did much delight his loving eyes.

She thinking not to be espy'd,  
Had laid from her her country tire ;  
The tresses of her hair unty'd,  
Hung glistering like the golden wire

And as the flakes of winter snow,  
That lye unmelted on the plains,  
So white her body was in snow ;  
Like silver springs did run her veins

He, ravisht with this pleasant sight,  
Stood as a man amazed still ;  
Suffering his eyes to take delight,  
That never thought they had their fill.

She

She blinded their affections so,  
 That reason's rules were led away ;  
 And love the coals of lust did blow,  
 Which to a fire flamed high.

And though he knew the sin was great,  
 It burned so within his breast,  
 With such a vehement scorching heat,  
 That none but she could lend him rest.

Lord Wigmore being thus drown'd in lust,  
 By liking of this dainty dame ;  
 He call'd a servant of great trust,  
 Inquiring straight what was her name.

She is, quoth he, no married wife,  
 But a shepherd's daughter as you see,  
 And with her father leads her life,  
 Whose dwellings by these pastures be ;

Her name is Ifabel the fair,  
 Then stay, quoth he, and speak no more,  
 But to my castle straight her bear,  
 Her sight hath wounded me full sore.

Thus to lord Wigmore she was brought,  
 Who with delight his fancies fed,  
 And through his suit such means he wrought,  
 That he entic'd her to his bed.

This

This being done, incontinent  
She did return from whence she came,  
And every day she did invent  
To cover her received shame.

But ere three months were fully past,  
Her crime committed plain appears ;  
Unto lord Wigmore then in haste  
She long complain'd with weeping tears.

Lord Wigmore, thus I have defil'd  
And spotted my pure virgin's bed ;  
Behold I am conceiv'd with child,  
To which vile folly you me led.

For now this deed that I have wrought  
Throughout the country well is known,  
And to my woful parents brought,  
Who now for me do make great moan.

How shall I look them in the face,  
When they my shameless self shall see ?  
O curst Eve, I feel thy case,  
When thou hadst tasted of the tree.

Thou hidst thyself, and so must I,  
But God thy trespass quickly found ;  
No dark may hide me from God's eye,  
But leave my shame still to abound.



Wide open are mine eyes to look  
 Upon my sad and heavy sin:  
 And quite unclasped is the book,  
 Where my accounts are written in.

This sin of mine deserveth death,  
 But judge lord Wigmore I am she,  
 For I have trod a strumpet's path,  
 And for the fame I needs must die.

Bespotted with reproachful shame  
 To ages following shall I be,  
 And in records be writ my blame;  
 Lord Wigmore this is long of thee.

Lord Wigmore, prostrate at thy feet,  
 I crave my just deserved doom,  
 That death may cut off from the root  
 This body, blossom, branch and bloom.

Let modesty, accurse this crime,  
 Let love and law, and nature speak,  
 Was ever any wretch yet seen  
 That in one instant all did break?

Then Wigmore justice on me shew,  
 For thus consenting to the act,  
 Give me my death, for that is due  
 To such as sin in such a fact.

O that the womb had been my grave,  
Or I had perish'd in my birth,  
O that same day may darkness have,  
Wherein I first drew vital breath.

Let God regard it not at all,  
Let not the sun upon it shine,  
Let misty darkness on it fall,  
For to make known this sin of mine.

The night wherein I was conceiv'd,  
Let be accurst with mournful cries,  
Let twinkling stars from sky bereav'd,  
And clouds of darkness thereon rise.

Because they shut not up their powers,  
That gave the passage to my life.  
Come sorrow, finish up my hours,  
And let my time here end with grief.

And having made this woful moan,  
A knife she snatched from her side;  
Lucretia's part was rightly shown,  
For with the same fair Isabel dy'd.

Whereat lord Wigmore grieved sore,  
A heart repenting his amiss,  
And after would attempt no more  
To crop the flower of maidens bliss;

But lived long in woful wife,  
 Till death did finish up his days,  
 And now in Ifabel's grave he lyes,  
 Till judgement comes them both to raife.

## XXXI.

## H E N G I S T   A N D   M E Y :

*Written by William Julius Mickle, author of Sir Martyn, an excellent imitation of Spenser, a translation of the Lusiad of Camoens, and several other pieces; the merit of which are too well known to require any eulogium.*

**I**N ancient days, when Arthur reign'd,  
 Sir Elmer had no peer!  
 And no young knight in all the land  
 The ladies lov'd so dear.

His sifter Mey, the fairest maid  
 Of all the virgin train,  
 Won every heart at Arthur's court;  
 But all their love was vain.

In vain they lov'd, in vain they vow'd,  
 Her heart they could not move:  
 Yet at the evening hour of prayer  
 Her mind was lost in love.

The

The abbess saw, the abbess knew,  
 And urg'd her to explain ;  
 O name the gentle youth to me,  
 And his consent I'll gain.

Long urg'd, long tir'd, fair Mey reply'd,  
 His name how can I say ?  
 An angel from the fields above  
 Has rapt my heart away.

But once, alas, and never more,  
 His lovely form I spied,  
 One evening by the sounding shore,  
 All by the greenwood side :

His eyes to mine the love confess'd,  
 That glow'd with mildest grace :  
 His courtly mein and purple vest  
 Bespoke his princely race,

But when he heard my brother's horn  
 Fast to his ships he fled :  
 Yet while I sleep his graceful form  
 Still hovers round my bed.

Sometimes all clad in armour bright,  
 He shakes a warlike lance ;  
 And now in courtly garments dight,  
 He leads the sprightly dance.

His hair is black as raven's wing,  
 His skin as Christmas snow,  
 His cheeks outvie the blush of morn,  
 His lips like rose-buds glow.

His limbs, his arms, his stature, shap'd  
 By nature's finest hand ;  
 His sparkling eyes declare him born  
 To love and to command.

The live-long year fair Mey bemoan'd  
 Her hopeless pining love :  
 But when the balmy spring return'd,  
 And summer cloath'd the grove ;

All round by pleasant Humber side  
 The Saxon banners flew,  
 And to fir Elmer's castle gates  
 The spear-men came in view.

Fair blush'd the morn when Mey look'd o'er  
 The castle-wall so sheen ;  
 And, lo, the warlike Saxon youth  
 Were sporting on the green.

There Hengist, Offa's eldest son,  
 Lean'd on his burnish'd lance,  
 And all the armed youth around  
 Obey'd his manly glance.

His

His locks as black as raven's wing  
Adown his shoulders flow'd,  
His cheeks outvied the blush of morn,  
His lips like rose-buds glow'd.

And soon the lovely form of Mey  
Has caught his piercing eyes :  
He gives the sign, the bands retire,  
While big with love he sighs,

Oh thou, for whom I dar'd the seas,  
And come with peace or war ;  
Oh, by that cross that veils thy breast,  
Relieve thy lover's care !

For thee I'll quit my father's throne,  
With thee the wilds explore ;  
Or with thee share the British crown,  
With thee the cross adore.

Beneath the timorous virgin blush,  
With love's soft warmth she glows :  
So blushing thro' the dews of morn  
Appears the opening rose.

'Twas now the hour of morning prayer,  
When men their sins bewail,  
And Elmer heard king Arthur's horn  
Shrill founding thro' the dale.

The pearly tears from Mey's bright eyes  
Like April dew-drops fell,  
When with a parting dear embrace  
Her brother bade 'arewell.

The crofs with sparkling diamonds bright  
That veil'd her snowy breast,  
With prayers to heaven, her lily hands  
Have fixt on Elmer's vest.

Now, with five hundred bowmen true,  
He's march'd acrofs the plain,  
Till with his gallant yeomandrie  
• He join'd king Arthur's train.

Full forty thousand Saxon spears  
Came glittering down the hill,  
And with their shouts and clang of arms  
The distant valleys fill.

Old Offa, drest in Odin's garb,  
Assum'd the hoary god ;  
And Hengist, like the warlike Thor,  
Before the horsemen rode.

With dreadful rage the combat burns,  
The captains shout amain ;  
And Elmer's tall victorious spear  
Far glances o'er the plain.

To

To stop its course young Hengist flew  
Like lightning o'er the field;  
And soon his eyes the well-known cross  
On Elmer's vest beheld.

The flighted lover swell'd his breast,  
His eyes shot living fire,  
And all his martial heat before  
To this was mild desire.

On his imagin'd rival's front  
With whirlwind speed he prest,  
And glancing to the sun, his sword  
Refounds on Elmer's crest.

The foe gave way, the princely youth  
With heedless rage pursu'd,  
Till trembling in his cloven helm  
Sir Elmer's javelin stood.

He bow'd his head, slow dropt his spear,  
The reins slipt through his hand,  
And stain'd with blood, his stately corse  
Lay breathless on the strand.

O bear me off, sir Elmer cried,  
Before my painful fight  
The combat swims—yet Hengist's vest  
I claim as victor's right.



Brave Hengift's fall the Saxons saw,  
And all in terror fled.

The bowmen to the castle gates  
The bold fir Elmer led.

Oh wash my wounds, my sister dear,  
O pull this Saxon dart,  
That whizzing from young Hengift's arm  
Has almost pierc'd my heart.

Yet in my hall his vest shall hang,  
And Britons yet unborn  
Shall with the trophies of to-day  
Their solemn feasts adorn.

All trembling Mey beheld the vest ;  
Oh, Merlin, loud she cried,  
Thy words are true—my slaughter'd love  
Shall have a breathless bride !

Oh, Elmer, Elmer, boast no more  
That low my Hengift lies !  
O, Hengift, cruel was thine arm ;  
My brother bleeds and dies !

She spake—the roses left her cheek,  
And life's warm spirits fled :  
So nipt by winter's lingering blasts,  
The snow-drop bows the head.

Yet

Yet parting life one struggle gave,  
She lifts her languid eyes ;  
“ Return, my Hengift, oh return,  
My slaughter'd love !” she cries.

Oh—still he lives—he smiles again,  
With all his grace he moves :  
I come—I come, where bow nor spear  
Shall more disturb our loves.—

She spake—she died. The Saxon dart  
Was drawn from Elmer's side ;  
And thrice he call'd his sister Mey,  
And thrice he groan'd, and di'd.

Where in the dale a moss-grown cross  
O'er shades an aged thorn,  
Sir Elmer's and young Hengift's corse  
Were by the spearmen borne ;

And there all clad in robes of white,  
With many a sigh and tear,  
The village maids to Hengift's grave  
Did Mey's fair body bear.

And there at dawn and fall of day,  
All from the neighbouring groves,  
The turtles wail in widow'd notes,  
And sing their hapless loves.

## XXXII.

Sir J A M E S the R O S S.

*Is reprinted from a copy lately published in Scotland, and  
declared to have been written many years ago.*

**O**F all the Scottish northern chiefs,  
Of his high warlike name,  
The bravest was Sir James the Rofs,  
A knight of meikle fame.

His growth was as the tufted fir  
That crowns the mountain's brow,  
And waving o'er his shoulders broad  
His locks of yellow flew.

The chieftain of the brave clan Rofs,  
A firm undaunted band ;  
Five hundred warriors drew the sword  
Beneath his high command.

In bloody fight thrice had he stood  
Against the English keen,  
Ere two-and-twenty op'ning springs  
This blooming youth had seen.

The

The fair Matilda dear he lov'd,  
A maid of beauty rair,  
Even Marg'ret on the Scottish throne  
Was never half so fair.

Lang had he woo'd, lang she refus'd  
With seeming scorn and pride;  
Yet aft her eyes confess'd the love  
Her fearful words deny'd.

At last she blest his well-try'd faith,  
Allow'd his tender claim;  
She vow'd to him her virgin heart,  
And own'd an equal flame.

Her father, Buchan's cruel lord,  
Their passion disapprov'd,  
And bade her wed fir John the Graham,  
And leave the youth she lov'd.

Ae night they met as they were wont,  
Deep in a shady wood,  
Where on the bank beside the burn,  
A blooming saugh-tree stood.

Conceal'd among the underwood  
The crafty Donald lay,  
The brother of fir John the Graham,  
To hear what they would say.

When

When thus the maid began :—My fire  
 Your passion disapproves,  
 And bids me wed fir John the Graham,  
 So here must end our loves!

My father's will must be obey'd,  
 Nought boots me to withstand;  
 Some fairer maid in beauty's bloom  
 Shall blefs thee with her hand.

Matilda soon shall be forgot,  
 And from thy mind defac'd;  
 But may that happiness be thine  
 Which I can never taste.

What do I hear? Is this thy vow?  
 Sir James the Rofs reply'd,  
 And will Matilda wed the Graham,  
 Tho' sworn to be my bride?

His sword shall sooner pierce my heart  
 Than reave me of thy charms!  
 Then clasp'd her to his beating breast,  
 Fast lock'd within her arms.

I spake to try thy love, she said,  
 I'll ne'er wed man but thee;  
 The grave shall be my bridal bed,  
 Ere Graham my husband be.

Take

Take then, dear youth, this faithful kiss,  
In witness of my troth,  
And every plague become my lot,  
That day I break my oath.

They parted thus : the sun was set,  
Up hasty Donald flies,  
And turn thee, turn thee, beardless youth,  
He loud insulting cries.

Soon turn'd about the fearless chief,  
And soon his sword he drew,  
For Donald's blade before his breast  
Had pierc'd his tartans through.

This for my brother's slighted love,  
His wrongs fit on my arm :  
Three paces back the youth retir'd,  
And sav'd himself frae harm.

Returning swift, his hand he rear'd  
Frae Donald's head above,  
And thro' the brains and crashing bones  
His sharp edg'd weapon drove.

He stagg'ring reel'd, then tumbled down,  
A lump of breathless clay ;  
So fall my foes ! quoth valiant Ross,  
And stately strode away.

Thro'

Thro' the green wood he quickly hy'd,  
Unto lord Buchan's hall,  
And at Matilda's window stood,  
And thus began to call :

Art thou asleep, Matilda dear !  
Awake, my love, awake ;  
Thy luckless lover calls on thee,  
A long farewell to take.

For I have slain fierce Donald Graham,  
His blood is on my sword ;  
And distant are my faithful men,  
Nor can assist their lord.

To Skye I'll now direct my way,  
Where my two brothers bide,  
And raise the valiant of the isles  
To combat on my side.

O, do not so ! the maid replies,  
With me till morning stay,  
For dark and dreary is the night,  
And dangerous is the way :

All night I'll watch you in the park,  
My faithful page I'll send,  
To run and raise the Ross's clan,  
Their master to defend.

Beneath

Beneath a bush he laid him down,  
And wrapt him in his plaid,  
While trembling for her lover's fate,  
At distance stood the maid.

Swift ran the page o'er hill and dale,  
Till in a lowly glen  
He met the furious sir John Graham,  
With twenty of his men.

Where go'st thou, little page? he said:  
So late who did thee send?  
I go to raise the Rofs's clan  
Their master to defend.

For he has slain fierce Donald Graham,  
His blood is on his sword,  
And far, far distant are his men,  
That should assist their lord.

And has he slain my brother dear?  
The furious Graham replies,  
Dishonour blast my name! but he  
By me ere morning dies.

Tell me, where is sir James the Rofs?  
I will thee well reward;  
He sleeps within lord Buchan's park;  
Matilda is his guard.



They spurr'd their steeds in furious mood,  
And scour'd along the lea,  
They reach'd lord Buchan's lofty tow'rs  
By dawning of the day.

Matilda stood without the gate,  
To whom thus Graham did say;  
Saw ye Sir James the Rofs last night,  
Or did he pass this way?

Last day at noon, Matilda said,  
Sir James the Rofs pass'd by,  
He furious prick'd his sweaty steed,  
And onward fast did hy.

By this he is at Edinburgh cross,  
If horse and man hold good—  
Your page then ly'd, who said he was  
Now sleeping in the wood.

She wrung her hands and tore her hair,  
Brave Rofs! thou art betray'd,  
And ruin'd by those very means  
From whence I hop'd thine aid.

By this the valiant knight awak'd,  
The virgin's shriek he heard;  
And up he rose, and drew his sword,  
When the fierce band appear'd.

Your

Your sword last night my brother slew,  
His blood yet dims its shine,  
But ere the setting of the sun  
Your blood shall reek on mine.

You word it well, the chief return'd,  
But deeds approve the man ;  
Set by your men, and hand to hand  
We'll try what valour can.

Oft boasting hides a coward's heart,  
My weighty sword you fear,  
Which shone in front of Flodden field,  
When you kept in the rear.

With dauntless step he forward strode,  
And dar'd him to the fight ;  
But Graham gave back, and fear'd his arm,  
For well he knew its might.

Four of his men, the bravest four,  
Sunk down beneath his sword ;  
But still he scorn'd the poor revenge,  
And fought their haughty lord.

Behind him basely came the Graham,  
And pierc'd him in the side,  
Out spouting came the purple tide,  
And all his tartans dy'd.

But yet his sword quat not the grip,  
Nor dropt he to the ground,  
Till thro' his en'my's heart his steel  
Had forc'd a mortal wound.

Graham like a tree with wind o'erthrown,  
Fell breathless on the clay,  
And down beside him sunk the Rofs,  
And faint and dying lay.

The sad Matilda saw him fall,  
O spare his life! she cried,  
Lord Buchan's daughter begs his life,  
Let her not be deny'd.

Her well known voice the hero heard,  
He rais'd his half-clos'd eyes,  
And fix'd them on the weeping maid,  
And weakly thus replies:

In vain Matilda begs the life  
By death's arrest deny'd;  
My race is run!—Adieu my love!  
Then clos'd his eyes and dy'd.

The sword yet warm, from his left side  
With frantic hand she drew;  
I come, Sir James the Rofs, she cried,  
I come to follow you.

She lean'd the hilt against the ground,  
 And bar'd her snowy breast,  
 Then fell upon her lover's face,  
 And sunk to endless rest.

XXXIII.

C O L M A.

*This poem fixes the antiquity of a custom, which is well known to have prevailed afterwards, in the north of Scotland, and in Ireland. The bards, at an annual feast, provided by king or chief, repeated their poems; and such of them as were thought by him worthy of being preserved, were carefully taught to their children, in order to have them transmitted to posterity. It was one of those occasions that afforded the subject of the present poem to Ossian. It is called in the original, the Song of Selma, which title it was thought proper to adopt in the translation.*

'TIS night: and on the hill of storms  
 Alone doth Colma stray:  
 While round her shriek fantastic forms  
 Of ghosts that hate the day,

O'er rocks the torrent roars amain,  
 The whirlwind's voice is high:  
 To save her from the wind and rain,  
 No friendly shelter nigh!

Rise, moon! kind stars! appear a while;  
And guide me to the place,  
Where rests my love, o'ercome with toil,  
And wearied with the chase.

Some light! direct me, helpless maid!  
Where, sitting on the ground,  
His bow unstrung is near him laid,  
His panting dogs around.

Else by the rock, the stream beside,  
I here must sit me down;  
While howls the wind, and roars the tide,  
My lover's call to drown.

Ah! why, my Salgar! this delay,  
Where stray thy ling'ring feet?  
Didst thou not promise in the day  
Thy love at night to meet?

Here is the rock, and here the tree,  
Thine own appointed spot;  
Thy promise canst thou break with me?  
And is my love forgot?

For thee I'd dare my brother's pride?  
My father's house would fly,  
For thee forsake my mother's side;  
With thee to live and die.

Be hush'd, ye winds! how loud ye brawl!  
 Stream! stand a moment still;  
 Perhaps my love may hear me call,  
 Upon the neighbouring hill.

Ho! Salgar! Salgar! mend thy pace;  
 To Colma haste away.  
 'Tis I, and this th' appointed place:  
 Ah! wherefore this day?

Kind moon! thou giv'st a friendly light;  
 And lo! the glassy stream,  
 And the grey rocks, through dusky night,  
 Reflect thy silver beam.

Yet I descry not Salgar's form;  
 No dogs before him run.—  
 Shall I not perish by the storm,  
 Before to-morrow's sun?

But what behold I, on the heath?  
 My love! my brother! laid—  
 O speak, my friends! nor hold your breath,  
 T' affright a trembling maid.

They answer not—they sleep—they're dead—  
 Alas! the horrid fight—  
 Here lie their angry swords, still red,  
 And bleeding from the fight.

Ah! wherefore lies, by Salgar slain,  
My brother bleeding here?  
Why Salgar murder'd on the plain,  
By one to me so near?

Friends of my choice! how lov'd were both!  
Who now your fame shall raise?  
Who sing my lover's plighted troth;  
My brother's song of praise?

Of thousands lovely, Salgar's face  
Was loveliest to the fight:  
Renown'd my brother for the chace,  
And terrible in fight.

Sons of my love! speak once again—  
Ah no!— to death a prey,  
Silent they are, and must remain;  
For cold their breasts of clay.

But are their fleeting spirits fled,  
Across the plain so soon!  
Or shun the shadows of the dead  
The glimpses of the moon?

Speak, where on rock, or mountain grave,  
Still clash your souls of fire,  
Or reconcil'd, in some dark cave  
Your peaceful ghosts retire.

Ah!

Ah! where her friends shall Colma find?  
Hark—No—they're silent still—  
No muttering answer brings the wind:  
No whisper o'er the hill.

Fearless, yet overwhelm'd with grief,  
I sit all night in tears;  
Hopeless of comfort or relief,  
When morning light appears.

Yet raise, ye friends of these the dead,  
On this sad spot their tomb;  
But close not up their narrow bed;  
Till hapless Colma come.

For why behind them should we stay,  
Whose life is now a dream?  
Together here our corpses lay,  
Beside the murmuring stream.

So shall my shivering ghost be seen,  
Lamenting o'er the slain;  
As homeward hies the hunter keen,  
Benighted on the plain.

Yet shall he, fearless, pass along,  
And lend his listening ear:  
For sweet, though sad, shall be my song,  
For friends I lov'd so dear.



## XXXIV.

## NATHOS AND DARTHULA.

By J. TAIT.

*The hint of this poem (attempted in the ballad style) is taken from one of the lesser poems of Ossian.*

**O**N Morven's hills, where valour rose  
The prudence of the soil,  
The youthful Nathos, dread of foes,  
Enjoyed the martial toil.

Great in the field, his fiery spear  
Commanded prompt regard ;  
In days of peace the sprightly chear,  
With social soul he shar'd.

Impartial heroes prais'd his truth,  
Approv'd his growing fame,  
The artless virgins lov'd the youth,  
And nurs'd the am'rous flame.

But

But chief for fair Darthula's charms  
His feeling bosom beat ;  
For her he bore the toil of arms,  
And mock'd the battle's heat.

With ev'ry grace the virgin shone  
Unrival'd on the plain—  
What wonder if the youth was won,  
And hugg'd the pleasing chain!

In calm content they pass'd the day,  
When war had ceas'd to rage,  
Now told the laughing story gay,  
Now heard the tale of age.

But Cairbar, Erin's bloody king,  
Beheld with envious eyes ;  
He bad the hostile clangour ring,  
And num'rous armies rife.

The gallant Nathos heard the sound  
That threaten'd dreadful woe ;  
He call'd his warlike chiefs around,  
And, pointing to the foe,

Behold, he cried, the hostile crew  
That come to try our might,  
In endless lines they rise to view,  
And tire the burden'd fight ;

**But**

But shall their numbers damp our fire?  
Shall Morven's heroes yield?  
Shall we forego each great desire,  
And tamely quit the field?

No—like our fathers let us rise,  
Like them rush furious on;  
Haste, let us snatch the glorious prize  
Of conquest fairly won.

His words inflam'd each warrior's soul,  
Their breasts with transport glow'd,  
A loud applause run thro' the whole,  
By dauntless hearts bestow'd.

Darthula saw the morning scene,  
Her griefs were mix'd with joy,  
She could not leave the best of men,  
Nor warlike schemes annoy.

For well she knew the clash of swords  
Was grateful to his ear;  
Yet love's delusive parting words  
Might touch his heart too near.

In pensive posture long she stood,  
Revolving in her mind,  
Whether to join the godlike crowd,  
Or lonely pine behind,

At last she burst the martial ranks,  
Array'd in warlike pride;  
Swift as a stream that scorns its banks,  
They parted on each side.

Low at her Nathos' feet she fell,  
And must we part? she said;  
Must you the hostile crew expel,  
And leave your helpless maid?

But glory calls, and valour fues,  
Haste then, the call obey;  
Tho' fond regard my heart subdues,  
I ne'er shall ask your stay.

But can I live when you are gone,  
On Morven's lonely plain?  
Shall I possess the halls alone,  
And sing the mournful strain?

No—like a youth of mighty force,  
I'll follow where you go;  
With willing heart pursue your course,  
Nor heed the num'rous foe.

If prayers or tears the fates can move,  
Success shall smile around;  
If Nathos fall, Darthula's love  
Shall watch the fatal wound.

With

With mute attention Nathos heard  
Darthula's fond request ;  
Her love the dreadful prospect chear'd,  
And warm'd the hero's breast.

Yes, you shall go, my faithful fair,  
To horror's fav'rite scene ;  
If you are near, I'll mock despair,  
And scorn the might of men.

With rapid haste the field they fought  
Where Erin's monarch lay ;  
With fatal force the armies fought,  
And Nathos' fell a prey.

The sad Darthula's care was vain,  
In vain was ev'ry art ;  
No earthly pow'r could ease his pain,  
Or heal his bleeding heart.

As o'er his wounds Darthula wept,  
And bath'd them with a tear,  
The breast-plate from her bosom leapt,  
She toss'd away the spear.

Grim Erin's monarch seiz'd the spoil  
With triumph's cruel joy ;  
He view'd the nymph with scornful smile,  
Ambitious to destroy.

With

With haughty words he fought her love,  
So oft refus'd before ;  
With threaten'd woe he tried to move,  
But she disdainful bore.

Since Nathos falls, with him I'll die,  
No other boon I crave ;  
Since life can nought of bliss supply,  
I'll court his silent grave.

There shall the constant lovers meet,  
And all their passion tell,  
Shall strow with shrubs and flow'rets sweet  
His tomb, who lov'd so well.

But see ! his shade delays its flight,  
And chides my tedious stay ;  
I come, my love — my sole delight !  
She spoke — and dy'd away.

## XXXV.

## C H I L D E W A T E R S.

*This ballad which appears to be ancient, and the following one on the same subject, by Mrs. Hampden Pye, are printed from a collection of poems published by that lady in the year 1771.*

**C**HILDE Waters in his stable stooode,  
 And stroakt his milk-white steede,  
 To him a fayre yonge lady came,  
 As ever ware woman's weede.

Sayes, Christ you save, good Childe Waters,  
 Sayes, Christ you save, and see;  
 My girdle of gold that was too longe,  
 Is now too short for mee.

And all is with one childe of yours,  
 I feel sturre at my fide:  
 My gowne of greene it is too straighte,  
 Before it was too wide.

If he childe be mine, fair Ellen, he said,  
 Be mine as you tell mee ;  
 Then take you Cheshire and Lancashire both,  
 Take them your own to bee.

If the childe be mine, fair Ellen, he said,  
 Be mine as you doe sweare ;  
 Then take you Cheshire and Lancashire both,  
 And make that child your heyre.

Shee fayer, I had rather have one kisse,  
 Childe Waters, of thy mouth ;  
 Than I wold have Cheshire and Lancashire both,  
 That lye by north and southe.

And I had rather have one twinklinge,  
 Childe Waters, of thine ee ;  
 Than I wold have Cheshire and Lancashire both,  
 To take them mine owne to bee.

To-morrow, Ellen, I must forth ride,  
 Farr into the north countree ;  
 The fayrest ladye that I can finde,  
 Ellen, must goe with mee.

Though I am not a lady fayre,  
 Yet let me go with thee,  
 And ever I pray you, Childe Waters,  
 Your foot-page let me bee.



If you my foot-page will be, Ellen,  
 As you do tell to mee :  
 Then you must cut your gown of greene,  
 An inch above your knee.

Soe must you do your yellow locks,  
 An inch above your ee :  
 You must tell no man what is my name,  
 My foot-page then you shall bee.

Shee, all the longe daye Childe Waters rode,  
 Ran barefoote by his fyde ;  
 Yet was he never soe courteous a knyghte,  
 To say, Ellen, will you ryde ?

Shee, all the longe daye Childe Waters rode,  
 Ran barefoote throw the broome ;  
 Yet was he never so courteous a knyghte,  
 To say, put on your shoone.

Ride softlye, shee sayd, O Childe Waters,  
 Why do you ryde so fast ?  
 The childe, which is no man's but thine,  
 My bodye it will braft.

Hee sayth, feest thou yond water, Ellen,  
 That flows from bank to brimme ?  
 I trust in God, O Childe Waters,  
 You never will see me fwymme.

But

But when she came to the water fyde,  
 Shee fayled to the chinne ;  
 Now the Lord of Heaven be my speede,  
 For I must learn to fwymme.

The salt waters bare up her clothes,  
 Our lady bare up her chinne :  
 Childe Waters was a woe man, good Lord,  
 To see fayre Ellen fwymme.

And when shee over the water was,  
 Shee then came to his knee :  
 Hee sayd, come hither, thou fayre Ellen,  
 Loe yonder what I see.

Seest thou not yonder hall, Ellen :  
 Of red gold shines the yate :  
 Of twenty-foure fayre ladyes there,  
 The fayrest is my mate.

Seest thou not yonder hall, Ellen ?  
 Of red gold shines the towre :  
 There are twenty-foure ladyes there ;  
 The fayrest is my paramoure.

I see the hall now, Childe Waters,  
 Of red gold shines the yate ;  
 God give you joy nowe of yourselfe,  
 And of your worthy mate.

I see the hall now, Childe Waters,  
 Of red gold shines the towre :  
 God give you good now of yourselfe,  
 And of your paramoure.

There twenty-four fayre ladyes were,  
 A playing at the ball ;  
 And Ellen, the fayrest lady there,  
 Must bring his steed to the stall.

There twenty-four fayre ladyes were,  
 A playing at the cheffe ;  
 And Ellen, the fayrest lady there,  
 Must bring his horse to graffe.

And then bespake Childe Waters fister ;  
 These were the wordes sayd fhee ;  
 You have the prettyest page, brother,  
 That ever I did see.

But that his bellye it is so bigge,  
 His girdle stands foe hye ;  
 And ever I pray you, Childe Waters,  
 Let him in my chamber lye.

It is not fit for a little foot-page,  
 That has run through mosse and myre,  
 To lye in the chamber of any ladye,  
 That weares so rich attyre.

It is more meete for a little foot-page,  
That has run through moffe and myre,  
To take his fupper upon his knee,  
And lye by the kitchen fire.

Now when they had fupped every one,  
To bedd they tooke theyr waye :  
He fayd, come hither my little foot-page,  
And hearken what I faye.

Goe thee downe into yonder towne,  
And lowe into the ftreete ;  
The fayrest ladye that thou canst finde,  
Hyre in mine arms to sleepe :  
And take her up in thine armes twaine,  
For \* filing of her feete.

Ellen is gone into the towne,  
And lowe into the ftreete ;  
The fayrest lady that she colde finde,  
She hyried in his armes to sleepe :  
And took her up in her armes twaine,  
For filing of her feete.

I pray you nowe, good Childe Waters,  
Let mee lye at your feete ;  
For there is noe place about this house,  
Where I may faye a sleepe.

\* *i. e.* Defiling.

He gave her leave, and fayre Ellen  
Down at his bed's feete laye :  
This done, the night drove on apace ;  
And when it was neare the daye,

Hee sayd, rise up my little foot-page,  
Give my steede corne and haye ;  
And give him now the goode black oats,  
To carry mee better awaye.

Up then rose the fayre Ellen,  
And gave his steede corne and haye ;  
And soe shee did the good black oates,  
To carry him better awaye.

She leaned her back to the manger side,  
And grievouslye did groane ;  
Shee lean'd her back to the manger side,  
And there shee made her moane.

And that beheard his mother deare,  
Shee heard her woefull woe ;  
Shee sayd, rise up, thou Childe Waters,  
And into thy stable goe :

For in thy stable is a gholste,  
That grievouslye doth grone ;  
Or else some woman laboures with childe,  
Shee is so woe begone.

Up then rose Childe Waters soone,  
And did on his shirte of filke;  
And then he put on his othere clothes,  
On his bodye æ white as milke.

And when he came to the stable dore,  
Fall still there hee did stand,  
That hee might heare his fayre Ellen,  
How she made her monand.

Shee sayd, lullabye, mine owne deare childe,  
Lullabye, deare childe, deare;  
I wolde thy father were a kinge,  
Thy mother layd on a biere.

Peace now, hee sayd, good fayre Ellen,  
Bee of goode cheere, I praye;  
And the bridall, and the churchinge bothe  
Shall bee upon one daye.

## XXXVI.

## E A R L W A L T E R.

**E**ARL Walter stroked his milk-white steed,  
His heart with courage beat;  
When lo! a damsel—matchless fair!  
Fell prostrate at his feet.

Behold, she cried, a ruined maid,  
The victim of thy love,  
And let thy Ellen's once-praised form,  
Thy tender pity move.

The dreadful time draws on apace,  
That must reveal my shame,  
And can earl Walter then consent  
To murder Ellen's fame?

Ah! wretched infant, doomed to woe  
Before thy natal hour,  
Disgrace must be thy portion here,  
Wronged Ellen's only dower.

The

The gallant youth was inly moved,  
But coldly thus replied,  
The cure that love perhaps disclaims,  
My justice shall provide.

From north to south extended wide,  
With fields and pastures fair,  
Those plains to thee I freely give;  
Bestow them on thy heir.

By me, she cried, more highly prized,  
One kiss of that dear mouth,  
Than all thy rich and fertile plains,  
Extending north and south.

One glance of those deluding eyes  
More rapture can bestow,  
Than should our monarch quit his throne,  
And that to me forego.

No more, fair Ellen, cries the earl,  
I can no longer stay;  
For northward must I bend my course,  
There lies my destin'd way.

With thee, earl Walter, let me go,  
Thy handmaid will I be;  
All perils I with joy can brave,  
That much loved face to see.



Rash Ellen! dost thou know the terms,  
On which alone thou goest?  
To drop each soft alluring grace,  
Thy sex's pride and boast.

Those auburn locks to cut away,  
To cast thy woman's weed;  
All day to follow as my page,  
All night to tend my steed.

Her auburn locks she cut away,  
She cast her woman's weed,  
All day she followed as his page,  
Each night she fed his steed.

At length a rapid stream they find;  
Which when Earl Walter viewed,  
Thou canst not, Ellen, follow here—  
He spoke, and passed the flood.

But love, than danger stronger far,  
Her timid heart upbore;  
She rush'd at once amid the waves,  
And reach'd the farther shore.

But still the earl his purpose kept,  
No pity he confess'd,  
Tho' strong fatigue and anxious care  
The damsel sore oppress'd.

Thy

Thy languid eyelids, Ellen, raise,  
And view yon princely bower ;  
There pleasure holds his revel reign,  
And marks each passing hour.

There dwells a maid more fair than morn,  
Than summer suns more bright ;  
That maiden is my plighted love,  
My joy and sole delight.

Sad Ellen mildly answered thus,  
May every bliss betide,  
And still encreasing rapture wait  
Earl Walter and his bride !

The princely bower they enter soon,  
And hail the glittering train ;  
Earl Walter courts each lovely nymph  
Nor heeds his Ellen's pain.

His sister with superior grace  
Shone far above the rest,  
Who when she Ellen's form surveyed,  
Her wonder thus exprest.

Ah ! whence, my brother, is thy page ?  
How heavenly fair his face !  
What pity that his size uncouth  
Such beauty should disgrace.

But

But let the boy on me attend,  
In my apartment wait ;  
My care shall sooth his gentle mind,  
And mend his present state.

Too great for him that honor were,  
A youth of low degree,  
Enough distinguished as my page,  
On foot to follow me.

Now midnight closing every eye,  
Left Ellen free to weep,  
But with the morn the earl arose,  
And broke the bands of sleep.

Awake ! awake ! thou slothful page,  
'Tis dawn of breaking day,  
Bring forth in haste my milk-white steed,  
I must from hence away.

But ere her lord could be obey'd,  
Uncall'd Lucina came,  
And to sad Ellen's other woes,  
She adds a mother's name.

Now burst their way the heart-felt groans  
Now falls the trickling tear,  
Till thro' the high resounding dome,  
They reach earl Walter's ear.

With

With eager steps he fought the place,  
Then made a fearful pause,  
While broken accents breathed in sighs,  
Reveal the fatal cause.

Lie still, thou pledge of hapless love,  
Lie still, my infant dear;  
I would thy father were a king,  
Thy mother on a bier!

Enough had now the lover heard,  
He clasps her in his arms,  
Look up my mistress, friend, and wife,  
Revive thy drooping charms.

Thy trial now is fairly past,  
Thou first of woman kind;  
Thy form, tho' cast in beauty's mould,  
Enshrines a hero's mind.

And dost thou know at length my heart?  
Then have I well been tried;  
I only liv'd to prove my faith:—  
She grasped his hand, and died.

## XXXVII.

## EDWIN AND ETHELINDE.

ONE parting kiss, my Ethelinde,  
Young Edwin fault'ring cried,  
I hear thy father's hasty tread,  
Nor longer must I bide.

To-morrow's eve, in yonder wood,  
Beneath the well-known tree,  
Say, wilt thou meet thine own true love,  
Whose heart's delight's in thee.

She clasp'd the dear beloved youth  
And sigh'd, and dropt a tear,  
Whate'er betide, my only love,  
I'll surely meet thee there.

They kiss, they part, a list'ning page,  
To malice ever bent,  
O'erheard their talk, and to his lord  
Reveal'd their fond intent.

The baron's brow grew dark with frowns,  
 And rage distain'd his cheek,  
 Heavens! shall a vassal shepherd dare  
 My daughter's love to seek.

But know, rash boy, thy bold attempt  
 Full sorely shalt thou rue:  
 Nor e'er again, ignoble maid,  
 Shalt thou thy lover view.

The dews of evening fast did fall,  
 And darkness spread apace,  
 When Ethelinde, with weeping breast,  
 Flew to th' appointed place.

With eager eye she looks around,  
 No Edwin there was seen;  
 He was not wont to break his faith,  
 What can his absence mean?

Her heart beat thick at every noise,  
 Each rustling thro' the wood,  
 And now, she travers'd quick the ground,  
 And now, she listening stood.

Enlivening hope, and chilling fear,  
 By turns her bosom share.  
 And now, she calls upon his name,  
 Now, weeps in sad despair.

Mean time the day's last glimmering fled,  
 And black'ning all the sky,  
 A hideous tempest dreadful rose,  
 And thunders roll'd on high.

Poor Ethelinde, aghast, dismay'd,  
 Beholds with wild affright  
 The threat'ning sky, the lonely wood,  
 And horrors of the night.

Where art thou now, my Edwin dear,  
 Thy friendly aid I want;  
 Ah me! my boding heart foretells  
 That aid thou canst not grant.

Thus rack'd with pangs, and beat with storms,  
 Confus'd and lost she roves,  
 Now looks to heaven with earnest prayer  
 Now calls on him she loves.

At length, a distant taper's ray  
 Struck beaming on her sight,  
 Thro' brakes she guides her fainting steps  
 Towards the welcome light.

An aged hermit peaceful dwelt  
 In this sequester'd wild,  
 Calm goodness sat upon his brow,  
 His words were soft and mild.

He

He op'd his hospitable door,  
And much admiring view'd  
The tender virgin's graceful form  
Dash'd by the tempest rude.

Welcome, fair maid, whoe'er thou art,  
To this warm shelter'd cell;  
Here rest secure thy wearied feet;  
Here peace and safety dwell.

He saw the heart-wrung starting tear,  
And gently sought to know,  
With kindest pity's soothing looks,  
The story of her woe.

Scarce had she told her mournful tale,  
When struck with dread, they hear  
Voices confus'd, with dying groans,  
The cell approaching near.

Help, father, help, they loudly cry,  
A wretch here bleeds to death;  
Some cordial balfam quickly give,  
To stay his parting breath.

All deadly pale they lay him down,  
And gash'd with many a wound,  
When, woeful sight, 'twas Edwin's self,  
Lay bleeding on the ground.



With frantick grief poor Ethelinde  
 Beside his body falls,  
 Lift up thy eyes, my Edwin dear,  
 'Tis Ethelinde that calls.

That much-lov'd sound recalls his life,  
 He lifts his closing eyes,  
 And feebly murmuring out her name,  
 He gasps, he faints, he dies.

Stupid a while, in dumb despair,  
 She gaz'd on Edwin dead,  
 Dim grew her eyes, her lips turn'd pale,  
 And life's warm spirit fled.

## XXXVIII.

## D A M O N A N D C H L O E.

In imitation of Margaret's Ghost.

**Y**OUNG Damon was the blythest lad,  
 Ah, who so blythe as he?  
 And Chloe was the blythest maid,  
 Ah, who so blythe as she?

Her

Her voice she rais'd with merry song,  
 All in the greenwood shade,  
 The nymphs and shepherds trip along,  
 To hear the vocal maid.

She sings of grots, and cooling springs,  
 The plain and shady grove;  
 Of hills and dales the virgin sings,  
 But never sings of love.

Her nights in ease, her days in joy,  
 She spends; secure her heart  
 From Cupid's wiles; she scorn'd the boy,  
 And laugh'd at all his art.

But mark the dire reverse of fate,  
 Each nymph, and shepherd swain,  
 Young Damon comes, a youth compleat,  
 The pride of ev'ry plain.

And he would sing so soft a lay,  
 He well might love inspire;  
 And when he sung, ah, well-a-day!  
 How would the maid admire!

And he was straight, and he was tall,  
 All swains he did excel;  
 The maidens lov'd him one and all,  
 But Chloe lov'd him well.

And he was fill'd in herbs and flow'rs,  
The lenient balms impart ;  
But oh, what herbs, ye pitying pow'rs,  
Can heal poor Chloe's heart.

With hasty step she flies the plain,  
And seeks the distant grove ;  
Poor Chloe never told her pain,  
She never told her love :

But pin'd away in discontent,  
And never sought relief ;  
Like patience on a monument,  
She sat and smil'd at grief.

Concealment like a worm i' th' bud,  
Fed on her damask cheek ;  
The silent tear ran trickling down,  
She sigh'd, but would not speak.

But soon, too soon the shepherd hies ;  
Ah ! me, poor Chloe's heart !  
Her swelling breast, and wat'ry eyes,  
Betray the hidden smart.

Have you not seen the rose new blown,  
All in a summer's day,  
Expand her beauties to the sun,  
And welcome ev'ry ray ?

And

And when at eve her lover goes  
 To gild some happier mead,  
 Have you not seen the widow'd rose  
 Recline her dewy head?

Such Chloe once, such Chloe now;  
 Ah! Chloe cease to weep!  
 Damon, for you her sorrows flow;  
 Pale hangs her trembling lip.

And now full heavy hangs her head,  
 How chang'd, ah! well-a-day!  
 Now every sprightly charm is fled,  
 For Damon's gone away.

How pensive thro' the lonely vale,  
 She takes her silent way,  
 To breathe the fragrance of the gale,  
 And hear the vernal lay.

But ah! too wretched and forlorn,  
 She heedless moves along;  
 Unfelt the breeze that scents the morn,  
 Unheard the vernal song.

Her speech is sad, and sad her brow,  
 Her sinking spirits fail;  
 On her wan cheek no roses blow,  
 Her lips wax wond'rous pale.

High heaves her heart with many a sigh,  
 Fast falls the frequent tear :  
 Low bent to earth her streaming eye,  
 For Damon was not there.

With feeble voice her plaintive song  
 She strives in vain to raise,  
 Her lyre upon a willow hung,  
 That murmurs to the breeze.

And thrice her bosom heav'd a sigh,  
 And thrice she dropt a tear,  
 And thrice she rais'd a mournful cry,  
 For Damon was not there.

## XXXIX.

## LORD GEORGE AND LADY DOROTHY.

In imitation of William and Margaret. By a lady of  
 quality.

————— “ *Foul deeds will rise,  
 “ Tho’ all the earth o’erwhelm them from mens eyes.*”

HAMLET.

*Although*

*Although the principal circumstances in this ballad are said to have had a foundation in fact; yet we are totally unable to point out the parties who are alluded to in it, or even the time in which it was written. In this uncertainty we cannot but suspect the whole to be a mere fiction, and for the credit of human nature, as much a work of imagination as the ballad which it professes to be an imitation of.*

WHEN all was wrapt in fable night,  
 And nature sought repose,  
 Forth from its grave the restless sprite  
 Of Dorothy arose.

Her face was all beset with woe,  
 Her cheeks were wan with care,  
 Her eyes were parch'd and sunk with grief,  
 That once so radiant were.

With solemn pace and awful gloom,  
 And train with sorrow hung,  
 She wander'd to that fatal room  
 From whence her sorrows sprung.

And thrice she gave a piteous groan,  
 And all unfurl'd her shroud,  
 And thrice she sadly shook her head,  
 And thus bespoke aloud:

Oh George, thou author of this scene,  
 Thy downy dreams forsake;  
 'Tis injur'd Dorothy that calls,  
 Injurious George awake.

Awake and hear that breathless voice,  
 Which thy upbraidings brought,  
 Awake and see that dreadful shade,  
 Which thy ill treatment wrought.

Behold this babe, this embryo babe,  
 That scarce has learn'd to live;  
 Say, monster, why did you destroy  
 That life you fought to give?

\* The means were horrid as thy soul,  
 The will was work divine;  
 That nought from me might ever grieve,  
 To be a work of thine.

See what a havock thou hast made,  
 Vile pillager of time,  
 To blast the fruits that nature gave,  
 Before their summer prime.

\* By being frequently hurried about in a coach, and as often over-walked, she miscarried, when five months gone with child, and died the next day.

How

How cou'd you, (none but you could do)  
 Cut off my morn so soon,  
 And let my lasting night come on  
 Before its perfect noon?

How could you vow a lover's heart,  
 And yet that vow forsake?  
 How could you win a virgin's heart,  
 Yet cause that heart to break?

How could you to the prying world  
 Profess such show of joy,  
 Yet by your cruel deeds to me  
 These gilded words destroy?

How have I strove in others' eyes  
 To be all chearful seen,  
 When by your wounding words my heart  
 Was bleeding all within?

How have I on my bended knees  
 Implored your will to know?  
 What have I not, to please that will,  
 Resolved to undergo?

Why left I all that held one dear,  
 (O dire decrees of fate!)  
 Why gave I pure untainted love  
 For undeserved hate?

When



When you was absent from my fight  
How restless have I been !

When you appear'd what joys I felt,  
Yet none in you were seen !

Wherein had nature wrought amiss,  
Or what had art defil'd ?  
Nor time had any furrows made,  
Or any feature spoil'd.

My face as other faces fair,  
And I as others kind ;  
Nor faulty more my eyes than yours,  
The fault was in thy mind.

There grew the beam that overcast  
The gifts which I possess ;  
There lodg'd those savage poison'd shafts,  
That pierc'd my bleeding breast.

Why did you, base dissembling man,  
Such treacherous ills impart ?  
To me——you only gave your hand,  
To others——gave your heart.

Why was I, wretched, singled out,  
To screen your deathless shame ;  
Why was a false-one deem'd as wife,  
While I but bore the name ?

With

With her you spent those pleasing hours,  
That did to me belong,  
She in your eyes did all things right,  
While I did all things wrong.

Why for these sufferings was I born,  
Perfidious! tell me why,  
Ere I beheld thy faithless face,  
Why suffered not to die?

Nor laws nor human nor divine,  
Could stop thy brutal will;  
Think on thy absent brother's wife,  
Thy brother's widow still.

Still thou enjoy'st that guilty dame,  
In rank incestuous bed;  
Think where will lodge thy guilty soul,  
When from thy body fled.

Think on the deadly deeds you've done,  
Think on the fatal change;  
Thy crimes rise higher in account  
Than justice can avenge.

May spectres stare thee in the face,  
May horrors guard thee round!  
May conscience on thy footsteps tread,  
And all thy thoughts confound.

May Egypt's plagues disturb thy rest,  
And every loath'd disease;  
Till thou hast all my wrongs redrest,  
May all these plagues increase.

And may the partners of thy joys  
Be partners of thy pain;  
Till they have all my sorrows felt,  
May pleasures be their bane.

And soft, the glow-worm calls me hence,  
And ere it call on thee;  
Atone for every black offence  
Farewel—remember me.

XI.

E D W I N A N D E M M A.

By Mr. Mallet.

*On the publication of this ballad, in the year 1760, Mr. Mallet subjoined an attestation of the truth of the facts related in it, which we shall give the reader literally :*

*Extract of a letter from the curate of Bowes in York-shire, on the subject of the preceding poem, to Mr. Copperthwaite at Marrick.*

“ *Worthy sir,*

“ *As to the affair mentioned in yours ; it happened long before my time. I have therefore been obliged to consult my clerk, and another person in the neighbourhood for the truth of that melancholy event. The history of it is as follows :*

“ *The family-name of the young man was Wrightson ; of the young maiden Railton. They were both much of the same age ; that is, growing up to twenty. In their birth was no disparity ; but in fortune, alas ! she was his inferior. His father, a hard old man, who had by his toil acquired a handsome competency, expected and required that his son should marry suitably. But, as amor vincit omnia, his heart was unalterably fixed on the pretty young*

I

“ *crea-*

" creature already named. Their courtship, which was all  
 " by stealth, unknown to the family, continued about a  
 " year. When it was found out, old Wrightson, his wife,  
 " and particularly their crooked daughter Hannab, flouted at  
 " the maiden, and treated her with notable contempt: for  
 " they held it as a maxim, and a rustic one it is, that blood  
 " was nothing without groats.

" The young lover sickened, and took to his bed about  
 " Shrove-tuesday, and died the Sunday sevennight after.

" On the last day of his illness, he desired to see his mis-  
 " tress: she was civilly received by the mother, who bid  
 " her welcome—when it was too late. But her daughter  
 " Hannab lay at his back to cut them off from all oppor-  
 " tunity of exchanging their thoughts.

" At her return home, on hearing the bell toll out for his  
 " departure, she screamed aloud that her heart was burst,  
 " and expired some moments after.

" The then curate of \* Bowes inserted it in his register,  
 " that they both died of love, and were buried in the same  
 " grave, March 15, 1714. I am,

" Dear sir,

" Yours, &c."

**F**AR in the windings of a vale,  
 Fast by a sheltering wood,  
 The safe retreat of health and peace,  
 An humble cottage stood.

\* Bowes is a small village in Yorkshire, where in former ages the  
 earls of Richmond had a castle. It stands on the edge of that vast  
 and mountainous tract, named by the neighbouring people Stan-  
 more; which is always exposed to wind and weather, desolate and  
 solitary throughout. *Camd. Brit.*

There

There beauteous Emma flourish'd fair,  
Beneath a mother's eye;  
Whose only wish on earth was now  
To see her blest, and die.

The softest blush that nature spreads  
Gave colour to her cheek:  
Such orient colour smiles thro' heaven  
When May's sweet mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn  
This charmer of the plains:  
That sun who bids their diamond blaze,  
To paint our lily deigns.

Long had she fill'd each youth with love,  
Each maiden with despair;  
And tho' by all a wonder own'd,  
Yet knew not she was fair.

Till Edwin came, the pride of swains,  
A soul that knew no art;  
And from whose eye, serenely mild,  
Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught;  
Was quickly too reveal'd:  
For neither bosom lodg'd a wish,  
That virtue keeps conceal'd.

What

What happy hours of home-felt bliss  
 Did love on both bestow!  
 But bliss too mighty long to last,  
 Where fortune proves a foe.

His sister, who, like Envy form'd,  
 Like her in mischief joy'd,  
 To work them harm, with wicked skill,  
 Each darker art employ'd.

The father too, a fordid man,  
 Who love nor pity knew,  
 Was all-unfeeling as the clod,  
 From whence his riches grew.

Long had he seen their secret flame,  
 And seen it long unmov'd:  
 Then with a father's frown at last  
 Had sternly disapprov'd.

In Edwin's gentle heart, a war  
 Of different passions strove:  
 His heart, that durst not disobey,  
 Yet could not cease to love.

Deny'd her sight, he oft behind  
 The spreading hawthorn crept,  
 To snatch a glance, to mark the spot  
 Where Emma walk'd and wept.

Oft

Oft too on Stanemore's wintry waste,  
    Beneath the moonlight-shade,  
In sighs to pour his soften'd soul,  
    The midnight-mourner stray'd.

His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,  
    A deadly pale o'ercaft:  
So fades the fresh rose in its prime,  
    Before the northern blast.

The parents now, with late remorse,  
    Hung o'er his dying bed;  
And weary'd heaven with fruitless vows,  
    And fruitless sorrow shed.

'Tis past! he cry'd—but if your souls  
    Sweet mercy yet can move,  
Let these dim eyes once more behold,  
    What they must ever love!

She came; his cold hand softly touch'd,  
    And bath'd with many a tear:  
Fast-falling o'er the primrose pale,  
    So morning-dews appear.

But oh! his sister's jealous care  
    A cruel sister she!  
Forbade what Emma came to say;  
    My Edwin live for me.



Now homeward as the hopeless wept  
The church-yard path along,  
The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd  
Her lover's funeral song.

Amid the falling gloom of night,  
Her startling fancy found  
In every bush his hovering shade,  
His groan in every sound.

Alone, appall'd, thus had she pass'd  
The visionary vale—  
When lo! the death-bell smote her ear,  
Sad-sounding in the gale!

Just then she reach'd, with trembling step,  
Her aged mother's door—  
He's gone! she cry'd; and I shall see  
That angel-face no more!

I feel, I feel this breaking heart  
Beat high against my side—  
From her white arm down sunk her head;  
She shivering sigh'd, and died.

XLI.

T H E H E R M I T.

*By Dr. Goldsmith.*

**T**URN, gentle hermit of the dale,  
 And guide my lonely way  
 To where yon taper chears the vale  
 With hospitable ray.

For here, forlorn and lost I tread,  
 With fainting steps and flow,  
 Where wilds immeasurably spread  
 Seem length'ning as I go.

Forbear, my son, the hermit cries,  
 To tempt the dang'rous gloom,  
 For yonder faithless phantom flies  
 To lure thee to thy doom.

Here to the houseless child of want  
 My door is open still;  
 And tho' my portion is but scant,  
 I give it with good will :

Then turn to-night, and freely share  
 Whate'er my cell bestows ;  
 My rushy couch, and frugal fare,  
 My blessing, and repose.

No flocks that range the valley free  
 To slaughter I condemn ;  
 Taught by that power that pities me,  
 I learn to pity them :

But from the mountain's grassy side  
 A guiltless feast I bring :  
 A scrip with herbs and fruits supply'd,  
 And water from the spring.

Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego ;  
 All earth-born cares are wrong :  
 Man wants but little here below,  
 Nor wants that little long.

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,  
 His gentle accents fell ;  
 The modest stranger lowly bends,  
 And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure  
 The lonely mansion lay,  
 A refuge to the neighb'ring poor,  
 And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch  
 Requir'd a master's care ;  
 The wicket op'ning with a latch  
 Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now when busy crowds retire  
 To take their evening rest,  
 The hermit trimm'd his little fire,  
 And cheer'd his pensive guest ;

And spread his vegetable store,  
 And gaily prest, and smil'd,  
 And, skill'd in legendary lore,  
 The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth  
 Its tricks the kitten tries,  
 The cricket chirrups in the hearth,  
 The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart,  
 To soothe the stranger's woe ;  
 For grief was heavy at his heart,  
 And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spy'd,  
 With answ'ring care oppress'd :  
 And whence, unhappy youth, he cry'd,  
 The sorrows of thy breast ?

From better habitations spurn'd,  
Reluctant dost thou rove?  
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,  
Or unregarded love?

Alas! the joys that fortune brings  
Are trifling, and decay;  
And those who prize the paltry things  
More trifling still than they.

And what is friendship but a name,  
A charm that lulls to sleep,  
A shade that follows wealth or fame,  
And leaves the wretch to weep?

And love is still an emptier sound,  
The modern fair one's jest,  
On earth unseen, or only found  
To warm the turtle's nest,

For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,  
And spurn the sex, he said:  
But while he spoke, a rising blush  
His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surpris'd he sees new beauties rise,  
Swift mantling to the view,  
Like colours o'er the morning skies,  
As bright, as transient too,

The

The bashful look, the rising breath,  
Alternate spread alarms,  
The lovely stranger stands confess  
A maid in all her charms.

And ah! forgive a stranger rude,  
A wretch forlorn, she cry'd,  
Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude  
Where heaven and you reside.

But let a maid thy pity share,  
Whom love has taught to stray;  
Who seeks for rest, but finds Despair  
Companion of her way.

My father liv'd beside the Tyne,  
A wealthy lord was he;  
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine;  
He had but only me.

To win me from his tender arms  
Unnumber'd suitors came;  
Who prais'd me for imputed charms,  
And felt or feign'd a flame.

Each hour a mercenary crowd  
With richest proffers strove;  
Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,  
But never talk'd of love.

In humble simplest habit clad,  
No wealth or power had he ;  
Wisdom and worth were all he had ;  
But these were all to me.

The blossom opening to the day  
The dews of heaven refin'd,  
Could nought of purity display  
To emulate his mind.

The dew, the blossoms of the tree,  
With charms inconstant shine ;  
Their charms were his, but woe to me,  
Their constancy was mine.

For 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 died.

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

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.

Forbid it, heaven! the hermit cry'd,  
And clasp'd her to his breast;  
The wond'ring fair-one turn'd to chide;  
'Twas Edwin's self that prest.

Turn, Angelina, ever dear;  
My charmer, turn to see  
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,  
Restor'd to love and thee.

Thus let me hold thee to my heart,  
And every care resign;  
And shall we never, never part,  
My life—my all that's mine?

No, never, from this hour to part,  
We'll live and love so true;  
The sigh that rends thy constant heart,  
Shall break thy Edwin's too.



## XLII.

## M A T I L D A.

*By Mr. Ferningham.*

**O**UTRAGEOUS did the loud wind blow,  
 Across the sounding main!  
 The vessel tossing to and fro,  
 Cou'd scarce the storm sustain.

Matilda to her fearful breast  
 Held close her infant dear;  
 His presence all her fears increas'd,  
 And wak'd the tender tear.

Now nearer to the grateful shore,  
 The shatter'd vessel drew:  
 The daring waves now cease to roar,  
 Now shout th' exulting crew.

Matilda with a mother's joy  
 Gave thanks to heaven's pow'r:  
 How fervent she embrac'd her boy!  
 How blest the saving hour!

Oh

Oh much deceiv'd and hapless fair !  
Tho' ceas'd the waves to roar,  
Thou from that fatal moment ne'er  
Did'st taste of pleasure more.

For stepping forth from off the deck,  
To reach the welcome ground ;  
The babe unclasping from her neck,  
Plung'd in the gulph profound.

Amazement-chain'd ! her haggard eye  
Gave not a tear to flow ;  
Her bosom heav'd no conscious sigh ;  
She stood a sculptur'd woe.

To snatch the child from instant death,  
Some brav'd the threat'ning main ;  
And to recal his fleeting breath,  
Try'd ev'ry art in vain.

But when the corse first met her view,  
Stretch'd on the pebbly strand :  
Awak'ning from her trance she flew,  
And pierc'd th' opposing band :

With tresses discompos'd and rude,  
Fell prostrate on the ground ;  
To th' infant's lips her lips she glued,  
And sorrow burst its bound.

Uprising

Uprising now with frantic air,  
To the wide-circling crowd,  
Who, pity-struck, partook her care,  
She thus discours'd aloud :

Heard ye the helpless infant weep !  
Saw ye the mother bold !  
How as she flung him in the deep,  
The billows o'er him roll'd.

May heak'd remorse her bosom tear,  
Despair her mind up-plough !  
Its angry arm let justice rear,  
To dash her impious brow.

But soft, awhile—see there he lies,  
Embalm'd in infant sleep :  
Why fall the dew-drops from your eyes,  
What cause is here to weep !

Yes, yes ! his little life is fled,  
His heaveless breast is cold ;  
What tears will not thy mother shed,  
When thy sad tale is told !

Ah me ! that cheek of livid hue,  
If much I do not err !  
Those lips where late the roses blew,  
All, all, my son declare.

Strange

Strange horrors chill my ev'ry vein,  
 A voice confus'd and wild,  
 Whispers to this distracted brain,  
 Matilda flew her child.

She added not—but sunk oppress'd—  
 Death on her eye-lids stole:  
 While from her much-afflicted breast  
 She sigh'd her troubled soul.

## XLIII.

## A L I S I A.

*By the same.*

**T**O yon dark grove Alisia flew,  
 Just at th' appointed hour,  
 To meet the youth whose bosom true  
 Confess'd her beauty's pow'r.

All that fair virtue cou'd bestow,  
 Or fairer virtue give,  
 Did on his face unrival'd glow,  
 And in his bosom live.

But not the charm of beauty's flow'r,  
 Or virtue's fairer charm,  
 Could in her father's soul the pow'r  
 Of avarice disarm.

He

He bade the youth his mansion fly,  
And scorn'd his ardent vow :  
And when the tears flow'd from his eye,  
He bade them faster flow.

Alisia with a bleeding mind  
Beheld the injur'd youth ;  
And vow'd in holy wedlock join'd,  
To crown at length his truth.

As she forsook her native seat,  
Farewell, ye fields so fair ;  
May blessings still my father meet !  
She said—and dropt a tear.

Th' oppression of a parent's hand,  
A parent dead to shame,  
In her meek breast by virtue fann'd,  
Ne'er quench'd the filial flame.

Now safe she reach'd th' appointed ground,  
Tho' love was all her guide ;  
But absent when the youth she found,  
She look'd around and sigh'd.

Each breeze that rustled o'er the tree,  
Sooth'd for a space her smart ;  
She fondly cried—Oh that is he !  
While patted fast her heart.

The pleasing images of hope,  
Night's terrors now deform ;  
While on her mind dear sceneries ope,  
And raise the mental storm.

On some rude stone she bow'd her head,  
All helpless and forlorn ;  
Now starting from her rugged bed,  
She wish'd the ling'ring morn.

With heavy heart I now unfold  
What th' absent youth befell ;  
Who fierce beset by ruffians bold,  
Oppress'd with numbers fell :

At length the morn disclos'd its ray,  
And calm'd Alisia's fear ;  
She restless took her various way,  
Distracted, here and there.

Thus as she wander'd, wretched maid,  
To mis'ry doom'd! she found  
A naked corse along the shade,  
And gash'd with many a wound.

Struck to the soul at this dread scene,  
All motionless she stood !  
To view the raven, bird obscene!  
Drink up the clotting blood.

What horrors did her breast invade,  
 When as she nearer drew?  
 The features that the raven fed,  
 Her lover gave to view.

With shrieks she rent th' affrighted air;  
 To tears had fond recourse;  
 With frantic hand now tore her hair,  
 Now sunk upon the corse.

Then throwing round a troubled glance,  
 With madness' ray inflam'd;  
 Beheld some travellers advance,  
 To whom she thus exclaim'd:

Ye base inhuman train, away!  
 What urg'd you to this deed?  
 You've turn'd my gentle love to clay,  
 And bade me sorrow wed.

Hark, hark! the raven flaps her wings—  
 She drinks his blood again—  
 Ah! now she feeds on my heart-strings—  
 Oh Jesu! soothe my pain.

This scene of woe what cou'd create  
 The travellers admir'd;  
 While shrinking at the blow of fate,  
 She with a groan expir'd.

## XLIV.

## A L L E N   A N D   E L L A.

**O**N the banks of that cryftalline fream  
Where Thames oft' his current delays ;  
And charms, more than poets can dream,  
In his Richmond's bright villa furveys ;

Fair Ella ! of all the gay throng  
The faireft that Nature had feen,  
Now drew every village along,  
From the day ſhe firft danc'd on the green.

Ah ! boaft not of beauty's fond power,  
For ſhort is the triumph, ye fair !  
Not fleeter the bloom of each flower ;  
And hope is but gilded deſpair.

His affection each ſwain now, behold,  
By riches endeavours to prove !  
But Ella ſtill cries, What is gold,  
Or wealth, when compar'd to his love ?



Yes! 'Allen, together we'll wield  
 Our sickles in summer's bright day;  
 Together we'll leave o'er the field,  
 And smile all our labours away:

In winter! I'll winnow the wheat  
 As it falls from thy flail on the ground;  
 That flail will be music as sweet  
 When thy voice in the labour is drown'd.

How oft' would he speak of his bliss!  
 How oft' would he call her his maid!  
 And Allen would seal with a kiss  
 Every promise and vow that he said.

But, hark, o'er the grass-level \* land,  
 The village-bells sound on the plain;  
 False Allen! this morn gave his hand,  
 And Ella's fond tears are in vain.

Sad Ella, too soon, heard the tale!  
 Too soon the sad cause she was told!  
 That his was a nymph of the vale:  
 That he broke his fond promise for gold.

As she walk'd by the margin so green,  
 Which befringes the sweet river's side,  
 How oft' was she languishing seen!  
 How oft' would she gaze on the tide!

\* The village of Peterham.

By the clear river, then as she fate,  
 Which reflected herself and the mead ;  
 Awhile she bewept her sad fate,  
 And the green turf still pillow'd her head.

There, there ! is it Ella, I see ?  
 'Tis Ella, the lost, undone maid !  
 Ah ! no, 'tis some Ella, like me,  
 Some hapless young virgin betray'd !

Like me ! she has sorrow'd and wept ;  
 Like me ! she has fondly believ'd ;  
 Like me ! her true promise she kept,  
 And, like me too, is justly deceiv'd.

I come, dear companion in grief !  
 Gay scenes and fond pleasures, adieu !  
 I come ! and we'll gather relief  
 From bosoms so chaste and so true !

Like you ! I have mourn'd the long night,  
 And wept out the day in despair !  
 Like you ! I have banish'd delight,  
 And bosom'd a friend in my care.

Ye meadows ! so lovely, farewell,  
 Your velvet, still Allen shall tread !  
 All deaf to the sound of that knell  
 Which tolls for his Ella when dead.

Your wish will, too sure be obey'd ;  
 Nor Allen her lofs shall bemoan !  
 Soon soon, shall poor Ella be laid  
 Where her heart shall be cold as your own.

Then twin'd in the arms of that fair,  
 Whose wealth has been Ella's sad fate :  
 As, together, ye draw the free air,  
 And a thousand dear pleasures relate :

If chance, o'er my turf, as ye tread,  
 Ye dare to affect a fond sigh !  
 The primrose will shrink her pale head,  
 And the violet languish and die.

Ah ! weep not, fond maid ! 'tis in vain ;  
 Like the tears which you lend to the stream ;  
 Tears ! are lost in that watery plain ;  
 And your sighs are still lost upon him.

Scarce ! echo had gather'd the sound,  
 But she plung'd from her grass-springing bed :  
 The liquid stream parts to the ground,  
 And the mirror clos'd over her head.

The swains of the village at eve,  
 Oft' met at the dark-spreading yew ;  
 There wonder how man could deceive  
 A bosom so chaste and so true.

With garlands, of every flower,  
    (Which Ella herself should have made)  
They raise up a short-living bower ;  
    And, fighting ! cry, Peace to her shade.

Then ! hand-lock'd-in-hand, as they move  
    The green-plotting hillock around :  
They talk of poor Ella, and love ;  
    And freshen, with tears, the fair ground.

Nay, wish they had never been born,  
    Or liv'd the sad moment to view !  
When her Allen could thus be forsworn,  
    And his Ella could still be so true.

## XLV.

## C O L I N A N D N A N C Y.

*By T. P. Esq.*

**F**OR daring feats of rustic sport,  
 And carolling his am'rous strains,  
 In Aram's vale was Colin fam'd  
 The blytheft shepherd of the plains,

Full oft' has Lune restrain'd his rage,  
 And slowly roll'd his flood along,  
 As list'ning to the tuneful swain,  
 To catch the cadence of his song.

Ah ruthless stream of semblance false!  
 Thy waters murmur'd to betray.  
 Hyenas thus, by nature fell,  
 Seem plaintive to allure their prey.

What time the flocks were safely penn'd,  
 And mild the day's last lustre grew,  
 To join the playful village youth,  
 Across the plain young Colin flew.

**Thrice**

Thrice from a wych-elm's withered bough  
 A raven gave a boding croak ;  
 And thrice in answer, screech'd an owl,  
 From the deep hollow of an oak.

Yet all in vain ! the ill-omen'd youth  
 On the cliff's summit naked stood,  
 The swains attention proudly claim'd,  
 Then headlong plung'd into the flood.

Weep every naiad of the stream !  
 Dash'd on a rock, he groaning dy'd,  
 And with a luckless lover's blood  
 Polluted is your silver tide !

Soon as the village heard the tale,  
 Fast to the river's side they fled—  
 Alas ! alas the day they cry'd,  
 And many a piteous tear they shed.

But Nancy, Doran's daughter fair,  
 Her bloom the blush of morn outvies ;  
 Her song excels the linnet's lay,  
 Like dew-drops glist'ning are her eyes.

When her pale lover she beheld !—  
 Herself as pale !—in deep despair  
 And silent woe, her hands she wrung,  
 And wildly rent her lovely hair.

And must we thus—(she, frantic, said)  
Thus must we solemnize our vows!—  
Yet shall not death my hopes bereave,  
For, ev'n in death, I thee espouse!

Then on his clay-cold corse she fell,  
And clasp'd it to her breaking heart,  
And dying, sigh'd, I now am thine,  
My Colin! never more to part!

Like two young roses on a stem,  
Lopt by the pruner's hook away,  
Ere half their lustre was disclos'd,  
In with'ring bloom the lovers lay.

One grave receiv'd them; where is found  
The primrose and the violet pale:  
And long their hapless fate was wept  
By ev'ry eye in Aram's vale.

XLVI.

WILLIAM AND FANNY.

*By J. Robertson.*

**B**RIGHT' was the morn, the landscape gay,  
 Onward young William rode ;  
 Joyful the village to behold,  
 His Fanny's loved abode.

Unlike his former self he came,  
 In sure disguise array'd ;  
 With unlook'd joy hoping to blefs  
 His dear, his constant maid.

In warblings sweet from every spray,  
 The feather'd choir combine ;  
 While Love and Hope in William's breast,  
 The happy concert join.

No magpye, no harsh raven's note,  
 Sinister boding sound,  
 But thro' the air, Music and Love,  
 Blest omens ! float around.

The



The village opening to his view,  
 His fluttering pulse beat high,  
 Whilst tears, from Joy's rich fountain drawn,  
 Beam'd sparkling in his eye,

Soon shall these eyes again, thank heaven,  
 Her angel-form behold ;  
 Soon shall these wishing arms again,  
 My lovely maid infold.

He said ; when lo, in sable guise,  
 From forth the church-yard way,  
 A silent train with down-cast eyes,  
 Death's banners wide display.

The slow-t'ngu'd bell, with solemn toll,  
 A sad adieu express'd ;  
 On ev'ry face a genuine grief,  
 Full deeply was impress'd.

Fierce as the eagle William dar'd,  
 When Pride its crest uprear'd ;  
 Yet melting William as the dove,  
 Whene'er Distress appear'd.

To what kind soul are these sad rites,  
 With mournful rev'rence paid ?  
 A grey-hair'd peasant rais'd his eyes,  
 And, sighing, thus he said ;

If e'er you've known Love's wondrous pow'r,  
 The pitying tear prepare,  
 Yon grave contains the sweetest flow'r,  
 E'er nipt by cold Despair.

Not sportive lambkin on the down  
 More lively was than she;  
 Not lambkin ever cropt the green,  
 From guileful thoughts more free.

Not apple-blossoms in the spring,  
 Cou'd with her beauties vie;  
 More graceful than the doe her shape;  
 Sense sparkled in her eye.

Soft tho' her bosom yet untouch'd  
 By Love's all-pow'rful flame,  
 Till a young swain of peerless worth,  
 From yon blue uplands came.

The pride of swains sweet William was,  
 Thus shepherds all agree;  
 A youth so manly, gentle, brave,  
 I ne'er again shall see.

Each nymph beheld him with delight,  
 Each swain with envious eyes;  
 Ev'n Envy's self might stand excus'd,  
 When Fanny was the prize.

They

They saw, they lov'd ; so sweet a pair  
 Ne'er grac'd our wond'ring plain,  
 He seem'd by heav'n for her design'd ;  
 She for her upland swain.

Their parents, friends, with glad accord  
 Did on their passion smile ;  
 But Fate with Cruelty high rais'd  
 Their hopes——but to beguile.

Ah, what is happiness !——A fly  
 With tinsel'd wings so gay :  
 Sure of the prize, we stretch our hands,  
 'Tis gone ; 'tis lost for aye.

Heading the needy highland clans,  
 Onward in threat'ning mood,  
 Giant Rebellion came——to drench  
 Our peaceful fields in blood.

To save their country, Freedom's sons  
 With gen'rous ardour flew ;  
 Never again, oh, may these eyes  
 Such scenes of horror view.

Young William's lord, to whom both love  
 And gratitude were bound,  
 With William, foremost in his train,  
 In Freedom's ranks were found.

Conquest

Conquest with laurels William crowns,  
His worth ev'n foes approve ;  
But ah!—tho' Conquest crowns his arms,  
Despair awaits his love.

A 'squire, for large possessions fam'd,  
Saw Fanny, and ador'd ;  
For charms like her's might captivate  
The heart——ev'n of a lord.

He saw, and vows of ardent love,  
Impatiently he prest ;  
Poor Fanny had no heart to give,  
'Twas lodg'd in William's breast.

But curst av'rice, age's bane,  
Had froze her father's mind ;  
She wept, she pray'd ; nor pray'rs nor tears  
Alas ! cou'd pity find.

To feeling deaf, by riches lur'd,  
He laid his strict command ;  
He dragg'd her to the church ; he forc'd  
Her cold, her heartless hand.

Wealth ! what is wealth of peace depriv'd ?  
A glittering pois'nous toy ;  
The nightshade's jetty shining fruit  
Allures, but to destroy.

Scarce seven days gone, since Fanny wore  
The hated marriage-chain ;  
And but yestreen a broken heart,  
Freed Fanny from her pain.

But, Stranger, sure those looks of your's,  
Unusual feelings speak ;  
The bridle quits your trembling hands,  
The blood forsakes your cheek.

Down dropt poor William like a corse,  
Upon the green-sward laid ;  
By pitying peafants known, he's fraight  
To friendly roof convey'd.

Reviv'd, heart-rending fighs and groans,  
A fix'd despair confefs ;  
But Madness, sad relief!—arrives  
To lighten his distress.

When midnight came, from bed escap'd,  
To Fanny's grave he flew ;  
There stretch'd, he Fanny call'd—and soon  
To mis'ry bade adieu.

Cold as the lovely fair within,  
Next morn was William found ;  
Weeping, the village saw 'em laid  
In the same hallow'd ground.

There

There nymphs and shepherds often meet,  
 To plight their vows so true,  
 And from a sympathy of soul,  
 Their grave with tears bedew.

XLVII.

A M I N T O R   A N D   A N N A.

*By the same.*

**C**URST with a conscious feeling mind,  
 The poor Amintor lay,  
 Within a cheerless jail confin'd,  
 And sigh'd his hours away.

To save a friend of means bereft,  
 Amintor enter'd bail ;  
 Friends oft' prove false ; Amintor's left  
 To languish in a jail.

Where are those friends, Amintor, where  
 Your summer-days could boast ?  
 Like insects now they disappear,  
 Kill'd by a wintry frost.

No friend, save one, now anxious came,  
 To heal Misfortune's wound :  
 That friend, true to his peace and fame,  
 Was in his Anna found.

J

Hymen

Hymen and Cupid wove the chain,  
That link'd her to his heart ;  
With her he half forgot his pain,  
Nor felt Affliction's dart.

Tho' all the charms that Beauty knows,  
Were in her form exprest,  
Yet faint her outward charms to those  
That lodg'd within her breast.

Her words, sweet as when peace is giv'n  
To a departing soul,  
Or angel accents sent from heav'n,  
Into his bosom stole.

Cease, cease these unavailing sighs,  
Let hope your brow unbend ;  
Goodness supreme our patience tries,  
It strikes but to amend.

Affliction's cloud once overblown,  
Joy, doubly joy appears ;  
The morn o'ercast, the noon-tide sun  
A stronger brightness wears.

Virtue assay'd still mounts the higher,  
And nobler worth assumes ;  
As gold, when dross-rid by the fire,  
More pure and bright becomes.

While

While innocence and goodness reign  
In my Amintor's breast,  
Our fate with courage we'll sustain,  
And leave to heav'n the rest.

Chearful with him, she still appears  
The messenger of Hope ;  
When from him, to her smother'd tears,  
She gives a boundless scope.

The rose, that erst with blooming grace  
Had with the lily shone,  
By grief was wither'd—in her face  
The lily reign'd alone.

Their loves one darling babe had crown'd,  
His parents best delight ;  
The only comfort Anna found  
Each lonely widow'd night.

Like Magdalen, all radiant grace,  
The smiler at her breast  
She oft with bended eye would trace  
Amintor's self impress.

Then ! eager clasp, and gaze and weep,  
And pour the honey'd kifs,  
Whilst sad remembrance pierc'd full deep,  
With scenes of bury'd blifs.



Soon as the lark salutes the day,  
Each morning Anna flies,  
To chase corroding spleen away,  
And blefs Amintor's eyes.

A long, long day—No Anna's feen ;—  
Her abfence caufes dread ;  
When filent, grief cuts far more keen—  
She preffes a fick bed.

The tidings brought, he raving cries,  
Oh wretch accurst !—For thee,  
For thee the faithful Anna dies,  
Her fated end I fee.

'Tis thy accursed hand that throws  
The deadly murd'rous dart ;  
'Tis thou art author of her woes ;  
Thou, thou haft broke her heart.

No more, Amintor, now complain,  
Thy Anna's amply blest ;  
Of Fortune and her glitt'ring train,  
To utmost with poffest :

A kinsman carle, whose griping hand,  
When living was unkind,  
Dying, bequeath'd her all his land,  
Sore griev'd 'twas left behind.

From her forsaken couch she springs,  
 And low, enraptur'd bends,  
 Whilst on rejoicing angels wings,  
 Her gratitude ascends.

Thanks, thanks, all-gracious heav'n!—Oh, grant,  
 This flood of joy I bear;  
 Thy mercy sends me all I want,  
 Henceforth I'll not despair.

Is Anna then ordain'd to give  
 Amintor liberty?  
 For his lov'd sake I wish to live,  
 For him well pleas'd wou'd die.

To Providence the grateful tear  
 Bursts from her up-rais'd eyes;  
 Nor hecatombs to heav'n appear  
 Such pleasing sacrifice.

How faint the richest diamonds show!  
 How languid all their fires!  
 To those in Beauty's eyes which glow,  
 When virtuous joy inspires!

With transport wild, she eager flew  
 To make Amintor blest:  
 She saw Amintor—thrilling view!  
 In shrouded garment dress'd.

Frantic that morn he rav'd, I ne'er  
Shall Anna see again ;  
He falls a prey to black despair ;  
His heart-strings burst in twain.

The weakness which from virtue grows,  
Can justice faulty deem ?  
Such weakness virtue only knows,  
When virtue 's in extreme.

Let callous bosoms moralize,  
And frigid rules lay down,  
They feel not who are over-wise,  
Or dart the Stoic frown.

Like Niobe a-while she stands,  
Then sinks upon the floor,  
She lifts her eyes, she wrings her hands,  
And never rises more.

One such example here below,  
(In heav'n let virtue trust)  
Does an Hereafter plainly show ;  
God cannot be unjust.

XLVIII.

DAMON AND SYLVIA.

*By the same.*

FROM forth the church, all-blithsome, gay,  
 The youthful Damon came,  
 Handing his bride in trim array,  
 A fair and wealthy dame ;  
 Whilst poor forsaken Sylvia stood,  
 Her lily'd cheek devoid of blood.

Oh, Damon, Damon, perjur'd youth,  
 But for a moment stay,  
 Are all your vows and boasted truth  
 Like gosmore blown away ?  
 Give, give me back my heart again ;  
 You cannot—for 'tis broke in twain.

Did not you swear for me alone  
 Each vow to heav'n did rise ?  
 Did you not swear a monarch's throne  
 Without me you 'd despise ?  
 I, witeless, thought you true as dove,  
 And by my own weigh'd Damon's love.

But wealth, that bane of confancy,  
Lur'd Damon's heart away,  
On swallow-wings false riches fly—  
True love can ne'er decay:  
Had I the world to give—you know,  
That world on Damon I'd bestow,

Was there a pain touch'd Damon's breast,  
But Sylvia doubly knew?  
Was there a joy to make me blest,  
But took its rise from you?  
Was there a wish—(Why heaves this sigh?)—  
Of Damon's that I cou'd deny?

Behold the face you once so prais'd,  
With grief how pale, how wan!  
Those eyes, on which you so have gaz'd,  
How dim, how woe-begone!  
Cou'd you my inmost bosom bare,  
You'd Damon see—and black despair.

But hold—I came not to upbraid,  
I hither came to die;  
Beneath the turf when Sylvia's laid,  
Give but one tender sigh;  
'Tis all I ask, 'tis all I want,  
Happy if this small boon you grant.

She

She said; and straight a dagger aim'd,  
 It quaff'd her bosom's gore;  
 That bosom which, with love inflam'd,  
 Despair had pierc'd before;  
 Inconstant Damon felt the blow,  
 And all his future days were woe.

XLIX.

THE MAID OF AGHAVORE.

*By the Rev. Mr. Ball.*

*With the last unsuccessful action, near Rathmines, perished the hopes of Charles in Ireland. This event was shortly followed by the arrival of Cromwell, during whose lieutenancy the tragical event, recorded in the following ballad, is supposed to have happened.*

ONCE I was a lively lad,  
 As the springing season glad  
 Ere beheld in its domain,  
 Or fair Summer in her train,  
 Or rich Autumn in his year;  
 Sing I could, as Mavis clear;  
 Ere, alas, the grief to tell!  
 Into chains of love I fell,  
 But now silent I must be:  
 Pity me, swains, pity me!  
 Pity me, since she's no more,  
 Beauteous maid of Aghavore!

Then I knew not this world's state,  
 Nor regarded turns of fate,  
 How rebellious Erin rose,  
 Treating Albion's sons as foes;  
 Or how sons of Albion led  
 O'er the plains dismay and dread,  
 Bidding terror to prevail  
 All around the English pale;  
 But now silent I must be:  
 Pity me, swains, pity me!  
 Pity me, since she's no more,  
 Beauteous maid of Aghavore!

Ere to power dark Cromwell grew,  
 Only peaceful days I knew;  
 Then it was my constant care  
 Ev'ry rural toil to share;  
 To the pow'rs that guard the plough  
 Then alone I paid my vow;  
 Love as then I had not prov'd,  
 Or the rapture to be lov'd,  
 But now silent I must be:  
 Pity me, swains, pity me!  
 Pity me, since she's no more,  
 Beauteous maid of Aghavore!

O what

O what changes shepherds feel!  
 I was doom'd to carry steel,  
 O what troubles had I mist,  
 Among rebels, royalist,  
 If I could my peace have priz'd,  
 And, as others, temporiz'd!  
 But as yet no pains I try'd;  
 Yet I had not seen a bride;  
     Now all silent I must be:  
     Pity me, swains, pity me!  
     Pity me, since she's no more,  
     Beauteous maid of Aghavore!

To our valley soon there came,  
 As it chanc'd, a beauteous dame,  
 Looks she had, that far outvy'd  
 All our fragrant valley's pride:  
 Then, so gentle was her soul,  
 As if hearts she ne'er had stole!  
 Sprung from a Cromwellian chief—  
 But let Sorrow's song be brief!  
     Now all silent I should be:  
     Pity me, swains, pity me!  
     Pity me, since she's no more,  
     Beauteous maid of Aghavore!

O how



O how happy had I been,  
 Had I such a bride ne'er seen!  
 All so beauteous, as I ne'er  
 Can find matter to compare!  
 Curls she had, out-shining jet!  
 In her eyes the sun was set!  
 For her shape, it was a pine,  
 Wreath'd with fragrant eglantine!  
 But now silent I must be:  
 Pity me, swains, pity me!  
 Pity me, since she's no more,  
 Beauteous maid of Aghavore!

When I saw the fair, I burn'd,  
 She my passion soon return'd.  
 But when he, her father proud,  
 Heard her faith to aliens vow'd,  
 Rising in his anger fierce,  
 Soon he did her bosom pierce  
 With that rude unrighteous sword  
 Wherewith loyal breasts he gor'd.  
 Now all mournful I must be:  
 Pity me, swains, pity me!  
 Pity me, since she's no more,  
 Beauteous maid of Aghavore!

Woods, that wave on mountain-tops,  
O'er whose moss the titmouse hops,  
Tell my tale to rustling gales !  
Fountains, weep it through the vales !  
And, with her own sorrow faint,  
Let sad Echo join my plaint !  
Since I've lost the brightest fair  
E'er that breath'd our valley's air.  
Now all mournful I must be :  
Pity me, swains, pity me !  
Pity me, since she's no more,  
Beauteous maid of Aghavore !

## L.

## T H E D I R G E O F O F F A.

*By the same.*

*This ballad is supposed to be written by Mordrid, chief of the bards in the reign of Edwy, king of Northumberland, whose son Offa was slain in the battle of Hatfield Wood, A. D. 633. It concludes with the words of the bard.*

S E E my son, my Offa dies !  
 He who could chase his father's foes !  
 Where shall the king now close his eyes ?  
 Where—but in the tomb of woes.

'Tis there, thy stony couch is laid !  
 And there the wearied king may rest—  
 But will not Penda's threats invade  
 The quiet of the monarch's breast ?

No—my son shall quell his rage—  
 What have I said ?—ah me, undone ;  
 Ne'er shall the parent's snowy age  
 Recall the tender name of son !

O would

O would that I for thee had dy'd!  
 Nor liv'd to wail thy piteous case!  
 Who dar'd defy those looks of pride,  
 That mark the chiefs of Wyba's race!

But, O my son, I little knew  
 What pow'r was in that arm of might!  
 That weeds of such a baleful hue  
 The laurel's beauteous wreath should blight!

Yes, my son, the shaft that thee  
 Transfix'd, hath drawn thy father's fate!  
 O how will Hengist weep to see  
 The woes that on his line await!

To see my Offa's latest pangs,  
 As wild in death, he bites the shore!  
 A savage wolf, with bloody fangs,  
 The lamb's unspotted bosom tore!

Who never knew to give offence,  
 But to revenge his father's wrong!—  
 Some abler arm convey him hence,  
 And bear a father's love along!

Alas! this tongue is all too weak  
 The last sad duties to perform!  
 These feeble arms their task forsake!  
 Else should they rise in wrathful storm!

Against

Against the ruthless rebel's head  
 Who dar'd such laurels to destroy ;  
 To bid each virtue's hope lie dead !  
 And crush a parent's only joy !

Inter him by yon ivy tow'r,  
 And raise the note of deepest dole !  
 Ne'er should a friend, in deathful hour,  
 Forget the chief of gen'rous soul :

And o'er the grave erect a stone,  
 His worth, and lineage high to tell :  
 And, by the faithful cross be shown  
 That in the faith of Christ he fell !

Hail ! valiant chiefs of Hatfield Wood !  
 Ne'er may your blooming honours cease !  
 That with unequal strength withstood  
 Th' invader of your country's peace.

Now, round this head let darknes fall !  
 Descend, ye shafts of thund'rous hail !  
 Ne'er shall be said, in Edwy's hall  
 That troubled ghost was heard to wail !

Then, with his feeble arm, the sire  
 Into the thickest battle flies,  
 To die, was all the chief's desire ;  
 Oppress'd with wounds and grief, he dies.

And

And let the future soul of rhyme,  
 If chance he cons of Edwy's praise,  
 As high his quiv'ring fingers climb,  
 Record, that Mordrid pour'd the lays!

LI.

*By the same.*

KIND ADVICE TO THE HAPPY SHEPHERD.

**H**APPY swain, would'st thou be free  
 From the cares that follow me,  
 Shun the muses 'witching train;  
 Scorn thy pipe, and leave the plain.

For the pipe brings no relief!  
 And the plain but echoes grief;  
 And the muses tuneful skills  
 Cannot charm thy life from ills!

Mark ye, where yon waters flow?  
 There pines a bard, o'ercome with woe,  
 As to the sad water's fall  
 He sings Timæus' funeral!

'Twas

'Twas of me he learn'd the art,  
 But ah — the quill hath pierc'd his heart!  
 And hapless they, who fondly try  
 To sing of woe as well I!

Now of the Stygian gulph he raves,  
 Now pores in Ætna's sulph'rous caves,  
 'Till frantic Fancy refts her head  
 In the burning torrent's bed!

Shepherd, ere it be too late,  
 Would'st thou shun his wayward fate,  
 Then leave the melancholy plain,  
 So shalt thou live an happy swain.

Oft, beneath the twilight trees,  
 Lurks a sadly fullen breeze!  
 And Pan to shapes of luckless pow'r  
 Oft delegates the lonely hour,

Where the oak his gnarled root  
 Doth across the pathway shoot,  
 Or with linden's glossy rine  
 Laurel-tresses intertwine;

While himself, to jocund dance  
 Bids the dryad-train advance,  
 Nor breaks off the frolic sound,  
 'Till the tell-tale sun comes round.

Let

Let the breast that cares opprefs  
Dwell with folitarinefs:  
Nor change the mufe's defert fprings,  
For the joys that wait on kings.

Tho' by Aganippe's freams  
Ancient bards had golden dreams,  
Deem not blifsful life was theirs—  
Golden grain is choak'd with tares.

Tremblingly alive all o'er,  
Much to feel is to deplore,  
And the foul of fenfes ftrong  
Gives but forrows to the fong.

Think'ft thou Care fhall ne'er invade,  
With venom shaft, thy fecret fhade?  
In form of Love, he foftly fteals,  
And unfufpecting hearts affails,

Or, if his way a diftant friend  
Should to thy lonely threshold bend,  
Like my Timæus he may be,  
In death, an endless woe to thee!

Or if thy Fates do not defign  
That he fhould die, and thou fhould'ft pine,  
As I with Lycon, both may prove  
Abfence is death to thofe that love!



But it is not so in courts—  
 There Cupid with light dalliance sports ;  
 And Venus in a kind disguise  
 Looks milder thro' Aspasia's eyes.

If a lov'd friend should die, 'tis there  
 Thou may'st with ease the loss repair :  
 And tho' one nymph should faithless prove,  
 Another will requite thy love.

Then, haste thee to the haunts of men ;  
 Nor let the little careless wren,  
 As thro' the nut-tree shade he hops,  
 Seduce thee to the silent copse.

And, in some much-frequented room,  
 May'st thou find a tranquil tomb ;  
 While thy unprison'd senses fly  
 To the sphere of harmony!

And, let the gentle slumber steal,  
 The shepherd's closing eye to seal,  
 And bring that future life of bliss  
 For which the virtuous pant in this !

Sweet luxury of souls refin'd,  
 How would it suit the vulgar mind?  
 Let vulgar minds at distance keep!  
 Nor fright away the shepherd's sleep!

LII.

THE DRINKING-MATCH AT EDEN-HALL.

In Imitation of the famous ballad of Chevy Chace.

*By Philip duke of Wharton.*

(See Walpole's Royal and Noble Authors, Vol. II.  
page 130. edit. 1759.)

**G**OD prosper long from being broke  
The \* Luck of Eden-hall ;  
A doleful drinking-bout I sing,  
There lately did befall.

To chafe the spleen with cup and can,  
Duke Philip took his way,  
Babes yet unborn shall never see  
The like of such a day.

The stout and ever-thirsty duke  
A vow to God did make,  
His pleasure within Cumberland  
Three live-long nights to take.

\* A pint bumper at Sir Christopher Musgrave's.

Sir Musgrave too, of Martindale,  
A true and worthy knight,  
Eftsoon with him a bargain made,  
In drinking to delight.

The bumpers swiftly pass about,  
Six in a hand went round ;  
And with their calling for more wine,  
They made the hall resound.

Now when these merry tidings reach'd  
The earl of Harold's ears,  
And am I (quoth he, with an oath)  
Thus slighted by my peers ?

Saddle my steed, bring forth my boots,  
I'll be with them right quick ;  
And, master sheriff, come you too,  
We'll know this scurvy trick.

Lo, yonder doth earl Harold come,  
(Did one at table say ;)  
'Tis well, reply'd the mettled duke,  
How will he get away ?

When thus the earl began : Great duke,  
I'll know how this did chance,  
Without inviting me, sure this  
You did not learn in France.

One of us two for this offence,  
Under the board shall lie ;  
I know thee well, a duke thou art,  
So some years hence shall I.

But trust me, Wharton, pity 'twere  
So much good wine to spill,  
As these companions here may drink,  
Ere they have had their fill.

Let thou and I, in bumpers full,  
This grand affair decide.  
Accurs'd be he, duke Wharton said,  
By whom it is deny'd.

To Andrews, and to Hotham fair,  
Many a pint went round,  
And many gallant gentlemen  
Lay sick upon the ground.

When, at the last, the duke espy'd  
He had the earl secure,  
He ply'd him with a full pint-glass,  
Which laid him on the floor.

Who never spoke more words than these,  
After he downwards sunk,  
My worthy friends, revenge my fall,  
Duke Wharton sees me drunk.

Then, with a groan, duke Philip held  
The sick man by the joint,  
And said, Earl Harold, 'stead of thee,  
Would I had drank this pint.

Alack! my very heart doth bleed,  
And doth within me sink;  
For surely a more sober earl  
Did never swallow drink.

With that the sheriff, in a rage,  
To see the earl so fmit,  
Vow'd to revenge the dead-drunk peer  
Upon renown'd Sir Kit.

Then stepp'd a gallant 'squire forth,  
Of visage thin and pale,  
Lloyd was his name, and of Gang-hall,  
Fast by the river Swale;

Who said he would not have it told  
Where Eden river ran,  
That unconcern'd he should sit by;  
So, sheriff, I'm your man.

Now when these tidings reach'd the room,  
Where the duke lay in bed,  
How that the 'squire suddenly  
Upon the floor was laid:

O heavy

O heavy tidings! (quoth the duke)  
 Cumberland witness be,  
 I have not any captain more  
 Of such account as he.

Like tidings to earl Thanet came,  
 Within as short a space,  
 How that the under-sheriff too  
 Was fallen from his place.

Now God be with him (said the earl)  
 Sith 'twill no better be,  
 I trust I have within my town,  
 As drunken knights as he.

Of all the number that were there,  
 Sir Bains he scorn'd to yield;  
 But with a bumper in his hand,  
 He stagger'd o'er the field.

Thus did this dire contention end,  
 And each man of the slain  
 Were quickly carried off to sleep—  
 Their senses to regain.

God bless the king, the duchess fat,  
 And keep the land in peace,  
 And grant that drunkennes henceforth  
 'Mong noblemen may cease.

And likewise blefs our royal prince,  
 The nation's other hope,  
 And give us grace for to defy  
 The Devil and the Pope.

## LIII.

## The D O W Y D E N.

*A lady hearing her lover had fallen in single combat with his  
 rival, calls to her attendant boy.*

O See you not yon bonny steed,  
 That eats beneath the tree?  
 O tarry not, my little boy,  
 But bring him fast to me.

The boy ran nimbly to the place,  
 Where fed the milk-white steed,  
 And brought him to the lady fair,  
 Who mounted him with speed.

The whip she ply'd—the courser flew,  
 The dust in clouds did rise,  
 And soon she spy'd the \* Dowy Den  
 Where her true lover lies.

\* Dowy signifies dismal.

But

But now the panting steed she stop'd,  
And on the ground she sprung,  
Then hied her to the fatal place,  
With trees and bushes hung.

A dreary place, I ween, it was,  
And mournful to behold ;  
Above—the winds did doleful blow,  
Below—dark waters roll'd.

All cold and pale the youth was laid  
Fast by the rueful flood ;  
A breathless corse outstretch'd he lay,  
And all besmear'd with blood.

O sigh of woe ! she cry'd, and ran  
To where her lover lay,  
Then, like an aspin, quiv'ring stood,  
And gaz'd on the cold clay.

That breast where oft thou, love-sick maid !  
Hast laid thy languid head,  
Doth now present the ghastly wound  
Made by the deathful blade.

Those yellow locks, that oft with joy  
Thy lily hand hath bound,  
Toss'd by the wind, now loofely flow  
Neglected on the ground.

How



How cold and wan at noon that cheek,  
 Where glow'd at morn the rose !  
 Those beauteous eyes the sleep of death  
 Doth now for ever close.

In silent anguish fix'd the flood,  
 And o'er the body hung,  
 Then stooping, grasp'd and kifs'd the hand,  
 And fighting, thus begun :

Nor wealth nor grandeur pow'r could have  
 My faithful heart to shake ;  
 For thee it beat, O much-lov'd boy !  
 For thee it now doth break.

Why did thy wrathful rival think  
 His sword could us disjoin ?  
 Did he not know that love had made  
 My life but one with thine ?

Then haughty baron, know it now,  
 Nor hope I'll be thy bride ;  
 With this dear youth I joy to die,  
 Contemn thy pomp and pride.

And thou, my father, come and see  
 How low thy daughter lies ;  
 From crossing virtuous love, behold  
 What dire misfortunes rise.

O hapless

O hapless youth!—But ah! no more  
 Her fault'ring tongue could say;  
 Then softly sunk upon his breast,  
 And breath'd her soul away.

## LIV.

## D U N C A N A F R A G M E N T.

S A W ye the Thane o'meikle pride,  
 Red anger in his eye?  
 I saw him not, nor care, he cry'd;  
 Red anger frights na' me.

For I have stuid whar honour bade,  
 Tho' Death trod on his heel:  
 Mean is the crest that stoops to fear;  
 Nae sic may Duncan feel.

Hark! hark! or was it but the wind  
 That thro' the ha' did sing?  
 Hark! hark! agen: a warlike shout  
 The black woods round do ring.

'Tis na' for nought, bald Duncan cry'd,  
 Sic shoutings on the wind:  
 Syne up he started frae his seat,  
 A thrang o' spears behind.

Haste,

Haste, haste, my valiant hearts, he said,  
 Anes mare to fallow me ;  
 We 'll meet yon shouters by the burn ;  
 I guess wha they may be.

But wha is he that speeds sae fast,  
 Frae the slaw-marching thrang ?  
 Sae frae the mirk cloud shoots a beam,  
 The sky's blue face along.

Some messenger it is, mayhap ;  
 Then not of peace, I trow :  
 My master, Duncan, bade me rin,  
 And say these words to you.

Restore agen that bluming rose,  
 Your rude hand pluck'd awa' ;  
 Restore again his Mary fair,  
 Or you shall rue the fa'.

Three strides the gallant Duncan tuik,  
 And shuik his forward spear :  
 Gae tell thy master, beardless youth,  
 We are na' wont to fear.

He comes na' on a wassel rout  
 Of revel, sport, and play ;  
 Our swords gart fame proclaim us men  
 Lang ere this ruefu' day.

The

The rose I pluck'd, of right is mine ;  
Our hearts together grew  
Like twa sweet roses on ae sta'k —  
Frae hate to love she flew.

Swift as a winged shaft he sped :  
Bald Duncan said, in jeer,  
Gae tell thy master, beardless youth,  
We are na' wont to fear.

He comes na' on a wassel rout,  
Of revel, sport, and play ;  
Our swords gart fame proclaim us men  
Lang ere this ruefu' day.

The rose I pluck'd, of right is mine ;  
Our hearts together grew  
Like twa sweet roses on ae sta'k —  
Frae hate to love she flew.

He stamp'd his foot upo' the ground,  
And thus in wrath did say :  
God strik my faul if frae this field  
We baith in life shall gae.

He wav'd his hand ; the pipes they play'd,  
The targets clatter'd round,  
And now between the meeting faes  
Was little space of ground,

**But**

But wha is she that rins fae fast?  
 Her feet nae stap they find;  
 Sae swiftly rides the milky cloud  
 Upon the simmer's wind.

Her face, a mantle screen'd afore,  
 She show'd of lily hue:  
 Sae frae the gray mist breaks the sun  
 To drink the morning-dew.

Alake, my friends! what fight is this?  
 Oh, stap your rage, she cry'd:  
 Whar love with honey'd lip should be,  
 Mak not a breach fae wide.

Can then my uncle draw his sword,  
 My husband's breast to bleed?  
 Or can my sweet lord do to him  
 Sic foul and ruthless deid?

Bethink ye, uncle, of the time  
 My gray-hair'd father died:  
 Frae whar your shrill horn shuik the wood,  
 He sent for you wi' speed:

My brother, gard my bairn, he said:  
 She has nae father soon:  
 Regard her, Donald, as your ain:  
 I'll ask nae ither boon.

Would

Would then my uncle force my love,  
Whar love it cou'd na' be,  
Or wed me to the man I hate?  
Was this his care of me?

Can these brave men, who but of late  
Together chas'd the deer,  
Against their comrades bend their bows,  
In bluidy hunting here?

She spake, while trickling ran the tears  
Her blushing cheek along;  
And silence, like a heavy cloud,  
O'er a' the warriors hang.

Syne stapt the red-hair'd Malcom furth,  
Threescore his years and three;  
Yet a' the strenght of strongest youth  
In sic an eild had he:

Nae pity was there in his breast;  
For war alane he lo'd;  
His gray een sparkled at the fight  
Of plunder, death, and bluid.

What! shall our hearts of steel, he said,  
Bend to a woman's fang?  
Or can her words our honour quit  
For sic dishonest wrang?

For this did a' these warriors come,  
To hear an idle tale ;  
And o'er our death-accustom'd arms  
Shall filly tears prevail ?

They gied a shout, their bows they tuik,  
They clash'd their steely swords  
Like the loud waves of Bara's shore ;  
There was nae room for words.

A cry the weeping Mary gied :  
O uncle ! hear my prayer :  
Heed na' that man of bluidy look ;—  
She had nae time for mair ;

For in the midst anon there came  
A blind, unweeting dart,  
That glanc'd frae aff her Duncan's targe,  
And strack her to the heart.

A while she stagger'd, syne she fell,  
And Duncan see'd her fa' :  
Astound he stood ; for in his limbs  
There was nae power at a'.

The spear he meant at faes to fling,  
Stood fix'd within his hand :  
His lips, half open, cou'd na' speak :  
His life was at a stand.

Sae the black stump of some auld aik,  
 With arms in triumph dight,  
 Seems to the traveller like a man,

\* \* \* \* \*

*Cætera desunt.*

LV.

T H E F A I R P E N I T E N T.

**Y**E mountains so dreary and dread,  
 To whom I so often repair,  
 In pity fall down on my head,  
 And snatch me at once from despair.

In mercy, ye skies, to my woes,  
 Let your thunders avengingly roll,  
 And death kindly hush to repose  
 The Ætna that bursts on my soul.

Twelve moons have I scarcely been wed,  
 And honour'd with Beverley's name:  
 Yet how has the conjugal bed  
 Been steep'd in pollution and shame!



To the fondest and worthiest youth,  
 All spotted and perjur'd I stand ;  
 And this ring, which once swore to my truth,  
 Now deadens, thro' guilt, on my hand.

Perdition quick fall on the hour  
 That first I saw Clerimont's face,  
 And fatally gave him a power  
 To plunge me in endless disgrace.

From Time's swiftly-silvering wing  
 This instant O let it be torn ;  
 And pluck from Remembrance a sting,  
 Too bitter by far to be borne.

Once white as the moon's purest ray,  
 This bosom could consciously heave,  
 Despise every thought to betray,  
 And detest every wish to deceive.

Once crown'd with contentment and rest,  
 My days held the happiest race ;  
 And the night saw me equally blest,  
 In my Beverley's honest embrace :

But now, one continued disguise,  
 I'm hackney'd in falsehood and art,  
 And teach every glance of my eyes  
 To conceal every wish of my heart.

To

To meet with poor Beverley's kifs,  
What transport appears in my air!  
Tho' his breast, once the pillow of blifs,  
Swells only with death and despair,

If a look is by accident caught,  
I'm fill'd with a thousand alarms;  
And Clerimont fires every thought,  
When I melt e'en in Beverley's arms.

Great Ruler of all things above,  
Whom Father of mercies we deem,  
Let duty direct me to love  
Where reason compels my esteem.

Yet how to thy throne shall I run;  
For pardon, how can I exclaim;  
When every renewal of fun  
Beholds a renewal of shame!

Nay, now while the guilt I detest,  
My conscience so dreadfully wrings;  
This Clerimont grows on my breast,  
And insensibly twists round the strings.

Distraction, this instant repair,  
And seize the least atom of brain;  
For nature no longer can bear  
This incredible fulness of pain!

Let

Let mercy employ its own time,  
I dare not look upward that way;  
For unless I desist from my crime,  
'Tis blasphemy surely to pray.



**F I N I S.**

