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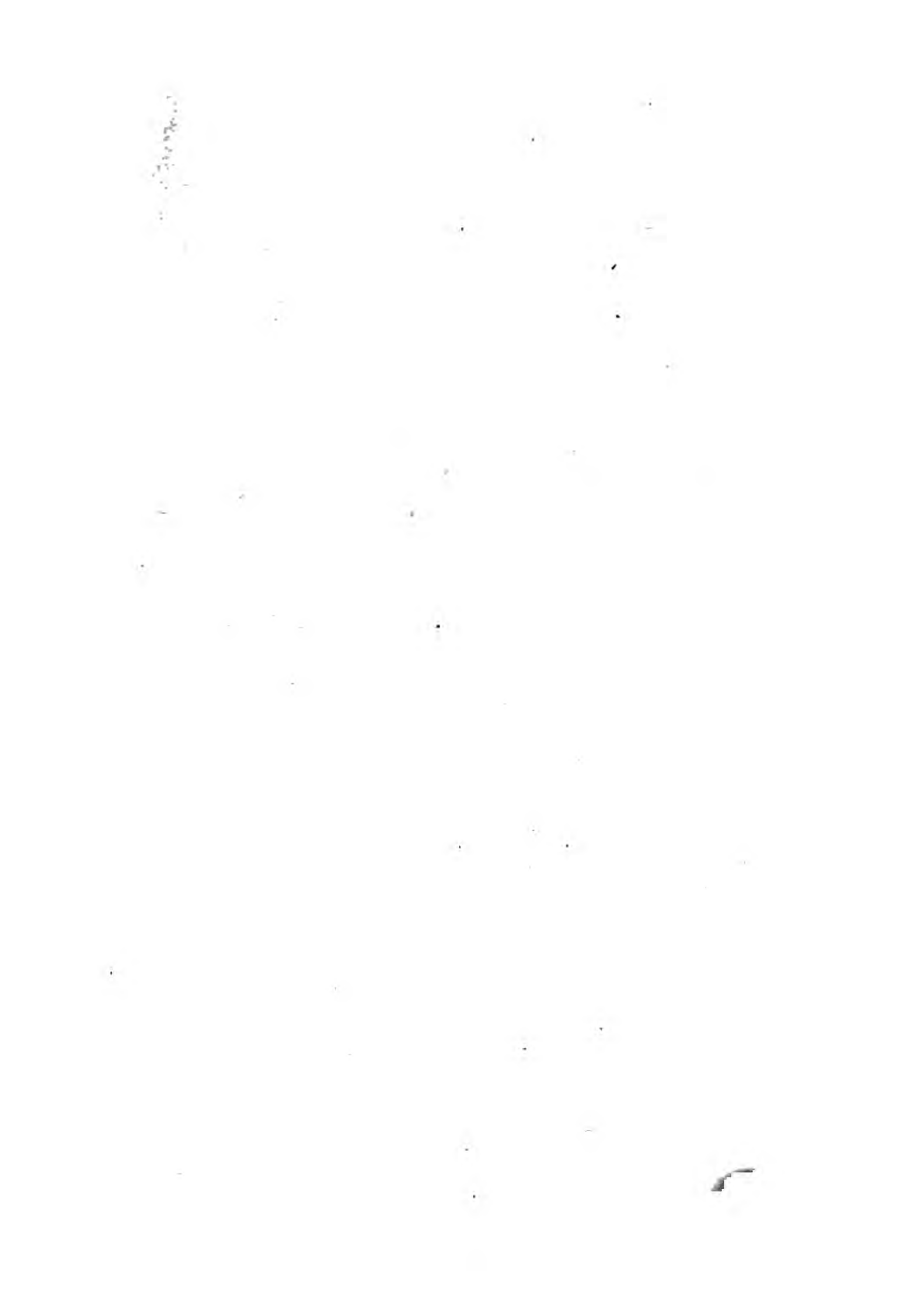
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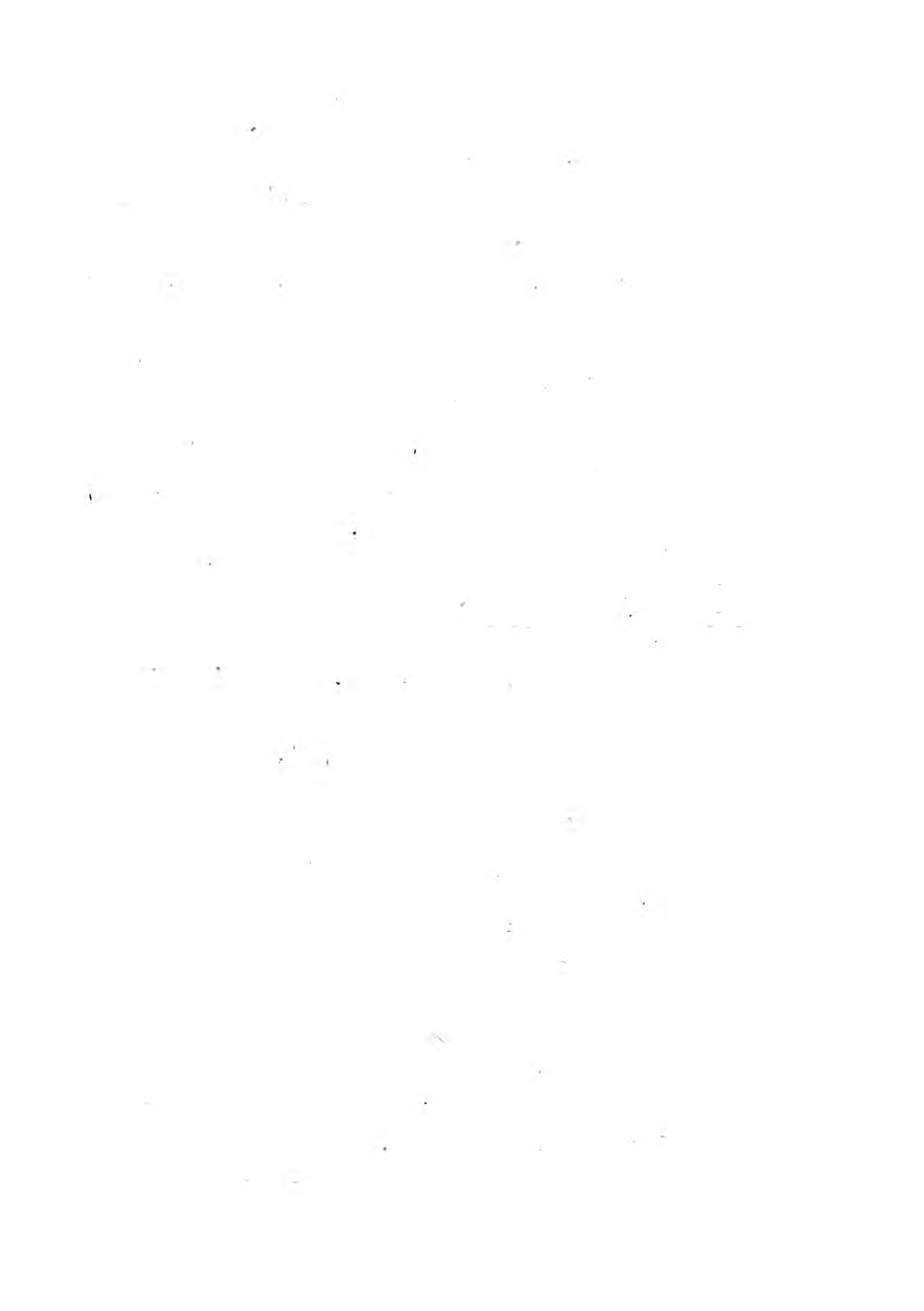


Robert Finch

TAYLOR INSTITUTION.
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O L D B A L L A D S,

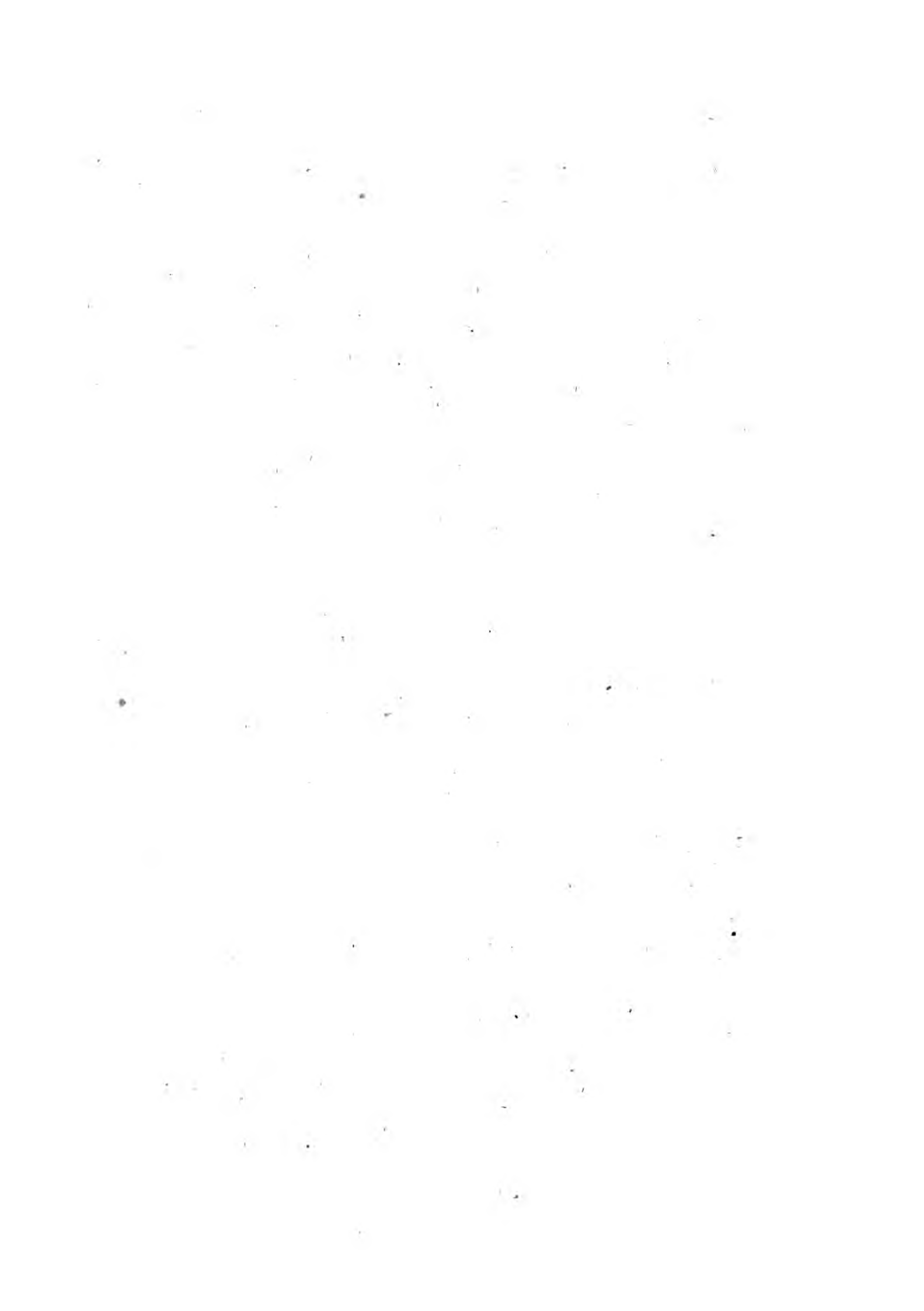
HISTORICAL AND NARRATIVE,

WITH SOME OF MODERN DATE,

AND SEVERAL ORIGINALS.

NONE OF WHICH ARE INSERTED IN

DR. PERCY'S COLLECTION.



Leonardo Mece Hally
The Gift of Thom^s. Evans. — Middle Temple 17

**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. III.



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.



The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been
admitted to the office of the Secretary of the State since the
year 1800.

1800. John Adams, Secretary of the State.
1801. John Adams, Secretary of the State.
1802. John Adams, Secretary of the State.

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“ important instruction, the pernicious consequence of
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“ or wantonly exercised, has to make men desperate,
“ and that liberty, when abused, has to make them in-
“ solent, is no where more strongly represented than in
“ the grave, the judicious Thucydides: In him, too,
“ we see false patriots and venal orators dressed out in
“ genuine colours, and those who employ their eloquence
“ and abilities to promote the public interest, and exert
“ themselves to the utmost of their power in support of
“ liberty, drawn at full length and in just proportions.

“ With regard to the translation now before us, we
“ shall only say, that its merit is superior to any praise we
“ can bestow.”

MONTHLY REVIEW.

T H E

HERMIT OF WARKWORTH,

A NORTHUMBERLAND BALLAD.

IN THREE FITS OR CANTOS.

VOL. III.

B

T 2

TO HER GRACE
E L I Z A B E T H
D U C H E S S A N D C O U N T E S S O F
N O R T H U M B E R L A N D,
I N H E R O W N R I G H T
B A R O N E S S P E R C Y, &c. &c. &c.

DOWN in a northern vale wild flowrets grew,
And lent new sweetness to the summer gale ;
The Muse there found them all remote from view,
Obscur'd with weeds, and scatter'd o'er the dale.

O Lady, may *so* flight a gift prevail,
And at your gracious hands acceptance find ?
Say, may an ancient legendary tale
Amuse, delight, or move the polish'd mind ?

Surely the cares and woes of human kind,
Tho' simply told, will gain each gentler ear ;
But all for you the Muse her lay design'd,
And bade your noble Ancestors appear ;

She seeks no other praise, if you commend,
Her great protectress, patroness, and friend.

M. D C C. L X X.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

WARKWORTH CASTLE, in Northumberland, stands very boldly on a neck of land near the sea-shore, almost surrounded by the river **COQUET**, (called by our old Latin Historians, **COQUEDA**) which runs with a clear rapid stream, but when swollen with rains becomes violent and dangerous.

About a mile from the Castle, in a deep romantic valley, are the remains of a **HERMITAGE**; of which the Chapel is still entire. This is hollowed with great elegance in a cliff near the river; as are also two adjoining apartments, which probably served for the Sacristy and Vestry, or were appropriated to some other sacred uses; for the former of these, which runs parallel with the Chapel, appears to have had an altar in it, at which mass was occasionally celebrated, as well as in the Chapel itself.

• Each of these apartments is extremely small; for that which was the principal Chapel does not in length exceed eighteen feet; nor is more than seven feet and a half in breadth and height: It is, however, very beautifully designed and executed in the solid rock; and has all the decorations of a complete Gothic Church or Cathedral in miniature.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

But what principally distinguishes the Chapel, is a small Tomb or Monument, on the South side of the altar; on the top of which lies a Female Figure extended in the manner that effigies are usually exhibited praying on ancient tombs. This figure, which is very delicately designed, some have ignorantly called an image of the Virgin Mary; though it has not the least resemblance to the manner in which she is represented in the Romish churches; who is usually erect, as the object of adoration, and never in a prostrate or recumbent posture. Indeed the real image of the Blessed Virgin probably stood in a small nich, still visible behind the altar: Whereas the figure of a Bull's Head, which is rudely carved at this Lady's feet, the usual place for the Crest in old monuments, plainly proves her to have been a very different personage.

About this tomb are several other Figures: which, as well as the principal one above mentioned, are cut in the natural rock, in the same manner as the little Chapel itself, with all its Ornaments, and the two adjoining Apartments. What slight traditions are scattered through the country concerning the origin and foundation of this Hermitage, Tomb, &c. are delivered to the reader in the following rhimes.

It is universally believed, that the Founder was one of the BERTRAM family, which had once considerable possessions in Northumberland, and were anciently Lords of Bothal Castle, situate about ten miles from Wark-

worth. He has been thought to be the same **BERTRAM** that endowed **BRINKBURN** Priory, and built **BRENKSHAUGH** Chapel; which both stand in the same winding valley, higher up the river.

But **BRINKBURN** Priory was founded in the reign of King Henry I. * whereas the form of the Gothic Windows in this Chapel, especially of those near the altar, are found rather to resemble the style of architecture that prevailed about the reign of King Edward III. And indeed that the sculpture in this Chapel cannot be much older, appears from the Crest which is placed at the Lady's feet on the tomb; for Camden † informs us, that armorial crests did not become hereditary till about the reign of King Edward II.

These appearances still extant, strongly confirm the account given in the following poem, and plainly prove that the **HERMIT** of **WARKWORTH** was not the same person that founded **BRINKBURN** Priory in the twelfth century, but rather one of the **BERTRAM** family, who lived at a later period.

* Tanner's Notitia Monastica. † See his Remains.

T H E
HERMIT OF WARKWORTH,

A NORTHUMBERLAND BALLAD:

By the REVEREND DOCTOR P E R C Y,

EDITOR OF THE RELIQUES OF ANCIENT POETRY.

I.

F I T T H E F I R S T.

FIT was the word used by the old minstrels to signify a Part or Division of their Historical Songs, and was peculiarly appropriated to this Kind of Compositions. See *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, Vol. II. p. 166 and 397, Second Edition.

DARK was the night, and wild the storm,
And loud the torrent's roar ;
And loud the sea was heard to dash
Against the distant shore.

Musing on man's weak hapless state,
The lonely Hermit lay ;
When, lo ! he heard a female voice
Lament in fore dismay.

8 O L D B A L L A D S.

With hospitable haste he rose,
And wak'd his sleeping fire ;
And, snatching up a lighted brand,
Forth hied the rev'rend fire.

All sad beneath a neighbouring tree
A beauteous maid he found,
Who beat her breast, and with her tears
Bedew'd the mossy ground.

O! weep not, lady, weep not so ;
Nor let vain fears alarm ;
My little cell shall shelter thee,
And keep thee safe from harm.

It is not for myself I weep,
Nor for myself I fear ;
But for my dear and only friend,
Who lately left me here :

And while some sheltering bower he sought,
Within this lonely wood,
Ah! fore I fear his wandering feet
Have slipt in yonder flood.

O! trust in heaven, the Hermit said,
And to my cell repair ;
Doubt not but I shall find thy friend,
And ease thee of thy care.

Then

OLD BALLADS.

Then climbing up his rocky stairs,
He scales the cliff so high ;
And calls aloud, and waves his light
To guide the stranger's eye.

Among the thickets long he winds
With careful steps and slow :
At length a voice return'd his call,
Quick answering from below :

O! tell me, father, tell me true,
If you have chanc'd to see
A gentle maid, I lately left
Beneath some neighbouring tree :

But either I have lost the place,
Or she hath gone astray :
And much I fear this fatal stream
Hath snatch'd her hence away.

Praise heaven, my son, the Hermit said ;
The lady's safe and well :
And soon he join'd the wandering youth,
And brought him to his cell.

Then well was seen, these gentle friends
They lov'd each other dear :
The youth he press'd her to his heart ;
The maid let fall a tear.

Ah!

to O L D B A L L A D S.

Ah! seldom had their host, I ween,
 Beneld so sweet a pair :
The youth was tall, with manly bloom ;
 She slender, soft, and fair.

The youth was clad in forest green,
 With bugle-horn so bright :
She in a filken robe and scarf
 Snatch'd up in hasty flight.

Sit down, my children, says the Sage ;
 Sweet rest your limbs require :
Then heaps fresh fuel on the hearth,
 And mends his little fire.

Partake, he said, my simple store,
 Dried fruits, and milk, and curds ;
And spreading all upon the board,
 Invites with kindly words.

Thanks, father, for thy bounteous fare,
 The youthful couple say :
Then freely ate, and made good cheer,
 And talk'd their cares away.

Now say, my children, (for perchance
 My counsel may avail)
What strange adventure brought you here
 Within this lonely dale ?

First tell me, father, said the youth,
 (Nor blame mine eager tongue)
What town is here? What lands are these?
 And to what lord belong?

Alas! my son, the Hermit said,
 Why do I live to say,
The rightful lord of these domains
 Is banish'd far away?

Ten winters now have shed their snows,
 On this my lowly hall,
Since valiant **HOTSPUR** (so the North
 Our youthful lord did call)

Against Fourth **HENRY BOLINGBROKE**
 Led up his northern powers,
And stoutly fighting, lost his life
 Near proud Salopia's towers.

One son he left, a lovely boy,
 His country's hope and heir;
And, oh! to save him from his foes
 It was his grandfire's care.

In Scotland safe he plac'd the child
 Beyond the reach of strife,
Nor long before the brave old Earl
 At Bramham lost his life.

And

And now the PERCY name, so long
Our northern pride and boast,
Lies hid, alas ! beneath a cloud ;
Their honours rest and lost.

No chieftain of that noble house
Now leads our youth to arms ;
The bordering Scots despoil our fields,
And ravage all our farms.

Their halls and castles, once so fair,
Now moulder in decay ;
Proud strangers now usurp their lands,
And bear their wealth away.

Nor far from hence, where yon full stream
Runs winding down the lea,
Fair WARKWORTH lifts her lofty towers,
And overlooks the sea.

Those towers, alas ! now stand forlorn,
With noisome weeds o'erspread,
Where feasted lords, and courtly dames,
And where the poor were fed.

Meantime far off, mid Scottish hills,
The PERCY lives unknown :
On strangers' bounty he depends,
And may not claim his own.

O might

O might I with these aged eyes
 But live to see him here,
 Then should my soul depart in bliss!
 He said, and dropt a tear.

And is the PERCY still so lov'd
 Of all his friends and thee?
 Then bless me, father, said the youth,
 For I thy guest am HE.

Silent he gaz'd, then turn'd aside
 To wipe the tears he shed;
 And lifting up his hands and eyes,
 Pour'd blessings on his head.

Welcome, our dear and much-lov'd lord,
 Thy country's hope and care:
 But who may this young lady be,
 That is so wondrous fair?

Now, father, listen to my tale,
 And thou shalt know the truth;
 And let thy sage advice direct
 My unexperienc'd youth.

In Scotland I've been nobly bred
 Beneath the Regent's * hand,
 In feats of arms, and every lore,
 To fit me for command.

* ROBERT STUART, duke of Albany. See the continuator of
 FORDUN'S Scoti-Chronicon, cap. 18, cap. 23, &c.

With fond impatience long I burn'd,
 My native land to see :
 At length I won my guardian friend,
 To yield that boon to me.

Then up and down in hunter's garb
 I wandered as in chace,
 Till in the noble NEVILLE's † house
 I gain'd a hunter's place,

Sometime with him I liv'd unknown,
 Till I'd the hap so rare,
 To please this young and gentle dame,
 That baron's daughter fair.

Now, PERCY, said the blushing maid,
 The truth I must reveal ;
 Souls great and generous, like to thine,
 Their noble deeds conceal.

It happened on a summer's day,
 Led by the fragrant breeze,
 I wandered forth to take the air
 Among the green-wood trees,

Sudden a band of rugged Scots,
 That near in ambush lay,
 Mofs-troopers from the border-side,
 There seiz'd me for their prey.

† RALPH NEVILLE, first Earl of Westmoreland, who chiefly resided at his two Castles of BRANCEPETH, and RABY, both in the bishoprick of Durham.

My shrieks had all been spent in vain,
 But heaven, that saw my grief,
 Brought this brave youth within my call,
 Who flew to my relief.

With nothing but his hunting spear,
 And dagger in his hand,
 He sprung like lightning on my foes,
 And caus'd them soon to stand.

He fought, till more assistance came ;
 The Scots were overthrown ;
 Thus freed me, captive, from their bands,
 To make me more his own.

O happy day ! the youth replied :
 Blest were the wounds I bare !
 From that fond hour she deign'd to smile,
 And listen to my prayer.

And when she knew my name and birth,
 She vowed to be my bride ;
 But oh ! we fear'd, (alas, the while !)
 Her princely mother's pride :

Sister of haughty BOLINGBROKE,*
 Our house's ancient foe,
 To me I thought a banish'd wight
 Could ne'er such favour show.

* JOAN, Countess of Westmoreland, mother of the young lady,
 was daughter of JOHN of GAUNT, and half-sister of K. Henry IV.

Despairing then to gain consent ;
 At length to fly with me
 I won this lovely timourous maid ;
 To Scotland bound are we.

This evening, as the night drew on,
 Fearing we were pursu'd,
 We turn'd adown the right-hand path,
 And gain'd this lonely wood :

Then lighting from our weary steeds
 To shun the pelting shower,
 We met thy kind conducting hand,
 And reach'd this friendly bower.

Now rest ye both, the Hermit said ;
 Awhile your cares forego :
 Nor, lady, scorn my humble bed ;
 ——— WE'll pass the night below. †

† Adjoining to the cliff, which contains the Chapel of the Hermitage, are the remains of a small building, in which the Hermit dwelt. This consisted of one lower apartment, with a little Bed-chamber over it, and is now in ruins : whereas the Chapel, cut in the solid rock, is still very intire and perfect.

T H E

HERMIT OF WARKWORTH,

A NORTHUMBERLAND BALLAD.

F I T T H E S E C O N D .

LOVELY smil'd the blushing morn,
And every storm was fled :
But lovelier far, with sweeter smile,
Fair **ELEANOR** left her bed.

She found her **HENRY** all alone,
And cheer'd him with her sight ;
The youth consulting with his friend
Had watch'd the livelong night.

What sweet surprize o'erpower'd her breast !
Her cheek what blushes dyed !
When fondly he besought her there
To yield to be his bride.

Within this lonely hermitage

There is a chapel meet:

Then grant, dear maid, my fond request,

And make my blifs compleat.

O HENRY! when thou deign'ft to fue,

Can I thy fuit withftand?

When thou, lov'd youth, haft won my heart,

Can I refuse my hand?

For thee I left a father's fmiles,

And mother's tender care;

And whether weal or woe betide,

Thy lot I mean to fhare.

And wilt thou then, O generous maid!

Such matchlefs favour fhew,

To fhare with me a banifh'd wight

My peril, pain, or woe?

Now heaven, I trust, hath joys in ftore

To crown thy constant breast;

For, know, fond hope affures my heart

That we fhall foon be bleft.

Not far from hence ftands COQUET Ifle,*

Surrounded by the fea;

There dwells a holy friar, well-known

To all thy friends and thee.

* In the little Ifland of COQUET, near Warkworth, are ftill feen the ruins of a Cell, which belonged to the Benedictine monks of Tinsmouth-Abbey.

'Tis

'Tis father Bernard, so rever'd
 For every worthy deed ;
 To RABY castle he shall go,
 And for us kindly plead.

To fetch this good and holy man
 Our reverend host is gone ;
 And soon, I trust, his pious hands
 Will join us both in one.

Thus they in sweet and tender talk
 The lingering hours beguile ;
 At length they see the hoary sage
 Come from the neighbouring isle.

With pious joy and wonder mix'd
 He greets the noble pair,
 And glad consents to join their hands
 With many a fervent prayer.

Then straight to RABY's distant walls
 He kindly wends his way ;
 Mean-time in love and dalliance sweet
 They spend the livelong day.

And now attended by their host,
 The Hermitage they view'd,
 Deep-hewn within a craggy cliff,
 And over-hung with wood.

And near a flight of shapely steps,
All cut with nicest skill,
And piercing thro' a stony Arch,
Ran winding up the hill.

There deck'd with many a flower and herb
His little Garden stands ;
With fruitful trees in shady rows,
All planted by his hands.

Then, scoop'd within the solid rock,
Three sacred vaults he shows ;
The chief a chapel, neatly arch'd,
On branching Columns rose.

Each proper ornament was there,
That should a chapel grace ;
The Lattice for confession fram'd,
And Holy-water Vase.

O'er either door a sacred text
Invites to godly fear ;
And in a little Scutcheon hung
The cross, and crown, and spear.

Up to the Altar's ample breadth
Two easy steps ascend ;
And near a glimmering solemn light
Two well-wrought Windows lend.

Beside.

Befide the altar rose a Tomb
All in the living stone ;
On which a young and beauteous Maid
In goodly sculpture shone.

A kneeling Angel fairly carv'd
Lean'd hovering o'er her breast ;
A weeping warrior at her feet ;
And near to these her Crest.*

The cliff, the vault, but chief the tomb,
Attract the wondering pair :
Eager they ask, What hapless dame
Lies sculptur'd here so fair ?

The Hermit sigh'd, the Hermit wept,
For sorrow scarce could speak :
At length he wip'd the trickling tears
That all bedew'd his cheek :

Alas! my children, human life
Is but a vale of woe ;
And very mournful is the tale,
Which ye so fain would know.

* This is a Bull's Head, the crest of the WIDDINGTON family.
All the Figures, &c. here described are still visible, only somewhat
effaced with length of time.

T H E H E R M I T ' s T A L E.

YOUNG lord, thy grandfire had a friend
 In days of youthful fame ;
 Yon distant hills were his domains ;
 Sir BERTRAM was his name.

Where'er the noble PERCY fought
 His friend was at his side ;
 And many a skirmish with the Scots
 Their early valour try'd.

Young Bertram lov'd a beauteous maid,
 As fair as fair might be ;
 The dew-drop on the lily's cheek
 Was not so fair as she.

Fair WIDDRINGTON the maiden's name,
 Yon tow'rs her dwelling place ;*
 Her sire an old Northumbrian chief
 Devoted to thy race.

Many a lord, and many a knight,
 To this fair damsel came ;
 But Bertram was her only choice ;
 For him she felt a flame.

* WIDDRINGTON castle is about five miles south of Warkworth.

Lord PERCY pleaded for his friend,
Her father soon consents ;
None but the beautiful maid herself
His wishes now prevents.

But she with studied fond delays
Defers the blissful hour ;
And loves to try his constancy,
And prove her maiden power.

That heart, she said, is lightly priz'd,
Which is too lightly won ;
And long shall rue that easy maid
Who yields her love too soon.

Lord PERCY made a solemn feast
In Alnwick's princely hall :
And there came lords, and there came knights,
His chiefs and barons all.

With wassel, mirth, and revelry
The castle rung around :
Lord PERCY call'd for song and harp,
And pipes of martial sound.

The minstrels of thy noble house
All clad in robes of blue,
With silver crescents on their arms
Attend in order due.

The great atchievements of thy race

They fung : their high command :

“ How valiant MAINFRED o’er the seas

“ Firſt led his northern band.*

“ Brave GالفRED next to Normandy

“ With venturous Rollo came ;

“ And from his Norman caſtles won,

“ Aſſum’d the PERCY name.†

“ They fung, how in the Conqueror’s fleet

“ Lord WILLIAM ſhipp’d his powers,

“ And gain’d a fair young Saxon bride,

“ With all her lands and towers,‡

* See Dugdale’s Baronage, page 269, &c.

† In Lower Normandy are three Places of the name of PERCY : whence the Family took the ſurname of DE PERCY.

‡ WILLIAM DE PERCY, (fifth in Deſcent from GالفRED, or GEFREY DE PERCY, ſon of MAINFRED) aſſiſted in the conqueſt of England, and had given him the large poſſeſſions in Yorkſhire, of EMMA DE PORTE, (ſo the Norman writers name her) whoſe father, a great Saxon lord, had been ſlain fighting along with Harold. This young lady, WILLIAM, from a principle of honour and generoſity, married: for having had all her lands beſtowed upon him by the Conqueror, “ he, (to uſe the words of the old Whitby “ Chronicle) wedded hyr that was very heire to them, in diſ- “ charging of his conſcience.” See Harl. MSS. 692. (26.) — He died at Mountjoy, near Jeruſalem, in the firſt Cruſade.

“ Then

- " Then journeying to the Holy Land,
 " There bravely fought and dy'd:
 " But first the silver Crescent wan,
 " Some Paynim Soldan's pride.

 " They sung, how AGNES, beauteous heir,
 " The queen's own brother wed,
 " Lord JOSCELINE, sprung from Charlemagne,
 " In princely Brabant bred.*

 " How he the PERCY name reviv'd,
 " And how his noble line
 " Still foremost in their country's cause,
 " With godlike ardour shine."

With loud acclaims the listening crowd
 Applaud the master's song,
 And deeds of arms and war became
 The theme of every tongue.

Now high heroic acts they tell,
 Their perils past recall:
 When, lo! a damsel, young and fair,
 Stepp'd forward thro' the hall.

* AGNES DE PERCY, sole heiress of her house, married JOSCELINE DE LOUVAIN, youngest son of Godfrey Barbatus, duke of Brabant, and brother of queen Adeliza, second wife of king Henry I. He took the name of PERCY, and was ancestor of the earls of Northumberland. His son, lord RICHARD DE PERCY, was one of the twenty-six barons, chosen to see the Magna Charta duly observed.

She

She Bertram courteously address'd;
 And kneeling on her knee;
 Sir knight, the lady of thy love
 Hath sent this gift to thee.

Then forth she drew a glittering helme,
 Well-plated many a fold,
 The casque was wrought of temper'd steel,
 The crest of burnish'd gold.

Sir knight, thy lady sends thee this,
 And yields to be thy bride,
 When thou hast prov'd this maiden gift
 Where sharpest blows are try'd.

Young Bertram took the shining helme,
 And thrice he kiss'd the same:
 Trust me, I'll prove this precious casque
 With deeds of noblest fame.

Lord PERCY, and his barons bold,
 Then fix upon a day
 To scour the marches, late oppress'd,
 And Scottish wrongs repay.

The knights assembled on the hills
 A thousand horse and more:
 Brave Widdrington, tho' sunk in years,
 The PERCY-standard bore.

Tweed's limpid current soon they pass,
And range the borders round :
Down the green slopes of Tiviotdale
Their bughle-horns resound,

As when a lion in his den
Hath heard the hunter's cries,
And rushes forth to meet his foes,
So did the DOUGLAS rise.

Attendant on their chief's command
A thousand warriors wait :
And now the fatal hour drew on
Of cruel keen debate.

A chosen troop of Scottish youths
Advance before the rest ;
Lord PERCY mark'd their gallant mien,
And thus his friend address'd.

Now, Bertram, prove thy Lady's helme,
Attack yon forward band ;
Dead or alive I'll rescue thee,
Or perish by their hand.

Young Bertram bow'd, with glad assent,
And spurr'd his eager steed,
And calling on his Lady's name,
Rush'd forth with whirlwind speed.

As when a grove of sapling oaks
The livid lightning rends ;
So fiercely 'mid the opposing ranks
Sir Bertram's sword descends.

This way and that he drives the steel,
And keenly pierces thro' ;
And many a tall and comely knight
With furious force he flew.

Now closing fast on every side
They hem Sir Bertram round ;
But dauntless he repels their rage,
And deals forth many a wound.

The vigour of his single arm
Had well-nigh won the field ;
When ponderous fell a Scottish ax,
And clove his lifted shield.

Another blow his temple took,
And reft his helme in twain ;
That beauteous helme, his Lady's gift !
—— His blood bedew'd the plain.

Lord PERCY saw his champion fall
Amid the unequal fight ;
And now, my noble friends, he said,
Let's save this gallant knight.

Then

Then rushing in with stretch'd-out shield
He o'er the warrior hung ;
As some fierce eagle spreads her wing
To guard her callow young.

Three times they strove to seize their prey,
Three times they quick retire :
What force could stand his furious strokes,
Or meet his martial fire ?

Now gathering round on every part,
The battle rag'd amain ;
And many a lady wept her lord
That hour untimely slain.

PERCY and DOUGLAS, great in arms,
There all their courage show'd ;
And all the field was strew'd with dead,
And all with crimson flow'd.

At length the glory of the day
The Scots reluctant yield,
And, after wonderous valour shewn,
They slowly quit the field.

All pale extended on their shields,
And weltering in his gore,
Lord PERCY's knights their bleeding friend
To WARK's fair castle bore.

Well hast thou earn'd my daughter's love,
 Her father kindly said;
 And she herself shall dress thy wounds,
 And tend thee in thy bed.

A message went, no daughter came;
 Fair ISABEL ne'er appears:
 Beshrew me, said the aged chief,
 Young maidens have their fears.

Cheer up, my son, thou shalt her see
 So soon as thou canst ride;
 And she shall nurse thee in her bower,
 And she shall be thy bride.

Sir Bertram at her name reviv'd,
 He bless'd the soothing sound;
 Fond hope supplied the Nurse's care,
 And heal'd his ghastly wound.

*** WARK castle, a fortress belonging to the English, and of great note in ancient times, stood on the southern banks of the river TWEED, a little to the east of TIVIOTDALE, and not far from Kelso. It is now entirely destroyed.

THE END OF THE SECOND PART.

T H E

W. A. J. & C. O.

T H E

HERMIT OF WARKWORTH,

A NORTHUMBERLAND BALLAD.

F I T T H E T H I R D.

ON E early morn, while dewy drops
Hung trembling on the tree,
Sir Bertram from his sick-bed rose,
His bride he would go see.

A brother he had in prime of youth,
Of courage firm and keen,
And he would tend him on the way
Because his wounds were green.

All day o'er moor and moor they rode,
By many a lonely tower;
And 'twas the dew-fall of the night
Ere they drew near her bower.

Most

Most drear and dark the castle seem'd,
 That wont to shine so bright ;
 And long and loud Sir Bertram call'd
 Ere he beheld a light.

At length her aged Nurse arose,
 With voice so shrill and clear ;
 What wight is this, that calls so loud,
 And knocks so boldly here ?

'Tis Bertram calls, thy Lady's love,
 Come from his bed of care :
 All day I've ridden o'er moor and moss,
 To see thy Lady fair.

Now out, alas ! (she loudly shriek'd)
 Alas ! how may this be ?
 For six long days are gone and past
 Since she fet out to thee.

Sad terror seiz'd Sir Bertram's heart,
 And ready was he to fall ;
 When now the draw-bridge was let down,
 And gates were open'd all.

Six days, young knight, are past and gone,
 Since she fet out to thee ;
 And sure if no sad harm had hap'd
 Long since thou wouldst her see.

For when she heard thy grievous chance,
She tore her hair, and cried,
Alas ! I've slain the comeliest knight,
All thro' my folly and pride !

And now to atone for my sad fault,
And his dear health regain,
I'll go myself, and nurse my love,
And soothe his bed of pain.

Then mounted she her milk-white steed
One morn at break of day ;
And two tall yeomen went with her,
To guard her on the way.

Sad terror smote Sir Bertram's breast,
And grief o'erwhelm'd his mind :
Trust me, said he, I ne'er will rest
'Till I thy lady find.

That night he spent in sorrow and care ;
And with sad boding heart,
Or ever the dawning of the day
His brother and he depart.

Now, brother, we'll our ways divide,
O'er Scottish hills to range :
Do thou go north, and I'll go west ;
And all our drefs we'll change.

Some Scottish carle hath seiz'd my love,
And borne her to his den ;
And ne'er will I tread English ground
'Till she is restored agen.

The brothers strait their paths divide,
O'er Scottish hills to range ;
And hide themselves in quaint disguise,
And oft their drefs they change.

Sir Bertram clad in gown of gray,
Most like a Palmer poor,
To halls and castles wanders round,
And begs from door to door.

Sometimes a Minstrel's garb he wears,
With pipes so sweet and shrill ;
And wends to every tower and town,
O'er every dale and hill.

One day as he fate under a thorn,
All sunk in deep despair,
An aged pilgrim pass'd him by,
Who mark'd his face of care.

All Minstrels yet that ever I saw,
Are full of game and glee ;
But thou art sad and woe-begone !
I marvel whence it be !

Father,

Father, I serve an aged Lord
Whose grief afflicts my mind ;
His only child is stoln away,
And fain I would her find.

Cheer up, my son ; perchance (he said)
Some tidings I may bear :
For oft when human hopes have fail'd,
Then heavenly comfort's near.

Behind yon hills, so steep and high,
Down in a lowly glen,
There stands a castle fair and strong,
Far from th' abode of men.

As late I chanc'd to crave an alms
About this evening hour,
Methought I heard a Lady's voice
Lamenting in the tower.

And when I ask'd, what harm had happ'd,
What Lady sick there lay ?
They rudely drove me from the gate,
And bade me wend away.

These tidings caught Sir Bertram's ear,
He thank'd him for his tale ;
And soon he hasted o'er the hills,
And soon he reach'd the vale.

Then drawing near those lonely towers,
 Which stood in dale so low,
 And sitting down beside the gate,
 His pipes he 'gan to blow.

Sir Porter, is thy lord at home
 To hear a Minstrel's song?
 Or may I crave a lodging here,
 Without offence or wrong?

My Lord, he said, is not at home,
 To hear a Minstrel's song:
 And should I lend thee lodging here,
 My life would not be long.

He play'd again so soft a strain,
 Such power sweet sounds impart,
 He won the churlish Porter's ear,
 And mov'd his stubborn heart.

Minstrel, he said, thou play'st so sweet,
 Fair entrance thou should'st win;
 But, alas! I'm sworn upon the rood
 To let no stranger in.

Yet, Minstrel, in yon rising cliff
 Thou'lt find a sheltering cave;
 And here thou shalt my supper share,
 And there thy lodging have.

All day he sits beside the gate,
 And pipes both loud and clear :
 All night he watches round the walls,
 In hopes his love to hear.

The first night, as he silent watch'd,
 All at the midnight hour,
 He plainly heard his Lady's voice,
 Lamenting in the tower.

The second night the moon shone clear,
 And gilt the spangled dew ;
 He saw his Lady thro' the grate,
 But 'twas a transient view.

The third night wearied out he slept
 'Till near the morning tide ;
 When, starting up, he seiz'd his sword,
 And to the castle hy'd.

When, lo! he saw a ladder of ropes
 Depending from the wall ;
 And o'er the mote was newly laid
 A poplar strong and tall.

And soon he saw his love descend,
 Wrapt in a Tartan plaid ;
 Assisted by a sturdy youth
 In highland garb y-clad.

Amaz'd, confounded at the fight,
He lay unseen and still ;
And soon he saw them cross the stream,
And mount the neighbouring hill.

Unheard, unknown of all within,
The youthful couple fly.
But what can scape the lover's ken ?
Or shun his piercing eye ?

With silent step he follows close
Behind the flying pair,
And saw her hang upon his arm
With fond familiar air.

Thanks, gentle youth, she often said ;
My thanks thou well hast won :
For me what wiles hast thou contriv'd ?
For me what dangers run ?

And ever shall my grateful heart
Thy services repay : —
Sir Bertram would no farther hear,
But cried, Vile traitor, stay !

Vile traitor, yield that lady up !
And quick his sword he drew :
The stranger turn'd in sudden rage,
And at Sir Bertram flew.

With

With mortal hate their vigorous arms
Gave many a vengeful blow :
But Bertram's stronger hand prevail'd,
And laid the stranger low.

Die, traitor, die! — A deadly thrust
Attends each furious word.
Ah! then fair Isabel knew his voice,
And rush'd beneath his sword.

O stop, she cried, O stop thy arm!
Thou dost thy brother slay! —
And here the Hermit paus'd, and wept :
His tongue no more could say.

At length he cried, Ye lovely pair,
How shall I tell the rest? —
'Ere I could stop my piercing sword,
It fell, and stabb'd her breast.

Wert thou thyself that hapless youth?
Ah! cruel fate! they said.
The Hermit wept, and so did they :
They sigh'd; he hung his head.

O blind and jealous rage, he cried,
What evils from thee flow!
The Hermit paus'd; they silent mourn'd :
He wept, and they were woe.

Ah! when I heard my brother's name,
And saw my lady bleed,
I rav'd, I wept, I curst my arm,
That wrought the fatal deed.

In vain I clasp'd her to my breast,
And clos'd the ghastly wound ;
In vain I press'd his bleeding corpse,
And rais'd it from the ground.

My Brother, alas ! spake never more ;
His precious life was flown.
She kindly strove to soothe my pain,
Regardless of her own.

Bertram, she said, be comforted,
And live to think on me :
May we in heaven that union prove,
Which here was not to be !

Bertram, she said, I still was true ;
Thou only hadst my heart :
May we hereafter meet in bliss !
We now, alas ! must part.

For thee I left my Father's hall,
And flew to thy relief ;
When, lo ! near Chiviot's fatal hills,
I met a Scottish chief.

OLD BALLADS.

41

Lord Malcolm's son, whose proffer'd love
I had refus'd with scorn;
He slew my guards, and seiz'd on me,
Upon that fatal morn:

And in these dreary hated walls,
He kept me close confin'd;
And fondly sued, and warmly press'd
To win me to his mind.

Each rising morn increas'd my pain,
Each night increas'd my fear;
When wandering in this northern garb,
Thy brother found me here.

He quickly formed this brave design
To set me, captive, free;
And on the moor his horses wait,
Ty'd to a neighbouring tree.

Then haste, my love, escape away,
And for thyself provide;
And sometimes fondly think on her
Who should have been thy bride.

Thus pouring comfort on my soul,
Even with her latest breath,
She gave one parting fond embrace,
And clos'd her eyes in death.

In

In wild amaze, in speechless woe,
 Devoid of sense I lay :
 Then sudden all in frantic mood
 I meant myself to slay :

And rising up in furious haste
 I seiz'd the bloody brand : *
 A sturdy arm here interpos'd,
 And wrench'd it from my hand.

A crowd, that from the castle came,
 Had mis'd their lovely ward ;
 And seizing me to prison bore,
 And deep in dungeon barr'd.

It chanc'd that on that very morn
 Their chief was prisoner ta'en :
 Lord PERCY had us soon exchange'd,
 And strove to soothe my pain.

And soon those honour'd dear remains
 To England were convey'd ;
 And there within their silent tombs,
 With holy rites were laid.

For me, I loath'd my wretched life,
 And long to end it thought ;
 'Till time, and books, and holy men
 Had better counsels taught.

* i. e. Sword.

'They rais'd my heart to that pure source,
Whence heavenly comfort flows :
'They taught me to despise the world,
And calmly bear its woes.

No more the slave of human pride,
Vain hope, and fordid care ;
I meekly vow'd to spend my life
In penitence and prayer.

The bold Sir **BERTRAM** now no more,
Impetuous, haughty, wild ;
But poor and humble **BENEDICT**,
Now lowly, patient, mild ;

My lands I gave to feed the poor,
And sacred altars raise ;
And here a lonely **Anchorete**
I came to end my days.

This sweet sequester'd vale I chose,
These rocks, and hanging grove ;
For oft beside that murmuring stream
My love was wont to rove.

My noble Friend approv'd my choice ;
This blest retreat he gave ;
And here I carv'd her beauteous form,
And scoop'd this holy cave.

Full fifty winters, all forlorn,
My life I've linger'd here ;
And daily o'er this sculptur'd faint,
I drop the pensive tear.

And thou, dear brother of my heart,
So faithful and so true,
The sad remembrance of thy fate
Still makes my bosom rue.

Yet not unpitied pass'd my life,
Forfaken, or forgot,
The PERCY and his noble Sons
Would grace my lowly cot.

Oft the great Earl from toils of state,
And cumb'rous pomp of power,
Would gladly seek my little cell,
To spend the tranquil hour.

But length of life is length of woe,
I liv'd to mourn his fall :
I liv'd to mourn his godlike sons,
And friends and followers all.

But thou the honours of thy race,
Lov'd youth, shalt now restore ;
And raise again the PERCY name
More glorious than before.

He ceas'd, and on the lovely pair
 His choicest blessings laid :
 While they with thanks and pitying tears
 His mournful tale repaid.

And now what present course to take,
 They ask the good old fire ;
 And guided by his sage advice,
 To Scotland they retire.

Mean-time their suit such favour found
 At RABY's stately hall,
 Earl Neville, and his princely Spouse,
 Now gladly pardon all.

She suppliant at her Nephew's * throne,
 The royal grace implor'd :
 To all the honours of his race
 The PERCY was restor'd.

The youthful Earl still more and more
 Admir'd his beauteous dame :
 NINE noble SONS to him she bore,
 All worthy of their name.

* King Henry V. Anno 1414.

THE END OF THE BALLAD.

The

THE account given in the foregoing ballad of young PERCY, the son of HOTSPUR, is confirmed by the following Extract from an old Chronicle belonging to Whitby Abbey.

“ HENRY PERCY, the son of Sir HENRY PERCY,
 “ that slayne at Shrewesbury, and of ELIZABETH,
 “ the daughter of the Erle of Marche, after the death
 “ of his Father and Grauntsyre, was exiled into Scot-
 “ land * in the time of King Henry the Fourth : but
 “ in the time of King Henry the Fifth, by the labour
 “ of JOHANNE the countes of Westmerland, (whose
 “ Daughter ALLANOR he HAD WEDDED IN COMING
 “ INTO ENGLAND,) he recovered the King’s grace,
 “ and the countye of Northumberland, so was the SE-
 “ COND ERLE of Northumberland.

“ And of this Allanor his wife, he begate IX Sonnes,
 “ and III Daughters, whose names be JOHANNE, that
 “ is buried at Whytbye : THOMAS, lord Egremont :
 “ KATHARYNE GRAY of Rythyn : Sir RAFFE PER-
 “ CY : WILLIAM PERCY, a Byshopp : RICHARD
 “ PERCY : JOHN, that dyed WITHOUT ISSUE : [another

* i. e. remained an Exile in Scotland during the Reign of king Henry IV. *In Scotia exulavit tempore Henrici Regis quarti.* Lat. MSS. penes Duc. North.

“ JOHN,

“ JOHN, called by Vincent † ‘ Johannes Percy senior
 “ de Warkworth’ :] GEORGE PERCY, Clerk : HENRY
 “ that dyed WITHOUT ISSUE : ANNE ——” [besides
 “ the eldest son and successor here omitted, because he
 “ comes in below, viz.]

“ HENRY PERCY, the THIRD Erle of NORTHUM-
 “ BERLAND.”

Vid. Harl. MSS. No. 692. (26.) in the British Museum.

† See his Great Baronag. No. 20, in the Herald's-office.

P O S T S C R I P T.

IT will perhaps gratify the curious Reader to be informed, that from a word or two formerly legible over one of the Chapel Doors, it is believed that the Text there inscribed was that Latin verse of the Psalmist,* which is in our Translation,

MY TEARS HAVE BEEN MY MEAT DAY AND NIGHT.

It is also certain, that the memory of the first Hermit was held in such regard and veneration by the PERCY Family, that they afterwards maintained a Chantry Priest, to reside in the Hermitage, and celebrate Mass in the Chapel: whose allowance, uncommonly liberal and munificent, was continued down to the Dissolution of the Monasteries; and then the whole Salary, together with the Hermitage and all its dependencies, reverted back to the Family, having never been endowed in mortmain. On this account we have no Record, which fixes the date of the Foundation, or gives any particular account of the first Hermit; but the following Instrument will shew the liberal Exhibition offered to his Successors. It is the Patent granted to the last Hermit in 1532, and is copied from an ancient MS. book of Grants, &c. of the VIth Earl of Northumberland, in Henry VIIIth's time. †

* Psal. xlii. 3. † Classed, F. I. No. 1. penes Duc Northumb.

S I R

SIR GEORGE LANCASTRE PATENT OF XX
MERKS BY YERE.

“ HENRY Erle of Northumberland, &c. Knowe
 “ youe that I the said Erle, in consideration of the di-
 “ ligent and thankfull service, that my wellbeloved
 “ Chaplen Sir GEORGE LANCASTRE hath don unto
 “ me the said Erle, and also for the goode and vertus
 “ dispotion that I do perceive in him: And for that he
 “ shall have in his daily recommendation and praiers the
 “ good estate of all suche noble Blode and other Per-
 “ sonages, as be now levyng; And the Soules of such
 “ noble Blode as be departed to the mercy of God owte
 “ of this present lyve, Whos Names are conteyned and
 “ wrettyn in a Table upon perchment signed with thande
 “ of me the said Erle, and delivered to the custodie and
 “ keapyng of the said sir George Lancafter: And fur-
 “ ther, that he shall kepe and saye his devyn service in
 “ celebratyng and doynge Masse of *Requiem* every weke
 “ accordinge as it is written and fet furth in the saide
 “ Table: HAVE geven and graunted, and by these pre-
 “ sentes do gyve and graunte unto the said sir George,
 “ myn ARMYTAGE belded in a Rock of stone within my
 “ Parke of WARKWORTH in the Countie of Northum-
 “ breland in the honour of the blessed Trynete, With a
 “ yerly Stipende of twenty Merks by yer, * from the
 “ feest of seint Michell tharchaungell last past afore the
 “ date hereof yerly duryng the natural lyve of the said

* This would be equal to 100l. per annum now. See the Chro-
 nicon Pretiosum.

“ fir George: and also I the said Erle have geven and
 “ graunted, and by these Presents do gyve and graunte
 “ unto the said fir George Lancaster, the occupation of
 “ one litle Gresground of myn called Cony-garth nigh
 “ adjoynynge the said Harmytage, only to his own use
 “ and proufit wynter and sumer duryng the said terme;
 “ THE Garden and Orteyarde belongyng the said Ar-
 “ mytage; THE Gate* and Pasture of Twelf Kye and
 “ a Bull, with their Calves fuking; AND two Horses
 “ goyin and beyng within my said Parke of Warkworth
 “ wynter and somer; ONE Draught of Fisshe every
 “ Sondaie in the yere to be drawn fornenst † the said
 “ Armytage, called The Trynete Draught; AND
 “ Twenty Lods of Fyrewode to be taken of my Wodds
 “ called Shilbotell Wode, duryng the said term. The
 “ said Stipend of xx Merks by yer to be taken and per-
 “ ceived § yerly of the rent and ferme of my Fisshyng
 “ of Warkworth, by thands of the Fermour or Fer-
 “ mours of the same for the tyme beyng yerly at the
 “ times ther used and accustomed by evyn Portions.
 “ IN wytnes whereof to thes my
 “ Letters Patentes I the said Erle
 “ have set the Seale of myn
 “ Armes: YEVEN undre my Sig-
 “ net at my Castell of Warkworth, the third daye of

Allowe in recompense
 herof yerly xll†.

Richard Ryche.

* i. e. Going; from the verb, To Gae. † Or fore-anent: i. e. opposite.

§ Sic MSS. † Sic MSS. — The above Sir Richard Ryche was Chancellor of the Augmentations at the Suppression of the Monasteries.

“ Decembre, in the xxiiith Yer of the Reigne of our
 “ Sovereyn Lorde kyng Henry the eight.”

On the dissolution of the Monasteries, the above Patent was produced before the Court of Augmentation in Michaelmas-Term, 20 Oct. A. 29. Hen. VIII. when the same was allowed by the Chancellor and Council of the said Court, and all the profits confirmed to the incumbent Sir George Lancaſter; Excepting that in compensation for the annual Stipend of Twenty Marks, he was to receive a Stipend of Ten Marks, and to have a free Chapel called The Rood Chapel, and the Hoſpital of St. Leonard, within the Barony of Wigdon, in the County of Cumberland.

After the perusal of the above PATENT it will perhaps be needless to caution the Reader against a Mistake some have fallen into; of confounding this Hermitage NEAR Warkworth, with a Chantry founded WITHIN the town itself, by Nicholas de Farnham, bishop of Durham, in the reign of Henry III. who appropriated the Church of Brankeſton for the maintenance there of two Benedictine Monks from Durham.|| That small monastic foundation is indeed called a CELL by bishop Tanner:† but he must be very ignorant, who supposes that by the word CELL is necessarily to be understood a Hermitage; whereas it was commonly applied to any small conventual establishment, which was dependant on another.

|| Ang. Sacr. p. 738.

† Not. Mon. p. 396.

As for the Chapel belonging to this endowment of bishop Farnham, it is mentioned as in ruins in several old surveys of Queen Elizabeth's time; and its scite, not far from Warkworth Church, is still remembered. But that there was never more than ONE Priest maintained, at one and the same time, within the HERMITAGE, is plainly proved, (if any farther proof be wanting) by the following Extract from a Survey of Warkworth, made in the Year 1567, * viz.

“ Ther is in the Parke (sc. of Warkworth) also one
 “ Howse hewyn within one Cragge, which is called the
 “ HARMITAGE CHAPEL : In the same ther haith bene
 “ ONE PREAST keaped, which did such godlye Services
 “ as that tyme was used and celebrated. The Mantion
 “ House [sc. the small building adjoining to the Cragg]
 “ ys nowe in decaye : the Closes that appertained to the
 “ said Chantrie is occupied to his Lordship's use.”

§ By Geo. Clarkson, MSS. penes Duc. North.



II.

T H E

G R A H A M,

AN HEROIC BALLAD,

I N F O U R C A N T O S.

By Dr. B L A C K L O C K.

The professed intention of this Ballad is to cherish and encourage a mutual harmony between the inhabitants of North and South Britain. To this end Dr. Blacklock has exhibited in strong colours some part of those miseries which their ancient animosities had occasioned. His Graham is an affecting story, in which love and jealousy have a principal share. The Author, though blind from his infancy, has, by a vigorous exertion of talents, conducted himself to uncommon knowledge. There is no science with which he is not acquainted; he is familiar with the learned languages, and he knows with accuracy those of modern Europe that are most cultivated. Among philosophers he has obtained a conspicuous rank by his Book on Consolations; and as a poet, he will ever be celebrated for what could least have

been expected from him, the liveliness of imagery and the splendour of description. To the disgrace of our country and our age, this learned, this accomplished, this virtuous man, this son of genius, was driven from the church by a pestilent faction, and under the gloom of darkness and the pressure of age was cruelly necessitated to struggle anew in the toils of life, and to pay his devotions at the shrine of Fortune, the most capricious of all goddesses.

C A N T O T H E F I R S T.

IN former days, when Scotia hurl'd
 Against her sister realm the spear,
 When on her frontiers war unfurl'd
 His bloody flag from year to year ;
 When wonder fill'd th'attentive world
 Her glorious conflicts charm'd to hear,
 By native virtue sav'd from thrall
 Whilst wealth and power conspir'd her fall ;

Of noble soul and lineage high,
 Amongst her chiefs was Graham rever'd :
 But wan his cheek, and dim his eye ;
 Keen smart he prov'd, yet keener fear'd :
 No Howard echoed sigh for sigh,
 No plighted maid his bosom cheer'd :
 His love, his confidence abus'd
 He deem'd, and thus his soul effus'd.

“ Rise

" Rise winds of heaven, to tempest rise ;
 Flames flash, and cataracts descend ! —
 No storms convulsing earth and skies,
 Like those which now my bosom rend :
 Should chaos order's reign surprize,
 And heaven, and earth, and ocean blend,
 No anarchy could vex the void,
 Like sacred peace of mind destroy'd.

Sweet peace of mind ! seraphic guest !
 How long thy absence shall I mourn ?
 From yon bright mansions of the blest
 With all thy placid train return :
 For hell is center'd in my breast,
 There still its hottest fervours burn.
 No more, ye tortur'd ghosts, repine,
 Since less acute your pains than mine.

Of all the ills that rage so rife,
 (And ha ! from ills what state is free ?)
 Of all the plagues that prey on life,
 God's heaviest curse is jealousy ;
 Of love and hate eternal strife :
 When shall it cease to torture me ?
 Oh ! when shall streams of blood atone
 For Scotia's wrongs, and for my own ?

Just God! that he, to whom my heart,
 Accessible as light and air,
 Was fond its wishes to impart,
 With whom its inmost thoughts to share,
 These confines falsely should desert,
 Tho' prescient of his friend's despair;
 Unseen desert, and basely steal
 What, lost, to madness I must feel!"

Thus Graham; inexorably bent
 His rival or himself to slay,
 Then shap'd his course with fell intent
 To where Northumbria's warriors lay;
 Nor night his journey could prevent,
 Nor danger intercept his way;
 He reck'd not how he sped, nor where;
 They dread no ruin who despair.

Singly (for such was his command)
 He meant to meet his gallant foe;
 But chosen men, a worthy band,
 Who vow'd to share his weal or woe,
 When he his hardy purpose plann'd
 Th' important secret chanc'd to know;
 Remotely these his steps pursue,
 Unseen, yet keep him still in view.

Determin'd on revenge or death
And guided by a dubious ray,
Through many a rough and winding path
Th' intrepid hero held his way ;
Upbraiding much his easy faith,
Which arts so flimsy could betray ;
At length he reach'd the wide campaign
Where fix'd Northumbria's tents remain.

And now the genial hours prepare
To yoke Aurora's rosy team ;
Her blushes ting'd through humid air
The rising hill and chrysal stream ;
While with encreasing light more fair,
More sweet the opening prospects seem :
But souls involv'd in sorrow's gloom
No landscapes charm, no rays illum.

When now the hostile camp he spy'd
In silence solemn and profound ;
“ Here, here the miscreant rests (he cry'd)
Who gave my peace its mortal wound :
A while the wretch, who heav'n defy'd,
May with success in guilt be crown'd ;
Yet crimes like these, tho' long secure,
At last for vengeance prove mature.”

No emblematic signs pourtray'd
 Within its orb his buckler bore ;
 Nor then the variegated plaid
 Around his manly chest he wore ;
 His name, his form, no mark betray'd,
 Which jealous caution might explore :
 Thus thro' the strong and watchful guard
 He pass'd unquestion'd, undebarr'd.

“ By all the glories of my race
 'Tis Graham himself! (young Howard said) ;
 He comes to brave me face to face,
 He comes to claim the rescu'd maid ;
 So may my soul in heaven find grace
 When most she needs her powerful aid,
 As I his challenge shall receive,
 Since one or both must feast the grave,

And thou by early fate remov'd
 From all that renders being dear,
 Oh still remember'd, still belov'd,
 My vow, fraternal spirit, hear !
 That vengeance, which so tardy prov'd,
 Scotia at last shall learn to fear,
 Shall expiate from unnumber'd veins
 A brother's blood, a captive's chains.”

He

He snatch'd his sword, he pois'd his shield,
He issu'd to confront the foe,
As bickering flames involve a field
Where arid heath and stubble grow :
His breast, with native courage steel'd,
On fear could ne'er one thought bestow ;
Yet e'er his steps could far proceed,
The Scot advanc'd and check'd his speed,

“ Blush, traitor, blush (enrag'd he said),
If still susceptible of shame,
If benefits with wrongs repaid
From heav'n and earth just vengeance claim ;
But fools and cowards may upbraid,
In speeches fierce, in action tame ;
The righteous pow'r that rules on high
And arms alone our cause can try.”

He ceas'd ; and Howard thus reply'd :
“ Impetuous Boy, thy rage restrain !
Ere now thy force I had defy'd,
But other tasks my arm detain :
For know, to mortify thy pride,
Thou ow'st thy life to my disdain ;
Thy country first I meant to quell,
Then destin'd thee for death and hell.

How well it suits the heart of Graham
 To doubt his friend, tho' known sincere !
 That heart, which base designs inflame,
 Such base designs may justly fear :
 From all the various mouths of fame
 Thy vile suspicions reach my ear.
 Now if unscourg'd thy crime remains,
 No more eternal justice reigns.

*T*raitor my soul retorts with scorn
 On thy opprobrious clans and thee.
 The nymph thou seek'st I found forlorn ;
 From base attempts I set her free ;
 When hence by brutal ruffians borne,
 For aid she call'd on heav'n and me.
 Where then was that vindictive arm
 Portending now such mortal harm ?

In vain that rage which bends thy brow,
 Thy boasts, thy menaces are vain :
 By heav'n's omnipotence I vow,
 Nor perjury my soul shall stain ;
 Not all thy country's force, nor thou,
 The beauteous capture shall regain :
 Mine now she is, and mine shall be,
 Indignant Scot, in spite of thee.

But

But whilst in heav'ns unerring scale
 Our quiv'ring destinies appear,
 And which shall fall, and which prevail,
 By no decision yet seems clear;
 I could unfold a wond'rous tale,
 Whose lightest word demands thy ear: —
 But haste we hence where friends nor foes
 Can in our quarrel interpose."

" Damn'd subterfuge to make me swerve!
 (Thus Graham resum'd with fervid ire:)
 These arts for weaker dupes reserve;
 They raise my indignation higher:
 When wretches, who in dungeons starve,
 Nor light, nor air, nor food desire,
 Then may my heart its wrath suspend
 'Till thy insidious tale shall end."

" Me brandst thou with evasive fright,
 (Cry'd Howard with protended steel;)
 Who for thy fury or thy might
 Supreme contempt alone can feel!
 Which heart shall now decline the fight,
 Which beats with fears it would conceal,
 Th' impending instant shall display;
 Hark! hov'ring ravens croak for prey."

Now front to front the champions stood,
 And hew'd and lash'd, and thunder'd blows ;
 Whilst thro' th' adjacent hills and wood,
 The propagated clangor rose :
 Anna, with eyes in tears bedew'd,
 Had heard them talk, and seen them close ;
 With pallid cheek, and trembling frame,
 Between the combatants she came.

“ For heav'n's sweet sake, ere you engage,
 Attend to love's, to friendship's call !
 If blood alone can quench your rage,
 Mine, mine I offer ; take it all.
 Could I have form'd the sad presage,
 That one of two so dear should fall,
 Ere I this curst hour survey'd,
 To fate that tribute I had paid.

Oh Graham ! in whom for ever dwells
 Concenter'd all my soul's delight,
 What frenzy now thy mind impels
 To urge this inauspicious fight ?
 That fury, which thy bosom swells,
 May in his blood its conquest write ;
 But say, is this his noblest meed
 Who rescued me, by Graham to bleed ?

While

While full of thee I lonely stray'd,
With tears and anxious vigils spent,
To breathe in some sequester'd shade
The grief with which my heart was rent,
Villains, who lay in ambuscade,
And watch'd and wish'd for this event;
My person seiz'd, and bore away,
To lawless force a feeble prey.

In vain my eyes with sorrow stream'd;
In vain my threats, in vain my pray'r;
In vain to heav'n and earth I scream'd,
And beat my breast, and tore my hair:
But when each hope extinct I deem'd,
Extinct in ruin and despair,
This Howard, like an angel, came,
And sav'd at once my life and fame.

Nor thou, as heav'n supremely good,
Refuse my plaints thy gentle ear;
Should Graham beneath thy hand subdu'd
Expire by destiny severe,
Say, can that hand in blood embrued,
In Graham's warm blood, to me be dear?
Or can the life of him I love
To me a grateful offering prove?

Now hear my voice, ye chieftans, hear ;
Eternal fate is in the found ;
Let each these hated broils forbear,
In leagues of holy friendship bound :
Should either lift the hostile spear,
And stretch his rival on the ground,
First heav'n and hell shall be ally'd
Ere I become the victor's bride."

THE END OF THE FIRST CANTO.

T H E
G R A H A M,

AN HEROIC BALLAD.

C A N T O T H E S E C O N D.

SHE ended: and her varying charms
A thousand agitations show;
When all at once they heard alarms
As from a fierce advancing foe:
To arms! the camp resounds, to arms!
Wide and more wide the tumults grow;
From heart to heart contagion flies,
And all in wild disorder rise.

What felt the valiant heart of Graham
When he descri'd the mad'ning throng?
Conflicting passions shook his frame;
He knew th'opponent army strong.
Rapid as heaven's explosive flame,
To stop his friends, he stepp'd along;
Whilst rushing on, with tortur'd view,
He recogniz'd his faithful few.

" What mean my soldiers? (loud he cry'd)
 Behold your leader safe restor'd.
 Would heav'n! in anguish I had died
 Ere conscious of this deed abhor'd!
 Thus unprovok'd, un sanctify'd,
 What right had you to draw the sword?
 Rash men! was expiation due
 For private wrongs to me or you?"

Thus he rebuk'd, tho' in despair
 Their gallant ardour to restrain;
 Lost in th' expanse of turbid air
 Expostulation prov'd in vain:
 Discord and havock every where
 In luxury of triumph reign;
 The groan of death, th' exulting roar,
 The suppliant shrieks, heav'n's concave tore.

A storm of lances now they threw,
 Whilst on each point destruction flies;
 And starting from th'elastic yew
 A cloud of shafts obscure the skies. —
 " Ye hosts of heav'n, what blasts my view!
 (With voice exerted, Howard cries:)
 What laurels can these dastards gain,
 When handfuls fall by myriads slain?

Hence

Hence, execrable cowards, hence !
 Shrink to your holes, and tremble there !
 Whose blood is spilt without expence,
 Whom mercy hardly deigns to spare.
 This band (so mighty, so immense !)
 To hungry dogs and fowls of air,
 My troop alone shall quickly throw :
 Hear Percy's voice in mine, and go."

This Elliot heard ; for war renown'd,
 In danger's front feverely try'd :
 He grasp'd his sword, he groan'd profound,
 Then with sarcastic smile reply'd :
 " Yes, if your words like darts could wound,
 If foes were vanquish'd when descry'd,
 Trophies from hence you might extort,
 Like those obtain'd at Agencourt.

Such trophies let your annals boast,
 Their truth I mean not to refute ;
 Yet were those precious archives lost,
 Our juniors might the facts dispute,
 Unless your formidable host
 More recent wonders execute :
 Yet Edward play'd a safer game,
 And filch'd a bloodless diadem."

He spake : and rear'd his shining blade
 With mortal prowess to descend ;
 Nor vainly had his might essay'd
 In death the hero to extend ;
 But by the shiv'ring steel betray'd,
 His stroke abortive mis'd its end ;
 Yet stunn'd and giddy Howard reel'd,
 And thund'ring press'd the sanguine field.

Him, stagg'ring, Elliot thus address'd ;
 " If yet unhurt thy life remains,
 If yet of wonted strength possess'd,
 Nor wound thy vital current drains,
 (Advantage o'er a foe depress'd
 Tho' in her power, my soul disdains)
 Arise, thy scatter'd arms resume,
 Nor prostrate share a vulgar doom."

He said ; and with extended hand,
 At once from earth the chieftan rears,
 Tho' circl'd by a furious band
 Of foes, with quivers arm'd, and spears.
 Then fear first Howard's soul unman'd,
 For Elliot's life ; nor vain his fears ;
 An arrow from an unknown bow,
 Struck deep, and laid the hero low.

Long torpid o'er the bleeding corse,
Howard in silent horror hung ;
Depriv'd of sense, depriv'd of force,
And all his soul with anguish wrung :
Not with more exquisite remorse
Did guilt e'er feel her bosom stung,
Than Howard felt intense regret,
Tho' guiltless of the warrior's fate.

As fires in some volcano pent,
That on its melting inwards prey,
With struggling rage explore a vent,
And burst resistless into day ;
So now, impatient of restraint,
In tears his anguish found its way :
By grief his soul to madness driv'n,
Thus wild expostulates with heav'n :

“ Ye powers that o'er this orb preside !
Must worth thus perish premature ?
Should chance the helm of nature guide,
What greater ills could man endure ?
His hoary fire, his blooming bride,
His orphan babes, in hope secure,
Shall view him cold and lifeless earth,
Then curse the period of their birth.

Oft of a feer the Scots have told,
 Before whose heav'n-directed eyes
 Remote events of things, enroll'd
 By destiny, fucceffive rife ;
 Why could not he this ftroke behold,
 Which now to heav'n for pity cries ?
 But victims to the future blind,
 We muft purfue the courfe affign'd.

Detefted instrument of ill,
 Into thy sheath, my fword, return !
 From nature tears enough diftill,
 Condemn'd inherent woes to mourn.
 O thou ! whose dear remains muft fill,
 Inftead of mine, th' untimely urn,
 Would I had felt the fad decree,
 And yielded up my foul for thee !

Yet bear, my foldiers, bear him hence,
 And, whilft his vital warmth remains,
 Aid nature, ftuggling in fufpenfe,
 And ftop th' effufion of his veins ;
 Cherifh returning life and fenfe ;
 For if the chief his ftrength regains,
 Honour and wealth on him fhall wait,
 Whofe hand retards th' approach of fate."

OLD BALLADS

71

As when two adverse blasts descend
To strife for empire o'er the main,
This way, and that, the ferge they bend,
While both their native force retain;
Thus arms to arms oppos'd contend
For conquest on th' empurpled plain;
Yet, unfatigu'd with wounds and toil,
Nor these advance, nor these recoil.

Still struggling with superior pow'rs,
The hardy Scots maintain their ground,
Tho' fate its pregnant quiver shows,
And death in carnage wantons round. —
While on his forehead vengeance lows,
Forth Percy issues with a bound;
His wrathful eyes perdition dart,
And thus he pours his pregnant heart:

“ God's splendour! shall a lawless crew
Of vagrant thieves your might restrain?
Shall hands so feeble, troops so few,
Repel this vast, this martial train?
Or do my senses tell me true,
Or have enchantments turn'd my brain?
Better in death my eyes were seal'd,
Than see my country's spirit yield.

But you, oh England's spurious race !
 In other feats distinguish'd shine :
 The trembling arm and lili'd face
 For other fights their stars design.
 Vile offspring ! destin'd to disgrace
 Your native soil, your generous line !
 To heav'n and earth, say, shall I tell,
 In what achievements you excell ?

To gorge the feast, to drain the bowl,
 To loiter near the blazing fire ;
 To waste the night without controul,
 Indulging gross or lewd desire :
 For these, tho' doom'd in flames to howl,
 To joys no nobler you aspire ;
 These are your sov'reign blifs alone,
 The heav'n you seek, the god you own.

But if unchastis'd hence you fly,
 Tho' dogg'd with penitence and shame,
 The death of cowards let me die,
 And slander blast my spotless fame.
 Oh curse, that form should men belie,
 In visage, not in heart the same !
 Shall honour, life, and soul at stake,
 No spark of English valour wake ?"

With spirit from their chief inhal'd,
 Whilst all their might his troops exert,
 A piercing shriek their ears assail'd,
 Sad emphasis of female smart.
 At this the soul of Howard fail'd ;
 Cold horror thrill'd his boding heart,
 When lo ! his swimming eyes explore
 Their dearest object stain'd with gore :

Her rescue nobly Graham essay'd,
 And interpos'd a massy shield :
 But impotent his single aid ;
 His hands employed, no sword could wield ;
 Nor could his utmost force pervade,
 Th' embattel'd ranks that throng'd the field.
 This, torn with anguish, Howard saw,
 Nor could remain, nor durst withdraw.

“ Oh list, for mercy's sake ! (he cry'd) ;
 Mercy, chief glory of the brave !
 Suspend your strife by him who died,
 From endless death your souls to save !
 Else beauty's blossom, virtue's pride,
 Scarce blown, must wither in the grave.
 Oh let me to her aid be gone,
 Prevent her fate, or seek my own !”

Thus by the sacred name adjur'd,
 Suspense prevail'd in ev'ry mind ;
 Whilst Graham no more by troops immur'd,
 A passage free rejoic'd to find :
 His lovely charge, from harm secur'd,
 He in a neighbouring tent resign'd ;
 Thence thro' the habitations round,
 Relief he sought, relief he found.

Of matrons, now a weeping train,
 Attended round the fair distress ;
 With skilful hand, and care humane,
 The blood they stop't, the wound they dress.
 The more they view'd, the less their pain,
 For slightly was the hurt impress ;
 And, should her mind serene endure,
 Susceptible of speedy cure.

By undefigning fury thrown,
 The weapon, ere it reach'd the fair,
 Had thro' a spacious distance flown,
 And idly spent its force in air.
 When to the rivals this was known,
 What joy they felt, from what despair ?
 So joy the guilty when from heaven
 They hear pronounc'd their sins forgiv'n.

THE END OF THE SECOND CANTO.

T H E

THE
G R A H A M,

AN HEROIC BALLAD.

C A N T O T H E T H I R D.

AND now in milder tasks engag'd,
The wants of nature to repair ;
No longer war the armies wag'd,
Their dead and wounded claim'd their care ;
In truce their mutual honour pledg'd,
Both pleas'd, the common safety share ;
While Graham and Howard in one tent,
The tranquil hour in parley spent.

Thus Graham began : " Let local hate,
And jealous rage, be cancell'd here ;
And now that mystery of fate,
Whose lightest word demands my ear,
In this calm interval, relate
With temper candid and sincere ;
Each dark event minutely show,
And how I stand concern'd, to know."

To

To whom his rival: " From my tongue
 Expect the story but in part:
 Of Caledonian lineage sprung,
 Thou deem'st the charmer of thy heart;
 There thou beheldst her first when young,
 There first thou felt'st the pleasing smart,
 Which since o'er all thy bosom reigns,
 And constitutes its joys or pains.

But erst, when urg'd by youthful heat
 To satisfy a brother's shade,
 I plung'd myself beyond retreat,
 Where all its horrors war display'd,
 And by this conduct indiscreet,
 To Scotland pris'ner was convey'd;
 A fire with years and honours grac'd,
 To me her various fortunes trac'd.

For as by chance our way she cross'd,
 " Thou view'st (said he) that lovely maid,
 " Heaven's darling image, nature's boast,
 " Virtue by beauty's hand array'd;
 " Yet in the storms of fortune tost,
 " When heaven's blest beam she scarce survey'd;
 " Her from the womb no fire embrac'd,
 " No gladness hail'd, no splendour grac'd.

" With

" With England's troops, in hostile guise,
 " A godlike youth adorn'd the field,
 " Who, till he gain'd some high emprise,
 " His name and pedigree conceal'd :
 " But partial fortune oft denies
 " The meed, which bright desert should yield,
 " Rushing unguarded on the fray,
 " Too soon depress'd by wounds he lay,

" Him Elliot, hospitable knight,
 " Convuls'd with pain, and drench'd in gore,
 " Beheld, and thro' the shock of fight,
 " Surviving to his mansion bore :
 " His daughter melting at the sight,
 " The blooming hero to restore,
 " Apply'd each salutary art,
 " And cur'd his wound, but pierc'd his heart.

" For in his chamber while confin'd,
 " And tended by the pitying fair,
 " With anguish more intense he pin'd,
 " Than that extinguish'd by her care.
 " He breath'd the torment of his mind,
 " Nor she reluctant heard his prayr :
 " A priest (unknown to Elliot) came,
 " And with heaven's sanction crown'd their flame.

" By

" By honour call'd, impell'd by hope,
 " Once more in arms the hero rose,
 " Renown's eternal wreath to crop,
 " Which high on danger's summit grows :
 " But doom'd with mightier force to cope,
 " And circl'd by a world of foes ;
 " ' My life, my love, my hopes, farewell !'
 " He said ; and, crush'd by numbers, fell.

" The father every worth confess'd,
 " Which the young bridegroom's soul adorn'd ;
 " Yet, for his country prepossess'd,
 " All overtures from England scorn'd ;
 " Nor ceas'd the stranger to detest,
 " Who from his arms his child suborn'd ;
 " Nor view'd with nature's fond regard,
 " Her soul depress'd, her form impair'd :

" Her period of gestation o'er,
 " And nature struggling for relief,
 " Her orphan babe the mother bore,
 " Sad heir of indigence and grief !
 " Then, banish'd from her father's door,
 " By mandates from the angry chief,
 " Within a convent's walls confin'd,
 " Her suffering spirit she resign'd.

" Yet

“ Yet instinct, pow’rful in his breast,
“ (Tho’ with determin’d hate inflam’d)
“ The smiling infant he carefs’d,
“ And for his once-lov’d Anna nam’d ;
“ His hand her slightest wants redress’d,
“ His heart her plan of culture fram’d ;
“ Yet would not own the charming maid,
“ Till nature’s debt his daughter paid.

“ Then ’gan his stubborn soul to melt ;
“ Emotions till that hour unknown,
“ Thro’ all his alter’d mind he felt,
“ Which injur’d nature might atone ;
“ Still in his breast the parent dwelt,
“ Now reign’d triumphant and alone ;
“ Transferr’d from fortunes barren waste,
“ His eyes she charm’d, his mansion grac’d.”

“ Thus far the chief, nor more he knew ;
For hid in night’s impervious veil,
The youth’s descent eludes our view,
Nor can we gain this sad detail,
Where first that vernal blossom grew,
Whose ruin hostile eyes bewail :
His birth from England all attest,
Deep secrecy involves the rest.”

Whilst thus in Scotland I remain'd
 A wretched captive on parole,
 Her charms my raptur'd eyes detain'd,
 Her virtues conquer'd all my soul :
 Oh ! what is liberty regain'd,
 When endless chains the mind controul ?
 Fulfil, just heav'n, thy fixt decree,
 And strike me dead, or set me free !

By public sanction thence releas'd,
 As to our camp I bent my way,
 With fond anticipation pleas'd,
 My late dishonour to repay ;
 Each sense the voice of anguish seiz'd,
 Anguish that could not brook delay ;
 I saw my Anna's struggling charms
 Encircled in a ruffian's arms.

O'Braian of Hybernian race,
 A robber fam'd and fear'd around,
 To gain the prize had watch'd the place,
 And now presum'd his wishes crown'd :
 Thither, enrag'd, I urg'd my pace,
 And made the felon bite the ground ;
 His timid train his fall survey'd,
 Nor to revenge their leader staid.

With

With indignation and despair,
All pale and faint my charmer lay ;
I rais'd her with fraternal care,
And gently sooth'd her deep dismay ;
I begg'd, nor did she slight my pray'r,
But, sweet companion of my way,
By my protecting arm sustain'd,
At length secure the camp she gain'd.

Nor, tho' the maid for thee declares,
Let passion joys in prospect feign ;
Divided hearts, divided cares,
Domestic bliss can ne'er maintain :
An English heart thy Anna shares ;
Still in her breast shall England reign :
Hence woes entail'd on all thy line,
Shall prove a curse to thee and thine.

But now in heav'n's high vault no star
To gild the dark horizon glows ;
No sound ambiguous, heard from far,
Thro' air's thin texture trembling flows :
Nature, fatigued with toils and war,
Courts the dear blessing of repose :
Soon shall the light's officious glare
Restore the world to grief and care."

While thus their languid pow'rs to cheer,
 Grateful recefs the warriors fought,
 Thither extended on a bier,
 An agonizing chief was brought :
 But as he now advanc'd more near,
 Elliot, whom dead before they thought,
 Elliot himself they recognize,
 And melt in tears, and burft in sighs.

“ You fee me ftill, tho' scarce alive ;
 (In groans th' expiring hero faid :)
 From duty, ftrength my pow'rs derive,
 To dear departed worth unpaid ;
 This done, with fate no more I ftrove,
 But fink beneath its peaceful fhade ;
 Enough of life kind heav'n beftows,
 When fame and virtue grace its clofe.

Thy audience, Howard, let me claim ;
 To thee my meffage is addrefst ;
 For when my fifter's languid frame
 The bed of death reclining preft,
 Her long lamented husband's name
 To me her dying lips confeft ;
 Thy ill-ftarr'd brother (rashly brave !)
 To Anna's charms exiftence gave.

How light these last convulsions seem,
 That shew my mortal crisis near !
 But nature's voice in this extreme,
 Her pleading voice, what heart can bear !
 This, this is agony supreme :
 Ten thousand deaths are less severe :
 Great God ! whose smile is more than life,
 Console my tender babes and wife.

How long shalt thou, my country ! smart,
 For whom my blood spontaneous flows !
 Thrice happy could my pangs impart
 A lasting cure for all thy woes ;
 These plagues, benignant pow'r, avert,
 And grant sincere, tho' late repose ;
 Where wrath and devastation sway,
 Let arts of peace their charms display !

For me, my friends, your sorrows spare ;
 I go in regions more sublime,
 A nobler destiny to share,
 Above the sphere of chance and time.
 Howard, be Anna's bloom thy care
 In this inhospitable clime."
 His parting soul, while this he said,
 Angels to bliss in heav'n convey'd.

THE END OF THE THIRD CANTO.

T H E
G R A H A M,

AN HEROIC BALLAD.

C A N T O T H E F O U R T H.

NOW with immortal splendor gay,
The sun his wonted course resumes,
To pour th' exhaustless flood of day,
Which heaven's majestic arch illumines :
From ev'ry bush the vernal lay,
From ev'ry op'ning flow'r, perfumes
Impregnate wide the sportive gale,
And joy exults in hill and dale.

Not so the hosts on yonder plain :
Their hearts of comfort felt no ray ;
For conquest each had toil'd in vain,
Nor hop'd the dear decisive day :
Sadden'd with labour, want, and pain,
Th' interminable prospect lay ;
But chief in ev'ry English soul
Sedition rag'd without controul.

Thus to his mate each foldier cries;
 "What curse this fruitless war extends!
 At home each field uncultur'd lies,
 On which our daily bread depends:
 Alike the Scot his wants supplies,
 Where'er his devious course he bends."
 Mov'd by such views, their heralds came,
 A new cessation to proclaim,

"Ye quiver'd Scots, our words attend;
 Pacific overtures we bring:
 Shall groans and carnage never end?
 Shall blood from fountains perennial spring?
 Let either nation envoys send,
 For peace to importune its king."
 The hosts for peace exclaim around:
 Peace heav'n, and earth, and sea resound.

In holy fervour now entranc'd,
 From Scotia's bands a rev'rend sage,
 Half way between the troops advanc'd,
 In all the dignity of age:
 With ardent eyes, on both he glanc'd,
 That light'ned with prophetic rage,
 Then on a point of empty space,
 Their beams directing stopp'd his pace.

" The God! the flaming God! (he cry'd :)
 I feel him all my pow'rs controul.
 Oh! gently on my spirit glide,
 Nor into nothing flash my soul!
 O'er heav'n and earth one boundless tide
 Of glory sweeps from pole to pole :
 Inscrutable to groffer eyes,
 The book of fate expanded lies,

Two chiefs I see of noble name,
 Whose hearts in friendship once were join'd,
 Competitors for love and fame,
 Now glow with passions more unkind ;
 Whilst cold suspicion, mutual blame,
 Embitter each dissever'd mind :
 Such ills on human spirits prey,
 By cruel error led astray.

To truth eternal and severe,
 Howard, thy docile ear incline!
 Nature's great interdict revere ;
 For nature's mandate speaks in mine :
 By kindred blood ally'd so near,
 To kindred love thy wish confine ;
 Else shall thy days in anguish flow,
 And God and man pronounce thee foe.

Thee,

Thee, Graham, of Anna's charms possess,
 My soul's enlighten'd view surveys :
 Each night shall give thee sacred rest,
 Each day to light thy joys shall blaze :
 With all a father's transports blest,
 I see thy offspring fix thy gaze ;
 And with ineffable delight,
 Behold your lovely forms unite.

Dispatch'd from heav'ns ethereal height,
 By her eternal father's smile,
 Fair Peace accelerates her flight,
 To bless this long distracted isle :
 Fell Anger and corrosive Spite,
 No more inur'd to war and spoil,
 In adamantinè fetters bound,
 With clamour shake their cells profound.

But as with desultory fire
 Along th' aerial current borne,
 When scarce its lustre we admire,
 The meteor leaves our sight forlorn :
 So, blasted, Peace shall soon retire,
 And Britain still by faction torn,
 Shall mark with horrors ev'ry age,
 And glut with civil blood its rage.

Where am I wrapt, eternal pow'r!
 What ecstacies my soul dilate!
 Emerge thou bright auspicious hour,
 Elude the slow results of fate.
 The rose, gay summer's fav'rite flow'r,
 No more with tumid pride inflate,
 Shall throw each prejudice aside,
 And with the thistle be ally'd.

By sanguine proof, ye nations, taught
 What various ills from discord rise,
 Discord with all the curses fraught
 That earth can feel or hell devise;
 With sacred vigilance of thought,
 Your union cultivate and prize;
 Union, eternal source of joy,
 Which nought can lessen or destroy.

England! for industry and toil,
 Wisdom, and polish'd arts, renown'd,
 Whose happy clime and grateful soil
 Diffuse exhaustless plenty round;
 So from thy shores may foes recoil,
 Involv'd in shame, and grief profound,
 As thou behold'st with placid eyes
 Thy sister kingdom's glory rise.

Scotia!

Scotia ! to earth's remotest verge,
 By each conspicuous virtue known,
 Whose glorious deeds, whose talents large,
 Enrich all climates but thy own ;
 To him thy duty first discharge,
 From whose paternal hand alone
 Thy blessings, which no measure know,
 Thy freedom, wealth, and safety, flow.

Nor let seductive Pleasure's charms,
 From Wisdom's ways thy soul allure,
 Nor quench thy gen'rous thirst of arms,
 Nor all thy recent fame obscure :
 Thy breast, while noble ardour warms,
 For sacred faith, and virtue pure,
 Till heav'n and earth shall pass away,
 Thy glory ne'er shall feel decay.

THE END OF THE BALLAD.

OLD BALLAD
A T H E L G I V A,

A LEGENDARY TALE.

By Mr. W A T K I N S.

There is a tradition, and it is, indeed, delivered by authors of credit, that the abbey of Whitby, on the north coast of Yorkshire, was ruined during the depredations of the Danes in that district, by those plunderers, under the command of Inguar and Hubba, who brought with them that famous standard on which was embroidered a golden raven, the work of their sisters, and revered by all the Danes as the Palladium of their security. About this period the story is supposed to commence; the succeeding incidents are all fictitious, and were dictated to the author, in some measure, by the romantic situation of the abbey, (magnificent in ruin) which seemed exceedingly proper for such events. It may, perhaps, be necessary to add, that Edelsteda (mentioned in the first stanza) is said by Camden, to have been the daughter of Oswin, king

of

of Northumberland, and to have resided in the abbey of Whitby, after enlarging and farther endowing it. Its first foundation was laid by St. Hilda, the sister of king Edwin, mentioned in the same verse.

‘ H E R E mayst thou rest, my sister dear,
 ‘ Securely here abide;
 ‘ Here royal Edelfleda liv’d,
 ‘ Here pious Hilda died.

‘ Here peace and quiet ever dwell:
 ‘ Here fear no rude alarms;
 ‘ Nor here is heard the trumpet’s sound,
 ‘ Nor here the din of arms.’

With voice compos’d and look serene,
 (Whilst her soft hand he press’d)
 The maid, who trembled on his arm,
 Young Edwy thus address’d.

Blue gleam’d the steel in Edwy’s hand,
 The warrior’s vest he bore:
 For now the Danes, by Hubba led,
 Had ravag’d half the shore.

His summons at the abbey gate,
 The ready porter hears;
 And soon in veil and holy garb,
 The abbess kind appears.

‘ O take

‘ O take this virgin to thy care,
 ‘ Good angels be your guard ;
 ‘ And may the faints in heaven above,
 ‘ That pious care reward.

‘ For we by fierce barbarian hands,
 ‘ Are driven from our home ;
 ‘ And three long days and nights forlorn,
 ‘ The dreary waste we roam.

‘ But I must go — these tow’rs to save :
 ‘ Beneath the evening shade,
 ‘ I haste to seek earl Ofrick’s pow’r,
 ‘ And call lord Redwald’s aid.’

He said — and turn’d his ready foot ;
 The abbess nought replies ;
 But with a look that spoke her grief,
 To heaven upcast her eyes.

Then turning to the stranger dame,
 ‘ O welcome to this place ;
 ‘ For never Whitby’s holy fane
 ‘ Did fairer maiden grace.’

And true she said — for on her cheek
 Was seen young beauty’s bloom,
 Tho’ grief with slow and wasting stealth,
 Did then her prime consume.

Her shape was all that thought can frame,
 Of elegance and grace ;
 And heav'n the beauties of her mind
 Reflected in her face.

' My daughter, lay aside thy fears,'
 Again the matron cry'd :
 ' No Danish ravishers come here —'
 — Again the virgin sigh'd.

The abbess saw, the abbess knew,
 'Twas love that shook her breast ;
 And thus, in accents soft and mild,
 The mournful maid address.

' My daughter dear, as to thy friend
 ' Be all thy cares confest ;
 ' I see 'tis love disturbs thy mind,
 ' And wish to give thee rest.

' But hark ! I hear the vesper bell,
 ' Now summons us to prayer ;
 ' That duty done, with needful food
 ' Thy wasted strength repair.'

But now the pitying mournful muse
 Of Edwy's hap shall tell ;
 And what amid his nightly walk
 That gallant youth befel.

For journeying by the bank of Esk
 He took his lonely way ;
 And now thro' showers of driving rain
 His erring footsteps stray.

At length from far, a glimn'ring light
 Trembled among the trees ;
 And ent'ring soon a moss-built hut,
 An holy man he sees,

' O father, deign a luckless youth
 ' This night with thee to shield ;
 ' I am no robber, tho' my arm
 ' This deadly weapon wield.'

' I fear no robber, stranger, here,
 ' For I have nought to lose ;
 ' And thou may'st safely thro' the night,
 ' In this poor cell repose.

' And thou art welcome to my hut,
 The holy man replied ;
 ' Still welcome here is he, whom fate
 ' Has left without a guide.

' Whence and what art thou, gentle youth ?'
 The noble Edwy said,
 ' I go to rouse earl Ofrick's power,
 ' And seek lord Redwald's aid.

OLD BALLADS.

95

‘ My father is a wealthy lord,
‘ Who now with Alfred stays :
‘ And me he left to guard his feat,
‘ Whilst he his duty pays.

‘ But vain the hope — in dead of night
‘ The cruel spoiler came ;
‘ And o’er each neighb’ring castle threw
‘ The wide-devouring flame.

‘ To shun its rage, at early dawn,
‘ I with my sister fled ;
‘ And Whitby’s abbey now affords
‘ A shelter to her head.

‘ Whilst I to hasten promis’d aids,
‘ Range wildly thro’ the night,
‘ And, with impatient mind, expect
‘ The morning’s friendly light.’

Thus Edwy spoke ; and wond’ring, gaz’d
Upon his hermit host.
For in his form beam’d manly grace,
Untouch’d by age’s frost.

The hermit sigh’d, and thus he said ;
‘ Know, there was once a day,
‘ This tale of thine would fire my heart,
‘ And bid me join thy way.

‘ But

- But luckless love dejects my soul,
 - And casts my spirits down ;
- Thou see'st the wretch of woman's pride,
 - Of follies not my own.

- I once amid my sovereign's train
 - Was a distinguish'd youth,
- But blighted is my former fame
 - By Sorrow's cank'ring tooth,

- When Ethelred the crown did hold,
 - I to this district came ;
- And then a fair and matchless maid
 - First rais'd in me a flame.

- Her father was a noble lord
 - Of an illustrious race,
- Who join'd to rustic honesty
 - The courtier's gentle grace.

- 'Twas then I told my artless tale,
 - By love alone inspir'd ;
- For never was my honest speech
 - In flatt'ring guise attir'd.

- At first she heard, or seem'd to hear
 - The voice of tender love ;
- But soon, the ficklest of her sex,
 - Did she deceitful prove.

• She

- ‘ She drove me scornful from her fight,
 ‘ Rejected and disdain’d ;
 ‘ In vain did words for pity plead,
 ‘ In vain my looks complain’d.
- ‘ How could that breast which pity fill’d,
 ‘ Ever relentless be ?
 ‘ How could that face which smil’d on all,
 ‘ Have ever frowns for me ?
- ‘ Since that fell hour, I in this cell
 ‘ Have liv’d recluse from man ;
 ‘ And twice ten months have pass’d, since I
 ‘ The hermit’s life began.’
- ‘ O stain to honour !’ Edwy cry’d ;
 ‘ O foul disgrace to arms !
 ‘ What, when thy country claims thy aid,
 ‘ And shake’s with war’s alarms !
- ‘ Canst thou, inglorious, here remain,
 ‘ And strive thyself to hide ;
 ‘ Assume the monkish coward life,
 ‘ All for a woman’s pride ?’
- With louder voice and warmer look,
 His hermit host rejoin’d :
 ‘ Think’st thou, vain youth, the chains of fear
 ‘ Could here a warrior bind ?

- ' Know, boy, thou feest Hermanrick here ;
 ' Well vers'd in war's alarms ;
 ' A name once not unknown to fame,
 ' Nor unrenown'd in arms.

 ' O, Athelgiva! (yet too dear)
 ' Did I thy danger know :
 ' Yet would I fly to thy relief,
 ' And crush th' invading foe.'

With fluster'd cheek, young Edwy turn'd,
 At Athelgiva's name ;
 And, ' Gracious powers ! it must be he !'
 He cries, ' it is the same !

- ' I know full well, I have not now
 ' More of thy tale to learn ;
 ' I heard this morn, ere from the wave
 ' You could the sun discern.

 ' My sister loves thee, gallant youth,
 ' By all the fairs on high !
 ' She wept last night, when thy hard fate
 ' She told with many a sigh.

 ' Forgive her, then, and in her cause
 ' Thy limbs with steel infold :
 ' Was it not Ardolph's daughter, say,
 ' Who late thy heart did hold ?'

- ‘ It was, it was !’ Hermanrick cry’d ;
 ‘ I heard her brother’s name :
 ‘ ’Tis said he was a gallant youth,
 ‘ Who fought abroad for fame.’

Then Edwy sprang to his embrace,
 And clasp’d him to his breast ;
 ‘ And thou shalt be my brother too,’
 He said, and look’d the rest.

- ‘ But now let honour fill thy mind,
 ‘ Be love’s soft laws obey’d ;
 ‘ ’Tis Athelgiva claims thy sword,
 ‘ ’Tis she demands thy aid.

- ‘ She with impatient anxious heart,
 ‘ Expects my quick return ;
 ‘ And till again she sees me safe,
 ‘ The hapless maid will mourn.

- ‘ Then let us fly to seek these chiefs,
 ‘ Who promis’d aid to send ;
 ‘ Earl Ofrick was my father’s guest,
 ‘ Lord Redwald is my friend.’

Hermanrick said, ‘ First let us go
 ‘ To cheer yon drooping maid ;
 ‘ Again I’ll wear my canker’d arms,
 ‘ Again I’ll draw my blade.’

Then from a corner of the cell
 His clashing arms appear ;
 But when he mark'd the growing rust,
 The warrior dropt a tear.

Then forth they went — Hermantick knew
 Each pathway of the wood ;
 And safe before the abbey gate
 At break of day they stood.

Now sleep the wearied maiden's eyes
 At length had kindly seal'd,
 When at the gate the wand'ring knights
 Returning day reveal'd.

' Quick call the abbess,' Edwy said,
 To him who kept the door,
 Who watch'd and pray'd the five-long night,
 A pious priest and poor.

The abbess came, with instant haste ;
 Th' alarming bell was rung ;
 And from their matted homely beds
 The fainted virgins sprung.

Fair Athelgiva first the dame,
 Soft speaking, thus address'd ;
 ' My daughter, an important call
 ' Commands me break thy rest.

' Thy

‘ Thy brother at the abbey gate,
‘ Appears with features glad ;
‘ And with him comes a stranger knight,
‘ In war-worn armour clad.’

With falt’ring step and bloodless cheek,
Young Athelgiva went :
Confusion, shame, surprize and joy
At once her bosom rent,

When in the stranger knight she saw
Hermanrick’s much-lov’d face ;
Whilst he, by gen’rous love impell’d,
Rush’d to her fond embrace,

Vain would the muse attempt to paint
What joy the lover knew,
Who found his long-disdainful maid
At once fair, kind, and true.

Then Edwy, while entranc’d in bliss
The happy pair remain’d,
Recounted o’er the tale, how he
Hermanrick lost regain’d.

But soon, alas ! too soon, was heard,
To damp their new-form’d joys,
The groan of death, the shout of war,
And battle’s mingled noise.

For up the hill, with eager haste,
 A breathless courier came ;
 He cries, ' Prepare for dire alarms,
 ' And shun th' approaching flame.

' Fierce Hubba landing on the beach,
 ' Now drives our feeble band ;
 ' Who, far too few to stop his force,
 ' Fly o'er the crimson'd sand.'

What anguish fill'd the maiden's breast,
 What rage the lover knew,
 When looking down the steepy hill,
 They found the tale was true.

Each warlike youth then grasp'd his spear.
 The trembling damsel said,
 ' O where is now Earl Ofrick's power,
 ' And where Lord Redwald's aid ?'

' Alas, alas !' the abbess cries,
 ' Far as my fight is borne,
 ' I cannot see the ruddy cross,
 ' Nor hear Earl Ofrick's horn.

Stern Hubba now to direful deeds
 Impell'd his savage crew ;
 And o'er the blood-empurled strand
 The golden raven flew.

' Behold,'

- ' Behold,' he cries, and waves his lance,
 ' Where yon proud turrets rise ;
 ' Of those who prove war's glorious toil,
 ' Let beauty be the prize.

 ' There gold and beauty both are found,
 ' Then follow where I lead ;
 ' And quickly know you have not fought
 ' For honour's empty meed.'

He said : and press'd to gain the hill,
 His shouting train pursue ;
 And, fir'd by hopes of brutal joys,
 Behold the prize in view.

Young Edwy mark'd their near approach,
 And rush'd t'oppose their way ;
 Nor did, with equal ardor fir'd,
 Behind Hermanrick stay.

Like mountain boars, the brother chiefs
 On Denmark's warriors flew ;
 And those who held the foremost ranks,
 Their fury overthrew.

Soon, pierc'd by Edwy's fatal lance,
 Lay valiant Turkil here ;
 There Hardicanute bit the dust,
 Beneath Hermanrick's spear.

But vain is courage, strength or skill,
When two oppose an host ;
A dart, with sure and deadly aim,
At Edwy Hubba tost.

His sister, who, o'erpower'd by grief,
Had fainted on the floor,
Recover'd by the matron's care,
Now fought the abbey door.

When on the fated carnag'd spot
She cast her weeping eyes ;
' O blessed Mary !' cries the maid,
' My brother bleeds and dies.'

Then forth she ran and gain'd the place ;
Where, press'd by crowds of foes,
Hermanrick stood — the shades of death
Her brother's eyelids close.

The furious Dane nor pity knew,
Nor stay'd his vengeful arm ;
Nor aught avails that heav'nly face,
Which might a tiger charm.

First on th' unguarded chief he rush'd,
And bore him to the ground ;
The helpless damsel's plaint of woe
In war's loud shout is drown'd.

She

She saw Hermanrick's quiv'ring lip,
 She mark'd his rolling eye ;
 She faints, she falls ; before her sight
 Death's visions dimly fly.

' And, O thou dear and much-lov'd youth,'
 The dying virgin cried ;
 ' Howe'er in life I wrong'd thy truth,
 ' Yet true with thee I died.'

She spoke no more — E'en Hubba felt
 The force of love sincere ;
 Then first his breast confess'd the sigh,
 Then first his cheek the tear.

' And, O my friends, the rage of war,'
 He cries, ' awhile forbear ;
 ' And to their weeping kindred straight
 ' These breathless bodies bear.

' Or fear the wrath of Powers Divine—'
 Nor could he further say ;
 But quickly, with disorder'd march,
 Bent to his ships his way.

For now was heard Earl Ofrick's horn,
 Shrill founding thro' the dale ;
 And now Lord Redwald's ruddy cross
 Was waving to the gale.

His tardy aid Earl Ofrick brought
Too late, alas ! to save ;
And far beyond th' avenging sword
The Dane now rode the wave.

Grief seiz'd the warrior's heart, to see
In dust young Edwy laid ;
And stretch'd by brave Hermanrick's side
Fair Athelgiva dead.

But on the holy cros he fwore,
A brave revenge to take,
On Denmark's proud and bloody fons,
For Athelgiva's fake.

This vow in Kenwurth's glorious field
The gallant earl did pay ;
When Alfred's better star prevail'd,
And England had her day.

That day the Dane full dearly paid
The price of lovers' blood :
That day in Hubba's cloven helm
The Saxon javelin stood.

The bodies of the hapless three
A single grave contains ;
And in the choir, with dirges due,
Are laid their cold remains.

Lord Ardolph on his children's tomb
Inscrib'd th' applauding verse ;
And long the monks, in Gothic rhyme,
Their story did rehearse.

And often pointing to the skies,
The cloister'd maids would cry ;
' To those bright realms, in bloom of youth,
' Did Athelgiva fly.'

THE END OF THE TALE.

T H E

IV.
THE
D E A T H - S O N G
O F
RAGNAR LODBRACH, OR LODBROG,
KING OF DENMARK;
TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN OF OLAUS WORMIUS,
By HUGH DOWNMAN, M. D.

RAGNAR LODBRACH flourished in the eighth century, and by his naval expeditions (according to the custom of his countrymen) rendered himself the terror of the northern parts of Europe. After having carried on his depredations with success for many years, he was at length taken prisoner by Ella, king of Northumberland, whose coasts he had invaded, and put to death by him, being (as was reported) cast into a dungeon full of serpents. His melancholy fate stimulated his son Ivar to revenge it; and on this occasion the famous standard of the Raven is said to have been embroidered by his sisters, and consecrated with such magic rites as insured victory to those before

before whom it was borne. Under this standard Ivar made a descent on the territories of Ella, fought with, vanquished, and put him to death in his turn.

The following Poem, if we may credit tradition, was composed by Ragnar, in his horrid place of confinement. It is apparent, however, that it must have been the work of some scald or bard, probably to do honour to the memory of his deceased king, to place before the eyes of his subjects his heroic achievements, and urge them and his son (or sons, according to the poem itself) to revenge.

It is preserved by Olaus Wormius in his book *De Literatūrâ Runicâ*. While the frequent return of the same images and expressions shews the author's unacquaintance with the nicer rules of composition, he exhibits a species of savage greatness, a fierce and wild kind of sublimity, and a noble contempt of danger and death.

An account of the original Runic, and particular construction of the verse, the harmony of which did not depend on rhyme, but on the number of corresponding syllables, and disposition of letters, may be seen in Olaus Wormius's Appendix. The reader is referred, likewise, to Dr. Blair's *Critical Dissertation on the Poems of Ossian*. If for no other reason, this Epicedium is valuable, as it, doubtless, affords a lively picture of the manners and sentiments of the northern nations.

With

WITH our sword's resistless might,
 We have thinn'd the ranks of fight.
 In early life, his volum'd train
 The crested serpent roll'd in vain.
 Thora's charms, the matchless prize ;
 Gothland saw my fame arise.
 Thronging crouds the monster scan,
 Shouts applausive hail me Man.
 All his fierceness prompt to try,
 The shaggy vestment cloath'd my thigh ;
 Soon transfierced, in death he lay,
 My falchion smote for splendid pay.

Still a youth, we steer our course,*
 T'ward the morning's distant source ;

Through

* From this first exploit, (as the story goes) Ragnar obtained his surname of Lodbrach or Hair-Foot. For the king of Gothland having promised his daughter Thora to the man who should kill a vast serpent which wasted the country ; Ragnar undertook the enterprize, and dressing himself in the skins of beasts, with the hairy side outermost, threw water over them ; the cold, to which he purposely exposed himself, forming round him a suit (as it were) of frozen armour. He met the serpent, whose teeth had no effect on this impenetrable mail, fixed him to the ground with his spear, and ripping him up with his sword, tore out his heart. After the victory the king presented him his daughter, and, on account of his rough dress, gave him the name above mentioned, by which he was from that time distinguished.

Olaus

Through the vast Oreonic flood
 Torrents run of crimson blood.
 The yellow-footed bird we feast,
 Plenty fills the ravenous beast.
 Our steel-struck helms sublime resound,
 The sea is all one bleeding wound.
 Our foes lie weltering on the shore,
 Deep the raven wades in gore.

Olaus Magnus relates this adventure, but says, he fought with, and killed two snakes. That the king had taken them when young, and bred them up as a guard for his daughter; but as they increased in size they became a public terror, and poisoned the country.

Such is the fabulous beginning attributed by bards and historians to the actions of Ragnar Lodbrach. Such a hero could not first appear on the stage in the common way. St. George and the Dragon, and Hercules strangling two snakes, while in his cradle, naturally arise to the mind. In more obscure and early ages, the romantic hath always been mixed with the true. — The subsequent adventures of Ragnar seem, however, better founded, and carry no marks of fable till we come to the last scene, when the manner of his death is as wonderful and incredible as his first appearance.

According to Olaus Wormius, every stanza began with the words

Pugnativimus ensibus.

We have fought with swords.

Crown'd with twenty rolling years,
 High we raise our glittering spears,
 And deeds of glorious worth display,
 Wherever shines the lamp of day.
 Still we the trembling east appal,
 Eight mighty chiefs at Dimen fall.
 We scorn with mean and niggard food,
 To treat the generous eagle brood.
 The wound its ruddy sweat distils,
 The gaping ocean carnage fills,
 Their host is struck with dire dismay,
 Its strength of years dissolves away.

War and death terrific lower,
 When th' Helsingians brave our power :
 We urge them down the gloomy road,
 They throng t'ward Odin's dark abode.
 The Vistula beheld our course,
 Our navy stem its rapid force ;
 The biting sword descended steep,
 One wound extensive glow'd the deep :
 Its shores the reeking current dy'd,
 Our falchions mock'd their armour's pride,
 With echoing voices roar'd amain,
 And cleft their stubborn shields in twain.

No warrior droop'd, no warrior fled,
 Till on the deck Heraudus bled.
 A braver chief, to distant lands
 Ne'er guided his victorious bands

Ne'er beheld a chief more brave
His ships of battle plough the wave.
His heart impell'd by conscious might,
With eager transport fought the fight.

Their shields aside each warrior threw ;
The spear on rapid pinion flew ;
Heroes its deadly speed confest,
It quiver'd in the dauntless breast.
With hunger keen the trenchant sword
Wide the Scarfian rocks engor'd.
His shield became of purple grain
E'er Rafno fell, the king of men.
From every helm-encircled crown,
The blood-warm sweat in streams ran down.

Round th' Indirian isles that day
The crows were surfeited with prey.
There the wild beast inglutted stood,
For plenteous was the feast of blood.
All fought as one, no single name
Claim'd the distinguish'd mark of fame.
When first appear'd days' flaming star
I saw the piercing darts of war,
The barbed arrows took their flight
When first he streak'd the east with light.

Our swords loud-bellow'd o'er the slain
 Till Eiflin fell on Laneo's plain.
 Thence enrich'd with golden spoil,
 War to our routed foemen's foil
 We bring: where helmets throng'd the field
 The falchion cut the pictured shield;
 Their necks deep-pierc'd, with must abound,
 It flows their cloven brains around.

Drench'd in blood our shields we rear,
 The oil of blood anoints our spear.
 In the Boringholmian bay
 Making its quick tempestuous way,
 The cloud of darts was onward borne,
 Our targets were in sunder torn.
 The bows their iron shower expel,
 In the fierce conflict Volnir fell.
 No king on earth cou'd him exceed,
 In valour and heroic deed.
 Wide o'er the land the slaughter'd lay,
 The howling beasts embrac'd their prey:

The battle rag'd with heightened lust,
 E'er princely Freyer bit the dust.
 His breast-plate's golden mail of yore
 The hard blue sword, insteep'd in gore,
 Conflicting with our warrior host,
 Had hewn upon the Flandrian coast.
 The virgin struck with woe appears
 When she that morning's carnage hears;

A copious

A copious banquet we had given
To the fierce wolf, and birds of heaven.

Gasping in death these eyes survey'd,
An hundred times an hundred laid.
In haste we sail'd, a dreadful band,
To combat on Ænglane's land;
Six following days the rising sun
Beheld the strife of swords begun,
And six succeeding evenings close,
Till prostrate fall our vanquish'd foes.
Urg'd by our steel to sink in fight,
Valdior confes'd its might.

The rain of blood our falchions pour,
It smokes on Bardafyrdea's shore.
Doom'd to the hawks a pallid croud,
The murmuring string was twang'd aloud.
Then where in Odin's deathful fight
The greedy sword, with eager bite,
Devour'd the cuirass, there the bow,
The casque, the morion swiftly flow,
The bow with poison sharp to wound,
With sanguine sweat besprinkled round.

The sport of war intent to try,
We rear our magic shields on high.
In Hiadningia's echoing bay
First began th' heroic play.

The vengeful swords whirl'd o'er the main
 Their strong-knit bucklers tear in twain
 With mingled clash our arms resound,
 The helms of men to dust are ground.
 Not with more transport by his side
 The lover clasps his beauteous bride.

The thick-raised storm our shields defy;
 In Northumbria's land they lye,
 Their gory carcases bestrew
 The foil, and taint the morning dew,
 Routed they fled with wild dismay,
 Their boasted warriors dar'd nor stay,
 Where the sword with grim delight
 Their helmets polish'd plains would bite.
 The genial bed such rapture warms,
 Blest with the youthful widow's charms.

Herthiofe escap'd our force,
 And widely sped his prosperous course,
 Where with rude rocks against the skies
 The southern Orcades arise,
 While He who gave Us, to display,
 And shine in victory's bright array,
 Rogvald, our glory and our pride,
 Compell'd by fate's stern mandate died.
 Plung'd in the storm of arms He fell;
 Then mourn'd the Hawks with shrieking yell.

For dreadful in the sport of war,
The darts of blood He hurl'd afar ;
The darts of blood He well could wield,
The shatter'd helms bestrew'd the field.

Heaps pil'd on heaps the warriors lye,
The Hawk looks down with joyous eye,
The pastime fees, and clotted gore,
Envyng the eagle, nor the boar.
Together rush the shield and sword,
Then fell Irlandia's haughty Lord
Marstan ; He floats in Vedra's bay,
The hungry Raven's destined prey.

Amid the weapons strifeful scorn,
Many a hero in the morn
Of life and glory pres'd the plain.
My son mature in fame was slain,
Ripe in renown the dust He pres'd,
The griding falchion rived his breast,
By Egill, dauntless Agner dies,
He rends his arms, the victor's prize.
In Hamdus' corselet sounds the lance,
Red lightnings from the standards glance.

Sparing of words, the brave I view;
 Their foes they prodigally flew,
 Thrown to the wolves; th' Endilian flood
 For seven whole days was stain'd with blood,
 So looks the wine our handmaids bear,
 Died deep the impurpled ships appear.
 The falchion raging mid th' alarms,
 And hoarse tumultuous din of arms,
 Gash'd many a mailed cuirass bright,
 In Scioldungia's fatal fight,

I saw the widow's darling joy,
 I saw the virgin's fair-hair'd boy,
 Saw them in morning beauty gay,
 Saw set in death their youthful ray,
 Warm with many a glowing stream,
 Ila's ruddy billows gleam.

As by circling nymphs supplied,
 The fervid bath, in copious tide,
 From the vine's nectareous hoard
 Floats around the social board.
 E'er Orn expir'd, with frequent stroke,
 I saw his blood-stain'd buckler broke;
 By strong necessity controul'd,
 Inverted life forsakes the bold,

The game of slaughtering swords, we haste,
 Where Lind frowns o'er the watery waste,

With three contending Kings to try ;
How few escape ? rejoic'd to fly !
The wild beasts gnarring thron'g the strand,
The hawk and wolf commingled stand,
Tear them with goading hunger's fire,
Nor till with carnage cramm'd, retire.
While fierce we smote, th' Hybernian's blood,
With copious torrents swell'd the flood.

The steel's sharp fang, and bite severe
The buckler prov'd ; the whizzing spear,
Speeding to its direction true,
The breast-plate chased of golden hue.
Onlugs will mark for many an age
The traces of that battle's rage.
There march'd the Kings with eager feet
Intent the sport of swords to meet.
The crimson'd isle, on all its coast
Saw the red foaming billows tost.
Or from the desperate fight rebounds,
A flying dragon full of wounds.

The brave with ardour yield their breath,
Nor heed the sure approach of death ;
The thought of death their bosom warms,
They meet it in the storm of arms,

He' oft deplores this fickle state,
Who never dar'd the frowns of fate.
Lur'd by the cheek of pallid fear
The joyful eagle hovers near.
The coward to himself a pest,
Forbids the shield to guard his breast.

This I establish just and right,
That hurrying on to closest fight,
Youth against youth, with fervent heat,
Should rush, nor man from man retreat.
Long time was this the Hero's pride ;
And all who by the virgin's side
Aspire to lye, and taste her charms,
Should nobly stem the roar of arms.

Doubtless the fates our actions lead,
Beyond their limits none can tread.
Little of yore did I foresee,
That Ella would my death decree ;
When half-expiring with my wound,
Anxious I threw my garb around ;
Conceal'd it from the warrior train,
And launch'd my vessels on the main :
Then over all the Scotian flood
We gave the beasts of prey their food.

Hence

Hence springing in my thoughtful mind,
A never-failing joy I find ;
For well I know, superbly graced,
For me the lofty feat is placed,
For me the gen'rous mead shall foam
In father Balder's festal dome :
From goblets pour'd its copious tide
By skulls of recreant foes supplied.
The brave shall ne'er lament their death
In Odin's splendid courts beneath ;
No clamours vain I thither bear,
No sickly murmurs of despair.

Aflanga's fons would soon draw nigh,
With utmost swiftness hither fly,
And arm'd with falchions gleaming bright
Prepare the bitter deeds of fight,
If told, or could they but divine
What woe, what dire mischance is mine.
How many serpents round me hang,
And tear my flesh with poisonous fang ;
A mother to my fons I gave
With native worth who stamp'd them brave.

Fast to th' hereditary end,
To my allotted goal I tend.

Fix'd is the viper's mortal harm ;
 Within my heart, his mansion warm,
 In the recesses of my breast
 The writhing snake hath form'd his nest.
 Yet Odin may in vengeance spread
 The bloody scourge o'er Ella's head,
 My son's fierce anger, at the tale,
 Shall change to red, from deadly pale.
 The fiery youths, at my decease,
 Shall starting shun the seat of peace.

Full fifty times I trod the field,
 My standard rear'd, and poised my shield,
 War's willing guest ; nor deem'd the force
 Of human hand would check my course.
 Panting to gain a matchless name,
 And soar o'er every King in fame,
 For well in earliest years I taught
 My sword to drink the crimson draught.
 The sisters now my steps invite ;
 Unmoved I quit the realms of light.

Warn'd from within — break off the lay !
 Th' inviting Sisters chide my stay.
 By Odin sent, I hear their call,
 They bid me to his fatal hall.

With

O L D B A L L A D S.

123

**With them high-throned, the circling bowl
Of foaming mead shall cheer my soul.
With joy I yield my vital breath,
And laugh in the last pangs of death.**

X M T 179

THE END OF THE SONG.

H I R L A S

H I R L A S O W A I N,

OR, THE

DRINKING-HORN OF OWEN.

*THE following ballad was composed by Owain Cyveiliog, prince of Powys, entitled by Him HIRLAS, from a Drinking-Horn so called, used at feasts in his palace. — This ballad was composed on account of a battle fought with the English at Maelor, which is a part of the counties of Denbigh and Flint, according to the modern division. Owain was driven out of his country by Owain Gwynedd, prince of North Wales, and Rhys-ap-Griffith-ap-Rhys-ap-Tewdwr, prince of South Wales, A. D. 1167, and recovered it by the help of the Normans and English under Henry the Second. — He flourished about A. D. 1160, in the time of Owen Gwynedd and his son David.**

* See EVANS'S Specimens of the Welch Poetry, Edit. 1774.

This

This translation is published from Mr. Pennant's Tour to Wales, who says he owes it to the elegant pen of a Gentleman who has frequently obliged him. — Mr. Pennant has given a particular account of the Drinking-Horns.

UPROSE the ruddy dawn of day;
 The armies met in dread array
 On Maelor Drefred's field:
 Loud the British clarions found,
 The Saxons, gasping on the ground,
 The bloody contest yield.

By Owen's arm the valiant bled;
 From Owen's arm the coward fled
 Aghast with wild affright:
 Let then their haughty lords beware
 How Owen's just revenge they dare,
 And tremble at his fight.

Fill the HIRLAS HORN, my boy,
 Nor let the tuneful lips be dry
 That warble Owen's praise;
 Whose walls with warlike spoils are hung,
 And open wide his gates are flung
 In Cambria's peaceful days.

This

This hour we dedicate to joy ;
 Then fill the HIRLAS HORN, my boy,
 That shineth like the sea ;
 Whose azure handles, tip'd with gold,
 Invite the grasp of Britons bold,
 The sons of Liberty.

Fill it higher still, and higher,
 Mead will noblest deeds inspire.
 Now the battle's lost and won,
 Give the horn to Gronwy's son ;
 Put it into Gwgan's hand,
 Bulwark of his native land,
 Guardian of Sabrina's flood,
 Who oft has dy'd his spear in blood.
 When they hear their chieftain's voice,
 Then his gallant friends rejoice ;
 But when to fight he goes, no more
 The festal shout resounds on Severn's winding shore.

Fill the gold-tip'd horn with speed,
 (We must drink, it is decreed.)
 Badge of honour, badge of mirth,
 That calls the soul of music forth !
 As thou wilt thy life prolong,
 Fill it with Metheglin strong.
 Gruffudd thirsts, to Gruffudd fill ;
 Whose bloody lance is us'd to kill ;

Matchless

Matchless in the field of strife,
His glory ends not with his life :
Dragon-son of Cynvyn's race,
Owen's shield, Arwyfli's grace.
To purchase fame the warriors flew,
Dire, and more dire, the conflict grew ;
When flush'd with Mead, they bravely fought,
Like Belyn's warlike sons, that Edwin's downfall wrought.

Fill the horn with foaming liquor,
Fill it up my boy, be quicker ;
Hence away, despair and sorrow !
Time enough to fight to-morrow.
Let the brimming goblet smile,
And Ednyfed's cares beguile ;
Gallant youth, unus'd to fear,
Master of the broken spear,
And the arrow-pierced shield,
Brought with honour from the field.
Like an hurricane is He,
Bursting on the troubled sea.
See their spears distain'd with gore !
Hear the din of battle roar !
Bucklers, swords, together clashing,
Sparkles from their helmets flashing !
Hear ye not their loud alarms ?
Hark ! they shout — to arms ! to arms !

Thus

Thus were Garthen's plains defended,
 Maclor fight began and ended.
 There two princes fought, and there
 Was Morach Vorvran's feast exchange'd for rout and fear.

Fill the horn: 'tis my delight,
 When my friends return from fight,
 Champions of their country's glory,
 To record each gallant story—
 To Ynyr's comely offspring fill,
 Foremost in the battle still;
 Two blooming youths, in counsel sage,
 As heroes of maturer age;
 In peace, and war, alike renown'd,
 Be their brows with garlands crown'd;
 Deck'd with glory let them shine,
 The ornament and pride of Ynyr's antient line!

To Selyf fill, of eagle-heart,
 Skill'd to hurl the fatal dart:
 With the Wolf's impetuous force
 He urgeth on his headlong course.
 To Tudor next, great Madoc's son,
 They the race of honour run
 Together in the tented field,
 And both alike disdain to yield.
 Like a lion in the fray,
 Tudor darts upon his prey.

Rivals

Rivals in the feats of war,
 Where danger call'd, they rush'd from far :
 Till shatter'd by some hostile stroke,
 With horrid clang their shields were broke ;
 Loud as the foaming billows roar,
 Or fierce contending winds on Talgath's stormy shore.

Fill the horn with rosy wine,
 Brave Moreiddig claims it now,
 Chieftain of an ancient line,
 Dauntless heart, and open brow.

To the warrior it belongs,
 Prince of battles, theme of songs !
 Pride of Powys, Mochnant's boast !
 Guardian of his native coast ! —
 But ah ! his short-liv'd triumph's o'er,
 Brave Moreiddig is no more !
 To his penfive ghost we'll give
 Due remembrance, while we live ;
 And in fairy fiction dress'd,
 Flowing hair, and fable vest,
 The tragic Muse shall grace our songs,
 While brave Moreiddig's name the mournful strain pro-
 longs.

Pour out the horn, (tho' he desire it not)
 And heave a sigh on Morgan's early grave;
 Doom'd in his clay-cold tenement to rot,
 While we revere the memory of the brave.

Fill again the HIRLAS HORN.

On that ever-glorious morn,
 The Britons and their foes between,
 What prodigies of might were seen!
 On Gwestyn's plain the fight began;
 But Gronwy fure was more than man!
 Him to resist, on Gwestyn's plain,
 A hundred Saxons strove in vain.
 To set the noble Meyric free,
 And change his bonds to liberty,
 The warriors vow'd. The God of day
 Scarce darted his meridian ray,
 When he beheld the conquerors steep'd in gore,
 And Gwestyn's bloody fight, e'er highest, noon was o'er.

Now a due libation pour
 To the spirits of the dead,
 Who, that memorable hour,
 Made the hostile plain their bed.
 There the glitt'ring steel was seen,
 There the twanging bow was heard;
 There the mighty press'd the green,
 Recorded by the faithful Bard.

Madoc

Madoc there, and Meilir brave,
 Sent many a Saxon to his grave.
 Their drink was Mead ; their hearts were true ;
 And to the head their shafts they drew ;
 But Owen's guards, in terrible array,
 Relentless march along, and make the world give way.

Pour the sweet transparent Mead,
 (The spear is red in time of need)
 And give to each departed spirit
 The honor and reward of merit.
 What cares surround the regal state,
 What anxious thoughts molest the great,
 None but a prince himself can know,
 And Heav'n, that ruleth kings, and lays the mighty low.

For Daniel fill the horn so green,
 Of haughty brow, and angry mien ;
 While the lefs'ning tapers shine,
 Fill it up with gen'rous wine.
 He nor quarter takes, nor gives,
 But by spoils and rapine lives.
 Comely is the youth, and brave :
 But obdurate as the grave.
 Hadst thou seen, in Maelor fight,
 How we put the foe to flight !
 Hadst thou seen the chiefs in arms,
 When the foe rush'd on in swarms !

Round about their prince they stood,
And stain'd their swords with hostile blood.
Glorious bulwarks! To their praise
Their prince devotes his latest lays. —
Now, my boy, thy task is o'er;
Thou shalt fill the horn no more.
Long may the King of kings protect,
And crown with bliss, my friends elect;
Where Liberty and Truth reside,
And Virtue, Truth's immortal bride!
There may we all together meet,
And former times renew in heav'nly converse sweet!

R. W.



VI.

ELPHIN'S CONSOLATION:

FROM THE WELCH OF TALIESIN.

TRANSLATED BY A LADY.

TALIESIN, chief of the bards, flourished in the Sixth Century. His works are still preserved, and his memory held in high veneration among his countrymen. — Taliesin, when an infant, was found exposed on the water, wrapped in a leather bag, in a wear which had been granted to Elphin, son of Gwyddno, for his support. The young prince, reduced by his extravagance, burst into tears, at finding, as he imagined, so unprofitable a booty. However, he took pity on the infant, and caused proper care to be taken of him. After this Elphin prospered; and Taliesin, when he grew up, wrote the following moral Ode, supposed to have been addressed to the prince by the infant bard, on the night in which he was found.

[FROM MR. PENNANT'S JOURNEY TO SNOWDON.]

ELPHIN! fair as roseate morn,
 Cease, O lovely youth! to mourn;
 Mortals never should presume
 To dispute their Maker's doom.
 Feeble race! too blind to scan
 What th' Almighty deigns for man;
 Humble hope be still thy guide,
 Steady faith thy only pride,
 Then despair will fade away,
 Like demons at th' approach of day,
 Cunllo's prayers acceptance gain,
 Goodness never sues in vain;
 He, who form'd the sky is just,
 In him alone, O Elphin! trust.
 See glist'ning spoils in shoals appear,
 Fate smiles this hour on Gwyddon's wear.

Elphin fair! the clouds dispel
 That on thy lovely visage dwell;
 Wipe, ah! wipe the pearly tear,
 Nor let thy manly bosom fear;
 What good can melancholy give?
 'Tis bondage in her train to live.
 Pungent sorrows doubts proclaim,
 Ill suits those doubts a christian's name;

Thy

Thy great Creator's wonders trace,
 His love, divine to mortal race,
 Then doubt, and fear, and pain will fly,
 And hope beam radiant in thine eye.
 Behold me, least of human kind,
 Yet heav'n illumines my soaring mind.
 Lo! from the yawning deep I came,
 Friend to thy lineage and thy fame,
 To point thee out the paths of truth,
 To guard from hidden rocks thy youth :
 From seas, from mountains, far and wide,
 God will the good and virtuous guide.

Elphin fair! with virtue blest,
 Let not that virtue idly rest ;
 If rous'd, 'twill yield thee sure relief,
 And banish far unmanly grief :
 Think on that pow'r whose arm can save,
 Who e'en can snatch thee from the grave ;
 He bade my harp for thee be strung,
 Prophetic lays he taught my tongue.
 Though like a slender reed I grow,
 Toss'd by the billows to and fro',
 Yet still, by him inspir'd, my song
 The weak can raise, confound the strong ;
 Am not I better, Elphin, say,
 Than thousands of thy scaly prey ?

Elphin! fair as roseate morn,
Cease, O lovely youth! to mourn.
Weak on my leathern couch I lie,
Yet heav'nly lore I can descry;
Gifts divine my tongue inspire,
My bosom glows celestial fire;
Mark! how it mounts! my lips disclose
The certain fate of Elphin's foes.
Fix thy hopes on him alone,
Who is th' eternal Three in One;
There thy ardent vows be given,
Prayer acceptance meets from Heaven;
Then thou shalt adverse fate defy,
And Elphin glorious live and die.



VII.

T H E

TRIUMPHS OF OWEN,*

FROM THE WELCH.

By Mr. G R A Y.

OWEN's praise demands my song,
Owen swift, and Owen strong;
Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,
† Gwyneth's shield, and Britain's gem.
He nor heaps his brooded stores,
Nor on all profusely pours;
Lord of every regal art,
Liberal hand, and open heart.

* From Mr. EVANS's Specimen of the Welch Poetry; London, 1764, Quarto. Owen succeeded his father Griffin in the principality of North Wales, A. D. 1130. This battle was fought near forty years afterwards.

† North Wales.

Big with hosts of mighty name,
 Squadrons three against him came;
 This the force of Eirin hiding,
 Side by side as proudly riding,
 On her shadow long and gay
 * Lochlin ploughs the wat'ry way;
 There the Norman sails afar
 Catch the winds, and join the war:
 Black and huge along they sweep,
 Burthens of the angry deep.

Dauntless on his native sands
 † The Dragon-Son of Mona stands;
 In glitt'ring arms and glory drest,
 High he rears his ruby crest.
 There the thund'ring strokes begin,
 There the press, and there the din;
 Talymalfra's rocky shore
 Echoing to the battle's roar.
 ‡ Check'd by the torrent-tide of blood
 Backward Meinai rolls his flood;
 While, heap'd his master's feet around,
 Prostrate warriors know the ground.

* Denmark.

† The Red Dragon is the device of Cadwallader, which all his descendants bore on their banners.

‡ This and the three following Lines are not in the former editions, but are now added from the author's MSS.

Where

Where his glowing eye-balls turn,
Thousand banners round him burn.
Where he points his purple spear,
Hasty, hasty rout is there,
Marking with indignant eye
Fear to stop, and shame to fly.
There Confusion, Terror's child,
Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild,
Agony, that pants for breath,
Despair and honourable death.



VIII.

T H E

D E A T H O F H O E L,

FROM THE WELCH.

By Mr. G R A Y.

HAD I but the torrent's might,
With headlong rage and wild affright
Upon Deira's squadron's hurl'd,
To rush, and sweep them from the world!

Too, too secure in youthful pride
By them my friend, my Hoel, died,
Great Cian's son : of Madoc old
He ask'd no heaps of hoarded gold ;
Alone in nature's wealth array'd,
He ask'd, and had the lovely maid.

* Of Aneurim, filed the monarch of the bards. He flourished about the time of Taliesin, A. D. 570. This Ode is extracted from the Gododin, (See Mr. EVANS'S Specimens, p. 71 and 73) and now first published.

To

To Cattræth's vale in glitt'ring row
Twice two hundred warriors go ;
Every warrior's manly neck
Chains of regal honour deck,
Wreath'd in many a golden link :
From the golden cup they drink
Nectar, that the bees produce,
Or the grape's extatic juice.
Flush'd with mirth, and hope they burn :
But none from Cattræth's vale return,
Save Aëron brave, and Conan strong,
(Bursting thro' the bloody throng)
And I, the meanest of them all,
That live to weep, and sing their fall.



IX.

LLWEYN AND GYNETH.

By Mrs. ROBINSON.

WHEN will my troubled soul have rest?
The beauteous Llweyn cried,
As thro' the mirky shade of night,
With frantic step she hyed.

When shall those eyes my Gyneth's face,
My Gyneth's form survey,
When shall those longing eyes again,
Behold the coming day?

Cold are the dews that wet my cheek,
The night-mist damps the ground,
Appalling echoes strike mine ear,
And spectres gleam around.

The vivid light'ning's transient rays
Around my temples play,
Tis all the light my fate affords,
To mark my thorny way.

From the black mountain's awful height,
 Where Llathryth's turrets rise,
 The night-owl screams a direful song,
 And warns me as she flies.

The chilling blast, the whistling winds,
 The trembling ramparts shake,
 The savage tenants of the wood
 Their secret haunts forsake.

Oh Branworth, Lion of the field,
 Now hear a maiden plead,
 In pity spare my Gyneth's breast,
 Or, too, let Llweyn's bleed.

To valiant feats of arms renown'd
 Shall earthly praise be given,
 But deeds of Mercy, mighty chief,
 Are register'd in heaven.

Thy praises shall resounding fill
 The palace of thy foe,
 While down the joyful Llweyn's cheek,
 The grateful tear shall flow.

Now the grey morning's glimm'ring light
 Dawn'd in the misty skies,
 When at the lofty lattice grate,
 Her lover's form she spies.

He lives, she cried, my Gyneth lives,
 Youth of the crimson shield,
 The graceful hero of my heart,
 The glory of the field.

Come down, my soul's delight, she said,
 Thy blue-eyed Llewyn see,
 Yrganvy's daughter, thy true love,
 Who lives alone for thee.

Then haste thee from thy prison-house,
 Ere yet the foe doth rise,
 Oh haste, ere yet the morning sun
 Doth gild the Eastern skies.

O! speak, my soul is chill'd with fear,
 My fault'ring voice doth fail;
 Why are thy darling eyes so dim,
 Thy cheeks so deathly pale?

I am thy Gyneth's ghost, sweet maid,
 (Avoid the mad'ning fight,
 Those eyes that now so dead appear
 Are lock'd in endless night.

This heart, that only beat for thee,
 Is rent with many a wound;
 Cleft is my shield, my glitt'ring spear
 Lies broken on the ground.

My

My bones the eagle hath conveyed,
To feed her rav'nous brood;
The savage Branworth's cruel hand,
Hath spilt my purple blood.

Then hie thee hence, ill-fated maid,
Ere greater ills betide,
To where Tievi's silver streams
Along the vallies glide.

There, where the modest primrose blooms,
Pale as thy lover's shade,
His mangled relicts thou shalt find
Beneath the green turf laid.

Then hie thee hence, with holy bands,
Build up a sacred shrine,
And, Oh, chaste maid! thy faith to prove,
Mingle thy dust with mine.

(The mother, who her babe beholds,
In infant sweetness drest,
Seiz'd by the chilling hand of death,
Expiring at her breast.

The village maid, whom morrow's dawn
Had hail'd a wedded fair,
Beholds her lover's breathless corse,
Scorch'd by the light'ning's glare.)

So stood the hopeless frantic maid,
Yrganvy's graceful child!
Cold was her heart, her dove-like eyes
Fix'd in amazement wild.

And art thou gone, my gallant youth,
Cropp'd in thy early prime;
I thought myself to be thy bride,
My virgin-heart was thine.

No more these sad and weeping eyes
My father's house shall see;
Thy kindred spirit calls me hence;
I haste to follow thee.

Beside thy tomb, the pilgrim's tear
Shall join the chrystal spring,
Around the solemn dirge of woe
Shall ancient druids sing.

The weary trav'ler, faint and sad,
Shall stay his steps awhile;
The mem'ry of his own hard fate
The story shall beguile.

There, wet with many a holy tear,
The sweetest flow'rs shall blow;
There Llwey's ghost shall mark the shrine
A monument of woe.

Thrice did he ope the lattice grate,
 And thrice he bid adieu ;
 When, lo ! to join the parting shade,
 The maiden's spirit flew.

X.

THE CAROUSAL OF ODIN.

By Mr. Penrose.

FILL the honey'd bev'rage high,
 Fill the sculls, 'tis ODIN's cry ;
 Heard ye not the powerful call,
 Thund'ring thro' the vaulted hall ?
 " Fill the meath, and spread the board,
 " Vassals of the griesly Lord."—

The

* Mr. Penrose was the son of the Reverend Mr. Penrose, rector of Newbury, Berks, and was himself intended for the church. — He studied at Christ-Church, Oxon until 1762, when his eager turn to the naval and military line impelled him to embark in the unfortunate expedition against Nova Colonia in South America, under the command of Captain Macnamara. — The issue was fatal: The Clive, the largest vessel, was burned, and though the ambuscade escaped on board of which Mr. Pen-

The portal hinges grate, — they come —
 The din of voices rocks the dome.
 In stalk the various forms, and drest
 In various armour, various vest,
 With helm and morion, targe and shield,
 Some quivering launces couch, some biting maces wield:
 All march with haughty step, all proudly shake the crest.

The feast begins, the scull goes round,
 Laughter shouts — the shouts resound.
 The gust of war subsides — E'en now
 The grim chief curls his cheek, and smooths his rugged
 brow.

rose, acting as lieutenant of marines, was wounded; yet the hardships he sustained in a prize sloop utterly ruined his constitution. Returning to England with ample testimonies of his gallantry and good behaviour, he finished his studies at Hertford College, Oxon; and, having taken orders, accepted the curacy of Newbury. After he had continued in that station about nine years, it seemed as if the clouds of disappointment were clearing away, for he was then presented, by a friend who knew his worth, to a living of 500l. per annum. It came too late; for, going to Bristol for the benefit of the waters, he died there in 1779, aged thirty-six years, universally beloved for his amiable and sociable qualities. — In 1768 he married Miss Mary Slocock, of Newbury, by whom he had one son, now on the foundation of Winton College.

“ Shame

“ Shame to your placid front, ye men of death !”
 Cries HILDA, with disorder’d breath.
 Hell echoes back her scoff of shame
 To the inactive rev’ling Champion’s name.
 “ Call forth the song,” she scream’d ; — the minstrels
 came —
 The theme was glorious war, the dear delight
 Of shining best in field, and daring most in fight.

“ Joy to the soul,” the Harpers sung,
 “ When embattl’d ranks among,
 “ The steel-clad Knight, in vigour’s bloom,
 (“ Banners waving o’er his plume)
 “ Foremost rides, the flower and boast
 “ Of the bold determin’d host !”

With greedy ears the guests each note devour’d
 Each struck his beaver down, and grasp’d his faithful
 sword,
 The fury mark’d th’ auspicious deed,
 And bad the Scalds proceed.

“ Joy to the soul ! a joy divine !
 “ When conflicting armies join ;
 “ When trumpets clang, and bugles found ;
 “ When strokes of death are dealt around ;
 “ When the sword feasts, yet craves for more ;
 “ And every gauntlet drips with gore.” —

The charm prevail'd, up rush'd the madden'd throng,
 Panting for carnage, as they foam'd along,
 Fierce ODIN's self led forth the frantic band,
 To scatter havock wide o'er many a guilty land,

XI.

THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

By Mr. Penrose.

FAINTLY bray'd the battle's roar!
 Distant down the hollow wind;
 Panting terror fled before,
 Wounds and death were left behind.

The War-fiend curs'd the funken day,
 That check'd his fierce pursuit too soon:
 While, scarcely lighting to the prey,
 Low hung, and lour'd the bloody moon.

The field, so late the hero's pride,
 Was now with various carnage spread;
 And floated with a crimson tide,
 That drench'd the dying and the dead.

O'er

O'er the sad scene of dreariest view,
Abandon'd all to horrors wild,
With frantic step Maria flew,
Maria, Sorrow's early child;

By duty led, for every vein
Was warm'd by Hymen's purest flame;
With Edgar o'er the wintry main
She, lovely, faithful, wanderer, came.

For well she thought, a friend so dear
In darkest hours might joy impart;
Her warrior, faint with toil, might cheer,
Or soothe her bleeding warrior's smart.

Tho' look'd for long — in chill affright,
(The torrent bursting from her eye)
She heard the signal for the fight —
While her soul trembled in a sigh —

She heard, and clasp'd him to her breast,
Yet scarce could urge th' inglorious stay;
His manly heart the charm confess —
Then broke the charm, — and rush'd away.

Too soon in few — but deadly words,
Some flying straggler breath'd to tell,
That in the foremost strife of swords
The young, the gallant Edgar fell.

She

She prest to hear — she caught the tale —
At ev'ry found her blood congeal'd ; —
With terror bold — with terror pale,
She sprung to search the fatal field.

O'er the sad scene in dire amaze
She went — with courage not her own —
On many a corpse she cast her gaze —
And turn'd her ear to many a groan.

Drear anguish urged her to prest
Full many a hand, as wild she mourn'd ; —
— Of comfort glad, the drear cares
The damp, chill, dying hand return'd.

Her ghastly hope was well nigh fled —
When late pale Edgar's form she found,
Half-bury'd with the hostile dead,
And bor'd with many a grisly wound.

She knew — she sunk — the night-bird scream'd,
— The moon withdrew her troubled light,
And left the fair, — tho' fall'n she seem'd —
To worse than death — and deepest night.



XII.

Song by Richard the First, Cœur de Lion, written during his imprisonment in the Tenebreuse, or Black Tower.

Translated by Dr. Burney. — From the second volume of Dr. Burney's General History of Music.

NO wretched captive of his prison speaks,
 Unless with pain, and bitterness of soul;
 Yet consolation from the Muse he seeks,
 Whose voice alone misfortune can controul.
 Where now is each ally, each baron, friend,
 Whose face I ne'er beheld without a smile,
 Will none, his sov'reign to redeem, expend
 The smallest portion of his treasures vile?

Though none may blush that near two tedious years,
 Without relief, my bondage has endur'd,
 Yet know my English, Norman, Gascon peers,
 Not one of you should thus remain immur'd;
 The meanest subject of my wide domains,
 Had I been free, a ransom should have found;
 I mean not to reproach you with my chains,
 Yet still I wear them on a foreign ground!

Too

Too true it is, so selfish human race!
 "Nor dead, nor captive, friend or kindred find,"
 Since here I pine in bondage and disgrace,
 For lack of gold, my fetters to unbind.
 Much for myself I feel, yet ah! still more
 That no compassion from my subjects flows;
 What can from infamy their names restore,
 If, while a pris'ner death my eyes should close.

But small is my surprize, though great my grief,
 To find, in spite of all his solemn vows,
 My lands are ravag'd by the Gallic chief,
 While none my cause has courage to espouse.
 Though lofty tow'rs obscure the chearful day,
 Yet, through the dungeon's melancholy gloom,
 Kind Hope, in gentle whispers, seems to say,
 "Perpetual thralldom is not yet thy doom."

Ye dear companions of my happy days,
 Oh Chail and Pensavin aloud declare,
 Throughout the earth in everlasting lays,
 My foes against me wage inglorious war.
 Oh tell them too, that ne'er among my crimes
 Did breach of faith, deceit, or fraud appear;
 That infamy will brand to latest times
 The insults I receive while captive here.

Know all ye men, of Anjou and Touraine,
 And ev'ry bach'lor knight, robust and brave,
 That duty now and love alike are vain,
 From bonds your sov'reign and your friend to save.
 Remote from consolation here I lie,
 The wretched captive of a pow'ful foe,
 Who all your zeal and ardour can defy,
 Nor leaves you ought but pity to bestow!

XIII.

Military Song on the French champion Roland.

*Translated by Dr. Burney. — From the second volume
 of Dr. Burney's General History of Music.*

LET ev'ry valiant son of Gaul
 Sing Roland's deeds, her greatest glory,
 Whose name will stoutest foes appal,
 And feats inspire for future story.
 Roland in childhood had no fears,
 Was full of tricks, nor knew a letter,
 Which, though it cost his mother tears,
 His father cried "So much the better:
 " We'll have him for a soldier bred,
 " His strength and courage let us nourish,
 " If bold the heart, though wild the head,
 " In war he'll but the better flourish."

Let ev'ry, &c.

Roland

Roland arriv'd at man's estate
 Prov'd that his father well admonish'd,
 For then his prowess was so great
 That all the world became astonish'd,
 Battalions, squadrons, he could break,
 And singly give them such a beating,
 That, seeing him, whole armies quake,
 And nothing think of but retreating.

Let ev'ry, &c.

In single combat 'twas the same:
 To him all foes were on a level,
 For ev'ry one he overcame,
 If giant, forc'rer, monster, devil.
 His arm no danger e'er could stay,
 Nor was the goddess Fortune fickle,
 For if his foe he did not slay,
 He left him in a rueful pickle.

Let ev'ry, &c.

In scaling walls with highest glee,
 He first the ladder fixt, then mounted;
 Let him, my boys, our model be,
 Who men or perils never counted.
 At night, with scouts he watch would keep,
 With heart more gay than one in million,
 Or else on knapsack fonder sleep
 Then general in his proud pavilion.

Let ev'ry, &c.

On stubborn foes he vengeance wreak'd,
And laid about him like a Tartar,
But if for mercy once they squeak'd,
He was the first to grant them quarter.
The battle won, of Roland's soul
Each milder virtue took possession;
To vanquish'd foes he o'er a bowl
His heart surrender'd at discretion.

Let ev'ry, &c.

When ask'd why Frenchmen wield the brand,
And dangers new each day sollicit,
He said, 'tis Charlemagne's command,
To whom our duty is implicit:
His ministers, and chosen few,
No doubt have weigh'd these things in private,
Let us his enemies subdue,
'Tis all that soldiers e'er should drive at.

Let ev'ry, &c.

Roland like Christian true would live,
Was seen at mass, and in procession;
And freely to the poor would give,
Nor did he always shun confession.
But bishop Turpin had decreed
(His counsel in each weighty matter)
That 'twas a good and pious deed
His country's foes to drub and scatter.

Let ev'ry, &c.

At table Roland ever gay,
 Would eat, and drink, and laugh, and rattle,
 But all was in a prudent way,
 On days of guard, or eve of battle.
 For still to king and country true
 He held himself their constant debtor,
 And only drank in season due,
 When to transact he'd nothing better.
 Let ev'ry, &c.

To captious blades he ne'er would bend,
 Who quarrels fought on slight pretences;
 Though he, to social joys a friend,
 Was slow to give or take offences.
 None e'er had cause his arm to dread
 But those who wrong'd his prince, or nation,
 On whom whene'er to combat led,
 He dealt out death and devastation.
 Let ev'ry, &c.

Roland too much adored the fair,
 From whom e'en heroes are defenceless,
 And by a queen of beauty rare
 He all at once was render'd senseless.
 One hapless morn she left the knight,
 Who, when he mis'd her, grew quite frantic,
 Our pattern let him be in fight:
 His love was somewhat too romantic.
 Let ev'ry, &c.

His

His mighty uncle, Charles the Great,
 Who Rome's imperial sceptre wielded,
 Both early dignity and state
 With high command to Roland yielded.
 Yet though a Gen'ral, Count, and Peer,
 Roland's kind heart all pride could smother,
 For each brave man from van to rear
 He treated like a friend and brother.
 Let ev'ry, &c.

XIV.

Song from Thibaut, king of Navarre.

*Translated by Dr. Burney. — From the second volume
 of Dr. Burney's General History of Music.*

I THOUGHT I'd vanquish'd mighty love,
 But find myself deceiv'd ;
 For ev'ry hour alas ! I prove
 The conquest unatchiev'd.
 By day I seek for ease in vain,
 Or call on sleep by night ;
 Sighs, tears, complaints, increase my pain,
 Nor does a hope, ye pow'rs ! remain,
 That she will e'er my love requite.

The

The libertine alone betrays
The kind and constant heart,
But I would die ten thousand ways
Ere pain to her impart.
No thought my throbbing breast can cheer
But her in bliss to see :
Yet in her coy and wild career
Could I but catch this flying deer
How happy then would Theobald be !

This lovely deer, more white than snow,
With locks like burnish'd gold
Which o'er her polish'd shoulders flow,
Courageous is and bold.
In peril oft she stands at bay,
Where wolves with cunning fraught
Are on the watch by night and day
To seize the courteous as their prey
Who set their wicked wiles at naught.

A brave accomplish'd knight o'ercome
And stript of arms and fame,
While barn and vineyard, house and home
Are food for fire and flame ;
Than me less torture feels and pain
While rigour thus I prove,
For never did I yet attain
The gift seraphic of a swain
Who could without a premium love.

The slightest, smallest boon to share
 Is all I humbly crave,
 To drive away the fiend Despair
 And snatch me from the grave.
 And is it then no crime to wound
 A faithful lover's heart?
 To hear his sad complaints resound,
 Then dash him to the abyss profound,
 Nor at his cruel suff'rings start?

Pronounce, my fair, a milder doom
 Before you've kill'd me quite,
 For pity then too late will come
 When plung'd in endless night.
 A little love while yet I live
 Is worth a world in grave,
 And 'tis œconomy to give
 When by a trivial donative
 A heavy future charge we save.

“ The last stanza, which is not entire in the original, has been amplified in the English, to supply a sufficient number of lines, for the melody.”



XV.

The first complaint of the lord of Crequi.

From the French of Monsieur Arnaud.

HA I L glooms congenial with my woe!
 Here my full heart is free to vent its sighs;
 The only pleasure I can know,
 That to my tortur'd breast relief supplies:
 While never-ceasing horrors round me rise,
 Rapt by my early passion's sacred glow,
 I triumph, and absolve the skies.

The pride of Paris, Abelard,
 By Cupid's dart instructed how to write,
 Possess'd not such unchang'd regard,
 Though Eloisa's graces charm'd the sight,
 And his love soar'd beyond the vulgar height:
 To paint Adelia asks a heavenly bard;
 And I could teach a nobler flight.

'Tis

'Tis I, Adelia, ah! 'tis I,
 Who thus have lov'd, and ne'er can love but you.
 And do you generously vie
 In equal faith, to my dear mem'ry true?
 Still, still, your voice I hear, your charms I view;
 Fair as the opening rose-bud to my eye,
 Your virgin beauty blooms anew.

Your image softens all my pains;
 My kind companion on this hostile shore!
 Yes; 'tis your hand that break my chains,
 'Tis love alone can liberty restore.
 Delightful scenes with you I trace once more —
 False, fleeting dream! the dreary cell remains,
 And pleasure leaves me to deplore.

My eyes in death I haste to close,
 Ne'er raptur'd to behold my son so dear;
 Ne'er, best of fires, what nature owes,
 O'er thy sad urn to pour the tender tear.
 My corpse, withheld from a domestic bier,
 In a detested land, mid impious foes,
 Ignobly must be buried here.

Had powerful fate in wrath decreed
 My days to end by godlike Louis' side;
 Had I been doom'd to fight and bleed
 In truth's defence, or e'en with love my guide;
 Then I had liv'd with fame, and nobly died!
 But a vile slave I die indeed,
 And in oblivion's gloom must hide.

In vain, dear object, must I grieve ?
 Come, let me in thy gentle arms expire ;
 Come, and the fondest heart receive ;
 Your's are its parting sigh and last desire.
 Should o'er my tomb, more sweet than angel's lyre,
 Pity's soft murmur from your bosom heave,
 My soul would own its wonted fire.

Vain hope ! I humbly heaven conjure,
 The knight thy countryman this way to send ;
 These ragged rocks, this cave obscure,
 That bear my wretched name, a clue shall lend ;
 These cypress shades the doleful tale extend ;
 And, while these murm'ring streams endure,
 I cannot sighs unechoed spend.

XVI.

The second complaint of the lord of Crequi.

From the French of Monsieur Arnaud.

WITHIN this horror-frowning tower
 How wretched I !
 Forlorn and darksome, ev'ry hour
 I wish to die !
 Ah ! would to Providence, in France
 My woes were known !
 Unless some Christian friend advance,
 Fate ends my moan.

Crequi

Crequi my name, a banner'd knight,
My merit made ;
My family's entail'd delight,
The fam'd crusade.
Near Boulogn, tow'rd the Flemish shore,
My castle rose :
There may at least, life's conflict o'er,
My dust repose !

The lord, my father, rear'd with pride
His fav'rite son ;
Godfrey in Palestine his guide,
He fame had won.
Exciting me, with pious joy,
His path to tread ;
The Pagan legions to destroy,
He bravely bred.

Not long it was my pride to know
A knight's degree,
When Cupid, with his conq'ring bow,
Took aim at me.
My noble bride had wealth in store,
And many a rood ;
But, what I justly valued more,
Was fair and good.

The Morning Rose her charming name,
 By all allow'd ;
 So the young beauties of her frame
 Surpriz'd the crowd !
 With what fond love did I carefs
 Her form divine !
 To comprehend, you must possess
 A heart like mine.

The trumpet blew a martial peal
 In my stunn'd ear ;
 " Fly these soft shades, with manly zeal
 In arms appear !" —
 In vain Adelia shower'd her tears,
 While we embrac'd ;
 I left her breast, 'mid glitt'ring spears
 To fight encas'd.

'Twas Louis and Religion led,
 To bear the cross ;
 Yet oft by stealth, with backward tread,
 I mourn'd my loss.
 Still sounds Adelia's fainting voice,
 " And must you go ?"
 " 'Tis Heaven (I cry) my lovely choice,
 " Will have it so !"

Stopp'd

Stopp'd by this stream that silent laves
 No meadows gay ;
 First, for our army, thro' the waves
 I trac'd a way.
 Meander saw me hotly press
 Our impious foes ;
 Why did not fate in that distress
 My eyelids close ?

Surely our sins deserv'd a curse
 In heaven's pure fight ;
 The Christian host, severe reverse !
 Was put to flight.
 I cry'd (for Louis' death drew near)
 With patriot zeal,
 " Ah ! spare that head ; and satiate here
 Your vengeful steel !"

My brothers, interposing too,
 For him were slain ;
 I paid their virtues tribute due,
 And yet 'twas vain.
 For such an end should never move
 Weak pity's tear ;
 The Frenchman's envy'd, who dares prove
 His king was dear.

My lot I rather should lament,
 Who still have breath ;
To slavery's galling fetters bent,
 Far worse than death !
Learn, Christian heart, whoe'er attends
 My doleful doom,
How cruelly these Pagan fiends
 My days intomb !

With a long chain my fides they wound,
 While here I creep ;
No bed I have but the cold ground,
 And never sleep.
My hands and feet are loaded o'er
 With other chains,
That not a feature known before
 This day remains.

Three years on my devoted head,
 In friendship dire,
Mad infidels and storms have shed
 Their various ire.
I weep, and drink, to weep, my tears ;
 Black bread my food ;
Snakes hiss, and toads the dungeon rear,
 A loathsome brood !

These

These woes, compar'd with those behind,
 You'll light esteem ;
 They'd have me, gratitude resign'd,
 My God blaspheme.
 Dear Christian brethren, could ye think,
 These Turks contest
 To change our faith, our souls to sink,
 For present rest ?

A hundred times they cry, " Abjure,
 Rewards behold !
 Fair ladies shall your bliss secure,
 And store of gold." ——
 I answer, " My firm soul to move,
 You vainly sue ;
 False to Adelia can I prove ?
 To God untrue ?"

Whoe'er shall pass beneath the wall
 Where I complain,
 May pity melt you, and my call
 Not prove in vain !
 I beg you by your heavenly hope
 Make no delay ;
 In my own country, with full scope,
 My wrongs display.

Perhaps,

Perhaps, still living you may find
 Gerard my fire ;
 Tell him his son craves help, confin'd
 To bondage dire.
 Adelia too, in beauty's prime —
 (Why starts this tear)
 Remember'd still in ev'ry clime,
 For ever dear.

Desire a handsome purse of gold
 Becoming me :
 Let the full sum be quickly told,
 To set me free.
 But should, releas'd from earthly groans,
 My corpse be found,
 Inter the pilgrim warriour's bones
 In holy ground.

Clerks, knights, esquires, or peers,
 Whate'er your rank,
 Forget not, with relentless ears,
 My fetters' clank.
 For kindness plann'd in loyal stile,
 While here you roam,
 May guardian angels with a smile
 Convey you home !

XVII.

The Laidley Worm* of Spindleston Heughs, a ballad,
500 years old, made by the old mountain bard Dun-
can Frazier, living in Cheviot. A. D. 1270.

From an ancient MSS.

*Whether the following ballad relates to any historical
fact, the editor has not been able to discover. It was
communicated by the Reverend Mr. Lambe, of Norham.
—See Hutchinson's History of Northumberland.*

THE king is gone from Bamborough castle :
Long may the princess mourn,
Long may she stand on the castle wall,
Looking for his return.

She has knotted the keys upon a string,
And with her she has them ta'en ;
She has cast them o'er her left shoulder,
And to the gate she is gane.

* This is a northern corruption for loathly, i. e. loathsome.

She

She tripped out, she tripped in,
 She tript into the yard ;
 But it was more for the king's sake,
 Than for the queen's regard.

It fell out on a day the king
 Brought the queen with him home ;
 And all the lords in our country
 To welcome them did come.

Oh! welcome father, the lady cries,
 Unto your halls and bowers ;
 And so are you, my stepmother,
 For all that is here is yours.

A lord said, wond'ring while she spake,
 This princess of the north
 Surpasses all of female kind,
 In beauty and in worth.

The envious queen replied, at least
 You might have excepted me ;
 In a few hours I will her bring
 Down to a low degree.

I will liken her to a laidley worm,
 That warps about the stone,
 And not, till Childy Wynd * comes back,
 Shall she again be won.

* There is now a street called the Wynd, at Bamberough.

The princess stood at her bower door,
Laughing : who could her blame ?
But e'er the next day's sun went down,
A long worm she became.

For seven miles east, and seven miles west,
And seven miles north and south,
No blade of grass or corn could grow,
So venomous was her mouth.

The milk of seven stately cows,
It was costly her to keep,
Was brought her daily, which she drank
Before she went to sleep.

At this day may be seen the cave,
Which held her folded up,
And the stone trough, the very same
Out of which she did sup.

Word went east, and word went west,
And word is gone over the sea :
That a laidley worm in Spindleston Heughs
Would ruin the north country.

Word went east, and word went west,
And over the sea did go ;
The child of Wynd got wit of it,
Which filled his heart with woe.

He called straight his merry men all,
 They thirty were and three ;
 I wish I were at Spindleston,
 This desperate worm to see.

We have no time now here to waste,
 Hence quickly let us sail ;
 My only sister Margaret
 Something I fear doth ail.

They built a ship without delay,
 With masts of the rown tree *,
 With fluttering fails of silk so fine,
 And set her on the sea.

They went aboard. The wind with speed
 Blew them along the deep ;
 At length they spied an huge square tower
 On a rock high and steep.

The sea was smooth, the weather clear,
 When they approached nigher ;
 King Ida's castle they well knew,
 And the banks of Bamboroughshire.

The queen look'd out at bower window,
 To see what she could see ;
 There she espied a gallant ship
 Sailing upon the sea.

* Mountain ash.

When she beheld the filken fails
Full glancing in the sun,
To sink the ship she sent away
Her witch wives every one.

Their spells were vain. The hags return'd
To the queen in sorrowful mood,
Crying, that witches have no power
Where there is rown-tree wood.

Her last effort — she sent a boat,
Which in the haven lay,
With armed men to board the ship ;
But they were driven away.

The worm leapt up, the worm leapt down,
She'plaited round the stone ;
And as the ship came to the land,
She bang'd it off again.

The child then ran out of her reach ;
The ship on Budle sand,
And, jumping into the shallow sea,
Securely got to land.

And now he drew his bonny brown sword,
And laid it on her head,
And swore if she did hasten to him,
That he wou'd strike her dead.

Oh!

Oh! quit thy sword, and bend thy bow,
 And give me kisses three ;
 For though I am a pois'nous worm,
 No hurt will I do to thee.

Oh! quit thy sword, and bend thy bow,
 And give me kisses three ;
 If I am not won e'er the sun go down,
 Won I shall never be.

He quitted his sword, he bent his bow,—
 He gave her kisses three ;
 She crept into a hole a worm,
 But stept out a lady.

No cloathing had this lady fine
 To keep her from the cold ;
 He took his mantle from him about,
 And round her did it fold.

He has his mantle from him about
 And it he wrapt her in ;
 And they are up to Bamborough castle
 As fast as they can win.

His absence and her serpent shape
 The king had long deplor'd,
 He now rejoic'd to see them both
 Again to him restor'd.

The queen they wanted, whom they found,
 All pale and fore afraid ;
 Because she knew her power must yield
 To Childy Wynd's ; who said,

Woe be to thee, thou wicked witch,
 An ill death may'st thou dee ;
 As thou my fister hast likened,
 So likened shalt thou be.

I will turn thee into a toad,
 That on the ground doth wend ;
 And won and won shalt thou never be,
 Till this world hath an end.

Now on the sands near Ida's tower,
 She crawls a loathsome toad ;
 And venom spits on every maid
 She meets upon the road.

The virgins all of Bamborough town
 Will swear that they have seen
 This spiteful toad of monstrous size,
 Whilst walking they have been.

All folks believe, within the shire,
 This story to be true ;
 And they all run to Spindleston,
 The cave and trough to view.

This fact now Duncan Frazier
 Of Cheviot sings in rhyme ;
 Left Bamboroughshire men should forget,
 Some part of it in time.

XVIII.

King Zayde and Zelindaxa, a Moorish Tale.

From the Spanish.

From among other romances of the most famous feasts and tournaments of the Moors, I have selected one, the original of which must have been very ancient, as it relates the catastrophe of a Moorish knight in the court of one of the kings of Toledo, which city was re-conquered by the Christians in the year 1085. In my translation of it, my only care has been to preserve the literal sense and spirit of the Spanish version. — Carter's Journey from Gibraltar to Malaga.

IN troops of eight, and troops of ten,
 The Alitarian race,
 With many a Saracinian chief,
 Toledo's circus grace :

To throw the cane, and prove their strength,
 With the Azarques bold,
 With Adalife's comely men,
 The tournament to hold.

These

These royal sports the king proclaims
 For peace then lately made
 Between Granada's prince Atarfe
 And Belchite's king Zayde.

But Fame reports, the monarch's love
 For a fair Moorish dame
 Was the true cause of all these feasts :
 Zelindaxa her name.

First to the field, on fiery steeds,
 The Saracini flew,
 Their cloaks and jackets richly shone,
 Of green and orange hue.

Sharp scymeters, embost with gold,
 Each shining target shows ;
 And letters which defiance bore
 Against their country's foes.

Swiftly the Alitares next
 Enter the list'd field ;
 A goodly fight their scarlet coats
 With snow-white flow'rets yield.

Their targets, for device the sky,
 By Atlas propt, did show,
 And a motto fair, which said,
 " Until fatigued I grow."

Next Adalife's gallant knights

O'er the field stately ride,
With coats of red and yellow clad,
A veil * to each arm tied.

A double knot was their device,

By a wild man undone,
On whose enormous club was writ,
" This through our valour won."

The last, but bravest troop, the Moor

Azarque most portly leads :
Their vests were purple mixt with blue,
And plumes adorn their heads.

On their green shields §, with azure ground,

Two joined hands are seen,
And the letters there inscribed,
" Surrounded by the green."

* Almayzal is the Arabic name of a striped silken veil, or head-dress, worn by the Moorish women. It was the usual favour, in the days of knight-errantry, for the ladies to give them to their knights, who tied them as a signal on their arms, as being the most conspicuous place.

§ Green was the peculiar colour affected by Mahomet, his descendants, and the princes of the Mahometan faith: this device shews, that Zelindaxa was of royal blood.

The

The furious king this emblem read,
 And, jealous, could not bear
 That Zelindaxa's heart with him
 Another man should share.

To Selim, his Alcayde, he said,
 " This Sun, which shines so bright,
 " And dares, in my despite, to blaze,
 " Shall quenched be this night."

With matchless art, resistless force,
 Azarque now throws his cane,
 * And as his courser measures back
 With speed the dusty plain,

* The chief art in the Juego de Canas is, to ride full-speed, throw the cane at a certain mark, and then suddenly turn the horse back with equal swiftness. It was surely invented to train their horses to the Arabian manner of riding up to their enemy, and, after casting javelins, retreating with expedition before the adversary could return their stroke. This custom, as old as the Parthian empire in the east, is, to this day, practised in Arabia. Niehebuhr, in his description of that country, has given us a plate wherein the dola or governor and principal Arabs of Loheia in Yemen are represented in quadrilles, throwing canes at each other.

His present Catholick majesty revived this sport, on the marriage of the prince of Asturias, at Madrid, where the quadrilles were composed of the noblest youth in the kingdom, headed each by a prince of the blood.

The admiring croud tumultuous shout,
 "Alha thee fave!" they cry:
 The ladies, from the royal seats,
 Applaud him passing by.

Transported Zelindaxa throws
 * Perfumes upon her knight.
 The king, with bitter grief and rage,
 At this heart-breaking fight,

Calls to the cavaliers to cast
 Their slender canes away,
 And the presumptuous Azarque
 To seize without delay.

Two of the four quadrilles, with haste,
 Take lances in their hands;
 For who shall venture to resist
 An angry king's commands?

The other two would fain have fought,
 Their utmost aid to lend;
 But Azarque cries, "In vain you try
 "To save your wretched friend.

* The Spanish ladies have retained from the Moors their gallant way of throwing rose-water, perfumes, flowers, &c. on their lovers and favourites, as they pass under their balconies during the carnival; a liberty allowed at no other season. Many a lady waits the return of the carnival, to make this tacit declaration of her sentiments.

“ Put

“ Put down your lances ; let them come
 “ And strike the deadly blow ;
 “ That I a lover true expire,
 “ This fatal day shall show.”

Azarque, at length, o’ercome and seiz’d,
 With grief the people see,
 And take up arms to give him help,
 So well belov’d was he,

From her balcony Zelindaxa
 Exclaims, with all her might,
 “ Save him, ye Moors, O save him now,
 “ Preserve my faithful knight.”

Then headlong down she strives to throw
 Her self in fell despair ;
 Her mother holds her in her arms,
 And soothes her frantic care.

“ Dost thou not see, my daughter dear,
 “ That nothing can withstand
 “ What a stern, royal lover’s rage
 “ Shall cruelly command ?”

A message from the monarch came,
 Enjoining her to choose
 In some relation’s secret house,
 Her liberty to lose.

Fair Zelindaxa to the king

Made straightway this reply :

“ The memory of Azarque shall be

“ My prifon till I die.

“ And thou shalt fee that I will dare

“ Refift with conftancy,

“ Whate'er a favage, bloody king

“ May impiously decree.”

XIX.

The Spanish Tragedy ; containing the lamentable murder of Horatio and Bellimperia : with the pitiful death of old Hieronimo.

To the tune of queen Dido.

YOU that have loft your former joys,

And now in woe your lives do lead ;

Feeding on nought but dire annoys,

Thinking your griefs all griefs exceed ;

Affure yourselves it is not fo ;

Lo here a fight of greater woe.

Haplefs

Hapless Hieronimo was my name,
On whom fond fortune smiled long ;
But now her flattering smiles I blame,
Her flattering smiles hath done me wrong.
 Would I had died in tender years :
 Then had not been this cause of tears.

I marshal was in prime of years,
And won great honour in the field ;
Until that age with silver'd hairs
My aged head had overspread.
 Then left I war and staid at home,
 And gave my honour to my son.

Horatio, my sweet only child,
Prickt forth by Fame's aspiring wings,
Did so behave him in the field,
That he prince Balthazer captive brings.
 And with great honour did present
 Him to the king incontinent.

The duke of Castile's daughter then
Desir'd Horatio to relate
The death of her beloved friend,
Her love Andrea's woeful fate.
 But when she knew who had him slain,
 She vow'd she would revenge the same.

Then

Then more to vex prince Balthazer,
Because he slew her chiefeft friend ;
She chofe my fon for her chief flower,
Thereby meaning to work revenge.

But mark what then did ftraight befall,
To turn my fweet to bitter gall.

Lorenzo then to find the caufe,
Why that his fifter was unkind ;
At laft he found within a pause,
How he might found her fecret mind.

Which for to bring well to effect,
To fetch her man he doth direct.

Who being come into his fight,
He threat'neth for to rid his life ;
Except ftraitways he fould recite,
His fifter's love, the caufe of strife.

Compell'd, therefore, t'unfold his mind,
Said with Horatio ſhe's combin'd.

The villain, then, for hope of gain,
Did ftraight convey them to the place
Where thefe two lovers did remain,
Joying in fight of other's face.

And to their foes they did impart
The place where they ſhould joy their heart.

Prince Balthazer, with his compeers,
Enters my bower all in the night,
And there my son slain they uprear,
The more to work my greater spight.

But as I lay and took repose,
A voice I heard, whereat I rose.

And finding then his senseless form,
The murderers I sought to find,
But missing them I stood forlorn,
As one amazed in his mind.

And rent and pull'd my silver'd hair,
And curs'd and damn'd each thing was there.

And that I would revenge the fame,
I dipt a napkin in his blood :
Swearing to work their woeful bane,
That so had spoil'd my chiefest good.

And that I would not it forget,
It always at my heart I kept.

THE SECOND PART.

To the same Tune.

TH E N Ifabella, my dear wife,
 Finding her son bereav'd of breath,
 And loving him dearer than life
 Her own hand straight doth work her death.
 And now their deaths doth meet in one ;
 My griefs are come, my joys are gone.

Then frantickly I ran about,
 Filling the air with mournful groans,
 Because I had not yet found out
 The murtherers to ease my moans.
 I rent and tore each thing I got,
 And said, and did, I knew not what.

Thus as I past the streets, hard by
 The duke of Castile's house, as then
 A letter there I did espy,
 Which show'd Horatio's woeful end.
 Which Bellimperia forth had flung,
 From prison, where they kept her strong.

Then

Then to the court forthwith I went,
And of the king did justice crave ;
But by Lorenzo's bad intent,
I hindred was, which made me rave.
Then vexed more I stamp'd and frown'd,
And with my poignard ript the ground.

But false Lorenzo put me out,
And told the king then by and by,
That frantickly I ran about,
And of my son did always cry,
And said, 'twere good I would resign
My marshal-ship, which griev'd my mind.

The duke of Castile hearing then,
How I did grudge still at his son,
Did send for me to make us friends :
To stay the rumour then begun.
Whereto I straightway gave consent,
Although in heart I never meant.

Sweet Bellimperia comes to me,
Thinking my son I had forgot,
To see me with his foes agree,
The which I never meant, God wot :
But when we knew each other's mind,
To work revenge a mean I find.

Then bloody Baltazar enters in,
 Entreating me to shew some sport
 Unto his father and the king :
 That to his nuptial did resort.
 Which gladly I prepar'd to show,
 Because I knew 'twould work their woe.

And from the chronicles of Spain,
 I did record Erastus' life ;
 And how the Turk had him so slain,
 And straight revenge wrought by his wife.
 Then for to act this tragedy,
 I gave their parts immediately.

Sweet Bellimperia Balthazer kills,
 Because he slew her dearest friend,
 And I Lorenzo's blood did spill,
 And eke his soul to hell did fend.
 Then died my foes by dint of knife,
 But Bellimperia ends her life.

Then for to specify my wrongs,
 With weeping eyes and mournful heart,
 I shew'd my son with bloody wounds,
 And eke the murtherers did impart.
 And said, my son was as dear to me,
 As thine, or thine, though kings you be.

But

But when they did behold this thing,
How I had slain their only sons :
The duke, the viceroy, and the king,
Upon me all they straight did run.
To torture me they do prepare,
Unless I should it straight declare.

But that I would not tell it then,
Even with my teeth I bit my tongue,
And in despite did give it them,
That me with torments sought to wrong.
Thus when in age I sought to rest,
Nothing but sorrows me oppress.

They knowing well that I could write,
Unto my hand a pen did reach,
Meaning thereby I should recite
The authors of this bloody fetch.
Then feigned I my pen was naught,
And by strange signs a knife I sought.

But when to me they gave the knife,
I kill'd the duke then standing by,
And eke myself bereav'd of life,
For I to see my son did hie.
The kings that scorn'd my grief before,
With nought can they their joys restore.

Here

Here have you heard my tragick tale,
 Which on Horatio's death depends,
 Whose death I could anew bewail,
 But that in it the murderers' ends.

For murder God will bring to light,
 Though long it be hid from man's fight.

XX.

Roman charity, a worthy example of a virtuous wife,
 who fed her father with her own milk, he being com-
 manded by the emperor to be starved to death, but
 afterwards pardoned.

The following song is very popular, but the history of it very little known. It is reported, the nobleman here mentioned was one Petrus, a Roman, and first minister to Tiberius Cæsar, whose empress having a mind to ruin him, feigned herself in love with him, and so artfully played her part, that he really was enamoured, and an appointment made, which she betrayed to Tiberius, who immediately cast his minister into prison, there to be starved. And, indeed, this notion has so far prevailed, that the pictures of this fact are generally known

known by the name of Roman Charity. But how they could imagine that Valerius Maximus, who lived in that emperor's time, and dedicated his works to him, should touch upon so tender a point, is something strange. — There are others who have just got the name, and tell us 'twas Cimon the Athenian, the son of Miltiades, who when his father's creditors would not suffer him to be buried, the son piously offered himself up to them, and was conducted to prison, whilst the father's corps was carried to the funeral pile; but being soon enabled to pay off the debts, he became chief of the Athenians. To this they add, that in process of time, he was by the state sentenced to be starved to death; but that heaven, who would not leave his filial piety unrewarded, had given him a daughter endued with the same generous and divine qualities, and who ventured her life to save her father. — Mr. Murphy, on the circumstance of a daughter preserving her father in the manner here mentioned, has produced a very popular tragedy called the Grecian Daughter.

IN Rome, I read, a nobleman
 The emperor did offend,
 And for that fault he was adjudg'd,
 Unto a cruel end:
 That he should be in prison cast,
 With irons many a one,
 And there be famish'd unto death,
 And brought to skin and bone.

And more, if any one were known,
By night, or yet by day,
To bring him any kind of food,
His hunger to allay,
The emperor swore a mighty oath,
Without remorse, quoth he,
They shall sustain the cruelest death
That can devised be.

This cruel sentence once pronounc'd,
The nobleman was cast
Into a dungeon dark and deep,
With irons fetter'd fast :
Where, when he had with hunger great
Remained ten days space,
And tasted neither meat nor drink,
In a most woeful case ;

The tears along his aged face
Most piteously did fall,
And grievously he did begin
For to complain withal :
O Lord quoth he, What shall I do,
So hungry, Lord, am I ?
For want of bread, one bit of bread
I perish, starve and die !

How precious is one grain of wheat,
Unto my hungry soul,
One crust, or crumb, or little piece,
My hunger to controul !
Had I this dungeon heap'd with gold,
I would forego it all,
To buy and purchase one brown loaf,
Yea, were it ne'er so small.

O that I had but ev'ry day
One bid of bread to eat,
Tho' ne'er so mouldy, black or brown,
My comfort would be great ;
Yea, albeit I took it up,
Trode down in dirt and mire,
It would be pleasing to my taste,
And sweet to my desire.

Good lord ! how happy is the hind,
That labours all the day,
The drudging mule, the peasant poor,
That at command do stay,
They have their ordinary meals,
They take no heed at all,
Of those sweet crumbs and crusts that they
Do carelessly let fall.

How happy is that little chick,
That without fear may go
And pick up those most precious crumbs
Which they away do throw :
O that some pretty little mouse
So much my friend would be,
To bring some old forsaken crust
Into this place to me.

But oh ! my heart, it is in vain,
No succour can I have,
No meat, nor drink, nor water eke,
My loathed life to save :
O bring some bread for Christ his sake,
Some bread, some bread for me ;
I die, I die for want of food,
None but stone walls I see.

Thus day and night he cried out,
In most outrageous sort,
That all the people far and near
Were griev'd at this report.
And tho' that many friends he had
And daughters in the town,
Yet none durst come to succour him,
Fearing the emperor's frown.

Yet now behold one daughter dear
 He had, as I do find,
 Who liv'd in his displeasure great,
 For matching 'gainst his mind.
 Altho' she liv'd in mean estate,
 She was a virtuous wife,
 And for to help her father dear,
 She ventur'd thus her life.

She quickly to her sisters went,
 And of them did intreat,
 That by some secret means they would
 Convey their father meat.
 Our father dear doth starve, she said,
 The emperor's wrath is such,
 He dies, alas! for want of food,
 Whereof we have too much.

Pray, sisters, therefore, use some means
 His life for to preserve,
 And suffer not your father dear
 In prison for to starve.
 Alas! quoth they, what shall we do
 His hunger to sustain?
 You know 'tis death for any one
 That would his life maintain.

And tho' we wish him well, quoth they,
We never will agree
To spoil ourselves ; we had as lief
That he should die as we.
And, sifter, if you love yourself,
Let this attempt alone,
Tho' you do ne'er so secret work,
At length it will be known.

Oh ! hath our father brought us up
And nourish'd us, quoth she,
And shall we now forsake him quite,
In his extremity ?
No, I will venture life and limb,
To do my father good ;
The worst that is, I can but die,
To fit a tyrant's mood.

With that in haste, away she hies,
And to the prison goes,
But with her woeful father dear
She might not speak, God knows ;
Except the emperor would grant
Her favour in that case,
The keeper would admit no wight
To enter in that place.

Then

Then she unto the emperor hies,
And falling on her knee
With wringed hands, and bitter tears,
These words pronounced she
My hopeless father, sovereign lord,
Offending of your grace,
Is judg'd unto a pining death,
Within a woeful place,

Which I confess he hath deserv'd,
Yet, mighty prince, quoth she,
Vouchsafe in gracious sort, to grant
One simple boon to me :
It chanced so, I match'd myself
Against my father's mind,
Whereby I did procure his wrath,
As fortune hath assign'd.

And seeing now the time is come,
He must resign his breath,
Vouchsafe that I may speak to him
Before his hour of death :
And reconcile myself to him,
His favour to obtain ;
That when he dyes, I may not then
Under his curse remain.

The emperor granted her request
Conditionally, that she
Each day unto her father came,
Should thoroughly searched be.
No meat nor drink she with her brought
To help him there distrest,
But every day she nourish'd him
With milk from her own breast.

Thus by her milk he was preserv'd
A twelvemonth and a day,
And was as fair and fat to see,
Yet no man knew which way :
The emperor musing much thereat,
At length did understand
How he was fed, and not his law
Was broke at any hand.

And much admired at the same ;
And her great virtue shone :
He pardon'd him, and honour'd her
With great preferments known.
Her father ever after that,
Did love her as his life,
And blest the day that she was made
A loving wedded wife.

XXI.

WARS OF EDWARD III.

By Laurence Minot, who was Chaucer's cotemporary.

EDWARD oure cumly king
 In Braband has his woning,
 With mani a cumly knight,
 And in that land, trewly to tell,
 Ordains he still for to dwell,
 To time he think to fight.

Now God that es of mightes masse,
 Grant him grace of the Haly Gaste,
 His heritage to win ;
 And Mari moder of mercy fre,
 Save oure king, and his menze,
 Fro sorow, and schame, and syn.

Thus in Braband has he bene,
 Whare he bifore was seldom sene,
 For to prove thaire japes ;
 Now no langer wil he spare,
 Bot unto Fraunce fast will he fare,
 To comfort him with grapes.

Furth

Furth he ferd into France,
 God save him fro mischance,
 And all his cumpany ;
 The nobill duc of Braband
 With him went into that land,
 Redy to lif or dye.

Than the riche floure de lice
 Wan thare ful litill prife,
 Fast he fled for ferde ;
 The right aire* of that cuntree
 Es cumen with all his knightes fre
 To schact† him him by the berd,

Sir Philip the Valayse,
 Wit his men in tho dayes,
 To batale had he thocht ;
 He bad his men tham purvay
 Withowten longer delay,
 Bot he ne held it nocht,

He broght folk ful grete wone,
 Ay fevyn ogains one,
 That ful wele wapind were ; ‡
 Bot sone when he herd ascry,
 That king Edward was nere thereby,
 Than durst he nocht cum nere.

* Heir. † Shake. ‡ Weaponed, armed.

In that morning fell a myst ;
 And when oure Inglis men it wist,
 It changed all thaire chere :
 Oure king unto God made his bone,
 And God sent him gude confort sone,
 The weder wex ful clere.

Oure king and his men held the felde,
 Stalworthy with spere and schelde,
 And thocht to win his right ;
 With lordes and with knightes kene,
 And other doghty men bydene,
 That war ful frek to fight.

When sir Philip of France herd tell,
 That king Edward in feld walld dwell,
 Than gayned him no gle ;
 He traisted of no better bote,
 Bot both on hors and on fote,
 He hasted him to fle.

It semid he was ferd for strokes,
 When he did fell his grete okes
 About his pavilyoune.
 Abated was than all his pride,
 For langer thare durst he nocht bide,
 His boft was broght all doune.

The king of Beme had cares colde,
 That was fur, hardy, and bolde,
 A stede to amstride :
 The king als of Naverne
 War faire feld in the ferene,
 Thaire heviddes for to hide.

And leves wele, it is no lye,
 And feld hat Flemangrye
 That king Edward was in ;
 With princes that war stif and bolde,
 And dukes that war doghty tolde,
 In batayle to begin.

The princes that war rich on raw,
 Gert nakers strikes and trumpets blaw, §
 And made mirth at thaire might ;
 Both arblast and many a bow,
 War redy railed upon a row,
 And full frek for to fight.

Gladly thai gaf mete and drink,
 So that thai fuld the better swink,
 The wight men that thar ware :
 Sir Philip of Fraunce fled for dout,
 And hied him hame with all his rout,
 Coward God giff him care.

§ In glittering ranks, made the drums, &c.

For thare than had the lely flowre
 Lorn all halely his honowre,
 That so gat fled for ferd;
 Bot oure king Edward come ful still,
 When that he'trowed no harm till,
 And keped him in the berde.

XXII.

A rufull lamentation on the death of queen Elizabeth,
 wife of Henry VII. and mother of Henry VIII.
 who died in childbed in 1503.

By Sir Thomas Moore.

WHERE are our castels now, where are our towers?
 Goodly Rychemonde,* sone art thou gone from me!
 At Westmynster that costly worke of yours
 Myne owne dere lorde, now shall I never se!†
 Almighty God vouchsafe to graunt that ye
 For you and your children well may edify,
 My palace byldyd is, and lo now here I ly.—

* The palae of Richmond.

† King Henry VII.'s chapel, begun in the year 1502. The year before the queen died.

Farewell

Farewell my doughter, lady Margaret! §
 God wotte, full oft it greved hath my mynde
 That ye should go where we should feldom mete,
 Now I am gone and have left you behynde.
 O mortall folke, that we be very blynde!
 That we lest feere, full oft it is most nye:
 From you depart I must, and lo now here I lye.

Farewell, madame, my lordes worthy mother! ||
 Comforte your son, and be ye of good chere.
 Take all a worth, for it will be no nother,
 Farewell my doughter Katharine, late the fere
 To Prince Arthur myne owne chyld so dere. †
 It boteth not for me to wepe and cry,
 Pray for my fowle, for lo now here I lye.

Adew lord Henry, my loving sonne adew,*
 Our lord encrease your honour and estate,
 Adew my doughter Mary, bright of hew, ‡
 God make you vertuous, wyfe, and fortunate.

§ Married in 1503 to James IV. king of Scotland.

|| Margaret countess of Richmond.

† Catharine of Spain, wife of her son prince Arthur, now dead.

* Afterwards king Henry VIII.

‡ Afterwards queen of France, re-married to Charles Brandon,
 duke of Suffolk.

Adew,

Adew, swete hart, my little doughter Kate,||
 Thou shalt, swete babe, such is thy destiny,
 Thy mother never know, for lo now here I ly.§

XXIII.

Marriage of Margaret, daughter of Henry VII. to
 James IV. king of Scotland, in 1502, of whom it
 is related, that having taken arms against his own fa-
 ther, he imposed on himself the voluntary penance of
 continually wearing an iron chain about his waist.†

O FAYER, fayrest of every fayre,
 Princes moſte pleſaunte and preclare,
 The luſtieſt on lyve that bene,
 Welcum of Scotland to be quene.

Yong

|| The queen died within a few days after she was delivered
 of this infant, the princeſs Catharine, who did not long ſurvive
 her mother's death.

§ WORKES, ut ſupr.

† Buchanan relates that in the reign of this prince, viz. in
 the year 1489, was born in Scotland a creature reſembling a
 man-child from the navel downward, but of both ſexes upward.
 By the ſpecial order of the king it was educated and inſtructed

Yong tender plant of pulchritude,
 Descendith of imperial blood,
 Fresh fragrant flower of fayrehode shene,
 Welcum of Scotland to be quene.

Sweet lufy imp of bewtie clere,
 Moste mighty kings dowghter dere,
 Borne of a princes most serene,
 Welcum of Scotland to be quene.

Welcum the rose both red and whyte,
 Welcum the flower of our delyte,
 Our spirit rejoicing from the splene,
 Welcum of Scotland to be quene.

in languages, and in music particularly, in which it arrived to an admirable degree of skill. This creature, as it had two distinct bodies upwards, had also several wills and appetites, the one often advising and consulting, and at other times differing, and even quarrelling, with the other. It lived twenty-eight years. Buchanan's relation is founded on the testimony of many honest and credible persons living in his time, who he says were eye-witnesses of this prodigy. Rer. Scot. lib. XIII,

Doleful

XXIV.

Doleful complaints of Anne Boleyn.

The two following short poems appear, by the manuscript from which they were taken, to have been composed about the time of Henry VIII. They were communicated by a very judicious antiquary lately deceased, whose opinion of them was, that they were written either by, or in the person of Anne Boleyn; a conjecture which her unfortunate history renders very probable.

I.

DEFILED is my name full sore,
 Through cruel spyte and false report,
 That I may say for evermore,
 Farewell, my joy! adewe, comfort!

For wrongfully ye judge of me,
 Unto my fame a mortall wounde:
 Say what ye lyst it will not be,
 Ye seek for that cannot be found.

II.

O death, rocke me on slepe,
 Bringe me on quiet reste,
 Let passe my very giltles goste,
 Out of my carefull brest ;
 Toll on the passinge bell,
 Ringe out the dolefull knell,
 Let the founde my dethe tell,
 For I must dye,
 There is no remedy,
 For now I dye.

My paynes who can expres ?
 Alas! they are so stronge,
 My dolor will not suffer strength,
 My lyfe for to prolonge ;
 Toll on the passinge bell,
 Ringe out the dolefull knell,
 Let the found my dethe tell,
 For I must dye,
 There is no remedye,
 For now I dye.

Alone in prison stronge,
 I wayle my destenye ;
 Wo worth this cruel hap that I
 Should taste this miserye.

Toll

Toll on the passing bell,
 Ringe out the dolefull knell,
 Let the founde my dethe tell,
 For I must dye,
 There is no remedy,
 For now I dye.

Farewell my pleasures past,
 Welcum my present payne,
 I fele my torments so increse,
 That lyfe cannot remayne.
 Cease now the passing bell,
 Rong is my doleful knell,
 For the sound my deth doth tell,
 Deth doth draw nye,
 Sound my end dolefully,
 For now I dye.

XXV.

The earl of Surrey's lamentation on his imprisonment
 in Windsor castle.

*The following was written in the reign of Henry VIII.
 by Henry Howard, earl of Surrey, that ornament of a
 boisterous yet not unpolished court. The earl has been ce-
 lebrated by Drayton, Dryden, Fenton, and Pope; illus-*

trated by his own muse, and lamented for his unhappy and unmerited death. "A man," as Sir Walter Raleigh says, "no less valiant than learned, and of excellent hopes." On the 15th of January, 1547, the earl of Surrey was tried at Guildhall, on a frivolous charge of high treason, by a jury of commoners, before the lord chancellor, the lord mayor, and other commissioners. He defended himself with great eloquence and spirit, but the jury found him guilty, and the unfortunate nobleman was, by the king's command, a few days after, beheaded on Tower-hill.—Vide Walpole's catalogue of royal and noble authors, vol. I. p. 100.

SO cruel prison, how coulde betyde, alas,
As proude Windfor! * where I, in lust and joye, †
With a kynges sonne ‡ my childishe yeres did passe,
In greater feast than Priam's sonnes of Troye.

Where eche swete place returnes a taste full sower :
The large grene courtes where we were wont to hove, §

* How could the stately castle of Windfor become so miserable a prison.

† In unrestrained gaiety and pleasure.

‡ With the young duke of Richmond.

§ To hover, to loiter in expectation. So Chaucer, *TROIL.*
CRES. B. 5. ver. 33.

But at the yate there she should outride
With certain folk he lov'd her t' abide.

With eyes cast up into the mayden's tower,*
And easie fighes, such as men drawe in love :

The stately feates, the ladies bright of hewe,
The daunces shorte, long tales of great delight,
With wordes and lookes that tigers could but rewe ; †
Where ech of us did pleade the others right.

The palme-play, ‡ where, dispoyled for the game, §
With dazed yies, || oft we by gleames of love,

* Swift's joke about the maids of honour being lodged at Windfor in the round tower, in queen Anne's time, is too well known and too indelicate to be repeated here. But in the present instance, Surrey speaks loofely and poetically in making the MAIDEN-TOWER, the true reading, the residence of the women. The Maiden-tower was common in other castles, and means the principal tower, of the greatest strength and defence. MAIDEN is a corruption of the old French *Magne*, or *Mayne*, great. Thus Maidenhead, (properly Maidenhithe) in Berkshire, signifies the *great* port or wharf on the river Thames. So also *Mayden-Bradley* in Wiltshire is the *great Bradley*. The old Roman camp near Dorchester in Dorsetshire, a noble work, is called *Maiden Castle*, the capital fortrefs in those parts. We have *Maiden-down* in Somersfetshire with the same signification. A thousand other instances might be given. Hearne, not attending to this etymology, absurdly supposes, in one of his Prefaces, that a strong bastion in the old walls of the city of Oxford, called the MAIDEN-TOWER, was a prison for confining the prostitutes of the town.

† Pity.

‡ At ball.

§ Rendered unfit, or unable, to play.

|| Dazzled eyes.

Have mist the ball, and got fight of our dame,
To bayte * her eyes which kept the leads above. †

The gravell ground, ‡ with sleeves tied on the helme, §
On fomyng horse, with swordes and frendly hartes;
With cheare || as though one should another whelme, ¶
Where we have fought and chafed oft with dartes. —

The secret groves, which ofte we made refounde
Of plefaunt playnt, and of our ladies praise,
Recording ofte what grace ** ech one had founde,
What hope of speede, †† what drede of long delayes.

* To tempt, to catch.

† The ladies were ranged on the leads, or battlements, to see the play.

‡ The ground, or area, was strown with gravel, where they were trained in chivalry.

§ At tournaments they fixed the sleeves of their mistresses on some part of their armour.

|| Looks.

¶ Destroy.

** Favour with his mistress.

†† Or, Success.

The wilde forest, the clothed holtes with grene,
 With raynes avayled,* and swift ybreathed horse,
 With crie of houndes, and merry blastes betwene
 Where we did chafe the fearful harte of force.

The wide vales †eke, that harbourd us ech night,
 Wherewith, alas, reviveth in my brest
 The sweete accorde! Such slepes as yet delight:
 The pleasant dreames, the quiet bed of rest.

The secret thoughtes imparted with such trust;
 The wanton talke, the divers change of play;
 The frendship sworne, eche promise kept so just,
 Wherewith we past the winter night away.

And

* The holtes, or thick woods, clothed in green. So in another place he says, fol. 3.

My speckled cheeks with Cupid's hue.

That is, "Cheeks speckled with," &c.

† With loosened reins. So in his fourth Aeneid, the fleet is "ready to AVALE." That is, to LOOSEN from shore. So again in Spenser's FEBRUARIE:

They wont in the wind wagge their wriggle tayles,
 Pearke as a peacocke, but now it AVAYLES.

"AVAYLE their tayles," to drop or lower. So also in his DECEMBER:

By that the welked Phebus gan AVAYLE
 His wearie waine. —

And with this thought the bloud forfakes the face ;
 The teares berayne my chekes of deadly hewe,
 The whych as fone as fobbing fighes, alas,
 Upfupped have, thus I my plaint renewe !

And in the Faerie Queene, with the true spelling, i. i. 21. Of Nilus :

But when his latter ebbe gins to AVALE.

To VALE, or *avale*, *the bonnet*, was a phrase for lowering the bonnet, or pulling off the hat. The word occurs in Chaucer. TR. CRESS. iii. 627.

That such a raine from heaven gan AVAILE.

And in the fourth book of his BOETHIUS : “ The light fire arifeth
 “ into height, and the hevie yerthes AVAILEN by their weightes.”
 pag. 394. col. 2. edit. Urr. From the French verb AVALER, which
 is from their adverb AVAL, *downward*. See also Hearne’s GLOSS.
 ROB. BR. p. 524. Drayton uses this word, where perhaps it is
 not properly understood. ECL. iv. p. 1404, edit. 1753 :

With that, she gan to VALE her head,
 Her cheeks were like the rofes red,
 But not a word she faid, &c.

That is, she did not veil, or cover, but VALED, held down her head for shame.

Probably the true reading is *wales* or *walls*. That is, lodgings, apartments, &c. These poems were very corruptly printed by Tottel.

“ O place

" O place of blisse, renewer of my woos !
 " Give me accompt, where is my noble fere, *
 " Whom in thy walles thou dost † each night enclose,
 " To other leefe, ‡ but unto me most dere ! "

Eccho, alas, that doth my sorrow rew§
 Returnes therto a hollow founde of playnte.
 Thus I alone, where all my fredom grewe,
 In prison pine, with bondage and restrainte.
 And with remembrance of the greater greefe
 To banish th' leffe, I find my chief releefe. ||

* Companion.

† We should read, *didst*.

‡ Dear to others, to all.

§ Pity.

|| Fol. 6. 7,

XXVI.

Caveat against idle rumours.

Written about the year 1550.

CONSIDERING this world, and th' increse of vyce,
 Stricken into dump, right much I mused,
 That no manner of man be he never so wyse,
 From all forts thereof can be excused.

And one vyce there is, the more it is used,
 Mo inconveniencs shall grow day by day,
 And that is this, let it be refused,
 Geve no sure credens to every herefay.

Lyght womens thoughts wyll runne at large,
 Whether the tayle be false or just:
 Tydyngs of alehouse or Gravesend barge,
 Bere-baytings or barbers shopes is not to trust.

An enemies tayle is sone distrust,
 Ye shall perceve it parshall alway,
 To all the foresayd refrayn we must,
 To geve sure credens to every herefay.

Though heresay be trew, as perchaunce may fall,
Yet fyr not thy credens to high,
And though the teller seem right substantial,
And tell but heresay, why may he not lye ?

Then betwyxt lyght credens and a tonge hafty,
Surely the gyltles is cast away,
Condempanyng the absent, that is unworthy,
So passyth a lyfe from heresay to heresay.

Good Lord ! how some wyll wyth a loud voyce,
Tell a tale after the best forte,
And some herers how they wyll rejoyce,
To here of theyr neybour's ill report !

As though it were a matter of comfort,
Herein our charite doth decay,
And some maketh it but game and sport,
To tell a lye after the heresay.

Tell a good tale of God or some saynt,
Or of some mirakels lately done ;
Some wyll beleve it hard and stent,
And take it after a full lyght facyon :

We here say Christ suffrid passion,
And man shall revert to earth and clay,
The rychest or strongest know not how soone,
Beleve well now this, for true is that heresay.

XXVII.

THE LOVER'S INDIFFERENCE.

IF reason did rule,
 And witt kept scoole,
 Discretion shoulde take place,
 And heave our heavines,
 Which banished quietnes,
 And made hym hide his face.

Sith time hath tried,
 And truth hath spied,
 That fained faith is flatterie,
 Why should disdaine
 Thus over me raigne,
 And hold me in captivity?

Why shoulde cause my harte to brake,
 By favoring foolishne fantasie;
 Why should dispare me all to teare,
 Why shoulde I joyne with jelosie?

Why

OLD BALLADS.

Why should I trust,
That never was juste,
Or love her that loves manye ;
Or to lament
Time past and spent,
Whereof there is no recoverie ?

For if that I
Should thus applye,
Myselfe in all I can ;
Truth to take place,
Where never truth was,
I weare a foolish man.

Sett foorth is by science,
Declare it doth experience,
By the frute to know the tree ;
Then if a faininge flatterer,
To gaine a faithful lover,
It may in no wise be.

Therefore farewell flatterie,
Fained faith and jelse,
Truth my tale shall tell ;
Reason now shall rule,
Witt shall kepe the scoole,
And bed you all farewell.

XXVIII.

The batchelor's plea against matrimony.

TH E batchelor most joyfullye,
In pleasant plight doth' passe his daies,
Good fellowship and companie
He doth maintaine and kepe alwaie.

With damfells brave he maye well goe,
The married man cannot doe so,
If he be merie and toy with any,
His wife will frowne, and words geve manye ;

Her yellow hose she strait will put on,
So that the married man dare not displease his wife Joane.

XXIX.

The batchelor's plea for matrimony.

DOWN to the vale of life I tend,
 Where hoary age creeps flowly on :
 And with the burd'ning thought I bend,
 That youth and all its joys are gone!

Successive years have roll'd away
 In fancied views of future blifs :
 But—'twere the phantom of a day—
 And all that future dies in this.

Now with a retrospective eye,
 I look far back to early life,
 When Hymen promis'd to supply
 My highest wishes in—a wife.

I waited, hop'd, and trusted still
 That time would bring th' expected day :
 But never, happ'ly, to my will,
 Did fortune throw it in my way.

Too nice, too wise, too proud was I,
 To wed as taught by nature's rule;
 The world was still to chuse for me—
 And I—the condescending fool.

Hence are my days a barren round
 Of trifling hopes, and idle fears:
 For life, true life, is only found
 In social joys, and social tears.

Let moping monks, and rambling rakes,
 The joys of wedded love deride:
 Their manners rise from gross mistakes,
 Unbridled lust, or gloomy pride.

Thy sacred sweets, connubial love,
 Flow from affections more refin'd;
 Affections sacred to the dove,
 Heroic, constant, warm and kind.

Hail, holy flame! hail, sacred tye!
 That binds two gentle souls in one!—
 On equal wings their troubles fly,
 In equal streams their pleasures run.

Their duties still their pleasures bring;
 Hence joys in swift succession come:
 A queen is she, and he's a king,
 And their dominion is—their home.

Happy

Happy the youth who finds a bride
In sprightly days of health and ease :
Whose temper to his own allied,
No knowledge seeks but how to please.

A thousand sweets their days attend !
A thousand comforts rise around !
Here husband, parent, wife, and friend,
In every dearest sense is found.

Yet think not, man, 'midst scenes so gay,
That clouds and storms will never rise ;
A cloud may dim the brightest day,
And storms disturb the calmest skies.

But still their bliss shall stand its ground ;
Nor shall their comforts hence remove ;
Bitters are oft salubrious found,
And lovers' quarrels heighten love.

The lights and shades, and goods, and ills,
Thus finely blended in their fate,
To sweet submission bow their wills,
And make them happy in their state.

XXX.

THE SYMPATHISING LOVER.

Written about 1550.

JHONE is fike and ill at ease,
 I am full forry for Jhone's diseafe;
 Alak good Jhone what may you please?
 I shall beare the cost be sweet sent Denys.

She is so prety in every degre,
 Good lord who may a goodlyer be
 In favoure and in facyon lo will ye se,
 But it were an angell of the Trinite.
 Alak good Jhone what may you please?
 I shal beare the cost be swete sent Denys.

Her countynaunce with her lynyacion,
 To hym that wolde of such recreacion,
 That God hath ordent in his first formacion,
 Myght wel be called conjuracion.
 Alak good Jhone what may you please?
 I shall beare the cost be swete sent Denys.

She

She is my lytel prety one,
 What shulde I fay? my mynde is gone,
 Yff she and I were togethir alone,
 I wis she will not gyve me a bone,
 Alas good Jhone shall all my mone
 Be lost so fone?*

I am a fole,
 Leve this array,
 Another day
 We shall both play,
 When we are fole.†

XXXI.

THE AMOROUS DISTRESS.

Written about 1550.

HAVE I not cause to mourn, alas!
 Ever whiles that my lyfe do dure;
 Lamenting thus my forrowful case
 In fighes deepe without recure?
 Now remembryng my hard adventure,

* i. e. treat me with contempt.

† Together, or by ourselves.

Mervellously makyng my hart wo :
 Alas ! her lokes have perfed me fo !
 Sad is her chere with color-chryftyne,
 More fairer of loke than fayer Elyn,
 Eyes gray, clerer than columbyne,
 Never a fweter of nature femynyne ;
 Goodly in port, O what a pastyme and joy
 Have I when I behold her !

Wofully oppressed wyth forrow and payne,
 Wyth fyghing my hart and body in distre's,
 Grevously tormented through difdayne,
 Lackyng the company of my lady and myftres,
 Whych to atayne is yet remedyles ;
 But God of his grace surely me fend
 By sorrows importunate joyfully to amend.

Is it not sure a dedly payne,
 To you I fay that lovers be,
 When faythful harts must needs refrayn
 The one the other for to see ?
 I you assure ye may trust me,
 Of all the paynes that ever I knew,
 It is a payne that most I rewe.

XXXII.

THE LOYAL LOVER.

Written about 1550.

AS I lay flepynge,
 In dremes fletyng,
 Ever my fwetyng
 Is in my mynd ;
 She is fo goodly,
 With looks fo lovely,
 That no man truly
 Such one can fynd.

Her bewty fo pure,
 It doth under lure,
 My pore hart full fure
 In governance ;
 Therfor now wyll I
 Unto hyr apply,
 And ever will cry,
 For remembraunce.

Q3

Her

Her fayer eye perfyng,
 My pore hart bledyng,
 And I abydyng,
 In hope of mede ;
 But thus have I long
 Entunyd this fonge,
 With paynes ful stronge,
 And cannot spede.

Alas wyll not she
 Now shew hyr pytye,
 But thus wyll take me
 In fuche dysdayne ;
 Methynketh I wys
 Unkynde that she is,
 That byndeth me thus,
 In such hard payne.

Though she me bynde,
 Yet shall she not fynde
 My pore hart unkynd,
 Do what she can ;
 For I wyll hyr pray,
 Whiles I leve a day,
 Me to take for aye,
 For hyr owne man.

XXXIII.

THE LOVER'S EXPOSTULATION.

Written about 1550.

COMPLAIN I may,
 And right well fay,
 Love goth astray,
 And waxeth wilde;
 For many a day
 Love was my pray,
 It wyll alway,
 I am begylde.

I have thankles
 Spent my feryce,
 And can purches
 No grace at all;
 Wherefore doubtles,
 Such a mystres,
 Dame Piteles
 I may her call.

For fikerly,
The more that I
On her do try
 On me to thinke ;
The lesse mercy
In her fynd I,
Alas I dye,
 My hart doth fynke.

Fortune pardye,
Afeineth me
Such cruelte,
 Wythouten gylt ;
Owght not to be,
I twis pitee,
O shame to see,
 A man so spilt.

That I shuld spyll
For my good wyll,
I thynke gret ill,
 Agaynst all ryght ;
It is more ill,
She shuld me kyll,
Whom I love styll,
 Wyth all my myght.

But

But to expresse
My heavynes,
Syth my feryce
 Is thus forfake ;
All comfortles,
Wyth much dystres,
In wyldernes,
 I me betake.

And thus adewe,
Deth doth enfewe,
Wythout rescue,
 Her * * * *
I trow a Jew
On me wold rew,
Knowing how trew
 That I have bene.

XXXIV.

THE RENUING OF LOVE.

IN going to my naked bedde
As one that would have slept,
I heard a wife sing to her child,
That long before had wept.
She fighed fore and sang full sweete,
To bring the babe to rest,
That would not cease but cried fill,
In sucking at her brest.
She was full wearie of her watch,
And greued with her child,
She rocked it and rated it
Till that on her it smilde.
Then did she saie, now have I founde
This prouerbe true to proue,
The falling out of faithfull frends,
Renuing is of loue.

Then

Then tooke I paper, penne and ynke
 This prouerbe for to write,
 In regeſter for to remaine
 Of ſuch a worthie wight :
 As ſhe proceded thus in ſong
 Unto her little bratte,
 Muche matter uttered ſhe of waight
 In place whereat ſhe fatte,
 And proued plaine there was no beaſt
 Nor creature bearing life
 Could well be knowne to liue in loue,
 Without diſcorde and ſtrife :
 Then kiſſed ſhee her little babe
 And ſware by God aboue,
 The falling out of faithfull frends
 Renuing is of loue.

She ſaid that neither king ne prince,
 Ne lord could liue aright,
 Untill their uiſſance they did proue
 Their manhode and their might.
 When manhode ſhal be matched ſo
 That feare can take no place,
 Then wearie works makes warriours
 Eche other to embrace,
 And leaue their forſe that failed them,
 Which did conſume the rout,
 That might before haue liued their tyme
 And their fulle nature out ;

Then did she fyng as one that thought
 No man could her reprove,
 The falling out of faithfull frendes
 Renuing is of loue.

She said she sawe no fythe ne foule,
 Nor beast within her haunt,
 That mett a straunger in their kinde,
 But could geue it a taunt ;
 Since fleshe might not indure,
 But rest must wrathe succede,
 And forse who fight to fall to play,
 In pasture where they feede.
 So noble nature can well ende
 The works she hath begone
 And bridle well that will not cease
 Her tragedy in some ;
 Thus in her songe she oft reherst,
 As did her well behoue,
 The falling out of faithfull frendes
 Renuing is of loue.

I maruaile much pardy quoth she,
 For to beholde the route,
 To see man, woman, boy and beast
 To tosse the world about.

Some knele, some crouch, some beck, some check,
 And some can smothly smile,
 And some embrace others in arme,
 And there thinke many a wile.
 Some stande aloufe at cap and knee,
 Some tumble and some stoute,
 Yet are they neuer frend indeede
 Vntil they once fall out :
 Thus ended she her song and said
 Before she did remoue,
 The falling out of faithfull frends
 Renuing is of loue.

XXXV.

THE PLEASURES OF LOVE.

I PASS all my hours in a shady old grove,
 But I live not the day when I see not my love ;
 I survey ev'ry walk now my Phillis is gone,
 And sigh when I think we were there all alone ;
 O then, 'tis O then, that I think there's no hell
 Like loving too well.

But each shade and each conscious bow'r, when I find
Where I once have been happy, and she has been kind ;
When I see the print left of her shape in the green,
And imagin the pleasure may yet come agen ;
O then 'tis I think that no joys are above
The pleasures of love.

While alone to myself I repeat all her charms,
She I love may be lockt in another man's arms,
She may laugh at my cares, and so false she may be,
To say all the kind things she before said to me ;
O then, 'tis O then, that I think there's no hell
Like loving too well.

But when I consider the truth of her heart,
Such an innocent passion, so kind without art,
I fear I have wrong'd her, and hope she may be
So full of true love to be jealous of me :
And then 'tis I think that no joys are above
The pleasures of love.

XXXVI.

Sonnet sung before queen Elizabeth, supposed to have been written by the earl of Essex.

Sir William Segar, in his account of a solemn tilt or exercise of arms held in the year 1590, before queen Elizabeth, in the Tilt Yard at Westminster, with emblematical representations and music, mentions, that Mr. Hale sung the following song. He also remarks of Mr. Hale, that he was her majesty's servant, a gentleman in that art excellent, and for his voice both commendable and admirable. — Treatise of honour, civil and military, lib. III. cap. 54. And Sir Henry Wotton, in his parallel between the earl of Essex and the duke of Buckingham, says, that a sonnet of the earl's was, upon a certain occasion, sung before the queen, by one Halle, in whose voice she took some pleasure.

MY golden locks time hath to siluer turn'd
(O time too swift, and swiftnes neuer ceasing)
My youth 'gainst age, and age at youth hath spurn'd.
But spurn'd in uaine; youth waineth by encreesing,
Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers that fading beene,
Duty, faith, loue, are rootes and euer greene.

My

My helmet now shall make an hiue for bees,
And louers fongs shall turn to holy pfalmes ;
A man at armes must now fit on his knees,
And feed on prayers that are old ages almes ;
And tho from court to cottage I depart,
My faint is fure of mine unspotted hart.

And when I sadly fit in homely cell,
I'll teach my fwaines this carrol for a song
Blest be the hearts that thinke my fouereigne well,
Curs'd be the foules that thinke to doe her wrong.
Goddesse, uouchsafe this aged man his right,
To be your beadsman now, that was your knight.

XXXVII.

Sonnet on Elizabeth Markhame.

From a MS. of John Harington, dated 1564.

WHENCE comes my love, O hearte, disclose,
 'Twas from cheeks that shamed the rose :
 From lips that spoyle the rubies prayse ;
 From eyes that mock the diamond's blaze.
 Whence comes my woe, as freely owne,
 Ah me ! 'twas from a hearte lyke stone.

The blushyng cheek speakes modest mynde,
 The lipps besitting wordes mooste kynde ;
 The eye does tempte to love's defyre,
 And seems to say, 'tis Cupid's fire ;
 Yet all so faire, but speake my moane,
 Syth noughte dothe faye the hearte of stone.

Why thus, my love, so kynde bespeake,
 Sweet lyppe, sweet eye, sweet blushyng cheeke,
 Yet not a hearte to save my paine,
 O Venus, take thy giftes again :
 Make not so faire to cause our moane,
 Or make a hearte that's lyke our owne.

XXXVIII.

Black Sanctus, or monke's hymn to Saunte Satane.

*In a letter from Sir John Harrington to the Lord Treasurer Burleigh, mention is made of certain old monkish rhymes called "The Black Saunetus, or Monke's Hymn to Saunt Satane." The father of Sir John Harrington, who had married a natural daughter of Henry VIII. named Esther, and was very well skilled in music, having learned it, as the letter says, "in the fellowship of good maister Tallis, who set this hymn to music in a canon of three parts," and the author of the letter says, "that king Henry was used in plesant moode to sing it." — *Nugæ Antiquæ*, edit. 1769.*

O T U qui dans oracula, scindis cotem novacula,
 Da nostra ut tabernacula, lingua canant vernacula,
 Opima post jentacula, hujusmodi miracula,
 Sit semper plenum poculum, habentes plenum loculum,
 Tu serva nos ut specula, per longa et læta sæcula,
 Ut clerus ut plebecula, nec nocte nec de cula,

Curent

Curent de ulla recula, sed intuentes specula,
 Dura vitemus spicula, jacentes cum amicula,
 Quæ garrit ut cornicula, seu tristis seu ridicula,
 Tum porrigamus oscula, tum colligamus floscula,
 Ornemus ut cœnaculum, et totum habitaculum,
 Tum culy post spiraculum, spectemus hoc spectaculum.

XXXIX.

Translation of the foregoing.

O THOU who utt'ring mystic notes,
 The whetstone cut't with razor,
 In mother-tongue permit our throats,
 Henceforth to sing and say, Sir!

To rich, material breakfasts join
 These miracles more funny —
 Fill all our cups with lasting wine,
 Our bags with lasting money!

To us a guardian tow'r remain,
Through ages long and jolly ;
Nor give our house a moment's pain,
From thought's intrusive folly !

No'er let our eyes for losses mourn,
Nor pore on aught but glasses ;
And sooth the cares that still return,
By couching with our lassies ;

Who loud as tatling magpies prate,
Alternate laugh and lour ;
Then kifs we round each wanton mate,
And crop each vernal flow'r,

To deck our rooms, and chiefly that
Where supper's charms invite !
Then close in chimney-corner squat,
To see so blest a fight !

XL.

The praise of wine, by Walter de Mapes, archdeacon
of Oxford, of the eleventh century.

Translated by Mr. Derby, of Fordingbridge, Hants.

I'M resolv'd in a tavern with honour to die:
At my mouth place a full flowing bowl,
That angels, while round me they hover, may cry,
"Peace, O God, peace to this jolly soul!"

By toping the mind with fresh vigour is fraught,
The heart, too, soars up to the skies;
Give me wine that's unmix'd --- not that watery draught
Which the president's butler supplies.

To each man his gift Nature gives to enjoy;
To pretend to write well is a jest
When I'm hungry; I yield, overcome by a boy;
And a fast like the grave I detest.

My verses all taste of the wine that I stow ;
 While I'm empty my muse is unkind ;
 But, with bumpers enliven'd, how sweet does she flow !
 Fam'd Ovid I leave far behind.

Till my belly's well filled, truths I ne'er can divine ;
 But when Bacchus presides in my pate,
 The strong impulse I feel of the great god of rhyme,
 And wonderful things I relate.

XLI.

T H E I N D O L E N T M A N .

I CANNOT eat,
 But lyttyl meat,
 My stomach ys not good ;
 But sure I think
 That I can drynke
 With any that were a hode.

Though

Though I go bare,
 Take ye no care,
 I am nothing a cold ;
 I stuff my skyn
 So full within
 Of jolly good ale and old.
 Back and fydes go bare,
 Both fote and hand go cold,
 But belly God fend thee good ale ynough,
 Whether it be new or ould.

I love no rost,
 But a nut-brown toste,
 And a crab laid in the fire,
 A little bread
 Shall do me stead,
 Much bread I not desire ;
 No frost or snow,
 No winde I trow
 Can hurte me if I wolde,
 I am so wrapt,
 And throwly lapt,
 Of joly good ale and old.
 Back and fides go bare, &c.

And Tib my wife,
 That as her life,
 Loveth well good ale to seek,
 Full oft drinks shee,
 Till ye may see
 The teares run down her cheeke ;
 Then doth she trowle
 To me the bowle,*
 Even as a mault-worm † shuld ;
 And faith sweet heart
 I took my part
 Of this joly good ale and old.

Back and fides go bare, &c.

* TROWLE, or trole the bowl, was a common phrase in drinking, for passing the vessel about, as appears by the following beginning of an old catch :

Trole trole the bowl to me,
 And I will trole the same again to thee.

And in this other in Hiltons's collection :

Tom Bouls, Tom Bouls,
 See'ft thou not how merrily this good ale trowles †

† MAULT-WORM is a humorous appellation for a lover of ale or strong drink.

Now

Now let them drink,
 Till they nod and wink,
 Even as good fellows should do,
 They shal not misse
 To have the blisse
 Good ale doth bring men to:
 And all poor souls,
 That have scowred boules,
 Or have them lustely trolde,
 God save the lives
 Of them and their wives,
 Whether they be young or old.

Back and fides go bare, &c.*

* This song is to be found in the old comedy of *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, which was first printed in 1551, and is even now well known in many parts of England.

XLII.

T H E P O O R C H I L D.

Tusser, the author of The Five Hundred Points of good Husbandry, and who was born in the reign of Henry VIII. relates, that, being a child, and having been sent by his father to a music school, as was the practice in those times, he was removed to Wallingford college, where he remained till he was seized by virtue of one of those placards which at that time were issued out to sundry men, empowering them to impress boys for the service of the several choirs in this kingdom, and that at last he had the good fortune to be settled at St. Paul's, where he had Redford, a skilful musician, for his master. The Poor Child seems to have had a hard time of it, as appears by his account in the following stanzas. The life of this poor man was a series of misfortune. From Eton he went to Trinity-hall in Cambridge, but soon left the University, and at different times was resident in various parts of the kingdom, where he was successively a musician, school-master, serving man, husbandman, grazier, and poet, but never throve

throwe in any of these several vocations. The Five Hundred Points of Husbandry is written in familiar verse, and abounds with many curious particulars that bespeak the manners, the customs, and modes of living in this country, from the year 1520 to about half a century after, besides which it discovers such a degree of œconomical wisdom in the author, such a sedulous attention to the honest arts of thriving, such a general love of mankind, such a regard to justice, and a reverence for religion, that we not only lament his misfortunes, but wonder at them; and are at a loss to account for his dying poor who understood so well the method to become rich. — See Sir John Hawkins's History of Music, vol. III.

IT came to pass, that borne I was,
 Of lineage good and gentle blood,
 In Effex laier in village faier
 that Rivenhall hight:
 Which village lide by Banktree tide,
 There spend did I mine infancy;
 There then my name in honest fame
 remained in sight.

I yet but yoong, no speech of tong,
 Nor teares withall that often fall
 From mothers eies when child out cries
 to part her fro;

Could

Could pittie make good father take,
 But out I must to song be thrust;
 Say what I would, do what I could,
 his mind was so,

O painefull time! for every crime
 What toofted eares, like baited beares!
 What bobbed lips, what perkes, what nips,
 what hellish toies!
 What robes! how rare! what colledge fare!
 What bread how stale! What penny ale!
 Then Wallingford how wert thou abhor'd
 of filly boies!

Thence for my voice, I must (no choice)
 Away of forse like posting horse,
 For fundrie men had placards then
 such child to take:
 The better brest, the lesser rest*
 To serve the queere, now there now here;
 For time so spent I may repent,
 and forrow make.

But

* This expression is worthy of a critical observation:

‘The better brest, the lesser rest.’

In singing, the sound is originally produced by the action of the lungs; which are so essential an organ in this respect, that

to

But marke the chance, myself to vance,
 By friendship's lot to Paule's I got ;
 So found I grace a certain space
 still to remaine

With Redford * there, the like no where
 For cunning such and vertue much,
 By whom some part of musicke art
 so did I gaine.

From Paule's I went, to Eaton sent
 To learn streightwayes the latin phraies,
 Where fiftie three stripes given to mee
 at once I had

to have a good breast was formerly a common periphrasis to denote a good singer. The Italians make use of the terms *voce di petto* and *voce di testa* to signify two kinds of voice, of which the first is the best. In Shakespeare's comedy of *Twelfth Night*, after the clown is asked to sing, Sir Andrew Aguecheek says,

‘ By my troth the fool hath an excellent breast.’

And in the statutes of Stoke college in Suffolk, founded by Parker, archbishop of Canterbury, is a provision in these words: ‘ of which said queristers, after their breasts are changed [i. e. their voices broke] we will the most apt of wit and capacity be helpen with exhibition of forty shillings, &c.’ — Strype's *Life of Parker*, page 9.

* John Redford, organist and almoner of St. Paul's. See vol. II. page 526.

For fault but small or none at all,
 It came to pas thus beat I was ;
 See Udall * see the mercie of thee
 to me poore lad.

XLIII.

Poetical chronicle of England, from William the Con-
 queror to the Revolution in 1688.

By Thomas Mytton, Esq.

WHEN years one thousand and threescore and six
 Had pass'd, since Christ in Bethlem's manger lay,
 Then the stern Norman, red from Hastings' field,
 Bruis'd Anglia's realms beneath his iron sway.

* This Udall was Nicholas Udall, styled by Bayle, 'Ele-
 gantissimus omnium bonarum literarum magister, et earum
 felicissimus interpres;' and that master of Eaton school whose
 severity made divers of his scholars run away from the school
 for fear of beating. Roger Ascham tells the story in the pre-
 face to his Scholemaster; and a specimen of Udall's elegance
 both in verse and prose may be seen in the appendix to As-
 cham's works in quarto, published by John Bennet, 1761.

One thousand eighty-seven, see Rufus king!
 That tyrant who, transfix'd by Tyrrel's dart,
 (No more to spoil and scourge the groaning land)
 * "Bled in the forest like a wounded hart."

When centuries eleven had roll'd away,
 Then the First Henry mounted England's throne:
 Twice fourteen winters, Cardiff's gloomy tow'rs
 Heard his poor eyeless captive brother's moan.

When centuries eleven, years thirty-five,
 Were gone, the brave usurper Stephen's hand
 The sceptre seiz'd: to keep the glitt'ring prize,
 How oft he drench'd in blood th' afflicted land!

When centuries eleven, years fifty-four,
 Were gone, came Second Henry, he whose sword
 Made the fierce Cambrian tremble, and compell'd
 Hibernia's savage sons to call him lord.

With Rosamunda oft, in fragrant bow'rs,
 Still by the muse kept verdant and romance,
 He toy'd the summer day. — O! † "only weak
 "Against the charms of beauty's pow'rful glance."

* Pope's Windsor Forest, p. 184.

† Milton's Paradise Lost, lib. viii. p. 530.

Years eighty-nine, and centuries elev'n,
 Lo! Richard, he who Cœur de Lion hight :
 * " Against whose fury and unmatched force
 " The lawless lion could not wage the fight."

Since the Redeemer of mankind was born,
 Now centuries twice six were almost gone,
 When, to young Arthur due, see England's crown
 Usurped by the blust'ring dastard, John!

Perfidious, bloody wretch! the glorious band
 Of barons, arm'd in freedom's sacred cause,
 Ere long shall make thee, baffled tyrant, know,
 Britons are only subject to the laws.

Th' indignant heroes, pressing to thy throne,
 Shall force thee, bursting with thy smother'd rage,
 To give the charter of fair liberty.
 Dear be their fame to each succeeding age!

Twelve hundred years, and sixteen, then began
 Third Henry's feeble minion-guided rule :
 A soft, irresolute, good-natur'd prince ;
 † " Ah! what is mere good-nature but a fool?"

* Shakespeare's King John, Act I.

† Armstrong's Art of preserving Health, p. 267.

Not such was Edward. — Red with Paynim gore,
 The sun-burnt chief, from Syria's parching strand,
 Is, in twelve hundred sev'nty two call'd home,
 To sway the sceptre of his native land.

How does a breast, black cruelty's abode,
 Debase the sage's and the hero's name!
 O ruthless king! thro' each succeeding age,
 The vengeful ghost of Wallace haunts thy fame.

The Muses, too, shall curse that jealous rage
 Which doom'd to death, in Cambria's fatal day,
 Their sweetest sons: — For ever then were mute
 * "High Hoel's harp, and soft Llewellyn's lay."

In thirteen hundred seven, the fatal crown
 Encircled second Edward's youthful head!
 Ah me! how Mis'ry scowls behind his throne!
 Ah me! what fury mounts his bridal bed!

How wept old Berkley's stern and flinty tow'rs
 To hear, poor king! thy agonizing roar,
 While, at thy savage consort's dire command,
 The glowing steel thy frying entrails tore!

* Gray's Ode II.

O'er thirteen hundred years and twenty fix,
 On rapid pinions, Time has wing'd his way;
 Lo! the third Edward reigns. — Ah! too, a thirst
 For martial glory, and extended sway!

O! think to thy depopulated realms
 What ills from this thy false ambition flow;
 But heroes, whirl'd in Vict'ry's thund'ring car,
 Nor hear the widow's cry, nor orphan's woe.

Thy trophies, rear'd on Cressy's crimson field,
 Calm Reason, with undazzled eye, surveys:
 "Are these the monuments of Edward's fame?"
 She cries, "which havock and injustice raise?"

Soft Pity weeps while History relates
 How soon the envy'd monarch's joys are fled;
 War, ever wont to wreath his brow with bays,
 Now rends those honours from his hoary head.

Death tears his dear Philippa from his arms;
 Low in his grave the fable warrior lies:
 Oppress'd with care and grief, himself expires,
 No friend to sooth his woes, or close his eyes!

In thirteen hundred seventy-seven the throne
 Receives the fable chief's degenerate boy:
 His people's rights, which he had sworn to guard,
 The perjurd traitor labour'd to destroy.

But vain the labour, — and for ever vain
 May British valour make each black design
 To shackle freedom, in th'infernal plot
 With impious kings tho' * venal senates join ;

Tho' venal judges † strive to render law
 The pliant slave of a despotic lord ;
 Tho' venal armies ‡ page the tyrant's heels,
 And round his pomp terrific flames the sword.

§ What now avails the feast that wont to roar
 With laughter ? What the blaze of rich attire ?
 The jocund dance, and Music's melting voice,
 And mirth that saw the lamps of night expire ?

* Richard had a parliament as ready as any of more modern times to sacrifice the liberties of the people to the crown.

† At the opening of the parliament which met in September, 1397, the lord chancellor made a speech, in which he told the members, that kings were masters of the law. See Guthrie's History of England. — The judges were prevailed upon to declare, that the king was above the laws. See Rapin. His chief justice every body has heard of.

‡ He modelled his guards, so that he thought them fit for every purpose of blood and barbarity. Guthrie.

§ He was excessively fond of these trifling amusements of pomp, pageantry, and all the tawdry externals of royalty.

Drag'd from his throne, in Pomfret's darksome tow'rs
 Immur'd, he groan'd the heavy hours away,
 Till, freed from all his woes, at Exton's feet,
 A breathless corse the murder'd monarch lay.

In thirteen hundred ninety-nine the crown
 From Richard wrested, the fourth Henry wore ;
 Soon Civil Discord calls, " the dogs of war"
 From hell, to riot on Britannia's shore.

In fourteen hundred thirteen, graceful, young,
 Brave, learn'd, and polish'd, the fifth Harry reigns :
 But ah ! what grim attendants ! Sword and fire
 Ere long to rage on weeping Gallia's plains.

See War, tremendous fiend ! gives to his hand
 The weapon forg'd by fate to deal the blow,
 That soon, on Agincourt's ensanguin'd field,
 * " Shall lay Alanzon's haughty helmet low."

Not such the train that erst with Harry trod
 The flow'ry verge of Isis gentle tide,
 When, for the student's gown, he deign'd a while
 To throw the purple robes of state aside.

• Warton's poem on the king's marriage.

Attendant ever on his studious walks
 Was Contemplation, tranquil matron, there ;
 The peaceful Muses, with their silver lyres,
 And Science, with high converse, charm'd his ear.

In fourteen hundred twenty-two, behold
 Britannia's crown become an infant's toy :
 'Tis the sixth Harry's — How the man shall rue
 The fatal splendors that delight the boy !

Thou know'st not, gentle babe ! that, from thy birth,
 Mishap and Sorrow mark'd thee for their own ;
 Doom'd, at capricious Warwick's lordly will,
 To pine in dungeons, or to fill a throne.

How long shall Civil Discord, loos'd from hell,
 Lead Fire and Slaughter o'er thy wide domain,
 Bid kindred hosts deal mutual deaths, and lie
 † “ Mixt in incestuous murders ” o'er the plain !

In fourteen hundred sixty one, the throne
 Fourth Edward mounts, and feasts his brutal eye
 On scaffolds crimson with Lancastrian gore ;
 And makes the regal dome ‡ “ a sensual stye.”

† Armstrong's Art of preserving Health, book III.

‡ Milton's Comus.

Could not fifth Edward's "childhood innocence"
 His life, alas! from bloody Richard save?
 The year that saw him mount Britannia's throne,
 Saw Murder hide him in th' untimely grave.

In fourteen hundred eighty-three, what fiend
 Mifhapen, hideous, meets the startled eye?
 'Tis the third Richard, drunk with human gore:
 * Dogs bay the monster as he passes by.

In fourteen hundred eighty-five the crown
 He won on Bosworth's bloody plain, behold
 On the seventh Henry's head. — Demure, severe,
 † "Proud, dark, suspicious, brooding o'er his gold."

Fierce with his pow'r, and ‡ frolick of his prime,
 Dreadful and gay, in fifteen hundred nine,
 The youthful lion, the eighth Harry comes,
 And boasts his high descent from either § line.

* Dogs bark at me as I halt by them. — Shakespeare's Richard the Third.

† Thompson's Liberty, book IV.

‡ — ripe, and frolick of his full-grown age. Milton's Comus.

§ The lines of York and Lancaster.

That

That Gothic church by superstition rear'd;
 In whose dark cells, in hideous durance bound,
 Lay groaning Reason; dauntless he assail'd,
 And tore the massy fabrick to the ground.

Rome heard the fall astounded. — Britons now
 Deride her thunders. — May the latest age
 Hear Britons glory in the great event,
 And hail * “the brutal tyrant’s useful rage!”

Array’d in ev’ry blushing charm of youth,
 Who comes in fifteen hundred forty sev’n?
 ’Tis the sixth Edward, virtuous, learned, mild,
 Ah! only shewn, † then snatch’d away to heav’n.

‡ “Th’ inaudible and noiseless foot of Time”
 O’er fifteen hundred centuries had ran,
 And summers fifty-three. — Fell Mary then,
 A fury sure! her direful reign began.

The fury calls, — and from the central gloom
 Of hell the demon Persecution hies;
 Quick o’er the realms his iron whips resound,
 His fetters rattle, and his flames arise.

* Thomson’s Summer.

† Ostendunt terris hunc tantum fata. Virgil.

‡ Shakespeare.

O God! o'er all the wide-extended earth
 Make, make such bigot-race for ever cease!
 Let Truth exulting call the Christian world,
 The gentle household of the "Prince of peace."

Who comes in fifteen hundred fifty-eight,
 Begirt with fages, and with heroes round?
 'Tis great Eliza. — Raptur'd Fame her praise
 Shall to the ears of dying Time resound.

From the dread lustre of her piercing eye
 See fraudulent Pop'ry shrinks dismay'd away!
 While Arts and Learning, and celestial Truth
 Burst on the nation, in a flood of day.

On proud Iberia's fleets her vengeful arm
 Thunder, and terror, and destruction hurl'd :*
 And dauntless Drake, immortal hero, bore
 Her awful name around the trembling world.

Not such her heir. — In sixteen hundred three
 Comes Scottish James, extinct the Tudor line;
 Hark! how vile Flatt'ry soothes his pedant ears
 With "sapient king!" and "king by right divine!"

* The destruction of the Spanish armada,

In action feeble, in the wordy war
 Content is he his prowess to display :
 "Content to teach the subject-herd how great,
 How sacred he ! how despicable they !"*

Was ev'ry other act forgot that gives
 To detestation and contempt thy name,
 Yet know, that Raleigh's murder, wretched king !
 Alone would † "damn thee to eternal fame."

In sixteen hundred twenty-five, see Charles
 With haughty step ascends Britannia's throne ;
 Beset by flatt'ring priests, to teach mankind
 ‡ "Th' enormous faith of many made for one."

As if our father God, who ever joys
 To see his creatures happy, he who gave
 To man a front and mind sublime, were pleas'd
 To see him some proud tyrant's trembling slave !

As if the social state, and civil plan
 Could be by either God or man design'd,
 For what ? — to wait the nod, and swell the pomp
 § Of one, and oft the vilest of mankind !

* Thomson's liberty, book IV.

† Pope. ‡ Pope.

§ As if for one, and sometimes for the worst,
 Heav'n had mankind in vengeance only made.—Thomson's Liberty.

Such

Such weak and impious doctrines reason scorns,
 Religion damns. — May Britons ever be
 Both learn'd to know, and dauntless to assert
 * The right divine that man has to be free!

And such were Britons, of this noblest gift
 Of heav'n, when Charles, with sacrilegious hand,
 Assay'd to spoil them, and her iron chain
 Bid slav'ry shake insulting o'er the land.

Stung by oppression into rage, to arms
 The nations rush. — How fall the brave and good!
 O Charles! not all the powers of Eastern kings
 Is worth an Hampden's, or a Falkland's blood.

Curs'd Flatt'ry's work! — “Charles, had thy regal frown
 Forbade that Syren audience,” Candor cries,
 “Peace o'er thy throne had spread her wings, and thee
 Had wafted from thy pillow to the skies.”

That worthless sensualist, the second Charles
 In sixteen hundred forty-nine, behold!
 To God and man ingrate; † “a pension'd king,
 Against his country brib'd by Gallic gold.”

* It may be demonstrated, from the attributes of God, that man has a divine right to liberty.

† Thomson's Liberty, book IV.

Amidst

Amidst acclaiming monks, the second James,
 In sixteen hundred eighty-five, the throne
 Ascends, while Pop'ry on her bigot son
 Show'rs blessings, and accounts his realms her own.

And so he vow'd they shou'd be,—and he vow'd,
 (Warn'd by his father's tragic fate, in vain,
 How perilous th' attempt) with feeble arm,
 To bind on Freedom's martial limbs the chain.

Mad, mad with tyrant pride, the sacred code
 Of law he dashes furious to the ground:
 Freed from its high controul, see Jeff'ries rage,
 Fierce o'er the land, and spread his murders round!

But hark! — what sudden peals of joy? —
 Th' invited fleet, in all the glorious pride
 Of war, approaches, and triumphant bears
 Immortal Nassau o'er the briny tide.

To rescue nations from a tyrant's fang,
 To heal their wounds, and lenient bid them rise
 In more than wonted vigour, godlike work!
 The hero comes. — The dastard tyrant flies:

And

And with him fly the shades of papal night,*
 (Ne'er may they sadden British skies again!)
 And stern Oppression, with his iron arm,
 And Slav'ry, howling with her broken chain.

XLIV.

An excellent ballad of the mercer's son of Midhurst,
 and the cloathier's daughter of Guilford.

To the tune of Dainty come to me.

TH E R E was a wealthy man,
 In Suffex he did dwell,
 A mercer by his trade,
 As many yet can tell:
 He had a youthful son,
 Whom fancy did so move,
 He cried night and day,
 Alack, I die for love.

E. A.

* Milton's Paradise Lost, book IV.

Alack,

Alack I die for love,
Beauty disdaineth me,
The cloathier's daughter dear
Works my calamity :
She hath my heart in hold,
That did most cruel prove,
Thus cried he night and day,
Alack, I die for love.

Alack, I die for love,
Fortune so fore doth frown,
The jewel of my heart
Dwelleth in Guilford town :
There lives the lamp of life,
For whom this pain I prove,
Fair Phillis pittie me,
Alack, I die for love.

Alack, I die for love,
And can no comfort find,
The cloathier's daughter dear,
Beareth too high a mind :
Sweet beuties paragon,
Fair Venus silver dove,
Fair Phillis pittie me,
Alack, I die for love.

Alack,

Alack I die for love,
 Whilst thou dost laugh and smile,
 Let not thy pleasure be
 True love for to beguile ;
 My life lies in your hand,
 Then as it doth behove,
 Slay not the mercer's son,
 Alack, I die for love.

If that my beauty bright
 Doth grieve thy heart (quoth she)
 Then let the mercer's son
 Turn still his face from me :
 I do no man disdain,
 Nor can I cruel prove,
 My heart must still say nay
 Where my heart cannot love.

Where my heart cannot love,
 Lovers all must I shun,
 The cloathier's daughter thus
 Answered the mercer's son :
 I bear no lofty mind,
 Yet pittty cannot move
 My mind to fancy him,
 Where my heart cannot love.

Where

Where my heart cannot love,
I must his love deny,
Although I laugh and smile,
Yet falshood I defie :
Thou art too fond a man
Life danger thus to prove,
I'll not wed, good friend John,
Where my heart cannot love.

What good can there befall,
To that new married wife,
Where goods and wealth is small,
Want causeth deadly strife :
But where wealth is at will,
Experience oft doth prove,
Though love at first is small,
Yet goods increaseth love,

Yet goods increaseth love,
And I will never wed,
But where the key of gold
Opens the door to bed ;
For she may merry be,
What chance soever hap,
Where bags of money comes
Tumbling within her lap.

Tumbling

Tumbling within her lap,
 Whilst she her gold doth tell,
With such a husband, fir,
 I do delight to dwell:
Were he young, were he old,
 Deform'd or fair in show,
My pleasure still should be,
 Where pleasure still doth flow.

Where pleasure still doth flow,
 Is that your mind (quoth he)
My father will bestow
 As much as comes to thee:
Hadst thou five hundred pound,
 Five hundred more beside,
My father will bestow,
 If thou wilt be my bride.

If thou wilt be my bride,
 Thus much I understand;
My father will give me
 His house and eke his land:
So while that he doth live,
 With us he may remain,
What says my heart's delight,
 Is this a bargain plain?

This is a bargain plain,
 (Quoth she) I am content,
So he perform this thing
 I give thee my consent,
And I will merry be,
 My mind shall not remove,
Thou shalt be my sweet-heart,
 I'll be thy own true love.

I'll be thy own true love,
 Then make no more delay,
I greatly long to see
 Our marriage happy day,
To Midhurst in all haste
 Goeth the mercer's son,
He told his father dear,
 His true love he had won.

The old man hearing this,
 Conveyed out of hand,
Assurance to his son,
 Of all his house and land,
When he had done this deed,
 He wept most bitterly,
Saying, my dearest son,
 Thou must be good to me :

Well worth two hundred pounds

This morning was I known,

But the cloaths of my back

Now nothing is my own :

And all this I have done

Dear son, to pleasure thee,

Think on thy father's love,

And deal thou well with me.

Dear father, (quoth the son)

If I do not do so,

God pour upon my head,

Hot vengeance, grief and woe.

The young man wedded was

To his fair lovely bride,

But wondrous grief and woe

Therefore there did betide.

As after you shall hear,

In the old man's complaint,

A tale of greater grief

Cannot your heart attain.

A warning by this thing

All men may understand,

Lest they do come to live

Under their children's hand.

XLV.

A most notable example of an ungracious son, who in pride of his heart denyed his own father, and how God for his offence turned his meat to loathsome toads.

To the tune of Lord Derby.

IN fearching famous chronicles,
 It was my chance to read,
 A worthy story strange and true,
 Whereto I took good heed:
 Betwixt a father and a son,
 This rare example stands,
 Which well may move the hardest hearts
 To weep and wring their hands.

A farmer in the country liv'd,
 Whose substance did excel,
 He sent, therefore, his eldest son,
 In Paris for to dwell.
 Where he became a merchant man,
 And traffick great he used,
 So that he was exceeding rich,
 Till he himself abused:

For having now the world at will,
His mind was fully bent
To gaming, wine, and wantonness,
Till all his goods were spent :
Yet through excessive riotness,
By him was shewed forth,
That he was three times more in debt,
Than all his wealth was worth.

At length his credit was quite crackt,
And he in prison cast,
And every man against him then
Did set his action fast :
Then he lay lockt in irons strong,
For ever and for aye,
Unable while his life did last,
This grievous debt to pay.

And living in this woful case,
His eyes with tears he spent,
The lewdness of his former life
Too late he did repent :
And being void of all relief,
Of help and comfort quite,
Unto his father at the last,
He thus began to write :

Bow down awhile your heedful ear,
My loving father dear,
And grant, I pray, in gracious fort,
My piteous plaint to hear ;
Forgive the foul offences all
Of your unworthy son ;
Which, through the lewdness of his life,
Hath now himself undone :

O my good father, take remorse,
On this my extream need,
And succour his distressed case,
Whose heart for woe doth bleed :
In direful dungeon here I lye,
My feet in fetters fast,
Where my most cruel creditors
In prison have me cast.

Let pitty, therefore, pierce your breast,
And mercy move your mind,
And to relieve my misery,
Some shift, dear father, find :
My chieftest chear is bread full brown,
The boards my softest bed,
And flinty stons my pillows serve,
To rest my troubled head.

My garments are all worn to rags,
My body starves with cold,
And creeping vermin eat my flesh,
Most grievous to behold:
Dear father, come therefore with speed,
And rid me out of thrall,
And let me not in prison dye,
Sith for your help I call.

The good old man no sooner had
Perus'd this written scroul,
But trickling tears along his cheeks
Most plenteously did rowl:
Alas my son, my son, quoth he,
In whom I joyed most,
Thou shalt not long in prison lye,
Whatever it may cost.

Two hundred head of well-fed beast,
He changed into gold,
Four hundred quarters of good corn,
For silver eke he sold:
But all the same could not suffice,
This hainous fact to pay,
Till at the last constrained was,
To sell his land away.

Then

Then was his son released quite,
His debt discharged clean,
And he as like and well to live,
As he before had been :
Then, when his loving father dear,
Who, for to help his son,
Had sold his living quite away,
And eke himself undone :

So that he lived poor and bare,
And in such extream need,
That many times he wanted food,
His hungry corps to feed.
His son, mean time, in wealth did grow,
Whose substance now was such,
That sure within the city then,
Few men were found so rich.

But as his goods did still increase,
And riches it did slide,
So more and more his hardened heart
Did swell in hateful pride.
It fell out upon a time,
When ten years woe was past,
Unto his son he did repair,
For some relief at last,

And being come unto his house,
In very poor array,
It chanced so that with his son
Great store should dine that day.
The poor old man with hat in hand,
Did then the porter pray,
To shew his son, that at the gate
His father there did stay.

Whereat this proud disdainful wretch,
With taunting speeches said,
That long ago his father's bones
Within the grave was laid:
What rascal, then, is this? quoth he,
That staineth thus my state,
I charge thee, porter, presently,
To drive him from my gate.

Which answer when the old man heard,
He was in mind dismay'd,
He wept, he wail'd, and wrung his hands,
And thus at length he said:
O cursed wretch, and most unkind,
And worker of my woe,
Thou monster of humanity,
And eke thy father's foe.

Have I been careful of thy case,
Maintaining still thy state,
And dost thou now most doggedly
Enforce me from thy gate?
And have I wrong'd thy brethren all,
From thrall to set thee free,
And brought myself to beggar's state,
And all to succour thee!

Woe worth the time that first of all
Thy body I espy'd,
Which hath, in hardness of thy heart,
Thy father's face deny'd.
But now behold, how God that time
Did shew a wonder great,
Then, when his son and all his friends
Were sitting down at meat:

For when the fairest pye was cut,
A strange and dreadful case,
Most ugly toads came crawling out,
And leaped in his face:
Then did this wretch his fault confess,
And for his father sent,
And for his great ingratitude,
Full fore he did repent.

All vertuous children, learn by this,
 Obedient hearts to shew,
 And honour still your parents dear,
 For God commanded so.
 And think how he did turn his meat
 To poysonous toads indeed,
 Which did his father's face deny,
 Because he stood in need.

XLVI.

HENRY AND CATHERINE.

Mr. Bishop has published an excellent Latin translation of this ballad. — Vide Feriæ Poeticæ, sive Carmina Anglicana, Elegiaci plerumque Argumenti Latine reddita a Sam. Bishop. Quarto edit. Lond. 1766.

IN antiente times in Britain's isle
 Lord Henrie was well knowne ;
 No knight was in his day more fam'd,
 Nor more deserv'd renowne ;
 His thoughts on honoure always ranne ;
 He never bow'd to love ;
 No ladie in the lande had charmes,
 His frozen heart to move.

Midst all the nymphs where Catherine wente,
The fairest face she shoves ;
She was as brighte as morning funne ;
And sweet as any rose.
Altho' she was of lowe degree,
She still did conquestes gaine ;
For scarce a youth who her behelde,
Escap'd her pow'rfulle chaine :

But soone her eys their lustre lost,
Her cheekes grew pale and wan ;
For pininge seiz'd her beauteous face,
And every grace was gone :
This sicknesse was to all unknowne ;
Thus did the fair one waste
Her time in sighs, and floodes of tears,
Or broken slumbers paste.

Once in a dreame she called aloude,
“ O! Henry! I'me undone!
“ O cruel fate! O helpeffe maide!
“ My love can ne'er be knowne.
“ But 'tis the fate of woman kinde
“ The truth we must conceale ;
“ I'll die ten thousande thousande deathes,
“ Ere I my love reveale.”

A tender

A tender friend who watch'd the fair,
 To Henrie hied away :
 " My lorde, she cries, we've found the cause
 " Of Catherine's quicke decay.
 " She in a dreame the secret tolde,
 " Till now no mortal knew ;
 " Alas! she now expiring lies,
 " And dies for love of you."

The gentle Henrie's soul was strucke,
 His hearte began to flame :
 " O! poor unhappy maid," he cried!
 " Yet am I not to blame.
 " O! Catherine! too, too modest maid ;
 " Thy love I never knewe,
 " I'll ease thy paine." — As swifte as winde,
 To her bedside he flew.

" Awake, he cried, thou lovely maid,
 " Awake, awake, my dear!
 " If I had only guesst thy love,
 " Thou hadst not shedde a tear.
 " 'Tis Henrie calls ; despair no more ;
 " Renew thy wonted charmes :
 " I'm come to call thee back from deathe,
 " And take thee to my arms."

That

That word reviv'd the lifelesse maide,
 She rais'd her drooping head,
 And smiling on her long-lov'd lorde,
 She started from the bed ;
 Her armes about his neck she flung,
 In extacy she cried,
 " Will you be kind? Will you indeede ?
 " Oh ! love !" — And so she died.

XLVII.

THE MAD SHEPHERDESS.

The following ballad was originally sung in a play called the Rivals, by Mrs. Davis, which King Charles the Second hearing, he was so pleased, that he took her off the stage, and had a daughter by her, who was named Mary Tudor, and was married to Francis Lord Radcliffe, afterwards Earl of Derwentwater.

MY lodging it is on the cold ground,
 and very hard is my fare ;
But that which troubles me most is
 the unkindness of my dear ;
 Yet still I cry, O turn love,
 and I prethee love turn to me,
 For thou art the man that I long for,
 and alack what remedy

I'll crown thee with a garland of straw then,
and I'll marry thee with a rush ring,
My frozen hopes shall thaw then,
and merrily we will sing ;
O turn to me my dear love,
And I prethee love turn to me,
For thou art the man that alone canst
procure my liberty.

But if thou wilt harden thy heart still,
and be deaf to my pittiful moan,
Then I must endure the smart still,
and tumble in straw all alone ;
Yet still I cry, O turn love,
and I prethee love turn to me,
For thou art the man that alone art
the cause of my misery.

XLVIII.

CELADON AND LYDIA.

By Mrs. Robinson.

SECLUDED from the world's ignoble strife,
By storms unruffled, and unknown to care,
Fair Lydia pass'd a solitary life,
Stranger to poverty and sad despair.

One noiseless tenor of serene repose
Her bosom own'd, from pain and trouble free ;
She never sought ambition's gilded woes,
Content to follow nature's soft decree.

Foe to deceit — truth only was her guide,
From virtue's laws she never learnt to rove ;
Each shepherd's wonder, and the village pride,
No swain beheld her and forbore to love.

Her

Her form was fresher than the new-blown flow'r,
 No borrow'd artifice her charms conceal'd,
 Unconscious of her beauty's matchless power,
 She knew no wish that might not be reveal'd.

Young Celadon, the pride of ***** plain,
 Whose untaught bosom scorn'd deceit or art,
 For blooming Lydia own'd a faithful flame,
 And prov'd the feelings of a gen'rous heart.

Each shar'd the grief or joy the other prov'd,
 Their hearts were one ; their wishes were the same ;
 In calm serenity they meekly mov'd,
 Nor barter'd sweet content for glitt'ring fame.

But fate, unfriendly to their matchless truth,
 With envious eye beheld their soft repose,
 Repell'd the transports of their early youth,
 And plung'd them in a sea of endless woes.

By the green margin of a neighb'ring wood,
 Adorn'd on every side with verdant fields,
 Near their kind cot a stately mansion stood,
 Replete with every gem that nature yields.

Its fair inhabitant, whose bounteous hand,
 Thro' the wide country largely spread her fame,
 Whose virtues echoed thro' the distant land,
 And every voice proclaim'd Celinda's name.

Each shepherd strove the wealthy maid to please,
With all that art or nature could invent ;
Thoughtless that gold could never purchase ease,
Or gay magnificence insure content.

Ambition Celadon's soft bosom fires,
He pants for luxury and all its woes ;
No longer meek humility admires,
But Lydia's artless love, and peace foregoes.

To please Celinda now he tunes his lays,
And weaves the garland of ambrosial flowers ;
At her fair shrine he constant tribute pays,
To her alone devotes the fleeting hours.

But who can paint the pangs in Lydia's breast,
Where every racking conflict was combin'd ;
Her tender bosom was no more at rest,
And melancholy prey'd upon her mind.

No more she cherishes sleep's balmy hour,
No more she feels the joy of soft repose ;
She breathes her anguish in the roseate bower,
And to the murmuring stream reveals her woes :

Oft by the moon's pale lustre was she seen,
In pensive mood upon the dewy lawn,
Or wand'ring lonely in the midnight scene,
Or prostrate low beneath the silver thorn.

Pale was her cheek, — once like the rose's hue ;
 Her eyes no more could boast their wonted pow'r ;
 The trickling tear fat like the pearly dew,
 When op'ning morn reveals the May-born flow'r.

But Celadon, unmindful of her pain,
 Unmindful of that form he once ador'd,
 With calm indifference heard her complain,
 Nor would one tender pitying sigh afford.

Till by the silver moon's pale trembling light,
 She fought a neighbouring current's limpid tide ;
 When all was wrapt in solitary night,
 And cheering hope her golden ray deny'd.

All pensive on the margin as she stood,
 Contending passions tear her woe-fraught breast ;
 With tearful eye she gazes on the flood,
 With longing eagerness she pants for rest.

Forewel, she cry'd, — Farewel, ungrateful youth,
 Thy plighted constancy, and form divine ;
 I soon shall quit thy broken vows of truth,
 And all thy once-lov'd beauties now resign.

May all thy moments glide in soft repose,
 And may each hour some new-born pleasures prove ;
 Unmindful of sad Lydia's poignant woes,
 Unmindful of her fond, her artless love.

And

And may Celinda ever keep that heart
Which I so dearly priz'd. Ah, luckless maid!
And may she never feel that killing smart,
Which rends the breast by broken vows betray'd.

The love-taught notes sweet echo soon conveys,
To an adjacent hermit's lonely cell,
Where heav'n-born peace her constant tribute pays,
And solitude serene delights to dwell.

The aged fire directs his weary feet
To the dark spot where hopeless Lydia stood;
And bids her follow to his calm retreat,
Secure retirement for the just and good.

There, hid obscure, a few long tedious days,
She bid the world and all its cares adieu;
At length, by grief oppress'd, she gladly pays
That awful tribute which to nature's due.

Hard by his cell he laid her faded form,
And bath'd the turf with many a tender tear;
Renew'd the pious task each op'ning morn,
And deck'd with fairest flow'rs her sable bier.

But heav'n, for ever to the injur'd just,
To Celadon reveal'd its mighty pow'r;
Humbled his bosom to its native dust,
And shorten'd luxury's uncertain hour.

Chill penury, and yellow pining care,
 Blasted his hopes in one ill-fated day ;
Reduc'd him to a state of black despair,
 And banish'd from his breast hope's cheering ray.

For when Celinda heard the swains relate,
 In mournful strains and sighs of heart-felt grief,
Of Lydia's constant love, and hapless fate,
 Her generous confidence, and fond belief,

No more, she cry'd, shall Celadon receive
 One partial glance from these deluded eyes ;
For the hard wretch deserves not e'en to live,
 Who to distress the pitying tear denies.

In the recesses of a cavern deep,
 Clad in a pious hermit's fable vest,
Thither he liv'd, in solitude to weep,
 And breathe the anguish of his tortur'd breast.

Of late he wander'd from his dreary cave,
 In the lone moments of departing day :
And o'er his once-lov'd Lydia's rustic grave,
 In mournful numbers sigh'd his soul away.

Remember that benevolence is due,
 E'en to the meanest animal that lives ;
Heav'n's sure to recompense the gen'rous few,
 Who to the wretched mild compassion gives.

Till the warm stream which animates my heart
 Shall stop its current, and forbear to flow,
 Teach me, ye pow'rs, soft pity to impart,
 And sooth the tumults of oppressed woe.

XLIX.

CADWALLO AND ELMIRA.*

THE thorn, still springing with the flow'r,
 Is seen in blytheft May ;
 And oft, too oft, a gloomy hour
 O'ercasts the brightest day.

Sweet was Elmira, peerless maid !
 As op'ning spring that blows ;
 And on her cheek were bright display'd
 The lily and the rose.

* Printed in the year 1774, in the name of Dr. Goldsmith,
 but probably not written by him.

Of mighty chiefs, of noble race,
Full many a love had she ;
But, till she view'd Cadwallo's face,
Her virgin heart was free.

Fairest of all the Saxon train,
The nymphs Elmira crown'd ;
And first of Britain's valiant strain
Was fam'd Cadwallo found.

'Twas in a sad and luckless hour
That dire contention rose,
And call'd to arms the British pow'r,
And made the Saxons foes.

With steely squadrons shining bright,
While Medway's shore appears,
Cadwallo thro' the shades of night
His lov'd Elmira bears.

When as a cruel hostile band
Their bootless flight pursu'd ;
Refig'n'd to heav'ns almighty hand,
They plung'd into the flood.

The billows rose, the winds blew high,
And chang'd its peaceful form ;
While hover'd o'er with dismal cry,
The spirit of the storm.

Far off the elemental strife
The weak Elmira bore :
And cast Cadwallo, loathing life,
Upon the naked shore.

The Britons these afford relief,
But sooth the youth in vain ;
A prey to heart-corroding grief,
He quits the friendly train.

Nor arms amongst the martial host,
The mourning chieftain bears ;
But fighting for Elmira lost,
To gloomy shades repairs.

No hermit of the lonely cell
From lofty thoughts more free,
Nor faints with solitude who dwell,
Were more recluse than he.

And oft times by the bubbling brook
Contemplative he lay,
And por'd upon some ancient book,
Or sigh'd the hours away.

Now twice six times her blunted horns
The waning moon renew'd,
And the glad earth the sweet returns
Of varying seasons view'd.

When, as at noon, the sun blaz'd high,
 Close standing by his side,
 With pensive air, and down-cast eye,
 A comely youth he spy'd.

And though he wont from human face
 To fly with wild amaze,
 Charm'd with some strange and unknown grace,
 He stopp'd a while to gaze.

“ What mak'st thou here, O youth,” he said,
 “ Where sorrow seeks repose ?
 “ Art thou by faithless friends betray'd,
 “ Or fly'st from foreign foes ?

“ Or for some maid with love and truth,
 “ Say, dost thou sigh in vain ?”
 While thus he spoke, the fainting youth
 Sunk prostrate on the plain.

His needful aid he hastes to give,
 And opes the tighten'd vest ;
 When Zephyr bade the fair revive,
 Elmira rose confest.

'Twas she ! in more than wonted charms,
 By rip'ning Time array'd,
 And sinking in his circling arms,
 Cadwallo clasps the maid.

Sav'd from the storm by cruel friends,
 Foes to the man she lov'd,
 Her course thro' circling guards she bends,
 And thus her faith approv'd.

To-day she stands in man's attire,
 Fast by Cadwallo's side ;
 To-morrow, with a lover's fire,
 He clasps his blooming bride,

L.

THE PROPHECY OF QUEEN EMMA.

Said to be written by Mr. Mickle, the very ingenious translator of the Lusiad, author of Almada Hill, an excellent poem, &c. &c.

O'ER the hills of Cheviot beaming,
 Rose the silver dawn of May ;
 Hostile spears and helmets gleaming,
 Swell'd along the mountains gray.

Edwin's warlike horn refounded
 Thro' the winding dales below,
 And the echoing hills rebounded
 The defiance of the foe.

O'er the downs like torrents pouring,
 Edwin's horsemen rush'd along ;
 From the hills like tempests louring,
 Slowly march'd stern Edgar's throng.

Spear to spear was now portended,
 And the yew bows half were drawn,
 When the female scream ascended,
 Shrilling o'er the crouded lawn.

While her virgins round her weeping,
 Wav'd aloft their snowy hands,
 From the wood queen Emma shrieking,
 Ran between the dreadful bands.

Oh, my sons, what rage infernal
 Bids you grasp th' unhallow'd spear ;
 Heav'n detests the war fraternal ;
 Oh, the impious strife forbear !

Ah, how mild and sweetly tender
 Flow'd your peaceful early days !
 Each was then of each defender,
 Each of each the pride and praise.

O my first-born Edwin, soften,
Nor invade thy brother's right;
O, my Edgar, think how often
Edwin dar'd for thee the fight.

Edgar, shall thy impious fury
Dare thy guardian to the field!
O, my fons, let peace allure ye;
Thy stern claims, O Edwin, yield.

Hah, what fight of horror waving,
Sullen Edgar, clouds thy rear!
Bring'st thou Denmark's banners, braving
Thy insulted brother's spear?

Ah, bethink how thro' thy regions
Midnight horror fearful howl'd;
When, like wolves, the Danish legions
Thro' thy trembling forests prowl'd.

When, unable of resistance,
Denmark's lance thy bosom gor'd ———
And shall Edwin's brave assistance
Be repaid with Denmark's sword!

With that sword shalt thou assail him,
From whose point he set thee free,
While his warlike sinews fail him,
Weak with loss of blood for thee!

Oh, my Edwin, timely hearken,
And thy stern resolves forbear !
Shall revenge thy councils darken,
Oh, my Edgar, drop the spear !

Wisdom tells, and Justice offers,
How each wound may yet be balm'd :
O, revere these holy proffers,
Let the storms of hell be calm'd.

Oh, my sons — But all her sorrows
Fir'd their impious rage the more :
From the bow-strings sprung the arrows ;
Soon the valleys reekt with gore.

Shrieking wild, with horror shivering,
Fled the queen all stain'd with blood,
In her purpled bosom quivering,
Deep a feather'd arrow stood.

Up the mountain she ascended,
Fierce as mounts the flame in air ;
And her hands, to heav'n extended,
Scatter'd her uprooted hair.

Ah, my sons, how impious, cover'd
With each other's blood, she cried :
While the eagles round her hover'd,
And wild scream for scream replied —

From

From that blood around you streaming,
Turn, my fons, your vengeful eyes ;
See what horrors o'er you streaming,
Must' round th' offended skies.

See what burning spears portended,
Couch'd by fire-ey'd spectres glare,
Circling round you both, suspended
On the trembling threads of air !

O'er you both Heav'n's lightning vollies,
Wither'd is your strength ev'n now ;
Idly weeping o'er your follies,
Soon your heads shall lowly bow.

Soon the Dane, the Scot, and Norman
O'er your dales shall havoc pour,
Every hold and city storming,
Every herd and field devour.

Ha, what signal new arising
Thro' the dreadful group prevails !
'Tis the hand of Justice poisoning
High aloft th' eternal scales.

Loaded with thy base alliance,
Rage and rancour all extreme,
Faith and honour's foul defiance,
Thine, O Edgar, kicks the beam !

Opening mild and blue, reversing
 O'er thy brother's wasted hills,
 See the murky clouds dispersing,
 And the fertile show'r distils.

But o'er thy devoted valleys
 Blacker spreads the angry sky ;
 Thro' the gloom pale lightning fallies,
 Distant thunders groan and die.

O'er thy proudest castles waving,
 Fed by hell and magic pow'r,
 Denmark tow'rs on high her raven,
 Hatch'd in Freedom's mortal hour.

" Curfed be the day detested,
 " Curfed be the fraud profound,
 " When on Denmark's spear we rested,"
 Thro' thy streets shall loud resound.

To thy brother sad imploring,
 Now I see thee turn thine eyes —
 Hah, in settled darkness luring,
 Now no more the visions rise!

But thy ranc'rous soul descending
 To thy sons from age to age,
 Province then from province rending,
 War on war shall bleed and rage.

This

This thy freedom proudly boasted,
 Hapless Edgar, loud she cried ——
 With her wounds and woes exhausted,
 Down on earth she sunk and died.

LI.

THE DEATH OF EARL OSWALD,

FAR shelter'd in a woody vale,
 Close by a babbling flood,
 For heav'nly contemplation meet,
 A lonely cottage stood.

Brave Oswald, Scotia's warlike lord,
 Unvanquish'd in defeat,
 From all the horrid pomp of war
 There whilom sought retreat:

Not love of philosophic lore
 Restrain'd the hero's rage ;
 Nor yet on want, or secret dread,
 Or impotential age.

'Twas

'Twas Lydia's matchless charms that found
 With passion meek to move
 His breast, which dar'd full well to fight,
 Yet knew as well to love:

Such beauteous bloom as crowns the May
 When vernal mornings break,
 Suffusing spread its orient blush,
 To tinge her damask cheek.

Long had the neighb'ring hamlets rung
 With praises of the fair;
 Her charms had fill'd each swain with love,
 Each maiden with despair.

Earl Oswald long had caught each tale;
 The love-lorn lover he;
 At length in admiration vow'd
 The lovely maid to see.

The maid, in whom the Graces vied,
 The lily and the rose;
 And from whose mind benignly bright
 Shone forth serene repose.

Leaving the soldier's rugged life,
 He secret sought the vale;
 Where center'd all his future views
 Of happiness or wail.

Let not th' impetuous warrior spurn,
Or deem the earl to blame ;
The hope that makes their fury blaze,
Gave ardour to his flame.

His pilgrim feet with weary tread
Now reach'd the long-fought place ;
Where, in a shepherd's friendly guise,
He veil'd his royal race.

Tending his flock with ceaseless care,
Beneath th' umbrageous grove ;
By kindly acts he often found
To recommend his love.

His kindly acts bespoke him well,
To please the gentle maid ;
Who in a virgin's soul-fraught sigh
His manly warmth repaid.

But sure a virgin's sighs too dear,
When bliss in love was woe ;
Too dear th' extatic joy is bought,
When fortune proves a foe.

As to th' accustomed place they roam'd,
All on a fatal day,
Northumbria's troops, a warlike band,
Swift came a crossing way.

With savage rage they strove to tear
 The maiden from his breast ;
 His warlike arm thrice forc'd the band,
 He sunk in endless rest.

She scream'd aloud — the damps of death
 Quick mantling o'er her cheek ;
 I come, my long-lov'd friend, I come,
 Nor more could ever speak.

LII.

Elfrida and Sir James of Perth.

WHERE Scone displays its moss-crown'd tow'rs,
 That rise in solemn pride ;
 Where Tay in many a winding maze,
 Conducts his limpid tide,

There liv'd a valiant hardy knight,
 A knight of mickle fame,
 The bravest of the northern chiefs,
 Sir James of Perth his name,

Scarce twenty years had pour'd their bloom
 Upon his youthful face ;
 His person was full meet to view,
 Adorn'd with ev'ry grace.

Whene'er he led his dauntless clan,
 Some rebel to confound,
 His glitt'ring blade mow'd down whole ranks,
 And dealt destruction round.

Each vallant chief, and wealthy laird
 To gain his friendship strove ;
 Each tyrant trembled at his name,
 Except that tyrant Love.

For long he woo'd a tender lass,
 Elfrida of the vale,
 An equal flame the lass betray'd,
 And heard his am'rous tale.

A piercing glance her eyes did shoot,
 And ev'ry heart engross ;
 Full many a lover hopeless sigh'd,
 And eke Sir John of Rofs.

His mind by sordid av'rice rul'd,
 No virtue e'er confess'd,
 Whilst ev'ry vice that blackens man,
 Reign'd lawless in his breast.

Oft did Sir John his passion urge,
But fix'd the maid remain'd ;
For Perth she kept her maiden vow,
And plighted troth maintain'd.

Fir'd with disdain his bosom glow'd,
His eyes with choler bright
Darted revenge : his soul employ'd
To slay the rival knight.

Elfrida's page, by money lur'd,
Her secrets to unfold,
In haste repair'd to John of Rofs,
And joyful tidings told.

“ That young Elfrida, longing maid,
Appoints to meet her love,
When night begins to hold her sway,
And splendid stars to rove.

Where yonder tuft of fir-trees rise,
And lord it in the air,
Sir James of Perth with, many a vow,
Expects his blooming fair.”

“ And will they meet (then Rofs abrupt)
This meeting is their last ;
If by my sword Perth doth not bleed,
May heav'n my body blast.”

Ten of his hardy clan he chose,
 Then plac'd them in the shade ;
 And he himself with purpose vile,
 In secret ambush laid.

'Twas night : each whispring breeze was hush'd,
 The moon in argent robe,
 Diffusing glory on her throne,
 Illum'd the glowing globe.

Around the vast ethereal lamp,
 Unnumber'd lustres shine ;
 The planets, tides of glory, blaz'd,
 And stamp'd the hand divine.

When lo ! the wish'd-for chief advanc'd,
 Elate with joy his mind,
 His soul in tender thoughts dissolv'd,
 And all to love resign'd.

Impatient of delay, Sir John
 Rush'd forward from the shade ;
 " Yield to our arms, thou dog of Perth,
 Renounce the peerless maid."

Swift from the sheath out flew the sword,
 That glitter'd at his side,
 " Perdition seize me if I do,"
 The knight of Perth reply'd.

“ I know thy voice, Sir John of Rofs,
And you my wondrous might,
When in the van at Flodden-field,
I dar'd the bleeding fight.

Now hand to hand let's here engage,
My fingle arm to thine,
Or I shall own thy hardy force,
Or thou shalt bow to mine.

Think not, Elfrida, I'll resign
Or tamely yield the prize,
Vanish the thought; for while I breathe,
I'll live but in her eyes.”

Struck with his speech, the knight of Rofs
His temper'd falchion drew;
To aid their laird against the youth,
Sprung forth his servile crew.

But valiant Perth, by rage inspir'd,
His blows with fury dealt,
Till three, the bravest of his foes,
The deadly weapon felt.

Two more unluckly gallant wights
With crimson dy'd his sword;
But still he scorn'd ignoble blood,
And thirsted for their lord.

Whilst

Whilst valour, dancing on his blade,
 United force defy'd,
 Behind him vilely stepp'd Sir John,
 And pierc'd him in the side.

Fir'd with the base unmanly deed,
 Tho' rack'd with deadly pain,
 The youth attack'd the chief of Rofs,
 And stretch'd him on the plain.

The purple gore rush'd out apace,
 And Rofs extended fell;
 His men, by favour of the night,
 Escap'd the hostile steel.

The victor, faint with loss of blood,
 His knees no more sustain;
 He dimly eyes the varied light,
 Then sinks upon the plain.

Now arm'd with smiles Elfrida parts,
 To meet her inmost soul,
 Her passions burn, her tender flames
 With rapid fury roll.

The scene of death at length she reach'd,
 And trembled at the view,
 She shudder'd at the streams of blood,
 And pale with horror grew.

Too soon she kenn'd the dismal news,
 Too soon perceiv'd the fray ;
 Her soul with inward horror bled,
 And all dissolv'd away.

Each lifeless corps she duly scann'd,
 At each she sorely figh'd ;
 At last she saw Sir James of Perth,
 And Rofs adorn'd his side,

“ One parting look, ere veil'd in clouds
 You fill the arms of Death ;
 Your lov'd, once-lov'd Elfrida calls ;
 Regard her suppliant breath.”

The well-known voice awak'd the chief,
 Just wing'd for endless night ;
 The sound he heard with dawning glee,
 And breath'd with new delight,

He op'd his eyes, which faintly shone,
 And figh'd ; he could no more :
 Whilst fair Elfrida beat her breast,
 And plaited garments tore,

Her dismal plaints, from woods and caves,
 And hills and rocks rebound,
 Whilst Perth, the lost, lamented Perth,
 All nature's works resound.

Baring her bosom, white as snow,
Elysium heav'd confess,
Then snatch'd his sword, yet warm with gore,
And plung'd it in her breast.

“ And is it thus !” with many a tear,
Exclaim'd the fair divine ;
“ Not death shall tear thee from my arms :
Sir James, I will be thine.”

Thus fell Elfrida, fairest flow'r
That nature e'er brought forth ;
Thus fell the Wallace of the age,
The brave Sir James of Perth.

LIII.

Hume and Murray, or fair Rosaline's escape.

STOUT Hume, he dwelt in fair Scotland,
A worthy wight was he ;
Whene'er he rais'd his burnish'd brand,
He caus'd his foes to flee.

And yet he was in prime of youth,
Of years scant twenty-five ;
In deeds of war, to say the truth,
He fear'd no man alive.

Of years scant twenty-five was he,
And comely was his face ;
His yellow locks, in ringlets free,
Hung down his neck with grace.

Blue were his eyes, and streams of fire,
When angry, from them came ;
Not so when urg'd by soft desire,
He woo'd the yielding dame.

His cheeks were red, for health was there,
And taught the blood to flow ;
His limbs were strong, yet light as air
He chac'd the bounding roe.

Stout Hume to youthful Murray said,
My soul is sick with love ;
I'm vanquish'd by an English maid ;
Thy faith I mean to prove.

Oft hast thou told me, trust my aid,
In any bold emprise ;
Quoth Murray, what he once hath said,
Accurs'd be who denies !

The word which once I promis'd have,
I still will keep to death :
Thou shalt not frown upon my grave ;
I'm thine while I have breath.

Then saddle straight thy dapple steed,
And take thy bow in hand ;
While I, to serve in time of need,
Gird on my trusty band.

And

And let us straight to Langley's haste,
A churlish knight, and bold ;
Fair Rosaline, his daughter chaste,
Is she I long t'enfold.

He is a knight of Percy's train ;
And when a hostage there,
I strove fair Rosaline to gain,
But he refus'd my pray'r.

O Rosaline ! how passing fair,
How beautiful art thou !
Like clust'ring blossoms waves thy hair
Upon the summer bough.

Thy forehead mocks the mountain snow,
Thy lips the scarlet thread ;
Thy cheeks, where blooming roses grow,
Is Cupid's fragrant bed.

In her sweet eyes his form he shrouds,
And whets his darts of war ;
Her eyebrows are the heav'nly clouds
Whence breaks the morning star.

Her teeth the iv'ry laugh to scorn,
Her neck the chrystal clear,
Thro' which, in azure channels borne,
The streams of life appear.

The down of whitest swans 'twere shame
To say her breast exceeds ;
Its swelling orbs the tender flame
Of love and virtue feeds.

Why sit we here, quoth Murray, then,
And spend our time in words ?
Let us together call our men,
And bid them take their swords.

Nay, Murray, nay, but thou and I
Must do this deed alone ;
Let us, brave Murray answered, fly,
The deed it shall be done.

Each mounted then his dapple steed,
They left the Scottish strand ;
Thro' Langley's wood they now proceed,
In fair Northumberland.

They reach'd the gate at morning tide,
The gate of Langley place ;
When thro' a window Rosaline spy'd
Her stately lover's pace.

What light dispels the morning gloom !
'Tis she ! my love ! 'tis she !
Then to the ditch-side hasted Hume,
And lowly beat his knee.

With speed she thro' the window past,
And lit upon the ground ;
While Hume he cross'd the ditch with haste,
He did not stay to sound.

He bore her down the bank so steep,
He wanted not a guide ;
He cross'd the ditch, both wide and deep,
And landed on t'other side.

They spurr'd their dapple steeds along,
Their steeds out-strip'd the wind ;
And soon was Langley's castle strong
Full many a mile behind.

Langley awake ! the porter cries,
Your daughter is fled away ;
She is fled with Hume ; arise ! arise !
Pursue without delay !

Then Langley call'd his four bold sons,
As bold as bold could be ;
They spur each steed, which swiftly runs,
And scours across the lee.

They spur their steeds with mickle might,
Till on a rising hill,
They see the lovers full in fight,
Yet onward prick they still.

They

They see the lovers ford the Tweed,
 To whom thus Murray kind,
 Fly on, my friends, with treble speed,
 While I remain behind.

Nay, Heav'n forefend! brave Hume reply'd,
 That thou alone should'st stand,
 I'll fix my feet thy feet beside,
 And meet yon hostile band.

Fly on, fly on, bold Murray cries,
 For know, unless I dream,
 Unless my bow-string fail, or eyes,
 Not one shall cross the stream.

O, spare my father's valu'd life,
 Quoth Rosaline, with a sigh;
 O, spare my breth'ren in the strife —
 Quoth Murray, none shall die.

The lovers fled—His bow he drew,
 And twang'd with utmost force,
 The arrow from th' elastic yew
 Strait kill'd the foremost horse.

Again he shot, nor miss'd his aim,
 Another horse fell dead;
 Three more fell flound'ring in the stream,
 And then bold Murray fled.

He join'd the lovers in their flight,
The happy deed he told ;
Her cheeks warm blushes render bright,
Which fear before made cold.

Blushes of joy her cheeks adorn,
Which Hume with rapture saw ;
The priest was called that blessed morn,
And sanction'd love with law.

But Langley and his sons with shame,
From out the water rise ;
On foot, and slower than he came,
To Percy now he hies.

A boon, earl Percy, I request !
What boon, said Percy, then ?
That all in glitt'ring armour drest,
Invade the Scottish men.

For Hume, that thief, hath stole my child,
My pleasure and my pride ;
He bore her thro' the marshes wild,
With Murray by his side.

Who, as we cross'd the Tweed, took aim,
Most like a traitor Scot,
And all our horses in the stream
With his sharp arrows shot.

God's

God's blood! quoth Percy, wicked Cain!
 To steal thy Rosaline!
 Hath Hume thy bonny daughter ta'en?
 I would he had taken mine!

For tho' my foe, I love him well,
 And prize his martial fire;
 Langley, in sooth I shall not mell,
 Would he could call me fire!



LIV.

Love and grief, or the death of the Sutherlands.

The following ballad is founded on fact, and contains the very affecting story of William Earl of Sutherland, and his countess. His lordship was the twenty-first earl of Sutherland, and, betaking himself to a military life, was promoted to be a captain of foot. In the year 1750 he succeeded his father in title and estate, and in 1759, when Britain was threatened with an invasion from France, he proposed to the ministry to raise a regiment of his own vassals and followers, which was readily accepted of, and his lordship appointed lieutenant-colonel commandant. He completed his regiment in less than two months, which continued in the service till the peace was concluded. He was elected one of the sixteen Scotch peers to the British parliament, in the room of the Marquis of Tweedale, deceased, in March 1763. His Lordship married in April, 1761, Miss Mary Maxwell, eldest

eldest daughter of William Maxwell, of Reston, Esq. and having, in 1765, lost an only son, they endeavoured to dispel their grief by a journey to Bath. They had been there a few weeks only, when the earl was taken ill of a violent fever, during which time the countess devoted herself so entirely to the care of her lord, that it is asserted she attended him for twenty-one days and nights without ever leaving him or going to bed; and the apprehension of his danger so affected her spirits and appetite, that her stomach refused all sustenance, and she died, perfectly worn out with fatigue and watching, the beginning of June, 1766, and his lordship a few days after. This most amiable pair were an honour to nobility; their conjugal love was even proverbial. It appeared, from the inscriptions on their coffins, that the earl was only 31, the countess 26.

FROM Caledonia's distant bounds,
 Beyond the Murray firth,
 Where Scottish men, with warlike sounds
 Join dance, and song, and mirth.

There came the lord of Sutherland,
 A youth tall, fair, and free;
 His race was aye a gallant band,
 A gallant youth was he.

He lov'd his king, his country lov'd ;
A trusty blade he bore
To smite their foes ; by fear unmov'd ;
Their foes him dreaded fore.

Yet gentle was he, too, and kind,
As kindest friend might be ;
For still in bravest souls, we find,
Dwells sweet humanity.

A youth so brave, a youth so mild,
What lady would not love ?
Where'er he came, whene'er he smil'd,
In vain the fair ones strove

To quench the soft, but dang'rous flame
That in their bosoms glow'd ;
The kindling blush that went and came
The secret flame still show'd.

Amid the rest, a lovely maid,
Maria hight was seen ;
Lovely her looks, her manners staid,
But most her mind, I ween,

Did take who saw, meek was that mind
As meekest infant's smiles ;
And wise as age, nor yet inclin'd
To cunning that beguiles.

Nor

Nor art nor cunning needed she,
Her soul was fill'd with grace ;
Sincerely good, and nobly free,
Her soul beam'd in her face.

In deffin'd hour young Sutherland
Beheld the beauteous maid ;
Her beauty could his youth withstand,
Such beauty so array'd ?

Ah, no! her charms, by Virtue drest,
Did seize the hero's heart ;
He lov'd, he courted, he was blest —
Death only could them part : —

Nor that long time ! — List to my tale,
A tale of love and woe ;
If pity in your breast prevail,
List, and a tear bestow.

Midst all that worth and wealth combin'd,
Which friends and fame confer,
Of pleasure on the feeling mind,
Did live this happy pair.

Their happiness to crown, kind Heav'n
Two pretty babes did lend ;
Lent was the blessing, not so giv'n,
But for it Heav'n might fend.

And

And send Heav'n did, ere long, for part,
 The eldest was recall'd ;
 Both parents forely ru'd the smart,
 The smart them both appall'd.

Now first appall'd, our warrior brave
 Sunk down in deep dismay ;
 And oft he view'd his darling's grave,
 His darling torn away.

Till heavy thoughts revolv'd too oft,
 Oppress'd the springs of life ;
 His strength decay'd, his soul was soft,
 It bow'd beneath the strife.

His friends to flee the scene of grief
 Their prudent counsel gave ;
 (From objects new we meet relief)
 All fought the youth to save.

Bath's balmy waters gently stream'd,
 Their genial aid to give ;
 Each joy-inspiring naiad seem'd
 To bid the warrior live.

Nathless the lurking sickness gains
 Fast on his weaken'd frame ;
 Till grown more bold, encreasing pains
 Reveal'd the fever's flame.

Full thirty days and and thirty nights
 Maria tends his bed,
 To her what are the world's delights,
 While there her lord is laid?

To lull his anguish, calm his mind,
 And hand the healing dose,
 Was all her care: For this she pin'd;
 For this she lost repose.

At length her pious care prevail'd,
 To quell the fierce disease —
 Might he but live, whate'er else fail'd,
 She reck'd not; pain would please. —

Ah me! what tidings do I hear?
 "She sickens, faints, and dies:
 "Outworn with watching, grief, and fear,
 "She falls a sacrifice."

Hush! hide the woeful chance, look gay,
 And closest silence keep;
 Or smiling, spite of sorrow, say,
 "The lady is asleep."

Say so next day, try ev'ry art —
 But ev'ry art is vain:
 Prolong'd suspense, the wishing heart
 Refuseth to sustain.

- “ Where is Maria dear,” he cries,
“ My charmer, where is she,
“ Whose looks were wont to chear my eyes ?
“ Why doth she fly from me ?
- “ Go, bring her ; say, poor Sutherland,
“ Bereav’d of her, must die :
“ Make haste — why do ye speechless stand ?
“ What means that sudden figh ?
- “ Alas ! alas ! Maria’s gone ;
“ I will not here abide ;
“ We cannot part ; we still are one” —
He said, then groan’d, and died.

