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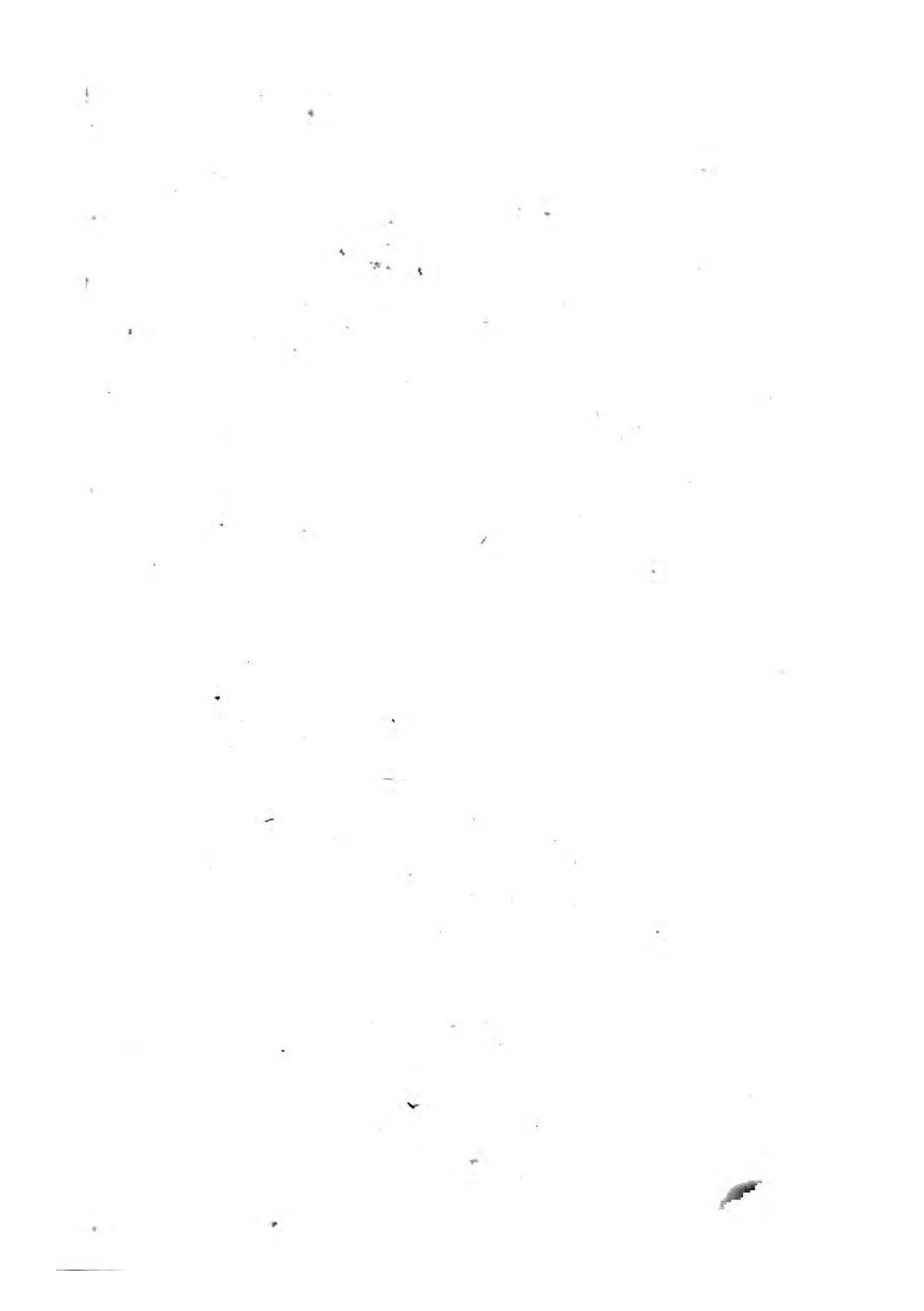
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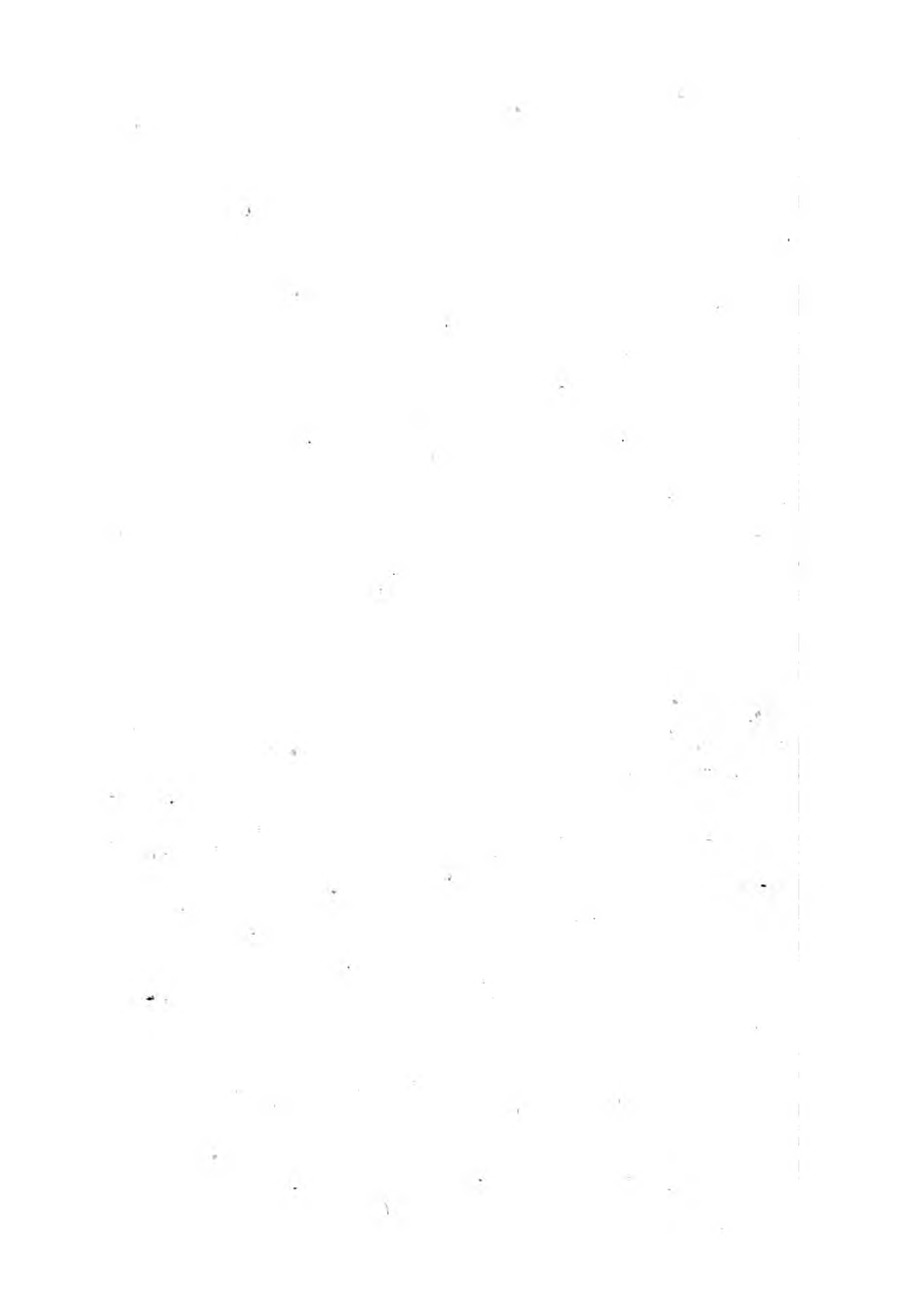
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O L D B A L L A D S,

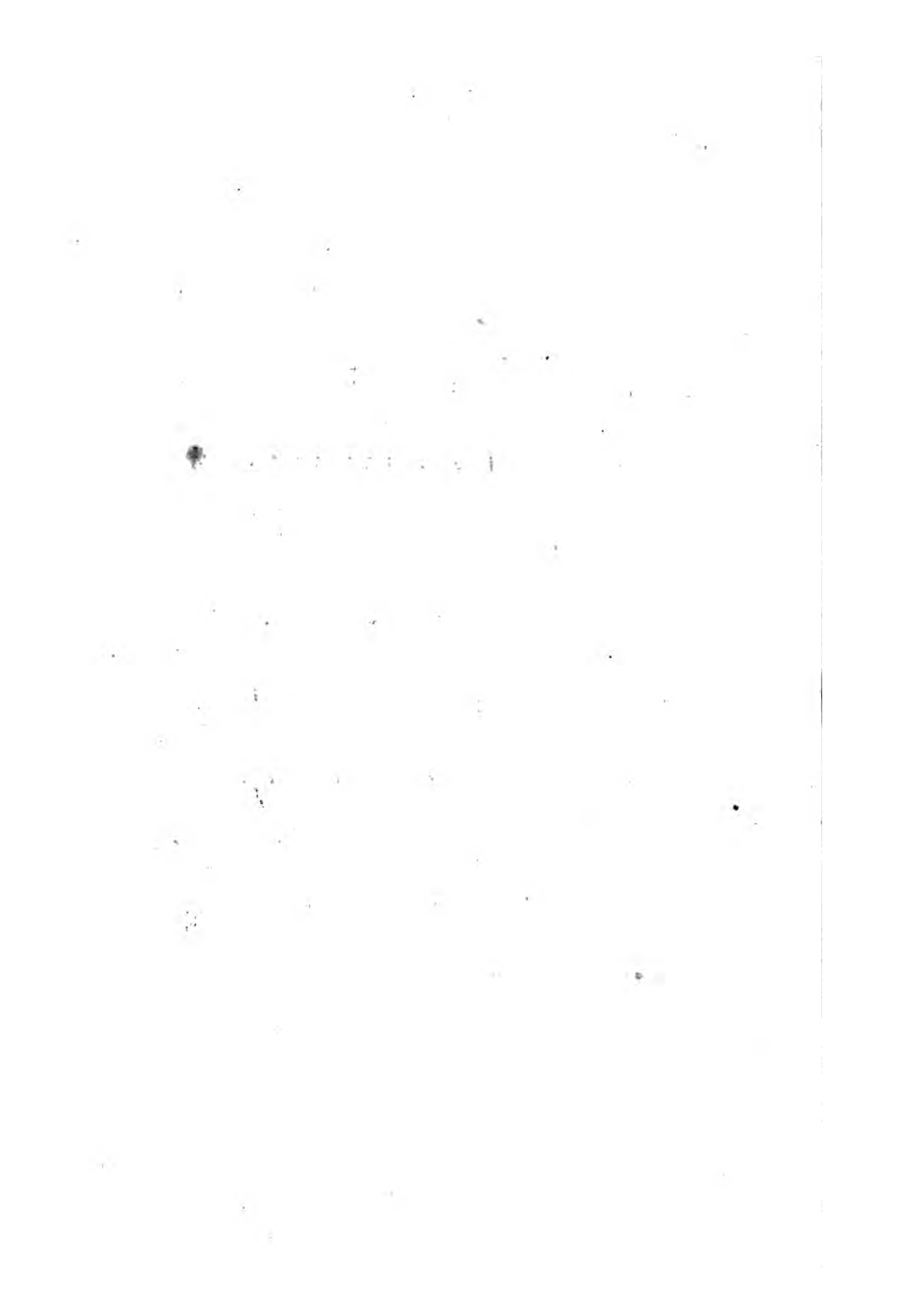
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Now first collected, and reprinted from rare Copies and MSS.

WITH NOTES.

By THOMAS EVANS.

VOL. IV.



Isaac Taylor del. et sculp.

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

Rowe.

Printed for T. EVANS, in the Strand.

M DCC LXXXIV.



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CONTENTS OF VOLUME THE FOURTH.

	page
1 R ICHARD Plantagenet —	1
2 <i>The cave of Morar</i> —	22
3 <i>Corin and Olinda</i> —	48
4 <i>Edwin and Eltruda</i> —	65
5 <i>Bishop Thurstan and the king of Scots</i> —	86
6 <i>The battle of Cuton moore</i> —	95
7 <i>The murder of prince Arthur in Rouen castle</i> —	112
8 <i>Prince Edwarde and Adam Gordon</i> —	122
9 <i>Cumnor hall</i> —	130
10 <i>Arabella Stuart</i> —	135
11 <i>Anna Bullen</i> —	141
12 <i>The ladye and the Palmer</i> —	146
13 <i>The fair Maniac, in two parts</i> —	153
14 <i>The bridal bed</i> —	162
15 <i>The lordling peasante</i> —	170
16 <i>Julia</i> —	184
17 <i>The red-crosse knighte, in three parts</i> —	187
18 <i>The wandering mayde, in two parts</i> —	206
19 <i>The triumph of deathe</i> —	217
20 <i>The bitter fruits of jealousie</i> —	226
21 <i>The death of Allen</i> —	232
22 <i>The distrefs of Marian</i> —	234
23 <i>Cadwall</i>	

C O N T E N T S.

23	<i>Cidwall</i>	—	—	—	—	236
24	<i>The cruel black</i>	—	—	—	—	250
25	<i>The tragedy of Phillis</i>	—	—	—	—	259
26	<i>Blew cap for me</i>	—	—	—	—	264
27	<i>Seldom comes the better</i>	—	—	—	—	270
28	<i>The lovers lamentable tragedy</i>	—	—	—	—	276
29	<i>Fair Susan of Somersetshire</i>	—	—	—	—	278
30	<i>Time's alteration</i>	—	—	—	—	282
31	<i>The merchant's son and beggar-wench of Hull</i>	—	—	—	—	287
32	<i>Aura and Alexis</i>	—	—	—	—	290
33	<i>Disappointment</i>	—	—	—	—	296
34	<i>The justice</i>	—	—	—	—	298
35	<i>Colin and Lucy</i>	—	—	—	—	302
36	<i>Henry and Sophy</i>	—	—	—	—	304
37	<i>Aylesbury races</i>	—	—	—	—	307
38	<i>The Debtor</i>	—	—	—	—	310
39	<i>The expostulation</i>	—	—	—	—	312
40	<i>The reply</i>	—	—	—	—	313
41	<i>Thomas and Sally</i>	—	—	—	—	315
42	<i>The triumph of Ceres</i>	—	—	—	—	318
43	<i>Song from the Persian</i>	—	—	—	—	320
44	<i>Surrey triumphant, or the Kentish-men's defeat</i>	—	—	—	—	323

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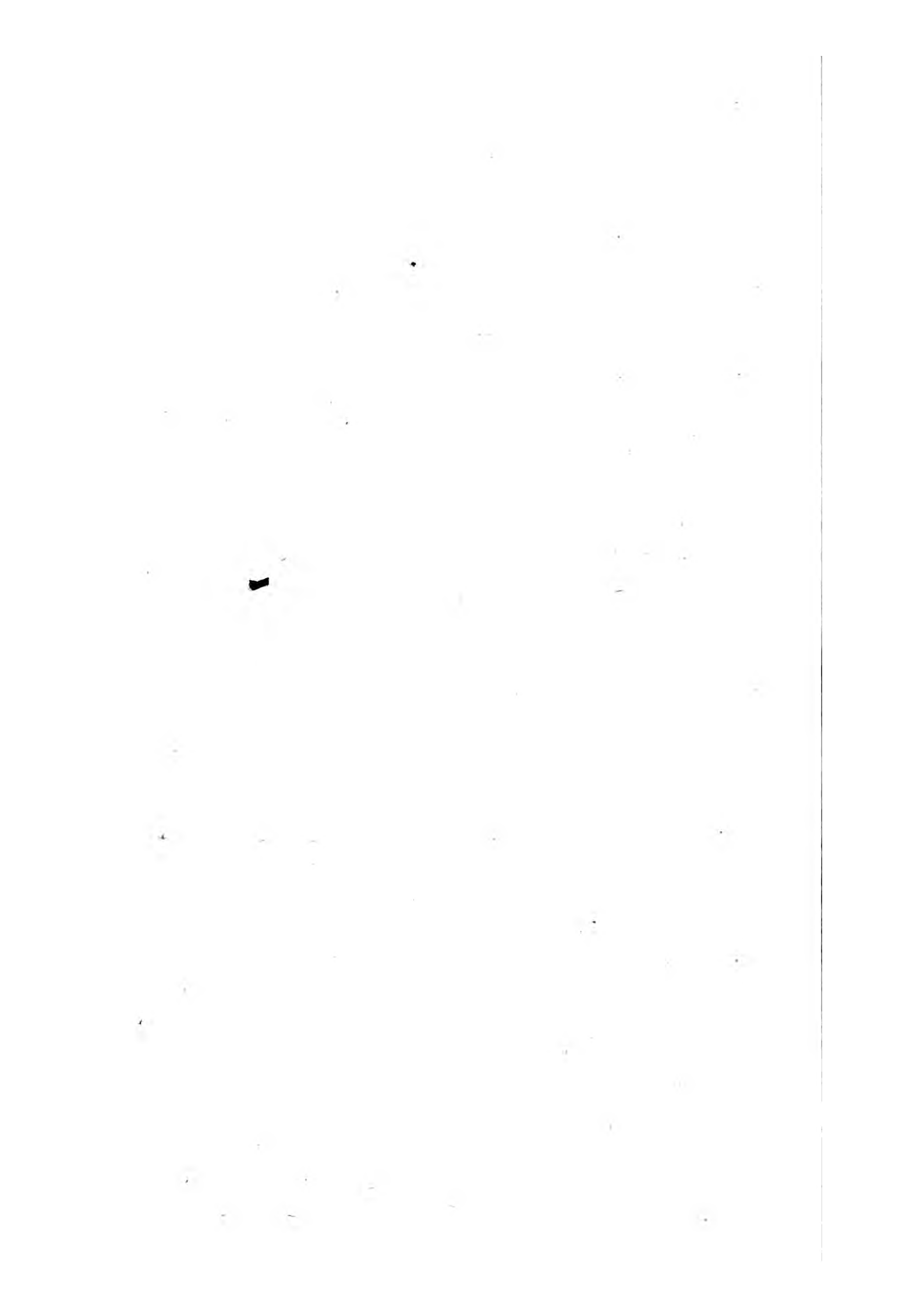
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A
C O L L E C T I O N
O F
O L D B A L L A D S.

I.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET ; a legendary Tale.

By Mr. Hull.

The duty of a patient submission to the destinations of Providence in all vicissitudes and afflictions of life, are strongly inculcated in the following tale. The author has added a few notes to prove the actual existence of such a person as Richard Plantagenet, and the chief event of his life to have been incontestably certain.

“ **T**HE work is done, the structure is complete—
“ Long may this produce of my humble toil
“ Un-injur’d stand, and echo long repeat,
“ Round the dear walls, benevolence and Moyle!”*
So

* Sir Thomas Moyle, possessor of Eastwell-Place, in the county of Kent, in the year 1546, gave Richard Plantagenet (who for many
VOL. IV. B years

2 O L D B A L L A D S.

So Richard spake, as he survey'd
The dwelling he had rais'd ;
And, in the fullness of his heart,
His gen'rous patron prais'd.

Him Moyle o'erheard, whose wand'ring step
Chance guided had that way ;
The workman's mien he ey'd intent,
Then earnest thus did say :

“ My mind, I see, misgave me not,
“ My doubtings now are clear,
“ Thou oughtest not, in poor attire,
“ Have dwelt a menial here.

“ To drudgery, and servile toil,
“ Thou couldst not be decreed
“ By birth and blood, but thereto wrought
“ By hard o'er-ruling need.

“ Is it not so ? That crimson glow,
“ That flushes o'er thy cheek,
“ And down-cast eye, true answer give,
“ And thy tongue need not speak.

years had been his chief bricklayer) a piece of ground, and permission to build himself a house thereon. The poem opens just when Richard is supposed to have finished this task. Eastwell-Place hath since been in the possession of the earls of Winchelsea.

“ Oft

- " Oft have I mark'd thee, when unſeen
 " Thou thought'ſt thyſelf by all,
 " What time the workman from his taſk
 " The ev'ning bell did call ;
- " Haſt thou not ſhunn'd thy untaught mates,
 " And to ſome ſecret nook,
 " With drooping gait, and muſing eye,
 " Thy lonely ſtep betook ?
- " There hath not thy attention dwelt
 " Upon the letter'd page,
 " Loſt, as it ſeem'd to all beſide,
 " Like ſome ſequeſter'd ſage ?
- " And wouldſt thou not, with eager haſte,
 " The precious volume hide,
 " If ſudden ſome intruder's eye
 " Thy muſings hath deſcried ?
- " Oft have I deem'd thou couldſt explore
 " The Greek and Roman page,
 " And oft have yearn'd to view the theme,
 " That did thy hours engage.
- " But ſorrow, greedy, grudging, coy,
 " Esteems of mighty price
 " Its treaſur'd cares, and to the world
 " The ſcantieſt ſhare denies ;

4 O L D B A L L A D S.

“ All as the miser’s heaped hoards,
“ To him alone confin’d,
“ They serve, at once, to soothe and pain
“ The wretched owner’s mind.

“ Me had capricious fortune doom’d
“ Thine equal in degree,
“ Long, long ere now, I had desir’d
“ To know thine history ;

“ But who their worldly honours wear
“ With meekness chaste and due,
“ Decline to ask, lest the request
“ Should bear commandment’s hue.

“ Yet now thy tongue hath spoke aloud
“ Thy grateful piety,
“ No longer be thy story kept
“ In painful secrecy.

“ Give me to know thy dawn of life ;
“ Unfold, with simple truth,
“ Not to thy master, but thy friend,
“ The promise of thy youth.

“ Now late in life, ’tis time I ween,
“ To give thy labours o’er ;
“ Thy well-worn implements lay by,
“ And drudge and toil no more.

“ Here

“ Here shalt thou find a quiet rest,
 “ For all thy days to come,
 “ And every comfort, that may serve
 “ T’endear thy humble home.

“ Hast thou a wish, a hope to frame,
 “ Beyond this neat abode?
 “ Is there a good, a higher bliss,
 “ By me may be bestow’d?

“ Is there within thine aged breast
 “ The smallest aching void?
 “ Give me to know thy longings all,
 “ And see them all supply’d.

“ All I entreat, in lieu, is this,
 “ Unfold, with simple truth,
 “ Not to thy master, but thy friend,
 “ The promise of thy youth.”

So gen’rous Moyle intent bespake
 The long-enduring man*,
 Who rais’d, at length, his drooping head,
 And, fighting, thus began.

* The time of Richard’s service at Eastwell-Place was near sixty years.

Richard Plantagenet reciteth his Tale.

HARD task to any, but thyself, to tell
 The story of my birth and treach'rous fate,
 Or paint the tumults in my breast that swell,
 At recollection of my infant state.

Oft have I labour'd to forget my birth,
 And check'd remembrance, when, in cruel wife,
 From time's abyss she would the tale draw forth,
 And place my former self before my eyes.

Yet I complain not, tho' I feel anew,
 All as I speak, fell fortune's bitter spite,
 Who once set affluence, grandeur, in my view,
 Then churlish snatch'd them from my cheated sight.

And yet it may be---is---nay, must be best,
 Whate'er heav'n's righteous laws for man ordain ;
 Weak man! who lets one fiend invade his breast,
 For earthly grandeur, fugitive as vain!

Perchance contentment had not been my mate,
 If in exalted life my feet had trod,
 Or my hands borne, in transitory state,
 The victor's truncheon, or the ruler's rod,

My

My course, perchance, had been one dazzling glare
 Of splendid pride, and I in vain had fought
 The quiet comforts of this humble sphere,
 Rest undisturb'd, and reason's tranquil thought.

But whither roam I? O! forgive, my kind,
 My honour'd lord, this undefign'd delay,
 Forgive, while in my new-awaken'd mind
 A thousand vague ideas fondly play.

Enough!--they're flown--and now my tongue prepares,
 Thou source of every good by me possess'd,
 To pour a tale into thy wond'ring ears,
 Full * three-score years close lock'd within my breast.

Of those care-woven, long-protracted years,
 Some sixteen summers pass'd obscurely on,
 A stranger to the world, its hopes, and fears,
 My name, birth, fortunes, to myself unknown.

Plac'd in a rural, soft, serene retreat,
 With a deep-learn'd divine I held abode,
 Who fought, by pious laws and conduct meet,
 The way to immortality and God.

* At the time of this relation, Richard is supposed to be nigh fourscore years of age; but he did not become acquainted with his own story, till he was near twenty: probably, in his sixteenth or seventeenth year.

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

By him instructed, I attain'd the sweet,
The precious blessings that from learning flow;
He fann'd in my young breast the genial heat,
That bids th' expanding mind with ardour glow.

He taught me with delighted eye to trace
The comely beauties of the Mantuan page,
Enraptur'd mix with Tully's polish'd grace,
Or catch the flame of Homer's martial rage.

Nor stopt he there, preceptor excellent,
Nor deem'd that wisdom lay in books alone,
But would explain what moral virtue meant,
And bid us make our neighbour's woes our own.

Heav'n's genuine pity glist'ning in his eyes,
The sweets of charity he would instill,
And teach what blessedness of comfort lies
In universal mercy and good-will.

So taught this pious man, so thought, so did,
Squaring his actions to his tenets true ;
His counsel or relief to none deny'd,
A gen'ral good, like heav'n's all-cheering dew !

Thus guided, thus inform'd, thus practice-drawn,
In guileless peace my spring of life was spent,
My leisure hours I sported o'er the lawn,
Nor knew what restless care or sorrow meant.

A cour

OLD BALLADS.

9

A courteous stranger, ever and anon,
My kind instructor's due reward supply'd ;
But still my name, my birth, alike unknown,
Wrapt in the gloom of secrecy lay hid.

One autumn-morn (the time I well recall)
That stranger drew me from my soft retreat,
And led my footsteps to a lofty hall,
Where state and splendor seem'd to hold their feat,

Thro' a long range of spacious gilded rooms
Dubious I pass'd, admiring as I went,
On the rich-woven labours of the looms,
The sculptur'd arch, or painted roof intent,

My guide, at length, withdrew ; wrapt in suspense
And fear I stood, yet knew not what I fear'd ;
When strait to my apall'd, astounded sense
A man of noble port and mien appear'd,

His form commanded, and his visage aw'd,
My spirit sunk as he advanced nigh,
With stately step along the floor he trod,
Fix'd on my face his penetrating eye.

The dancing plumage o'er his front wav'd high,
Thick-studded ribs of gold adorn'd his vest,
In splendid folds his purple robe did ply,
And royal emblems glitter'd on his breast,

I fought

I fought to bend me, but my limbs refus'd
 Their wonted office, motionless and chill ;
 Yet somewhat, as the figure I perus'd,
 A dubious joy did in my mind instill.

While thus I cower'd beneath his piercing eye,
 He saw, and strove to mitigate my fear,
 Soft'ning the frown of harsh austeriety
 In his bold brow, which nature grafted there.

With speeches kind he cheer'd my sinking heart,
 Question'd me much, and stroak'd my drooping head ;
 Yet his whole mind he seem'd not to impart,
 His looks implied more than his speeches said.

A broider'd purse, which weighty seem'd with gold,
 He gave me then, and kindly press'd my hand ;
 And thus awhile did stay me in his hold,
 And on my face did meditating stand.

His soul work'd hugely, and his bosom swell'd,
 As though some mighty thing he yearn'd to say,
 But (with indignant pride the thought repell'd)
 He started, frown'd, and snatch'd himself away.

My guide return'd, and re-conducted me
 Tow'rd the abode of my preceptor kind ;
 A man he seem'd of carriage mild and free,
 To whom I thought I might unload my mind.

Without reserve I told him all that pass'd,
 Striving, by mine, his confidence to gain ;
 Then my enquiries frank before him cast,
 Hoping some knowledge of myself t' attain,

I ask'd what wond'rous cause, yet undiscry'd,
 Urg'd him his time and zeal for me t' employ ;
 And why that man of dignity and pride
 Had deign'd his notice to a stranger-boy.

Confus'd, yet undispleas'd, my guide appear'd,
 Nought he divulg'd (tho' much he seem'd to know),
 Save this, which he with earnest look averr'd,
 " No obligation, youth, to me you owe ;

" I do but what my place and duty bid,
 " With me no kindred-drops of blood you share,
 " Yet (hard to tell!) your birth must still be hid ;
 " Enquire no farther—honour bids, forbear."

Thus he reprov'd, yet did it with a look,
 As tho' he pitied my sensations keen ;
 Patient I bow'd me to his mild rebuke,
 And pledg'd obedience, with submissive mien,

He left me at my tutor's soft abode,
 And parting blest me by the holy cross ;
 My heart wax'd sad, as he re-trac'd the road,
 And seem'd to have sustain'd some mighty loss.

But

But soon tumultuous thoughts began give way,
 Lull'd by the voice of my preceptor sage ;
 Unquiet bosoms he could well allay,
 His looks could soften, and his words assuage.

Unruly care from him was far remov'd,
 Grief's wildest murmurs at his breath would cease ;
 O! in his blameless life how well he prov'd
 The house of goodness is the house of peace !

Here I again enjoy'd my sweet repose,
 And taught my heart, with pious wisdom fill'd,
 No more with anxious throb to seek disclose
 What stubborn fate had doom'd to lie conceal'd.

But long these fond delusions did not last,
 Some sterner pow'r my rising life controul'd,
 My visionary hopes too swiftly past,
 And left my prospects, dreary, dark, and cold.

When rugged March o'er-rules the growing year,
 Have we not seen the morn, with treach'rous ray,
 Shine out awhile, then instant disappear,
 And leave to damp and gloom the future day ?

So dawn'd my fate, and so deceiv'd my heart,
 Nor wean'd me from my hopes, but cruel tore ;
 In one unlook'd-for moment, bade me part
 From all my comforts, to return no more,

My

My guide once more arriv'd, tho', as of late,
Of soft deportment he appear'd not now,
But wild impatience flutter'd in his gait,
And care and thought seem'd busy on his brow.

“ Rise, youth,” he said, “ and mount this rapid steed”—
I argued not ; his bidding strait was done ;
Proud-crested was the beast, of warlike breed,
Arm'd at all points, with rich caparison,

We commun'd not—such heat was in our speed,
Scantly would it allow me pow'r of thought,
Till eve, deep-painted with a burning red,
To * Bosworth field our panting courfers brought.

Who hath not heard of Bosworth's fatal plain,
Where base advent'ers did in compact join
'Gainst chiefs of prowess high, and noble strain,
And low'r'd the crest of York's imperial line ?

Now verging on that memorable ground,
Our course we stay'd—yet we alighted not ;
Fill'd with astonishment I gaz'd around,
While in my glowing breast my heart grew hot,

Thick-station'd tents, extended wide and far,
To th' utmost stretch of sight could I behold,
And banners flutt'ring in the whistling air,
And archers trimly dight, and prancers bold.

* Bosworth, in Leicestershire,

14 O L D B A L L A D S.

The sinking sun, with richly-burnish'd glow,
Now to his western chamber made retire,
While pointed spears, quick-shifting to and fro,
Seem'd all as spiral flames of hottest fire.

Promiscuous voices fill'd the floating gale,
The welkin echoed with the steed's proud neigh:
The bands oft turn'd and ey'd the western vale,
Watching the closure of departing day.

Light vanished now apace, and twilight grey
With speed unusual mantled all the ground,
The chieftains to their tents had ta'en their way,
And centinels thick-posted watch'd around.

As sable night advanced more and more,
The mingled voices lessen'd by degrees,
Sounding at length, as, round some craggy shore,
Decreasing murmurs of the ebbing seas.

Now tow'rd the tents awhile we journey'd on
With wary pace, then lighted on the ground,
Be-friended by the stars, that shimm'ring shone,
And fires, that cast a trembling gleam around,

With hasty foot we press'd the dewy sod,
Fit answer making to each station'd guard;
When full before us, as we onward trod,
A martial form our further progress barr'd.

He

He seem'd as tho' he there did list'ning stand,
His face deep-muffled in his folded cloak ;
Now threw it wide, snatch'd quick my dubious hand,
And to a neighb'ring tent his speed betook.

With glowing crimson the pavilion shone,
Reflected by the lofty taper's ray,
The polish'd armour, bright and drest to don,
Beside the royal couch in order lay.

The crown imperial glitter'd in mine eye,
With various gems magnificently grac'd,
Nigh which, as meant to guard its dignity,
A weighty curtelax unsheath'd was plac'd.

The chief unbonnetted, and drew me nigh,
Wrapt in a deepen'd gloom his face appear'd,
Like the dark low'rings of the clouded sky,
Ere the big-bursting tempest's voice is heard.

Revenge, impatience, all that mads the soul,
All that despair and frenzy's flame inspires,
Shewn by the tapers, in his eyes did roll,
Hot meteors they amid the lesser fires.

Tho' each dark line I could not truly scan,
Yet thro' the veil of his distemper'd mien
Broke forth a likeness of that lofty man,
Whom, whilom, at the palace I had seen,

16 O L D B A L L A D S.

To quell his feelings huge he sternly try'd,
Strong combat holding with his fighting soul,
Cresting himself with more than earthly pride,
As tho' from pow'r supreme he scorn'd controul.

At length (in part subdu'd his troubled breast)
On my impatient ear these accents broke,
(I pale and trembling as th' attentive priest,
Who waits th' inspirings of his mystic oak !)

“ Wonder no more why thou art hither brought,
“ The secret of thy birth shall now be shewn ;
“ With glorious ardour be thy bosom fraught,
“ For know thou art imperial Richard's * son.

“ Thy father I, who fold thee in my arms,
“ Thou royal issue of Plantagenet ! †
“ Soon as my pow'r hath quell'd these loud alarms,
“ Thou shalt be known, be honour'd, and be great.
“ Rise

* Richard the Third.

† It may not, perhaps, be unacceptable to some of our readers, if we subjoin the etymology of this name, which has been borne by several of our English kings. George Buck, Esq. compiler of the Life of Richard the Third, in Kennet's History of England, says, it rather should be called, Plantagenest, being derived from the two words, Planta Genesta or Genista, that is, the plant Broom. It was first given to Fulke, earl of Anjou, who lived an hundred years before the Norman conquest. He, having been guilty of some enormous crimes, was enjoined, by way of penance, to go to the
Holy

- “ Rise from the ground, and dry thy flowing tears,
 “ To nature’s dues be other hours assign’d!
 “ Befet with foes, solicitude, and cares,
 “ Far other thoughts must now possess the mind.
- “ To-morrow, † boy, I combat for my crown,
 “ To shield from foil my dignity and fame :
 “ Presumptuous Richmond § seeks to win renown,
 “ And on my ruin raise his upstart name :
- “ He leads yon shallow renegado band,
 “ Strangers to war and hazardous emprise,
 “ And ’gainst the mighty chieftains of the land,
 “ Vain and unskill’d, a desp’rate conflict tries.

Holy Land, and submit to a severe castigation. He readily acquiesced, dressed himself in lowly attire, and, as a mark of his humility, wore a piece of broom in his cap, of which virtue this plant is a symbol, in the hieroglyphick language; and Virgil seems to confirm it, by calling it *humilis genista*, the humble broom. This expiation finished, Fulke, in remembrance of it, adopted the title of Plantagenest, and lived many years in honour and happiness. His descendants accordingly inherited the name; and many successive nobles of the line of Anjou not only did the same, but even distinguished themselves by wearing a sprig of broom in their bonnets.

† This decisive battle, which terminated the contentions between the houses of Lancaster and York, was fought on Monday, August 22d, 1485. This interview, consequently, was on the preceding sabbath-night.

§ Henry earl of Richmond, afterwards king Henry VII.

- " Yet since assurance is not giv'n to man,
 " Nor can ev'n kings command th' event of war,
 " Since peevish chance can foil the subtlest plan
 " Of human skill, and hurl our schemes in air,

 " To-morrow's sun beholds me conqueror,
 " Or sees me low among the slaughter'd lie;
 " Richard shall never grace a victor's car,
 " But glorious win the field, or glorious die.

 " But thou, my son, heed and obey my word;
 " Seek not to mingle in the wild affray:
 " Far from the winged shaft and gleaming sword,
 " Patient await the issue of the day.

 " North * of our camp there stands a rising mound,
 " (Thy guide awaits to lead thee on the way,)
 " Thence shalt thou rule the prospect wide around,
 " And view each chance, each movement of the fray.

* The encampment and action were three miles distant from the town of Bosworth, and the place obtained the name of Bosworth Field, from that memorable battle. Camden, in his account of Leicestershire, says, " The exact place is frequently more and more
 " discovered by pieces of armour, weapons, and other warlike accoutrements, digged up; and especially a great many arrow-heads were found there, of a long, large, and big proportion, far
 " greater than any now in use."

" If

“ If righteous fate to me the conquest yield,
 “ Then shall thy noble birth to all be known;
 “ Then boldly seek the centre of the field,
 “ And ’midst my laurell’d bands my son I’ll own :

“ But if blind chance, that feld’ determines right,
 “ Rob me at once of empire and renown,
 “ Be sure thy father’s eyes are clos’d in night,
 “ Life were disgrace when chance had rest my crown.

“ No means are left thee then, but instant flight,
 “ In dark concealment must thou veil thy head ;
 “ On Richard’s friends their fellest rage and spite
 “ His foes will wreak, and fear ev’n Richard dead.

“ Begone, my son ! This one embrace ! Away !
 “ Some short reflections claims this awful night :
 “ Ere from the east peep forth the glimm’ring day,
 “ My knights attend to arm me for the fight.”

Once more I knelt, he clasp’d my lifted hands,
 Bless’d me, and seem’d to check a struggling tear ;
 Then led me forth to follow his commands,
 O’erwhelm’d with tend’rest grief, suspense, and fear.

What need of more ? Who knows not the event
 Of that dread day, that * desp’rate-foughten field,

* The whole continuance of this action is said to have been but two hours, during which the king’s personal bravery was astonishingly great.

Where, with his wond'rous deeds and prowess spent,
By numbers over-pow'r'd, my fire was kill'd!

A son no more, what course was left to tread,
To whom apply, or whither should I wend?
Back to my tutor's roof, by instinct led,
My orphan footsteps did I pensive bend.

O'er-ruling fate against my wishes wrought;
That pious man, snatch'd from this frail abode,
Had found the blessing he so long had sought,
The way to immortality and God,

With flowing eyes I left the sacred door,
And with relying heart to heav'n did bend;
To God my supplication did I pour,
To God, the mourner's best and surest friend.

That he would guide me to some safe retreat,
Where daily toil my daily bread might earn,
Where pious peace might soothe ambition's heat,
And my taught heart sublimer ardour learn.

He heard me—All I ask'd in thee was lent,
Thou lib'ral proxy of my gracious God!
Thou paid'st my industry with rich content,
And giv'st my weary age this soft abode.*

* Richard Plantagenet died in December, 1550, (the fourth year of Edward the Sixth's reign,) aged 81; consequently he enjoyed his little comfortable retreat barely four years:

The



The

*The work is done, the structure is complete —
 Long may the produce of my humble toil
 Un-injur'd stand! and echo long repeat,
 Round the dear walls, Benevolence and Moyle!*

The following is still to be found in the old register of the Parish of Eastwell.

“ Richard Plantagenet was buried the 22d daye of December, 1550.”

This last piece of intelligence was transmitted to the editor by a very sensible and worthy clergyman now living, who kindly went from Wye to Eastwell, to collect as many circumstances as he could, to confirm the authenticity of this singular story. To the transcript of the register he subjoined as follows :

“ It is observable that in the old register there is prefixed to the name of every person of noble blood such a mark as this, . At the name of Richard Plantagenet there is the same mark, (and it is the first that is so distinguished,) only with this difference, that there is a line run across it, thus .

“ There is still remaining in Eastwell park the ruin of a building, which, they say, was his house; and a well near it, which, to this day, is called Plantagenet's well.

“ There is also a tomb in the wall of Eastwell church, under which he is said to be buried; but it appears to me of much older date.”

The editor of this poem holds it incumbent on him to return his most grateful thanks to the gentleman who sent him these curious particulars, for the trouble he took, and the politeness of his letter; the whole of which he should be proud to make public, together with the name, could he presume such a liberty to be warrantable.

The editor conjectures the line, which is mentioned to run across the mark of nobility, to be what is styled in heraldry the bar of bastardy.

II.

The CAVE of MORAR, the Man of Sorrows.
A legendary Tale.

In two Parts,

By J. Tait.

The characters in the following tale are not rendered conspicuous by the splendor of riches, or the empty glare of honorary titles.—The author is hopeful the story he has told is not altogether unnatural; because, though he has taken the liberty of placing in the last century several incidents which happened in the present age, yet the sorrows which compose the life of the hermit, are such as he himself has once witnessed; for the birth of Morar, and the death of his parents, are almost literally copied from his own life, and the incident of Maria's death is taken from a very affecting scene of which he was an eye-witness: so that the circumstance of Morar's becoming a hermit, and the discovery made at the end of the poem, are the only imaginary incidents in the second part of it; and for these the author can offer no apology.

Part First.

“ H E R E, Emma, in this lonely grot,
“ Thy wearied limbs awhile repose;
“ I go to meet yon warlike Scot,
“ Whose threat'ning horn so loudly blows.

“ Here

- " Here rest with Mora r in his cell,
 " Where wild ambition ne'er annoys ;
 " For here content and virtue dwell,
 " Far from the world's tumultuous joys.
- " Behold he comes from yonder rock,
 " I see him wending o'er the plain,
 " Where the blythe shepherd feeds his flock,
 " And sweetly pours his artless strain.
- " His rev'rend age will guard thy charms,
 " With pleasing tales he'll soothe thy ear,
 " Whilst, 'mid the battle's loud alarms,
 " I boldly push my conqu'ring spear.
- " See in yon vale my troops await,
 " Keen for the field, a chosen band,
 " Who ne'er will seek a base retreat
 " While foes invade their native land.
- " Aided by them, I'll soon return,
 " With conquest and with glory crown'd;
 " Then why these tears ? why dost thou mourn ?
 " Why dost thou dread the trumpet's sound ?
- " Such sounds as these exalt the soul,
 " And fit my warriors for the field ;
 " Then smile, my love, thy fears controul,
 " The bold intruders soon shall yield."

“ Go, Edgar, go,” fair Emma cried,
 “ I know the valour of thy arm ;
 “ Go check you haughty Scotsman’s pride,
 “ Whose trumpets give the loud alarm.

“ I know you never fear’d a foe,
 “ I know you never su’d for peace ;
 “ Then bravely strike the ’vengeful blow,
 “ And let these bold incursions cease.—

“ Yet whilst thou’rt absent, should a sigh
 “ From Emma’s anxious bosom steal,
 “ Or should a tear fall from my eye,
 “ And tell too plainly what I feel :

“ Can I that sigh, that tear controul ?—
 “ Affection prompts that tear to fall,
 “ And grateful love, which fills my soul,
 “ Inspires that sigh, and sweetens all.”

She spoke, brave Edgar seized his spear,
 And quickly join’d the troops below,
 Who march’d along, devoid of fear,
 To meet the fast-advancing foe.

With placid smile and sober pace,
 At length old Morar reach’d his cell ;
 Tho’ melancholy mark’d his face,
 His breast no boist’rous passions swell.

When

When beauteous Emma caught his eye,
 What soft emotions fill'd his breast!
 He sympathis'd in every sigh,
 And thus the lovely fair address:

“ Fair Virgin, whither dost thou stray,
 “ Along this unfrequented road;
 “ For scarce a pilgrim turns this way
 “ To visit me or my abode?”

“ And what was he I lately saw,
 “ Who march'd so swiftly o'er the green,
 “ With manly looks, commanding awe,
 “ With stately port, and graceful mein?”—

“ Hermit,” she said, “ that gallant youth
 “ Is Edgar, fam'd for martial deeds,
 “ Whose bosom glows with love of truth,
 “ Whose friendly heart with pity bleeds.

“ Wilt thou attend while I impart
 “ By what strange means he gain'd my love,
 “ And how he won my grateful heart
 “ Amid the shades of Maresham's grove.

“ The tale to me is wond'rous dear,
 “ It brings my joys again to view”—
 The hermit bow'd, well pleas'd to hear,
 And bid the maid her tale pursue.

“ One

26 O L D B A L L A D S.

- “ One day,” she said, “ I stray’d along
“ The flow’ry banks of Rona’s flood,
“ Intent to hear the linnet’s song,
“ That echo’d from a neighbouring wood.
- “ The chearful shepherd tun’d his reed,
“ The sportive flocks rejoic’d around,
“ And from the flower-bespangl’d mead
“ Issu’d at once the pleasing sound.
- “ Each rural object sweetly smil’d,
“ All nature wore the face of joy,
“ And long I roam’d ’mid prospects wild,
“ Where strangers us’d not to annoy.
- “ But Ratcliffe’s son, who long had tried
“ To gain my youthful heart in vain,
“ Swift from the mountain’s summit hied,
“ And met me on the lonely plain.
- “ He warmly press’d me to be kind,
“ He told me many an artful tale,
“ By which he meant to taint my mind,
“ But all his arts could not prevail.
- “ At last he caught me in his arms,
“ And, struggling, strove to crown his flame—
“ My cries proclaim’d my just alarms,
“ And Edgar to my rescue came.

“ He

- “ He heard my voice, he curs’d the swain,
 “ In my defence his sword he drew;
 “ But Edgar drew his sword in vain,
 “ For o’er the plains base Ratcliffe flew.—
- “ Yet Edgar swore he’d check his pride,
 “ He swore he’d have a just revenge,
 “ And oft wou’d watch on Noreham’s side,
 “ Where worthless Ratcliffe us’d to range.
- “ And swore, if e’er he met the youth,
 “ His base, his treacherous heart should feel
 “ The safe-guard of the soldier’s truth,
 “ The point of his avenging steel.—
- “ I thank’d him for his friendly aid,
 “ I lov’d him for his dauntless soul;
 “ For while we stray’d beneath the shade,
 “ A tender sigh had often stole.
- “ To Maresham’s hall we bent our way,
 “ Where oft my honour’d fire resorts,
 “ In calm content to pass the day,
 “ Or share the huntsman’s manly sports.
- “ Edgar, at his request remain’d
 “ Three summer’s days in Maresham’s vales;
 “ By feats of arms my fire he gain’d,
 “ He won me by his artless tales.

“ My

- “ My father blefs’d the riling flame,
 “ At Hymen’s shrine he join’d our hands ;
 “ And told the youth he then might claim
 “ His wealth, his far-extended lands.
- “ But Edgar, with expreffive fmile,
 “ Refus’d the gift my fire defign’d :
 “ Be mine,” he faid, “ the warrior’s spoil,
 “ Be mine the joy thy foes to bind.
- “ When the rough Scots, with lawlefs might,
 “ Victorious often, threat the brave,
 “ In thy defence let Edgar fight,
 “ A higher boon he ne’er fhall crave.
- “ My father granted his request,
 “ He prais’d him for his matchlefs zeal,
 “ And warmly prefs’d him to his breast,
 “ When he remov’d from Mareham’s vale.
- “ Now in yon plain he meets the foe,
 “ I hear the battle’s dreadful found,
 “ Hark ! hark ! the conqu’ring trumpets blow,
 “ Edgar with glory now is crown’d.
- “ Watch him, ye powers who rule above,
 “ Shield him from all impending harms ;
 “ Hear, hear the fervent prayers of love,
 “ And bring him fafe to Emma’s arms.”—

“ No,

“ No, Emma, no, he’ll ne’er return,”
 (With fault’ring voice, a pilgrim said)
 “ Unhappy fair, well may’st thou mourn,
 “ For Edgar lies among the dead,

“ Deserted by his friends he fell,
 “ And left with me this dread command,
 “ Go, pilgrim, go to Morar’s cell,
 “ And give this sword to Emma’s hand.

“ Tell her, when pale distress shall seize,
 “ When she demands relief in vain,
 “ This trusty blade will give her ease,
 “ And quickly banish all her pain.”

“ Give me the sword,” she wildly said,
 “ What comes from Edgar must be dear ;
 “ Now let me try the trusty blade,
 “ I feel distress, but know not fear.”—

She spoke, she lifted up the steel,
 In vain old Morar caught her hand :
 “ Forbear,” she cried, “ the pains I feel
 “ From Edgar’s sword relief demand.”

With dread intent she rais’d her arm,
 But Edgar’s self restrain’d the blow ;
 “ My love,” he cried, “ what fears alarm ?
 “ I’ve overcome the boastful foe.”

Her lips grew pale, she wildly gaz'd,
 And lifeless dropp'd upon the ground :
 But soon again her head she rais'd,
 Heav'd a deep sigh, and look'd around.

“ And art thou still alive !” she said,
 “ Do I still press thee to my breast ?
 “ Or art thou an illusive shade,
 “ Come to disturb my promis'd rest ?

“ A pilgrim told me thou wert slain,
 “ Deserted by thy faithless bands ;
 “ He said he left thee on the plain,
 “ And brought from thee these dread commands :

“ When pale distress shall Emma seize,
 “ When she demands relief in vain,
 “ This trusty blade will give her ease,
 “ And quickly banish all her pain.”

“ What wretch !” he cried, “ with lying tongue
 “ Told thee my brave associates fled ?
 “ For boldly they oppos'd the strong,
 “ And Scotland's choicest warriors bled.

“ Where is the wretch who told my love
 “ I fell inglorious in the field ?
 “ On him this faithful arm shall prove,
 “ That Edgar never stoop'd to yield.”—

Indignant,

Indignant, thus brave Edgar spoke,
And cast his fiery eyes around,
When he beheld, behind a rock,
The pilgrim stretch'd upon the ground.

His bosom glow'd with ruthless ire,
For boist'rous passions rule the brave ;
He seiz'd the wretch, whose mean attire,
From threat'ned vengeance could not save.

He plung'd a dagger in his breast,
“ Let this,” he cried, “ my rage suffice.”
When lo ! the pilgrim shone confess'd
Old Ratchiffe's son in base disguise.—

“ Edgar,” he said, “ 'twas justly done,
“ For long, too long, I've envied thee,
“ Because that matchless maid you won,
“ And gain'd her heart, who slighted me.

“ A spy inform'd me, that to-day
“ You went to meet the warlike Scot,
“ And left that helpless fair, to stay
“ Till you return'd, at Morar's grot.

“ To Morar's grot I swiftly came,
“ For base-born passions fill'd my mind ;
“ But Morar's presence check'd my aim,
“ And stopp'd the crime I first design'd.

“ Then,

- “ Then, full of guile, I told the tale,
 “ Which cred’lous Emma soon believ’d ;
 “ With joy I saw my arts prevail,
 “ And smil’d while Emma was deceiv’d.

 “ But you restrain’d the fatal blow,
 “ And on my head thy vengeance fell ;
 “ Edgar, tho’ long I’ve liv’d thy foe,
 “ My parting breath bids thee farewell.”——

He spake ; he died ; — old Morar turn’d
 Where beauteous Emma hung her head :
 “ In death, he said, be Ratcliffe mourn’d,
 “ For vengeance ne’er pursues the dead.

- “ Unseen in some sequester’d grot,
 “ With decent rites his corse we’ll lay,
 “ Where all his crimes shall be forgot,
 “ And soon become oblivion’s prey.

- “ But see the sober shades of eve
 “ In clouds on clouds their glooms unite ;
 “ Say, may an humble hermit crave,
 “ You’d pass with him th’ approaching night ?

- “ The hermit’s food shall be your fare,
 “ Fresh herbs collected from the green,
 “ And oft, to banish gloomy care,
 “ Some pleasing tale shall intervene.

“ Perhaps

“ Perhaps the tale of Morar’s woes
“ May force the friendly tear to swell,
“ Morar, who long has fought repose
“ In the poor hermit’s cheerless cell.

“ When morning dawns, you may proceed
“ Where liberal fortune casts your lot.”
Consenting Edgar bow’d his head,
And led fair Emma to the grot.

Part Second.

NOW, when the simple feast was o’er,
Contentment smil’d around the board,
And fresh from nature’s bounteous store,
The sage the crystal bev’rage pour’d.

His guests enjoyed the rustic cheer,
Nor were their kindest thanks forgot,
Till beauteous Emma begg’d to hear
The mournful tale of Morar’s lot.

" My friends," he said, " though rude my voice,
 " And most unfit to touch the heart,
 " With tales wrapt up in quaint disguise,
 " Where modest nature yields to art :

" Yet if a story, sad though true,
 " If real grief, which oft I've shar'd,
 " Can claim a tear as justly due,
 " You'll weep when Morar's woes are heard.

" Remote from cities liv'd a swain,
 " Whose honest heart ne'er felt a care,
 " Till artless love, with pleasing pain,
 " Told him that Anna's face was fair ;

" Told him that virtue fill'd her mind,
 " And heighten'd all her youthful charms ;
 " Told him, perhaps she'd soon prove kind,
 " And bade him woo her to his arms.

" His suit was heard, she bless'd his flame,
 " They soon were join'd in wedlock's bands ;
 " And from these parents Morar came,
 " Morar who now your ear demands.—

" Sweet flow'd their hours replete with joy ;
 " Such was their virtue, such their love,
 " That envy's self durst not annoy,
 " Nor scandal's tongue their lives reprove.

" I was

- “ I was the object of their care ;
 “ For soon they strove to warm my breast
 “ With virtue’s flame, by fixing there
 “ Precepts the noblest and the best.
- “ With what success their toils were crown’d
 “ It is not fit for me to boast,
 “ Suffice it that they sometimes own’d
 “ Their fond endeavours were not lost.—
- “ One fatal morn,—forgive this tear,
 “ For sad remembrance bids it fall,
 “ Nor think, though now a hermit here,
 “ Such scenes I calmly can recall;
- “ One fatal morn, serene and gay,
 “ When summer’s beauties charm’d the eye,
 “ My hapless fire resolv’d to stray
 “ To a small rural village nigh.
- “ Anna, he said, farewell a while,
 “ Be joyful till we meet again ;
 “ It cheers my heart to see thee smile,
 “ Then smile, nor let me ask in vain.—
- “ My friends expect me, I must go,
 “ But I’ll return before ’tis night :
 “ Farewell, let pleasures round thee flow” —
 “ He spoke, and vanish’d from her sight.—

“ With jocund tales he cheer’d his friends,
“ His friends were pleas’d, they laugh’d around ;
“ But soon each earthly pleasure ends,
“ Nor are our joys substantial found.

“ For near, too near a towering pile,
“ By some unskilful artist rear’d,
“ My father stood with cheerful smile,
“ It shook ; it fell ; he disappear’d.

“ Ere long his bleeding corse was found,
“ Each remedy was soon applied,
“ But ah, in vain, the fatal wound,
“ The feeble power of art defied.

“ Let those whose tender hearts can share
“ The sorrows which th’ afflicted feel,
“ Let those express my mother’s care,
“ And all her dreadful thoughts reveal ;

“ When for that husband, ever gay,
“ Who, smiling, left her in the morn,
“ His corse mov’d slowly on the way,
“ By a few weeping friends upborne,

“ Despair and anguish fill’d her soul ;
“ Her words were wild and full of woe,
“ And many a sigh unbidden stole,
“ And many a tear began to flow.

“ Long,

“ Long, long beneath oppressive grief,
 “ Cheerless she pass’d the lonely hour,
 “ Nor vainly hop’d to find relief,
 “ Nor fought sweet consolation’s pow’r.

“ I too forgot my joys a while,
 “ And weeping, saw my father’s bier ;
 “ But trifling pleasures soon beguile,
 “ And soon dry up the childish tear.

“ Yet pale misfortune mark’d my lot
 “ With other griefs, with other woes,
 “ Which drove me to this silent grot,
 “ Where I at last enjoy repose.

“ For soon as youth, with boastful glee,
 “ Begun his gay aspiring reign,
 “ (’Twas mad ambition prompted me)
 “ I rashly left the peaceful plain,

“ Amid the city’s pompous noise,
 “ A while I join’d the bustling ring,
 “ But soon I found these wish’d-for joys
 “ To me but few delights could bring.

“ I straight resolv’d to quit the town,
 “ I sigh’d to tread the flowery dale,
 “ Nor vainly hop’d to gain renown,
 “ Where basest arts alone prevail,

38 O L D B A L L A D S.

“ Farewell, I said, ye giddy scenes,
“ Where vice with artifice is join’d,
“ Where, leagu’d with tolly, falsehood reigns,
“ And baneful flattery taints the mind.

“ A long farewell, I’ll ne’er return,
“ To rural scenes I’ll bend my way,
“ Where honest breasts with candour burn,
“ And virtue shines with purest ray.

“ A weeping parent claims my care,
“ To her with open arms I’ll fly,
“ In all her griefs I’ll fondly share,
“ And wipe the torrent from her eye.”—

“ Such were my hopes, but ah ! how vain
“ The hopes which mortals often rear !
“ For soon I reach’d the wish’d-for plain,
“ And met, alas ! my mother’s bier.

“ To the lone grave her head I bore,
“ And as I laid her in the clay,
“ I felt a pang unknown before,
“ For there my father’s ashes lay.

“ ’Twas sad indeed, his bones I saw,
“ I fondly grasp’d them in these hands,
“ I grasp’d, and felt that sacred awe,
“ Which ev’ry form of death demands,

“ My

- “ My brothers then beside me stood,
“ I saw them, and I heav'd a sigh,
“ My sisters came in mournful mood,
“ I wip'd the tear that fill'd my eye.—
- “ In vain each friend assiduous strove
“ My plaintive murmurs to controul,
“ In vain they struggl'd to remove
“ The griefs which harbour'd in my soul.
- “ In vain compassion lent her aid,
“ In vain she try'd each soothing art,
“ Ev'n reason's self in vain essay'd
“ To banish woe from Morar's heart.
- “ But time, at last, to wonted ease
“ Restor'd my long-afflicted mind;
“ Again I felt internal peace,
“ Again in festive mirth I join'd.
- “ I mingl'd with the rural ring,
“ Who gaily tript along the plain,
“ With sprightly notes I touch'd the string,
“ And all the virgins prais'd the strain.
- “ Yet oft the sigh of sorrow stole,
“ When faithful mem'ry brought to view
“ The griefs which lately fill'd my soul;
“ Sad scenes, which fancy often drew.—

" While thus I join'd the mirthful throng,
 " Whose artless breasts no cares alarm,
 " Maria chiefly claim'd my song ;
 " She who could boast each matchless charm.

" Fair was the maid, and sweet her air,
 " With virtue's flame her breast was fir'd,
 " Where'er she came, she banish'd care,
 " Save that alone which love inspir'd.

" With ev'ry art the shepherds strove
 " The smiles of such a nymph to gain,
 " But Morar only shar'd her love,
 " Morar alone su'd not in vain.

" For oft, beneath the woodland's gloom,
 " With her in converse sweet I've stray'd,
 " Or thro' the meads, whose vernal bloom
 " Gay nature's fairest scenes display'd.

" Encourag'd thus, I bade her name
 " The blissful day when we should join,
 " To crown our long-expecting flame,
 " And bend at Hymen's holy shrine.

" The day was nam'd, her fire agreed,
 " At Hymen's shrine we bent the knee,
 " While ev'ry youth that trod the mead,
 " Approv'd my choice, or envy'd me.

" The

“ The highest pleasure now I found,
 “ I tasted each exalted joy,
 “ And soon my fairest hopes were crown'd
 “ With a sweet-smiling, lovely boy.

“ Maria then with transport smil'd,
 “ And oft her fire a wish express'd,
 “ That he might see his daughter's child,
 “ And press her offspring to his breast.

“ His wish was heard, my love complied,
 “ And to her father fondly bore
 “ The smiling object of her pride,
 “ His grandfire's blessing to implore.

“ I staid behind, I watch'd my flocks,
 “ Nor were domestic cares forgot,
 “ I gather'd woodbine from the rocks,
 “ And deck'd with flow'rs my humble cot :

“ I thought Maria would approve
 “ The ornaments I thus prepar'd,
 “ I thought a tender look of love
 “ Would amply all my toils reward.—

“ Three days Maria blest her fire,
 “ And on the fourth, at dawn of morn,
 “ She signified a warm desire
 “ To my poor cottage to return.

“ Her

" Her father granted her request,
 " My infant son was left behind,
 " Lock'd in the arms of balmy rest,
 " And to a servant's care consign'd.

" The good old man, with duteous love,
 " His child conducted on the way,
 " And by each fond endearment strove
 " To cheer her heart and make her gay.—

" In a deep glen my cottage stood,
 " Near which a river held its course :
 " Tho' ceaseless rains had swell'd the flood,
 " And urg'd it on with threatful force ;

" Yet when they reach'd the further shore,
 " The sage exclaim'd with chearful voice,
 " Our cares, my child, will soon be o'er,
 " And Morar too will soon rejoice.

" Our slow approach perhaps he blames,
 " I see him waiting on the mead,
 " What haste a husband's transport claims !—
 " He spoke, and onward push'd his steed.

" They reach'd the middle of the stream,
 " It roar'd, it foam'd, Maria fell ;
 " I heard a loud, a dreadful scream,
 " I knew the plaintive voice too well.

" Soon,

“ Soon, soon I reach’d the river’s side,
 “ I saw Maria’s floating corse,
 “ While all in vain her father tried
 “ To save her from the torrent’s force.

“ His feeble arm I saw him wave,
 “ Have mercy, heav’n, he faintly said:
 “ This, this must be Maria’s grave,
 “ I can no more!—then join’d the dead.

“ What pangs of sorrow fill’d my soul,
 “ The feeling breast alone can know;
 “ For from my lips no murmur stole,
 “ My mind to ease, to tell my woe.

“ To save the bodies from the flood,
 “ Long, long in vain I fondly strove,
 “ While the pale virgins weeping stood,
 “ And mourn’d the fate of Morar’s love.

“ At last I brought them to the shore,
 “ I laid them in one friendly tomb,
 “ And thus, when silent grief was o’er,
 “ Bewail’d Maria’s fatal doom:

“ Farewell, Maria, ever dear,
 “ So late the source of Morar’s joys,
 “ These joys which once I deem’d sincere,
 “ Tho’ adverse fate my hopes destroys.

“ Farewell,

“ Farewell, my love; though death divide,
 “ Thy mem’ry shall be dear to me,
 “ Till some propitious angel guide
 “ My wearied soul to heav’n and thee.

“ Farewell, ye scenes I lov’d so well,
 “ Farewell, ye shepherds, ever gay,
 “ For in some lone sequester’d cell,
 “ Remote from you, I’ll pass the day.

“ Reflection there shall dart her beams,
 “ In scenes from earthly cares remov’d,
 “ And fancy oft shall fill my dreams,
 “ With pictures of the wite I lov’d.

“ My parents too demand a tear,
 “ A tear affection bids me give;
 “ I’ll let it flow with grief sincere,
 “ I’ll praise their virtues while I live.—

“ No more, alas! with heart-felt joy,
 “ Such as a parent only knows,
 “ Can I attend my lovely boy,
 “ And in his smiles forget my woes.

“ I cannot guard his childish years,
 “ That care, Maria, was thy own,
 “ Nor, when ambitious youth appears,
 “ Can I his tow’ring wishes crown,

“ But

- “ But I’ve a kind, a faithful friend,
 “ Whose heart I’ve always found sincere,
 “ And to his love I’ll recommend
 “ The dearest object of my care.
- “ He’ll guard his youth, he’ll form his mind,
 “ He’ll teach him virtue’s purest laws ;
 “ And like a parent, always kind,
 “ He’ll give, when he deserves, applause.—
- “ Such were my words, and soon I rov’d
 “ To this sequester’d mountain’s side ;
 “ I saw this grot, I saw, I lov’d,
 “ And here determin’d to reside.
- “ The holy hermit’s dress I chose,
 “ And oft I roam thro’ yonder wood ;
 “ For well this garb becomes my woes,
 “ These shades befriend a serious mood.—
- “ Such is the life which I have liv’d ;
 “ My fate indeed has been severe ;
 “ I’ve grasp’d at blifs, and been deceiv’d,
 “ I’ve nourish’d hope, and found despair.
- “ But now these varying scenes are o’er,
 “ Content and I together dwell,
 “ While health sits smiling at my door,
 “ And virtue’s self protects my cell.

“ One anxious wish intrudes alone,
 “ And need I tell you what it is ?
 “ I wish to see my darling son,
 “ And then I'll die in perfect bliss.

“ But ah ! that wish I'll ne'er obtain,
 “ I've fought him at his guardian's hands,
 “ I've fought him, but I fought in vain,
 “ The youth has fled to other lands.

“ Now bow'd with age, I soon must fall,
 “ Nor shall my Edwin see his fire,
 “ Tho' mine and Alford's wishes all,
 “ Oft, oft from heav'n that boon require.”—

“ He sees you now !” brave Edgar cried,
 “ I am the son you've fought so long ;
 “ For Alford's care my wants supplied,
 “ When first I join'd the youthful throng.

“ From him I learn'd the arts of peace,
 “ He shew'd me nature's rural charms,
 “ But I despis'd a life of ease,
 “ And fought the fame acquir'd by arms.

“ I left his cot, I chang'd my name,
 “ I fought to save my native land,
 “ At last fair Emma blest'd my flame,
 “ And crown'd my wishes with her hand.”

“ With

With wild surprife, the hermit heard,
 And thus to heav'n address'd a pray'r:—

“ Yes, yes, ye pow'rs, ye will reward
 “ The man who triumphs over care.

“ I thank you for my sorrows past,
 “ I thank you for my present joy,
 “ And while my days of trial last,
 “ Let me my voice in praise employ.”

Then in his arms he fondly prefs'd
 The happy pair he lov'd so well,
 While many a tender look express'd
 That heart-felt joy which none can tell.

III.

CORIN and OLINDA, a legendary Tale.

In three Parts.

By *Richard Teade.*

Part I.

“ **B**EWARE, my son, the luring bait
“ Of avaricious gold !

“ On which unnumber'd torments wait,
“ Those torments yet untold.

“ The selfish miser's heart deserves
“ It's anguish and it's pain ;
“ He e'en denies what life preserves,
“ And murders all for gain.

“ Mistaken man, to prize the dross,
“ As worthless as the clay ;
“ Who gains, by gold, eternal loss
“ Of virtue's purer ray.

“ But if my son would glide with ease
“ The world's most rugged road,
“ Not gold that will each pang appease,
“ But adds unto his load.

“ The

“ The safest guide that man can chuse,
“ Is virtue, heav’nly stay ;
“ For, join’d with friendship, it pursues
“ To joy the only way.

“ Friendship untainted and sincere,
“ A blessing more divine ;
“ Where heart the aching heart doth chear,
“ And soul with soul doth join.

“ Let fools in affluence and power,
“ Make boast of many friends ;
“ Dross may buy flatt’ry for an hour,
“ That gone, the friendship ends.

“ If love, the only source from whence
“ Th’ exalted virtues spring,
“ Doth once possess the heart, it thence
“ All thought of int’rest flings.

“ The man who sympathising sheds
“ The grief-condoling tear,
“ Is most our friend ; for what besteds
“ The aid of fortune here ?

“ But thou, my Corin, fondest hope,
“ Art rais’d ’bove abject state,
“ And hast within thy little scope
“ Each blessing of the great.

- “ Let not those gifts revert the use,
“ And be to life a stain ;
“ Man’s guard inclining to abuse,
“ Oft proves a dang’rous bane.
- “ There yet remains another care,
“ The chief of all, my son ;
“ Be cautious how you chuse the fair,
“ And lewd allurements shun.
- “ Think not in wanton love to find
“ Of purer flame the joys ;
“ The guilt, that inward strikes the mind,
“ It’s ev’ry sweet annoys :
- “ And what the momentary blifs
“ That celibates do prove,
“ Compar’d to all-sufficient this,
“ The joys of virtuous love?
- “ But thou dost not that caution need ;
“ Superfluous and vain,
“ To one, who chose as love decreed,
“ Love link’d with wisdom’s chain:
- “ For who can boast a wife so fair,
“ So kind, so virtuous too ?
“ Who with Olinda can compare ?
“ Except her Corin true.”

Thus

Thus much he said, by truth inspir'd,
 And long experience taught ;
 And then from this frail world retir'd,
 And one more happy fought.

As yet the trembling parting breath
 Hung hov'ring, loth to go,
 He blest them all, when calmest death,
 Reliev'd from worldly woe.

An end like this, so calm, serene,
 And free from guilty fear,
 Bespoke, that Corin's sire had been
 A friend, a father dear.

The virtue, which his heart adorn'd,
 In Corin's bosom shone ;
 What the good father scorn'd, he scorn'd,
 And what admir'd, he won.

Now three short years had past away,
 In happiest plenty past ;
 Insensible of time's decay,
 The mourner came at last.

For who can count the many wiles
 Which wicked men invent ;
 Or who can see, through flatt'ring smiles,
 The false one's sad intent ?

A distant claim to his estate,
Long time suppress'd by law,
Now rais'd afresh; for they of late
In his had found a flaw.

In court the cause awhile remain'd,
Their separate pleas were try'd;
His foes the judges favour gain'd,
His right was set aside.

Dejected now the pair depart
From the once peaceful home;
Whilst each to each their fears impart,
Of sorrows yet to come.

“ But let us not, my only care,
“ My life, my love,” he said,
“ Give way to absolute despair,
“ Tho' thus we've been betray'd.

“ For yet a hope I have in store,
“ Amanda is our friend;
“ She, pitying, will our loss deplore,
“ And kind assistance lend.

“ If not possess'd of large domain,
“ We still our truth may keep;
“ Health and content will still remain,
“ But wherefore dost thou weep?

“ Oh!

“ Oh! do not weep for fortune lost,
 “ At best a trifling thing ;
 “ That leaves, like busy bees when croft,
 “ Not honey but a sting.

“ Now to Amanda I'll repair,
 “ Relate my tale of woe ;
 “ And then returning to my fair,
 “ All earthly cares forego.”

Part Two.

F A R on a spacious pleasant plain
 The lofty mansion stood ;
 It's gate, debarring pert and vain,
 Flew open to the good.

'Twas here young Corin fought a friend,
 Alas! mistaken youth :
 In her soft bosom dwelt a fiend,
 An enemy to truth.

Oh ! how unsafe, how wretched sure !
Are those who deviate
From virtue's paths, divine and pure,
And live in envious state.

How doth ungovern'd appetite
Them from themselves decoy ?
How doth the fury, envy's spite,
Deny them every joy ?

She was by family ally'd,
And held in high esteem ;
Their mutual wishes once did glide
In friendship's golden stream :

But since the marriage of the pair,
Herself much injur'd thought ;
Thus the once chearful, lovely fair
In envy's snare was caught.

This jealousy within her breast
She suffer'd to corrode ;
Nor fought, with virtue, to molest
The fiend, in his abode.

The peace of others gave her pain,
And caus'd an envious sigh :
Of comfort ev'ry voice was vain,
Except revenge was nigh.

Oh !

Oh! how unlike what once she'd been,
The prudent and the wife;
No more the dimpled smile was seen,
Nor love-inspiring eyes.

But in the gloom of discontent
Unthinkingly betray'd,
To part the pair was her intent,
And countless schemes were laid.

At sight of Corin, thus forlorn,
Her mantling malice glows,
And envy's sharp malignant thorn
Encircled pity's rose.

“ Assist me with thy friendly aid,
“ Assist my virtuous bride;
“ Assist my hapless son,” he said,
He said, and gently sigh'd.

“ Tho' late in fortune's gilded ray,
“ Which none but fools adore,
“ I pass in plenty ev'ry day,
“ That plenty is no more.”

As thus he said, the mournful tear,
Ran trickling down his cheek;
The voice was fair, that late was clear,
The tongue forgot to speak.

" What revelry has thus reduc'd
 " The lord of all our plain ?
 " What from his happiness seduc'd
 " Olinda's faithful swain ?"

The youth replied, " It is not so,
 " Indeed you do me wrong,
 " To think the cause of this our woe
 " Is wine, or festive song.

" Not costly feast, but frugal fare,
 " Our chearful board supply'd,
 " Tho' mirth and innocency there
 " Did wrinkled care deride,

" My land is to Amintor giv'n,
 " By law's unjust decree ;
 " Whilst I to seek support am driv'n,
 " And seek it here of thee."

Her heart was deaf to ev'ry pray'r
 That misery could say ;
 Pity no more held empire there,
 Nor love his heav'nly sway.

She paus'd, he wept; but what avail'd
 Those floods of heart-felt grief !
 Malice o'er mercy soon prevail'd,
 And thus she tends relief,

" If

“ If thou wouldst now my favour gain,
 “ My fortune, and my all,
 “ Divorce thy wife, and then in vain
 “ The storm of fate shall fall.

“ Then will I place thee high above
 “ What malice can devise ;
 “ And love and mirth, and mirth and love,
 “ In endless turns shall rise,

“ Whilst she, the worst of all her sex,
 “ From thee thus put away,
 “ No more Amanda’s heart shall vex,
 “ But mingle with the clay.”

“ Must she,” her faithful Corin rav’d,
 “ In bitter anguish lie !
 “ Oh ! gracious heav’n ! let her be sav’d,
 “ And I content will die ;

“ And know, proud fair, I do despise,
 “ The joys that fortune brings ;
 “ Know, I my lov’d Olinda prize,
 “ Above such paltry things.

“ If this must be the price of joy,
 “ Thy fortune thou mayst keep ;
 “ Sooner than lose my wife, my boy,
 “ Oh ! let me ever weep !

“ Nor

“ Nor joy, nor mirth, my heart shall know,
 “ But when they happy are ;
 “ To them, by heav’n ordain’d, I owe
 “ A husband’s, father’s care.”

When thus Amanda had perceiv’d
 Her richest proffers spurn’d,
 Her heart (by envy still deceiv’d)
 With indignation burn’d.

As thro’ the heav’ns aërial path
 Fantastic lightning flies,
 So swift her new-rous’d vengeful wrath
 Darts dreadful from her eyes.

“ Can he, thus plung’d in deep distress,
 “ Disdain all-powerful gold ?
 “ And will his heart ne’er pride possess,
 “ But still to virtue hold ?

“ Then rouse, my soul, this love disclaim,
 “ To give just vengeance room ;
 “ And lead, since he rejects thy flame,
 “ The scorner to his doom.

“ Yet mercy calls, Oh ! hear her not !
 “ Saith pride, with shriller sound,
 “ Let the fond pair in prison rot,
 “ And you revenge have found.

“ It

“ It shall be so ; and now my mind
 “ Will ever be at peace ;
 “ Within the prison’s cell confin’d,
 “ I think their joy must cease.”

Her heart exults, as but in thought
 The dreadful scheme she plann’d :
 Whilst Corin his Olinda fought,
 She gave the dire command.

Part Third.

“ OH ! Corin, leave me to my care,
 “ Thy true Olinda leave ;
 “ I will not ask thy joy to share,
 “ Indeed I will not grieve.

“ For here within this awful cell,
 “ In famine’s reach you stay,
 “ When thou might’st now in plenty dwell,
 “ By putting me away.”

Thus

Thus she propos'd, when rising fear
 Forbad her more to speak;
 Ere he return'd, the starting tear
 Bedew'd her lovely cheek.

“ Think not thy Corin ever means
 “ Alone those joys to prove;
 “ Or poverty's most scanty scenes
 “ Will enervate his love.

“ Weep not; for know, thy husband here,
 “ Within this prison pent,
 “ Doth still enjoy, whilst thou art near,
 “ A happy calm content.

“ Unknown in heaven's wildy maze,
 “ In vain we care condole;
 “ The tear of grief, or fortune's blaze,
 “ Alike may reach the goal.

“ True happiness is not confin'd
 “ To temporal pursuits;
 “ It is content, content of mind,
 “ And in the heart it roots.

“ Content, and resignation pure
 “ To heav'n's almighty will,
 “ The ills of fortune can endure,
 “ And make us happy still.”

By

By truth's exhilarating ray,
 Thus Corin hears his wife ;
 " And what avails," he oft would say,
 " The luxuries of life ?

" When greatest plenty crowns his board,
 " What is the glutton's bliss ?
 " Or when the miser views his hoard,
 " What is his joy to this ?

" How vain the Bacchanalian song,
 " Roar'd o'er a flowing bowl !
 " Will such excess our joys prolong ?
 " Or ease a troubled soul ?"

Whene'er Olinda seem'd deprest,
 Consoling, thus he strove,
 Whilst each alike their child carest,
 Sweet pledge of wedded love.

A youth unknown, one summer's morn,
 At Corin's cell attends ;
 A lovely smile his cheeks adorn,
 A smile that joy portends.

" No more," he said, " the tear shall flow,
 " You now have nought to dread ;
 " Amanda, once your direst foe,
 " Lies number'd with the dead.

" A will,

2 O L D B A L L A D S.

“ A will, some time ago she wrote,
“ Th’ estate to Damon leaves,
“ (Who now resides in climes remote,)
“ And thus your hope deceives.

“ This will I have to Corin brought,
“ I bring it as a friend ;
“ Destroy’d, her malice turns to nought,
“ And all your troubles end.”

“ And dost thou think, unmanner’d boy,
“ That I this act applaud ?
“ Know, Corin scorns the guilty joy
“ Of villainy and fraud.

“ Tho’ by a long continuance here
“ Our little store is spent,
“ Tho’ hunger, thirst, and death, appear,
“ Yet virtue gives content.

“ In virtue’s purest paths I’ve trod,
“ As well as mortals may ;
“ Nor spurn’d affliction’s bitter rod,
“ Nor scann’d almighty sway.

“ Stay, wand’ring tongue, for death is near,
“ Self-praise becomes thee not ;
“ Yet will I ever truth revere,
“ It must not be forgot.

“ And

“ And thou, misguided, friendly youth,
 “ Whose pity wildly rose
 “ Beyond the pious bounds of truth,
 “ To save me from my woes;

“ If dying Corin dar'd presume,
 “ One favour he would crave,
 “ With virtue, pity reassume,
 “ And these from ruin save.”

“ Oh! heav'n, my supplication hear,”
 The weeping stranger cries;
 “ Grant, I may ever hold them dear,
 “ Their virtue ever prize.

“ That mercy, which I once possess,
 “ Reneweth in my heart;
 “ That friendship, which I once profess,
 “ Shall joy to all impart.”

As thus he spoke, excess of woe
 His borrow'd form betray'd;
 'Twas heav'n that did ordain it so,
 Amanda's self, that pray'd.

“ Oh Corin! raise thy languid head,
 “ And pardon wretched me,
 “ Whose heart has been by pride misled,
 “ Whose pride has ruin'd thee.

“ But

64 O L D B A L L A D S.

“ But now no more my envy lives,
“ I come to make thee blest.”

Olinda's tender heart misgives,
She faints on Corin's breast.

“ Oh bring me aid,” Amanda cry'd,
And quickly it arrives ;
The pow'r of med'cine soon was try'd,
The fainting pair revives.

In tears, she now again entreats
That mercy, undeserv'd,
From one, who straight her goodness greets,
As though it ne'er had swerv'd.

Thus happiness at length they gain,
Tho' long in woe they dwelt :
In perfect pleasure, after pain,
What extacies are felt !

By this we learn, tho' virtue may
Awhile be overthrown,
To glory sure it leads the way,
To glory and renown.

And tho', by fraud, sweet innocence
Be for a time suppress'd,
Yet, keeping truth for it's defence,
At last by heav'n 'tis blest.

EDWIN

IV.

EDWIN and ELTRUDA ; a legendary Tale.

By Miss Helen Williams.

WHERE the clear Derwent's waters glide
Along their mossy bed,
Close by the river's verdant side,
A castle rear'd its head.

The ancient pile, by time eras'd,
And levell'd with the ground,
Once many a sculptur'd trophy grac'd,
And banners wav'd around.

There liv'd a chief, to fame well known,
A warlike, virtuous knight,
Who many a well-fought field had won
By valour and by might.

What time in martial pomp he led
His chosen gallant train,
The foe, that erst had conquer'd, fled,
Indignant fled the plain.

Yet milder virtues he possess,
More gentle passions felt;
And in his calm and yielding breast
Each soft affection dwelt.

Not all the rugged toils of war
His bosom e'er could feel;
He felt for every child of care,
His heart was apt to feel.

And much that heart was doom'd to bear,
And many a grief to prove;
To feel the fulness of despair,
The woes of hopeless love:

To lose the partner of his breast,
Who sooth'd each rising care,
And with mild efforts charm'd to rest
The griefs she sought to share.

He mark'd the chilling damps of death
O'erspread her fading charms;
He saw her yield her quiv'ring breath,
And sink in death's cold arms.

From solitude he hop'd relief,
And this lone mansion sought,
To cherish there his sacred grief,
And nurse the tender thought.

Here,

Here, object of his fondest cares,
An infant daughter smil'd ;
And oft the mourner's falling tears
Bedew'd his Emma's child !

These tears, as o'er the babe he hung,
Would tremble in his eye,
While blessings, fault'ring on his tongue,
Were breath'd but in a sigh.

For many a sad revolving year
His hopeless griefs endure ;
For ah ! a sorrow so severe
'Tis death alone can cure.

Yet time can soften the deep wound
It has not power to heal ;
And in his child he thought he found
His much-lov'd Emma still.

In his Eltruda's gentle breast
His griefs he could repose ;
With each endearing virtue blest,
She soften'd all his woes.

'Twas easy in her look to trace
An emblem of her mind :
There dwelt each mild attractive grace,
Each gentle charm combin'd.

Soft as the dews of morn arise,
 And on the pale flower gleam,
 So soft, so sweet her melting eyes
 With love and pity beam.

As far retir'd the lonely flower
 Smiles in the desert vale,
 And blooms its balmy sweets to pour
 Upon the flying gale ;

So liv'd in solitude unseen
 This lovely, peerless maid ;
 So sweetly grac'd the vernal scene,
 And blossom'd in the shade.

Yet love could pierce the lone recess,
 For there he loves to dwell ;
 He scorns the noisy croud to bless,
 And seeks the lowly cell.

There only his resistless dart
 In all its power is known ;
 His empire sways each willing heart ;
 They live to love alone.

Edwin, of every grace possess,
 First taught her heart to prove
 That gentlest passion of the breast,
 To feel the power of love.

Tho'

Tho' few the pastures he possess,
Tho' scanty was his store,
Tho' wealth ne'er swell'd his hoarded chest,
Edwin could boast of more!

Edwin could boast the liberal mind,
The gen'rous, ample heart;
And every virtue heav'n inclin'd
To bounty can impart.

The maxims of this servile age,
The mean, the selfish care,
The sordid views that now engage
The mercenary pair,

Whom riches can unite or part,
To them were all unknown;
For then the sympathetic heart
Was link'd by love alone.

They little knew that wealth had power
To make the constant rove;
They little knew the splendid dower
Could add a bliss to love.

They little knew the human breast
Could pant for sordid ore;
Or, of a faithful heart possess,
Could ever wish for more.

And tho' her peerless beauty warms
His heart to love inclin'd,
Not less he felt the lasting charms,
The beauties of her mind.

Not less his gentle soul approv'd
The virtues glowing there ;
For surely virtue, to be lov'd,
Needs only to appear.

The sweets of dear domestic bliss
Each circling hour beguil'd ;
And meek-ey'd hope, and inward peace,
On the lone mansion smil'd.

Oft o'er the daisy-sprinkled mead
They wander'd far away,
Some lambkin to the fold to lead,
That haply chanc'd to stray.

Her heart, where pity lov'd to dwell,
With sadness oft was wrung ;
For the bruis'd insect as it fell,
Her soft tear trembling hung.

As roving o'er the flow'ry waste,
A sigh would heave her breast,
The while her gentle hand replac'd
The linnets falling nest.

Then

Then would she seek the vernal bow'r,
And haste with tender care
To nurse some pale declining flow'r,
Some op'ning blossom rear.

And oft with eager steps she flies
To cheer the lonely cot,
Where the poor widow pours her sighs,
And wails her hapless lot.

Their weeping mother's trembling knees
Her lisping infants clasp;
Their meek imploring look she sees,
She feels their tender grasp.

Wild throbs her aching bosom swell;
They mark the bursting sigh—
(Nature has form'd the soul to feel)
They weep, unknowing why.—

Her hands the lib'ral boon impart,
And much her tear avails
To sooth the mourner's bursting heart,
Where feeble utterance fails.

On the pale cheek where hung the tear
Of agonizing woe,
She bids the gush of joy rise there,
The tear of rapture flow.

If greater plenty to impart
 She e'er would heav'n implore,
 'Twas only that her ample heart
 Still panted to do more.

Thus soft the gliding moments flew,
 (Tho' love would court their stay,)
 While some new virtue rose to view,
 And mark'd each fleeting day.

Peace, long condemn'd the world to roam,
 Like the poor wand'ring dove,
 Here softly-resting found a home,
 And wish'd no more to rove.

The youthful poet's soothing dream
 Of golden ages past,
 The muses' fond ideal theme,
 Was realiz'd at last.

Joy springs amid encircling cares
 To breasts where virtue glows ;
 For virtue, in this vale of tears,
 A paradise bestows.

But vainly here we hope that bliss
 Unchanging will endure ;
 Ah, in a world so vain as this,
 What heart can rest secure ?

For now arose the death-fraught day,
For civil discord fam'd,
When York from Lancaster's proud sway
The royal sceptre claim'd.

The passing moments now were fraught
With desolating rage;
And now the bloody deeds were wrought
That swell th' historic page.

The good old Albert vows again
To seek the hostile field;
The cause of Henry to maintain,
The spear for him to wield.

But oh, a thousand sacred ties
That bind the hero's soul,
A thousand tender claims arise,
And Edwin's breast controul,

And link the youth to Henry's foes—
But ah, it rends his heart
The aged Albert to oppose,
And bear an adverse part.

Tho' passion pleads in Henry's cause,
And Edwin's heart would sway,
Yet honour's stern imperious laws
The brave will still obey.

Oppress'd with many a mingled care,
 Full oft Eltruda sigh'd,
 And mourn'd the rugged brow of war
 Should those she lov'd divide.

At length the fatal morn arose,
 In gloomy vapours drest ;
 The pensive maiden's sorrow flows,
 And pale fear heav'd her breast.

A thousand pangs the father feels,
 A thousand tender fears ;
 While at his feet she trembling kneels,
 And bathes them with her tears.

A falling drop bedew'd his cheek,
 From the sad scene he flew ;
 The tender father could not speak—
 He could not say—adieu !

Then Edwin, hapless Edwin came ;
 He saw her pallid look,
 And tremblings seize her tender frame,
 While thus he fault'ring spoke :

“ This cruel tenderness but wounds
 “ The heart it means to bless :
 “ Those falling tears, those plaintive sounds,
 “ Increase the soft distress !

“ Then

“ Then be to wretched Edwin kind,
“ Nor mourn, dear tender maid”—
At length, on Edwin’s breast reclin’d,
Eltruda faintly said :

“ If fate relentless has decreed,
“ On yonder hostile plain,
“ My Edwin’s destin’d heart to bleed,
“ And swell the heaps of slain ;

“ Trust me, my love, I’ll not complain,
“ I’ll shed no feeble tear ;
“ Not one weak drop my cheek shall stain,
“ Or tell what passes here !

“ Ah, let thy fate of others claim
“ A tear, a tender sigh ;
“ I’ll only murmur thy dear name—
“ Call on my love—and die.”

’Twere vain for feeble words to tell
The pangs their bosoms prov’d ;
They only can conceive it well,
Whose hearts have trembling lov’d.

The timid muse forbears to say
What laurels Edwin won ;
Nor paints the gallant deeds that day
By aged Albert done.

On softer themes alone she dwells,
As trembling thro' the grove,
Of friendship's woes she sadd'ning tells,
Or sings of hapless love.

Tho' long the beaming day was fled,
The fight they still maintain,
While night a deeper horror shed
O'er the ensanguin'd plain.

The martial trump invades the ear,
And drowns the orphan's cry:
No more the widow's shriek they hear,
The love-lorn virgin's sigh!

The pangs those dear-bought laurels yield,
Alas, what tongue can speak?
Perchance not one that strews the field
But leaves some heart to break.

To Albert's breast the falshion flew---
He felt a mortal wound;
The drops that warm'd his heart bedew
And stain the flinty ground.

The foe who aim'd the deadly dart,
Heard his expiring sighs;
Soft pity touch'd his yielding heart,
To Albert straight he flies—

While

While round the chief his arm he cast,
 While oft his bosom sigh'd,
 And seem'd as if it mourn'd the past—
 Old Albert faintly cry'd:

“ Tho' nature heaves these feeble groans,
 “ Without complaint I die ;
 “ Yet one dear care my heart still owns,
 “ Still feels one tender tie.

“ For York a youth well known to fame
 “ Uplifts the hostile spear ;
 “ Edwin's the blooming hero's name,
 “ To Albert's bosom dear :

“ Ah, tell him my expiring sigh,
 “ Say my last words besought
 “ To my despairing child to fly,
 “ Ere fame the tidings brought.”

He spoke ;—but oh, what mournful strain
 In sadness apt to melt,
 What moving numbers can explain
 The pangs that Edwin felt !

For Edwin 'twas himself that held
 The dying warrior prest
 (Whom the dark shades of night conceal'd)
 Close to his throbbing breast.

“ Ah,

“ Ah, fly” (he cry’d) “ my touch profane !
 “ Oh how the rest impart ?
 “ ’Twas Edwin plung’d—rever’d old man—
 “ The dagger in thy heart.”

His dying eyes he feebly rais’d,
 Which seem’d for ever clos’d ;
 On the pale youth they piteous gaz’d—
 And then in death repos’d.—

“ I’ll go” (the hapless Edwin said)
 “ And breathe a last adieu ;
 “ And with the drops despair will shed,
 “ My mourning love bedew.

“ P’ll go the tender maid to seek,
 “ To catch the bursting sigh,
 “ To wipe the tear from her pale cheek,
 “ And at her feet to die.”

And as the tender maid to seek
 The frantic mourner flew,
 To wipe the tear from her pale cheek,
 And breathe a last adieu,

Appall’d his starting fancy sees
 His true love’s sorrows flow,
 And hears in every passing breeze
 The plaintive founds of woe.

Mean while the weeping maid, whose prayers
 In vain would heav'n implore,
 Of Albert's fate despairing hears,
 But yet had heard no more.

She saw her much-lov'd Edwin near—
 She saw, and piteous sigh'd ;
 The sight chill'd every falling tear—
 At length she faintly cry'd :

“ Eternal woes this heart must prove ;
 “ Its tenderest ties are broke :
 “ Ah say, what ruthless arm, my love,
 “ Could aim the deadly stroke !

“ Could not thy hand, my Edwin, thine,
 “ Have warded off the blow ?
 “ For, ah, he was not only mine,
 “ He was thy father too !”

No longer Edwin could endure
 The pangs no strains can tell ;
 From death he fondly hop'd a cure,
 As senseless, cold he fell.

She flew—she gave her sorrows vent—
 A thousand tears she pour'd ;
 Her mournful voice, her moving plaint,
 The youth to life restor'd.

“ Why

80 O L D B A L L A D S.

“ Why wildly throbs each shiv’ring vein ?”

(She cry’d) “ my Edwin, speak—

“ Or, all unable to sustain

“ These pangs, my heart will break.”

“ Yes—it will break,” (he frantic cry’d)

“ For me will life resign—

“ Then trembling know thy father died,

“ And know the guilt was mine.”

“ It is enough !”—with short quick breath,

Exclaim’d the mournful maid :

She spoke no more, but seem’d from death

To hope for instant aid.

But lo! a pensive, silent train

With downcast looks appear ;

Who Albert’s pallid corse sustain,

Plac’d on a sable bier.

For hapless Edwin fondly thought

It might some comfort yield,

If good old Albert’s corse were brought

From off the blood-stain’d field.

He thought ’twould soothe Eltruda’s pains,

O’er the dear hallow’d urn

Which Albert’s sacred dust contains,

Awhile her griefs to mourn.

But

But ah, all frantic at the sight,
 A hurried glance she threw;
 Then starting wild with pale affright,
 That hurried glance withdrew.

Trembling she rush'd, and in her arms
 The dear remains she prest;
 But sudden paleness veil'd her charms
 So late in beauty drest.

In plaintive accents Edwin cries,
 "And have I murder'd thee?—
 "To other worlds thy spirit flies,
 "And mine this stroke shall free."

His hand the death-fraught weapon grasp'd,
 The steel he firmly prest,
 When sudden she arose, and clasp'd
 Him wildly to her breast.

"Methought" (she cry'd with panting breath)
 "My Edwin talk'd of peace;
 "I knew 'twas only found in death,
 "And fear'd that sad release.

"I clasp him still—'twas but a dream—
 "Help yon wide wound to close,
 "From which a father's spirits stream,
 "A father's life-blood flows.

“ But see, from thee he shrinks! nor would

“ Be blasted by thy touch—

“ Ah, tho’ my Edwin spilt thy blood,

“ Yet once he lov’d thee much.

“ My father, yet in pity stay!

“ I see his white beard wave—

“ A spirit beckons him away,

“ And points to yon cold grave.

“ E’en now, my love, I trembling hear

“ Him breathe a last adieu!

“ I see, my love, the falling tear

“ His furrow’d cheek bedew!

“ I feel within his aged arms

“ His poor Eltruda prest:

“ I hear him speak the fond alarms

“ That wring a parent’s breast.

“ He’s gone!—and here his ashes sleep;

“ I do not heave a sigh—

“ His child a father does not weep,

“ For, ah, my brain is dry!

“ But come, together let us rove

“ At the pale hour of night,

“ When the moon, glimm’ring thro’ the grove,

“ Shall shed her faintest light.

“ We’ll

- " We'll gather from the rosy bow'r
 " The fairest wreaths that bloom ;
 " We'll cull, my love, each op'ning flow'r,
 " To deck his hallow'd tomb.
- " We'll thither from the distant dale
 " A weeping willow bear ;
 " And plant a lily of the vale,
 " A drooping lily there !
- " We'll shun the glaring face of day,
 " Eternal silence keep ;
 " Thro' the dark wood we'll cheerless stray,
 " And only live to weep.
- " But hark !—'tis come—the fatal time,
 " When, Edwin, we must part !
 " Some angel tells me 'tis a crime
 " To hold thee to my heart.
- " My father's spirit hovers near :
 " Alas, he comes to chide—
 " Is there no means, my Edwin dear,
 " This fatal deed to hide ?
- " None, none—for wheresoe'er we go,
 " Lo, streams of blood proceed !
 " And should the torrent cease to flow,
 " Yet still our hearts would bleed.

“ Our hearts the secret would betray,
 “ The tale of death reveal ;
 “ Angels would come in dread array,
 “ The bloody deed to tell.

“ Yet, Edwin, if th’ offence be thine,
 “ Too soon I can forgive ;
 “ But, oh, the guilt would all be mine,
 “ Could I endure to live.

“ Farewell, my love !—for, ah, I faint ;
 “ Of pale despair I die—
 “ And see that hoary murder’d faint
 “ Descends from yon blue sky !

“ Poor, weak old man !—he comes, my love,
 “ To lead to heav’n the way ;
 “ He knows not heav’n will joyless prove,
 “ While Edwin is away.”

“ It is too much !” (he frantic cry’d)
 Then to his bosom prest
 The dying maid, who piteous sigh’d—
 And sunk to endless rest.

He saw her dying eye-lids close,
 He heard her latest sigh,
 And yet no tear of anguish flows
 Fast streaming from his eye.

For, ah, the fulness of despair,
The pang of high-wrought woe,
Admits no silent trembling tear,
No lenient drop to flow,

He feels within his shivering veins
A mortal chilness rise ;
Her pallid corse he feebly strains—
And on her bosom dies !

* * * * *

No longer may their hapless lot
The mournful muse engage ;
She wipes away the tears that blot
The melancholy page.

For heav'n in love dissolves the ties
That chain the spirit here ;
And distant far for ever flies
The blessing held most dear ;

To bid the suff'rer's soul aspire
A higher bliss to prove ;
To wake the pure, refin'd desire,
The hope that rests above !

V.

BISHOP THURSTAN, and the KING of SCOTS,

A Ballad.

Now first printed.

A. D. 1137. Soon after Stephen's departure for Normandy, the King of Scots entered England in a hostile manner. — Stephen's government was at this time in no condition to have resisted the invasion, and nothing could have broke the form, but the venerable Thurstan (archbishop of York) working upon the pity of king David. Though this prelate was now very old, yet he prevailed with David and his son to meet him at Roxburgh, a castle lying near the frontiers of both the kingdoms; where his remonstrances had such an effect, that the Scottish Princes generously put a stop to hostilities, till Stephen should return to England, and be once more applied to for a definitive answer concerning the investiture of Northumberland.

GUTHRIE, book 5th, page 467.

THRO' the fayre countrie of Tiviotdale,
 Kyng David marched forthe;
 Kyng David and hys princelye sonne,
 The heroes of the northe,

And

And holye Thurstan fro' merrye Carlyle,
 In haste hys waye dothe winde ;
 With manye a crosse-bearer going before,
 And manye a knyghte behynde.

And manye did blesse that holye byshopp,
 As evermore they maye ;
 For welle they knewe 'twas for holye peace
 That hee dyd wend that waye.

And at the castyl of fayre Roxburghe
 The kyng and byshop drewe neare,
 Their hornes resoundyng o'er the hylls,
 Their banners shynyng farre.

“ Now welcom, welcom, holye Thurstan,
 “ Righte welcom unto mee,
 “ And ever it cheares mee, soothe to faye,
 “ Soe holye a man to see.”

“ No kyng is welcom unto mee,
 “ Nor for hym wyll I praye,
 “ Who comes to ravage a helpless lande,
 “ When its kyng is farre awaye.”

Oh then bespake kyng David,
 And full of wroth spake hee :
 “ Nowe I sweare by the roode, th' English kynge
 “ Hath evermore injur'd mee.

" Fro' my sonne hee keepes th' investiture
 " Of Northumberlande, hys ryghte :
 " And ever I'll harrowe that unjuste kynge,
 " By Christe in heav'n hys myghte."

Oh then bespake the holye Thurstan,
 And full of woe spake hee :
 " Oh Christe, thy kyngdom of heav'nlye blyffe,
 " Alasse ! when shall wee see ?

" For heere on earthe is noughte but sinne,
 " E'en kyngs for pryde doe ill ;
 " And when they with each other warre,
 " The poore folke's bloode must spill.

" What hath the husbandman done wrong,
 " That yee must spoile hys grayne ?
 " And what the poore wydowe, and what the chylde,
 " That they muste alle bee flayne.

" And what is the symple mayde to blame,
 " To bee made of luste the preye :
 " And what the lowelye village prieste,
 " That yee soe ofte doe flaye ?

" Ah ! tyrante kyngs, shall not the Lorde
 " Revenge the poore distresse ;
 " The simple swayne, the helpeffe mayde,
 " The wydowe, and the prieste ?

" And

- “ And when the doleful daye of doome
 “ Sall calle yee fro’ the grave ;
 “ Fro’ the crying bloode of those innocents,
 “ What, tyrantes, sall yee save ?
- “ Thynke yee that Christe, (whose gentyl lawes
 “ Aye breathe foe mylde a strayne,)
 “ Thynke you that Christe (of mercye kyng)
 “ Wyll free you fro’ the payne ?
- “ Did hee not dye alle on the roode,
 “ And alle for the love of man ?
 “ And wyll hee then save theyr guiltie foules,
 “ Who foe manye men have yflane ?
- “ Farre sooner, oh kyng ! woulde I laye in myre,
 “ Than syt upon a throne ;
 “ Far sooner, oh kyng ! woulde I beg my breade,
 “ Than weare a golden crowne.
- “ For sall not the judge of alle doe ryghte,
 “ At the doleful doome’s daye ?
 “ Then what wyll avayl your crownes and thrones,
 “ And your states and courtiers gaye ?
- “ Nowe thynke thee well, oh mortal kyng !
 “ And thy proude misdeedes bemoane ;
 “ Oh thynke what wyll save thy hapless foule,
 “ When thy pompe sall alle bee gone.

“ Nor

" Nor fancye that almes wyll save thy foule,
 " Tho' bounteous they bee giv'n ;
 " Nor the rearing of abbies, alle riche endow'de,
 " Wyll carrye thy foule to heav'n.

" Fulle welle I knowe the craving monkes
 " Have manye a one beguil'd ;
 " And ofte, when a man's layde on hys deathe bed,
 " They robbe the wydowe and chylde.

" But rouze thy reason, oh noble kyng !
 " Nor heed the cloyster'd drone ;
 " For nothyng ther is a man can doe,
 " For bloodeshedd fall attone :

" Save the meryts of hym, who for our synnes
 " Dy'd on the precious roode ;
 " And ever the cryme that most hee hates,
 " Is sheddyng of man's bloode."

All woebegone then spoke the kyng,
 And the teares ran fro' hys eyne :
 " And ever I thanke thee, holye Thurstan,
 " For thy counfayle foe dyvyne.

" But heav'n doth knowe that, from my hearte,
 " I hate to kylle and slaye ;
 " And ever I hynder my men at armes,
 " As evermore I maye :

“ And

“ And fayne woulde I save the peasante swayne,
“ And the wydowe poore distreste :
“ And the helpeffe mayde and ymple chylde,
“ And eke the lowelye prieste.”

Oh then bespake prince Henrye brave ;
As he floode by the kynge ;
“ Father, I knowe thy conscience cleare
“ As water fro’ the spryng.

“ And if, in avenging of our wronges,
“ Full manye a one is flayne,
“ And the bloodye warrioure doth greate spoyle,
“ Art thou, goode kyng, to blame ?”

“ Too haesty prynce,” the byshopp cry’d,
“ To ravage is a shame ;
“ And when the warriours doe greate spoyle,
“ Theyr prynce is alle to blame.

“ Why not goe meete your royal foe,
“ Like men in open felde ;
“ And if he wyll not righte your wrongs,
“ Then take to sworde and shielde ?

“ And not, when our kyng is farre awaye,
“ To ravage the countrie o’er ;
“ To murder the weake and the innocente,
“ And cruellye spoyle the poore.”

Oh

Oh then bespake the Scottish kyng,

Lyke a noble kyng spake hee:

“ Oh, I wyll wayte ’till your kyng Stephen

“ Doth com fro’ o’er the sea.

“ Then, reverende Thurstan, if thy kyng

“ No more oure ryghte delayes,

“ But wille investe my sonne in Northumberlande,

“ Then wylle wee goe our wayes.

“ But iff, when hee’s come to merrye Englande,

“ He wyll not doe us ryghte,

“ Oh then wyll I harrowe that unjuste kyng,

“ By Christe in heav’n hys myghte.”

“ Nowe doste thou speake like a noble kyng,”

The holye Thurstan cry’d;

“ And now do I welcom thee, royal kyng,

“ Of Scotlande aye the pryde.

“ And when my leige shall com agayne,

“ Then maye hee doe thee ryghte !”

“ Or hee fall rue,” cry’d that valiante kyng,

“ By Christe in heav’n hys myghte.”

And there, whyle the merrye bells dyd ryng,

And the minstrels blithe dyd playe,

The Scottish princes and the goode byshopp

Did feaste for manye a daye.

Fulle manye dyd blesse that holye man,
 As hee sat in the halle,
 And merrilye fang ; for welle they knewe,
 Hee had rescued them fro' thrall.

And manye a husbandman was blithe
 As hee dyd reape hys grayne ;
 " And but for Thurstan, that holye bishopp,
 " Thys alle awaye had beene ta'en ;

" And I had beene kyl'd; and manye besyde,
 " Wyth our wyffes and chyldren alle :
 " And may heav'n aye prosper that holye byshopp,
 " That hath rescued us fro' thrall !"

VI.

The BATTLE of CUTON MOOR.

Now first printed.

*This battle was fought in the year of our Lord 1138
 (the third of king Stephen).*

The interview between bishop Thurstan and the king
 of Scots.

From GUTHRIE'S Hist. of Eng.

In the year 1137, (the second of king Stephen's reign,) David, king of Scotland, invaded England.—Stephen's government was at this time in no condition to have resisted him,

him, and nothing would have broke the storm but the venerable Thurstan archbishop of York's working upon the piety of king David. Tho' this prelate was now very old, he prevailed upon David and his son to meet him at Roxburgh castle, lying near the frontiers of both the kingdoms, where his remonstrances had such an effect, that the Scottish princes generously put a stop to all hostilities, till Stephen should return to England, to be once more applied to for a definitive answer concerning the investiture of Northumberland.

The battle of Cuton Moor.

After Easter, 1138, the king of Scotland again invaded Northumberland and the bishoprick of Durham :---his design was probably to draw Stephen from the south parts, and thereby to favour the adherents of the empress. But the noblemen of the north, who all held great baronies by military tenures, associated among themselves to repel him :---at the head of this association was Thurstan, the brave old archbishop of York : the other barons were, William earl of Albatmarle, a young nobleman of great spirit, and very active in arms ; Walter de Gaunt, who was very old, but of great repute, and at the head of a strong body of Flemings and Normans ; Robert de Bruce, and his brother Adam, who (notwithstanding their personal attachment to the Scotch king) brought into the field a numerous body of brave young fellows, all completely armed. Roger de Mowbray, tho' but a child, gave great sanction to the expedition by the greatness of his family and followers. Walter Espec is mentioned likewise upon the occasion ; a man of gigantic strength and stature, and accounted the best warrior in the north.—The English army advanced as far as Thrusk castle, under the direction of the old archbishop ; but there that prelate resigned his command to Ralph bishop of the Orkneys.—The army by this time was strengthened by several noblemen of Nottingham and Derbyshire ; at last they marched as far as Northallerton, where they raised the famous standard. This was the mast of a small ship, on the top of which was placed

placed a silver cross, and the machine itself went upon wheels, and all round it hung the banners of St. Peter, St. John of Beverly, and St. Wilfred. ——— The Scots army, now advancing with long marches, passed the river Tees, and encamped on an open plain called Cuton Moor, within two miles of the English. Early in the morning the two armies drew up in order of battle, when, after a severe contest, the Scots were routed, being said to have lost ten thousand men. The king and his son were left to maintain their ground, attended only by their own guards, when they made a resistance worthy themselves, and at last retired to Carlisle. (The Scotch prince Henry is famed in history for his valour, humility, and the beauty of his person.)

THE welkin darke o'er Cuton Moore
 With drearye cloudes dyd low're——
 The woeful carnage of that daye
 Shall Scotlande aye deplore:

The river Tees full oft dyd fighe,
 As shee roll'd her wynding floode,
 That ever her sylver tyde foe cleare
 Shoulde bee swell'd with human bloode!

Kyng Davyd hee stode on the rising hille,
 And the verdante prospecte view'd;
 And hee sawe that sweete river that o'er the moore
 Roll'd on her sylver floode.

6 - O L D B A L L A D S.

Oh then bespake that noble kyng,
And with grieve hys hearte was woo'd:
" And ever I mourne that yon fayre streame
" Shoulde bee swell'd with human bloode !"

Kyng Davyd hee sawe the verdante moore,
With wilde flow'res all bestrow'de :
" And ever I'm griev'd that foe greene a moore
" Sholde bee stayn'd with human bloode !

" But more am I griev'd, alas !" he cry'd,
" And more my hearte is woo'd,
" That foe manye warriours young and brave
" Muste thys daye shed theyr bloode !"

As princely a hoste that kyng dyd leade
As ever march'd on playne:
Alas ! that foe manye a warrior brave
Should be foe soone yflayne !

And firste march'd forthe the Galloway men,
Of the antiente Picts they sprange ;
Theyr speares all foe brighte and bucklers strong
For manye myles yrang.

And then cam on the Norman troopes,
With Englishe them amonge :
For the empresse Maude they cam to fighte,
To righte that ladye's wronge.

And

And then march'd forthe the Scottish foote,
 And then march'd forthe the horſe ;
 In amoure ſtronge, all thoſe warriours came,
 A greate and warlike force.

Kynge Davyd look'd athawrt the moore,
 And prince Henry hys brave ſonne,
 And they were aware of the Engliſhe hoſte,
 Com merrilye marching on.

Oh then call'd forthe kynge Davyd,
 And loudelye called hee,
 " And whoo is heare in alle mye campe,
 " Can deſcrybe yon hoſte to mee ?"

Then came a bearne, beſyde the tente,
 An Engliſheman was hee ;
 'Twas not long ſince from the Engliſhe hoſte,
 That traiterous wighte dyd flee.

" Nowe tell mee yon hoſtes," the kyng hee cry'd,
 " And thou ſhalte have golde and fee—
 " And whoo is yon chiefe that rydes along
 " With hys lockes foe aged greye ?"

" Oh that is Walter de Gaunte you ſee,
 " And hee hath beene greye full long,
 " But manye's the troope that hee dothe leade,
 " And they are ſtoute and ſtronge."

“ And whoo is yon chiefe foe brighte of blee,
 “ With hys troopes that beate the playne ?”
 “ Oh that’s the young earle of Albermarle,
 “ Yleading hys gallante trayne.

“ A more gallante warrioure than that lorde
 “ Is not yon hostes among ;
 “ And the gallante troopes that hee dothe leade,
 “ Like hym, are stoute and younge.”

“ And who yon shynny warriours twoo,
 “ With theyr troopes yclad the fame ?”
 “ Oh they’re the Bruces, that in thys fighte
 “ Have com t’acquire them fame.”

Oh then call’d oute kynge Davyd,
 And fulle of woe spake hee :
 “ And ever I hold those Bruces false,
 “ For mucche they owe to mee.

“ And who’s yon chiefe of gigante heigthe,
 “ And of bulke foe huge to see ?”
 “ Walter Espec is that chiefe’s name,
 “ And a potente chiefe is hee:

“ Hys stature’s large as the mountaine oake,
 “ And eke as strong hys mighte :
 “ There’s ne’ere a chiefe in alle the northe
 “ Can dare with hym to fighte.”

“ And

“ And whoo’s yon youthe, yon youthe I see,

“ A galloping o’er the moore ?

“ Hys troopes that followe foe gallantelye,

“ Proclayme hym a youthe of pow’re.”

“ Young Roger de Mowbraye is that youthe,

“ And hee’s sprang of the royal line;

“ Hys wealthe and hys followers, oh kyng,

“ Are allemost as greate as thyne.”

“ And who’s yon aged chiefe I see

“ All yclad in purple veste ?”

“ Oh that’s the Bishoppe o’th’ Orkney ifles,

“ And hee alle the hoste hath bleste.

“ And alle the reste are noblemen,

“ Of fortune and fame ech one :

“ From Nottingham and from Derbyshyre

“ Those valiante chiefetaynes com.”

“ But what’s yon glitt’ring tow’re I see

“ I’the centre o’ the hoste ?”

“ Oh that’s the hallow’d standard, of whyche

“ The Englishe make suche boaste.

“ A maste of a shipp it is so hie,

“ Alle bedect with golde foe gaye ;

“ And on the topp is a holye crosse,

“ That shynes as brighte as the daye.

“ Aronde it hang the holye banners
 “ Of manye a blessed faynte ;
 “ Saynte Peter, and John of Beverlye,
 “ And Saynte Wilfred there theye paynte.

“ The aged folke aronde it throng,
 “ With their old hayres alle so greye ;
 “ And manye a chiefetayne there bows ydowne,
 “ And so heart’lye dothe hee praye.”

Oh then bespake the kyng of Scotts,
 And foe heavylie spake hee :

“ And had I but yon holye standarde,
 “ Right gladfom sholde I bee.

“ And had I but yon holye standarde,
 “ That there so hie doth tow’re,
 “ I woulde not care for yon Englishe hoste,
 “ Nor alle yon chieftaynes pow’re.

“ Oh had I but yon holie roode,
 “ That there foe brighte doth showe ;
 “ I wolde not care for yon Englishe hoste,
 “ Nor the worste that theye colde doe.”

Oh then bespake prince Henry,
 And like a brave prince spake hee :
 “ Ah let us but fighte like valiante men,
 “ And wee’l make yon hostes to flee.

“ Oh

“ Oh let us but fighte like valiante men,
“ And to Christe’s wyll ybowe,
“ And yon hallow’d standarde shall bee ours,
“ And the victorie alsoe.”

Prince Henrye was as brave a youthe
As ever fought in felde ;
Full many a warrioure that dreade day
To hym hys lyfe dyd yeilde.

Prince Henrye was as fayre a youthe
As the sunne dyd e’re espye ;
Full manye a ladye in Scottishe lande
For that young prince dyd fighe.

Prince Henrye call’d hys yong foot page,
And thus to hym spake hee :
“ Oh heede my wordes, and serve mee true,
“ And thou shall have golde and fee.

“ Stande thou on yonder rising hylle,
“ Fulle safe I weene the fyte :
“ And from thence oh marke thee well my cresse
“ In all the thickest fighte.

“ And if, o’ercome with woundes, I falle,
“ Then take thee a swifte swifte steede,
“ And from thys moore to Dunfries towne,
“ Oh ryde thee awaye with speede.

“ There to the ladye Alice wende ;
 “ (You’ll knowe that lovelye fayre,
 “ For the fayreste mayde in all that towne,
 “ Cannot with her compare ;)

“ And tell that ladye of my woe,
 “ And telle her of my love ;
 “ And give to her thys golden ring,
 “ My tender faythe to prove.

“ And stryve to cheare that lovelye mayde
 “ In alle her griefe and care :
 “ For well I knowe her gentle hearte
 “ Dyd ever holde mee deare.”

And nowe the English hofte drewe neare,
 And alle in battle arraye ;
 Theire shyning swordes and glitt’ring speares
 Shot rounde a brillante raye.

And nowe both valiante hostes cam neare,
 Eache other for to slaye ;
 Whyle watchfulle hovered o’er their heades
 Full manye a byrde of preye.

The sun behynde the darke darke cloudes
 Dyd hyde each beamy raye,
 As fearefulle to beholde the woe
 That mark’d that doleful daye.

The thund'ring wyndes of heav'n arose,
And rush'd from pole to pole,
As stryving to drowne the groanes and fighes
Of manye a dyeing foule.

Serne deathe hee hearde the shoutes of warre,
That ecchoed arounde foe loude;
And hee rouz'd hym to th' embattled fielde,
To feaste on human bloode.

And fyrste the Pictish race began
The carnage of that daye;
The cries they made were like the storm
That rendes the rockes awaye.

Those fierce fierce men of Gallowaye
Began that day of dole;
And their shoutes were like the thunder's roare,
That's hearde from pole to pole.

Nowe bucklers rang 'gainst swordes and speares,
And arrows dimm'd the playne;
And manye a warrioure laye fulle lowe,
And manye a chiefe was slayne.

Oh woeful woeful was that daye,
To chylde and wydowe dreare!
For there fierce deathe o'er human race
Dyd triumphe 'farre and neare.

Dreare was the daye—in darke darke cloudes
 The Welkin alle endrown'd ;
 But farr more dreare the woeful scene
 Of carnage alle arounde.

Dreare was the founde of warring wyndes
 That foughte along the skyes ;
 But farre more dreare the woeful founde
 Of dying warrioures fighes.

Laden with deathe's unpitying arme,
 Swordes fell and arrowes flewe ;
 The wydow'd wyfe and fatherlesse chylde
 That daye of dole fall rue.

Ten thousande Scotts, who on that morne
 Were marching alle foe gaye,
 By nighte, alas ! on that drearye moore
 Poore mangled corps ylaye.

Weepe, dames of Scottlande, weepe and waile,
 Let your fighes reecho rounde ;
 Ten thousande brave Scotts that hail'd the morne,
 At night laye deade on grounde.

And yee, fayre dames of merrye Englande,
 As faste youre teares muste poure ;
 For manye's the valiante Englisheman
 That yee fall see noe more.

Sighe,

Sighe, dames of Englande, and lamente,
And manye a falte teare shed ;
For manye an Englishman hail'd that morne,
That ere the nyghte was deade.

The Scotts they fled ; but still their kyng,
With hys brave sonne by hys fyde,
Foughte long the foe (brave kyng and prince,
Of Scottlande aye the pryde).

The Scotts they fled ; but stille the kyng,
With hys brave sonne, foughte full welle,
Till o'er the moore an arrowe yflewe—
And brave prynce Henrye felle.

Alle thys espy'd his yong foote page,
From the hille whereon he stode ;
And soone hath hee mounted a swifte swifte steede,
And soone from the moore hath rode.

And hee hath cross'd the Tees fayre streame,
Nowe swell'd with human bloode ;
Th'affrighted page he never stay'de,
Tyll to Dumfries hee hath rode.

Fayre Alice was gon to the holye kirke,
With a sad hearte dyd shee goe ;
And ever foe faste dyd she crye to heav'n,
“ Prynce Henrye save from woe.”

Fayre Alice shee hied her to the choire,
 Where the priestes dyd chaunte foe flowe ;
 And ever shee cry'd, " May the holye fayntes
 " Prince Henrye save from woe !"

Fayre Alice, with manye a teare and fighe,
 To Mary's shrine dyd goe ;
 And foe faste shee cryde, " Sweete Marye mylde,
 " Prynce Henry save from woe !"

Fayre Alice shee knelte bye the hallow'd roode,
 Whyle faste her teares dyd flowe ;
 And ever shee cry'd, " Oh sweete sweete Savioure,
 " Prynce Henrye save from woe !"

Fayre Alice look'd oute at the kirke doore,
 And heavey her hearte dyd beate ;
 For shee was aware of the prince's page,
 Com galloping thro' the streete.

Agayne fayre Alice look'd out to see,
 And well nighe dyd shee swoone ;
 For nowe shee was sure it was that page
 Com galloping thro' the towne.

" Nowe Chrifte thee save, thou sweete young page,
 " Now Chrifte thee save and see !
 " And howe dothe sweete prynce Henrye ?
 " I praye thee telle to me."

The page hee look'd at the fayre Alice,
 And hys hearte was fulle of woe ;
 The page hee look'd at the fayre Alice,
 Tyll hys teares faste 'gan to flowe.

“ Ah woe is me !” sad Alice cry'd,
 And tore her golden hayre ;
 And foe faste shee wrang her lilly handes,
 Alle woo'd with sad despayre.

“ The Englishe keepe the bloodye fieldes,
 “ Fulle manye a Scott is flayne,
 “ But lyves prynce Henry ?” the ladye cry'd,
 “ All else to mee is vayne.—

“ Oh lives the prince? I praye thee telle,”
 Fayre Alice still dyd calle :
 “ These eyes dyd see a keene arrowe flye,
 “ Dyd see prince Henrye falle.”

Fayre Alice shee fat her on the grounde,
 And never a worde shee spake ;
 But like the pale image dyd shee looke,
 For her hearte was nighe to breake.

The rose that once foe ting'd her cheeke,
 Was nowe, alas! noe more ;
 But the whiteneffe of her lillye skin
 Was fayrer than before,

“ Fayre

“Fayre ladye, rise,” the page exclaym'de,
 “Nor laye thee here thus lowe.”—
 Shee answered not, but heav'd a fighe,
 That spoke het hearte felte woe.

Her maydens came and strove to cheare,
 But in vaine was all their care ;
 The townesfolke wept to see that ladye
 Soe'whelm'd in dreade despayre.

They rais'de her from the danky grounde,
 And sprinkled water fayre ;
 But the coldest water from the spring
 Was not soe colde as her.

And nowe came horsemen to the towne,
 That the prynce had sente with speede ;
 With tydyngs to Alice that he dyd live,
 To ease her of her dreade.

For when that haples prince dyd falle,
 The arrowe dyd not hym slaye ;
 But hys followers bravelye rescued hym,
 And convey'd hym safe away.

Bravelye theye rescued that noble prince,
 And to fayre Carlile hym bore ;
 And there that brave young prince dyd lyve,
 Tho' wounded sad and fore,

Fayre Alice the wond'rous tydings hearde,
And thrice for joye shee sigh'd :
That haplesse fayre, when shee hearde the newes,
She rose—shee smil'd—and dy'd.

The teares that her fayre maydens shed,
Ran free from their brighte eyes ;
The ecchoing wynde that then dyd blowe,
Was burden'd with theyre sighes.

The page hee saw the lovelye Alice
In a deepe deepe grave let downe,
And at her heade a green turfe ylayde,
And at her feete a stone!

Then with manye a teare and manye a fighe
Hathe hee hy'd hym on hys waye ;
And hee hath com to Carlile towne,
All yclad in blacke arraye.

And now hath he com to the prince's halle,
And lowelye bente hys knee :
“ And howe is the ladye Alice so fayre,
“ My page, com telle to mee.”

“ Oh, the ladye Alice, soe lovelye fayre,
“ Alas ! is deade and gon ;
“ And at her heade is a greene grafs turfe,
“ And at her foote a stone.

“ The

“ The ladye Alice is deade and gon,
 “ And the wormes feede by her fyde ;
 “ And alle for the love of thee, oh prynce,
 “ That beauteous ladye dy’d.

“ And where shee’s layde the greene turfe growes,
 “ And a colde grave-stone is there ;
 “ But the dew-clad turfe, nor the colde colde stone,
 “ Is not foe colde as her.”

Oh then prince Henrye sad dyd fighe,
 Hys hearte alle fulle of woe :
 That haplesse prince ybeate hys breaſte,
 And faſte hys teares ’gan flowe.

“ And art thou gon, my fweete Alice ?
 “ And art thou gon ?” hee cry’d :
 “ Ah woulde to heav’n that I with thee,
 “ My faythful love, had dy’d !

“ And have I loſte thee, my ſweet Alice ?
 “ And art thou deade and gon ?
 “ And at thy deare heade a green graſs turfe,
 “ And at thy foote a ſtone ?

“ The turfe that’s o’er thy grave, deare Alice,
 “ Shall with my teares bee wet ;
 “ And the ſtone at thy feete ſhall melte, love,
 “ Ere I will thee forget.”

And

And when the newes cam to merrye Englande
Of the battle in the northe ;
Oh then kyng Stephen and hys nobles
Soe merrylie marched forthe.

And theye have had justes and tournamentes,
And have feasted o'er and o'er;
And merrylie merrylie have they rejoic'd,
For the victorie of Cuton Moore.

But many a fighe adds to the wynde,
And manye a teare to the show're,
And manye a bleedyng hearte hath broke,
For the battle of Cuton Moore.

And manye's the wydowe alle forlorne,
And helpelesse orphan poore,
And many's the mayden that fall rue
The victorie of Cuton Moore.

The ladye Alice is layde in her grave,
And a colde stone markes the site ;
And many's the mayde like her doth dye,
Cause kynges and nobles wyll fighte.

The lady Alice is layde full lowe,
And her mayden tears doe poure,
And many's the wretche with them fall weepe,
For the victorie of Cuton Moore.

The holye prieste doth weepe as he syngs
 Hys masses o'er and o'er ;
 And alle for the soules of them that were slayne
 At the battle of Cuton Moore.

VII.

The MURDER of PRINCE ARTHUR in Rouen
 Castle.

Now first printed.

*The ballad of prince Arthur is explained by the following
 extract from the history of England :*

“ King John, thinking he should have no quiet as long
 “ as prince Arthur lived, (for king Philip and the Bretons
 “ still pressed for his delivery,) resolved to dispatch him
 “ privately. ——— Considering the importance of the
 “ affair, and the great mischief and reproach that the disco-
 “ very of it might bring upon him, the king resolved to
 “ trust as few with the knowledge of it as he could help :
 “ whereupon, coming one night in a boat to the foot of a
 “ tower of the castle of Rouen, he presently ordered him
 “ to be brought down and put into the boat ; whereupon
 “ the prince, apprehending his approaching fate by his
 “ uncle's silence, presently abating his former fierceness,
 “ flung himself at his feet, in hopes to obtain mercy ;
 “ but the cruel king presently drew his sword, and ran
 him

*“ him several times through his body, till he had dispatched
 “ him : then carrying the corps some few leagues down the
 “ stream, they flung it into the river Seine.*

GUTHRIE (from Tyrrel and others).

MONG hilles and woodelandes, manye a myle
 Seine roll'd his murm'ring floode ;
 And, winding, wash'd the statelye tow'res,
 Where Rouen's faire castle floode.

Dreare darknesse, with her mournefulle shade,
 Had sprede the welkin o'er,
 And hid from view th' embattled walls
 That deckt the wyndinge shore.

No more was hearde the voice of man,
 Soft slept each wearied hinde :
 No sound——save hapless Arthur's sighes,
 That murmur'd with the winde.

From an old tow'r of drearye heighte,
 Forlorne, thro' Gothic grate,
 The hapless prince look'd o'er the floode,
 And mourn'de hys wretched fate.

“ Yee wyndes, that rove the forests free,
 “ Why roar ye as ye blowe ?
 “ Ye waves, that dash against these tow'res,
 “ Why murmur as ye flowe ?

“ You wyndes enjoye the bliffe to rove,
 “ The sweetes of freedom knowe ;
 “ Yee wand’ring waves, how blest your fate,
 “ Where’re you wille to flowe !

“ Or is’t in pitye to my fighes,
 “ That rounde these tow’res yee roare ?
 “ And you, faire river, dash youre waves
 “ So oft againste the shore ?

“ How bleste were I, yee wyndes and waves,
 “ If I like you coulde rove ;
 “ Like you coulde wynde my chearful waye,
 “ Thro’ foreste, hille, and grove !

“ But woe is mee, here doom’de to waste
 “ Mye life in hopelesse woe ;
 “ To number fighes—that stille muste heave,
 “ And teares—that stille muste flowe !

“ Fulle manye a daye hath told its houres,
 “ Since I have figh’d for peace ;
 “ And manye a daye must stille rolle on,
 “ ’Ere mye misfortunes cease.

“ Mye sole employe to counte the woes
 “ That fille up my despaire ;
 “ A mother’s teares—I cannot wipe—
 “ A crowne—I cannot weare.

“ A lovelye

- " A lovely sifter in my cause,
 " Debarr'd of libertye ; ———
 " A thousande friendes, or captive made,
 " Or slayne in fyghte for mee.
- " My sleepe to me affordes no peace ;
 " Fell fancye stille wille wake,
 " And doubles every pang of woe,
 " My wearied soul to racke.
- " Oh then, with every care renew'd,
 " I wake right fulle of woe ;
 " Wake—but to mark the dashing wave,
 " And hear the rude wyndes blowe.
- " Then, then, distracted at my fate,
 " And frantic with my feares,
 " I load the tempeste with my sighs,
 " The river with my teares.
- " Fulle manye a sun hath sat in miste,
 " As wearied with mye sighes ;
 " The same my miserye, when agayne
 " That pitying sun did ryse.
- " The gentle moone, when brighte her beames
 " Upon these tow'res shee throwes,
 " Oft' hydes her face behinde a cloude,
 " As weeping for my woes.

116 O L D B A L L A D S.

“ But yet, were I ’mong all my race
“ Alone o’erwhelm’d with cares,
“ I’d be resign’d—tho’ bounde in chaines,
“ And smile amid my teares.

“ But, haplesse Constance, mother deare !
“ Thy pangs too welle I heede ;
“ With thyne my teares for ever flowe,
“ Like thine, my hearte aye bleede.

“ Sweet Elenor, for beautye fam’d,
“ Damsel of Brittaneye ;
“ I woulde not live, if that thy woes
“ (Deare mayde) coulde dye with mee.

“ Ah, would I were a peasante swayne,
“ Of humble lineage borne !
“ Contented would I tende my flocke,
“ Nor heede the proude man’s scorne.

“ Contented by our humble cott,
“ From morne to eve I’d toile ;
“ And thinke righte bounteous my rewarde,
“ Deare mother, in thy smile.

“ Noe tumults then, noe murd’rous warre,
“ Woulde frighte thee with alarms ;
“ And, oh ! noe cruel uncle teare
“ Thy children from thy armes.

“ What,

“ What, tho’ noe realmes should court our nod,
 “ Nor coronets gild our brows ;
 “ What are their golde but painted care ?
 “ Their gems but glitt’ring woes ?

“ In peace wee’d share the frugal meale,
 “ And blesse the earthe’s increase ;
 “ The rising sun shoulde haile our joye,
 “ And setting gilde our peace.

“ And when in calme contente and peace
 “ Wee’d past our destin’d houres,
 “ Some gentle swain should make our grave,
 “ And strew the turfe with flow’res.”

The haplesse prince thus strove by plaints
 To mitigate hys paynes,
 Till, mad with woe, hee beate his breaste,
 And howling clank’d hys chaynes.

The hollowe tow’rs, and winding walles,
 Hys sighs reechoe’d rounde ;
 The distante hilles, in dying notes,
 Return’d the playntive sounde.

The nighte, collecting every cloude
 That form’d her darkest traine,
 Seem’d to lament the tale of woe
 That broke her silent reign.

And nowe, tho' all arounde was darke,
 And stormy raine did falle,
 A boate came rowing down the streame,
 Beneathe the castle walle.

The night-birdes scream'd a cry of dreade,
 The death-belle thrice did ring;
 And thrice at Arthur's window bars
 A raven flapp'd its wing.

Arthur remark'd th' ill-omen'd found,
 And thrice hee trembled fore;
 And thrice hee wip'd the clammy drops
 That from his browe did poure.

And soon hee hearde the voice of men
 Low wisp'ring at the walle;
 Unhappy Arthur, strucke with dreade,
 To heav'n for helpe did calle.

Hee heard the gate cracke on its hinge,
 That led to his abode——
 "Now, heav'n, befriende mee!" Arthur cried,
 "For this bodes mee no goode."

And nowe came in the tyrante John,
 With ruffians all arowe;
 A bloody sworde was in hys hande,
 A frowne upon hys browe.

As dreads the lambe, when suddentlye,
 He sees the wolfe appeare ;
 So haplesse Arthur waxed pale,
 To find hys fate so near.

Then kneeling quick upon his knee,
 And dropping many a teare,
 Hee strove to soothe the tyrant's rage,
 With manye a piteous prayer:

“ Ah, spare me, royal uncle, spare
 “ A youthe beneathe thy frowne !
 “ Give me but life—give me but peace—
 “ And keepe my curfed crowne.

“ Oh let mee live 'mong peasante swaines,
 “ Aye losste to thoughts of state ;
 “ I'll never murmur at the change,
 “ Nor wish for to be greate.

“ Oh uncle ! change that cruel frowne,
 “ That darke determin'd browe ;
 “ See, see me, tho' unus'd to kneele,
 “ Laye at thy feet thus lowe.

“ (Alas ! what wordes can I invent,
 “ Hys purpose to averte ?
 “ Oh teach me, heav'n, with force to pleade—
 “ To touch his ruthles hearte.)

“ And canst thou kille mee, uncle deare,
“ And canst thou make me bleede ?
“ And canst thou flaye thy brother’s childe,
“ That at thy feete doth pleade ?

“ Oh spare mee, spare mee, noble kinge !
“ Nor thy owne honoure staine ;
“ So shall heav’n blesse thee for my fake,
“ And prosper long thy reigne.

“ So shalle thy name for ages long
“ Shyne bright beyonde compare ;
“ And this good acte, in honour’s roll,
“ Be aye recorded faire.”

“ Noe, Arthur, noe ! thou now must dye,”
The ruthlesse tyrante cry’de :
“ Thy boasted title to my crowne
“ Shall no more wounde my pride.”

“ Ah cruel uncle ! stay thy hande—
“ The deede too late thou’lt ’moane ;
“ For well I weene its dreade effectes
“ Shall shake thee from thy throne.

“ And thinke, when deathe shall end thy dayes,
“ That kinge of all belowe,
“ Shall not this deede add to his dartes
“ Ten thousand pangs of woe ?”

“ Enoughe,”

“ Enough,” the angry tyrante cryde,
 “ The nyghte weares faste awaye ;
 “ Turne thee to God—for thou must dye!
 “ Before the dawne of daye.”

Th’ affrighted nyghte-birdes scream’d and yell’d
 The drearye tow’rs arounde ;
 The river left its oozy bed,
 And fought the meadow’ grounde.

Welle may yee screame, yee birdes of nyghte,
 As rounde the tow’rs ye straye ;
 For they have slayne the haples prince,
 Before the dawne of daye.

Well mayst thou, Seine, from out thy bedd
 Remove thy frighted floode ;
 For they have slaine the haplesse prince,
 And shedde hys deare hearte’s bloode.

Yes, they have slayne the haplesse prince,
 ’Ere hee had tyme to praye,
 And throwne his bodye in the floode,
 Before the dawne of daye.

They’ve buried the prince in a watry grave,
 With all the speede theye maye ;
 And tyrante John, with the curse of heav’n,
 Hath hied him on hys waye.

PRINCE

VIII,

PRINCE EDWARDE and ADAM GORDON.

Now first printed.

The subject of this ballad is taken from the history of England, the latter part of the reign of Henry the IIIrd.

TO Adam Gordon's gloomye haunte
 Prince Edwarde wounde hys waye :
 " And coulde I but meete that bold outlawe,
 " In the wolde where hee doth laye !"

Prince Edwarde boldlye wounde his waye
 The briars and bogs amonge :
 " And coulde I but finde that bolde outlawe,
 " Hys lyfe shoulde not be longe.

" For hee hath harrowed merrye Hampshire,
 " And manye a spoile possesse ;
 " A bolder outlawe than this wight
 " Ne'er trod by easte and weste.

" And

“ And now come on, my merrye men all,
 “ Nor heede the drearye waye;
 “ For coulde I but meete that bolde outlawe,
 “ Fulle soone I would hym flaye.

“ And when wee meete in hardye fyghte,
 “ Let no one come betweene;
 “ For Adam o’Gordon’s as brave a man
 “ As ever foughte on greene.”

Then spake a knyghte, “ It maye be longe
 “ Ere Gordon you shalle fynde;
 “ For hee dothe dwelle in a drearye haunte,
 “ Remote from human kynde.

“ Among the woldes and deepe moraffe
 “ Hys lodging hee hath ta’en;
 “ And never that wand’ring wight wente in,
 “ That ere came out agayne.

“ So darke, so narrowe, and so dreare,
 “ The wyndyngs all aboute,
 “ That scarce the birdes that scim the aire
 “ Can fynde their waye throoute.”

Prince Edwarde drewe hys darke browne sworde,
 And shooke hys shynyng lance:
 “ And rather I’d fyghte thys bolde outlawe,
 “ Then alle the peers of France.”

Prince

Prince Edward grasped his buckler strong,
 And proudly marched forth:
 "And rather I'd conquer thys bolde outlawe,
 "Then alle the knightes o'the northe."

And then bespake a valiante knyghte:
 "Now, prince, thy wordes make goode;
 "For yonder I see that proude outlawe,
 "A cominge forth the woode."

Then quick the prince lit off hys steede,
 And onwarde wounde hys waye:
 "Now stande yee bye, my merry men alle,
 "And yee shall see brave playe."

Brave Adam o'Gordon sawe the prince,
 As hee cam forth the wolde;
 And soone he knewe hym by hys shielde,
 And hys banners all of golde.

"Arouze," he criede, "my merry men alle,
 "And stande yee welle your grounde;
 "For yonder great prince Edwarde coms,
 "For valoure so renownde."

"Now welcom, welcom, Adam Gordon,
 "I'm gladde I have thee founde;
 "For manye a daye I've foughte for thee,
 "Thro' alle the countrye rounde."

"Nowe

“ Nowe here I sweare,” brave Adam cried,
 “ Had I but so beene tolde,
 “ I woulde have met thee longe 'ere nowe,
 “ In citie .or in wolde.”

Oh then began as fierce a fyghte ¶
 As 'ere was foughte in fieldes ;
 The prince was stoute, the outlawe strong,
 Their heartes with courage steel'de.

Fulle manye an houre in valiante fyghte
 These chieftaines bolde did close ;
 Full manye an houre the hilles and woodes
 Reechoed with their blowes.

Full many a warriour stoode arounde
 That marvellous fighte to see,
 While from their woundes the gushing bloode
 Ranne like the fountaine free.

Thrice they agreede, o'erspente with toyle,
 To cease their sturdye blowes ;
 And thrice they stopp'd to quench their thirste,
 And wipe their bloodye browes.

Edward aye lov'd that braverye
 Which Adam prov'd in fighte,
 And, with congenial virtue fir'd,
 Resolv'd to do him righte.

“ Adam,

- “ Adam, thy valour charms my soule,
 “ I ever love the brave ;
 “ And tho’ I feare not thy dread sworde,
 “ Thy honoure I woulde save.
- “ Here, Gordon, do I plighte my hande,
 “ My honour and renowne,
 “ That, if thou to my sworde wilt yeilde,
 “ And my allegiance owne——
- “ But more,—if thou wilt be my friende,
 “ And faithful share my hearte,
 “ I’ll ever prove gentle unto thee——
 “ Wee never more wille parte.
- “ Thou, in the raging battle’s houre,
 “ Shalle aye fighte by my side,
 “ And at my table and my court,
 “ In times of peace preside.
- “ When prosperous fate shall gilde my throne,
 “ Thou shalt partake my joye ;
 “ When troubles low’re, to soothe thy prince
 “ Shall bee thy sole employe.
- “ And I to thee the same will prove,
 “ A gentle bosom friend ;
 “ In joy to share thy happinesse,
 “ In woe thy cares to end.

“ Nowe,

“ Nowe, Adam, take thy lasting choice,
 “ Thy prince awaites thy worde :
 “ Accepte, brave man, my smile or frowne—
 “ My friendship or my fworde.”—

Brave Adam, struck with wonder, gaz'd—
 Hee sigh'd at every worde ;
 Then, falling quicke upon hys knee,
 Hee gave the prince hys fworde.

Upon the warrioure's dark browne cheeke
 A teare was seene to shyne—
 Hee layde hys hande upon hys hearte—
 “ Brave Edwarde, I am thyne.”

The pytying prince the warriour rais'de,
 And pres'd hym to his hearte ;
 “ Adam, thy prince will bee thy friende,—]
 “ We never more will parte.”

A shouting from their followers bye
 Proclaym'd the joyful founde ;
 The hills and woodlandes, echoing loud,
 Dispers'd the tydyngs rounde.

The prince then made that brave outlawe
 On hys own steede to ryde,
 With banners rich and trappings gaye,
 And he rode by hys fyde.

And

And when with shoutes to Guilforde towne
 Thys noble trayne came on,
 O'erjoy'd, our royal queene came forthe,
 To meete her warlyke son.

“ Fayre son, fayre son, more deare to mee,
 “ Than alle that lyfe can give,
 “ Full many a daye the losse of thee
 “ Hath caus'd my hearte to grieve.

“ And whence that stayne upon thy shielde ?
 “ That bloode upon thy browe ?
 “ Oh ! thou hast had some desperate fyghte,
 “ And didst not let mee knowe.

“ Was it among the rebel hoste
 “ Thy sworde hath got this stayne ?
 “ And are their banners overthrowne ?
 “ And proude Earl Derbye flaine ?

“ Or is't were Kenilworth's proud tow'res
 “ O'erlook the neighbour playnes,
 “ That thou hast rear'd thy conquering armes,
 “ And fix'd thy father's reigne.

“ Oh ! I've not been where Derby's earl
 “ The rebel cause upholdes ;
 “ But I've o'ercome a braver man,
 “ 'Mong forests, bogs, and wolds.

“ Nor

“ Nor have I seene proud Kenilworth,
“ With tow’rs all arowe ;
“ But I’ve o’ercome a braver man
“ Than Kenilworth ’ere did knowe.

“ Adam o’ Gordon is that man,
“ A braver ne’er was seene”—
Then tooke the warrioure by the hande,
And led hym to the queene.

And there the Gordon was carrefs’d,
With tiltes and revelrye;
And none in alle the tournamentes,
Was founde with him to vye.

Where’ere the royal Edwarde foughte,
Brave Gordon aye woulde wende ;
And Edwarde, like a noble prince,
Was ever Gordon’s friende.

IX.

CUMNOR HALL.

Now first printed.

Cumnor is near Abington, in Berkshire.

The story of the unhappy countess of Leicester, who was murdered there in queen Elizabeth's time, may be seen at large in Ashmole's Antiquities of Berkshire, in whose time the ruins of the hall were still standing. — It had been antiently a place of retirement for the monks of Abington.

THE dews of summer nighte did falle,
 The moone (sweete regente of the skye)
 Silver'd the walles of Cumnor Halle,
 And manye an oake that grewe therebye.

Nowe noughte was hearde beneath the skies,
 (The foundes of busye lyfe were stille,)
 Save an unhappie ladie's fighes,
 That issued from that lonelye pile.

“Leicester,” shee cried “is thys thy love
 “That thou so oft has sworne to mee,
 “To leave mee in thys lonelye grove,
 “Immurr'd in shameful privitie ?

“No.

“ No more thou com’st with lover’s speede,
“ Thy once-beloved bryde to see;
“ But bee shee alive, or bee shee deade,
“ I feare (sterne earle’s) the same to thee.

“ Not so the usage I receiv’d,
“ When happye in my father’s halle;
“ No faithlesse husbände then me griev’d,
“ No chilling feares did mee appall.

“ I rose up with the chearful morne,
“ No lark more blith, no flow’r more gaye;
“ And, like the birde that hauntes the thorne,
“ So merrylie fung the live-long daye.

“ If that my beautye is but smalle,
“ Among court ladies all despis’d;
“ Why didst thou rend it from that halle,
“ Where (scorneful earle) it well was priz’d?

“ And when you first to mee made suite,
“ How fayre I was you oft woulde saye!
“ And, proude of conquest—pluck’d the fruite,
“ Then lefte the blossom to decaye.

“ Yes, nowe neglected and despis’d,
“ The rose is pale—the lilly’s deade—
“ But hee that once their charmes so priz’d,
“ Is sure the cause those charmes are fledde.

- “ For knowe, when sick’ning grieffe doth preye
 “ And tender love’s repay’d with scorne,
 “ The sweetest beautye will decaye—
 “ What flow’ret can endure the storme ?
- “ At court I’m tolde is beauty’s throne,
 “ Where everye lady’s passing rare ;
 “ That eastern flow’rs, that shame the sun,
 “ Are not so glowing, not foe fayre.
- “ Then, earle, why didst thou leave the bedds
 “ Where roses and where lillys vie,
 “ To seek a primrose, whose pale shades
 “ Must sicken—when those gaudes are bye ?
- “ ’Mong rural beauties I was one,
 “ Among the fields wild flow’rs are faire ;
 “ Some countrie swayne might mee have won,
 “ And thoughte my beautie passing rare.
- “ But, Leicester, (or I much am wronge)
 “ Or tis not beautye lures thy vowes ;
 “ Rather ambition’s gilded crowne
 “ Makes thee forget thy humble spoufe.
- “ Then, Leicester, why, again I pleade,
 “ (The injur’d surelye may repyne,)
 “ Why didst thou wed a countrie mayde,
 “ When some fayre princeffe might be thyne ?

“ Why

“ Why didst thou praise my humble charmes,
 “ And, oh! then leave them to decaye?
 “ Why didst thou win me to thy armes,
 “ Then leave me to mourne the live-long daye?

“ The village maidens of the plaine
 “ Salute me lowly as they goe;
 “ Envious they marke my filken trayne,
 “ Nor thinke a countesse can have woe.

“ The simple nymphs! they little knowe,
 “ How farre more happy's their estate—
 “ —To smile for joye —than figh for woe—
 “ —To be contente —than to be greate.

“ Howe farre lesse bleste am I than them?
 “ Dailye to pyne and waste with care!
 “ Like the poore plante, that from its stem
 “ Divided—feeles the chilling ayre.

“ Nor (cruel earl!) can I enjoye
 “ The humble charmes of solitude;
 “ Your minions proude my peace destroye,
 “ By fullen frownes or pratings rude.

“ Laste nyghte, as sad I chanc'd to straye,
 “ The village deathe-bell smote my eare;
 “ They wink'd asyde, and seem'd to faye,
 “ Countesse, prepare—thy end is neare.

“ And nowe, while happye peafantes sleepe,
 “ Here I fet lonelye and forlorne ;
 “ No one to soothe mee as I weepe,
 “ Save phylomel on yonder thorne.

“ My spirits flag—my hopes decaye—
 “ Still that dreade deathe-bell smites my eare ;
 “ And many a boding seems to saye,
 “ Countess, prepare—thy end is neare.”

Thus fore and sad that ladie griev'd,
 In Cumnor Halle so lone and dreare ;
 And manye a heartefelte sighe free heav'd,
 And let falle manye a bitter teare.

And ere the dawne of daye appear'd,
 In Cumnor Hall so lone and dreare,
 Full manye a piercing screame was hearde,
 And manye a crye of mortal feare.

The death-belle thrice was hearde to ring,
 An aërial voyce was hearde to call,
 And thrice the raven flapp'd its wyng
 Arounde the tow'rs of Cumnor Hall.

The mastiffe howl'd at village doore,
 The oaks were shatter'd on the greene ;
 Woe was the houre—for never more
 That haplesse countesse e'er was seene.

And

And in that manor now no more
 Is chearful feaste and sprightly balle;
 For ever since that drearye houre
 Have spirits haunted Cunnor Hall.

The village maides, with fearful glance,
 Avoid the antient mossgrowne walle;
 Nor ever leade the merrye dance,
 Among the groves of Cunnor Halle.

Full manye a travellor oft hath figh'd,
 And pensive wepte the countess' falle,
 As wand'ring onwards they've espied
 The haunted tow'rs of Cunnor Halle.

X.

A R A B E L L A S T U A R T.

Now first printed.

WHERE London's tow're its turrets showe,
 So statelye by the Thame's syde,
 Faire Arabella, chyld of woe,
 For manye a daye had fat and figh'd;

And as shee heard the waves arise,
 And as shee heard the bleake wyndes roare,
 As fast did heave her heartfelte sighes,
 And still so fast her teares did poure.

The sun that joy'd the blithfom daye,
 The moone that chear'd the night's dull houre,
 Still founde the faire to grieffe a preye,
 The victim of tyrannic pow're.

“ And why,” that haplesse ladye cried,
 “ From royal race am I deriv'd ?
 “ Had I to peasants beene ally'd,
 “ Happye, tho' poore, I then had liv'd,

“ Ambition never won my mynde,
 “ For many its victim I have knowne;
 “ Alas ! like mee, here once confin'd——
 “ Their houres of peace for ever flowne,

“ Because by bloode to kyngs ally'd——
 “ Ah me ! how cruel the pretence !
 “ My name offends the ear of pryde ;
 “ My being borpe—is my offence.

“ Torne from my friends, from all the joyes,
 “ That virtuous freedom can afford ;
 “ But more my bleeding bosom sighes,
 “ Torne from my love—my wedded lorde.

“ Alas,

“ Alas, deare youthe ! and must wee parte,
 “ And shall I see my love no more,
 “ Save when, to soothe my wounded hearte,
 “ Beneath my tow’r thy wispers soare ?

“ When the still nighte, with darksom shade,
 “ Enrapt these dreary walls arounde,
 “ Anxious, I listen for thy treade,
 “ O’erjoy’d, I heare thy dear voice founde.

“ But who can tell the pangs so keene
 “ That such ill-fated lovers knowe,
 “ Where tow’res and bars arise betweene,
 “ Darke spies above and guardes belowe ?

“ In vaine for mee the sun doth rise !
 “ In vaine to mee the moone doth shyne !
 “ The smyling earthe ne’er chears my eyes,
 “ Here doom’d in misery to pine.

“ And as I heare the waves arise,
 “ And as I heare the bleake wyndes roare,
 “ Still still as faste will heave my sighes,
 “ And still soe faste my teares must poure.”

Now came her lorde with lover’s speede,
 And at the wall thus wisper’d hee :
 “ Arise, my love, nor thinke of dreade,
 “ Thy husband’s come to set thee free.”

Th' astonish'd lady rose with speede,
 And saw her lover stand belowe ;—
 " The blessing that soe much I neede,
 " Oh, how can'st thou on me bestowe?"

" Oh, I have brib'd the partial fates—
 " Descend this ladder, love, to mee—
 " On yonder stream a ship awaites,
 " To waft us o'er the briny sea."

Faire Arabella heard the tale,
 And thrice for joye shee turn'd and sigh'd ;
 Yet 'ere shee let fond hope prevaile,
 Thus to the hasty youthe shee cry'd :

" Lorde Seymour, well I know thy hearte,
 " Thy truthe and constancye to mee ;
 " Yet ne'er from hence would I departe,
 " If ought of harme should hap to thee.

" For know, shoulde wee in flighte be ta'en,
 " Th' offended crowne would have thy lyfe—
 " Staye, lest thy zeale should be our bane,—
 " And breake the hearte of thy poor wyfe."

Oh then lord Seymour waxed pale,
 And thrice for griefe hee sigh'd full fore :
 " And nowe muste all my projects faile,
 " And all my hopes of blis bee o'er ?

" Too

“ Too cruel maid ! to let fond feare
 “ Thus dash the hope that ne’er’l returne !
 “ Oh come, my love—nor wanton tear
 “ The hearte that aye for thee doth burne.

“ Dear wyfe, no more our hopes withstande,
 “ Descend—or wee shall meete no more”—
 Then nimbly drew her lilly hande,
 And downe the trembling faire hee bore.

And nowe adowne the Thame’s faire streame,
 That ladye joyful sail’d awaye,
 While flatt’ring hope, with silver dreame,
 Her bosom sooth’d the live-long daye.

And now shee cry’d, “ Adieu to woe !
 “ Smoothe as the gentle streame I see,
 “ My future houres in peace shall flowe,
 “ Enrich’d with love and libertye.

“ And tho’ I see the waves arise,
 “ And tho’ I heare the rude windes roare,
 “ Yet still no more shall heave my sighes,
 “ Nor down my cheekes the salt teares poure.”

But nowe the storme began to low’re,
 And ’frighted hope dissolv’d to air,
 (That faithles fantom of an houre !)
 And left the ladye to despayre.

In vain was sprede the swelling faile,
In vaine they steere before the winde ;
For tyranny would still prevaile,
And strive to chaine the free-borne minde.

The hapless ladye to regaine,
Arm'd ships sprede all the ocean o'er ;
And grim despaire bestrode the main,
To feize the victim of his pow'r.

And they have ta'en that haplesse fayre,
And to the drearye tow're have borne ;
Nor heede the pangs of keene despaire,
With which her breaking hearte is torne.

There lowe shee layes absorb'd in grieve ;
And, more to edge its poignancye,
Shee trembles for a husband's life,
More deare to her than libertye.

There doom'd her future life to weare,
No more the balm of hope to knowe,
Shee yields her to the fiend despaire,
That points the barbed dart of woe.

And as she heares the waves arise,
And as shee heares the bleak windes roar,
As fast doe heave her heartfelt sighs,
And still so fast her salt teares poure.

XI.

ANNA BULLEN, an elegiac Ballad.

Now first printed.

HIGH shee sat in regal state,
 Lovelye Anna Englande's queene
 (Thoughtlesse that approaching fate,
 Coude so shortely change the scene).

Deckte in robes of royaltie,
 Shee appear'de some form divine;
 Glorious in that forme to see,
 Beautye's throne and virtue's shrine.

Lillyes so transcendent fayre,
 Roses of the Tyrian dye,
 Coude not with her hande compare,
 Coude not with her blushes vie.

Rounde her knightes and nobles bow'de,
 Proude to waite besyde her throne—
 Anna milde, as Henry proude,
 Smyl'd on all, and frown'de on none.

Palefac'de miserye, grieffe and woe,
 To her feete did oft repayre ;
 Bounteous gifts she did bestowe,
 Generous queene as good as fayre.

Pitye form'de her softe and milde,
 Apt to weepe at woe severe ;
 Mercye claim'de her for her chylde,
 And for prooffe produc'd the teare.

Manye a wretche, with joyfulle breathe,
 Sav'de from wante, her love proclayme ;
 Manye a miscreante, snatch'de from deathe,
 Gratefulle bleffe her bounteous name.

Superstition long had feign'de,
 Longe had rear'd her haggard heade ;
 When she hearde that Anna reign'de,
 Scar'de, she trembled, curs'd, and fledde.

Calumnye, with artful leere,
 Strove to tainte her mayden fame ;
 Pryde was pleas'd the tale to heare,
 Envye gladlye woulde proclayme.

But to quelle that darke surmize,
 Truthe her faithfulle glasse apply'd ;
 Truthe the envious tale denyes,
 Pryde was humble'd—scandall dyed.

But

But pale envye, rankling sore,
 Came disguis'de in friendship's name ;
 Malice in her breaſte ſhe bore,
 Bente to bringe this queene to ſhame.

Hapleſſe Rochford, thee their preye
 Thou with others art decreede—
 But ſweete Anna, more than they,
 Was the lambe deſtin'd to bleede.

Sweete innocence, and ſhalle thy charmes,
 And muſt thy virtues pleade in vaine ?
 Torne from her ſmiling infante's armes,
 Muſt our lovelye queene be ſlayne ?

Yes, hapleſs Anna! thou muſt falle ;
 'Gainſte ſuch tyrantes what defence ?
 Charms nor virtues can avail,
 Nor thy infante's eloquence.

Thou that waſt a friende to all,
 Haſt noe friende to pleade for thee ;
 Friendleſſe (tho an empreſſe) falle,
 Lambe deſtyn'de for butcherye.

Harke yon diſtante hollowe groane—
 Harke yon woefraughte murmurs faynte—
 Loe, the helliſhe deede is done—
 Farewelle, Anna, queene, and faynte !

144 O L D B A L L A D S.

Be the deede for ever mourn'de,
 Britain, lo ! thy deepest stayne !
Lovelieste queene, that thee adorn'de,
 Thy hard-hearted kinge hath slayne.

Pale that face whose beautye charm'de,
 Of whose smyles a kyng was proude :
Pale those handes a sceptre arm'de,—
 Wrapped in a drearye shroude !

Mangled is that neck and breaste,
 That e'en envye fair allow'd ;
Where all graces were exprefs'd——
 Wrapped in a drearye shroud !

Charmes, whose lustre brighte hath shone,
 Nowe, alas ! shalle shyne no more ;
Transient charmes—for ever flow'ne—
 Pompe and pow're—for ever o'er.

Nowe no more shall those brighte eyes
 Weepe to heare the tale of griefe ;
Nor, when pale-fac'd sorrow cryes,
 Shalle those handes extende reliefe.

But, sweete queene, thou stille shalt reigne
 On a brighter throne above,
Where no fiend thy peace shall stayne,
 Nor ensnare thy monarch's love.

E'en

E'en on earthe thy fame shall bloome
 Brighter for th' opposing shade ;
 And thy name, in tymes to come,
 Pure and virtuous be display'de.

And thy grave a hallow'd shrine,
 Tho' but turfe the spot adorne :
 There shall manye a forme divine,
 Garde thy ashes, eve and morne.

Pietye (neglected fayre !)
 Oft with grieffe shall wander neare ;
 And, in pangs of sad despaire,
 On the greene turfe drop a teare.

There shall come the numerous thronge
 Of the wretched thou'lt reliev'd,
 Tale to telle, as sweete as longe,
 Of the goode workes thou'lt atchiev'de.

Ever shall thy foes be scorn'd,
 And, with hearte-felte teares and sighes,
 Shall thy hapless fate be mourn'de——
 For with thee religion dies.

Tyrante Henrye, bloodye kyng,
 Darke thy future yeares shall rolle :
 Conscience, with her venom'd styng,
 Longe shall lash thy guiltye soule.

When more pleasure thou hast had,
 Pall'd with beautye, glutt with bloode,
 Thou shalt mourne, tho' nowe so gladde,
 Thou shalt dye, tho' nowe so proude.

XII.

The LADYE and the PALMER.

Now first printed.

“ **T**HE view of manors stretch'd afarre
 “ Will not foothe sorrowe's pow're:”
 Soe sang a ladye, riche and fayre,
 As shee sat in her bow'r.
 “ Tho' foule befall mee for my meede,
 “ And foule be thoughte the worde ;
 “ Woulde heav'n mee speede, alive or deade,
 “ To see my absente lorde !”

'Twas

'Twas 'bout the tyme of curfeu bell,
 When, all in blacke arraye,
 With crosse to praye, and beads to tell,
 A Palmer came that waye.
 " Goe, page, and calle thy ladye fayre ;"
 Aloude hee did commande ;
 " Tell her a Palmer's awaiting heare,
 " Come from the holye londe."

The Palmer saw that foot-page run,
 (As he ranne at the ring,)
 The Palmer look'd till the bow're he won,
 And hearde the ladye sing :
 " Tho' foule befall mee for my meede,
 " And foule be thoughte the worde,
 " Woulde heav'n mee speede, alyve or deade,
 " To see mye absente lorde !"

" Nowe welcom, holye Palmer, and tell
 " Thy tydinges unto mee."
 " Oh, ladye, it is not manye a daye,
 " Since I thy lorde did see."
 " Oh when wyll hee adone with the warrs ?
 " Sweete Palmer, tell to mee."
 " Oh ladye, hee's nowe adone with the warrs,
 " In truthe I tell to thee."

" Alasse ! what woundes hath hee got i'th' field ?
 " Deare Palmer, tell to mee."
 " Oh, hee has had woundes, but nowe they're heal'd,
 " In truthe I tell to thee."
 " But is there noe token that hee hath fente,
 " Noe token of love to mee ?
 " Noe relique o'the roode, or pearle oriente,
 " Or gaude of the easte cuntrye ?"

" Oh, I've no relique, or eastern gaude,
 " Fayre ladye, to bring to thee ;
 " But I come to tell, that thy haplesse lorde—
 " Is dying in the easte cuntrye."

Oh then that ladye's groans and cries
 Reechoed piteouflye ;
 The teares that fell from her brillante eyes
 Ran like the fountayne free.

" Oh Palmer, ill befall to thee,
 " For what thou tellest mee !
 " But nowe will I wende to the east cuntrye,
 " My dying lorde to see.
 " And tho' foule befall mee for my meede,
 " And foule bee thoughte the worde,
 " Goode heav'n mee speede ! for, alyve or deade,
 " I'll see my dearest lorde.

" And

“ And nowe, my foot-page, run, I praye,
 “ On thy ladye’s last, last boone ;
 “ Get a pylgrim’s gowne of blacke or of graye,
 “ With scripp and sandal shoone :
 “ And take these silken gaudes with thee,
 “ And take thys kyrtle o’ green ;
 “ For ’tis not befitting widowes, like mee,
 “ In such garbe to be seene.

“ And cut these wanton locks, I praye,
 “ And take my golde ryngs three ;
 “ For in pylgrims garbe I’ll take my waye,
 “ To my lorde in the easte countrie.
 “ And nowe tho’ foule befall my meede,
 “ And foule bee thoughte the worde,
 “ Goode heav’n mee speede ! for, alive or deade,
 “ I’ll see my dearest lorde.”

Then up arofe that Palmer man,
 Amaz’d such love to see ;
 For the ladye already some paces had ranne,
 In her waye to the east countrie.
 “ Ladye, staye ! for from th’ holye londe
 “ Thy lorde’s laste wordes I bringe ;
 “ And lo ! to my care, from off hys hande,
 “ He pledg’d thys golden ring.”

- The ladye sprang, and feiz'd the ring,
 And a show're of teares shee shedde ;
 " Now I knowe by thys pledge, that thou dost bringe,
 " That my deare lorde is deade.
 " Yet stille, tho' foule befalle my meede,
 " And foule bee thoughte the worde,
 " Would heav'n mee speede ! tho' hee be deade,
 " I'd see my dear-lov'd lorde."
- " Oh weepe not, ladye, weepe not foe,
 " Nor 'gainst thy sad fate stryve ;
 " For shouldst thou see him, thou welle dost knowe,
 " Thou coulde'st not make hym lyve.
 " But calme thy mynde, oh ladye fayre !
 " But calme thy mynde, I praye ;
 " Nor let that cursed fiend despayre
 " Thus 'whelm thee with dismaye."
- " Oh cruel Palmer ! say not foe,
 " Nor think to comforte mee ;
 " And tho' 'twould but increase my woe,
 " My deade lorde I woulde see."
 " Alasse ! alasse ! thou ladye fayre ! —
 " But if it foe muste bee,
 " I can by learned lore declare,
 " How thou thy lorde mayste see."

" Oh

- “ Oh sayst thou foe, thou Palmer deare ?
“ Nowe shalt thou have golde and fee :
“ Then telle mee, Palmer, telle mee, where
“ My deade lorde I may see ?
Then quick that wily Palmer led
The ladye to the bow're,
And in a booke full long hee reade,
Whyle faste her tears did poure.
- “ Oh I knowe well, by this blacke booke,
“ That he'll appeare this nighte ;
“ But whyte and ghastlye hee wyll looke,
“ And will thee much affryghte.”
“ Oh I care not,” the ladye sayde ;
“ Tho' foule be thoughte the worde,
“ Woulde heav'n mee speede ! tho' hee bee deade,
“ I'd see my dearest lorde.”
- “ On yon kirk-greene, at darke mydnighte,
“ Thy deade lorde will appeare :
“ Far off you'l see his haplesse sp'rite—
“ But, ladye—goe not neare.
“ Soe nowe goe chaunte full manye a prayer,
“ Devoute upon thy knee ;
“ And to the kirke-greene at nighte repayre,
“ Thy deade lorde for to see.”

Nowe rose the moone with solemn pryde,
 Sweete nighte's enchaunting queene,
 And o'er the lonelye kirk-yard wide
 Was shed her silver sheene.

And then cam forth that ladye fayre,
 And to the kirk-greene wente—
 Colde blew the blaste—and her sweete haire,
 Was all with dewe besprente.

And nowe the houres had gone their rounde,
 And drearye was the greene,
 And nought was hearde save the lone founde
 Of the blaste that blew so keene.
 Yet still shee sigh'd, "Tho' soul my meede,
 " And foule bee thoughte the worde,
 " Woulde heav'n mee speede! tho' hee bee deade,
 " I'd see my deare-lov'd lord."

Scarce had shee spoke; when from the easte
 A ghostelye forme did glide—
 Shee started wilde—she smote her breaste—
 And on the kirk-greene dyed.
 The Palmer threw asyde the sheete,
 And frantic rav'd and cry'd;
 Then curs'd his avarice indiscreete,
 And by the ladye dy'd.—

XIII.

The FAIR MANIAC.

In two Parts.

Now first printed.

Part First.

THE nighte was darke, the blaste blew colde,
 And loude the tempeste roar'd ;
 Blue lightnings flash'd from pole to pole,
 The stormie torrente pour'd ;
 Mankinde, both hie and lowe, in bed
 Were shelter'd safe and warme ;
 Save one distracted mayde, who fled
 'Mong alle the thickest storme.

And ever and anon shee sped
 Where moste the tempeste pour'd,
 And where the thunders overheade
 With loudest terror warr'd :
 Thro' lonesom dell or drearye glade,
 Or kirkeyarde graves among,
 Shee wander'd alle wylde, and thus (poore mayde)
 With madlike glee shee fung :

“ Beate,

" Beate, beate, yee wyndes ; yee torrents, poure ;
 " Fighte, warring cloudes above ;
 " Flash, lightnings, flash ; loude thunders, roare ;
 " But hurte not mye true love :
 " For hym I seeke both nighte and daye,
 " For hym bewilder'd rove ;
 " Yee lightnings, light mee on my waye,
 " In searche of my true love.

" For hym I beare the summer's burne,
 " And brave the wintrie wynde ;
 " And daye and nighte for hym I mourne,
 " For hee has prov'd unkinde ;
 " Yee torrentes, rush ; yee thunders, roare ;
 " Flash, flash, thou angrie skie ;
 " For I shall see my love no more,
 " And I for hym will dye.

" The colde, colde nighte is darke and dreare,
 " And I cannot finde mye love ;
 " Ah mee !—I've search'd both farre and neare ;
 " Where, wanderer, canst thou rove ?
 " But I'll pursue and stop thy speede—
 " And oh ! for thy scorne to mee,
 " I'll make thy hearte like mine to bleede,
 " And then I'll dye with thee."

A valiant

A valiant knighte was ryding bye,
 All in the stormie raine ;
 And hee hearde the haplesse damsel fighe,
 And bitterlye complayne.
 She frantic o'er the wyld heathe sprung,
 And frantic cry'd aloude ;
 Then stop'd the knighte, and thus shee fung,
 While hee all wond'ring stoode :

“ Oh turne, fyr knighte, thy milkwhite steede,
 “ And heare my mourneful songe ;

“ And then in valiante knightelye deede

“ Returne and righte my wrong :

“ I lov'd a knighte, and lov'd hym true,

“ And constante love he swore,

“ But hee's prov'd false, and I muste rue——

“ And I muste still deplore.

“ Hee lives at yonder glitt'ring tow're,

“ Hee lives nor thinkes of mee ;

“ Oh knighte, I'd blesse thy valour's pow're,

“ Coude I the traytor see :

“ Then turne, fyr knighte, thy milkwhite steede,

“ The waye it is not longe ;

“ And maye th' ladie you beste love bee thie meede,

“ If thou wilt righte mie wrong !”

“ Yes

“ Yes, I will righte thy wrong, faire mayde,”
The gentle knighte reply'd ;
“ But I can see noe tow're display'd,
“ The darksom nighte doth hyde.”
“ Oh yes, on yonder hille,” shee cry'd,
“ That faithlesse knighte doth dwelle ;
“ 'Twas thro' the lightnings gleame I spy'd
“ The glitt'ring tow'r full welle.”

“ If on mye steede, poore mayde, thou'lt ryde,
“ My steede shall carrye thee.”
“ Yes, knighte, I'll goe,” the mayde reply'd,
“ The combat for to see.”

And nowe they rode with hastie speede,
And soone they reach'd the hille,
And soone they reach'd the tow're decreede
Their purpose to fullfille.

Part Second.

- “ Arouze ! arouze ! thou faithles knighte,
 “ Arouze ! thou stonie breaste.”
 “ Who dares,” he cry’d, “ in this dreade nighte,
 “ Who dares disturbe mie reste ?”
 “ It’s thy true love, whom thou didst flighte,
 “ That calls thee from thie bed :
 “ Arouze ! arouze ! thou faithlesse knighte,
 “ Arouze to fighte or wed !”

The knighte arose and op’d the gate,
 And sawe his love stande there——
 Her face, that was so fayre of late,
 Was stayn’d with manye a teare :
 Her lips, once redd as autumn fruite,
 Were pallid nowe and coarfe ;
 Her voyce, once sweet as the sylver lute,
 Was nowe as the raven’s hoarse.

A faded wreathe was upon her browe,
 Her gowne alle rude and rente ;
 And her haire, that once soe brighte did flowe,
 Was all with dewe besprente.

“ I am thy owne true love, deare knighte,
 “ And I am com to wedde,
 “ In my brydal garments alle bedighte,
 “ And mye garlande on mye heade.

“ To the holie kirke, love, wee'l repayre,
 “ As bryde and brydegroome gaye ;
 “ The lightnings, that arounde us glare,
 “ Shall cheare us on the waye :
 “ Of the greene, greene grasse, so soft with dewe,
 “ Wee'l make our brydal bed ;
 “ And of hemlocke fayre, and nightshade blue,
 “ A pillowe for our heade.

“ The thunders, that so loudlye roare,
 “ Shall bee our musicke, love ;
 “ And wee will sing while the raine doth poure,
 “ Soe merrylie we will rove :
 “ And when I'm deade, with my brydal ring
 “ Let mee bee layde fulle lowe ;
 “ And over the greene turfe dance and sing,
 “ For my hearte shall leave its woe !”

The knighte hee trembled sad and fore,
As hee sawe hys true love stande ;
Shee sprang and kist hym o'er and o'er——
But hee push'd backe her hande.
“ Oh fighte,” shee cry'd, “ my stranger knighte,
“ Oh fighte, for thou arte strong ;
“ Lo ! hee returnes my love with spyte,
“ Revenge a mayden's wrong.”

“ Go get,” hee cry'd, “ thy sworde and shielde,
“ And get thy helme and speare ;
“ For I will make thy proude hearte yeilde,
“ To revenge this damfel deare.”
“ Yes, I will get my sworde and shielde,
“ And I will get mye speare ;
“ For there's no knighte to whom I'll yeilde,
“ No knighte whom I will feare.”

Then foughte those knightes all in the fieldes,
They foughte for manye an houre ;
They broke their spears, they cleav'd their shields,
And their bloode in streames did poure ;
And thrice they stop'd, with toil o'erspent,
To wipe their bleeding browe ;
And thrice they drank, with one consente,
Where the purling streame did flowe.

And

And whyle they foughte with hardy wrothe,
 The mad mayde fat and fung :
 " Fighte on, fighte on, my champions bothe,
 " The woodlande hills among ;
 " And hee that lives shall have mye trothe,
 " I'll twine our heartes in one :
 " Fighte on, fighte on, my champions bothe,
 " 'Till the bloody victorye's won.

" I'll weave a shroude for hym that's slayne,
 " And faste my teares shall flowe :
 " Fighte on, my knightes, to foothe my payne,
 " For my heart is sicke with woe :
 " I'll sing and praye for hym that's slayne,
 " And mourne both day and nighte ;
 " For 'tis my hearte's bloode your shieldes doth staine,
 " My woes—for which ye fighte."

Full long they foughte, until, o'ercome,
 The faithlesse knighte did fall :
 " Wrong'd mayde," he cry'd, " thy cause hath won,
 " Come heare my dying call."
 Then up shee sprang in frantic mood,
 And kifs'd his pale, pale cheek ;
 And, frantic, dranke the smoaking bloode
 That from hys woundes did reeke.

" Oh

“ Oh this flowes from that hearte,” shee cry’d,
“ That caused mee so deare ;
“ But now, in a rushing crimson tyde,
“ It payes mee teare for teare.”

Then from the gaping wounded syde
His quiv’ring hearte shee tore,
And to the knighte, with frantic pryde,
The bloodye prize shee bore.

“ Oh this the stonie hearte,” shee cry’d,
“ That caus’d mye teares to flowe,
“ And made mee roam the lande soe wyde,
“ In alle the pangs of woe :”

Then to the deade knighte did shee hie,
And layde her by hys syde ;
She kifs’d the hearte, and with a sigh—
That haplesse mad mayde dy’d.

XIV.

The B R Y D A L B E D.

Now first printed.

IT was a mayde of low degree
 Sat on her true love's grave,
 And with her teares most piteouflye
 The greene turfe shee did lave ;
 Shee strew'd the flow're, shee pluck'd the weede,
 And show'rs of teares shee shed :
 " Sweet turfe," shee cry'd, " by fate decreede
 " To bee my brydal bed !

" I've fett thee, flow're, for that the flow're
 " Of manhoode lyeth here ;
 " And water'd thee with plenteous show're
 " Of manye a brinye teare."
 And still shee cry'd, " Oh staye, my love,
 " Mye true-love, staye for mee ;
 " Staye till I've deck't my brydal bed,
 " And I will followe thee.

" I pluck'd

" I pluck'd thee, weede, for that no weede
 " Did in hys bosom growe ;
 " But sweetest flow'res, from virtue's seede,
 " Did there spontaneous blowe :
 " But ah ! their beauteous tints no more
 " Their balmye fragrance shedde,
 " And I must strew this meaner flow're,
 " To decke my brydal bed.

Sweete turfe, thy greene more greene appeares,
 " Teares make thy verdure growe ;
 " Then stille I'll water thee with my teares,
 " That thus profuselye flowe.
 " Oh staye for mee, departed youthe,
 " My true-love, staye for mee ;
 " Staye till I've deck't my brydal bed,
 " And I will followe thee.

" This is the flow'rye wreathe hee wove,
 " To decke hys bryde, dear youthe !
 " And this the ring with which my love
 " To mee did plighte hys troth ;
 " And this dear ring I was to keepe,
 " And with it to bee wed——
 " But here, alas ! I sighe and weepe,
 " To decke my brydal bed."

A blithsom knighte came riding bye,
 And, as the brighte moone shone,
 Hee saw her on the greene turfe lye,
 And hearde her piteous moane ;
 For loude shee cry'd, " Oh staye, my love,
 " My true-love, staye for mee ;
 " Staye till I've deck't my brydal bed,
 " And I will followe thee."

" Oh staye," hee cry'd, " fayre mayden, staye,
 " What cause doth worke thy woe,
 " That on a colde grave thou dost laye,
 " And faste thy teares o'erflowe."
 " Oh! I have cause to weepe for woe,
 " For my true-love is deade ;
 " And thus, while faste my teares o'erflowe,
 " I decke my brydal bed."

" Be calme, faire mayde," the knighte reply'd,
 " Thou art too young to dye ;
 " But goe with mee, and be my bryde,
 " And leave the old to fighe"—
 But still shee cry'd, " Oh stay, my love,
 " My true-love, staye for mee ;
 " Staye 'till I've deckt my brydal bed,
 " And I will followe thee.

" Oh

- “ Oh leave,” he cried, “ this grieffe so colde,
“ And leave this dreade despayre,
“ And thou shalt flaunte in robes of golde,
“ A ladye riche and fayre :
“ Thou shalt have halls and castles fayre;
“ And when, sweete mayde, wee wedd,
“ Oh thou shalt have much costlye geare,
“ To decke thy brydal bed.”
- “ Oh holde thy peace, thou cruel knyghte,
“ Nor urge mee to despayre;
“ With thee my troth I will not plighte,
“ For all thy proffers fayre :
“ But I will dye with my own true-love—
“ My true-love, staye for mee ;
“ Staye till I’ve deck’d my brydal bed,
“ And I will followe thee.
- “ Thy halls and castles I despise,
“ This turfe is all I crave ;
“ For all my hopes, and all my joyes,
“ Lye buried in this grave :
“ I want not golde, nor costlye geare,
“ Nowe my true-love is deade ;
“ But with fading flow’r and scalding teare
“ I deck my brydal bed.”

“ Oh ! bee my bryde, thou weeping fayre,

“ Oh ! bee my bryde, I praye ;

“ And I will build a tombe most rare,

“ Where thy true love shall laye :”

But stille with teares shee cry'd, “ My love,

“ My true-love, staye for mee ;

“ Staye 'till I've deck't my brydal bed,

“ And I will followe thee.

“ My love needs not a tombe so rare,

“ In a green grave wee will lye ;

“ Our carved workes—these flow'rets fayre,

“ Our canopy—the skeye.

“ Now goe, syr knyghte, nowe goe thy wayes—

“ Full soone I shall bee deade—

“ And then returne, in some few dayes,

“ And deck my brydal bed.

“ And strew the flow're, and pluck the thorne,

“ And cleanse the turfe, I praye ;

“ So may some hand thy turfe adorne,

“ When thou in grave shalt laye.

“ But staye, oh thou whom deare I love,

“ My true-love, staye for mee ;

“ Staye till I've deck'r my brydal bed,

“ And I will followe thee.”

“ No,

" No, mayde, I will not goe my wayes,
 " Nor leave thee here alone ;
 " Nor, while despayre upon thee preys,
 " Neglecte thy woeful moane :
 " But I will staye and share thy woe,
 " My teares with thine I'll shedd ;
 " And helpe thee plucke the flow'r, to strew
 " O'er thy fad brydal bed."

Nowe from the church came forth the prieste,
 Hys midnight chaunte was done,
 And much the haples mayde hee preste
 To cease her piteous moane :
 For still shee cry'd, " Oh staye, my love,
 " My true-love, staye for mee ;
 " Staye till I've deckt my brydal bed,
 " And I will followe thee."

" Oh ! kneele with mee," hee cry'de, " deare mayd,
 " Oh ! kneele in holye prayer ;
 " Haplye kind heav'n may send thee ayde,
 " And soothe thy dreade despaire."
 " I blame not heav'n," the mayde reply'd,
 " But mourne my true-love deade ;
 " And on hys greene grave I will 'bide,
 " For 'tis my brydal bed."

The haplesse mayde knelt downe, for feare
 That holye prieste shoulde blame ;
 But still with every hallow'd prayere,
 She figh'd her true-love's name,
 And softlye cry'd, " Oh staye, my love,
 " My true-love, staye for mee ;
 " Staye 'till I've deckt my brydal bed,
 " And I will followe thee."

" Enough, enough, thou fore-tryed deare!"
 The weeping knyghte exclaim'de ;
 " Enough I've tryed thee, matchless fayre,
 " And bee the tryal blam'd :
 " I am thy love, thy own true-love,
 " And I am come to wed ;
 " Nor shall this turfe thy greene grave prove,
 " Nor bee thy brydal bed.

" I am a knyghte of noble name,
 " And thou of lowe degree ;
 " Soe like a shepherde poore I came,
 " To prove thy constancye."
 But shee, with woe forlorne, still cry'd,
 " My true-love, staye for mee ;
 " Staye 'till I've deck't my brydal bed,
 " And I will followe thee."

Againe,

Againe, " Enough, thou fore-tried mayde!"

The knight in teares exclaim'de ;

" See at thy feete thy true-love layde,

" Of all hys guile asham'd.

" Forgive mee, mayde—my love nowe prove—

" And let us instante wed ;

" And thou with tears of joye, my love,

" Shalt decke thy brydal bed."

" And art thou him ?"—exclaim'd the mayde,

" And dost thou live ?"—shee cry'd:

" Too cruel love!"—shee faintlye say'd—

Then wrung his hande—and dy'd—

" Staye," cried the knighte, all woebegon,

" Now staye, my love, for mee ;

" Staye 'till I've deckt our brydal bed,

" And I will followe thee."

In vaine the prieste, with holye lore,

By turnes did soothe and chide ;

The knighte, distracted, wept fullie sore,

And on the green tufte dy'd—

And underneathe (may heav'n them save !)

The lovers both were layde ;

And thus, in truth, the green-tuft grave

Became their brydal bed.

XV.

The Lordling Peafante.

In two Parts.

Now first printed.

Part the First.

THE baron fat on hys castle walle,
And behelde both dale and downe;
The manors that stretch'd soe farre arounde
He knewe to be all hys owne.

The warders blewe their sounding hornes,
And their banners wav'd in aire;
Their hornes resounded o'er the dale,
Their banners shone afarre.

The baron he figh'd as hee look'd above,
And hee figh'd as he look'd adowne,
Altho' the riche manors that stretch'd soe farre
Hee knew to bee all hys owne.

Up then arose hys antient nurse,
 That had borne hym on her knee ;
 “ And why doste thou fighe, thou noble youthe,
 “ At a fighte foe fayre to see?”

And againe bespake that antiente nurse,
 That had borne hym on her knee :
 “ And why doste thou fighe? it's alle thie owne
 “ That thou foe farre doste see.”

Oh then bespake that noble baron,
 And heavilye spake hee :
 “ But I've never a true and faythful wyfe,
 “ To share it alle with mee.

“ And if I shoulde marrye a courtlye dame,
 “ (Alas, that it foe should bee!)
 “ She'd love mye castles and love mye landes,
 “ But shee would not care for mee.”

Oh then bespake that antiente nurse:
 “ Nowe take advice of mee ;
 “ If you'd have a true wyfe, then goe and wed
 “ Some mayden of lowe degree.

“ And hee disguis'd in playne attire,
 “ Like some young peafante rove,
 “ And let her not knowe thie hie degree ;
 “ Soe shalte thou prove her love.”

Then

Then called the baron hys yong foot page,
 Full loudly called hee ;
 The bonnye foot page full swiftelye ran,
 And knelte upon hys knee.

“ Oh hark thee well, my young foot-page,
 “ To what I telle to thee ;
 “ And keepe thee my secret faythfullie,
 “ And thou shalt have golde and fee.

“ Goe bring mee here a peafante’s coate,
 “ With hose and shoone alfoe,
 “ And artefullye disguise my face,
 “ That noe one maye mee knowe.

“ And when I goe, and when I come,
 “ Let noe one knowe from thee ;
 “ But keepe thee my secret faithfullie,
 “ And thou shalt have golde and fee.”

The sun-beames gilte the distante hilles,
 And on the streames did playe,
 When, in a peafante’s homelye garbe,
 That baron tooke hys waye.

The earlye pilgrim blithe he hail’d,
 That o’er the hills dyd straye ;
 And manye an earlye husbandeman,
 That hee met on hys waye.

The newe-wak'd birdes their mattins fung,
In wildlye warbling laye,
Whyle thro' fulle manye a lonelye path
The baron tooke hys waye.

And blithe and merrylie dyd hee wende,
And blithe and merrylie hie'd,
Until he cam to a rural cott,
Where a mayden fayre dyd 'byde.

Tho' lowelye and unknowne to fame,
This mayde was passing fayre ;
Like some sweete violet, that, in vale
Sequester'd, scents the aire.

Sweete was the melodie of her voyce
The woodlande wyldes among ;
Soe sweete—that woodweles on the spraye
Sat list'ning to her song.

But, more than alle, her youthful hearte
Was fraughte with virtue's lore ;
More fayre, more tender, and more true,
Was mayden ne'er before.

The mayden stode at her cottage gate,
Her nurfling lambes to feede,
And shee sawe the blithsome stranger youthe
Come tripping o'er the meade,

The mayden stode besyde her cot,
 To view the morning scene,
 And shee sawe the blithsome stranger youthe
 Come tripping o'er the greene.

And lo! with many a fonde excuse,
 The youthe woulde there remayne ;
 Whyle manye a wylde tale hee tolde,
 Her simple hearte to gayne.

And soone her fighes and blushes tolde
 She dyd the youthe approve ;
 For where's the mayde that can resiste
 The vowes of faithful love.

“ Loe I've a cottage—and I've a cove—
 “ And manye a sheepe besyde—
 “ And I've a field of ripening corne—
 “ And I'll make thee my bryde!”

The list'ning damsel hearde hys vowes,
 And thrice for joye shee sigh'd ;
 Shee thought the young peafante passing riche,
 And vow'd to bee hys bryde.

And ofte her mother hearde the tale,
 Nor dyd the dame repyne :
 “ And if thou canst keepe her, stranger youthe,
 “ The damsel shall bee thyne.”

- Oh then "Farewell, my charming fayre,"
The lordling peasante cry'd ;
" For I muste wende for manye a myle,
" 'Ere I can take a bryde."
- " Oh faye not foe, thou stranger youthe,
" Oh faye not foe I praye ;
" For if thou dost goe, oh I shall rue
" That e'er you came thys waye."
- " Oh I muste goe, thou charming mayde,"
The lordeling peasante cry'd ;
" For I muste wende for manye a myle,
" 'Ere I can take a bryde."
- " Oh faye not foe, thou stranger youthe,
" Oh faye not foe, I praye ;
" For ever, untill thou comest agayne,
" Muste I weepe the livelong daye."
- " Yes, I muste goe, thou charming mayde,
" I can noe longer staye ;
" Tho' ever, untill I here returne,
" Must I 'moane the livelong daye.
- " But if, before I com agayne,
" This passing month shall flyde,
" Oh then noe more awaite for mee,
" But bee another's bryde :

" For

“ For deathe may meete mee on the waye,
 “ And from thie armes divyde ;
 “ Or dire misfortune blast my joyes,
 “ And ’rive mee of my bryde.”

Oh then faste flow’d that mayden’s teares,
 Whyle tenderlye shee cry’d :
 “ Believe mee, deare youthe, tho’ thou shouldst dye,
 “ I’ll bee noe other’s bryde.”

The mayden’s face with grieve was sad—
 Her cheeke was wet with teares—
 Soe the pale lilly, besprente with rayne,
 Or dewe-dropt rose, appears.

And nowe for manye a wearye myle
 Her lover hied hys waye ;
 The murmuring wyndes, that then dyd blowe,
 Dyd wafte hys sighes that daye.

And when hee came to hys own domayne,
 And to hys castle gate,
 Hys foote-page faithfullie dyd wayte
 To let hym in thereat.

The warders blewe their founding hornes,
 And their banners wav’d in aire ;
 The hornes refounded o’er the dale,
 The banners shone afarre.

Part the Second.

AND nowe for manye weekes and monthes
 The baron hee dyd staye ;
 Nor dyd hee seeke hys deare-lov'd mayde
 For manye a livelong daye.

And altho' the tender fighe it coste,
 And heartfelte teare dyd move,
 Full manye a monthe hee stay'd awaye,
 Her constancye to prove.

At length hee call'd hys knightes and 'squires,
 And neighboures of hie degree,
 To travel in all the pompe of state,
 The lovelye mayde to see.

And hee hath call'd hys yong foot-page,
 And thus full loude dyd saye :
 " With costlye gems, and with robes of state,
 " Oh decke mee forthe this daye !"

And nowe with gaye and gallante trayne
That baron tooke hys waye ;
The golden sun, that foe brighte doth shyne,
Dyd gilde hys pompe that daye.

Blithsom they blewe their sounding hornes,
And their banners wav'd in aire ;
Their hornes refounded o'er the hills,
Their banners shone afarre.

The mayden stode at her garden pale,
In hopes her love t' espye ;
And every peasante that shee sawe,
She heav'd a heartefelte fighe.

“ Alas, and woe is mee !” she cry'd,
“ Coude I my love but see !
“ I feare the stranger youthe hee is deade,
“ Or thinkes noe more of mee.”

Thus sigh'd the mayde as o'er the playne
Shee look'd for her true love,
When sudder she sawe the gallante trayne,
Towardes her cottage move.

And soone the baron hath cros'd the greene,
And caughte her by the hande,
And foe tender hath kifs'd her blushing cheeke,
As trembling shee dyd stande.

Hee

Hee sat the mayde upon hys knee,
And gentlye sooth'd her feares ;
And often preste her gallantelye,
To dry her causelefs teares.

Then pressing softe her trembling hande,
With artful smyles, hee cry'd :
“ Fayre mayde, I've hearde thy beauty's fame,
“ And thou shalte bee my bryde.”

The mayden sigh'd to heare hys wordes,
Nor coulde hys fondness move ;
For little shee thoughte this baron gay,
Was her own deare true love.

“ Yet still,” hee cry'd, “ tho' I'm a lorde,
“ And renowned is my name,
“ Yet thou, beauteous mayde, if thou canst love—
“ Shalte bee my courtelye dame.

“ Riche robes of state shall decke thy forme,
“ And a coronet gilde thye browe ;
“ And a castle shalte thou have for dow're,
“ With manors hie and lowe.

“ Thie 'squires shall founde their golden hornes,
“ And their banners wave in aire ;
“ Their hornes reechoing manye a myle,
“ Their banners shyning farre.”

180 O L D B A L L A D S.

The mayden but figh'd at all hys bribes,
Her faithe theye coulde not move ;
For little shee thoughte this baron gaye
Coulde bee her owne true love.

Thus tho' to gaine the mayden's hande,
This gallante baron strove,
Yet still hys grandeurs shee all despis'd,
For the youthe that shee dyd love.

And tho' her angrie mother try'd,
Her constante hearte to move,
As vaine were her mother's cruel threates,
As the baron's golden love.

And nowe nighte came on, and o'er the playne,
The moone's pale glimm'ring shone,
When the haplesse mayden tooke her waye,
All friendless and alone.

All friendelesse and alone shee sped,
And haples dyd shee rove,
O'er manye a hille and many a dale,
In searche of her true love.

And nowe the pale, pale moone was gone,
And stormye cloudes dyd low're;
Her fighings added to the wyndes,
Her teares encreas'd the show're.

Yet

Yet still o'er drearye heathe and hylle
 This haplesse mayde dyd rove ;
 And manye a heartefelte fighe shee heav'd,
 As shee foughte for her true love.

And tho' fulle loude the thunders roll'd,
 And wet, wet pour'd the rayne ;
 Yet still, in searche of her deare-lov'd youthe,
 Shee brav'd the stormie playne.

Rouz'd with the roaring of the storme,
 The baron up arose,
 And soone in searche of hys beauteous mayde
 With anxious speede hee goes.

But lo ! the haplesse mayde was gon,
 Thro' defarts wilde to rove,
 Alasse ! alle soe friendlesse and forlorne,
 In searche of her true love.

Oh then that baron storm'd and rav'd,
 And hys foote-page loude call'd hee—
 " Oh bring to mee quick my peasante garbe,
 " As quicke as yee can flee." —

Oh then rode forthe this yong baron
 O'er manye a drearye waye,
 When alasse ! all on the stormye plaine
 Hee sawe the mayden laye—

—Oercome with toile and spent with grieffe,
 That haplesse mayde had felle—
 —The baron hee wip'd hys quiv'ring browe,
 Whyle hys hearte it 'gan to swell.

Hee got hym water from the brooke,
 And sprinkl ed o'er the mayde:
 But manye a teare, that from hym felle,
 Lente moſte its ſaving aide.

Righte glad hee mark'd her ſtruggling breath,
 And bluſhe-reviving face,
 While tender hee welcom'd her to lyfe
 With manye a fonde embrace.

Then ſoone hee rais'd her on hys ſteede,
 With heart ſoe blithe and gaye;
 And while the deare mayde ſoe ſofte hee ſooth'd,
 To hys caſtle rode awaye.

“ And art thou founde, my owne true love,
 “ And art thou come?” ſhee ſaide:
 “ Then bleſte bee the nighte, and bleſte the houre,
 “ When from our cott I fledd!”

Thus ſpake the mayde as faſte they rode
 Thro' manye a lonelye waye;
 And ſhee thoughte to his humble cot
 Her love would her conveye.

But

But soone they reach'd the castle wall,
And came to the castle gate,
When loe ! her deare youthe, without delaye,
Rode boldelye in thereat.

The warders blewe their sounding hornes,
And their banners wav'd in aire ;
Their hornes refounded o'er the dale,
Their banners shone afarre.

Thrice turn'd the mayden wan and pale,
And with feare her hearte was mov'd,
When shee sawe the lordelye baron was
The stranger youthe shee lov'd.

But blithe, hee cry'd, " Cheare up, my fayre,
" And forgive my pryde, I praye ;
" And lo ! for thy faithe soe noblie prov'd,
" Bee this thye brydal daye.

" Cheare up, cheare up, deare constante mayde,
" And share in our mirthe and glee ;
" For untill the woeful houre of deathe,
" I'll ever prove true to thee.

" Altho' thou waffe but a lowelye mayde,
" Thou'rt nowe my countess gaye ;
" Then come, cheare up, my angel soe true,
" For 'tis our brydal daye."

The warders blewe their founding hornes,
 And their banners wav'd in aire ;
 Their hornes refounded o'er the dale,
 Their banners shone afarre.

XVI.

J U L I A, a Ballad.

Now first printed.

TO the graves, where sleepe the deade,
 Hapless Julia took her waye ;
 Sighs to heave, and tearcs to shed,
 O'er the spot where Damon laye.
 Manye a blooming flow'r she bore,
 O'er the greene grafs turfe to throwe ;
 And, while fast her teares did poure,
 Thus shee sang to soothe her woe :

“ Softe

- “ Softe and safe tho’ lowly grave,
“ Fast o’er thee my teares shall flowe ;
“ Only hope the haples have,
“ Only refuge left for woe.
“ Constant love and grief sincere
“ Shall thy hallow’d turfe pervade ;
“ And many a heartefelte sigh and teare,
“ Haples youth, shall soothe thy shade.
- “ Lighted by the moone’s pale shine,
“ See me, to thy mem’rye true,
“ Lowlye bending at thy shrine,
“ Manye a votive flow’re to strew.
“ But how little do these flow’rs
“ Prove my love and constancye !
“ Yet a few sad fleeting houres,
“ And, deare youthe, I’ll followe thee:
- “ Rose replete with scent and hue,
“ Sweetest flow’r that nature blowes,
“ Damon flourish’d once like you ;
“ Nowe o’er him the greene gras grows,
“ Rose, go deck his hallow’d grave,
“ Lilly, o’er the greene turfe twine ;
“ Honour meete that turfe shoulde have,
“ Beauty’s bed, and virtue’s shrine.

“ Primrose

" Primrose pale, and violet blue,
 " Jess'min sweete, and eglantine,
 " Nightly here thy sweetes I strewe,
 " Proude to decke my true-love's shrine.
 " Like you, my Damon bloom'd a daye,
 " He did die and so muste you—
 " But such charms can you display,
 " Halfe so virtuous, half so true?

" No, sweet flow'rets, no such charmes,
 " No such virtues can you boaste;
 " Yet hee's torn from my fond arms,
 " Yet my faithful love is crost.
 " But a radiant morne shall rise,
 " (Loit'ring momentes, faster flowe,)
 " When with him I'll tread the skies,
 " Smile at deathe, and laugh at woe."

Thus shee sung, and strew'd the flow'r,
 Beate her breaſte, and wepte, and sigh'd;
 And, when toll'd the midnight houre,
 On the greene turfe grave shee dy'd.
 Manye a nightingale forlorne,
 Sung her knell, whyle breezes sigh'd:
 Haughty grandeur heard with ſcorne,
 How ſo poore a mayden died.

XVII.

The RED-CROSSE KNIGHTE.

In Three Parts.

Now first printed.

Part the First.

—“ **B**LOWE, warder, blowe thy foundinge horne,
“ And thy banner wave on hye ;
“ For the chrystians have foughte in th’ holye lande,
“ And have won the victorie.”
Loude, loude the warder blewe hys horne,
And hys banner wav’d on hye :
“ Let the masse bee sung, and the bells bee rung ;
“ And the feaste eate merrilye.”

Then

Then brighte the castyl banners shone
 On every tow're on hye,
 And alle the minstrels sang aloude,
 For the christians victorie :
 And loude the warder blewe hys horne,
 On every turret hye ;
 " Let the masse be sung, and the bells be rung,
 " And the feaste eate merrilye."

The warder look'd from the tow're on hye,
 As farr as hee coulde see :
 " I see a bolde knyghte, and, by hys red crosse,
 " Hee comes from the easte countrie."
 Then loude that warder blewe hys horne,
 And call'd till hee was hoarse,
 " There comes a bolde knyghte, and on hys shielde brighte
 " He beareth a flaming crosse."

Then downe the lorde of the castyl cam,
 The red-crosse knyghte to meete ;
 And when the red-crosse knyghte he 'spied,
 Right loving hee did hym greeete :
 " Thou'rt welcome here, fyr red-crosse knyghte,
 " For thy fame's well knowne to mee ;
 " And the masse fall be sung, and the bells fall be rung,
 " And wee'l feaste right merrilye."

" Oh

" Oh I am com from the holy lande,
 " Where Christe did live and dye ;
 " Beholde the device I beare on my shielde,
 " The red-crosse knighte am I :
 " And wee have foughte in the holy lande,
 " And wee've won the victorie ;
 " For with valiant myghte dyd the christians fyght,
 " And made the proude pagans flye."

" Thou'rt welcom here, deare red-crofs knighte,
 " Come laye thy armoure bye ;
 " And for the good tydings thou dost bring,
 " Wee'l feaste us merrilye :
 " For alle in my castyl fall rejoyce,
 " That wee've won the victorie ;
 " And the masse shall be sung, and the bells shall be rung,
 " And the feaste eate merrilye."

" Oh I cannot staye," cried the red-crosse knighte,
 " But must goe to my owne cuntrye,
 " Where manors and castyls wyll bee my rewardes,
 " And all for my braverie."
 " Oh saye not soe, thou red-crofs knighte,
 " But if you'l 'byde with mee,
 " With manors so wyde, and castles besyde,
 " I'll honoure thy braverie."

" I cannot

“ I cannot stave,” cry’d the red-crofs knighte,
“ Nor can I ’byde with thee ;
“ But I muste haste to my king and hys knightes,
“ Who’re waitinge to feaste with mee.”
“ Oh mynde them not, deare red-crosse knighte,
“ But stave and feaste wyth mee ;
“ And the masse fall be sung, and the bells be rung,
“ And wee’l banquet merrylie.”

“ I cannot stave,” cry’d the red-crofs knighte,
“ Nor can I feaste wyth thee :
“ But I must haste to a pleafante bow’re,
“ Where a lady’s waiting for mee.”
“ Oh say not foe, dear red-crofs knighte,
“ Nor heede that fond ladye ;
“ For shee can’t compare wyth my daughter foe fayre,
“ And shee shall attende on thee.”

“ Nowe must I goe,” cry’d the red-crosse knighte,
“ For that ladye I’m to wedd ;
“ And the feaste guesstes and bryde maydes alle are met,
“ And prepared the brydal bedd.”
“ Nowe naye, nowe naye, thou red-crosse knighte,
“ My daughter fall wedd with thee ;
“ And the masse fall bee sung, and the bells be rung,
“ And wee’l feaste right merrylie.”

And

And now the silver lute's sweete sounde
 Reecho'd thro' the halle;
 And in that lorde's faire daughter came,
 With her ladyes cladd in pall.
 That ladye was deckt in costlye robes,
 And shone as bright as daye;
 And wyth courtesye sweete the knighte shee dyd greete,
 And presste hym for to staye.

“ Right welcom, brave fyr red-crofs knighte,
 “ Righte welcom unto mee,
 “ And here I hope long tyme thou'lt staye,
 “ And beare us companye.
 “ And for thy exploits in the holye lande,
 “ That hath gain'd us the victorie,
 “ The maffe fall bee fung, and the bells bee rung,
 “ And wee'l feaste ryght merrilye.”

“ Tho' ever thou pres mee, ladye fayre,
 “ I cannot stay wyth thee.”
 That ladye frown'd to heare that knighte
 So flighte her courtesye.
 “ It grieves mee muche, thou ladye fayre,
 “ That here I cannot staye;
 “ For a beauteous ladye is waiting for mee,
 “ Whom I've not seene manye a daye.”

“ Nowe

- " Nowe fye on thee, uncourteous knighte,
 " Thou shouldst not faye mee naye :
 " As for the ladye, that's waiting for thee,
 " Go see her another daye.
 " Soe faye no more, but staye, brave knighte,
 " And bear us companye ;
 " And the masse shall be sung, and the bells shall bee rung,
 " And wee'l alle feaste merrilye."

Part the Second.

- AND** as the ladye prest the knighte,
 With her ladyes cladd in pall,
 Oh then bespake a pilgrim boye,
 As hee stoode in the halle:
 " Nowe Christe thee save, fyr red-crosse knighte,
 " I'm come from the northe countrie,
 " Where a ladye is layd alle on her deathe bedd,
 " And evermore calles for thee."

Alasse !

"Alasse! alasse! thou pilgrim boye,
 "Sad newes thou tellest mee :
 "Nowe muste I ryde full hastilye
 "To comferte that deare ladye."
 "Oh heede hym not," the ladyes cry'd,
 "But sende a page to see ;
 "While the masse is sung, and the bells are rung,
 "And wee feaste merrilye."

Againe bespake the pilgrim boye :
 "Yee neede not sende to see,
 "For knowe, fyr knyghte, that ladye's deade,
 "And dy'd for love of thee."
 Oh then the red-crosse knyghte was pale,
 And not a worde coulde faye ;
 But his hearte did swelle, and his teares downefelle,
 And hee almoste swoon'd awaye.

"Nowe fye on thee, thou weaklye knyghte,
 "To weepe for a ladye deade :
 "Where I a noble knyghte like thee,
 "I'd soone finde another to wedde.
 "Soe come, cheare up, and comferte thy hearte,
 "And bee good companye ;
 "And the masse shall be sung, and the bells be rung,
 "And wee'l feaste thee merrilye."

In vaine that wily ladye strove

The forrowing knyghte to cheare ;

Eache worde he answer'd with a groane,

Each soothinge with a teare :

“ And nowe farewellle, thou noble lorde,

“ And farewellle, ladye fayre ;

“ In pleasure and joye your houres employe,

“ Nor thinke of my despayre.

“ And where is her grave,” cry'd the red-crosse knyghte,

“ The grave where shee doth laye ?”

“ Oh I knowe wellle,” cry'd the pilgrim boye,

“ And I'll showe thee the waye.”

The knyghte was sadde—the pilgrim sigh'd—

While the warder loude did crye,

“ Let the masse bee sung, and the bells bee rung,

“ And the feaste eate merrilye.”

Meanwhile arose the lorde's daughter,

And to her ladyes did calle :

“ Oh what shall wee saye to staye the knyghte ?

“ For hee muste not leave the halle.”

(For much that ladye was in love

With the gallante red-crosse knyghte,

And, 'ere manye a daye, with this knyghte so gaye

Had hop'd her troth to plighte.)

Oh

Oh then bespake these ladyes gaye,

As they stode cladd in palle :

“ Oh wee’l devise howe to make this knighte

“ Staye in our castle halle.”

“ Nowe that’s well fayde, my ladyes deare;

“ And if hee’l staye with mee,

“ Then the masse shall bee sung, and the bells be rung,

“ And wee’l feaste righte merrilye.”

Then softlye spake those ladyes fayre,

(Lowe wispr’ring at the walle,)

“ Oh wee’ve devis’d how to keepe the knighte

“ In thy fayre castle halle.

“ Nowe, ladye, commande the warder blith

“ To come from yon tow’re hye,

“ With tydings to faye, to enveigle awaye

“ Yon wily pilgrim boye.”

“ Goe runne, goe runne, my foot-page deare,

“ To the warder take thy waye ;

“ And one of my ladyes shall goe with thee,

“ To telle thee what to faye.

“ And nowe, if wee can but compel the knighte

“ To staye in the castle with mee,

“ Then the masse shall bee sung, and the bells shall bee
rung,

“ And wee’l alle feaste merrilye.”

The warder came and blewe hys horne,
 And thus aloude did crye :
 " Oh is there a pilgrim in the halle,
 " Come from the north countrie ?
 " For there's a foot-page waites withoute,
 " To speake with hym alone."
 Thus the warder did calle till oute of the halle
 The pilgrim boye is gone.

Meanwhile bespake the ladyes gaye,
 As they stoode cladd in pall,
 " Righte gladd, brave knighte, wee welcome thee
 " Unto our castle halle."
 But the knighte hee heeded not their talke,
 Altho' they cry'd with glee,
 " Let the masse bee fung, and the bells bee rung,
 " And feaste thee merrilye."

" But where's the pilgrim boye," hee cry'd,
 " To shewe mee my ladye's grave ?"
 That hee should bee soughte for thr'out the playce,
 The knighte full oft did crave.
 Then loude reply'd the ladyes gaye,
 " Nowe foule that knave befalle ;
 " For lucre hee hath beguiled thee,
 " And nowe hath fledde the halle.

" And

" And nowe, fyr knighte, doe not give heede
 " To what hee sayde to thee ;
 " But sende a page to the north countrie,
 " That ladye fayre to see :
 " And while hee's gone to comforte her,
 " Oh thou shalt share our glee,
 " While the masse is fung, and the bells are rung,
 " And the feaste eate merrilye."

But while those ladyes, blith and gaye,
 Attun'd their lutes to joye,
 The knighte was sadde, and searh'd arounde
 To finde the pilgrim boye :
 Hee searh'd the castle alle aboute,
 Thro' every turne and wynde ;
 But alle in vaine hys toyle and payne
 The pilgrim boye to finde.

In vaine the lorde's fayre daughter sente
 Her messengers to calle ;
 The knighte hee woulde not heede their wordes,
 Nor enter the castle halle.
 In vaine the wanton ladyes fung,
 And the clamorous warder cry,
 " Let the masse be fung, and the bells bee rung,
 " And the feaste eate merrilye."

Oh then bespake those ladyes gaye,

As they floode cladd in pall :

“ Oh weepe not, weepe not, deare ladye,

“ Tho’ hee’l not enter the halle ;

“ But sende to the warder from the tow’re

“ To bring the pilgrim boye,

“ Whom wee’l persuade to lend hys ayde

“ This proude knighte to decoye.

“ Wee’l make that boye, on payne of deathe,

“ The red crosse knighte deceive ;

“ Soe that no more on hys accounte

“ That fayre younge knighte shall grieve :

“ And then wee’l keepe the red-crosse knighte,

“ To beare us companye ;

“ And the masse shall be sung, and the belis shall bee rung,

“ And wee will feaste merryllye.”

Part the Third.

AND nowe 'twas nighte, all darke and dreare,
 And colde, colde blewe the winde;
 While the red-crosse knighte fought all aboute
 The pilgrim boye to finde.
 And still hee wepte, and still hee sigh'd,
 As hee mourn'de his lady deare:
 "And where's the feaste, and where's the guesste,
 "Thy brydal daye to cheare?"

Againe he sigh'd and wepte forlorne
 For his ladye that was deade:
 "Ladye, howe sad thy wedding tyde!
 "Howe colde thy brydal bedde!"
 Thus the red-crosse knighte roam'd sore and sadde,
 While all arounde did crye,
 "Let the minstrils sing, and the bells yring,
 "And the feaste be eate merrilye."

And nowe the gentle moone arounde
 Her silver lustre shedde ;
 Brighten'd eache antiente walle and tow're,
 And distante mountaines heade :
 By whose sweete lighte the knighte perceiv'd
 (A fighte which gave hym joye)
 From a dungeon dreade the warder leade
 The faithfulle pilgrim boye.

In vaine the warder strove to hide
 The pilgrim boye from hym ;
 The knighte hee ranne and clasp'd the youthe,
 In spite of the warder grim.
 The warder, tho' wroth, his banner wav'd,
 And stille aloude did crye,
 " Let the minstrils sing, and the bells yring,
 " And the feaste be eate merrylie."

" I'm gladde I've founde thee, pilgrim boye,
 " And thou shalt goe with mee ;
 " And thou shalt leade to my ladye's grave,
 " And greate thy rewarde shall bee."
 Th' affrighted pilgrim wrung his handes,
 And shed fulle manye a teare :
 " Her grave," he cry'd (and mournful sigh'd),
 " I dread's not farre from heare,"

The knighte hee led the pilgrim boye
Into the castle halle,
Where sat the lorde and hys daughter fayre,
And her ladyes cladde in pall.
“ I goe,” he cry’d, “ with the pilgrim boye,
“ Soe thinke noe more of mee ;
“ But let your minstrils sing, and your bells all ring,
“ And feaste yee merrilye.”

Up then arose the lorde’s daughter,
And call’d to the pilgrim boye ;
“ Oh come to mee, for I’ve that to saye,
“ Will give to thee much joye.”
Full loth the pilgrim was to goe,
Full loth from the knighte to parte—
And lo ! out of spite, with a dagger brighte,
Shee hath stabb’d hym to the hearte.

“ Why art thou pale, thou pilgrim boye ?”
The knighte all wond’ring cry’d :
“ Why doste thou faynte, thou pilgrim boye,
“ When I am by thy side ?”
“ Oh I am stabb’d, deare red-crosse knighte—
“ Yet grieve not thou for mee ;
“ But let the minstrils sing, and the bells yring,
“ And feaste thee merrilye.”

The knighte he ranne and clasp'd the youthe,
 And ope'd hys pilgrim veste ;
 And lo ! it was hys lady fayre —
 Hys ladye deare hee preste.
 Her lovelye breaste, like ermine white,
 Was panting with the frighte ;
 Her deare heartes bloode, in crimson floode,
 Ran pouring in hys sighte.

“ Grieve not for mee, my faithfulle knighte,”
 The ladye faynte did crye ;
 “ I'm welle contente, my faithfulle knighte,
 “ Since in thy armes I dye :
 “ Then comforte thee, my constante love,
 “ Nor thinke noe more of mee—
 “ But let the minstrils sing, and the bells yring,
 “ And feaste thee merryllye.

“ Like pilgrim boye I've follow'd thee,
 “ In truth fulle chearefullye ;
 “ Resolv'd, if thou shouldst come to ill,
 “ Deare knighte to dye with thee ;
 “ And much I fear'd some wily fayre
 “ Would keepe thee from my sighte,
 “ And, by her brighte charmes, lure from my armes
 “ My deare lov'd red-crosse knighte.”

“ Oh

" Oh heaven forfende," the knighte reply'd,
 " That thou shouldste dye for mee!
 " But if so hapless low'rs thy fate,—
 " Thy knighte will dye with thee."
 " Oh saye not foe ; for welle my knighte
 " Hath prov'd hys love to mee ;
 " But let the minstrils sing, and the bells yring,
 " And feast thee merrilye."

The knighte hee preste her to hys hearte,
 And bitterlye hee figh'd :
 The lovely ladye strove to chear——
 'Till in hys armes shee dy'd.
 The knighte hee laide her corpse adowne,
 And hys deadlye sworde drewe forth ;
 Then look'd hee arounde, and grimlye frown'de,
 All woe-begone with wroth.

Oh then bespake the ladyes fayre,
 As they stoode cladde in pall :
 " Oh thys will bee our buryal place,
 " That was our castle halle !
 " Noe more to our silver lutes sweete founde
 " Sall wee daunce with revelrye ;
 " Nor the masse bee fung, nor the bells bee rung,
 " Nor the feaste be eate merrilye."

Then

Then up arose the lord's daughter,
 And never a worde spake shee;
 But quick upon the knightes drawne sworde
 Shee flung her franticklye.
 The knight to hys own deare ladye turn'de,
 And layde hym by her syde;
 With teares embrac'd her bleeding corpe,
 Sigh'd her deare name—and dy'd.

Oh then bespake th' affrighted lorde,
 And full of woe spake hee:
 " Foul 'fall the hour this red-crosse knyghte
 " Did come to visit mee!
 " For nowe noe more will my daughter faire
 " Rejoice my guesstes and mee;
 " Nor the masse bee sung, nor the bells bee rung,
 " Nor the feast helde merrylye."

And then hee spake to the ladyes' fayre,
 As they stooode cladd in pall:
 " Lo! thys thy ladye's buryal place—
 " That was her castle haile!
 " Oh then bee warn'd from her sad fate,
 " And hate the wanton love;
 " But in hym confyde who for thee dy'd,
 " And nowe sits thron'd above.

" Warder,

“Warder, noe more resounde thy horne,
 “Nor thy banner wave on hye:
 “Nor the masse bee fung, nor the bells bee rung,
 “Nor the feaste eate merrilye.”

Noe more the warder blowes hys horne,
 Nor hys banner waves on hye;
 Nor the masse is fung, nor the bells are rung,
 Nor the feaste eat merrilye.

XVIII.

The WANDERING MAYDE.

In two Parts.

Now first printed.

Part the First.

IT was by a baron's castle gaye
A wand'ring mayde dyd rove;
For manye a myle had shee tooke her waye,
In searche of her true love :
For manye a myle, both daye and nighte,
Despayring dyd shee rove ;
Nor bleste the lighte that'cheard her syghte,
For shee had losse her love.

Shee

Shee sat her downe by the moate foe wyde,
 And her teares began to flowe ;
 She sat her downe, and sad shee sigh'd,
 Oercome with toile and woe :

“ But altho' I shed full manye a teare,
 “ And altho' I set and fighe,
 “ Yet ever I'll love thee, youth foe deare,
 “ And for thee will I dye.”

And nowe oer the hie drawebridge came neare
 A minstrel blithe and gaye ;

“ And why,” hee cry'd, “ sweete mayden, here
 “ Doste thou despayring laye ?
 “ For the welkin rounde is blacke with rayne,
 “ And the water's alle foe colde,
 “ E'en hardye cattle, that graze the playne,
 “ Beget them to a holde.”

“ Alas !” shee cry'd, “ I've lost my love,
 “ And I've soughte hym farre and neare :
 “ Sweete minstrel, hast thou seene hym rove,
 “ The youthe whom I love foe deare ?”
 “ Faire mayde, thy love howe shoulde I knowe
 “ From other youths I seee ?”
 “ Oh by hys lockes foe fayre that flowe,
 “ And hys mien so blighte of blee.

“ Hys

" Hys face is fraughte with beautye's smyle,
 " The rose and lillyes there ;
 " Hys voice like musick can beguile
 " The wrinkled browe of care :
 " Alas ! it was that face that smil'd,
 " That broughte my hearte to woe ;
 " That musicke voyce that mee beguil'd,
 " And made my teares to flowe.

" Neare these hie tow'rs, soe fayre to view,
 " I'm tolde the youthe hath beene ;
 " Then telle mee, minstrel, tell mee true,
 " Haft thou my true love seene ?"
 " Noe, mayde, thy love I have not seene,
 " By day nor yet by nighte ;
 " Alas ! how harde that hearte, I weene,
 " That coulde such beautye flighte !

" But, lovelye mayde, doe not thus rove,
 " And breake thy hearte with woe ;
 " But goe with mee and bee my love,
 " And I'll not flighte thee foe."

Then tooke this minstrel hys harpe of golde,
 And sweetlye 'gan to playe ;
 But the faithful mayde to hym was colde,
 For alle that hee colde faye.

" Noe,

" Noe, minstrel, tho' full sad I rue
 " That hee from mee is gone,
 " Yet still to hym I'll aye bee true,
 " And true to hym al ne;
 " And o'er the lone countrie, daye and nighte,
 " Despayring will I rove,
 " Nor blesse the lighte that cheares mye fighte,
 " 'Till I have founde my love."

And nowe cam forthe a soldier gaye,
 And hys broade sworde hee hath ta'en;
 And, had not the minstrel fled awaye,
 Full soone hee had hym slayne:
 " Oh mayde, heede not that minstrel's guile,
 " But mee take for thy love;
 " And then to the wars, for golde and spoyle,
 " Right merrylie wee will rove."

" Noe, warrioure, noe; tho' sad I rove,
 " And my love from mee is gon,
 " Yet still I'll seeke that faithles love,
 " And love but hym alone:
 " And ever I'll wander day and nighte,
 " While colde, colde blowes the winde,
 " Nor bles the light that chears mye fighte,
 " 'Till I my true love fynde."

The soldier was scant ygone, when loe!

A forrester cam that waye,

And merrylic rode hee hie and lowe,

All yclad in greene soe gaye:

Shee stop'd the gallante on the greene,

“ And telle,” shee cry'd, “ I praye,

“ 'Mong yonder forestes hast thou seene

“ My wand'ring true love straye ?”

“ And howe shalle I knowe the youthe you seeke

“ From other youths I see ?”

“ Oh welle maye you knowe hym ere hee doth speake,

“ Hys mien's so brighte of blee.”

“ Sweete mayden, tho' 'monge the forestes greene

“ With earlye horne I rove,

“ Believe mee, deare mayde, I have not seene

“ The faithlesse youthe you love.

“ Nowe, charming mayde, doe not thus rove,

“ Nor wander thus forlorne ;

“ But goe with mee, and ever I'll love,

“ And shelter thee from scorne:

“ And wee will hunte with earlye horne,

“ And sing the livelong daye ;

“ And the cheareful eve, and the smiling morne,

“ Shall ever fynde us gaye.

“ And

" And thou, attir'd in robes of greene,
 " A huntress blithe and gaye,
 " Shall aye bee call'd, wher'ere thou'rt seene,
 " The sporting queene of Maye.
 " Come, turne thee, mayde, and bee my love,
 " And to my passion yeilde ;
 " And ever delighted will wee rove,
 " The princes of the fælde."

" Noe, I wyll not bee rob'd in greene,
 " Thy flatterye alle I scorne ;
 " Nor will I bee of Maye the queene,
 " To hunte with earlye horne ;
 " But I will rove, both day and nighte,
 " Thro' stormye hail and winde ;
 " Nor blefs the light that chears my fighte,
 " 'Till I my true love finde."

Part the Second.

THE forrester blithe nowe rode awaye,
And blew hys founding horne,
While by the moate the mayden laye,
All defolate and forlorne :
Yet still shee cry'd, " Tho' I shed the teare,
" And heave full manye a fighe,
" Yet ever I'll love thee, youthe soe deare,
" And for thee I will dye."

All this behearde the baron gaye,
In the lone tow're where hee sat,
And with manye a fighe hee tooke hys waye,
And came to the caille gate.
And there hee sawe the mayden laye,
By the moate side alle forlorne ;
And alle for the love of a youthe so gaye,
Who had treated her with scorne.

Her

Her cheeke, once red as summer rose,
 Nowe pale as wintry skies ;
 And wan her cherry lips dyd close,
 That her love dyd once so prize ;
 And colde, colde was that lilly hand,
 That hee soe ofte had presse—
 Full manye a sigh (as hee there did stande)
 The baron's woe confeste.

The mayden tolde her piteous tale,
 With manye a fighe and teare,
 How shee for her love, thro' heate and colde,
 Had wander'd farre and neare.
 " Alas ! deare mayde," the baron sigh'd,
 " Thy tale is sad and fore ;
 " But, charming mayde," full loude hee cry'd,
 " Thy sorrows now bee o'er.

" Yes, mayden, thou no more shalt rove,
 " No more unhappie straye ;
 " But thou, dear mayde, shalt bee my love,
 " My countess riche and gaye."
 The hapless mayden wond'ring hearde
 The baron talke of love ;
 Yet still, altho' that baron shee fear'd,
 Right faithfulle dyd shee prove.

- " Come turne to mee, and bee my love, .
 " And bee my ladye gaye ;
 " And thou no more for scorne shalt rove,
 " Soe fad, the livelong daye :
 " But thou in robes of golde, my faire,
 " More brighte than daye shall shyne—
 " Come, leave colde woe, and leave despayre,
 " And to my suite inclyne.
- " Fayre maydens shall attend on thee,
 " All fam'd for beautye rare ;
 " Yet, ever sweet mayden, shalt thou bee
 " The fairest of all the fayre.
 " Brighte golde and gems from th' easterne mine,
 " Thy grandeur shall proclayme ;
 " But thye brighte lockes shall the golde outshyne,
 " Thie eyes the jewels shayme."
- " Alas !" shee cry'd, " despise a mayde
 " Destin'd with scorne to lyve ;
 " What, tho' thy grandeur's thou'ft display'd,
 "—My heart's not myne to give:
 " But I must rove, both daye and nighte,
 " While colde, colde blowes the winde ;
 " Nor blefs the lighte that cheares my fighte,
 " 'Till my owne true love I fynde."

Then

Then up arose the haplesse mayde,
 And woulde fayne have fled away ;
 But the wond'ring baron softe her stay'd,
 And thus with joye dyd faye :
 " Nowe heav'n thee bleffe, thou faithful dame,
 " For thy deare constante love !
 " Myne bee the faulte, and myne the blame,
 " That made thee thus to rove.

" I am thy true (but cruel) love,
 " Altho' a baron borne ;
 " And 'twas thy faithe, deare mayde, to prove,
 " I let thee rove forlorne.

" I from yon tow're have hearde thy moane,
 " And it pierc'd mee to the hearte :
 " Nowe take mee, deare mayden ; I am thy owne,
 " And never more wille wee parte.

" Yon castle, with its wyde domayne,
 " Shall bee thy dow're, my love ;
 " And there like a princess shalte thou reigne,
 " Nor more in misery rove ;
 " But wee will live and love soe true,
 " And with suche constancye,
 " That, if sterne death thee firste shall slaye,
 " Deare mayde, I'll dye with thee."

The mayden blush'd to fynd her love
A baron of hie fame ;
While fonde hee cry'd, " Thy feares remove,
" Thy faithe my pryde doth shayme.
" Agayne to thee my troth I plighte,
" And let thy joyes abounde ;
" And blefs the lighte that chears thy fighte,
" For thy true love is founde."

The

XIX.

The TRIUMPH of DEATHE.

In two Parts.

Now first printed.

Part the First.

- “ **T**HE fleeting momente teemes with deathe!”
 Faire Emma sad dyd crye ;
“ E’en now perhaps on yon drear heathe
 “ My Edgar lowe doth lye !
“ E’en nowe maye hee drawe hys laste, lasse breathe,
 “ And unregarded dye !”

“ Oh

“ Oh staye thye feares, dejected mayde,”
 The hermit softe reply'd ;
 “ For still hys ofte-victorious blayde
 “ Maye checke th' invader's pryde.
 “ Nowe com, let us kneele to heav'n for ayde,
 “ Who's myghte can foe soone decyde.”

And nowe from farre th' embattled fielde
 With warres dreade clangour rang ;
 Whyle, in a mossye cell conceal'de,
 The woodelande wildes among,
 That mayden fayre with the hermit kneel'd,
 And manye an orison sung.

Nowe nearer stille the battle rung,
 And faster flow'd theyr teares ;
 And nowe, the woodelande wyldes among,
 A warrioure sterne appeares——
 The mayden to the hermit clung,
 Oerwhelmed with her feares.

And nowe into the lowlye cell
 The warrioure toke hys waye,
 With bloodye sworde and visage fell,
 That witness'd huge dismaye ;
 And ever hee colde hys tydings tell,
 Sad Emma swoon'd awaye.

“ The

“ The fleeting momente teemes with deathe !”
 The trembling hermit cryes :
 “ For fad I fee o’er yon blacke heathe
 “ A scatter’d armye flyes ;
 “ And many a warrioure gaspes for breathe,
 And manye a captive fighs.”

“ Yea, the swifte momente teemes with deathe !”
 The breatheless warrioure cryes ;
 “ For manye a myle oer yon dreare heathe
 “ Our scatter’d armye flyes ;
 “ And manye a warrioure gaspes for breath,
 “ And manye a captive fighes.”

“ The fleeting momente teemes with deathe !”
 The wretched Emma cryes :
 “ Accurs’d bee yon bloode-drenched heathe,
 “ For there my Edgar lyes !
 “ Saye, warrioure, does my love yet breathe ?
 “ Hath deathe yet clos’d hys eyes ?”

“ Yea, the fadde momente teemes with deathe !
 “ For manye a warriour dyes,
 “ And, ’mong the rest, on yon blacke heathe
 “ Thy haplesse Edgar lyes ;
 “ And still, as the warrioure gaspes for breathe,
 “ Fayre Emma’s name hee fighes.”

Then

Then up arose that desperate fayre,
 And thrice shee look'd aronde;
 And listen'd to the burden'd aire,
 That teem'd with manye a founde
 Of hostyle rage, and dire despayre,
 That, frantic, bit the grounde.

“ Hermit,” shee cry'd, “ to mee foe goode,
 “ Nowe grante my boone I praye ;
 “ Oh lende to mee thy scripp and hoode,
 “ And gowne of ruffet graye ;
 “ And lende unto mee thye holye roode,
 “ And leade mee on my waye.

“ Soe will I goe to yon dreare heathe,
 “ Where many a warrioure fighes ;
 “ Where, gasping in hys laste, laste breath,
 “ My haples Edgar lyes :
 “ I'll cheare hym as hee layes in deathe,
 “ I'll soothe hym as hee dyes !”

The hermit sat in pensive moode,
 Then, chear'd with hope, dyd saye,
 “ Oh I've another scripp and hoode,
 “ And another gowne of graye ;
 “ And I, with another holye roode,
 “ Will wend with thee mye waye.

“ For

“ For when thie Edgar to my care
“ Entrusted thee, poore mayde,
“ On holye roode hee made mee sweare,
“ To lende thee alle my aide ;
“ Soe with thee I’le goe withouten feare,
“ Thro’ seas of bloode to wade.”

Part the Second.

FULLE darke and dreare the heathe dyd seeme,
And lonelye was the waye ;
Nor dyd th’affrighted moones pale beame
Emit her sylver raye :
Full faste the fayre maydens teares dyd streame—
The hermit loude dyd praye.

Nowe

Nowe nearer ffill the battles founde
 Came rushing on the eare ;
 With bloode all drenched was the grounde,
 And the nighte was darke and dreare :
 The mayden affrighted look'd arounde—
 The hermit shooke with feare.

Shee hearde a groane, and, as shee turn'd,
 A warrior layde fulle lowe ;
 Shee grasp'd hys hande, as sadd hee mourn'd,
 And wip'd hys clammye browe—
 Her graspe the dying hande return'd,
 As conscious of its woe.

“ The fleeting momente teemes with deathe ! ”
 The woefraughte hermit cry'd ;
 “ Glutted with hapless mortals breath,
 “ The grislye kyng doth fryde ”—
 “ I fynd not my Edgar on the heathe, ”
 The weeping Emma sigh'd.

The thund'ring winds of heaven strove
 The deserte heathe along ;
 Whyle shee, her faithful love to prove,
 With resolution strong,
 For her Edgar foughte, her deare true-love,
 The dying and deade among.



“ The fleeting momente teemes with deathe !”
 Agayne the hermit cryes ;
 “ For noughte is hearde along the heathe
 “ But dying warriours fighes”—
 “ Coude I but heare my Edgar breathe !”
 Fayre Emma sad replyes.

Bleake was the blaste, and chill the aire,
 And awful was the scene ;
 Yet still this faithful hapless paire,
 Oerwhelm'd with anguishe keene,
 Rov'd o'er the bloodye heathe foe dreare,
 Untill the morning gleame,

Nowe slowelye to the list'ning eare
 The foundes of woe dyd fade,
 Whyle, thro' the carnage farre and neare,
 Righte careful they dyd wade ;
 But they founde not their Edgar deare,
 'Mong living or 'mong deade.

To manye a warrior in hys woe
 They lente their holye aide,
 And ghostlye comforte dyd bestowe,
 Tho' wearye and dismayde ;
 But their Edgar's forme they coude not knowe,
 'Mong living or 'mong deade.

“ The

“ The fleeting momente teemes with deathe!
 “ Eache blait’s a funeral knell,”
 Sad Emma cry’d ;—then on the heathe,
 Oercome with toile, shee fell :
 The haples maiden had not breath
 To reache the hermit’s cell.

“ The fleeting momente teemes with deathe !”
 Th’affrighted hermit cry’d :
 “ Alas ! shee’s fell on this dreade heathe,
 “ Sweete flow’r of beautye’s pryde .
 “ Oh grislye tyrante, spare, spare her breath,
 “ Or slaye mee by her syde!”

A dying warriour heard hym crye,
 And rais’d hys languid heade,
 And sawe the haples maiden lye,
 Oercome with toile and dreade,
 And the faithful hermit standing bye,
 With terror all dismay’d.

“ The fleeting momente teemes with deathe !”
 Sad Edgar cry’d dismay’d ;
 “ Beholde ! on thys blood-drenched heathe
 “ My lovelye Emma layde,
 “ With bloode of warriours beneathe,
 “ Darke tempestes overheade.”

“ Yea,

“ Yea, the swift momente teemes with deathe !”
 The hermit loude dyd crye ;
 “ For lo ! on this dark drearye heathe
 “ Thy faithful bryde dothe lye :
 “ She came to sooth thee whyle thou dydst breathe,
 “ And then with thee to dye.”

“ The fleeting momente teemes with death !”
 The dying warriour cry’d :
 “ Come speake to mee whyle still I’ve breath,
 “ My too, too faithful bryde !”
 Shee wrang hys hand——and on that heathe
 Those hapless lovers dy’d.

“ The fleeting momente teemes with deathe !”
 The fainting hermit cry’d :
 “ The grislye tyrante o’er the heathe,
 “ With merc’less steps doth stryde.”
 His spirits funk——shorte grewe hys breath—
 With woe the hermit dy’d.

XX.

The BITTER FRUITES of JEALOUSIE:

A Ballade.

“ G O E, shutte the doore, my Edwarde deere,
 “ Shutte close the doore, I praye;
 “ Lette nae keene searche my treadinge trace,
 “ Ne listene what I faie;

“ Lette nane my subtile entraunce knowe,
 “ My troubled motion spie,
 “ Ne smallest funne-beame penetrate
 “ The tell-tale of mine eye.”

So Alleyne spake, as guilt-bestain'd
 Some nooke he did explore,
 When instincte ledde his pathlesse foote
 To Edwarde's friendlie doore.

'Tween horrid dreede, and conscious shame,
 Fu' mightie was the strife,
 While from his now-enfeebled hands
 Downe dropp'd a reeking knife.

Wha

What means that steele? What means that glow,
 Wherewith thy visage burnes?
 Now ghastlie pale, alack, succeeds,
 And now the redde returnes.

“ Saye, will yee plighte your promise deere,
 “ And wille yee plighte your faye,
 “ That what I now entruste to yee
 “ Your tongue shall ne’er betraye?”

Yea, I wille plight my promise deere,
 And I will plight my faye,
 That what yee shall entruste to mee
 My tongue shall ne’er betraye.

“ Ah! was shee not the fairest faire,
 “ More deere than life to mee?
 “ Yet ne’er shall I againe beholde
 “ My Lucie sweete to see.”

Yea, she was fairest of the faire,
 Deere as thy life to thee—
 And hast thou scath’d with deadlie stroke
 Thy Lucie sweete to see?

“ Wae worthe the daye!—That verie wreathe,
 “ Which with a lovinge vowe
 “ This morne I gave her, I behelde,
 “ Ere noone, on Edwin’s brow.

“ When as shee tooke it sweete shee smil’d,
 “ Yet could shee from it parte?
 “ Sae proude, methought, hee taunted mee,
 “ Fu’ deepe it irk’d my hearte.

“ And irk’d be stille this cruel hearte!—
 “ Oh ! had yee seene the wounde,
 “ And had yee seene the streaminge blude,
 “ How faste it stain’d the grounde !

“ And had yee seene her sickninge eye,
 “ How fore it foughte reliefe !
 “ And had yee seene her bodie sinke,
 “ You woulde have dyed for griefe !

“ And irk’d be stille this cruel hearte,
 “ When as shee there did lye,
 “ That coulde not with my Lucie deere
 “ A moment staye, and dye !”

Alleyne, my friend, yee grieve my foule,
 Your flighte, I weene, was just,
 Sine shee is gone, that fairest faire,
 And sunken into duste.

But who alonge yon cypresse-pathe
 Is ledde fae heavilie ?
 Ah ! mee ! my Alleyne deere, it is—
 How sadde shee eyeth thee !

And,

And, ah ! how fadde yon virgins looke,
 Who leade her to my boure ?
 Appear they not as drizlinge dewes,
 Freshninge some faded floure ?

With such a looke as mothers aft
 Rebuke a darlinge childe,
 Sae eyed shee her Alleyne deere,
 Sae ruthe, sae sweete, sae milde !

“ I marvelle not,” shee faintlie cried,
 “ Yee seeme a manne of stone !—
 “ The welle of life is nae yet drie,
 “ My daies are nae yet done.

“ Sette, sette your troubled minde at ease,
 “ My hearte yee didde nae touche ;
 “ Yee strooke too shorte to reache my life,
 “ Whereat I gladdene muche.

“ Could yee, such vowes as I have vow'd,
 “ Deeme I coulde faithlesse bee ?—
 “ The blossome to the breathe of springe
 “ Was scant sae true as mee,

“ That wreathe, which yee this morne did see
 “ Sae trimme on Edwyn's browe,
 “ Edwyn's ain spitefu' hande had wroughte,
 “ And Edwin weares it nowe.

“ When love yee breathe, yee fickle menne
 “ Been smoothe as summer-wave ;
 “ But when with jealousie yee swelle,
 “ As winter-storme yee rave.

“ Rashe manne ! ah ! how by jealousie
 “ Have yee your fortunes croste !
 “ As true a maide as ever lov'd
 “ Yee have for ever loste.

“ To hie to this your friend's abode,
 “ Here breathe my prayres for yee,
 “ For life, for healthe, for ease of minde,
 “ Was a' was left for mee.”

*Can yee not pardon the bigb faulte
 Which love didde gar mee doe ?*

“ Yes, I canne pardon a' the faulte,
 “ And stille to love be true.”

*And shalle the bridal knotte be tyed,
 And shalle wee happie bee ?*

“ The bridal-knotte canne ne'er be tyed,
 “ Ne canne I staye with thee ;

“ For I to Chrifte a vowe have made,
 “ And kepte that vowe shalle bee,
 “ That manne naie mair shalle vexe my hearte,
 “ Nae mair shalle trouble mee.

“ That

“ That fraite I wille myfel betake
 “ Unto a nunnerie,
 “ In faite and prayre to ende my dayes
 “ And kepte that vowe shalle bee:

“ Go yee, and seeke a fairer bride,
 “ And live in pleasaunce gaye,
 “ While to the house of godlinesse
 “ I take myfel awaye.”

*Naye, doe nae wende yee quite awaye,
 Liste, liste, my piercinge ca'!
 Returne ! and for youre broken vowe,
 On mee the paine be a!*

“ *She's gane.*”—He heav'd a deepe-drawne sighe,
 As brast his hearte in twaine,
 Sine to the ground fast-falled he,
 And never rose againe.

XXI.

The D E A T H of A L L E N : a Ballad.

THE bells they rang all in the morn,
And Allen he rose full soon,
Sad tydings were heard for Allen to hear,
That Mary would wed ere noon.

Then Allen he call'd on Thomas's name,
And Thomas came at his call :
" Make ready a coffin and winding shroud,
" For Mary shall see my fall.

" When last we parted with brimful eye,
" Right-loving she made a vow ;
" But Richard has twice as many sheep,
" And Mary forgets me now.

" Then bear me to the green-grass-bank,
" Where we did kifs and play,
" And tell her, the rain, that made it so green,
" Has wash'd my kiffes away."

The

The bridegroom led the bride so fair,
The priest he came anon ;
But Thomas he brought his dear friend's corse,
Or ere the wedding was done.

He laid him on the green-grass-bank,
Where they did kifs and play,
And told her, the rain, that made it so green,
Had wash'd his kisses away.

When she beheld poor Allen's dead corse,
Her maiden blush was lost,
She faded, as tho' on April morn
A primrose nipt by a frost.

Then all beneath one fatal stone
Together they buried were.
False maidens, who break your plighted vow,
Take heed ye come not there !

XXII.

The DISTRESS of MARIAN: a Ballad.

ONE April ev'ning, when the sun
 Had journey'd down the sky,
 Sad Marian, with looks of woe,
 Walk'd forth full heavily.

Tears trickled down her faded cheek,
 Soft sighs her bosom heav'd ;
 Soft sighs reveal'd her inward woe ;
 Alas ! she'd been deceiv'd.

“ Oh ! what a wretch am I become,
 “ A luckless lass, (said she,)
 “ The cowslip, and the violet blue,
 “ Have now no charms for me.

“ The golden sun that daily shines,
 “ And glitt'ring decks the sky,
 “ Brings no relief to my distress,
 “ Or pleasure to my eye.

“ This

“ This little river, when I drefs’d,
 “ Has serv’d me for a glafs ;
 “ But now it only shews how love,
 “ Has ruin’d this poor face.

“ What charms could happy Lucy boast,
 “ To fix thy wav’ring mind ?
 “ What charms in Lucy more than me,
 “ Ungrateful, couldst thou find ?

“ Hast thou forgot the tender vows
 “ Which at my feet were made ?
 “ Yet I’ll not spend my dying hour
 “ Thy falsehood to upbraid.

“ But what remaining breath I have
 “ Shall intercede with heav’n ;
 “ That all those broken vows to me,
 “ At last may be forgiv’n.

“ Yer one poor boon, before I die,
 “ I would of thee require ;
 “ And do not thou refuse to grant
 “ A wretch’s last desire !

“ When you with Lucy shall affix
 “ The happy marriage-day,
 “ Oh ! do not o’er my green-grafs-grave
 “ Inhuman take thy way.”

CADWAL:

XXIII.

CADWAL: a legendary Tale.

In two Parts.

Part the First.

DARK Decem er was the month,
 The air was dank and chill,
 When Cadwal's weary foot had reach'd
 The summit of the hill,

Beneath whose ample verge he went
 To labour at the plough,
 And, to relieve his father's age,
 Bedew his infant brow.

When eighteen years had o'er him pass'd,
 He left his rustic home,
 (Sore-sinote with grief) in distant grounds
 And stranger-fields to roam.

Twelve

Twelve winters had his exile seen,
 When lo! his bosom burns
 Again to clasp his father's knees,
 And homeward he returns.

And now descending to the vale,
 With slow and trembling feet,
 At this new sight, his native soil,
 The pulses flutt'ring beat.

And now, with penetrating eye,
 He pierces the close dell,
 Where in his thatch-beshelter'd cot
 His fire did whilom dwell.

Yet in his sad and troubled look
 Such terror might ye see,
 As when we almost wish to shun
 The thing we wish should be.

He pryed here, he pryed there,
 No cottage could he spy,
 Nor smallest trace of human tread
 Appeared to his eye.

No monarch of the feather'd brood
 Was heard aloud to crow,
 Nor laboured ox the vocal air
 Awaken with his low.

In strange amazement and suspense
 Awhile benumb'd he stood,
 Then fell, despairing on the earth,
 And wept, and wail'd aloud.

His bitter cries an hermit drew
 Forth from his lonely cell,
 Whose pliant sense was quick to feel
 Affliction's poignant yell.

Compassion held him mute at first,
 While as he ponder'd him
 With fixed eye, where nature's floods
 Up-swelled to the brim ;

Then thus—" My son, your plaints I heard,
 " They smote me to the heart ;
 " To me, without reserve or fear,
 " The weighty cause impart.

" Deep vers'd in sorrow's heavy task
 " Full many a weary hour,
 " Right well I know what aggravates,
 " And what abates its pow'r.

" Close-pent within restraining bounds,
 " The river foams and roars,
 " Tumultuous boils with mighty heaves,
 " And wounds its kindred shores ;

" The

“ The load remov’d that choak’d its course,
 “ The violence subsides,
 “ The tumult lessens by degrees,
 “ And smooth the current glides.

“ Give, then, the struggling griefs to flow,
 “ Which thy clogg’d heart oppresses ;
 “ Each word will take a part away,
 “ And make the burthen less.”

“ Old Cadwal here distraught I seek,
 “ Here Cadwal dwelt of yore,
 “ Here, here, his quiet cottage rose,
 “ But now is here no more.”

“ Old Cadwal seek’st thou? Hapless man !
 “ New torments must thou have—
 “ Beneath this venerable elm,
 “ Behold the rustic’s grave !”

“ Oh ! wretch accurs’d ! I was the cause,
 “ I ’rest him of his breath,
 “ I robb’d these fields of Cadwal’s worth,
 “ I brought him to his death.

“ Was he not to his various kin,
 “ (Unworthy I alone !)
 “ Was he not guardian, comforter,
 “ Friend, father, all in one ?

“ What

“ What honest hind, that near him toil'd,
 “ But of his store partook ?

“ Was he not to the needy fwain
 “ As to the mead the brook ?

“ Did he not deal to all around
 “ His smile as well as care ?

“ Not ev'n the sparrow of the hedge
 “ But in his love had share.

“ And wretch accurs'd ! I was the cause,
 “ I 'reft him of his breath,
 “ I robb'd these fields of Cadwal's worth,
 “ I brought him to his death.”

“ Too rigidly, perchance, my son,
 “ Thyself thou dost accuse,
 “ And heapest on thy burthen'd heart
 “ Unnecessary woes.

“ Ah ! how severe the punishment,
 “ When we ourselves arraign !
 “ And hatred oft and malice' self
 “ Infiict a milder pain.

“ Less harshly censure thy offence,
 “ (Some youthful warmth, I ween !)
 “ And give it to mine ears in terms
 “ Soft, candid, and serene.

“ Here

“ Here on this bank repose awhile,
“ And bid these tumults cease ;
“ With thine I’ll mix my social tears,
“ And forth returning peace.”

“ Ah, father ! this thine holy love
“ Embitters what I feel ;
“ Unwittingly thou add’st a sting
“ To sorrows thou would’st heal.

“ Here on this bank, what precious hours
“ I’ve known in days of youth,
“ Lift’ning the precepts that he gave
“ Of wisdom and of truth !

“ Here in the sweetly-tranquil eve,
“ (Day’s rugged labour done,)
“ He’d tell how good and glorious men
“ Life’s arduous race had run ;

“ What tides of blood had wash’d these lands,
“ Which we in peace had till’d,
“ And how the faithful rustic once
“ Great Alfred here conceal’d.

“ But, oh ! my grief-bewilder’d mind
“ From reason wanders far,
“ And with vague fancies idly mocks
“ Thy kind, thy pious care.”

" Heed not, my son—use any means
 " That may assuage thy pain ;
 " It is the privilege of woe
 " At random to complain.

" And who of patient sympathy
 " The lib'ral largesse scant,
 " With-hold a bounty dear, I ween
 " As wealth can show'r on want."

Part the Second.

" OLD Cadwal here distraught I seek—
 " Ah, me ! this wayward heart !
 " That dar'd oppose a father's pow'r,
 " That dar'd his counsel thwart !

" But Emma's charms had won my love,
 " And made it all her own ;
 " I sought not copious flocks and meads,
 " I sought content alone ;

" And,

- “ And, oh ! so sweetly she conform’d
 “ To all I wish’d or said,
 “ You would have sworn our hearts, as twins,
 “ Were for each other made.
- “ And was it, holy father, say,
 “ Was it a crime to love ;
 “ Or to my early plighted vows
 “ Unchang’d and steady prove ?
- “ Matilda’s lofty friends in store
 “ Of fleeces did abound,
 “ And ample sheaves enrich’d their fields,
 “ And orchards rose around ;
- “ And these possessions ev’ry hour
 “ Were pour’d into mine ear ;
 “ To count them o’er, my father made
 “ His morn and ev’ning care.
- “ Sure, if he any failing had,
 “ ’Twas too fond love for me ;
 “ Hence sprung the wish, that of her flocks
 “ I might the master be :
- “ And as he will’d, and as he bade,
 “ Oh ! that I could have done !
 “ But Emma’s charms had won my love,
 “ And made it all her own.

“ Say, father, ought I, at the church
 “ Have join’d Matilda’s hand,
 “ When love and truth, that should attend,
 “ Were not at my command ?

“ Her spacious granaries—to me
 “ They no allurements were ;
 “ My Emma’s low-roof’d dairy-hut
 “ To me was dearer far.

“ Why after large possessions seek ?
 “ My father did not want ;
 “ Of copious tributes from the field
 “ His barns were nothing scant :

“ But ’twas his will—and oh ! that I
 “ Could have that will obey’d,
 “ Without the guilt of broken vows,
 “ Or Emma’s peace betray’d !

“ Now that my forwardness of heart
 “ Hath brought him to his end,
 “ For this, before yon hallow’d spot
 “ In dutious wife I’ll bend ;

“ For this, will daily wet the sod
 “ With my repentant eye,
 “ Nor ever from this solitude
 “ To fairer refuge hie.”

“ Son,”

“ Son,” quoth the fire—and cast a look
 As chill’d the youth all o’er—
 (While minutes pass’d ere vital warmth
 His senses did restore—)

“ Son,” quoth the sage, “ thy doubts suspend,
 “ Their rising tumult check—
 “ It is thy father clasps thee close,
 “ And weeps upon thy neck.

“ Long have I held thee in discourse
 “ With pent-up agony ;
 “ Now let my gushing tears have way,
 “ They’re blessings show’r’d on thee.

“ Charm’d with thy duteous excellence,
 “ Thy strength of filial love,
 “ My full forgiveness let these streams
 “ And warm embraces prove !

“ And, oh ! might’st thou forgive the cause
 “ That drove thee from thy home,
 “ Sore-smote with grief, in distant grounds
 “ And stranger-fields to roam.”

“ Might I forgive !—Oh father, such
 “ Unseemly terms restrain ;
 “ Might I forgive !—It is enough,
 “ I see thee once again.

“ But said’st thou not, beneath yon elm”—

“ My dearest son, I did;

“ There have I mark’d the chosen spot,

“ There made my latest bed.

“ Of thee bereft, what booteth it

“ To feed the furrow’d plain;

“ Or what, from autumn’s fruitful lap

“ To heap the ripen’d grain?

“ Whom had I then to cheer my steps

“ In summer’s sultry rays?

“ For whom should then the social hearth

“ In winter-ev’ning blaze?

“ My house, my barns, I left at large

“ To moulder and decay;

“ Yon humble tenement I rais’d,

“ My age’s only stay.

“ Enough for me, who meant forlorn

“ To pass life’s lagging eve;

“ My task to meditate and pray,

“ My punishment to grieve.

“ For oh! my son, too late I felt

“ This truth within my heart,

“ That to compel the filial mind

“ Is not a parent’s part.

“ And

“ And hence this penitential garb,
 “ And hence these silver hairs,
 “ Whose hoary length the sad recluse
 “ Or penfive hermit wears.”

“ Dear, honour'd father, droop no more ;
 “ This on my bended knee
 “ I crave,—I claim,—re-sign thy griefs ;
 “ Oh ! cast them all on me :

“ With unremitting love and care
 “ Thy sorrows I'll assuage,
 “ And with obsequious duty tend
 “ The remnant of thy age.”

“ Arise, my son, and to my cell
 “ Together let us wend ;
 “ Let us beneath one roof embrace,
 “ Ere yet my days shall end.

“ And shall the thought of Emma's love
 “ No more suffuse thine eye,
 “ Nor chide thy father for her loss ?”—
 —“ She's buried in that sigh.”

“ What wond'rous blifs to virtuous minds
 “ Will heav'n not deign to lend ?
 “ Within my homely hut, my son,
 “ There all thy sorrows end.

“ There, there, once more still sweetly-fair

“ Thy Emma shalt thou see ;

“ Within my homely hut she dwells,

“ My age’s comfort she !

“ Her father dead, I fill’d his place,

“ The guardian of her youth ;

“ I now restore her to thy love,

“ Thy constancy and truth.”

Young Cadwal waited not for more,

But to his Emma flew,

Where lock’d awhile in close embrace

Each to the other grew.

From incoherent words and sighs

Such wond’rous transports brake,

Far more than honey’d eloquence

With all her tongues could speak.

And now with strong enquiring look

They search each other’s eye,

And ask if what they see be true,

And doubt the real joy.

And now the father’s quicken’d steps

They greet with bended grace,

And with up-lifted eyes adore,

And bless his rev’rend face.

“ Now,

“ Now, by this hallow'd eve I vow *,
“ Soon as the mafs be done,
“ The next enfuing holy-day
“ The prieft fhall make ye one.

“ And ye fhall live (fo heav'n permit !)
“ To caft one gleam of light
“ Athwart your father's gath'ring eve,
“ Or ere he fink in night ;

“ Or ere beneath yon aged elm
“ He's number'd with the dead,
“ The chofen fpot where his own hands
“ Have made his lateft bed.

“ But while fome hours of life are lent,
“ By gratitude and pray'r,
“ And mem'ry of my errors paft,
“ Thofe errors I'll repair :

“ And oft as I recount them o'er,
“ Thy fteady faith I'll praife,
“ And for my deareft boy once more
“ The focial hearth fhall blaze.

* Probably Christmas-Eve, as December is mentioned in the opening of the tale.

“ Age ev’n as youth, thou feest, my son,
 “ Is liable to fall,
 “ And self-reproof and penitence
 “ Alike befeem us all.”

XXIV.

The CRUEL BLACK:

A lamentable ballad of the tragical end of a gallant lord and virtuous lady; together with the untimely death of their two children: wickedly performed by a heathenish and blood-thirsty black-a-moor, their servant; the like of which cruelty and murder was never heard of before.

IN Rome a nobleman did wed
 A virgin of great fame;
 A fairer creature never did
 Dame nature ever frame:
 By whom he had two children fair,
 Whose beauty did excel;
 They were their parents only joy,
 They lov’d them both so well.

The

The lord he lov'd to hunt the buck,
 The tyger, and the boar ;
 And still for swiftnefs always took
 With him a black-a moor ;
 Which black-a-moor within the wood
 His lord he did offend,
 For which he did him then correct,
 In hopes he would amend.

The day it grew unto an end,
 Then homewards he did haste,
 Where with his lady he did rest,
 Until the night was past.
 Then in the morning he did rise,
 And did his fervants call,
 A hunting he provides to go,
 Straight they were ready all.

To cause the toyl the lady did
 Intreat him not to go ;
 " Alas, good lady," then quoth hee,
 " Why art thou grieved so ?
 " Content thyself, I will return
 " With speed to thee again."
 " Good father," quoth the little babes,
 " With us here still remain."

" Farewel,

" Farewel, dear children, I will go
 " A fine thing for to buy;"
 But they, therewith nothing content,
 Aloud began to cry.
 The mother takes them by the hand,
 Saying, " Come, go with me
 " Unto the highest tower, where
 " Your father you shall see."

The black-a-moor, perceiving now,
 Who then did stay behind,
 His lord to be a hunting gone,
 Began to call to mind:
 " My master he did me correct,
 " My fault not being great;
 " Now of his wife I'll be reveng'd,
 " She shall not me intreat."

The place was moated round about,
 The bridge he up did draw;
 The gates he bolted very fast,
 Of none he stood in awe.
 He up into the tower went,
 The lady being there,
 Who when she saw his countenance grim,
 She straight began to fear,

But

But now my trembling heart it quakes
To think what I must write ;
My senses all begin to fail,
My soul it doth affright :
Yet must I make an end of this,
Which here I have begun,
Which will make sad the hardest heart,
Before that I have done.

This wretch unto the lady went,
And her with speed did will,
His lust forthwith to satisfy,
His mind for to fulfil.
The lady she amazed was,
To hear the villain speak ;
“ Alas,” quoth she, “ what shall I do ?
“ With grief my heart will break.”

With that he took her in his arms,
She straight for help did cry :
“ Content yourself, lady,” he said,
“ Your husband is not nigh :
“ The bridge is drawn, the gates are shut,
“ Therefore come lye with me,
“ Or else I do protest and vow,
“ Thy butcher I will be.”

The crystal tears ran down her face,
 Her children cry'd amain,
 And fought to help their mother dear,
 But all it was in vain ;
 For that egregious filthy rogue
 Her hands behind her bound,
 And then perforce with all his might,
 He threw her on the ground.

With that she shriek'd, her children cry'd,
 And such a noise did make,
 That towns-folks, hearing her laments,
 Did seek their parts to take :
 But all in vain, no way was found
 To help the lady's need,
 Who cry'd to them most piteously,
 " O help ! O help with speed !"

Some run into the forest wide,
 Her lord home for to call ;
 And they that stood still did lament
 This gallant lady's fall.
 With speed her lord came posting home,
 He could not enter in ;
 His lady's cries did pierce his heart,
 To call he did begin :

" O hold

" O hold thy hand, thou savage moor,
 " To hurt her do forbear,
 " Or else be sure, if I do live,
 " Wild horses shall thee tear."
 With that the rogue ran to the wall,
 He having had his will,
 And brought one child under his arm,
 His dearest blood to spill.

The child, seeing his father there,
 To him for help did call :
 " Oh father ! help my mother dear,
 " We shall be killed all."
 Then fell the lord upon his knee,
 And did the moor intreat,
 To save the life of this poor child,
 Whose fear was then so great.

But this vile wretch the little child
 By both the heels did take,
 And dash'd his brains against the wall,
 Whilst parents hearts did ake :
 That being done straightway he ran
 The other child to fetch,
 And pluck'd it from the mother's breast,
 Most like a cruel wretch.

Within one hand a knife he brought,
 The child within the other ;
 And holding it over the wall,
 Saying, " Thus shall die thy mother,"
 With that he cut the throat of it ;
 Then to the father he did call,
 To look how he the head did cut,
 And down the head did fall.

This done, he threw it down the wall
 Into the moat so deep ;
 Which made the father wring his hands,
 And grievously to weep.
 Then to the lady went this rogue,
 Who was near dead with fear,
 Yet this vile wretch most cruelly
 Did drag her by the hair ;

And drew her to the very wall,
 Which when her lord did see,
 Then presently he cried out,
 And fell upon his knee :
 Quoth he, " If thou wilt save her life,
 " Whom I do love so dear,
 " I will forgive thee all is past,
 " Though they concern me near.

" O save

" O save her life, I thee beseech ;
 " O save her, I thee pray,
 " And I will grant thee what thou wilt
 " Demand of me this day."
 " Well," quoth the moor, " I do regard
 " The moan that thou dost make :
 " If thou wilt grant me what I ask,
 " I'll save her for thy sake."

" O save her life, and then demand
 " Of me what thing thou wilt."
 " Cut off thy nose, and not one drop
 " Of her blood shall be spilt."

With that the lord presently took
 A knife within his hand,
 And then his nose he quite cut off,
 In place where he did stand.

" Now I have bought my lady's life,"
 He to the moor did call :
 " Then take her," quoth this wicked rogue,
 And down he let her fall.
 Which when her gallant lord did see,
 His senses all did fail ;
 Yet many fought to save his life,
 But nothing could prevail.

When as the moor did see him dead,
-Then did he laugh amain
At them who for their gallant lord
And lady did complain :
Quoth he, " I know you'll torture me,
" If that you can me get,
" But all your threats I do not fear,
" Nor yet regard one whit.

" Wild horses shall my body tear,
" I know it to be true,
" But I'll prevent you of that pain :"
And down himself he threw.
Too good a death for such a wretch,
A villain void of fear !
And thus doth end as sad a tale,
As ever man did hear.

XXV.

The TRAGEDY of PHILLIS, complaining
of the disloyall loue of Amyntas.

A MYNTAS on a summer's day,
To shun Apollo's beames,
Was driving of his flockes away,
To tast some cooling streames ;
And through a forrest as he went
Unto a riuer side,
A voyce which from a groue was sent
Inuited him to bide.

The voyce well seem'd for to bewray
 Some male-contented minde :
 For oft times did he heare it say,
 Ten thousand times vnkind :
 The remnant of that raging mone
 Did all escape his eare,
 For euery word brought forth a grone,
 And euery grone a teare.

And neerer when he did repaire,
 Both face and voyce he knew,
 He saw that Phillis was come there
 Her plaints for to renew :
 Thus leauing her vnto her plaints,
 And forrow-flaking grones,
 He heard her deadly discontents
 Thus all breake forth at once.

Amintas, is my loue to thee
 Of such a light account,
 That thou disdain'st to looke on me,
 Or loue as thou wert wont ?
 Were those the oaths that thou didst make,
 The vowes thou did'st conceiue,
 When I, for thy contentment's sake,
 Mine hearts delight did leaue ?

How

How oft didst thou protest to me,
The heauens should turne to nought,
The sunne should first obscured be,
Ere thou wouldst change thy thought ?
Then, heau'n, dissolue without delay ;
Sunne, shew thy face no more,
Amyntas loue is lost for ay,
And woe is me therefore.

Well might I, if I had been wise,
Foreseene what now I finde !
But too much loue did fill mine eyes,
And made my iudgement blinde :
But ah, alas ! th'effect doth proue
Thy drifts were but deceit,
For true and vndissembled love
Will neuer turne to hate.

All thy behaiours were (God knowes) :
Too smooth and too discreet :
Like sugar which impoysoned growes,
Suspect because its sweet :
Thine oaths and voves did promise more
Then well thou couldst performe,
Much like a calme that comes before
An unexpected storme.

God knowes, it would not grieue me much
For to be kill'd for thee ;
But oh ! too neere it doth me touch,
That thou shouldst murder mee ;
God knowes, I care not for the paine
Can come for losse of breath ;
Tis thy vnkindnesse, cruel fwaine,
That grieues me to the death.

Amyntas, tell me, if thou may,
If any fault of mine
Hath giuen thee cause thus to betray
Mine hearts delight and thine ?
No, no, alas ! it could not be,
My loue to thee was such,
Unlesse that if I vrged thee,
In louing thee too much.

But ah, alas ! what doe I gaine,
By these my fond complaints ?
My dolour doubles thy disdaine,
My grieffe thy ioy augments :
Although it yield no greater good,
It oft doth ease my mind,
For to reproach th' ingratitude
Of him who is unkind.

With

With that her hand, cold, wan, and pale,
 Upon her brest she layes,
And feeing that her breath did faile,
 She sighes, and then she sayes,
“ Amintas!” and with that, poor mayd,
 She sigh'd againe full fore,
That after that she neuer sayd,
 Nor sigh'd nor breath'd no more.

XXVI.

BLEW-CAP FOR ME;

O R

A Scottish lassie her resolute chusing,
Shee'l have bonny Blew-cap, all other refusing.

In two Parts.

Part the First.

COME hither the merri'st of all the Nine,
Come sit thee down by me and let vs be iolly,
And in a full cup of Apollo's wine
Wee'll drowne our old enemy mad melancholy :
Which when wee haue done,
Wee'll betweene vs deuise
A dainty new ditty
With art to comprise ;
And of this new ditty
The matter shall be ;
Gif ever I have a man,
Blew-cap for me.

There

There liues a blithe lasse in Faukland towne,
 And shee had some suitors, I wot not how many;
 But her resolution she had set downe,
 That shee'd haue a Blew-cap, gif ere she had any:
 An English man,
 When our good king was there,
 Came often unto her,
 And loued her deare:
 But still she replide, " Sir,
 " I pray let me be;
 " Gif ever I haue a man,
 " Blew-cap for me."

A Welch man that had a long sword by her side,
 Red prites, red tublet, red coat, and red peard,
 Was make a great shew with a great deal of pride,
 And tell her strange tale that the like was nere heard:
 Was reckon her pedigree,
 Long before Prute,
 No body was by her
 That can her confute:
 But still she replide, " Sir,
 " I pray let me be;
 " Gif ever I have a man,
 " Blew-cap for me."

A French.

A French-man, that largely was booted and spurd,
 Long lock't with a ribbon, long points and breeches,
 Hee's ready to kisse her at euery word,

And for further exercife his fingers itches :

“ You be pritty wench,

“ Mitris, par ma foy ;

“ Begar me doe loue you,

“ Then be not you coy :

But still shee replide, “ Sir,

“ I pray let me be ;

“ Gif ever I have a man,

“ Blew-cap for me.”

An Irish man, with a long skeane in his hofe,

Did think to obtain her it was no great matter,
 Up stayres to her chamber fo lightly he goes,

That she ne're heard him untill he came at her :

Quoth he, “ I doe loue you,

“ By fate and by trote,

“ And if you will haue me,

“ Experience shall shote :”

But still shee replide, “ Sir,

“ I pray let me be ;

“ Gif ever I have a man,

“ Blew-cap for me.”

Part the Second.

A DAINTY spruce Spaniard, with haire black as
 jett,
 Long cloak with round cape, a long rapier and ponyard,
 He told her, if that she could Scotland forget,
 Hee'd shew her the wines as they grow in the vineyard.
 " If thou wilt abandon
 " This country so cold,
 " I'le shew thee faire Spaine,
 " And much Indian gold.
 But still she replide, " Sir,
 " I pray let me be ;
 " Gif ever I have a man,
 " Blue-cap for me."

A haughty

A haughty high German of Hamborough towne,
 A proper tall gallant with mighty mustachoes:
 He weepes if the lasse upon him doe but frowne,
 Yet hee's a great fencer that comes to ore-match vs.
 But yet all his fine fencing
 Could not get the lasse;
 She deny'd him so oft,
 That he wearyed was:
 For still she replide, " Sir,
 " I pray let me be;
 " Gif ever I have a man,
 " Blew-cap for me."

A Netherland mariner there came by chance,
 Whose cheekes did resemble two roasting pomwaters;
 To this cany lasse he his sute did aduance,
 And as taught by nature he cunningly flatters:
 " Jack will make thee," said he,
 " Sole lady o'th' sea;
 " Both Spaniards and Englishmen
 " Shall thee obey:"
 But still she replide, " Sir,
 " I pray let me be;
 " Gif ever I have a man,
 " Blew-cap for mee."

These

These fundry sutors of feuerall lands,
Did daily folicite this lasse for her fauour,
And euery one of them alike vnderstands,
That to win the prize they in vain did endeauour:
For she had resolued
(As I before said)
To haue bonny Blew-cap,
Or else dee a maid.
Unto au her suppliant
Still replyde she,
“ Gif ever I haue a man,
“ Blew-cap for mee.”

At last came a Scottish man (with a blew cap),
And he was the party for whom she had tarry'd,
To get this blithe bonny lasse 'twas his gude hap,
They gang'd to the kirk and were presently marry'd ;
I ken not weel whether
It were lord or leard,
They caude him some sike
A like name as I heard,
To chuse him from all
Shē did gladly agree,
And still she cry'd Blew-cap,
Th' art welcome to mee.

XXVII.

SELDOME COMES THE BETTER :

O R,

An admonition to all sorts of people, as husbands, wiues, masters, and seruants, &c. to auoid mutability, and to fix their minds on what they posseſſe.

In two Parts.

Part the First.

YOU men that are well wiued,
And yet doe rail on fate,
As though you were deprived
Thereby of happy ſtate ;
Learne well to be contented
With a good wife, if you get her,
For often when the old wife's dead,
Seldome comes the better.

I once

I once had a wife,
 O would to God she had liued !
For while the Lord lent me her life,
 Indifferent well I thriued :
Yet cause that she would chide at me,
 I wisht that death would fet her;
But since I haue got a worfe than shee,
 For feldome comes the better.

She would tell me for my good,
 That I must leaue my vice,
But I not rightly understood
 Her counsell of high price :
Full glad was I when she was dead,
 So much at nought I fet her ;
But since I haue got a worfe in her stead,
 For feldome comes the better.

I now haue one that's not content
 With any thing I doe ;
The others tongue did me torment,
 This scolds and beates me too.
I thought when I was rid of one,
 That Fortune was my debtor ;
But now I see, when one wife's gone,
 That feldome comes the better.

That

That wife would only me reprooue
For wasting of my store ;
But this, as well as I, doth loue
The good als-pot, and more :
She'll sit at the alhouse all the day,
And if the house will let her,
She'll run on the score, and I must pay ;
Thus seldome comes the better.

The other was a hufwife good,
When she a penny spent,
It went from her like drops of bloud,
Toth' alhouse she ne're went,
Unlesse it were to fetch home me,
For which at nought I set her ;
But this wife is quite contrary,
For seldome comes a better.

And if I doe rebuke her, as
A husband ought and will,
She'll call me rogue and rascall base,
Her tongue will ne're lye still ;
Nay, much adoe I haue to shun
Her blowes, if much I fret her :
The other quickly would have done ;
Thus seldome comes the better.

The Second Part.

WHEN I confider well of this,
 It fore doth vexe my minde ;
 O then I thinke what tis to misse
 A wife that's true and kinde.
 There's many men like me that haue
 Good wiues, yet wish for neater,
 And faine would fend the old toth' graue,
 In hope they shall haue better.

But that doth feldome come to passe,
 Though many hope it will :
 Therefore let him that has a good lasse,
 Desire to keepe her still :
 Nay, though she hath some small defect,
 To chide when he doth fret her,
 Yet let him not her loue neglect,
 For feldome comes the better.

Some thinke that were their old wiues dead,
 Such are their fickle mindes,
 They should get richer in their steade,
 But few or none that findes
 Their expectation answered.
 Suppose the portion's greater,
 Yet he may say as I have fed,
 That seldome comes the better.

That's many lads and lasses young,
 That in good seruice light,
 And yet they thinke that they haue wrong
 To serue their time out quite:
 They loue to shift from place to place,
 Toth' little from the greater,
 Till at last they say, in wofull case,
 Faith, seldome comes the better.

Change of pasture makes fat calues,
 This is a prouerb vs'd,
 Which fore another like it salues,
 And helps the first abus'd.
 A roling stone ne're gathers mosse:
 So hee that is a flitter
 From house to house, shall find with losse,
 That seldome comes the better.

Likewise

Likewise some men and women both,
When they haue seruants true,
To keepe them ouer-long th' are loth,
But still they wish for new :
And hauing put the old away,
They take some farre vnfitter,
Which being tride, at last they say,
Faith, feldome comes the better.

And he that hath a perfect friend,
Let him retaine his loue,
Lest losing th' old, the new ith' end
A feigned friend doe proue :
And so it happens many times,
As some can tell that yet are
Aliue, and doe lament their crimes,
With feldome comes the better.

Therefore let all, both men and wiues,
Seruants and masters all,
Thinke on this prouerbe all their liues,
The vse on't is not small ;
If you are well, yourselues so keepe,
And striue not to be greater ;
Be sure to looke before you leape,
For feldome comes the better.

XXVIII.

The LOVER'S LAMENTABLE TRAGEDY.

TENDER hearts of London city,
 Now be mov'd with grief and pity,
 Since by love I am undone :
 Now I languish in my anguish,
 Too, too soon my heart was won.

By him I am strangely slighted,
 In whom I so long delighted,
 He unkindly shews disdain ;
 And my grief is past relief :
 Alas ! my heart will break with pain.

Damon, you my passion knew well,
 How then could you be so cruel,
 First my heart to set on fire,
 Then to leave me, and deceive me,
 When I've granted your desire.

Come

Come and see me as I'm lying,
Bleeding for your sake and dying ;
Yet my ghost shall trouble you ;
When I depart with broken heart,
Then all your comfort bid adieu.

Thou shalt never be contented,
But by night and day tormented,
Since thou wert so false to me :
Celia, dying, thus lay crying,
I will be a plague to thee.

Down her cheeks the tears did trickle,
Blaming Damon, too, too fickle,
Till her tender heart was broke ;
Discontented, thus she fainted,
Yielding to death's fatal stroke.

When this news was to him carried,
All his joys were spoil'd and marred,
And his heart was fill'd with pain ;
Still expressing, what a blessing
He had lost by his disdain.

XXIX.

FAIR SUSAN of SOMERSETSHIRE:

OR,

The wronged Lady's Lamentation and untimely Death.

SIR William, a knight of six thousand a year,
He courted fair Susan of Somersetshire,
The beautifull'st creature that ever was seen,
A lady by birth, though her fortune was mean:
What passed between them I'll tell you in brief,
Who hear it may sigh with a heart full of grief.

To

To her he pretended the greatest of love,
 And held her in hand for three months and above,
 Inviting her often to feast at his hall ;
 At length he to wanton embraces would fall,
 Which when she perceiv'd, she sighing would say,
 " Don't ruin an innocent lady I pray."

" O talk not of ruin, thou joy of my heart,
 " So long as we live, love, we never will part,
 " So sure as I give thee this amorous kifs ;
 " Then let me arrive to the rapture of blifs :
 " If ever I'm false or disloyal to thee,
 " May God's divine vengeance then fall upon me !"

The innocent lady, then struck with surprize,
 Besought him with sorrowful tears in her eyes,
 That he would not tempt her to any such thing,
 The which without question her ruin would bring ;
 Yet still with new arguments her he assail'd,
 Tho' long she resisted, at length he prevail'd.

He having obtained his earnest request,
 She proved with child ; then with sorrows oppress'd,
 He left her whom once he did seem to adore,
 And all his rash vows he regarded no more.
 No creature so false and deceitful as he,
 That swears to be true, and yet perjur'd will be.

The innocent lady, with sorrows oppress'd,
 With tears in her eyes, and with sobs from her breast,
 She cry'd, "There's no sorrow, no sorrow like mine;
 "Oh why had sir William so base a design!
 "Before I consented, O that I had dy'd!
 "I'm ruin'd, I'm ruin'd, I'm ruin'd," she cry'd.

"Against you, sir William, I needs must exclaim,
 "You courted for love, and have cloath'd me with shame,
 "A sorrow which I am unable to bear;
 "My honour is gone, I will die in despair,
 "And haunt you by night with my wand'ring ghost,
 "That you may not have any reason to boast,

"You shall have no pleasure, but constantly find
 "The cries of your conscience, the trouble of mind,
 "Both sleeping and waking, where-ever you go,
 "For seeking my ruin and sad overthrow,
 "And breaking the vows that you solemnly made
 "Before you my innocent virtues betray'd."

Retir'd from friends, her close chamber she kept,
 Where for her misfortune she bitterly wept,
 And finding her folly she no ways could hide,
 With grief she miscarry'd, in sorrow she dy'd;
 Whose wand'ring ghost then did often affright
 Her false-hearted lover, and treacherous knight,

Sometimes to his chamber at midnight she came,
The room being fill'd with a fiery flame;
Her trembling ghost near the curtains would stand,
With either a dagger or sword in her hand,
As if she would stab her false knight where he lay,
And then with a shriek she would vanish away.

But once above all a strange groaning he heard,
And strait with a child in her arms she appear'd,
Which then on his bed she lay close on his side;
It frighted him so, that he sicken'd and dy'd
Within a week after the same he beheld:
To all that he told it, with wonder were fill'd.

Now as in a frightful condition he lay,
To all his dear friends he was pleas'd to say:
“ I wronged a lady, I needs must confess,
“ And brought her to sorrow, to shame, and distress,
“ And now since the glass of my life is near run,
“ I'm going to answer for what I have done.

“ I was false to my love, and my oath I have broke,
“ And death he stands ready with one fatal stroke
“ To send me away, but I cannot tell where;
“ I have done amiss and must die in despair.
“ Let me be a warning to all that shall hear
“ Of my death, for being so false to my dear.”

T I M E'S

XXX.

TIME'S ALTERATION.

WHEN this old cap was new,
'Tis since two hundred year,
No malice then we knew,
But all things plenty were ;
All friendship now decays,
(Believe me, this is true)
Which was not in those days,
When this old cap was new,

The

The nobles of our land
 Were much delighted then,
 To have at their command
 A crew of lusty men,
 Which by their coats were known
 Of tawny, red, or blue,
 With crests on their sleeves shown,
 When this old cap was new.

Now pride hath banish'd all,
 Unto our land's reproach,
 When he whose means is small,
 Maintains both horse and coach :
 Instead of an hundred men,
 The coach allows but two ;
 This was not thought on then,
 When this old cap was new.

Good hospitality
 Was cherish'd then of many :
 Now poor men starve and die,
 And are not help'd by any ;
 For charity waxeth cold,
 And love is found in few :
 This was not in time of old,
 When this old cap was new.

Where

Where ever you travell'd then,
You might meet on the way
Brave knights and gentlemen,
Clad in their country gray,
That courteous would appear,
And kindly welcome you :
No puritans then were,
When this old cap was new.

Our ladies in those days
In civil habit went ;
Broad-cloth was then worth praise,
And gave the best content :
French fashions then were scorn'd,
Fond fangles then none knew ;
Then modesty women adorn'd,
When this old cap was new.

A man might then behold,
At Christmas, in each hall,
Good fires to curb the cold,
And meat for great and small :
The neighbours were friendly bidden,
And all had welcome true,
The poor from the gates were not chidden,
When this old cap was new.

Black Jacks to every man
 Were fill'd with wine and beer ;
 No pewter pot nor can
 In those days did appear :
 Good cheer in a nobleman's house
 Was counted a seemly shew ;
 We wanted no brawn nor soufe,
 When this old cap was new.

We took not such delight
 In cups of silver fine ;
 None under the degree of a knight
 In plate drunk beer or wine :
 Now each mechanical man
 Hath a cupboard of plate for a shew ;
 Which was a rare thing then,
 When this old cap was new.

Then bribery was unborn,
 No simony men did use ;
 Christians did usury scorn,
 Devis'd among the Jews.
 The lawyers to be fee'd
 At that time hardly knew ;
 For man with man agreed,
 When this old cap was new.

No captain then carous'd,
 Nor spent poor foldier's pay;
 They were not so abus'd,
 As they are at this day:
 Of seven days they make eight,
 To keep from them their due;
 Poor soldiers had their right,
 When this old cap was new.

Which made them forward still
 To go, although not prest;
 And going with good will,
 Their fortunes were the best.
 Our English then in fight
 Did foreign foes subdue,
 And forc'd them all to flight,
 When this old cap was new.

God save our gracious king,
 And send him long to live;
 Lord, mischief on them bring,
 That will not their alms give,
 But seek to rob the poor
 Of that which is their due:
 This was not in time of yore,
 When this old cap was new.

XXXI.

The MERCHANT'S SON and BEGGAR-WENCH
of HULL.

YOUNG gallants all, I pray draw near,
And you this pleafant jeft fhall hear,
How a poor beggar-wench of Hull
A merchant's fon of York did gull.

One morning on a certain day,
He cloath'd himfelf in rich array,
And took with him, as it is told,
The fum of fixty pounds in gold.

So mounting on a prancing fteed,
He towards Hull did ride with fpeed,
Where, in his way, he chanc'd to fee
A beggar-wench of bafe degree.

She

288 **OLD BALLADS.**

She asked him for some relief,
And said, with seeming tears of grief,
That she had neither house nor home,
But for her living was forc'd to roam.

He seemed to lament her case,
And said, "Thou hast a pretty face,
"And if thou'lt lodge with me," he cry'd,
"With gold thou shalt be satisfy'd."

Her silence seem'd to give consent,
So to a little house they went:
The landlord laugh'd to see him kiss
The beggar-wench and ragged miss.

He needs would have a supper dress'd,
And call'd for liquor of the best,
And there they took off bumpers free,
The jovial beggar-wench and he:

A dose she gave him as 'tis thought,
Which by the landlady was bought;
For all the night he lay in bed,
Secure as if he had been dead.

Then did she put on all his cloaths,
His coat, his breeches, and his hose,
His hat and periwig likewise,
And seiz'd upon the golden prize.

Her

Her greasy petticoat and gown,
 In which she rambled up and down,
 She left the merchant's son in lieu,
 Her bag of bread and bacon too.

Down stairs like any spark she goes,
 Ten guineas to the host she throws,
 At which he smil'd, she went her way,
 And ne'er was heard of from that day.

When he had took his long repose,
 He look'd about and mis'd his cloaths,
 And saw her rags left in the room,
 How he did storm, and fret and fume!

Yet wanting cloaths and friends in town,
 Her ragged petticoat and gown,
 He did put on, and mounting strait,
 Bemoaned his unhappy fate.

You would have laugh'd to see the dress
 Which he was in; yet, ne'ertheless,
 He homewards rid, and often swore
 He'd never kiss a beggar more.

XXXII.

A U R A and A L E X I S.

FAR distant from the busy train
 A beauteous pair reside;
 The fairest nymph on all the plain,
 And he the Shepherd's pride.

On Aura blooming health bestows
 Charms unimprov'd by art;
 Her cheek like modest roses glows,
 To captivate the heart.

The lilies, in her bosom plac'd,
 Forget their native bed;
 And snow-drops, by that bosom grac'd,
 A new-born sweetness shed.

Alexis, oft in soft-tun'd lays,
 His Aura's beauties sings;
 The neighb'ring forest with her praise
 In answ'ring echoes rings.

At noon, beside the gurgling stream,
She hears his artless tale ;
Or listens to his love-sick theme,
In some sequester'd vale.

Thus blest, and blessing each, they dwelt,
With virtuous passion burn'd ;
And, with an heart-felt rapture, felt
That virtuous flame return'd.

But, ah ! how fleeting are our joys,
How subject to decay !
Corroded by unseen alloys,
They transient pass away.

Near Aura's cot a mansion stood,
And rear'd its lofty head
Amidst the cloud-aspiring wood,
Which far its branches spread.

Alonzo, of a noble race,
Possess'd this stately pile ;
A youth adorn'd with every grace
That might the heart beguile.

As passing by one day by chance,
Where lovely Aura stray'd,
He view'd her various charms askance,
And all her form survey'd.

He view'd her lips, of rubies made,
Her glossy nut-brown hair,
Whose ringlets cast a pleasing shade,
And made her neck more fair.

The frighted maid, in dread surprise,
With fault'ring footsteps flew,
And turning back her sparkling eyes,
" From whence," she cry'd, " are you ?"

The youth with extacy address'd
The unexperienc'd maid :
" Return, return, thou heav'n-born guest,
" Nor be of aught afraid.

" Let no vain doubts thy thoughts molest,
" Thou more than mortal fair ;
" Be lull'd thy mind to tranquil rest,
" And banish'd every care.

" Behold thy suppliant lover faint
" Entreats thee not to fly ;
" Oh, deign to hear his tender plaint,
" Or bid him instant die.

" But Nature never form'd that frame
" On purpose to destroy ;
" Then let me from thy pity claim
" A distant hope of joy."

In am'rous strains he told, with sighs,
The flame his bosom felt,
And pearly tears bedew'd his eyes,
The lovely maid to melt.

With elegance his language flow'd,
In pleasing accents dress'd,
And while her face with blushes glow'd,
Her willing hand he press'd.

Her half-averted cheek he kiss'd,
And vow'd his love sincere ;
Nor could her feeling heart resist
The tribute of a tear.

Awhile her wav'ring mind's resolv'd ;
Awhile she doubts again ;
Now thinks how well Alexis lov'd,
Then deems his loving vain.

At length she bids a last farewell
To swains and rural life,
Forsakes her peaceful, humble cell,
And is Alonzo's wife.

In scenes of joy her time she spends,
With mirth her hours glide,
And chearful gaiety attends
This more than happy bride.

Her days 'midst soft delights she past,
In pleasure's mystic round,
Each night more happy than the last,
With fresh enjoyments crown'd.

But soon the fickle youth was cloy'd
With even Aura's charms ;
He saw, admir'd, and enjoy'd,
Then fated—left her arms.

Say, who can paint the various pains
Which Aura's bosom rent,
Or who recount her piteous strains,
And not her fate lament ?

'Twas now she found her native cot
Could more content bestow,
Than those in an exalted lot,
Amidst their greatness, know.

'Twas now she thought on those blest days,
Devoid of guilt or fear,
When she her faithful shepherd's lays
With rapture us'd to hear.

“ Alas ! forsaken as thou art,”
The hapless mourner cry'd,
“ Justly thy bosom feels the smart
“ Of coquetry and pride,

“ Ah,

- “ Ah, why did flatt’ry’s fyren voice
“ So soon enchant my ear?
“ Or why was glitt’ring state my choice,
“ Befet with thorns of care?
- “ Say, injur’d youth — Alexis fay —
“ Have not the gods above
“ Espous’d thy cause with rigid sway,
“ And punish’d faithless love?
- “ But cease, my heart, upbraiding’s vain,
“ Nor fill with tears my eye,
“ No more with fruitless words complain,
“ But teach me how to die.
- “ And if departed souls attend
“ The actions of mankind,
“ Ah, may I be the guardian friend
“ Of him I leave behind!
- “ Oh, may I ever whisper peace
“ To dear Alexis’ mind,
“ And may he soon his joys increase
“ With one more just and kind!”

XXXIII.

DISAPPOINTMENT. A Fragment.

By Mr. Penrose.

*	*	*	*	*	*
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So sigh'd Horatio, on a tomb reclin'd,
 Beneath a mould'ring chapel's ivy'd wall :
 His ruin'd hope o'ergloom'd his fickle mind,
 And bade the head to droop—the tear to fall,

Horatio, to whose lot was not deny'd
 Keen sensibility, with all her woes :
 By many a painful test his heart was try'd ;
 His was the thorn, while others won the rose,

Yet why should thorns his honest breast invade,
 Since all the charities were fondled there ?
 Why should thy fear, benevolence, be made
 The haunt of hapless grief, and pining care ?

Fill'

Fill'd with an ample soul, that would adorn
Fair independence, he began his day :
Full many a promise smil'd upon his morn ;
Morn chang'd to eve,—each promise dy'd away,

He wish'd,—nor can you call his wishes bold ;
He hop'd,—for sure his friends were not a few—
He hop'd,—for many a flattering tale was told,
And the safe harbour pointed to his view.

The soft delusion play'd before his sight
Just to mislead ;—for soon, alas ! he found
His dawn of joy o'ercast with sudden night,
His air-built vision totter'd to the ground.

XXXIV.

The JUSTICE: a Cantata.

By Mr. Penrose.

R E C I T A T I V E.

COMPOS'D, the justice sat in easy state ;
 A croud assembling thunder'd at the gate :
 The porter, to his post accusom'd long,
 First ask'd the cause, then introduc'd the throng :
 'Midst these, a fire, enrag'd, two culprits brought,
 Her swelling waist proclaim'd the damsel's fault ;
 'The young seducer look'd abash'd and pale,
 While thus the father urg'd his angry tale :

S O N G.

See that wretch, base ends pursuing,
 Low has brought my child to shame—
 See in her my honour's ruin,
 Death of honour, death of fame !

Well

Well to match her ripening beauty
 Oft I've form'd the fondest schemes;
 But this fall, this breach of duty,
 Turns my hopes to idle dreams.—

Curse the traitor's late repenting—
 Vengeance, vengeance I demand—
 War recruits is ever wanting—
 Let him die on foreign land.

R E C I T A T I V E.

He paus'd—for rage his faulting voice oppress—
 The magistrate the trembling youth address,
 Dispell'd his terrors with a rising smile—
 And thus the youth began in artless stile :

S O N G.

If the laws I have offended,
 Here for pardon let me sue ;
 'Twas a crime I ne'er intended,
 Love's the only crime I knew,

Love I plead, (be this prevailing,)
 Love in early youth begun ;—
 We had never known this failing,
 Had yon tyrant made us one.

On our knees we oft have pray'd him,
 Oft have own'd our mutual flame ;
 Wretched therefore if we've made him,
 On himself must rest the blame.

R E C I T A T I V E.

He spoke, and on his partner turn'd his eye,
 Who deep enermison'd made this short reply :

A I R.

Gracious sir, this faithful youth
 Well has spoke the voice of truth :
 Kind dispenser of the laws,
 Shew compassion to our cause—
 Hear me on my bended knee —
 Spare his life, and pity me.

R E C I T A T I V E.

The judge not long in useless silence sate,
 But instant rose, and thus announc'd their fate :

A I R.

Relentless parent, since to me
 Is now referr'd the last decree,
 Mark and observe my just command !—
 I doom him not to foreign land,
 But to a sentence mild and kind—
 Be both at Hymen's altar join'd ;
 And may their passion ne'er decay,
 Till ebbing life shall sink away !

RECITATIVE.

The list'ning croud the fair award approv'd;
 The youth they favour'd, and the maid they lov'd,
 While thanks and praises did their tongues employ,
 They thus in chorus testified their joy:

CHORUS.

Happy pair, who thus have found
 Friendship when you fear'd a foe!
 While the year revolves around,
 May your bliss revolving flow!

Parents, to your children's pleasure
 Be your close attention paid;
 Nor for titles, pomp, or treasure,
 Cut the knot that love has made.

And to thee, thou judge of peace,
 Our best gratitude is due;
 May each couple love like these—
 May each justice act like you!

XXXV.

COLIN and LUCY.

By Mr. Robert Lloyd.

“ **H**A R K, hark, 'tis a voice from the tomb!
Come, Lucy, it cries come away;
“ The grave of thy Colin has room
“ To rest thee beside his cold clay.
“ I come, my dear shepherd, I come,
“ Ye friends and companions adieu!
“ I haste to my Colin's dark home,
“ To die on his bosom so true.”

All mournful the midnight bell rung,
 When Lucy, sad Lucy arose ;
 And forth to the green turf she sprung,
 Where Colin's pale ashes repose.
 All wet with the night's chilling dew,
 Her bosom embrac'd the cold ground,
 While stormy winds over her blew,
 And night-ravens croak'd all around.

“ How long, my lov'd Colin,” she cry'd,
 “ How long must thy Lucy complain ?
 “ How long shall the grave my love hide ?
 “ How long ere it join us again ?
 “ For thee thy fond shepherdes liv'd,
 “ With thee o'er the world would she fly ;
 “ For thee has she sorrow'd and griev'd,
 “ For thee wou'd she lie down and die.

“ Alas ! what avails it how dear
 “ Thy Lucy was once to her swain !
 “ Her face like the lily so fair,
 “ And eyes that gave light to the plain.
 “ The shepherd that lov'd her is gone ;
 “ That face and those eyes charm no more ;
 “ And Lucy, forgot, and alone,
 “ To death shall her Colin deplore.”

While thus she lay sunk in despair,
 And mourn'd to the echoes around,
 Inflam'd all at once grew the air,
 And thunder shook dreadful the ground.
 " I hear the kind call, and obey,
 " Oh, Colin, receive me !" she cried ;
 Then breathing a groan o'er his clay,
 She hung on his tomb-stone, and died.

XXXVI.

HENRY and SOPHY.

HENRY and fortune now are friends,
 His many sorrows all are past ;
 Fortune, to make him full amends,
 Gives to his wishing arms at last

The

The long-lov'd Sophy ; fairest maid
That ever caus'd or felt love's smart ;
In her most richly were display'd
The loveliest form and truest heart.

Long had their friends, with souls severe,
Oppos'd the lovers happy fate ;
But chang'd, they smiling now appear,
And with them at the altar wait.

Deep in the maiden's roseate bloom
Grief's canker-worm had wasteful fed ;
To snatch his Sophy from her tomb,
Invited, love-lorn Henry sped.

The holy priest pronounc'd aloud
The Gordian wonder-working spell ;
While Love and Hymen both avow'd,
“ Shrin'd in their breasts, they'd ever dwell.”

“ And art thou mine,” the bridegroom cry'd,
“ With all thy wond'rous truth and charms ?”
She smil'd—she would have spoke—she sigh'd—
And straight expir'd within his arms.—

Too weak to bear joy's rushing flow,
Her tender frame resigns her breath ;
This moment in love's arms—and now
Enfolded in the arms of death.

In vain, in vain you fly for aid,
 Life shall no more that form relume ;
 The marriage-bed, ill-fated maid,
 For thee ordain'd, is a cold tomb.

While floods of tears, and piteous moan,
 A genuine sorrow testify,
 Silent, poor Henry's seen alone,
 No tear bedews poor Henry's eye.

Homeward his Sophy's corpse he tends,
 Frantic his Sophy he enfolds :
 That friendly night his sorrow ends,
 One grave the new-wed lovers holds.—

We grasp at joys within our reach ;
 We grasp, and catch a wat'ry bow ;
 Lessons like these should mankind teach,
 True joy exists not here below.

XXXVII.

AYLESBURY RACES.

By Sir John Moore.

Sir John Moore, who was a young gentleman of accomplished manners, died July 16, 1780, aged 24.

O GEORGE, I've been, I'll tell you where,
 But first prepare yourself for raptures ;
 To paint this charming heavenly fair,
 And paint her well, would ask whole chapters.

Fine creatures I've view'd many a one,
 With lovely shapes, and angel faces,
 But I have seen them all out-done
 By this sweet maid, at Aylesbury races.

Lords, commoners, alike she rules,
 Takes all who view her by surprise,
 Makes e'en the wisest look like fools,
 Nay more, makes fox-hunters look wise.

Her shape—'tis elegance and ease,
 Unspoil'd by art, or modern drefs,
 But gently tapering by degrees,
 And finely, "beautifully lefs."

Her foot—it was so wonderous small,
 So thin, so round, so slim, so neat,
 The buckle fairly hid it all,
 And seem'd to sink it with the weight.

And just above the spangled shoe,
 Where many an eye did often glance,
 Sweetly retiring from the view,
 And seen by stealth, and seen by chance ;

Two slender ancles peeping out,
 Stood like love's heralds, to declare
 That all within the petticoat
 Was firm, and full, "and round, and fair."

And then she dances—better far
 Than heart can think, or tongue can tell;
 Not Heinel, Banti, or Guimar,
 E'er mov'd so graceful, and so well.

So easy glide her beauteous limbs,
 True as the echo to the sound,
 She seems, as through the dance she skims,
 To tread on air, and scorn the ground.

And

And there is lightning in her eye,
One glance alone might well inspire
The clay-cold breast of apathy,
Or bid the frozen heart catch fire.

And zephyr on her lovely lips
Has spread his choicest, sweetest roses,
And there his heavenly nectar sips,
And there in breathing sweets reposes.

And there's such music when she speaks,
You may believe me when I tell ye,
I'd rather hear her, than the squeaks
Or far-fam'd squalls of Gabrielli.

And sparkling wit, and steady sense,
In that fair form with beauty vie,
But ting'd with virgin diffidence,
And the soft blush of modesty.

Had I the treasures of the world,
All the sun views, or the seas borrow,
(Else may I to the devil be hurl'd)
I'd lay them at her feet to-morrow.

But as we bards reap only bays,
Nor much of that, though nought grows on it,
I'll beat my brains to sound her praise,
And hammer them into a sonnet.

And if she deign one charming smile,
 The blest reward of all my labours,
 I'll never grudge my pains, or toil,
 But pity the dull 'squires my neighbours.

XXXVIII.

The D E B T O R.

By Sir John Moore.

CHILDREN of affluence, hear a poor man's
 pray'r!

O haste, and free me from this dungeon's gloom ;
 Let not the hand of comfortless despair
 Sink my grey hairs with sorrow to the tomb !

Unus'd compassion's tribute to demand,
 With clamorous din wake charity's dull ear,
 Wring the slow aid from pity's loitering hand,
 Weave the feign'd tale, or drop the ready tear.

Far different thoughts employ'd my early hours,
 To views of bliss, to scenes of affluence born ;
 The hand of pleasure strewed my path with flow'rs,
 And every blessing hail'd my youthful morn.

But

But ah, how quick the change ! the morning gleam,
 That cheer'd my fancy with her magic ray,
 Fled like the gairish pageant of a dream,
 And forrow clos'd the evening of my day.

Such is the lot of human blifs below ;
 Fond hope awhile the trembling flow'ret rears ;
 Till unforeseen descends the blight of woe,
 And withers in an hour the pride of years.

In evil hour, to specious wiles a prey,
 I trusted ;—(who from faults is always free ?)
 And the short progress of one fatal day
 Was all the space 'twixt wealth and poverty.

Where could I seek for comfort or for aid ?
 To whom the ruins of my state commend ?
 Left to myself, abandon'd and betray'd,
 Too late I found the wretched have no friend !

E'en he, amid the rest, the favour'd youth,
 Whose vows had met the tenderest warm return,
 Forgot his oaths of constancy and truth,
 And left my child in solitude to mourn.

Pity in vain stretch'd forth her feeble hand
 To guard the sacred wreaths by Hymen wove ;
 While pale-eyed avarice, from his sordid stand,
 Scowled o'er the ruins of neglected love.

Though deeply hurt, yet, swayed by decent pride,
 She hush'd her sorrows with becoming art,
 And faintly strove with fickle smiles to hide
 The canker-worm that prey'd upon her heart.

Nor blam'd his cruelty—nor wish'd to hate
 Whom once she lov'd—but pitied, and forgave :
 Then unrepining yielded to her fate,
 And sunk in silent anguish to the grave.

Children of affluence, hear a poor man's prayer !
 O haste, and free me from this dungeon's gloom ;
 Let not the hand of comfortless despair
 Sink my grey hairs with sorrow to the tomb.

XXXIX.

The EXPOSTULATION, to Delia.

By Lord G.

FOR ever, O ! merciless fair,
 Will that cruel indifference endure ?
 Can those eyes look me into despair,
 And that heart be unwilling to cure.

If

If I love, will you doom me to die,
 Or, if I adore you, upbraid?
 Can that breast the least pity deny
 To the wretch which your beauty has made?

How oft what I felt to disguise
 Has my reason imperiously strove,
 Till my soul almost fell from my eyes,
 In the tears of the tenderest love!

Till render'd unable to flow,
 By the torture's excess which I bore,
 That nature sunk under the woe,
 Or only recover'd to more.

Then, Delia, determine my fate,
 Nor let me to madness be drove;
 But, O! do not tell me you hate,
 If you even resolve not to love.

XL:

The R E P L Y.

By Lady Mary S.

O! Cease to mourn, unhappy youth,
 Or think this bosom hard:
 My tears, alas! must own your truth,
 And wish it could reward.

Th'ex-

Th' excess of unabating woe
 This tortur'd breast endures,
 Too well, alas! must make me know
 The pain that dwells in yours.

Condemn'd like you to weep in vain,
 I seek the darkest grove,
 And fondly bear the sharpest pain
 Of never-hoping love.

My wasted day, in endless sighs,
 No sound of comfort hears,
 And morn but breaks on Delia's eyes
 To wake her into tears.

If sleep should lend her friendly aid,
 In fancy I complain,
 And hear some sad, some wretched maid,
 Or see some perjur'd swain:

Then cease thy suit, fond youth, O cease,
 Or blame the fates alone;
 For how can I restore your peace,
 Who quite have lost my own?

XLI.

T H O M A S and S A L L Y.

By Dr. John Hoadly,

Youngest Son of Dr. Hoadly, Bishop of Winchester. He died March 16, 1776, and with him the name of Hoadly became extinct.

See Biographia Dramatica, 2d vol.
8vo edit. 1783.

FAIR Sally lov'd a bonny seaman,
With tears she sent him out to roam,
Young Thomas lov'd no other woman,
But left his heart with her at home ;
She view'd the sea from off the hill,
And, as she turn'd her spinning-wheel,
Sung of her bonny failor.

The

The wind grew loud, and she grew paler
 To see the weathercock turn round,
 When, lo! she spied her bonny failor
 Come singing o'er the fallow ground;
 With nimble haste he leap'd the stile,
 Fair Sally met him with a smile,
 And hugg'd her bonny failor.

Fast round the waist he took his Sally,
 But first around his mouth wip'd he:
 Like home-bred spark he could not dally,
 But press'd and kiss'd her with a glee;
 "Through winds and waves and dashing rain,
 Said he, thy Tom's return'd again
 To bring a heart for Sally,"

'Welcome! cry'd she, my constant Thomas,
 Though out of sight, ne'er out of mind;
 Though seas our hearts have parted from us,
 Yet still my thoughts were left behind:
 So much my thoughts took Tommy's part,
 That time nor absence from my heart
 Could drive my constant Thomas.'

"This

“ This knife, the gift of lovely Sally,
 Which still I’ve kept for her dear sake,
 A thousand times in amorous folly
 Her name has carv’d upon the deck :
 Again this happy pledge returns,
 To shew how truly Thomas burns,
 How truly burns for Sally.”

‘ This thimble, thou didst give to Sally,
 Whene’er I see I think on you ;
 Then why should Tom stand shilly-shally,
 When yonder steeple’s in view ?’
 Tom, never to occasion blind,
 Now took her in the coming mind,
 And went to church with Sally.

XLII.

The TRIUMPH of CERES;

O R T H E

H A R V E S T - H O M E.

WHAT chearful sounds salute our ears,
And echo o'er the lawn!
Behold! the loaded car appears,
In joyful triumph drawn;
The nymphs and swains, a jovial band,
Still shouting as they come,
With rustic instruments in hand,
Proclaim the harvest-home.

The

The golden sheaves, pil'd up on high,
 Within the barn are stor'd ;
 The careful hind, with secret joy
 Exulting, views his hoard.
 His labours past, he counts his gains ;
 And, freed from anxious care,
 His casks are broach'd ; the sun-burnt swains
 His rural plenty share.

In dance and song the night is spent ;
 All ply the spicy bowl :
 And jests and harmless merriment
 Expand the artless soul.
 Young Colin whispers Rosalind,
 Who still reap'd by his side ;
 And plights his troth, if she prove kind,
 To take her for his bride.

For joys like these, through circling years,
 Their toilsome task they tend :
 The hind successive labours bears,
 In prospect of the end ;
 In spring, or winter, sows his seed,
 Manures or tills the soil ;
 In summer various cares succeed ;
 But harvest crowns his toil.

XLIII.

A PERSIAN SONG of HAFIZ.

By Sir William Jones.

SWEET maid, if thou would'st charm my sight,
And bid these arms thy neck infold ;
That rosy cheek, that lily hand,
Would give thy poet more delight
Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,
Than all the gems of Samarcand.

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
Whate'er the frowning zealots say :
Tell them, their Eden cannot show
A stream so clear as Rocnabad,
A bower so sweet as Mofellay.

O! when

O! when these fair perfidious maids,
Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,
Their dear destructive charms display;
Each glance my tender breast invades,
And robs my wounded soul of rest,
As Tartars seize their destin'd prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow:
Call all our tears; can all our sighs,
New lustre to those charms impart?
Can cheeks, where living roses blow,
Where nature spreads her richest dyes,
Require the borrow'd gloss of art?

Speak not of fate:—ah! change the theme,
And talk of odours, talk of wine,
Talk of the flowers that round us bloom:
'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream;
To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Beauty has such resistless power,
That even the chaste Egyptian dame
Sigh'd for the blooming Hebrew boy;
For her how fatal was the hour,
When to the banks of Nilus came
A youth so lovely and so coy!

But ah! sweet maid, my counsel hear
 (Youth should attend when those advise
 Whom long experience renders sage) :
 While music charms the ravish'd ear ;
 While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
 Be gay ; and scorn the frowns of age.

What cruel answer have I heard !
 And yet, by heaven, I love thee still :
 Can aught be cruel from thy lip ?
 Yet say, how fell that bitter word
 From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
 Which nought but drops of honey sip ?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
 Whose accents flow with artless ease,
 Like orient pearls at random strung :
 Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say ;
 But O! far sweeter, if they please
 The nymph for whom these notes are sung.

XLIV.

SURREY TRIUMPHANT;

Or, The Kentishmen's Defeat. A new Ballad; being
a Parody on Chevy Chace*.

By J. Duncombe, M. A. 1773.

" — — — — Vicisti, et victum tendere nummos

" *Cantiaci videre —*" VIRG. ÆN. xii. variat.

" And swift flew the cricket-ball over the lawn." ANON.

*G*OD prosper long our harvest-work,
Our rakes and hay-carts all!

An ill-tim'd cricket-match *there did*

At Bishopsbourn *befall.*

* "The greatest modern critics," says Mr. Addison, (Spectator, No. 70,) "have laid it down as a rule, that an heroic poem should be founded upon some important precept of morality, adapted to the constitution of the country in which the poet writes;" and then proceeds to shew that the plans of the Iliad, the Æneid, and Chevy Chace, are "all formed in this view." In humble imitation of those great masters, the author of the following parody begs leave to observe, that he has a farther view than merely tracing the outline of a most beautiful original, and indulging an innocent pleasantry, which has strict truth for its foundation; it being his intention to convey, at the same time, a moral precept of no small importance to his country neighbours, which the reader may collect from several of the stanzas.—All the words printed in Italics are taken from Chevy Chace.

To bat and bowl *with* might and main,
 Two nobles *took* their way ;
 The hay may rue, *that is* unhous'd,
 The batting of *that* day.

The active Earl of Tankerville
 An even bet *did* make,
 That in Bourn-paddock he would cause
 Kent's *chiefeſt* hands to quake ;

To see the Surrey cricketers
 Out-bat them and out-bowl.
 To Dorset's duke *the tidings* came,
 All in the park of Knowle :

Who sent his Lordship *preſent* word,
 He would prevent *his ſport*.
 The Surrey earl, not fearing *this*,
 Did to East-Kent resort ;

With ten more masters of the bat,
 All chosen men of *might* ;
 Who knew full well, in time of need,
 To aim or block *aright*.

[From Marsh and Weald, their hay-forks left,
 To Bourn the rustics hied,
 From Romney, Cranbrook, Tenterden,
 And Darent's verdant side :

Gentle

Gentle and simple, 'squires and clerks,
 With many a lady fair ;
 Fam'd Thanet *, Fowell's bounteous bride,
 And graceful Sondes *, were there.]

The Surrey sportsmen chose the ground,
 The ball did *swiftly* fly ;
 On Monday they began to play,
 Before the grass was dry ;

And long ere supper-time they did
 Near fourscore notches gain ;
Then having slept, they, in their turn,
 Stopp'd, caught, and bowl'd amain.

The fieldmen, station'd on the lawn,
 Well able to endure,
 Their loins with snow-white fatten vests
 That day had guarded sure.

Full fast the Kentish wickets fell ;
 While Higham house and mill,
 And Barham's upland down, *with* shouts
 Did make an echo shrill.

Sir Horace † from *the* dinner went,
 To view the tender ground ;
 Quoth he, " This last untoward shower
 " Our stumps has almost drown'd :

* Two amiable peereffes, now no more !

† Mann, knight.

“ *If that I thought ’twould not be dry,
“ No longer would I play.”*

*With that, a shrewd young gentleman
Thus to the knight did say :*

“ *Lo! yonder doth the sun appear,
“ And soon will shine forth bright,
“ The level lawn, and slippery ground,
“ All drying in our fight ;*

“ *Not bating ev’n the river banks
“ Fast by yon pleasant mead.”*
“ *Then cease disputing,” Lumpey said,
“ And take your bats with speed :*

“ *And now with me, my countrymen,
“ Let all your skill be shewn ;
“ For never was there bowler yet
“ In Kent or Surrey known,*

“ *That ever did a bale dislodge,
“ Since first I play’d a match,
“ But I durst wager, hand for hand,
“ With him to bowl or catch.”*

*Young Dorset, like a baron bold,
His jetty hair undrest,
Ran foremost of the company,
Clad in a milk-white vest :*

“ *Shew*

“ *Shew me,*” *he said,* one spot that’s dry,
 “ Where we can safely run ;
 “ Or else, with *my consent,* we’ll wait
 “ To-morrow’s rising sun.”

The man that first did answer make
Was noble Tankerville ;
Who said, “ To play, I do declare,
 “ There only wants the will :

“ Move but the stumps, a spot I’ll find
 “ As dry as Farley’s * board.”
 “ Our records,” quoth the knight, “ for this
 “ No precedent afford.

“ *Ere thus I will out-braved be,*
 “ All hazards I’ll defy :
 “ *I know thee well, an earl thou art,*
 “ And so not yet am I.

“ *But trust me, Charles, it pity were,*
 “ *And great offence, to kill*
 “ *With colds or sprains these harmless men,*
 “ *For they have done no ill.*

“ *Let us a single wicket play,*
 “ *And set our men aside.”*
 “ Run out *be he,*” reply’d the earl,
 “ *By whom this is deny’d.”*

* The master of the ordinary.

*Then stept a gallant 'squire forth,
 Bartholomew was his name,
 Who said, " I would not have it told
 " On Clandon down for shame,*

*" That Tankerville e'er play'd alone,
 " And I stood looking on :
 " You are a knight, sir, you an earl,
 " And I a vicar's son :*

*" Ill do the best, that do I may,
 " While I have power to stand ;
 " While I have power to wield my bat,
 " I'll play with heart and hand."*

*The Surrey bowlers bent their backs,
 Their aims were good and true,
 And every ball that 'scap'd the bat,
 A wicket overthrew.*

*To drive the ball beyond the booths,
 Duke Dorset had the bent ;
 Woods, mov'd at length with mickle pride,
 The stumps to shivers sent.*

*They ran full fast on every side,
 No slackness there was found ;
 And many a ball that mounted high,
 Ne'er lighted on the ground.*

In truth, *it was a grief to see,*
And likewise for to bear,
The cries of odds that offer'd were,
And flighted every where.

At last, Sir Horace took the field,
A batter of great might ;
Mov'd like a lion, he awhile
Put Surrey in a fright :

He swung, till both his arms did ach,
His bat of season'd wood,
Till down his azure sleeves the sweat
Ran trickling like a flood.

“ Hedge now thy bets,” *said Tankerville,*
 “ *I'll then report of thee,*
 “ *That thou art the most prudent knight*
 “ *That ever I did see.*”

Then to the earl the knight reply'd,
 “ *Thy counfel I do scorn ;*
 “ *I with no Surrey-man will hedge,*
 “ *That ever yet was born.*”

With that, there came a ball most keen
Out of a Surrey hand,
 He struck it full, it mounted high,
 But, ah ! ne'er reach'd the land.

Sir Horace *spoke no words but these,*

“ Play on, my merry men all ;

“ For why, my inning's at an end ;

“ The earl has caught my ball.”

Then by the hand his lordship took

This hero of the match,

And said, “ Sir Horace, for thy bets

“ *Would I had mis'd my catch !*

“ In sooth, my very heart doth bleed

“ *With sorrow for thy sake ;*

“ *For sure a more good-temper'd knight*

“ *A match did never make.”*

A squire of western Kent there was,

Who saw his friend out-caught,

And straight did vow revenge on him

Who this mischance had wrought :

A templar he, who, in his turn,

Soon as the earl did strike,

Ran swiftly from his stopping-place,

And gave him like for like.

Full sharp and rapid was the ball,

Yet without dread or fear,

He caught it at arm's length, and straight

Return'd it in the air :

With such a vehement force and might,
 It struck his callous hand,
 The sound re-echo'd round the ring,
 Through every booth and stand.

So thus were both these heroes caught,
Whose spirit none could doubt.
 A Surrey 'squire, *who saw*, with grief,
 The Earl so quickly out,

Soon as the templar, with his bat,
Made of a trusty tree,
 Gave such a stroke, as, had it 'scap'd,
 Had surely gain'd him three ;

Against this well-intended ball
His hand so rightly held,
 That, ere the foe could ground his bat,
 His ardour Lewis quell'd.

This game did last from Monday morn
Till Wednesday afternoon,
 For when bell Harry * rung to prayers,
 The batting scarce was done.

With good Sir Horace, there was beat
Huffey of Ashford town,
 Davis, for stops and catches fam'd,
 A worthy canon's son ;

* At Canterbury cathedral,

*And with the Mays both Tom and Dick,
Two hands of good account,
Simmons was beat, and Miller too,
Whose bowling did surmount,*

*For Wood of Seale needs must I wail,
As one in doleful dumps,
For if he e'er should play again,
It must be on his stumps*.*

* One of this poor man's legs was bound up, and 'tis feared must undergo an amputation. As the stanza here parodied has been injudiciously substituted in the later copies of Chevy-Chace, printed in 1524, the sense at the same time being so burlesqued that the Spectator dared not quote it, the original stanza, in which that absurdity is avoided, is here added from the "Old Ballad of Otterburn," printed in the reign of Henry VI. together with a parody, that the reader may take his choice :

O R I G I N A L.

" For Witherington my heart was woe,
" That ever he slain should be ;
" For when both his legs were hewn in two,
" Yet he kneel'd, and fought on his knee."

P A R O D Y.

" For bare-footed Wood my heart was woe,
" That his leg bound up should be,
" For if both his legs should be cut off,
" He would kneel and catch on his knee."

And

And with the earl the conq'ring bat
Bartholomew did wield,
And slender Lewis, *who*, though sick,
Would never leave the field.

White, Yalding, Woods, and Stevens too,
As Lumpey better known,
Palmer for batting *well esteem'd*,
Childs, Francis, and 'squire Stone.

Of byes and overthrows but three
The Kentish heroes gain'd,
And Surrey victor, on the score,
Twice seventy-five remain'd.

Of near three *hundred* notches made
By Surrey, eight were byes ;
The rest were balls, which, boldly struck,
Re-echo'd to the skies.

Their husbands' woful case that night
Did many wives bewail,
Their labour, time, and money lost,
But all would not prevail.

Their sun-burnt cheeks, though bath'd in sweat,
They kiss'd, and wash'd them clean,
And to that fatal paddock begg'd
They ne'er would go again,

To Sevenoak town *this news was brought,*
Where Dorset has his seat,
That, on the Nalebourn's banks, his grace
Had met with a defeat.

"O heavy news!" the rector *said,*
 "The Vine can witness be,
 "We have not any cricketer
 "Of such account as he."

Like tidings, in a shorter space,
To Barham's rector came,
That in Bourn-paddock knightly Mann
Had fairly lost the game.

"Now rest his bat," the doctor *said,*
 "Sith 'twill no better be,
 "I trust we have in Bishopbourn,
 "Five hands as good as he.

"Yet Surrey-men shall never say,
 "But Kent return will make,
 "And catch or bowl them out at length,
 "For her lieutenants's sake."

This vow full well did Kent perform,
After, on Sevenoak Vine;
 With six not in, the game was won,
 Though White got fifty-nine :

For Miller, Wood, and Dorset then
Display'd their wonted skill:
*Thus ended the fam'd match of Bourn,
Won by earl Tankerville.*

*God save the king, and blefs the land
With plenty and increase;
And grant henceforth, that idle games
In harvest-time may cease !*

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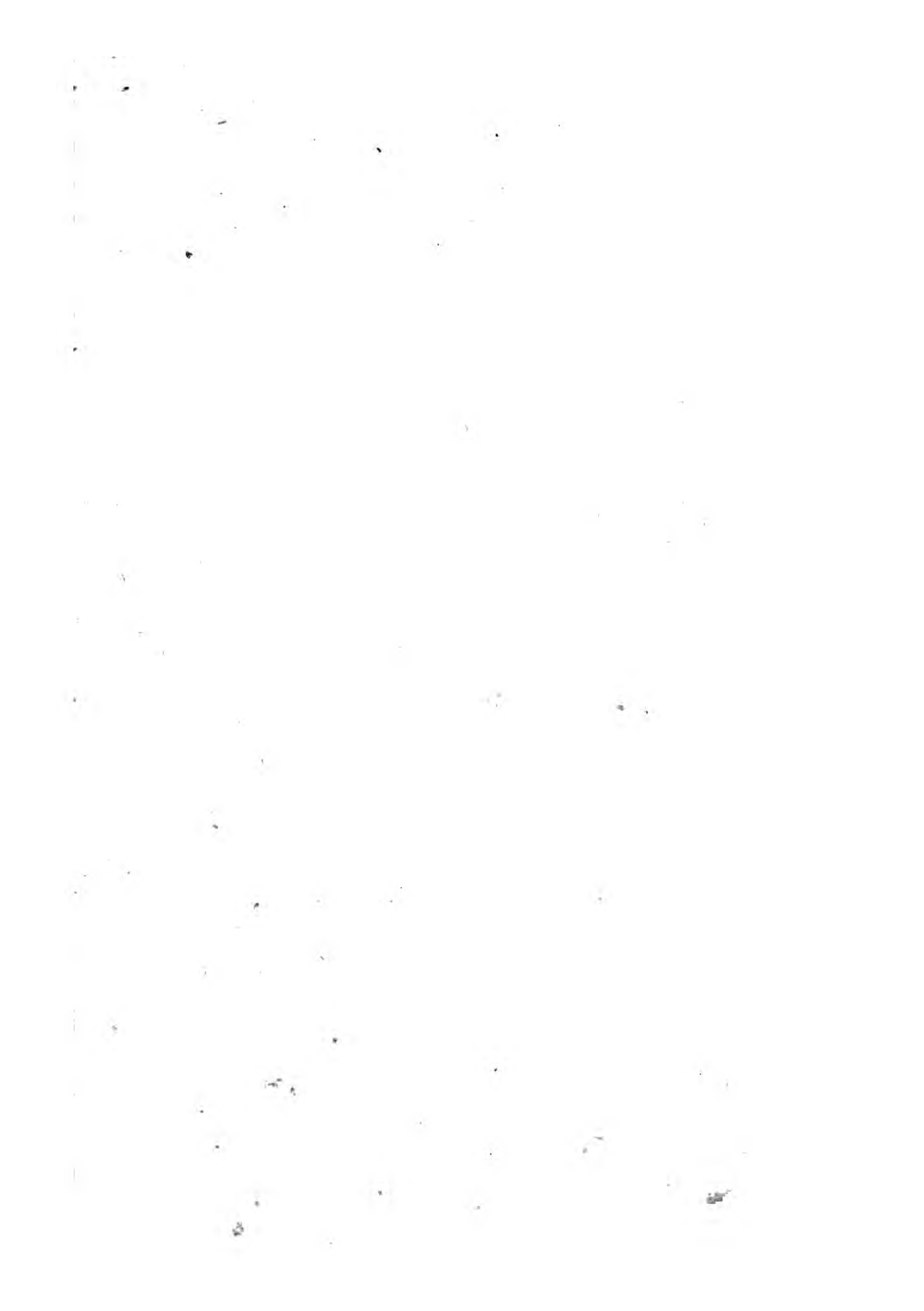
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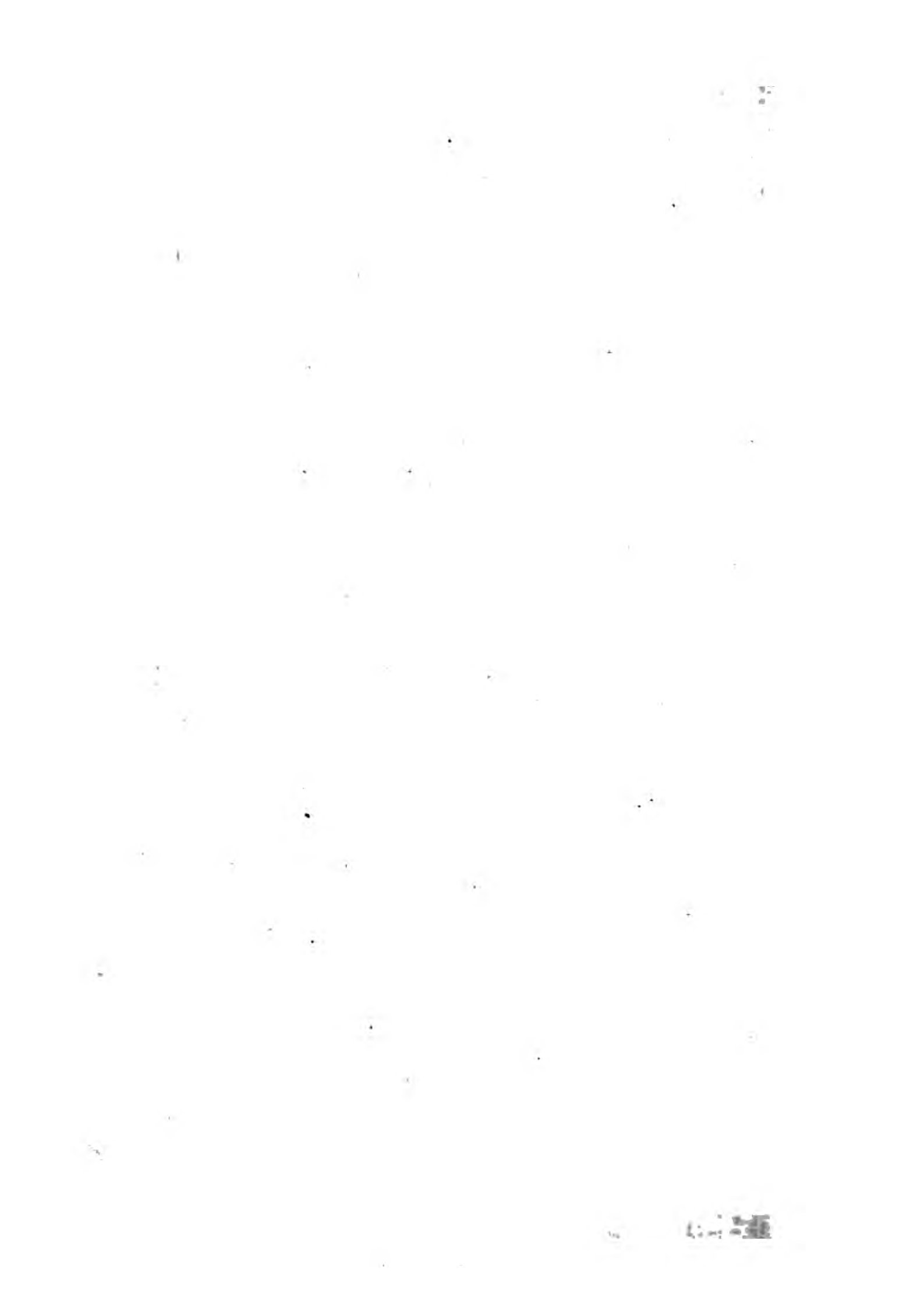
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