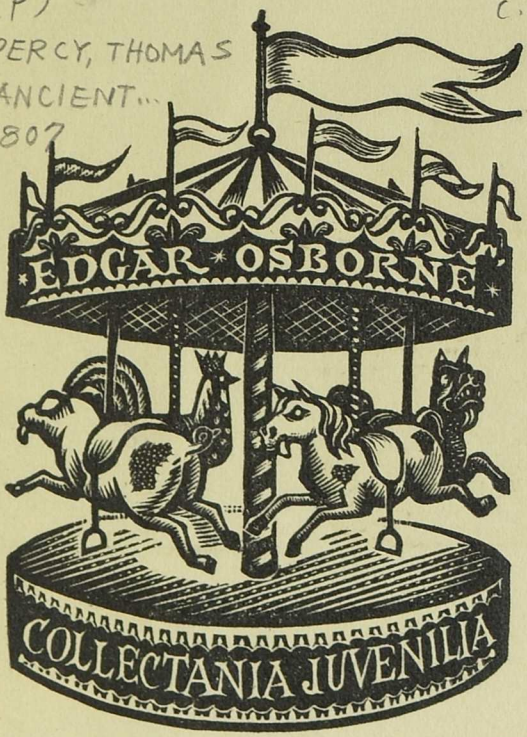
Ralph Ricardo.



FRONTISPIECE.

And wilt thou goe, thou noble Lord?
Then farewell truth and honestie;
And farewell heart and farewell hand,
For never more I shall thee see.

p. 182.

London. Published by Vernor, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, Dec.1.1807.

ANCIENT BALLADS;

Selected from

PERCY'S COLLECTION;

WITH EXPLANATORY

NOTES,

Taken from different Authors,

FOR THE USE AND ENTERTAINMENT

OF

YOUNG PERSONS.

BY A LADY.

WITH PLATES.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR VERNOR, HOOD, AND SHARPE, POULTRY;
J. HARRIS, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD; AND
E. UPHAM, EXETER;

At the Union Printing-Office, St. John's Square, by W. Wilson.

1807.

DEDICATION.

TO MRS. * * * *.

DEAR MADAM,

HAVING often heard you regret that you were under the necessity of refusing your daughters the pleasure of reading Percy's Collection of Ancient Ballads, on account of the great number amongst them which were unfit to meet the eye of youth, I have, during my absence from * * *, spent my leisure hours in making a selection from that entertaining work, in hope that it will afford amusement to your amiable children, as well as to some other of my young friends, who are partial to my judgment.

I believe you will not meet with any thing to disapprove of in this little volume, for I have

selected my ballads with the greatest care, and have omitted all objectionable passages.

A few explanatory notes for the information of my young readers, will, I flatter myself, be found both instructive and entertaining.

I am, dear MADAM,

Your affectionate friend,

And humble servant,

* * * * * * *.

THE

ANCIENT BALLAD

OF

CHEVY-CHASE.

THE fine heroic song of Chevy-Chase has ever been admired by competent judges. Those genuine strokes of nature and artless passion, which have endeared it to the most simple readers, have recommended it to the most refined, and it has equally been the amusement of our childhood, and the favourite of our riper years. Though the subject of this ballad has no countenance from history, there is room to think it had originally some foundation in fact. It was one of the laws of the marches (1), frequently renewed between the two nations (England and Scotland), that neither party should hunt in the other's borders, without leave from the proprietors, or their deputies. There

(1) Limits, borders, confines.

had long been a rivalship between the two martial families of Percy and Douglas, which must have produced frequent challenges and struggles for superiority, petty invasions of their respective domains, and sharp contests for the point of honour, which would not always be recorded in history.

Something of this kind, we may suppose, gave rise to the ancient ballad of the *Hunting a' the Cheviat*(2). Percy, Earl of Northumberland, had vowed to hunt for three days in the Scottish border, without condescending to ask leave from Earl Douglas, who was either lord of the soil, or lord warden of the marches. Douglas would not fail to resent the insult, and endeavour to repel the intruders by force. This would naturally produce a sharp conflict between the two parties, something of which, it is probable, did really happen, though not attended with the tragical circumstances recorded in the ballad.

The conjectures here offered will receive confirmation from a passage in the Memoirs of Carey, Earl of Mon-

(2) This was the original title.

The Cheviot, or Tiviot Hills, are a ridge of mountains, running from N. to S. through Northumberland and Cumberland, formerly the boundary between England and Scotland. Here several bloody battles were fought between the two nations, with remarkable obstinacy, one of which is beautifully described in the old ballad of Chevy-Chase.

Brookes.

mouth, 8vo. 1759, p. 165, whence we learn that it was an ancient custom with the borderers of the two kingdoms, when they were at peace, to send to the lord wardens of the opposite marches for leave to hunt within their districts. If leave was granted, then, towards the end of summer, they would come and hunt for several days together, "*with their grey-hounds, for deer;*" but if they took this liberty unpermitted, then the lord warden of the border so invaded, would not fail to interrupt their sport, and chastise their boldness. He mentions a remarkable instance that happened while he was warden, when some Scotch gentlemen coming to hunt in defiance of him, there must have ensued such an action as this of Chevy-Chace, if the intruders had been proportionably numerous and well-armed; for upon their being attacked by his men at arms, he tells us "some hurt was done, tho' he had given especial order that they should shed as little blood as possible." They were in effect overpowered and taken prisoners, and only released on their promise to abstain from such licentious sporting for the future.

In the second volume of Dryden's Miscellanies may be found a translation of Chevy-Chase into Latin rhymes. The translator, Mr. Henry Bold, of New College, undertook it at the command of Dr. Compton, Bishop of London, who

thought it no derogation to his episcopal character to avow a fondness for this excellent old ballad.

THE Persé out of Northomberlande,
And a vowe to God made he,
That he wolde hunte in the mountayns
Of Cheviat within days three,
In the mauger of doughté (1) Dogles,
And all that ever with him be.

The fattiste hartes in all Cheviat,
He sayd he wold kill and carry them away:
By my feth, sayd the doughté Dogles agayn
I wyll let (2) that hontyng yf that I may.

Then the Persé out of Banborowe cam
With him a myghtye meany;
With fifteen hondrith archares bold;
They were chosen out of Shyars thre.

---

(1) Formidable. (2) Hinder.

This begane on a Monday at morn,
In Cheviat the hillys so he(1);
The chyld may rue that ys un-born,
It was the mor pitté(2).

The dryvars thorowe the woodes went,
For to raise the deer;
Bow-men bickarte(3) upon the bent(4),
With their broad aras(5) cleare.

Then the wyld thorow the woodes went,
On every side shear(6),
Grey-hounds thorowe the groves glent(7),
For to kill there, deer.

---

(1) High.

(2) This way of considering the misfortunes which this battle would bring upon posterity, not only on those who were born immediately after the battle, and lost their fathers in it, but on those also who perished in future battles, which took their rise from this quarrel of the two earls, is wonderfully beautiful, and comformable to the way of thinking of the ancient poets.
Addison.

(3) Skirmished. (4) Field. (5) Arrows. (6) Entirely. (7) Glanced.

They begane in Cheviat the hyls above,
Early on a Monnyn-day (1);
By that it drewe to the oware of none,
A hondrith fat hartes dead ther lay.

They blewe a mort (2) uppone the bent,
They 'semblyd on sydis shear (3);
To the quyrry then the Persé went,
To see the bryttlynge (4) of the deer.

He sayd, it was the Duglas promys
This day to meet me here;
But I wyste that he wold faylle verament
A great oth the Percé swear.

At the last a Squyar of Northomberlande,
Lokyde at his hand full ny,
He was war (5) ath' Doughtie Doglas comynge,
With him a mighté many.

---

(1) Monday. (2) The death of the deer. (3) On all sides.
(4) Cutting up. (5) Aware of the, &c.

Both with spear, byll (1), and brande (2),
Yt was a mighti sight to see;
Hardyar men, both of heart nar hande,
Were not in Christianté.

They were twenty hondrith spear-men good,
Withouten any fayle;
They were born a-long by the water a Twyde,
Yth' bounds of Tividale.

Leave off the brytlynge of the deer, he sayd,
And to your bows take good heed;
For never sithe ye were on your mothers borne,
Had ye never so mickle need.

The doughti Doglas on a steed,
He rode his men beforne;
His armor glytteryde as dyd a glede (3),
A bolder barne (4) was never born (5).

---

(1) An ancient kind of halbert or battle-axe. (2) Swords.
(3) A red hot coal. (4) Man, Person.

(5) The poet has not only found out an hero in his own country, but raises the reputation of it by several beautiful incidents.

Tell me, what men ye ar, he says,
Or whos men that ye be;
Who gave you leave to hunte is this
Cheviat chays in the spyt (1) of me?

The first man that ever him an answer made,
Yt was the good Lord Persé;
We wyll not tell thee, what men we ar, he says,
Nor whos men that we be;
But we will hunte here in this chays,
In the spyt of thine, and of thee.

The fatteste hartes in all Chevyat
We have kyld, and cast to carry them a-way.
By my troth, sayd the doughté Doglas agayn,
Ther-for the ton (2) of us shall dye this day.

The English are the first who take the field, and the last who quit it. The English bring only 1500 to the battle; the Scotch 2000. The English keep the field with 53; the Scotch retire with 55; all the rest on each side being slain in battle.

At the same time that our poet shows a laudable partiality to his countrymen, he represents the Scots after a manner not unbecoming so bold and brave a people.

Addison.

(1) Spite. (2) One of us.

Then sayd the doughté Doglas,
Unto the Lord Persé,
To kyll all these giltles men,
Alas! it were great pitté (1).

But Persé thowe art a lord of lande,
I am an earl callyd within my contré;
Let all our men uppone a parti (2) stande,
And do the battell of thee and of mee.

Now cors on his crowne, said the Lord Persé,
Who-soever there-to says nay;
By my troth, doughté Doglas, he says,
Thou shalt never se that day.

Nether in Ynglonde, Skottlonde, nar France,
Nor for no man of a woman born,
But and fortune be my chance,
I dare mete him one man for one.

---

(1) His sentiments and actions are every way suitable to a hero. One of us two, says he, must die. I am an earl as well as yourself, so that you can have no pretence for refusing the combat: however, says he, it is a pity, and indeed would be a sin, that so many innocent men should perish for our sakes; rather let you and I end our quarrel in single fight.
Addison.

(2) Stand a-part.

Then bespayke a squyar of Northomberlonde,
Ric. Wytharynton was his nam,
It shall never be told in South-Ynglonde, he says,
To king Henry the fourth for sham.

I wat (1) youe byn (2) great lords twa (3),
I am a poor squyar of lande,
I wyll never see my captayne fyght on a field,
And stande my-selffe and looke on;
But whyll I may my weppone welde,
I wyll not fayle, both harte and hande.

That day, that day, that dredful day:
The first fit (4) here I fynde,
And you wyl hear any mor a'the huntyng a'the Cheviat,
Yet is ther mor behynde.

---

(1) I know. (2) Are. (3) Two. (4) Part, or division of a song.

THE SECOND PART.

The Ynglishe men had their bows yebent,
Their hearts wer good yenoughe;
The first of arros that they shote off,
Seven score spear-men they sloughe.

Yet bydes the Earl Doglas upon the bent (1),
A captayne good yenoughe;
And that was seen verament,
For he wrought them both woe and wouche (2).

The Doglas pertyd his host in thre,
Lyk a cheffe cheften of pryde;
With sure spears of myghtté tre,
They cum in on every syde.

Thrughe our Ynglishe archery,
Gave many a wounde full wyde;
Many a doughté they garde to dy,
Which ganyde them no pryde.

(1) Field. (2) Mischief.

The Ynglishe men let their bows be,
And pullde out brandes (1) that wer bright;
It was a heavy syght to se
Bryght swordes on basnites (2) lyght.

Thorowe ryche male and myne-ye-ple (3),
Many sterne (4) they stroke down streght;
Many a freyke that was full free,
Ther under foot dyd lyght.

At last the Doglas and the Persé met,
Lyk to captayns of might and mayne;
They swapte (5) together till they both swat,
With swordes that were of fyn Myllàn (6).

Thes worthé freckys for to fyght,
There-to they were full fayne;
Tyll the bloode out of their basnetes sprente,
As ever did hail, or rayne.

---

(1) Swords. (2) Helmets. (3) Many-plies, or folds. (4) Stars. (5) Exchanged blows. (6) Milan steel.

Holde thee, Persé, sayd the Doglas,
And i'feth I shall thee brynge,
Wher thowe shalt have a yerls wagis
Of Jamy our Scottish kynge.

Thou shalte have thy ransom fre,
I hight (1) thee hear this thinge;
For the manfullyste man yet art thowe,
That ever I conqueryd in filde fightyng.

Nay, then, sayd the Lord Persé,
I tolde it thee beforne,
That I wolde never yeldyde be
To no man of a woman born.

With that ther cam an arrowe hastely
Forth of a mightie wane (2);
It hathe strekene the Yerle Doglas
In at the brest bane.

(1) I engage thee.

(2) One; a mighty one.

Thoroue lyvar and longs bathe
The sharp arrowe ys gane,
That ever after in his lyffe days,
He spayke mo wordes but ane.
That was, " Fyghte ye, my merry-men, whyllys ye may,
For my lyff days ben gan (1)."

The Persé leanyde on his brande,
And saw the Doglas de (2);
He took the dede man by the hande,
And sayd, Wo ys me for thee!

To have savyde thy lyffe, I wold have partyd with
My landes for years thre;
For a better man of heart, nar of hande,
Was not in all the North Countré (3).

---

(1) Are gone.

(2) Die.

(3) Earl Percy's lamentation over his enemy is generous, beautiful, and passionate: I must only caution the reader, not to let the simplicity of the stile, which one may well pardon in so old a poet, prejudice him against the greatness of the thought.

Addison.

Of all that se a Skottishe knyght,
Was callyd Sir Hewe, the Mongon-byrry;
He saw the Doglas to the deth was dyght(1);
He spendyd(2) a spear, a trusti tre.

He rode uppone a corsiare
Throughe a hondrith archery;
He never styntyde(3), nar never blane(4),
Tyll he came to the good Lord Persé.

He set uppone the Lord Persé
A dynte(5) that was full sore,
With a sure spear of a myghté tre,
Clean thorow the body he the Persé bore.

Athe tothar syde, that a man myght se
A large cloth yard and mare,
Two better captayns were nat in Cristianté,
Than that day slain were there.

---

(1) Put. (2) Grasped.
(3) Stopped. (4) Ceased.
(5) A blow.

An archar of Northomberlande
Saw slain was the Lord Persé;
He bore a bende-bow (1) in his hande,
Was made of trusti tre (2).

An arrowe, that a cloth yarde was long,
To the hard stele halyde he;
A dynt that was both sad and sore,
He sat on Sir Hewe, the Mongon-byrry.

The dynt, yt was both sad and sore,
That he of Mongon-byrry sete;
The swan-fethers, that his arrowe bare,
With his heart's blood they wer wete.

---

(1) A bent bow.

(2) Of all the descriptive parts of this song, there are none more beautiful than the four following stanzas, which have a great force and spirit in them, and are filled with very natural circumstances. The thought in the third stanza was never touched by any other poet, and is such an one as would have shined in Homer or Virgil.

Addison.

There was never a freake (1) one foot wold fle,
But still in stour (2) did stand,
Heawyng (3) on yche othar whyll they myght dre (4),
With many a bale-ful brande.

This battell begane in Chyviat
An owar before the noon,
And when even-song bell was rang,
The battell was not half done.

They took on, on ethar hand,
By the lyght of the mone;
Many had no strenght for to stande
In Chyviat the hyllys abone (5).

Of fifteen hondrith archars of Ynglonde
Went away but fifty and thre;
Of twenty hondrith spear-men of Skottlonde,
But even five and fifti.

---

(1) Person; human being. (2) Fight.
(3) Hewing; hacking. (4) Suffer.
(5) Above.

But all were slaine Chyviat within;
They hade no strengthe to stand on he:
The chylde may rue that ys unborne,
It was the mor pitté.

Ther was slayne, with the Lord Persé (1),
Sir John of Agerstone,
Sir Roger, the hinde (2) Hartly,
Sir Willyam the bolde Hearone.

Sir Jorg the worthé Lovele,
A knyght of great renowen;
Sir Raff the ryche Rugbé,
With dyntes (3) wer beaten downe.

For Wetharrynton my harte was wo,
That ever he slayne shulde be;
For when both his leggs were hewyne in two,
He knyled and fought on hys kne.

---

(1) One may observe, that, in the catalogue of the slain, the author has followed the example of the great ancient poets; not only in giving a long list of the dead, but by diversifying it with little characters of particular persons.

Addison.

(2) Gentle. (3) Blows.

There was slayne with the doughti Doglas
Sir Hewe, the Mongon-byrry;
Sir Davye Lwdale, that worthé was,
His sister's sonne was he:

Sir Charles a Murré, in that place
That never a foot wolde fle;
Sir Hewe Maxwell, a Lord he was,
With the Doglas dyd he di.

So on the morrowe they made them byears(1)
Of byrch and hazel so gray;
Many widows with wepyng tears
Cam to fetch their makys(2) a-way.

---

(1) Biers.

(2) Mate. As the word Make and Mate were in some cases used promiscuously by ancient writers; so the word Cake and Cate seem to have been applied with the same indifferency: this will illustrate that common English proverb—"To turn cat (i. e. cate) in pan." A pan-cake is in Northamptonshire still called a pan-cate.

Twydale may carpe (1) of care,
Northomberlonde may mayk great mone;
For towe such captayns as slayne wer there
On the march perti, shall never be none.

Word is commen to Edden-burrowe,
To Jamy the Skottishe kyng,
That Doughti Doglas, Lyff-tenant of the Marches,
He lay slayne Chyviot within.

His handdes dyd he weal and wryng,
He sayd, Alas! and woe ys me!
Such another captayn Skotlande within,
He sayd, y-feth, shuld never be.

Word is commyn to lovely Londone,
Till the fourth Harry owr Kyng,
That Lord Persé, lyff-tenant of the Merchis,
He lay slayne Cheyviat within.

(1) Complain.

God have merci on his soll, sayd Kyng Harry,
Good Lord yf thy will it be;
I have a hondrith captayns in Ynglonde, he sayd,
As good as ever was hee:
But Persé, and I brook (1) my lyffe,
Thy deth well quyte (2) shall be.

As our noble Kyng made his a-vowe,
Lyke a noble prince of renowen,
For the deth of the Lord Persé,
He dyd the battel of Hombyll-down.

Wher syx and thritté Skottishe knyghtes
On a day wer beatten down;
Glendale glytteryde on their armor bryght,
Over castel, towar, and towne.

This was the hontynge of the Cheviat,
That tear begane this spurn (3):
Old men that knowen the grounde well yenoughe,
Call it the battel of Otterburn.

---

(1) Enjoy. (2) Requited. (3) A kick.

At Otterburn began this spurn,
Uppon a monnyn day;
Ther was the doughté Doglas slean:
The Persé never went away.

Ther was never a tym on the march parts,
Sen the Doglas and the Persé met,
But yt was marvele; and the rede bude ran not
As the vain dogs in the stret.

Jhesue Christ our balys bete (1),
And to blys us brynge!
Thus was the hontynge of the Chevyat—
God send us all good ending!

---

(1) Better our bales; i. e. remedy our evils.

KING ESTMERE.

THIS old romantic legend bears marks of great antiquity: it should seem to have been written while a great part of Spain was in the hands of the Saracens, or Moors, whose empire there was not fully extinguished before the year 1491. Perhaps the bard will hardly be pardoned for the situations in which he has placed some of his royal personages. That a youthful monarch should take a journey into another kingdom, to visit his mistress incog. was a piece of gallantry paralleled in our own king, Charles the First; but that King Adland should be found lolling, or leaning, at his gate, may be thought, perchance, a little out of character. And yet, the great painter of manners, Homer, did not think it inconsistent with decorum, to represent a king of the Taphians rearing himself at the gate of Ulysses, to inquire for that monarch, when he touched at Ithaca, as he was taking a voyage with a ship's cargo of iron to dispose of in traffic. So little ought we to judge of ancient manners by our own.

HEARKEN to me, gentlemen,
Come, and you shall heare;
Ile tell you of two of the boldest brethren
That ever born y-were.

The tone of them was Adler yonge,
The tother was Kyng Estmere:
They were as bold men in their deedes
As any were farr and neare.

As they were drinking ale and wine
Within Kyng Estmere's halle:
When will ye marry a wyfe, brother,
A wyfe to glad us all?

Then bespake him Kynge Estmere,
And answered him hastilee:
I know not that ladye in any lande
That is able (1) to marry mee.

(1) He means fit; suitable.

Kyng Adland hath a daughter, brother,
Men call her bright and sheene (1);
If I were kynge here in your stead,
That ladye sholde be my queene.

Sayes, reade me, reade me (2), dear brother,
Throughout merrye Engländ,
Where we might find a messenger,
Betweene us two to sende.

Sayes, you shall ryde yourselfe, brothèr,
Ile beare you companèe;
Many throughe fals messengers are deceivde,
And I feare lest soe shold wee.

Thus they renisht (3) them to ryde,
Of twoe good renisht steedes;
And when they came to King Adland's halle,
Of red golde shone their weedes.

---

(1) Shining.

(2) Advise.

(3) Perhaps a derivation from *reniteo*; to shine.

And when they came to King Adland's halle,
Before the goodlye yate(1),
Ther they found good King Adland
Rearing himself theratt.

Nowe Christ thee save, good Kyng Adland,
Nowe Christ thee save and see;
Sayd, you be welcome, Kyng Estmere,
Right hartilye unto mee.

You have a daughter, sayd Adler yonge,
Men call her bright and sheene;
My brother wold marrye her to his wiffe,
Of England to be queene.

Yesterdaye was at my deare daughter
Syr Bremor, the Kyng of Spayne;
And then she nicked him of naye(2)—
I feare sheele do youe the same.

---

(1) Gate.

(2) Nicked him with a refusal.

The Kyng of Spayne is a foule paynim (1),
And b'leeveth on Mahound (2);
And pitye it were that fayre ladyè
Shold marrye a heathen hound.

But grant to me, sayes Kyng Estmere,
For my love, I you praye,
That I may see your daughter deare
Before I goe hence awaye.

Althoughe itt is seven yeare and more,
Syth my daughter was in halle,
She shall come downe once for your sake,
To glad my guestès alle.

Downe then came that mayden fayre,
With ladyes laced in pall (3),
And halfe a hondred of bolde knightes,
To bring her from Bowre (4) to halle;
And eke as manye gentle squieres
To waite upon them all.

(1) Pagan. (2) Mahomet.
(3) A robe of state. (4) Chamber.

The talents (1) of golde were on her head sette,
Hunge lowe downe to her knee,
And everye rynge on her smalle fingèr
Shone of the chrystall free.

Sayes, Christ you save, my deare madàme,
Sayes, Christ you save and see;
Sayes, you be welcome, Kyng Estmere,
Right welcome unto mee.

And iff you love me, as you saye,
So well and hartileè,
All that ever you are comen about,
Soone sped now itt may bee.

Then bespake her father deare,—
My daughter, I saye naye;
Remember well the Kyng of Spayne,
What he sayd Yesterdaye.

(1) Perhaps golden ornaments hung from her head, to the value of talents of gold.

He wold pull downe my halles and castles,
And 'reave me of my lyfe;
And ever I feare that paynim king,
Iff I 'reave him of his wyfe.

Your castles and your towres, father,
Are stronglye built aboute;
And, therefore, of that foule painim
Wee neede not stande in doubte.

Plyght me your troth, now, Kyng Estmère,
By Heaven and your righte hand,
That you will marrye me to your wyfe,
And make me queene of your lande.

Then King Estmere he plyght his troth,
By Heaven and his righte hand,
That he wolde marrye her to his wyfe,
And make her queene of his land.

And he took leave of that ladye fayre,
To goe to his owne countree,
To fetche him dukes, and lordes, and knightes,
That married he might bee.

They had not ridden scant a myle,
A myle forthe of the towne,
But in did come the Kyng of Spayne
With kempès (1) many a one.

But in did come the Kyng of Spayne
With many a grimme barone,
T' one day to marrye Kyng Adland's daughter,
T' other day to carrye her home.

Then shee sent after Kyng Estmère
In all the spede might bee,
That he must either returne and fighte,
Or goe home, and lose his ladyè.

One whyle then the page he went,
Another whyle he ranne,
Till he had oretaken Kyng Estmere,—
I wis (2) he never blanne (3).

---

(1) Soldiers. (2) Know.
(3) Stopped.

Tydinges, tydinges, Kyng Estmere!
What tydinges nowe, my boye?
O tydinges, I can tell to you,
That will you sore annoye!

You had not ridden scant a myle,
A myle out of the towne,
But in did come the Kyng of Spayne,
With kempès many a one.

But in did come the Kyng of Spayne,
With many a grimme barône;
T' one daye to marrye Kyng Adland's daughter,
T' other daye to carrye her home.

That ladye fayre, she greetes you well,
And ever more well by mee;
You must either turne againe and fighte,
Or goe home, and lose your ladyè.

Sayes, Reade me, reade me, deare brothèr,
My reade shall ryde (1) at thee,

(1) Rise; counsel must arise from me.

Which waye we best may turne and fighte,
To save this fayre ladyè.

Now hearken to me, sayes Adler yonge,
And your reade must ryse at me,
I quicklye will devise a waye
To sette thy ladye free.

My mother was a westerne woman,
And learned in gramaryê (1);
And when I learned at the schole
Something shee taught itt mee.

---

(1) The word Gramarye occurs several times in this poem, and every where seems to signify magic, or some kind of supernatural science. I know not whence to derive it, unless it be from the word Grammar. In those dark and ignorant ages, when it was thought a high degree of learning to be able to *read* and *write*, he who had made a little further progress in literature might well pass for a conjurer, or magician. Such was the superstition in the reign of Henry the Sixth, that the Duchess of Gloucester was tried for the crime of witchcraft, condemned to do public penance, and to suffer perpetual imprisonment, for the same. She was accused of having (with her associates, Sir Roger Bolingbroke, a priest, and one Margery Jordan, of Eye,) made a waxen figure of the king, which they melted, in a magical manner, before a slow fire, with an intention of making Henry's force and vigour melt away by like insensible degrees.

There groweth an hearbe within this fielde,
And iff it were but knowne,
His color, which is whyte and redd,
It will make blacke and browne.

His color, which is browne and blacke,
It will make redd and whyte;
That sworde is not in all Englande
Upon his coate will byte.

And you shall be a harper (1), brother,
Out of the North Countrèe,
And Ile be your boye, so faine of fighte,
To beare your harpe by your knee.

---

(1) Harper, or minstrel. The minstrels were an order of men, in the middle ages, who united the arts of poetry and music, and sung verses to the harp, of their own composing. They also appear to have accompanied their songs with mimicry and action, and to have practised such various means of diverting, as were much admired in these rude times, and supplied the want of more refined entertainments. These arts rendered them extremely popular, and acceptable in this and all the neighbouring countries, where no high scene of festivity was esteemed complete, that was not set off with the exercise of their talents; and where, so long as the spirit of chivalry subsisted, they were protected and caressed, because their

And you shall be the best harpèr,
That ever tooke harpe in hand;
And I will be the best singèr,
That ever sung in this land.

---

songs tended to do honour to the ruling passion of the times, and to encourage and foment a martial spirit.

Our great King Alfred, who is expressly said to have excelled in music, being desirous to learn the true situation of the Danish army, which had invaded his realm, assumed the dress and character of a minstrel; when, taking his harp, and one of the most trusty of his friends, disguised as a servant, (for in the early times it was not unusual for a minstrel to have a servant to carry his harp,) he went with the utmost security into the Danish camp, where the character he had assumed procured him a hospitable reception. He was admitted to entertain the king at table, and staid among them long enough to contrive that assault which afterwards destroyed them. This was in the year 878.

The distinguished service which Richard first received from one of his minstrels, in rescuing him from his cruel and tedious captivity, is a remarkable fact, which ought to be recorded for the honour of poets and their art. I shall here produce an antiquated relation of the event, in the words of an old neglected compiler*.

"The Englishmen were more than a wole yeare without hearing any tydings of their king, or in what place he was kept prisoner. He had trained up in his court a *rymer*, or *minstrel*, called Blondell de Nesle; who, being so long without the sight

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* Mons. Favine's Theatre of Honour and Knighthood; translated from the French. Lond. 1623, fol. tom. XI. p. 49.

Itt shall be written in our forheads
All and in gramerayê,
That we towe are the boldest men
That are in all Christentyê.

---

of his lord, his life seemed wearisome to him, and he became confounded with melancholy. Knowne it was, that he came backe from the Holy Lande, but none could tell in what countrey he arrived. Whereupon this Blondell, resolving to make search for him in many countreys, but he would hear some news of him; after expence of divers dayes in travaile, he came to a towne by good hap, neere to the castell where his maister, King Richard, was kept. Of his host he demanded to whom the castell appertained, and the host told him, that it belonged to the Duke of Austria. Then he enquired, whether there were any prisoners therein detained, or no; for alwayes he made such secret questionings wheresoever he came. And the host made answer, there was only one prisoner, but he knew not what he was, and yet he had bin detained there more than the space of one yeare. When Blondell heard this, he wrought such means, that he became acquainted with them of the castell, as *minstrels doe easily win acquaintance any where:* but see the king he could not, neither understand that it was he. One day he sat directly before a window of the castell, where King Richard was kept prisoner, and began to sing a song in French, which King Richard and Blondell had composed together. When King Richard heard the song, he knew it was Blondell that sung it; and when Blondell paused at half the song, the king began the other half, and compleated it. Thus Blondell won knowledge of the king his maister; and returning home into England, made the barons of the countrey acquainted where the king was." This happened about the year 1193.

And thus they renisht (1) them to ryde
On two good renish steedes;
And when they came to King Adland's halle,
Of redd gold shone their weedes (2).

And when they came to King Adland's hall,
Untill the fayre hall yate,
There they found a proud portèr
Rearing himselfe thereatt.

The minstrels continued a distinct order of men for many ages after the Norman conquest, and got their livelihood by singing verses to the harp at the houses of the great. There they were hospitably and respectfully received, and retained many of the honours shown to their predecessors, the bards and scalds; but, towards the end of the sixteenth century, this class of men had lost all their credit, and were sunk so low in the public opinion, that in the 39th year of Elizabeth*, a statute was passed, by which "minstrels wandering abroad," were included among "rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars," and were adjudged to be punished as such. This act seems to have put an end to the profession; for after this time they are no longer mentioned.

(1] Perhaps a derivation from *reniteo*; to shine.

(2) Clothes.

---

* Anno Dom. 1597.

Sayes, Christ thee save, thou proud portèr,
Sayes, Christ thee save and see :
Now you be welcome, sayd the portèr,
Of what land soever ye bee.

We been harpers, sayd Adler yonge,
Come out of the Northe Countrèe ;
We been come hither untill this place
This proud weddinge for to see.

Sayd, And your color were white and redd,
As it is blacke and browne,
I'ld saye King Estmere and his brother
Were comen untill this towne.

Then they pulled out a ryng of gold,
Layd itt on the porter's arm,
And ever we will thee, proud portêr,
Thowe wilt saye us no harme.

Sore he looked on Kyng Estmère,
And sore he handled the ryng,
Then opened to them the fayre hall yates
He lett for no kind of thyng.

Kyng Estmere he light off his steede
Up at the fayre hall board (1);
The frothe that came from his brydle bitte
Light on Kyng Bremor's beard.

---

(1) The character of the old minstrels is here placed in a very respectable light; one of them is represented mounted on a fine horse, accompanied with an attendant to bear his harp after him, and to sing the poems of his composing. He is here seen mixing in the company of kings without ceremony; no mean proof of the antiquity of this poem. The farther we carry our inquiries back, the greater respect we find paid to the professors of poetry and music among all the Celtic and Gothic nations. As to Estmere's riding into the hall, while the kings were at table, this was usual in the ages of chivalry *; and even to this day, we see a relic of this custom still kept up, in the champion's riding into Westminster-Hall during the coronation dinner.

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* "In the year 1316, Edward the Second did solemnize his Feast of Pentecost at Westminster, in the great hall; where setting royally at the table with his peers about him, there entered a woman, *adorned like a minstrel*, sitting on a great horse, trapped *as minstrels then used;* who rode about the tables, shewing pastimes, and at length came up to the king's table, and laid before him a letter; and forthwith turning her horse, saluted every one, and departed."

Stowe.

The subject of this letter was a remonstrance to the king, on the favours heaped by him on his minions, to the neglect of his knights and faithful servants. It was a minstrel who was deputed to this office, as one of that character was sure of gain-

Sayes, Stable thy steede, thou proud harpèr,
Goe stable him in the stalle;
Itt doth not beseeme a proud harpèr
To stable him in a king's halle.

My lad he is so lither (1), he sayd,
He will do nought that's meete,
And, aye, that I cold but find the man
Were able him to beate.

Thou speakst proud words, sayd the Paynim King,
Thou harper, here to mee;
There is a man within this halle
That will beate thy lad and thee.

O let that man come downe, he sayd,
A sight of him wold I see;
And whan he hath beaten well my lad,
Then he shall beate of mee.

---

ing an easy admittance; and, it may be supposed, that a female minstrel was the rather chosen, as more likely to disarm the king's resentment; for there should seem to have been women of this profession, as well as those of the other sex.

(1) Idle.

Downe then came the kemperye (1) man,
And looked him in the eare;
For all the gold that was under heaven
He durst not neigh him neare.

And how now, kempe, sayd the King of Spayne,
And how, what aileth thee?
He sayes, itt is written in his forhead,
All and in gramaryé;
That for all the gold that is under heaven
I dare not neigh him nye.

Kyng Estmère then pulled forth his harpe,
And playd thereon so sweete;
Upstarte the ladye from the kyng
As he sate at the meate.

Now stay thy harpe, thou proud harpèr,
Now stay thy harpe, I say;
For an thou playest as thou beginnest,
Thou'lt till (2) my bride awaye.

---

(1) Soldier; warrior. (2) Entice.

He strucke upon his harpe agayne,
And playd both fayre and free;
The ladye was so pleasde thereatt,
She laught loud laughters three.

Now sell me thy harpe, sayd the Kyng of Spayne,
Thy harpe and stryngs eche one,
And as many gold nobles thou shalt have
As there be stryngs thereon.

And wold ye doe with my harpe, he sayd,
Iff I did sell it yee?
To playe my wiffe and me a fit(1),
When at table together we bee?

He playd agayne both loud and shrille,
And Adler he did syng—
" O ladye, this is thy own true love,
Noe harper, but a kyng.

(1) Tune, or strain of Music.

" O ladye, this is thy owne true love,
As playnlye thou mayest see;
And Ile rid thee of that foule paynim,
Who partes thy love and thee."

The ladye looked, the ladye blushte,
And blushte and lookt agayne;
While Adler he hath drawne his brande (1),
And hath the Sowdan slayne.

Up then rose the kemperye men,
And loud they 'gan to crye:
" Ah! traitors, yee have slayne our kyng,
And therefore yee shall dye!"

Kyng Estmere threw the harpe asyde,
And swith (2) he drew his brand;
And Estmere he, and Adler yonge,
Right stiffe in stour (3) can stand.

---

(1) Sword. (2) Quickly.

(3) Fight; disturbance, &c. This word is now applied in the North to signify dust agitated, and put into motion; as by the sweeping of a room, &c.

And, aye! their swordes soe sore can byte,
Throughe help of gramaryè,
That soone they have slayne the kempery men,
Or forst them forth to flee.

Kyng Estmere tooke that fayre ladyé,
And married her to his wyfe,
And brought her home to merrye Englànde,
With her to leade his lyfe.

ROBIN HOOD

AND

GUY OF GISBORNE.

WE have here a ballad of Robin Hood, which was never before printed, and carries marks of much greater antiquity than any of the common popular songs on this subject.

The severity of those tyrannical forest-laws, that were introduced by our Norman kings (1), and the great tempta-

(1) There was one pleasure to which William the conqueror, as well as all the Normans and ancient Saxons, were extremely addicted, and that was hunting; but this pleasure he indulged more at the expence of his unhappy subjects, whose interests he always disregarded, than to the loss or diminution of his own revenue. Not content with those large forests which former kings possessed in all parts of England, he resolved to make a new forest near Winchester, the usual place of his residence; and for that purpose he laid waste the country in Hampshire, for an extent of thirty miles; expelled the inhabitants from their houses, seized their property, even demolished churches and convents, and made the sufferers no compensation for the

tion of breaking them by such as lived near the royal forests, at a time when the yeomanry of this kingdom were every where trained up to the long-bow, and excelled all other nations in the art of shooting, must constantly have occasioned great numbers of outlaws, and especially of such as were the best marksmen. These naturally fled to the woods for shelter, and forming into troops, endeavoured, by their numbers, to protect themselves from the dreadful penalty of their delinquency. The ancient punishment for killing the king's deer was loss of eyes. This will easily account for the troops of banditti which formerly lurked in the royal forests, and from their superior skill in archery, and knowledge of all the recesses of those unfrequented solitudes, found it no difficult matter to resist or elude the civil power.

Among all these, none was ever more famous than the hero of this ballad; the heads of whose story, as collected by Stowe, are briefly these:

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injury. At the same time he enacted new laws, by which he prohibited all his subjects from hunting in any of his new forests, and rendered the penalties more severe than ever had been inflicted for such offences. The killing of a deer, or boar, or even a hare, was punished with the loss of the delinquent's eyes, and that at a time when the killing of a man could be atoned for by paying a moderate fine or compensation.

Hume.

" In this time (about the year 1190, in the reign of Richard First) were many robbers and outlaws, among the which Robin Hood and little John, renowned theeves, continued in woods, despoyling and robbing the goods of the rich. They killed none but such as would invade them, or by resistance for their own defence. The saide Robert entertained an hundred tall men, and good archers, with such spoiles and thefts as he got, upon whom four hundred, (were they ever so strong) durst not give the onset. He suffered no woman to be oppressed, or otherwise molested. Poore men's goods he spared; abundanlie relieving them with that, which by theft, he got from abbeys, and the houses of rich carles: whom Maior (the historian) blameth for his rapine and theft, but of all theeves, he affirmeth him to be the prince and the most gentle theefe."

Annals, p. 159.

WHEN shaws (1) beene sheene (2) and shraddes (3) full fayre,
And leaves both large and long,
Its merrye walkyng in the fayre forèst,
To heare the small birdes song.

---

(1) Little woods. (2) Bright. (3) Swards.

The wood weele (1) sang, and wold not ceese,
Sitting upon the spraye;
Soe lowde he wakened Robin Hood,
In the greenwood where he lay.

Now by my faye, sayd jollye Robin,
A sweaven (2) I had this night;
I dreamt me of towe wighty yeman,
That fast with me can fight.

Methought they did me beate and binde,
And tooke my bowe me froe;
Iff I be Robin alive in this lande,
Ile be wroken (3) on them towe.

Sweavens are swift, sayd Lyttle John,
As the wind blowes over the hill;
For iff itt be never so loude this night,
To-morrow itt may be still.

---

(1) The golden ouzle, a bird of the thrush kind. (2) A dream.
(3) Revenged.

Buske yee (1), bowne yee, my merrye men all,
And John shall goe with mee;
For Ile goe seeke yond wighty (2) yeomen,
In greenwood where they bee.

Then they cast on theyr gownes of grene,
And tooke theyr bowes each one;
And they away to the grene forrèst,
A shooting forth are gone.

Untill they came to the merrye greenwood,
Where they had gladdest to bee;
There they were ware (3) of a wight yeomàn,
That leaned agaynst a tree.

A sword and a dagger he wore by his side,
Of manye a man the bane;
And he was clad in his capull (4) hyde,
Top, and tayll, and mayne.

---

(1) Dress ye, prepare ye. (2) Lusty, strong. (3) Aware.
(4) Horse-hide.

Stand still, master, quoth Lyttle John,
Under this tree so grene,
And I will go to yond wight yeoman,
To know what he doth meane.

Ah! John, by me thou settest noe store,
And that I farley finde;
How often sende I my men before,
And tarry myselfe behinde?

Itt is noe cunning a knave to ken,
And a man but heare him speake;
And it were not for bursting of my bowe,
John, I thy head wold breake.

As often wordes they breeden (1) bale,
So they parted, Robin and John;
And John is gone to Barnesdale,
The gates (2) he knoweth eche one.

(1) Breed mischief. (2) Ways, passes, paths.

But when he came to Barnesdale,
Great heavinesse there hee hadd;
For he found tow of his owne fellòwes
Were slaine both in a slade (1).

And Scarlette he was flyinge a-foote,
Fast over stocke and stone;
For the proud Sheriffe with seven score men,
Fast after him is gone.

One shoote now I will shoote, quoth John,
With Christ his might and mayne:
Ile make yond Sheriffe, that wends soe fast,
To stop he shall be fayne.

Then John bent up his long bende-bowe,
And fettled (2) him to shoote;
The bow was made of tender tree,
And fell downe at his foote.

---

(1) A slip of greensward between plow-lands or woods.
(2) Prepared.

Woe worth, woe worth thee, wicked wood,
That ever thou grew on a tree;
For now this day thou art my bale,
My boote when thou shold bee.

His shoote it was but loosely shott,
Yet flewe not the arrowe in vaine;
For itt mett one of the Sherriffe's men,
And William a Trent was slaine.

It had bene better of William a Trent
To have bene abed with sorrowe,
Than to be that day in the greenwood slade,
To meet with Lyttle John's arrowe.

But as it is, when men be mett,
Fyve can doe more than three;
The Sheriffe hath taken Little John,
And bound him fast to a tree.

Thou shalt be drawne by dale and downe,
And hanged hye on a hill;
But thou mayst fayle of thy purpose, quoth John,
If it be Christ his will.

Let us leave talking of Little John,
And thinke of Robin Hood,
How he is gone to the wight yeomàn,
Where under the leaves he stood.

Good morrowe, good fellowe, sayd Robin so fayre,
Good morrowe, good fellowe, quo' he;
Methinkes by this bowe thou beares in thy hande
A good archere thou sholdst bee.

I am wilfulle (1) of my waye, quo' the yeoman,
And of my morning tyde.
Ile lead the throughe the wood, sayd Robin,
Good fellowe, Ile be thy guide.

I seeke an outlàwe, the straunger sayd,
Men call him Robin Hood,
Rather I'ld meet with that proud outlàwe
Than fortye pound soe good.

(1) Wandering, erring.

Now come with me, thou wighty yeoman,
And Robin thou soone shalt see;
But first let us some pastime find
Under the greenwood tree.

First let us some masterye (1) make,
Among the woods so even;
We may chance to meet with Robin Hood,
Here at some unsett steven (2).

They cut them down two summer shroggs (3),
That grew both under a breere (4);
And sett them threescore rood in twaine,
To shoote the prickes (5) y-fere (6).

Leade on, good fellowe, quoth Robin Hood,
Leade on, I doe bidd thee.
Nay, by my faith, good fellow, he sayd,
My leader thou shalt bee.

---

(1) A trial of skill. (2) Unappointed time, unexpectedly. (3) Shrubs, thorns. (4) Briar. (5) Marks. (6) Together.

The first time Robin shot at the pricke
He mist but an inch it fro;
The yeoman he was an archer good,
But he cold never do soe.

The second shoote had the wightye yeoman,
He shot within the garland (1);
But Robin he shott far better than hee,
For he clave the good pricke wande (2).

A blessing upon thy heart, he sayd,
Good fellowe, thy shooting is goode;
For an thy heart be as good as thy hand,
Thou wert better than Robin Hoode.

Now tell me thy name, good fellowe, sayd he,
Under the leaves of lyne (3).
Nay, by my faith, quoth bolde Robin,
Till thou have told me thine.

---

(1) The ring in which the prick or mark was set. (2) A wand set up for a mark. (3) Lime tree.

I dwell by dale and downe, quoth hee,
And Robin to take Ime sworne;
And when I am called by my right name,
I am Guy of good Gisborne.

My dwelling is in this wood, sayes Robin,
By thee I set right nought;
I am Robin Hood of Barnèsdale,
Whom thou so long hast sought.

He that had neyther beene kythe nor kin (1)
Might have seen a full fayre sight,
To see how together these yeomen went,
With blades both browne (2) and bright.

To see how these yeomen together they fought,
Two howres of a summer's day;
Yett neyther Robin Hood, nor Sir Guy,
Them fettled to flye away.

(1) Acquaintance nor kindred. (2) The common epithet for a sword, or other offensive weapon, in the old metrical romances, is *brown*, as "brown brand," or "brown swords," "brown byll."

Robin was reachles (1) on a roote,
And stumbled at that tyde;
And Guy was quick and nimble with-all,
And hitt him upon the syde.

Ah! deere Ladye, sayd Robin Hood, tho
That art but mother and may;
I think it was never man's destinye
To dye before his day.

Robin thought on owre Ladye deere,
And soone leapt up againe;
And strait he came with a backward stroke,
And he Sir Guy hath slayne.

He took Sir Guy's head by the hayre,
And stuck it upon his bowes end:
Thou hast beene a traytor all thy life,
Which thing must have an end.

---

(1) Careless.

Robin pulled forth an Irish knife,
And nicked Sir Guy in the face;
That he was never on woman born,
Cold know whose head it was.

Sayes, lye there, now, Sir Guye,
And with me be not wrothe;
Iff thou have had the worst strokes at my hand,
Thou shalt have the better clothe.

Robin did off his gowne of greene,
And on Sir Guy did throwe;
And he put on that capull hyde,
That clad him topp to toe.

Thy bowe, thy arrowes, and little horne,
Now with me I will beare;
For I will away to Barnesdale,
To see how my men doe fare.

Robin Hood sett Guyes horne to his mouth,
And a loud blast it did blowe;
That beheard the sheriffe of Nottingham,
As he leaned under a lowe (1).

(1) A little hill.

Hearken, hearken, sayd the Sheriffe,
I heare nowe tydings good;
For yonder I heare Sir Guye's horn blow,
And he hath slaine Robin Hood.

Yonder I heare Sir Guye's horn blowe,
Itt blowes so well in tyde;
And yonder comes that wightye yeoman,
Cladd in his capull hyde.

Come hyther, come hyther, thou good Sir Guy,
Aske what thou wilt of mee.
O I will none of thy gold, sayd Robin,
Nor I will none of thy fee.

But now I have slayne the master, he sayes,
Let me go strike the knave;
For this is all the meede I aske,
None other rewarde Ile have.

Thou art a madman, sayd the Sheriffe,
Thou sholdst have had a knight's fee (1);
But seeing thy asking hath been soe bad,
Well granted it shall bee.

(1) Knight's fee, an ancient law term, signifying so much land

When Lyttle John heard his master speake,
Well knewe he itt was his steven (1);
Now shall I be looset, quoth Little John,
With Christ his might in Heaven.

Fast Robin hee hyed him to Little John,
He thought to loose him blivè (2);
The Sheriffe and all his companye
Fast after him can drive.

Stand abacke, stand abacke, sayd Robin;
Why draw you mee so neere?
Itt was never the use in our countryé,
One's shrift (3) another shold heere.

But Robin pulled forth an Irish knife,
And losed John hand and foote;
And gave him Sir Guye's bow into his hand,
And bade it be his boote (4).

---

inheritance as was esteemed sufficient to maintain a knight, with suitable retinue, which, in Henry the Third's days, was reckoned at 15l. per Annum.

Cyclopædia.

(1) Voice. (2) Shortly. (3) Confession. (4) Assistance, help.

Then John he took Guy's bow in his hand,
His boltes and arrowes eche one;
When the Sheriffe he saw Little John bend his bow,
He fettled him to be gone.

Towards his house in Nottingham towne
He fled full fast away;
And soe did all his companyé,
Not one behind wold stay.

But he cold neither runne so fast,
Nor away so fast cold ryde;
But Little John with an arrowe soe broad,
He shott him into the syde.

THE

HEIR OF LINNE.

LITHE and listen, gentlemen,
To sing a song I will beginne;
It is of a lord of faire Scotland,
Which was the unthrifty Heire of Linne.

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

To spende the daye with merrye cheare,
To drink and revell every night;
To card and dice from eve to morn,
It was, I ween, his heart's delighte.

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

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

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

Sayes, welcome, welcome Lord of Linne,
Let nought disturb thy merry cheere;
Iff thou wilt sell thy landes soe broad,
Good store of gold Ile give thee here.

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

Then John he did him to record draw,
And John he gave him a God's-pennie (1);
But for every pound that John agreed,
The lande, I wis, was well worth three.

He told him the gold upon the board,
He was right glad his lande to winne;
The lande is mine, the gold is thine,
And now He be the Lord of Linne (2).

Thus he hath sold his lande soe broad,
Both hill and holt (3) and moor and fenne;
All but a poore and lonesome lodge,
That stood far off in a lonely glenne (4).

For soe he to his father hight (5):
My sonne, when I am gone, sayd hee,
Then thou wilt spend thy lande so broad,
And thou wilt spend thy gold so free:

---

(1) i. e. earnest money; from the French 'denier à Dieu.
(2) The Heir of Linne seems not to have been a lord of parliament, but a laird, whose title went along with his estate.
(3) Wood, grove. In Norfolk a plantation of cherry trees is called a cherry-holt. (4) A narrow valley. (5) Promised.

But swear mee nowe upon the roode (1),
That lonesome lodge thou'lt never spend;
For when all the world doth frown on thee,
Thou there shalt find a faithful friend.

The Heire of Linne is full of golde:
And come with me, my friends, sayd hee;
Let's drinke, and rant, and merry make,
And he that spares, ne'er mote (2) he thee.

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

He had never a penny left in his purse,
Never a penny left but three;
The tone (3) was brass, and the tone was lead,
And tother it was white money.

---

(1) Cross, crucifix. (2) Never thrive. (3) One.

Nowe well a-way! sayd the Heire of Linne,
Now well a-way and woe is mee;
For when I was the Lord of Linne,
I never wanted gold or fee.

But many a trusty friend have I,
And why shold I feel dole(1) or care?
Ile borrowe of them all by turnes,
Soe need I not be never bare.

But one, I wis, was not at home,
Another had payd his gold away;
Another call'd him thriftless loone(2),
And bade him sharpely wend(3) his way.

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

---

(1) Grief. (2) Sluggard. (3) Go his way.

To beg my bread from door to door,
I wis, it were a brenning (1) shame;
To rob and steal it were a sinne,
To worke my limbs I cannot frame.

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

PART THE SECOND.

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

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

(1) Burning.

The little windowe, dim and darke,
Was hung with ivy, brere, and yewe;
No shimmering (1) sun here ever shone,
No halesome breeze here ever blewe.

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

And over it in broad letters,
These words were written so plaine to see:
"Ah! graceless wretch! hath spent thine all,
"And brought thyselfe to penuriè!

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

(1) Shining by glances.

Sorely shent (1) wi' this rebuke,
Sorely shent was the Heire of Linne;
His heart, I wis, was near to brast (2),
With guilt and sorrowe, shame and sinne.

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

Then round his neck the cord he drewe,
And sprang aloft with his bodiè:
When lo! the ceiling burst in twaine,
And to the ground came tumbling hee.

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

---

(1) Ashamed. (2) Burst.

He took the bill, and lookt it on,
Strait good comfort found he there;
It told him of a hole in the wall,
In which there stood three chests in fere (1).

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

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

And let it bee, sayd the Heire of Linne,
And let it bee, but if I amend (2),
For here I will make mine avow,
This reade (3) shall guide me to the end.

---

(1) In company together. (2) Unless I amend. (3) Advice, counsel.

Away then went the Heire of Linne,
Away he went with merry cheare;
I wis, he neither stint ne stayd,
Till John o'the Scales' house he came neare.

And when he came to John o'the Scales,
Up at the speere (1) then looked hee;
There sat three lords at the borde's end,
Were drinking of the wine so free.

And then bespake the Heire of Linne,
To John o'the Scales then louted (2) hee;
I pray thee nowe, good John o'the Scales,
One fortye pence for to lend mee.

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

---

(1) Perhaps the hole in the door by which it was speered, (i. e. fastened). (2) Bowed.

Then bespake the heire of Linne.
To John o'the Scale's wife, then spake hee;
Madame, some almes on me bestow,
I pray for sweet Saint Charitee.

p. 71.

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Then bespake the Heire of Linne,
To John o'the Scales' wife, then spake hee ;
Madame, some almes on me bestowe,
I pray, for sweet Saint Charitèe.

Away, away, thou thriftless loone,
I swear thou gettest no almes of mee ;
For if we should hang any losel (1) heere,
The first we wold begin with thee.

Then bespake a good fellówe,
Which sat at John o'the Scales his bord ;
Sayd, turn againe, thou Heire of Linne,
Some time thou wast a well good lord.

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

(1) Sorry worthless person.

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

Up then spake him John o'the Scales,
All wood (1) he answer'd him agayne;
Now curse upon my head, he sayd,
But I did lose by that bargaine.

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

I drawe you to record, lords, he sayd,
With that he gave him a God's pennèe;
Now by my fay, sayd the Heire of Linne,
And here, good John, is thy monèy.

(1) Anger, furious.

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

He told him forth the good redd gold,
He told it forth with mickle dinne (1);
The gold is thine, the land is mine,
And now I me againe the Lord of Linne.

Sayes, have thou here, thou good fellowe,
Forty-pence thou didst lend mee;
Now I me againe the Lord of Linne,
And forty pounds I will give thee.

Now well-a-day! sayth Joan o'the Scales,
Now well-a-day! and woe is my life!
Yesterday I was Lady of Linne,
Now I me but John o'the Scales his wife.

(1) Great noise.

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

GERNUTUS,

THE JEW OF VENICE.

THE FIRST PART.

IN Venice towne, not long agoe,
A cruel Jew did dwell,
Which lived all on usurie,
As Italian writers tell.

Gernutus called was the Jew,
Which never thought to dye,
Nor ever yet did any good
To them in streets that lie.

His life was like a barrowe hogge,
That liveth many a day,
Yet never once doth any good,
Untill men will him slay.

Or like a filthy heap of dung,
That lyeth in a hoard,
Which never can do any good
Till it be spread abroad.

So fares it with the usurer,
He cannot sleep in rest,
For feare the thiefe will him pursue
To plucke him from his nest.

His heart doth thinke on many a wile
How to deceive the poore;
His mouth is almost ful of mucke,
Yet still he gapes for more.

His wife must lend a shilling
For every weeke a penny;
Yet bring a pledge that is double worth,
If that you will have any.

And see, likewise, you keepe your day,
Or else you loose it all;
This was the living of the wife,
Her cow she did it call.

Within that citie dwelt that time
A marchant of great fame,
Which being distressed, in his need,
Unto Gernutus came;

Desiring him to stand his friend
For twelve month and a day,
To lend to him an hundred crownes,
And he for it would pay

Whatsoever he would demand of him,
And pledges he should have.
No, (quoth the Jew, with flearing lookes)
Sir, aske what you will have;

No penny for the loane of it,
For one year you shall pay;
You may doe me as goode a turne
Before my dying day.

But we will have a merry jest,
For to be talked long;
You shall make me a bond, quoth he,
That shall be large and strong;

And this shall be the forfeyture,
Of your owne fleshe a pound;
If you agree, make you the bond,
And here is a hundred crownes.

With right good will! the marchant sayes,
And so the bond was made:
When twelve month and a day drew on,
That backe it should be payd,

The marchant's ships were all at sea,
And money came not in;
Which way to take, or what to doe,
To thinke he doth begin:

And to Gernutus strait he comes,
With cap and bended knee,
And sayd to him: "Of courtesie
I pray you beare with mee.

"My day is come, and I have not
The money for to pay;
And little good the forfeyture
Will doe you, I dare say."

With all my heart, Gernutus sayd,
Commaund it to your minde;
In thinges of bigger waight then this
You shall me ready finde.

He goes his way. The day once past,
Gernutus doth not slacke
To get a sergiant presently,
And clapt him on the backe;

And layd him into prison strong,
And sued his bond withal;
And when the judgement day was come,
For judgement he did call.

The marchant's friends came thither fast,
With many a weeping eye;
For other means they could not find,
But he that day must dye.

THE SECOND PART.

Some offered, for his hundred crownes,
Five hundred for to pay;
And some a thousand, two or three,
Yet still he did denay.

And at the last, ten thousand crownes
They offered, him to save;
Gernutus sayd, I will no gold—
My forfeite I will have.

A pound of flesh is my demand,
And that shall be my hire;
Then sayd the Judge, Yet, my good friend,
Let me of you desire,

To take the fleshe from such a place
As yet you let him live:
Do so, and, lo! an hundred crownes
To thee here will I give.

No, no, quoth he; no; judgement here
For this it shall be try'd;
For I will have my pound of fleshe
From under his right side.

It grieved all the companie
His crueltie to see;
For neither friend nor foe could help,
But he must spoyled bee.

The bloudie Jew now ready is,
With whetted blade in hand,
To spoyle the bloud of innocent,
By forfeit of his bond.

And as he was about to strike
In him the deadly blow—
Stay (quoth the Judge) thy crueltie,
I charge thee to do so.

Sith needs thou wilt thy forfeit have,
Which is of flesh a pound,
See that thou shed no drop of blood,
Nor yet the man confound;

For if thou doe, like murderer,
Thou here shalt hanged be;
Likewise of flesh see that thou cut
No more than 'longes to thee;

For if thou take either more or lesse,
To the value of a mite,
Thou shalt be hanged presently,
As is both law and right.

Gernutus now waxt frantic mad,
And wotes (1) not what to say:
Quoth he, at last,—Ten thousand crownes
I will that he shall pay;

And so I graunt to set him free.
The Judge doth answere make,—
You shall not have a penny given;
Your forfeiture now take.

---

(1) Knew not.

At the last he doth demaund
But for to have his owne:
No, quoth the Judge, doe as you list,
Thy judgement shall be showne.

Either take your pound of flesh, quoth he,
Or cancell me your bond.
O cruel Judge, then quoth the Jew,
That doth against me stand!

And so with griping grieved mind,
He biddeth them farewell:
Then all the people prais'd the Lord,
That ever this heard tell.

Good people, that doe heare this song
For trueth, I dare well say,
That many a wretch as ill as hee,
Doth live now at this day;

That seeketh nothing but the spoyle
Of many a weathey man;
And for to trap the innocent,
Deviseth what they can.

From whom, the Lord deliver me,
And every Christian too;
And send to them like sentance eke,
That meaneth soe to doe.

MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

THIS excellent philosophical song appears to have been famous in the sixteenth century. It is here chiefly printed from a quarto music-book, intitled, "Bassus, Sonets and Songs of Sadness and Pietie; made into musick, of five parts, &c. by William Byrd, one of the Gent. of the Queenes Majesties honorable Chappell."

MY minde to me a kingdome is,
Such perfect joy therein I finde,
As farre exceeds all earthly blisse
That God or nature hath assignde:
Though much I want that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live, this is my stay,
I seek no more than may suffice;
I presse to beare no haughtie sway;
Look, what I lack my mind supplies:

Loe! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plentie surfets oft,
And hastie climbers soonest fall;
I see that such as sit aloft,
Mishap doth threaten most of all:
These get with toile, and keep with feare;
Such cares my mind could never beare.

No princely pompe, nor welthie store,
No force to winne a victorie;
No wylie wit to salve a sore,
No shape to win a lovers eye:
To none of these I yeeld as thrall,
For why—my mind despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave;
I little have, yet seek no more:
They are but poore, tho' much they have,
And I am rich with little store.
They poore, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I lend; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at anothers losse,
I grudge not at anothers gaine;
No worldly wave my mind can tosse---
I brooke that is anothers bane:
I feare no foe, nor fawne on friend;
I loth not life, nor dread mine end.

My welth is health, and perfect ease;
My conscience clere, my chiefe defence;
I never seeke by brybes to please,
Nor by desert to give offence:
Thus do I live, thus will I die;
Would all did so, as well as I!

SIR LANCELOT DU LAKE.

WHEN Arthur first in court began,
And was approved king,
By force of arms great victoryes wanne,
And conquest home did bring.

Then into England strait he came,
With fifty good and able
Knights, that resorted unto him,
And were of his Round Table (1).

(1) Knights of the Round Table: a military order, supposed to have been instituted by Arthur, the first king of the Britons, in the year 516. They are said to have been twenty-four in number, all selected from among the bravest of the nation. The Round Table, which gave them their title, was an invention of that prince, to avoid disputes about the upper and lower end, and to take away all emulation as to places.

Cyclopædia.

An excellent historian observes, that Arthur was undoubtedly a great general, though his actions have given rise to in-

And he had justs and turnaments (1),
Wherto were many prest;
Wherein some knights did then excel,
And far surmount the rest.

---

numerable fables; and though the institution of the Knights of the Round Table has served as a foundation for many fabulous relations, it is not to be deemed altogether chimerical; for where is the improbability, that Arthur should institute an order of Knighthood in Britain, when we learn from the letters of Cassiodorus, that Theodoric, king of the Ostrogoths, instituted one in Italy in the same century.

Rapin's Hist. of Eng. vol. I. p. 39, fol.

(1) Turnament, a martial sport or exercise, which the ancient chevaliers used to perform to shew their bravery and address. The first turnaments were only courses on horseback, wherein the cavaliers tilted at each other with canes, in manner of lances, and were distinguished from jousts, which were courses, or careers, accompanied with attacks and combats with blunted lances and swords.

Some say it was a turnament, when there was only one quadril, or troop; and that where there were several to encounter each other, it was a joust. But it is certain that the two became confounded together in process of time, at least we find them so in authors.

The prince, who published the turnament, used to send a king of arms with a safe-conduct and a sword to all the princes, knights, &c. signifying, that he intended a turnament, and a clashing of swords, in the presence of ladies and damsels, which was the usual formula of invitation. The first engaged man against man, then troop against troop, and after the combat, the judges allotted the prize to the best cavalier, and the best striker of swords, who was accordingly conducted in

But one Sir Lancelot du Lake,
Who was approved well;
He for his deeds and feates of arms
All others did excell.

---

pomp to the lady of the turnament, where, after thanking her reverently, he saluted her, and likewise her two attendants.

Instances of turnaments occur among the English in the reign of King Stephen, about the year 1140; but they were not much in use till Richard's time, after which these diversions were performed with extraordinary magnificence in the Tilt-Yard, near St. James's, Smithfield, and other places. At last, however, they were found to be productive of bad effects, and the occasions of several fatal misfortunes; as in the instance of Henry the Second of France, who died of a wound received at a turnament, and of the tilt exhibited at Chalons, which, from the numbers killed on both sides, was called the little war of Chalons. These, and other inconveniences, resulting from these dangerous pastimes, gave the popes occasion to forbid them, and the princes of Europe gradually concurred in discouraging and suppressing them. Pope Eugenius II, excommunicated those who went to turnaments.

It is to the exercise of turnaments that we owe the first use of armories, of which the name Blazonry, the form of the escutcheons, the colours, principal figures, mantlings, labels, supporters, &c. are undeniable truths. In Germany it was anciently a custom to hold a solemn turnament every three years, to serve as a proof of nobility; for the gentleman, who had assisted at two, was sufficiently blazoned and published; i. e. he was acknowledged noble, and bore two trumpets by way of crest on his turnament casque. Those who had not been in any turnaments had no arms, though they were gentlemen.

Cyclopædia.

When he had rested him awhile,
In play, and game, and sport,
He said he would goe prove himselfe
In some adventrous sorte.

He armed rode in forrest wide,
And mett a damsel faire,
Who told him of adventures great,
Whereto he gave good eare.

Such wold I find, quoth Lancelott;
For that cause came I hither.
Thou seemst, quoth shee, a knight full good,
And I will bring thee thither

Whereas a mightye knight doth dwell,
That nowe is of great fame;
Therefore tell me what wight (1) thou art,
And what may be thy name.

(1) Person.

" My name is Lancelot du Lake."
Quoth she, it likes me than;
Here dwelles a knight, who never was
Yet macht with any man;

Who has in prison threescore knights,
And four, that he did wound:
Knights of King Arthur's court they be,
And of his Table Round.

She brought him to a rivers side,
And also to a tree,
Wheron a copper bason hung,
And many shields to see.

He struck soe hard, the bason broke,
And Tarquin soon he spyed;
Who drove a horse before him fast,
Whereon a knight lay tyed.

Sir knight, then sayd Sir Lancelòt,
Bring me that horse-load hither,
And lay him downe, and let him rest;
We'll try our force together.

For, as I understand, thou hast,
Soe far as thou art able,
Done great despite, and shame unto
The knights of the Round Table.

If thou be of the Table Round,
Quoth Tarquin, speedilye,
Both thee, and all thy fellowship,
I utterlye defye.

That's over much, quoth Lancelot;
Defend thee by and by.
They sett their speares unto their steeds,
And each att other flye.

They coucht their speares, (their horses ran
As though there had been thunder,)
And strucke them each amidst their shields,
Wherewith they broke in sunder.

Their horses backes brake under them,
The knights were both astound;
To avoyd their horses they made haste,
And light upon the ground.

They tooke them to their shields full fast,
Their swords they drewe out then;
With mightye strokes most eagerlye
Eache at the other ran.

They wounded were, and bled full sore,
For breath they both did stand;
And leaning on their swords awhile,
Quoth Tarquin, "Hold thy hand,

And tell to me what I shall aske."
Say on, quoth Lancelot, tho.
"Thou art," quoth Tarquin, "the best knight
That ever I did know;

"And, like a knight that I did hate,
Soe that thou be not hee,
I will deliver all the rest,
And eke accord with thee."

That is well sayd, quoth Lancelot,
But sith it must be soe;
What knight is that thou hatest thus?
I pray thee to me show.

" His name is Lancelot du Lake,
He slew my brother deere;
Him I suspect of all the rest—
I would I had him here."

Thy wish thou hast, but yet unknowne;
I am Lancelot du Lake;
Now knight of Arthurs Table Round;
King Hauds son of Schuwake;

And I desire thee do thy worst.
Ho, ho, quoth Tarquin, tho;
One of us two shall end our lives
Before that we doe goe.

If thou be Lancelot du Lake,
Then welcome shalt thou bee;
Wherfore see thou thyself defend,
For now defye I thee.

They buckled then together so,
Like unto wild boars rushing,
And with their swords and shields they ran,
At one another slashing.

The ground besprinkled was with blood;
Tarquin began to yield;
For he gave back for wearinesse,
And lowe did beare his shield.

This soone Sir Lancelot espyde,
He leapt upon him then;
He pull'd him downe upon his knee,
And, rushing off his helm,

Forthwith he strucke his neck into;
And when he had soe done,
From prison, threescore knights and four,
Delivered everye one.

THE

MARRIAGE OF SIR GAWAINE.

PART THE FIRST.

KING Arthur lives in merry Carleile,
And seemely is to see;
And there with him Queene Guenever,
That bride so bright of blee (1).

And there with him Queene Guenever,
That bride so bright in bowre;
And all his barons about him stoode,
That were both stiffe and stowre (2).

(1) Complexion.

(2) Strong, robust.

The king a royale Christmasse kept,
With mirth and princelye cheare;
To him repaired many a knight,
That came both farre and neare.

And when they were to dinner sette,
And cups went freely round,
Before them came a faire damsèlle,
And knelt upon the ground.

A boone, a boone, O Kinge Arthure,
I beg a boone of thee;
Avenge me of a carlish (1) knight,
Who hath tane my love from mee.

In Tearne-Wadling (2) his castle stands,
All on a hill soe hye;
And proudlye rise the battlements,
And gaye the streamers flye.

---

(1) Churlish.

(2) This is the name of a place in Cumberland, where the remains of an ancient castle are still to be seen. Tearne, in the dialect of that country, signifies a small lake.

Noe gentle knighte, nor ladye faire,
May pass that castle-walle,
But from that foule discurteous knight
Mishappe will them befalle.

Hee's twice the size of common men,
Wi' limbs and sinewes stronge,
And on his backe he bears a clubbe,
That is both thicke and longe.

This grimme barône 'twas our harde happe,
But yester morne to see,
When to his bowre he bore my love,
And thereby grieved me.

And when I told him, King Arthûre,
As little shold him spare;
Go tell, sayd hee, that boasting kinge
To meet me if he dare.

Up then started King Arthûre,
And sware by hille and dale,
He ne'er wolde quit that grimme barône
Till he had made him quail.

Goe fetch my sword, Excalibar,
Goe saddle mee my steede;
Now, by my faye (1), that grimme barône
Shall rue this ruthfulle deede.

And when he came to Tearne-Wadlinge,
Beneathe the castle-walle;
"Come forth, come forth, thou proude barône,
Or yielde thyselfe my thralle (2)."

On magicke ground that castle stoode,
And fenc'd with many a spelle;
Noe valient knighte could tread thereon,
But straite his courage felle.

Forth then rush'd that carlish knight,
King Arthur felt the charme;
His sturdy sinewes lost their strengthe,
Downe sunke his feeble arme.

---

(1) Faith.
(2) Captive.

Now yielde thee, yield thee, King Arthùre,
Now yield thee unto mee;
Or fight with mee, or lose thy lande,
Noe better termes may bee.

Unlesse thou swear upon the rood (1),
And promise on thy faye,
Here to returne to Tearne-Wadling,
Upon the new-yeare's daye;

And bring me worde what thing it is,
All women most desire:
This is thy ransome, Arthur, he says,
Ile have noe other hyre.

King Arthur then helde up his hande,
And sware upon his faye;
Then took his leave of the grimme barône,
And fast hee rode awaye.

(1) Cross; crucifix.

And he rode east, and he rode west,
And did of all inquyre,
What thing it is all women crave,
And what they most desyre.

Some told him riches, pompe, or state,
Some, rayment fine and brighte;
Some told him mirthe, some flatterye,
And some, a comely knighte.

In letteres all King Arthur wrote,
And seald them with his ringe;
But still his minde was helde in doubte,
Each tolde a different thinge.

As ruthfulle he rode over a moor,
He saw a ladye sette
Betwene an oak and a greene hollèye,
All clad in red (1) scarlette.

Her nose was crookt, and turnd outwàrde,
Her chin stoode all awrye;
And where as sholde have been her mouthe,
Lo! there was set her eye;

(1) So the original.

Her haires, like serpents, clung aboute
Her cheeks of deadlye hewe:
A worse formd ladye, than she was,
No man mote ever viewe.

To hail the king in seemelye sorte,
This ladye was fulle faine;
But King Arthùre all sore amaz'd,
No aunswere made agayne.

What wight art thou, the ladye sayd,
That wilt not speak to mee?
Sir, I may chance to ease thy paine,
Though I bee foule to see.

If thou wilt ease my paine, he sayd,
And help me in my neede;
Ask what thou wilt, thou grimme ladyè,
And it shall bee thy meede (1).

(1) Reward.

O sweare mee this upon the roode,
And promise on thy faye,
And here the secrette I will telle,
That shall thy ransome paye.

King Arthur promis'd on his faye,
And sware upon the roode;
The secrette then the ladye tolde,
As lightlye well she cou'de.

Now this shall be my paye, Sir King,
And this my guerdon (1) bee,
That some yong, fair, and courtlye knighte,
Thou bringe to marrye mee.

Fast then pricked (2) King Arthûre,
Ore hille, and dale, and downe;
And soone he found the baron's bowre,
And soone the grimme barône.

(1) Reward.
(2) Spurred.

He bare his clubb upon his backe,
He stoode both stiffe and stronge;
And when hee had the letters read,
Aawaye the letters flunge.

Now yielde thee, Arthur, and thy landes,
All forfeit unto mee;
For this is not thy paye, Sir King,
Nor may thy ransome bee.

Yet hold thy hande, thou proud Barône,
I praye thee holde thy hande;
And give me leave to speake once moe,
In reskewe of my lande.

This morn, as I came over a moor,
I saw a ladye sette
Between an oak and a greene hollèye,
All clad in red scarlette.

Shee sayes, *all women will have their will*,
This is their chief desyre;
Now yield, as thou art a barone true,
That I have payd mine hyre.

An earlye vengeance light on her!
The carlish barone sayd;
She was my sister tolde the this,
And she's a mishapen jade.

But here I will make mine avowe,
To do her as ill a turne;
For an ever I may that foule thief gett,
In a fyre I will her burne.

PART THE SECONDE.

Homewarde pricked King Arthùre,
And a wearye man was hee;
And soone hee met Queene Guenever,
That bride so bright of blee.

What newes, what newes! thou noble king,
Howe, Arthur, hast thou sped?
Where hast thou hung the carlish Knighte?
And where bestow'd his head?

The carlish Knight is safe for me,
And free fro' mortal harme :
On magicke ground his castle stands,
And fenc'd with many a charme.

To bowe to him I was fulle faine,
And yielde mee to his hand ;
And but for a lothlye ladye there,
I sholde have lost my land.

And now this fills my heart with woe,
And sorrowe of my life ;
I swore a young and courtlye knight
Shold marrye her to his wife.

Then bespake him Sir Gawaine,
That was ever a gentle knighte ;
That lothlye lady I will wed,
Therefore be merrye and lighte.

Now naye, now naye, good Sir Gawaine,
My sister's sonne ye bee ;
This lothlye ladye's all too grimme,
And all too foule for yee.

Her nose is crookt and turnd outwàrde,
Her chin is all awrye;
A worse form'd Ladye than she is,
Was never seen with eye.

What though her chin stand all awrye,
And she be foule to see,
I'll marry her, unkle, for thy sake,
And I'll thy ransome bee.

Now thankes, now thankes, good Sir Gawàine,
And a blessing thee betide!
To-morrow wee'll have knights and squires,
And wee'll go fetch the bride.

And wee'll have hawks and wee'll have hounds,
To cover our intent;
And wee'll awaye to the green forèst,
As we a hunting went.

Sir Lancelot, Sir Stephen bolde,
They rode with them that daye;
And foremoste of the companye,
There rode the stewarde Kaye.

Soe did Sir Banier and Sir Bore,
And eke Sir Garratte keene;
Sir Tristram too, that gentle knight,
To the forest freshe and greene.

And when they came to the greene forèst,
Beneathe a faire holley tree,
There satt that ladye in red scarlètte,
That unseemelye was to see.

Sir Kay behelde that ladye's face,
And looked upon her sweere (1);
Whoever kisses that lady, he sayes,
Of his kiss he stands in feare.

Sir Kay beheld that ladye againe,
And looked upon her snout;
Whoever kisses that ladye he sayes,
Of his kisse he stands in doubt.

(1) Neck.

Peace, brother Kay, sayd Sir Gawaine,
And amend thee of thy life;
For there is a knight among us all,
Must marry her to his wife.

What, marry this foule queane, quoth Kay,
I'the devils name anone;
Get me a wife wherever I maye,
In sooth she shall bee none.

Then some took up their hawkes in haste,
And some took up their houndes;
And sayd they wolde not marry her
For cities, nor for townes.

Then bespake him King Arthure,
And sware there by this daye;
For a little foule sighte and mislikinge,
Yee shall not say her naye.

Peace, lordlings, peace; Sir Gawaine sayd,
Nor make debate nor strife;
This lothlaye ladye I will take,
And marry her to my wife.

Nowe thankes, nowe thankes, good Sir Gawaine,
And a blessinge be thy meede!
For as I am thine owne ladyê,
Thou never shalt rue this deede.

Then up they took that lothlye dame,
And home anone they bringe;
And there Sir Gawaine he her wed,
And married her with a ringe.

And when they were at home,
And all were gone away;
Come look at mee, my owne wed-lord,
Come look at me, I praye.

Sir Gawaine scant (1) could lift his head,
For sorrowe and for care;
When, lo! instead of that lothlye dame,
He sawe a young ladye faire.

(1) Scarcely.

Sweet blushes stayn'd her rud-red (1) cheeke,
Her eyen were blacke as sloe;
The ripening cherrye swellde her lippe,
And all her necke was snowe.

Sir Gawaine kiss'd that ladye brighte,
Sitting there by his side;
"The fairest flower is not soe faire!
Thou canst not bee my bride!"

I am thy bride, mine owne deare lorde,
The same which thou didst knowe;
That was so lothlye, and was wont
Upon the wild moor to goe.

Now, gentle Gawaine, chuse, quoth shee,
And make thy choice with care,
Whether at home, or else abroad,
Shall I be foule or faire?

"To have thee foule still in my house,
Where I thee ever see!
I'd rather have thee, ladye deare,
Be foule in companie."

(1) Ruddy cheeke.

"What! when gay ladyes goe with their lords,
To drinke the ale and wine,
Alas! then must I hide myself!
I must not goe with mine?

My faire ladye, Sir Gawayne sayd,
I yeild me to thy skille;
Because thou art mine owne ladyè,
Thou shalt have all thy will."

Now blessed bee thou, sweete Gawaine,
And the day that I thee see;
For as thou seest me at this time,
Soe shall I ever bee.

My father was an aged knight,
And yet it chanced soe,
He tooke to wife a false ladyè,
Whiche brought mee to this woe.

She witch'd me, being a faire yonge maid,
In the green forest to dwelle;
And there to abyde in lothlye shape,
Most like a fiend in helle.

Midst moors and mosses, woods and wilds,
To lead a lonesome life;
Till some yonge, faire, and courtlye knighte,
Would marry mee to his wife.

Nor fully to gaine mine owne trewe shape,
Such was her devilish skille,
Untill he wolde yield to be rul'd by mee,
And let me have my will.

She witch'd my brother to a carlish boore,
And made him stiffe and stronge;
And built him a bowre on magicke grounde,
To live by rapine and wronge.

But nowe the spelle is broken throughe,
And wronge is turn'd to righte;
Henceforth I shall bee a faire ladyè,
And hee be a gentle knighte.

The marriage of Sir Gawaine is chiefly taken from an old ballad, believed to be more ancient than the time of Chaucer.

KING RYENCE'S CHALLENGE.

THIS song is more modern than many of those which follow it, but is placed here for the sake of the subject. It was sung before Queen Elizabeth at the grand entertainment at Kenelworth-Castle, in 1575, and was probably composed for that occasion. In a letter, describing those festivities, it is thus mentioned:—"A minstrel came forth "with a sollem song, warranted for story out of K. Arthur's "Acts, whereof I gat a copy, and is this;

"As it fell out on a Pentecost-day, &c."

The story in Morte Arthur, whence it is taken, runs as follows.—"Came a messenger hastely from King Ryence "of North-Wales, saying, that King Ryence had dis- "comfited and overcomen eleaven kings, and everiche of "them did him homage, and that was this: they gave him

" their beards cleane flayne off,—wherefore the messenger " came for King Arthur's beard, for King Ryence had " purfeled (1) a mantell with kings beards, and there " lacked for one place of the mantell, wherefore he sent " for his beard, or else he would enter into his lands, and " brenn (2) and slaye, and never leave till he have thy head " and thy beard."—" Well, sayd King Arthur, thou hast " said thy message, which is the most villainous message " that ever man heard sent to a king: Also thou mayst see " my beard is full young yet for to make a purfell of, but " tell thou the king, that, or it be long, he shall do to me " homage on both his knees, or else he shall leese (3) his " head."

AS it fell out on a Pentecost-day,
King Arthur at Camelot kept his court (4),
With his faire Queene dame Genever the royall;

---

(1) Embroidered. (2) Burn. (3) Lose.

(4) King Arthur kept his round table at diverse places, but

And many bold barons sitting in hall,
With ladies attired in purple and pall;
And heraults in hewkes (1), hooting on high,
Cryed, largesse, largesse, Chevaliers tris-hardie (2)!

A doughty dwarfe, to the uppermost deas (3),
Right pertlye gan pricke, kneeling on knee,
With steaven (4) fulle stoute amidst all the preas (5),
Sayd, nowe Sir King Arthur, God save thee and see!
Sir Ryence of North-gales, greeteth well thee,
And bids thee thy beard anon to him send,
Or else from thy jaws he will it off rend.

---

especially at Carlion, Winchester, and Camalet, in Somersetshire. This Camalet, sometime a famous town or castle, is situate on a very high tor or hill.

Stowe.

(1) Heralds coats. (2) The heralds resounded these words as oft as they received the bounty of the knights.

See Memoires de la Chevalerie.

The expression is still used in the form of Installing Knights of the Garter. (3) The high table in a hall, from Fr. Dais a canopy. (4) Voice. (5) Press.

For his robe of state is a rich scarlet mantle,
With eleven kings beards bordered (1) about:
And there is room lefte yet in a kantle (2)
For thine to stande to make the twelfth out;
This must be done, be thou never so stout;
This must be done, I tell thee no fable,
Maugre the teethe of all thy round table.

When this mortal message from his mouthe past,
Great was the noyse, bothe in hall and in bower;
The king fum'd, the queene screecht, ladies were agast,
Princes puff'd, barons bluster'd, lords began to lower,
Knights storm'd, squires startled like steeds in a stower (3);
Pages and yeomen, yell'd out in the hall,
Then in came Sir Kay, the kings seneschall.

Silence, my soveraignes, quoth this courteous knight,
And in that stound (4) the stowre began still;
Then the dwarfe's dinner full deerely (5) was dight (6),
Of wine and wassel (7) he had his wille,
And when he had eaten and drunken his fill,
An hundred pieces of fine coyned gold
Were given this dwarfe for his message bold.

---

(1) Perhaps *broidered;* so purfled signifies. (2) Corner.
(3) Disturbance, fight. (4) Moment. (5) Richly. (6) Decked.
(7) Drinking, good cheer.

But say to Sir Ryence, thou dwarf, quoth the king,
That for his bold message I do him defye;
And shortlye with basins and pans will him ring
Out of North-gales; where he and I
With swords, and not razors, quicklye shall trye
Whether he, or King Arthur, will prove the best barbor,
And therewith he shook his good sword Excalàbor.

KING ARTHUR'S DEATH.

A FRAGMENT.

THE subject of this ballad is evidently taken from the old romance of *Morte Arthur*, but with some variations, especially in the concluding stanzas, in which the author seems rather to follow the traditions of the old Welsh bards, who "believed that King Arthur was not dead, but "conveied awaie by the fairies into some pleasant place, "where he should remaine for a time, and then return "againe, and reign in as great authority as ever." Holinshed, B. 5. c. 14; or, as it is expressed in an old Chronicle, printed at Antwerp, 1493, by Ger. de Leew: "The "Beretons supposen that he [K. Arthur] shall come yet, "and conquere all Bretaigne, for certes this is the pro-"phicye of Merlyn. He sayd that his deth shall be "doubteous, and sayd soth, for men thereof ye have "doubte, and shullen for evermore; for men wyt not "whether that he lyveth or is dede."

ON Trinitye-Mondaye in the morne,
This sore battayle was doom'd to bee;
Where manye a knighte cry'd, well awaye!
Alacke it was the more pittie.

Ere the first crowinge of the cocke,
When as the kinge in bed laye,
He thoughte Sir Gawaine to him came,
And there to him these wordes did saye:

Now as you are mine unkle deare,
And as you prize your life, this daye,
O meet not with your foe in fighte,
Put off the battyle, if yee maye.

For Sir Lancelot is nowe in France,
And with him manye an hardye knighte,
Who will within this month be backe,
And will assist yee in the fighte.

The kinge then call'd his nobles all,
Before the breakinge of the daye,
And tolde them howe Sir Gawaine came,
And there to him these wordes did saye.

His nobles all this counsayle gave,
That earlye in the morninge, hee
Shold send awaye an herauld at armes,
To ask a parley faire and free.

Then twelve good knights King Arthur chose,
The best of all that with him were,
To parley with the foe in field,
And make with them agreement faire.

The king he charged all his hoste,
In readinesse there for to bee;
But noe man shold noe weapon sturre,
Unlesse a sworde drawne they shold see.

And Mordred on the other parte,
Twelve of his knights did likewise bringe,
The beste of all his companye,
To holde the parley with the kinge.

Sir Mordred alsoe charged his hoste,
In readiness there for to bee;
But noe man sholde no weapon sturre,
But if a sworde drawne they sholde see.

For he durst not his unkle trust;
Nor he his nephewe sothe to tell:
Alacke! it was a woefulle case
As ere in Christentye befelle.

But when they were together mette,
And both to faire accordance broughte,
And a month's league betweene them sette,
Before the battayle sholde be foughte.

An adder crept forth of a bushe,
Stunge one of the king's knights on the knee;
Alacke! it was a woefulle chance
As ever was in Christentiè.

When the knight found him wounded sore,
And sawe the wild-worme hanginge there,
His sworde he from his scabbarde drewe,
A piteous case as ye shall heare.

For when the two hosts sawe the sworde,
They joyned battayle instantlye;
Till of soe many noble knights,
One one side there were left but three.

For all were slayne that durst abide,
And but some fewe that fled awaye;
Ay mee! it was a bloodye fielde,
As ere was foughte on summer's daye.

Upon King Arthur's owne partyè,
Onlye himselfe escaped there;
And Lukyn Duke of Gloster free,
And the king's butler Bedevere.

And when the king beheld his knightes
All dead and scattered on the molde,
The tears fast trickled downe his face,
That manlye face in fighte soe bolde.

Nowe rest yee all, brave knightes, he sayd,
Soe true and faithful to your trust:
And must yee then, yee valiant hearts,
Be lefte to moulder into dust!

Most loyal have yee been to mee,
Most true and faithful unto deathe;
And oh! to rayse yee up againe,
How freelye could I yield my breathe.

But see, the traytor's yet alive,
Lo where he stalks among the dead!
Nowe bitterlye he shall abye (1),
And vengeance fall upon his head.

O stay, my liege, then sayd the Duke,
O staye for love and charitiê;
Remember what the vision spake,
Nor meete your foe, if it maye bee.

O, staye mee not, thou worthye wight,
This debt my loyal knightes I owe;
Betide me life, betide me death,
I will avenge them of their foe.

Then straite he grasped his trustye spear,
And on his horse then mounted hee;
As his butler holpe him to his horse,
His bowels gushed to his knee.

(1) Suffer, pay for.

Alas! then sayd the noble king,
That I should live this sight to see!
To see this good knight here be slaine,
All for his love in helping mee.

He put his spear into his reste,
And to Sir Mordred loud gan crye,
Nowe sette thyselfe upon thy guarde,
For, traitor, nowe thy death is nye.

Sir Mordred lifted up his sworde,
And fierce to meet the king ran hee;
The king his speare he through him thrust,
A fathom thorow his bodie.

When Mordred felt the stroke of death,
And found that he was wounded soe,
He thruste himselfe upon the speare,
And strucke the king a deadlye blowe.

Then grimmlye dyed Sir Mordered,
Presentlye upon that tree;
And bloody streames ranne from the kinge,
Ere to the Duke returned hee.

Sir Lukyn then he thus bespake,
Sir Knighte, thou hast beene faithfulle tryde,
Now take my sworde Excalibar,
That hangs so freelye by my syde.

O take my sworde Excalibar,
And there into the river throwe;
For here, henceforth, benethe this tree,
All use of weapons I foregoe.

And fare thee well, thou trustye sword,
A better ne'er had valiant knighte;
With thee full ofte, and manye a daye,
Have I withstood my foe in fighte.

With this good fauchion in my hande,
Oft have I reapt the bloody feilde;
But nowe the fatalle hour is come
That never more I may thee weelde.

The Duke then to the river went,
And there his owne sword in threwe he;
But hee kept backe Excalibar,
He kept it backe in privitee.

For all of Coleyne (1) was the blade,
And all the hilte of pricious stone;
And ever alacke! then sayd the knighte,
Must such a sword awaye be throwne?

Then backe he came unto the kinge,
Who sayd, Sir Lukyn, what did yee see?
Nothing, my liege, save that the winde,
Blewe o'er the waters faire and free.

O goe againe, then sayd the kinge,
O good Sir Lukyn, goe againe;
Into the river throwe my sword,
Nor keep me lingering here in paine.

The Duke then to the river went,
And the king's scabberd in threwe hee;
But he kept backe Excalibar,
And hid it undernethe a tree.

---

(1) Cologne steel.

Then backe he came to tell the kinge,
Who sayd, Sir Lukyn, sawe ye oughte?
Nothinge, my liege, save that the winde
Nowe with the angrye waters foughte.

O Lukyn, Lukyn, sayd the kinge,
Twice hast thou dealt deceytfullye;
Alacke! whom may wee ever truste,
When such a knighte soe false can bee?

Saye, wouldst thou have thy master dead
All for a sword, that wins thine eye?
Now goe againe, and throwe it in,
Or here the one of us shall dye.

The Duke all 'sham'd with this rebuke,
No answer made unto the kinge;
But to the river tooke the sworde,
And threwe it far as he cold flinge.

A hande and arme did meete the sworde,
And flourish'd three times in the air,
Then sunke benethe the renninge streme,
And of the Duke was seen nae mair.

All sore astonish'd stood the Duke,
He stood as still as still mote bee;
Then hastend backe to tell the kinge,
But he was gone from benethe the tree.

Unto what place he colde not telle,
For never after he did him spye;
But hee saw a barge goe from the lande,
And he heard ladyes (1) howle and crye.

And whether the kinge were there or not,
He never knewe, nor ever colde;
For from that sad and direfulle daye,
He never more was seene on moulde.

---

(1) Ladies was the word our old English writers used for nymphs.

HARDYKNUTE.

A SCOTTISH FRAGMENT.

STATELY stept he east the way,
And stately stept he west,
Full seventy years he nowe had sene,
With skers seven years of reste;
He lived when Britons breach of faith
Wrought Scotland meikle wae (1);
And ay his sword told to their cost,
He was their deidly fae (2).

High on a hill his castle stude,
With halls and touris a-hicht (3);
And goodly chambers faire to see,
Where he lodgit many a knight:

(1) Great trouble, grief. (2) Foe. (3) On high.

His dame so peerlesse once and fair,
For chast and bewtie deimt (1),
Nae marrow (2) had in all the land,
Save Elenor the Quene.

Full thirteen sonnes to him she bare,
All men of valour stout;
In bluidy fight with sword in hand
Nine lost their lives bot (3) doubt;
Four yet remain, long may they live
To stand by liege and land;
Hie was their fame, hie was their might,
And hie was their command.

Great love they bare to Fairly fair,
Their sister soft and dear;
Her girdle shawd her midle gimp (4),
And gowden glist her hair:
What waefore wae her bewtie bred?
Waefore to young and old;
Waefore I trow to kyth and kyn (5),
As story ever told.

(1) Esteemed. (2) Equal. (3) Certainly, undoubtedly.
(4) Neat, slender. (5) Acquaintance and kindred.

The King of Norse (1) in summer tyde,
Pufft up with power and might,
Landed in fair Scotland the yle,
With many a hardy knight.
The tydings to our good Scots king
Came as he sat at dyne,
With noble chiefs in brave aray,
Drinking the bluid-red wine.

"To horse, to horse, my royal liege,
Your foes stand on the strand;
Full twenty thousand glittering spears
The King of Norse commands."
Bring me my steed Mage dapple gray,
Our good king rose and cryd,
A trustyer beast in all the land,
A Scots king never seyd (2).

Go, little page, tell Hardyknute,
That lives on hill so hie,
To draw his sword, the dread of foes,
And haste and follow me.

(1) Norway. (2) Saw.

The little page flew swift as dart
Flung by his master's arm:
"Cum down, cum down, Lord Hardyknute,
And rid your king from harm."

Then redd, redd grew his dark-brown cheeks,
So did his dark-brown brow,
His looks grew kene, as they were wont
In dangers great to do.
He has tane a horn as grene as glass,
And gien five sounds so shrill,
That trees in green wood shook thereatt,
So loud rang ilka (1) hill.

His sons in manly sport and glee,
Had past that summer's morn,
When low down in a grassy dale
They heard their father's horn:
That horn, quoth they, neir sounds in peace,
We have other sport to byde,
And soon they hied them up the hill,
And soon were at his syde.

(1) Every hill.

" Late, late the yester e'en I weinde (1) in peace,
To end my lengthened life,
My age might well excuse my arm,
Frae manly feats of stryfe.
But now that Norse does proudly boast
Fair Scotland to inthrall,
Its ne'er be sayd of Hardyknute
He feard to fight or fall.

Robin of Rothsay, bend thy bow,
Thy arrowes shoot so leil (2),
That mony a comely countenance
They have turnd to deadly pale.
Broad Thomas take ye but your lance,
Ye need nae weapons mair;
If ye fight we it as ye did once
Gainst Westmorlands fierce heir.

And Malcolm, light of foot as stag,
That runs in forest wyld,
Get me my thousand three of men,
Well bred to sword and schield;

(1) Thought. (2) True.

Bring me my horse and harnisine,
My blade of mettal clear;
If foes kend (1) but the hand it bare,
They sune had fled for fear.

Farewel, my dame, sae peerless gude,
(And tuke her by the hand),
Fairer to me in age you seem
Than maids for bewtie fam'd:
My youngest son shall here remain,
To guard these stately towers,
And shut the silver bolt that keeps
Sae fast your painted bowers (2)."

And first she wet her comely cheeks,
And then her bodice grene,
Her silken cords of twirtle twist (3),
Well plett (4) with silver shene (5):
And apron set with many a dice,
Of needle-wark so rare,
Wove by nae hand, as ye may guess,
Save that of Fairly fair.

(1) Knew. (2) Chambers. (3) Thoroughly twisted.
(4) Platted. (5) Shining silver.

And he has ridden owre moor and moss,
Owre hills and mony a glen,
When he came to a wounded knight,
Making a heavy moan.
" Here maun I lye, here maun I dye,
By treacheries false guiles ;
Witless I was that e'er gave faith
To wicked womans smyles."

" Sir knight, if ye were in my bower,
To lean on silken seat,
My laydis kindly care youd prove,
Who n'er kend deadly hate :
Herself wold watch ye all the day,
Her maids a'dead of night ;
And Fairly fair your heart wold chear,
As she stands in your sight.

" Arise, young knight, and mount your steed,
Full lowns (1) the shining day ;
Chuse from my menzie (2) whom ye please,
To lead ye on the way."

(1) Blazes. (2) Retinue.

With smyless look and visage wan,
The wounded knight replied,
" Kind chieftain your intent pursue,
For here I maun abyde.

To me no after day nor night
Can e'er be sweet or fair,
But soon beneathe some draping tree,
Cold death shall end my care."
With him nae pleading might prevail,
Brave Hardiknute in to gain
With fairest words, and reason strong
Strave courteouslie in vain.

Syne (1) he is gone far 'hind attowre (2),
Lord Chattens land sae wyde,
That lord a worthy wight (3) was ay,
When foes his courage seyd;
Of Pictish race by mothers syde,
When Picts ruld Caledon;
Lord Chatten claim'd the princely maid,
When he savd Pictish crown.

(1) Since. (2) Out over. (3) Person.

Now with his fierce and stalwort (1) train,
He reacht a rysing height,
Where broad encampit on the dale,
Norse Menzie lay in sight.
" Yonder, my valient sons and fierce,
Our raging revers (2) wail,
On the unconquerit Scottish swaird (3),
To try with us their fate.

Make orisons to him that savd
Our souls upon the rood (4),
Syne briefly show your veins ar filld
With Caledonian blude."
Then forth he drew his trusty glaive,
While thousands all around,
Drawn frae their sheaths glanst in the sun,
And loud the bougills sound.

To join his king adown the hill
In haste his march he made,
While playing pibrochs (5) minstrels meet,
Afore him stately strade.

(1) Stout. (2) Robbers. (3) The grassy surface of the ground. (4) Cross. (5) Highland war tunes.

" Thrice welcum, valiant stoup of weir (1),
Thy nations shield and pryde;
Thy king no reason has to fear,
When thou art by his syde."

Then bows were bent and darts were thrown,
For throng scarce could they flie;
The darts clove arrowes as they met,
The arrowes dart the tree.
Long did they rage and fight full fierce,
With little skaith (2) to man;
But bludy, bludy was the field
Or that long day was done.

The King of Scots that seldom bruikd
The war that lookt like play,
Drew his broad sword, and brake his bow,
Since bows seemd but delay.
Quoth noble Rothsay, " Mine I'll keep,
I wate (3) its bleid a score."
Hast up my merry-men, cryd the king,
As he rade on before.

(1) Pillar of war. (2) Harm, mischief. (3) I know.

The King of Norse he sought to find,
With him to mense the faucht (1);
But on his forehead there did light
A sharp unsonsie (2) shaft.
As he his hand put up to find
The wound, an arrow keen,
O waefou chance! there pinnd his hand,
In midst betweene his ene (3).

" Revenge, revenge, cryd Rothsays heir,
Your mail-coat shall not byde,
The strength and sharpness of my dart,"
Then sent it through his syde.
Another arrow while he markd,
It persit his neck in twa;
His hands then quitted the silver reins,
He low as earth did fa.

" Sore bleeds my liege, sore, sore he bleeds!"
Again with might he drew,
And gesture dreid, his sturdy bow,
Fast the broad arrow flew:

(1) Measure the battle. (2) Unlucky, unfortunate. (3) Eyes.

Wae to the knight he ettled (1) at,
Lament now Quene Elgreid,
Hie dames to wail your darlings fall,
His youth and comely meid (2).

" Take off, take off his costly jusse (3),
(Of gold well was it twynd,
Knit like the fowler's net, thro' which
His steelly harness shynd.)
Take, Norse, that gift frae me, and bid
Him 'venge the blood it bears;
Say, if he face my bended bow,
He sure nae weapon fears."

Proud Norse with giant body tall,
Braid shoulders and arms strong,
Cryd, " Where is Hardiknute sae famd,
And feard at Britains throne:
The Britons tremble at his name,
I soon shall make him wail,
That e'er my sword was made sae sharp,
Sae saft his coat of mail."

(1) Aimed at. (2) Mood. (3) Upper garment.

That brag his stout heart could na byde,
It lent him youthful might:
" I'm Hardyknute; this day, he cryd,
To Scottland's king I hecht (1):
To lay thee low, as horses hufe;
My word I mean to keep."
Syne with the first strakeeir he strake,
He garrd (2) his body bleid.

Norse ene like gray gosehawke stared wyld,
He sighd with shame and spyte;
" Disgrac'd is now my far-famed arm,
That left thee power to stryke."
Then gave his head a blow sae fell,
It made him down to stoup,
As low as he to ladies usit
In courtly guyse to lout (3).

Full soon he raisd his bent body,
His bow he marvelld sair,
Since blows till then on him but derrd (4)
As touch of Fairly fair:

(1) Promised, engaged to lay thee low. (2) Made. (3) Bowed. (4) Hit.

Norse ferliet (1) too as much as he,
To see his stately look,
Sae soon as eir he strake a fae,
Sae soon his lyfe he took.

Where like a fire to hether set (2),
Bauld Thomas did advance,
A sturdy fae with look enraged,
Up towards him did prance:
He spurd his steed throw thickest ranks,
The hardy youth to quell,
Who stood unmov'd at his approach,
His furie to repell.

"That short brown shaft sae meanly trim'd,
Looks lyke poor Scotlands geer;
But dreadful seems the rusty point!"
And loud he laughd in jeer:

---

(1) Wondered. (2) Heath, a low shrub that grows upon the moors, &c. so luxuriantly as to choak the grass; to prevent which the inhabitants set whole acres of it on fire, the rapidity of which gave the poet this apt and noble simile.

" Aft Britons blood has dimd its shine,
This point cut short their vaunt."
Syne pierced the boasters bearded cheek,
Nae tyme he took to taunt.

Short while he in his sadill swang,
His stirrup was no stay,
Sae feeble hang his unbent knee,
Sure token he was fey (1):
Swith on the hardened clay he fell,
Right far was heard the thied (2);
But Thomas lookd not as he lay,
All weltering in his blude.

With careless gesture mind unmovd,
On rid he north the plain,
His seim in throng of fiercest stryfe,
When winner ay the same:
Nor yet his heart dame's dimpled cheek
Could meise (3) saft love to bruik,
Till vengeful Ann returnd his scorn,
Then languid grew his look.

(1) Predestinated to death, or some misfortune; under a fatality. (2) Noise of a fall. (3) Soften.

In throws of death, with faded cheek,
All panting on the plain,
The fainting corps of warriours lay,
Ne'er to aryse again;
Ne'er to return to native land,
Nae mair with blythsom sounds,
To boast the glories of the day,
And shew their shining wounds.

On Norways coast the widowit dame
May wash the rocks with tears,
May long look owre the shipless seas
Before hir mate appears.
Cease, Emma, cease to hope in vain,
Thy lord lies in the clay;
The valiant Scotts nae revers (1) thole (2)
To carry lyfe away.

There on a plain, where stands a cross,
Set up for monument,
Thousands full fierce that summers day
Fill'd keen wars black intent.

(1) Robbers. (2) Suffer.

Let Scots, while Scots, praise Hardyknute,
Let Norse the name ay dread,
Ay how he fought, aft how he spared,
Shall latest ages reid.

Loud and chill blew the westlin (1) wind,
Sair beat the heavy shower,
Dark grew the night ere Hardyknute
Drew near his stately tower:
His tower that used with torches blaze,
To shine so far at night,
Seemd now as black as mourning weed,
Nae marvel sore he sigh'd.

" Theres nae light in my ladys bowir,
Theres nae light in my hall;
Nae blink shines round my Fairly fair,
Nor watch stands on my wall.
What bodes it? Robert, Thomas, say;"
No answer fits their dread;
" Stand back, my sons, I'll be your guide,"
But by they past with speed.

(1) Western.

" As fast I have sped owre Scotlands foes,"
There ceas'd his brag of war,
Sore shamd to mind ocht but his dame,
And maiden Fairly fair;
Black fear he felt, but what to fear
He wist not yet with dread;
Sore shock his body, sore his limbs,
And all the warrior fled.

* * * * * *

KING JOHN

AND

THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

AN ancient story Ile tell you anon,
Of a notable prince, that was called King John;
And he ruled England with maine and with might,
For he did great wrong, and maintain'd little right.

And Ile tell you a story, a story so merry,
Concerning the Abbot of Canterbûrye;
How for his house keeping and high renowne,
They rode post for him to fair London towne.

An hundred men, the King did heare say,
The Abbot kept in his house every day;
And fifty gold chaynes, without any doubt,
In velvet coates waited the Abbot about.

How now, father Abbot, I heare it of thee,
Thou keepest a farre better house than mee;
And for thy house-keeping and high renowne,
I feare thou work'st treason against my crowne.

My liege, quo' the Abbot, I would it were knowne,
I never spend nothing but what is my owne;
And I trust your grace will do me no deere (1),
For spending of my owne true gotten geere.

Yes, yes, father Abbot, thy fault it is highe,
And now for the same thou needest must dye;
For except thou canst answer me questions three,
Thy head shall be smitten from thy bodie.

And first, quo' the King, when I'm in this stead (2),
With my crowne of gold so faire on my head,
Among all my liege-men, so noble of birthe,
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worthe.

---

(1) Harm, mischief. (2) This place.

Secondlye, tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride the whole world about;
And at the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think.

O, these are hard questions for my shallow witt,
Nor I cannot answer your grace as yet;
But if you will give me but three weekes space,
Ile do my endeavour to answer your grace.

Now three weeks space to thee will I give,
And that is the longest time thou hast to live;
For if thou dost not answer my questions three,
Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to mee.

Away rode the Abbot, all sad at that word,
And he rode to Cambridge and Oxenford;
But never a doctor there was so wise,
That could with his learning an answer devise.

Then home rode the Abbot of comfort so cold,
And he mett his shepherd a going to fold;
How now, my Lord Abbot, you are welcome home,
What news do you bring us from good King John?

" Sad newes, sad newes, shepherd, I must give,
That I have but three dayes more to live;
For if I do not answer him questions three,
My head will be smitten from my bodyè.

The first is to tell him there in that stead,
With his crowne of golde so fair on his head,
Among all his liege-men so noble of birth,
To within one penny of what he is worth.

The seconde, to tell him without any doubt,
How soone he may ryde the whole world about;
And at the third question I must not shrinke,
But tell him there truly what he does thinke."

Now cheare up, Lord Abbot, did you never hear yet,
That a fool he may learn a wise man witt?
Lend me horse, and serving men, and your apparel,
And I'll ride to London to answer your quarrel.

Nay, frowne not, if it hath bin told unto mee,
I am like your lordship as ever may bee;
And if you will but lend me your gowne,
There is none shall know us at fair London towne.

"Now horses and serving-men thou shalt have,
With sumptuous array most gallant and brave,
With Crozier, and Mitre, and Rochet, and Cope,
Fit to appear 'fore our fader the Pope."

Now welcome, Sire Abbot, the King he did say,
'Tis well thou'rt come back to keepe thy day;
For an if thou can'st answer my questions three,
Thy life and thy living saved shall bee.

And first, when thou seest me here in this stead,
With my crowne of golde so fair on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe,
Tell me to one penny what I am worth.

"For thirty pence our Saviour was sold,
Amonge the false Jewes, as I have bin told;
And twenty-nine is the worth of thee,
For I think thou art one penny worser than hee."

The King he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel (1),
I did not think I had been worth so littel!
Now secondlye tell me, without any doubt,
How soone I may ride this whole world about.

(1) Meaning probably St. Botolph.

" You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same,
Untill the next morning he riseth againe;
And then your grace need not make any doubt,
But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about."

The King he laughed, and swore by St. Jone,
I did not think it could be gone so soone!
Now from the third question you must not shrinke,
But tell me here truly what I do thinke.

" Yea, that shall I do, and make your grace merry,
You thinke I'm the Abbot of Canterbury;
But I'm his poor shepherd, as plain you may see,
That am come to beg pardon for him and for mee."

The King he laughed, and swore by the masse,
Ile make thee Lord Abbot this day in his place!
" Now, naye, my liege, be not in such speede,
For alacke! I can neither write ne reade."

Four nobles a weeke then I will give thee,
For this merry jest thou hast showne unto mee;
And tell the old Abbot when thou comest home.
Thou hast brought him a pardon from good King John.

A SONNET,

ADDRESSED BY KING JAMES TO HIS SON PRINCE HENRY.

GOD gives not kings the stile of God in vaine,
For on his throne his scepter do they sway;
And as their subjects ought them to obey,
So kings should feare and serve their God againe.

If then ye would enjoy a happie reigne,
Observe the statutes of our heavenly King;
And from his law make all your laws to spring,
Since his lieutenant here ye shall remaine.

Rewarde the juste, be stedfast, true, and plaine,
Represse the proud, maintayning aye the right;
Walk always so, as ever in *His* sight,
Who guards the godly, plaguing the profane.

THE

RISING IN THE NORTH.

THE subject of this ballad is the great Northern Insurrection, in the twelfth year of Elizabeth, 1569, which proved so fatal to Thomas Percy, the seventh Earl of Northumberland.

There had, not long before, been a secret negociation entered into between some of the Scottish and English nobility, to bring about a marriage between Mary Queen of Scots, at that time a prisoner in England, and the Duke of Norfolk, a nobleman of excellent character, and firmly attached to the Protestant religion. This match was proposed to all the most considerable of the English nobility, and among the rest to the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, two noblemen very powerful in the north. As it seemed to promise a speedy and safe conclusion of the troubles in Scotland, with many advantages to the crown of England, they all consented to it, provided it

should prove agreeable to Elizabeth. The Earl of Leicester (Elizabeth's favourite) undertook to break the matter to her; but before he could find an opportunity, the affair had come to her ears by other hands, and she was thrown into a violent flame. The Duke of Norfolk, with several of his friends, was committed to the Tower; and summons were sent to the Northern Earls instantly to make their appearance at court. It is said that the Earl of Northumberland, who was a man of a mild and gentle nature, was deliberating with himself whether he should not obey the message, and rely upon the Queen's candour and clemency, when he was forced into desperate measures by a sudden report at midnight, November 14th, that a party of his enemies were come to seize on his person (1). The Earl was then at his house at Topcliffe, in Yorkshire, when, rising hastily out of his bed, he withdrew to the Earl of Westmoreland at Brancepeth, where the country came in to them, and pressed them to take arms in their own defence. They accordingly set up their standards, declaring their intent was to restore the ancient religion; to get the succession of the crown firmly settled; and to prevent the destruction of the ancient nobility, &c. Their

(1) This circumstance is overlooked in the ballad.

common banner (1), (on which was displayed the Cross, together with the five wounds of Christ), was borne by an ancient gentleman, Richard Norton, Esq. of Norton-conyers, who, with his sons, (among whom, Christopher, Marmaduke, and Thomas, are expressly named by Camden), distinguished himself on this occasion. Having entered Durham, they tore the bible, &c. and caused mass to be said there. They then marched on to Clifford-moor, near Wetherbye, where they mustered their men. Their intention was to have proceeded on to York; but altering their minds, they fell upon Barnard's Castle, which Sir George Bowes held out against them for eleven days. The two Earls, who spent their large estates in hospitality, and were extremely beloved on that account, were masters of little ready money; the Earl of Northumberland bringing with him only 8000 crowns, and the Earl of Westmoreland nothing at all for the subsistence of their forces, they were not able to march to London, as they had at first intended.

In these circumstances Westmoreland began so visibly to despond, that many of his men slunk away, though

(1) Besides this, the ballad mentions the separate banners of the two noblemen.

Northumberland still kept up his resolution, and was master of the field till December 13, when the Earl of Sussex, accompanied with Lord Hunsden and others, having marched out of York at the head of a large body of forces, and being followed by a still larger army under the command of Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick, the Insurgents retreated northward, towards the borders, and there dismissing their followers, made their escape into Scotland. Though this insurrection had been suppressed with so little bloodshed, the Earl of Sussex and Sir George Bowes, marshal of the army, put vast numbers to death, by martial law, without any regular trial: the former of these caused, at Durham, sixty-three constables to be hanged at once; and the latter made his boast, that for sixty miles in length, and forty in breadth, betwixt Newcastle and Wetherbye, there was hardly a town or village wherein he had not executed some of the inhabitants. This exceeds the cruelties practised in the west after Monmouth's rebellion: but that was not the age of tenderness and humanity.

Such is the account collected from Stow, Speed, Camden, Guthrie, Carte, and Rapine: it agrees, in most particulars, with the following ballad, which was apparently the production of some northern minstrel, who was well affected to the two noblemen.

LISTEN, lively lordlings all,
Attend and listen unto mee,
And I will sing of a noble earl,
The noblest earl in the north countrie.

Earl Percy is into his garden gone,
And after him walks his fair ladie (1):
I heare a bird sing in mine eare,
That I must either fight or flee.

Now Heaven forbid, my dearest Lord,
That ever such harm should hap to thee;
But goe to London to the court,
And fair fall truth and honestie.

Now nay, now nay, my lady gay,
Alas! thy counsell suits not mee;
Mine enemies prevail so fast,
That at the court I may not bee.

---

(1) This lady was Anne, daughter of Henry Somerset, Earl of Worcester.

O goe to the court yet, good my lord,
And take thy gallant men with thee;
If any dare to do you wrong,
Then your warrant they may bee.

Now nay, now nay, thou lady faire,
The court is full of subtiltie;
And if I go to the court, lady,
Never more I may the see.

Yet goe to the court, my Lord, she sayes,
And I myself will goe wi' thee;
At court then for my dearest Lord,
His faithfull borrowe (1) I will bee.

Now nay, now nay, my lady deare,
Far rather had I lose my life,
Than leave among my cruel foes,
My love in jeopardy and strife.

(1) Pledge, surety.

But come thou hither, my little foot-pàge,
Come thou hither unto mee,
To maister Norton thou must goe,
In all the haste that ever may bee.

Commend me to that gentlemàn,
And beare this letter here fro' mee;
And say that earnestly I praye,
He will ryde in my companie.

One while the little foot-page went,
And another while he ran,
Until he came to his journeys end,
The little page never blan (1).

When to that gentleman he came,
Down he knelt upon his knee;
Quoth he, my Lord, commendeth him,
And sends this letter to thee.

(1) Never stopped.

And when that letter it was redd,
Affore that goodlye companye;
I wis, if you the truthe would know,
There was many a weeping eye.

He sayd, come hither, Christopher Norton,
A gallant youth thou seemst to bee;
What doest thou counsell me, my sonne,
Now that good Earl's in jeopardy?

Father, my counselle's faire and free,
That Earle he is a noble lord;
And whatsoever to him you hight (1),
I wold not have you breake your word.

Gramercy, Christopher, my sonne,
Thy counsell well it liketh mee;
And if we speed, and scape with life,
Well advanced thou shalt bee.

(1) Promise.

Come you hither, my nine good sonnes,
Gallant men I trowe (1) you bee;
How many of you, my children deare,
Will stand by that good Earle and mee?

Eight of them did answer make,
Eight of them spake hastilie,
O father, till the day we die
We'll stand by that good Earle and thee.

Gramercy now, my children deare,
You showe yourselves right bold and brave;
And whether soe'er I live or dye,
A father's blessing you shall have.

But what sayst thou, O Francis Norton!
Thou art mine eldest sonne and heire;
Somewhat lyes brooding in thy breast,
Whatever it bee, to mee declare.

(1) Think, believe.

Father, you are an aged man,
Your head is white, your bearde is gray;
It were a shame at these your yeares,
For you to ryse in such a fray.

Now fye upon thee, coward Francis!
Thou never learnedst this of mee;
When thou wert yong and tender of age,
Why did I make so much of thee?

But, father, I will wend (1) with you,
Unarm'd and naked will I bee;
And he that strikes against the crowne,
Ever an ill death may he dee.

Then rose that reverend gentleman,
And with him came a goodlye band,
To join with the brave Earl Percy,
And all the flower o'Northumberland.

(1) Go.

With them the noble Nevill came,
The Earle of Westmoreland was hee;
At Wetherbye they mustered their host,
Thirteen thousand faire to see.

Lord Westmoreland his ancyent (1) raisde,
The Dun Bull (2) he rays'd on hye,
Three Dogs with golden collars brave,
Were there sett out most royallye.

Earle Percy there his ancyent spred,
(3) The Halfe-Moone shining all so faire;
The Nortons ancyent had the cross,
And the five wounds our Lord did beare.

Then Sir George Bowes he straitwaye rose,
After them some spoyle to make;
Those noble Earles turn'd backe againe,
And aye they vowed that knight to take.

---

(1) Standard. (2) The supporters of the Nevilles, Earls of Westmoreland, were two bulls. (3) The silver crescent is a well-known crest or badge of the Northumberland family.

That baron he to his castle fled,
To Barnard Castle then fled hee;
The uttermost walles were eathe (1) to win,
The Earles have won them presentliè.

The uttermost walles were lime and bricke,
But thoughe they won them soon anone;
Long e'er they wan the innermost walles,
For they were cut in rocke of stone.

Then newes unto leeve (2) London came,
In all the speede that ever may bee,
And word is brought to our royal Queene,
Of the rysing in the north countrìe.

Her grace she turned her round about,
And like a royall queene she swore (3),
I will ordain them such a breakfast,
As never was in the north before.

---

(1) Easy. (2) Dear London. (3) This is quite in character; her Majesty would sometimes swear at her nobles, as well as box their ears.

She caus'd thirty thousand men be rais'd,
With horse and harneis faire to see;
She caus'd thirty thousand men be rais'd,
To take the Earles i'th' north countrie.

Wi' them the false Earle Warwick went,
Th' Earle Sussex and the Lord Hunsdèn,
Untill they to Yorke castle came,
I wis (1) they never stint (2) ne blan (3).

Now spread thy ancyent Westmorland,
Thy dun Bull faine would we spye;
And thou, the Earle o'Northumberland,
Now rayse thy halfe moon on hye.

But the dun Bull is fled and gone,
And the halfe-moon vanished away;
The Earles, though they were brave and bold,
Against soe many could not stay.

---

(1) I know. (2) Stopped. (3) Cease.

Thee, Norton, wi' thine eight good sonnes,
They doom'd to dye, alas! for ruth!
Thy reverend locks thee could not save,
Nor them their fairè and blooming youthe.

Wi' them full many a gallant wight,
They cruellye bereav'd of life;
And many a childe made fatherlesse,
And widowed many a tender wife.

NORTHUMBERLAND

BETRAYED BY DOUGLAS.

THIS ballad may be considered as the sequel to the preceding. After the unfortunate Earl of Northumberland had seen himself forsaken of his followers, he endeavoured to withdraw into Scotland; but falling into the hands of the thievish borderers, was stript and otherwise ill-treated by them. At length he reached the house of Hector of Harlaw, an Armstrong, with whom he hoped to lie concealed; for Hector had engaged his honour to be true to him, and was under great obligations to this unhappy nobleman. But this faithless wretch betrayed his guest for a sum of money to Murray, the regent of Scotland, who sent him to the castle of Lough-leven, then belonging to William Douglas. All the writers of that time assure us that Hector, who was rich before, fell shortly after into poverty, and became so infamous, that,

To take Hector's Cloak, grew into a proverb to express a man who betrays his friend.—*See Camden, Carleton, Holingshed, &c.*

Lord Northumberland continued in the castle of Lough-leven till the year 1572, when James Douglas, Earl of Morton, being elected regent, he was given up to the Lord Hunsden, at Berwick, and being carried to York, suffered death.

As Morton's party depended on Elizabeth for protection, an elegant historian thinks "it was scarce possible for them to refuse putting into her hands a person who had taken up arms against her. But, as a sum of money was paid on that account, and shared between Morton and his kinsman Douglas, the former of whom, during his exile in England, had been much indebted to Northumberland's friendship, the abandoning this unhappy nobleman to inevitable destruction was deemed an ungrateful and mercenary act."—*Robertson's History.*

So far history coincides with this ballad, which was apparently written by some northern bard, soon after the event. The interposal of the *witch lady* is probably his own invention: yet even this hath some countenance from history; for about twenty-five years before, the Lady Jane Douglas, Lady Glamis, sister of the Earl of Angus, and

nearly related to Douglas of Lough-leven, had suffered death for the pretended crime of witchcraft, who, it is supposed is the lady alluded to.

" HOW long shall fortune faile me nowe,
And harrow me with fear and dread?
How long shall I in bale (1) abide,
In misery my life to lead?

To fall from bliss, alas! the while!
It was my sore and heavy lott;
And I must leave my native land,
And I must live a man forgot.

One gentle Armstrong I doe ken (2),
A Scot he is much bound to mee;
He dwelleth on the border side,
To him I'll goe right priviliè.

---

(1) Evil, misery. (2) Know.

Thus did the noble Percy 'plaine,
With a heavy heart and wel-away (1),
When he with all his gallant men,
On Bramham-moor had lost the day.

But when he to the Armstrongs came,
They dealt with him all treacherouslye;
For they did strip that noble Earle,
And ever an ill death may they dye!

False Hector to Earle Murray sent,
To shew him where his guest did hide;
Who sent him to the Lough-leven,
With William Douglas to abide.

And when he to the Douglas came,
He haiched (2) him right curteousliè;
Say'd, welcome, welcome, noble Earle,
Here thou shalt safelye bide with mee.

(1) An interjection of grief. (2) Saluted him.

When he had in Lough-leven been,
Many a month and many a day,
To the Regent(1) the Lord Warden(2) sent,
The bannisht Earle for to betray.

He offered him great store of gold,
And wrote a letter fair to see;
Saying, good my Lord, grant me my boon,
And yield that banisht man to mee.

Earle Percy at the supper sate,
With many a goodlye gentleman:
The wylie Douglas then bespake,
And thus to flyte with him began.

What makes you be so sad, my Lord,
And in your mind so sorrowfullyè?
To-morrow a shootinge will be held,
Among the lords of the north countryè,

---

(1) James Douglas, Earl of Morton, elected Regent of Scotland, Nov. 24, 1572. (2) Of one of the English marches; (i. e. limits, borders, confines). Lord Hunsden.

The butts (1) are set, the shooting's made,
And there will be great royaltiè :
And I am sworn into my bille (2),
Thither to bring my Lord Percìe.

I'll give thee my hand, thou gentle Douglas,
And here by my true faith, quoth hee,
If thou wilt ride to the worldes end,
I will ride in thy companìe.

And then bespake a lady faire,
Mary à Douglas was her name :
You shall bide here, good English Lord,
My brother is a traiterous man.

He is a traitor stout and strong,
As I tell you in privitiè ;
For he has tane liverance (3) of the Earle (4),
Into England nowe to 'liver thee.

(1) Buts to shoot at. (2) Promise. (3) Money, a pledge for delivering you up. (4) Of the Earl of Morton; the Regent.

Now nay, now nay, thou goodly lady,
The regent is a noble Lord;
He for the gold in Englànd,
The Douglas wold not break his word.

When the regent was a banisht man,
With me he did faire welcome find;
And whether weale (1) or woe betide;
I still shall find him true and kind.

Tween England and Scotland 'twold break truce,
And friends again they wold never bee,
If they shold 'liver a banisht Earle,
Was driven out of his own countrie.

Alas! alas! my Lord, she sayes,
Nowe mickle is their traitorie;
Then let my brother ride his ways,
And tell those English lords from thee:

(1) Prosperity or woe.

How that you cannot with him ride,
Because you are in an isle of the sea (1);
Then ere my brother come againe,
To Edinbrow castle (2) Ile carry thee.

To the Lord Hume I will thee bring,
He is well known a true Scots Lord;
And he will lose both land and life,
Ere he with thee will break his word.

Much is my woe, Lord Percy said,
When I thinkiè on my own countriè,
When I thinke on the heavye happe
My friends have suffered there for mee.

Much is my woe, Lord Percy sayd,
And sore those wars my minde distresse;
Where many a widow lost her mate,
And many a child was fatherlesse.

---

(1) i. e. Lake of Leven, which hath communication with the sea. (2) At that time in the hands of the opposite faction.

And now that I, a banisht man,
Shold bring such evil happe with mee,
To cause my faire and noble friends
To be suspect of treacherie.

This rives my heart with double woe,
And lever had I dye this day,
Than thinke a Douglas can be false,
Or ever he will his guest betray.

If you'll give me no trust, my Lord,
Nor unto mee no credence yield;
Yet step one moment here aside,
Ile showe you all your foes in field.

Lady, I never loved witchcraft,
Never dealt in privy wyle;
But ever more held the high-waye,
Of truth and honours, free from guile.

If you'll not come yourselfe, my Lorde,
Yet send your chamberlaine with mee;
Let me but speak three words with him,
And he shall come again to thee.

James Swynard with that lady went,
She showed him through the weme (1) of her ring,
How many English lords there were,
Waiting for his master and him.

And who walkes yonder, my good lady,
So royallyè on yonder greene?
O yonder is the Lord Hunsden (2);
Alas! he'll doe you drie (3) and (3) teene.

And who beth yonder, thou gay ladye,
That walks so proudly him beside?
That is Sir William Drury (4) she sayd,
A keen captain he is, and tryed.

How many miles is it, Madàme,
Betwixt yond English lords and mee?
Marry it is thrice fifty miles
To sayl to them upon the sea.

---

(1) Hollow. (2) The Lord Warden of the east marches.
(3) Sufferance, sorrow. (4) Governor of Berwick.

I never was on English ground,
Ne never saw it with mine eye;
But as my book it sheweth mee,
And through my ring I may descrye.

My mother she was a witch ladye,
And of her skill she learned mee;
She wold let me see out of Lough-leven,
What they did in London citie.

Who is yond, thou lady faire,
That looketh with sic an austerne face?
Yonder is Sir John Foster (1) quoth shee,
Alas! he'll do ye sore disgrace.

He pulled his hatt down over his browe,
And in his heart he was full of woe;
And he is gone to his noble lord,
Those sorrowful tidings him to show.

---

(1) Warden of the middle marches.

Now nay, now nay, good James Swynàrd,
I may not believe that witch ladìe,
The Douglasses were ever true,
And they can ne'er prove false to mee.

I have now in Lough-leven been
The most part of these years three,
And I have never had noe outrake (1),
Ne no good games that I cold see.

Therefore I'll to yond shooting wend (2),
As to the Douglas I have hight (3);
Betite me weale, betite me woe,
He ne'er shall find my promise light.

He writhe a gold ring from his finger,
And gave it to that faire ladìe;
Sayes, it was all that I could save,
In Harley woods where I could bee (4).

---

(1) Outride, expedition. (2) Go. (3) Promised. (4) Where I was; an ancient idiom.

And wilt thou goe, thou noble Lord?
Then farewell truth and honestìe;
And farewell heart and farewell hand,
For never more I shall thee see.

The wind was faire, the boatmen call'd,
And all the saylors were on borde;
Then William Douglas took to his boat,
And with him went that noble lord.

Then up he cast a silver wand,
Says, gentle lady, fare thee well!
The lady fett a sigh so deep,
And in a dead swoone down shee fell.

Now let us goe back, Douglas, he sayd,
A sickness has taken yond faire ladìe;
If ought befall that lady but good,
Then blamed for ever I shall bee.

Come on, come on, my Lord, he says,
Come on, come on, and let her bee;
There's ladyes enow in Lough-leven
For to chear that gay ladie.

If you'll not turne yourself, my Lord,
Let me go with my chamberlaine;
We will but comfort that faire ladye,
And we will return to you againe.

Come on, come on, my Lord, he sayes,
Come on, come on, and let her bee;
My sister is crafty, and wold beguile
A thousand such as you and mee.

When they had sayled (1) fifty mile,
Fifty mile upon the sea,
He sent his man to ask the Douglas,
When they shold that shooting see.

Faire words, quoth he, they make fools faine,
And that by thee and thy Lord is seen;
You may hap to think it soon enow,
Ere you that shooting reach, I ween.

---

(1) There is no navigable stream between Lough-leven and the sea; but a ballad-maker is not obliged to understand geography.

Jamie his hatt pulled over his browe,
He thought his Lord then was betray'd;
And he is to Earle Percy againe,
To tell him what the Douglas sayd.

Hold up thy head, man, quoth his lord,
Nor therefore let thy courage fail;
He did it but to prove thy heart,
To see if he could make it quail.

When they had other fifty sayld,
Other fifty mile upon the sea,
Lord Percy call'd to the Douglas himselfe,
Sayd, what wilt thou nowe doe with mee?

Looke that your bridle be wight (1), my Lord,
And your horse goe swift as ship at sea;
Looke that your spurres be bright and sharp,
That you may prick her while she'll away.

What needeth this, Douglas, he sayd,
What needeth thou to flyte (2) with mee?
For I was counted a horseman good,
Before that ever I met with thee.

(1) Strong. (2) To contend with words, scold.

A false Hector, he hath my horse,
Who dealt with me soe treacherousliè;
A false Armstrong he hath my spurres,
And all the geere that belongs to mee.

When they had sayled other fifty mile,
Other fifty mile upon the sea:
They landed him at Berwick towne,
The Douglas landed Lord Percìe.

Then he at Yorke was doomde to dye,
It was, alas! a sorrowful sight;
Thus they betray'd that noble Earle,
Who ever was a gallant wight (1).

---

(1) Person.

The Earl of Morton has lately had put into his possession the keys of Loch-leven castle, which an ancestor of his lordship's, and a brother of the Earl of Morton, who was regent of Scotland, during the minority of James VI. afterwards James I. of England, threw into the Loch, after delivering Mary Queen of Scots from an imprisonment in that fortress. Their discovery has been owing to the great drought that prevailed last year in Scotland, and, considering the immensity of time they had lain there, very little rust appears on them.

Traveller, April 19th, 1806.

VALENTINE AND URSINE.

THE old story-book of Valentine and Orson, (which suggested the plan of this tale, but it is not strictly followed in it) was originally a translation from the French, being one of their earliest attempts at Romance.

See "*la Biblioteque de Romans, &c.*"

PART THE FIRST.

WHEN Flora 'gins to decke the fields,
With colours fresh and fine,
Then holy clerkes their mattins sing
To good Saint Valentine.

The king of France that morning fair,
He would a hunting ride,
To Artois forest prancing forth,
In all his princely pride.

To grace his sports a courtly train,
Of gallant peers attend;
And with their loud and cheerful cries
The hills and valleys rend.

Through the deep forest swift they pass,
Through woods and thickets wild;
When down within a lonely dell,
They found a new-born child.

All in a scarlet kercher lay'd,
Of silk so fine and thin;
A golden mantle wrapt him round,
Pinn'd with a silver pin.

The sudden sight surpris'd them all,
The courtiers gather'd round;
They look, they call, the mother seek,
No mother could be found.

At length the king himself drew near,
And as he gazing stands,
The pretty babe look'd up and smil'd,
And stretch'd his little hands.

Now by the rood, King Pepin says,
This child is passing fair;
I wot he is of gentle blood,
Perhaps some prince's heir.

Goe, bear him home unto my court,
With all the care ye may;
Let him be christen'd Valentine,
In honour of this day.

And look me out some cunning nurse,
Well nurtur'd let him bee;
Nor ought be wanting that becomes
A bairn of high degree.

They look'd him out a cunning nurse,
And nurtur'd well was hee;
Nor ought was wanting that became,
A bairn of high degree.

Thus grewe the little Valentine,
Belov'd of king and peers;
And shew'd in all he spake or did
A wit beyond his years.

But chief in gallant feates of arms,
He did himself advance,
That ere he grewe to man's estate,
He had no peere in France.

And now the early downe began
To shade his youthful chin;
When Valentine was dubb'd a knight,
That he might glory win.

A boon, a boon, my gracious liege,
I beg a boon of thee!
The first adventure that befalls,
May be reserv'd for mee.

The first adventure shall be thine,
The king did smiling saye;
Nor many days, when, lo! there came
Three Palmers clad in graye.

Help, gracious Lord! they weeping say'd,
And knelt as it was meet;
From Artois forest we be come,
With weak and wearye feet.

Within those deep and drearye woods,
There wends (1) a savage boy,
Whose fierce and mortal rage doth yield
Thy subjects dire annoy.

'Mong ruthless bears he sure was bred,
He lurks within their den;
With bears he lives, with bears he feeds,
And drinks the blood of men.

To more than savage strength he joins,
A more than human skill;
For arms, ne cunning may suffice,
His cruel rage to still.

Up then rose Sir Valentine,
And claim'd that arduous deed;
Go forth and conquer, say'd the king,
And great shall be thy meed (2).

---

(1) Goes. (2) Reward.

Well mounted on a milk-white steed,
His armour white as snow;
As well beseem'd a youthfull knight,
Who ne'er had fought a foe.

To Artoys forest he repairs,
With all the haste he may;
And soon he spies the savage youth
A rending of his prey.

His unkempt(1) hair all matted hung
His shaggy shoulders round;
His eager eye all fiery glow'd,
His face with fury frown'd.

Like eagle's talons grew his nails,
His limbs were thick and strong;
And dreadfull was the knotted oak
He bare with him along.

---

(1) Uncombed.

Soon as Sir Valentine approach'd,
He starts with sudden spring,
And yelling forth a hideous howl,
He made the forests ring.

As when a tyger fierce and fell,
Hath spyed a passing roe,
And leaps at once upon his throat,
So sprung the savage foe.

So lightly leap'd with furious force
The gentle knight to seize;
But met his tall uplifted spear,
Which sunk him on his knees.

A second stroke so stiff and stern,
Had laid the savage low;
But springing up, he rais'd his club,
And aim'd a dreadful blow.

The watchful warrior bent his head,
And shun'd the coming stroke;
Upon his taper spear it fell,
And all to shivers broke.

Then 'lighting nimbly from his steed,
He drew his burnish'd brand(1);
The savage quick as lightning flew,
To wrest it from his hand.

Three times he grasp'd the silver hilt,
Three times he felt the blade;
Three times it fell with furious force,
Three gastly wounds it made.

Now with redoubled rage he roar'd,
His eye-ball flash'd with fire;
Each hairy limb with fury shook,
And all his heart was ire.

Then closing fast with furious gripe,
He clasp'd the champion round;
And with a strong and sudden twist,
He laid him on the ground.

---

(1) Sword.

But soon the knight with active spring,
O'erturn'd his hairy foe;
And now between their sturdy fists
Past many a bruising blow.

They roll'd and grappled on the ground,
And there they struggled long;
Skilful and active was the knight,
The savage he was strong.

But brutal force and savage strength
To art and skill must yield;
Sir Valentine at length prevail'd,
And won the well-fought field.

Then binding strait his conquer'd foe,
Fast with an iron chain,
He ties him to his horse's tail,
And leads him o'er the plain.

To court his hairy captive soon
Sir Valentine doth bring,
And kneeling downe upon his knee,
Presents him to the king.

With loss of blood, and loss of strength,
The savage tamer grew;
And to Sir Valentine became
A servant try'd and true.

And 'cause with bears he erst was bred,
Ursine they call his name;
A name which unto future times
The Muses shall proclame.

PART THE SECOND.

In high renown with prince and peere,
Now liv'd Sir Valentine;
His high renown with prince and peere
Made envious hearts repine.

It chanc'd the king upon a day,
Prepar'd a sumptuous feast;
And there came lords and dainty dames,
And many a noble guest.

Amid their cups, that freely flow'd,
Their revelry and mirth,
A youthful knight tax'd Valentine
Of base and doubtful birth.

The foul reproach so grossly urg'd,
His generous heart did wound;
And strait he vow'd he ne'er would rest
Till he his parents found.

Then bidding king and peeres adieu,
Early one summer's day,
With faithful Ursine by his side,
From court he takes his way.

O'er hill and valley, moss and moor,
For many a day they pass;
At length upon a moated lake,
They found a bridge of brass.

Beyond it rose a castle fair,
Y-built of marble stone;
The battlements were gilt with gold,
And glittered in the sun.

Beneath the bridge, with strange device,
A hundred bells were hung;
That man, nor beast, might pass thereon,
But strait their larum rung.

This quickly found the youthful pair,
Who boldly crossing o'er,
The jangling sound bedeaft their ears,
And rung from shore to shore.

Quick at the sound the castle gates
Unlock'd and open'd wide,
And strait a gyant, huge and grim,
Stalk'd forth with stately stride.

Now yield you, caitiffs, to my will,
He cry'd with hideous roar;
Or else the wolves shall eat your flesh,
And ravens drink your gore.

Vain boaster, said the youthful knight,
I scorn thy threats and thee;
I trust to force thy brazen gates,
And set thy captives free.

Then putting spurs unto his steed,
He aim'd a dreadful thrust;
The spear against the gyant glanc'd,
And caus'd the blood to burst.

Mad and outrageous with the pain,
He whirl'd his mace of steel:
The very wind of such a blow,
Had made the champion reel.

It haply mist; and now the knight,
His glittering sword display'd,
And riding round with whirlwind speed,
Oft made him feel the blade.

As when a large and monstrous oak,
Unceasing axes hew;
So fast around the gyants limbs
The blows quick-darting flew.

As when the boughs with hideous fall,
Some hapless woodman crush;
With such a force the enormous foe
Did on the champion rush.

A fearful blow, alas! there came,
Both horse and knight it took,
And laid them senseless in the dust,
So fatal was the stroke.

Then smiling forth a hideous grin,
The gyant strides in haste,
And, stooping, aims a second stroke:
"Now, caytiff, breathe thy last."

But ere it fell, two thundering blows,
Upon his scull descend;
From Ursine's knotty club they came,
Who ran to save his friend.

Down sunk the gyant, gaping wide,
And rolling his grim eyes;
The hairy youth repeats his blows,
He gasps, he groans, he dies.

Quickly Sir Valentine reviv'd,
With Ursine's timely care;
And now to search the castle walls
The venturous youths prepare.

The blood and bones of murdered knights
They found where'er they came;
At length within a lonely cell,
They saw a mournful dame.

Her gentle eyes were dim'd with tears,
Her cheeks were pale with woe,
And long Sir Valentine besought
Her doleful tale to know.

"Alas! young knight," she weeping said,
"Condole my wretched fate;
"A childless mother here you see,
"A wife without a mate.

"These twenty winters here forlorn
"I've drawn my hated breath;
"Sole witness of a monster's crimes,
"And wishing aye for death.

"Know, I am sister of a king,
"And in my early years
"Was married to a mighty prince,
"The fairest of his peers.

Now Heav'n is kind! the lady said,
And dropt a joyful tear;
Shall I once more behold my lord?
That lord I love so dear?

But, Madam, said Sir Valentine,
And knelt upon his knee;
Know you the cloak that wrapt your babe,
If you the same should see?

And pulling forth the cloth of gold,
In which himself was found;
The lady gave a sudden shriek,
And fainted on the ground.

But by his pious care reviv'd,
His tale she heard anon;
And soon by other tokens found,
He was indeed her son.

But who's this hairy youth? she said;
He much resembles thee;
The bears devour'd my younger son,
Or sure that son were he.

Madam, that youth with bears was bred,
And rear'd within their den;
But, recollect ye any mark,
To know your son agen?

Upon his little side, quoth she,
Was stampt a bloody rose;
Here, lady, see the crimson mark
Upon his body grows!

Then clasping both her new-found sons,
She bath'd their cheeks with tears;
And soon towards her brother's court,
Her joyful course she steers.

What pen can paint king Pepin's joy,
His sister thus restor'd!
And soon a messenger was sent
To chear her drooping lord.

Who came in haste with all his peers,
To fetch her home to Greece;
Where many happy years they reign'd,
In perfect love and peace.

To them Sir Ursine did succeed,
And long the scepter bare;
Sir Valentine he stay'd in France,
And was his uncle's heir.

SIR PATRICK SPENCE.

A SCOTTISH BALLAND.

IN what age the hero of this ballad lived, or when this fatal expedition happened, that proved so destructive to the Scots nobles, has not been discovered; yet it is supposed that their catastrophe is not altogether without foundation in history. In the infancy of navigation, such as used the northern seas were very liable to shipwreck in the wintry months: hence a law was enacted in the reign of James III. (a law which was frequently repeated afterwards) "That there be na schip frauched out of the realm with any staple gudes, fra the feast of Simons day and Jude, unto the feast of the purification of our Lady, called Candelmess."

THE King sits in Dumferling towne,
Drinking the blude-reid wine;
O where will I get good sailòr,
To sail this schip of mine?

Up and spake an eldern knight,
Sat at the king's right knee;
Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailòr
That sails upon the sea.

The king has written a broad letter,
And sign'd it wi' his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,
Was walking on the sand.

The first line that Sir Patrick red,
A loud laugh laugh'd hee;
The next line that Sir Patrick red,
The tear blinded his ee(1).

O who is this has done this deed,
This ill-deed done to me!
To send me out this time o'the year,
To sail upon the se?

(1) Eye.

Make haste, make haste, my mirry men all,
Our guid schip sails the morn;
O say na so, may master dear,
For I fear a deadlye storm.

Late, late yestreen (1) I saw the new moone,
Wi' the auld moone in hir arme;
And I fear, I fear, my dear master,
That we will come to harme.

O our Scots nobles wer right loth,
To wet their cork-heild schoone;
But long ere a the play wer play'd,
Their hats they swam aboone (2).

O lang, lang may their ladyes sit,
Wi' thair fans into thair hand;
Or ere they see Sir Patrick Spence,
Cum sailing to the land.

---

(1) Yester-evening. (2) Above.

O lang, lang may the ladyes stand,
Wi' thair gold kems (1) in their hair;
Waiting for their ain dear lords,
For they'll see them na mair.

Have owre, have owre to Aberdour (2),
Its fiftie fadom deep;
And there lies guid Sir Patrick Spence,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

---

(1) Combs. (2) A village lying upon the river Forth, the entrance to which is sometimes denominated *De mortuo mari.*

THE END.

W. Wilson, Printer, St. John's Square.