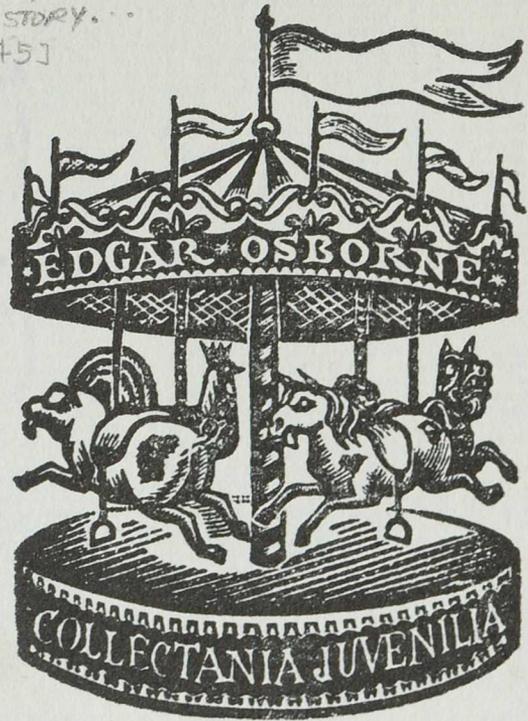
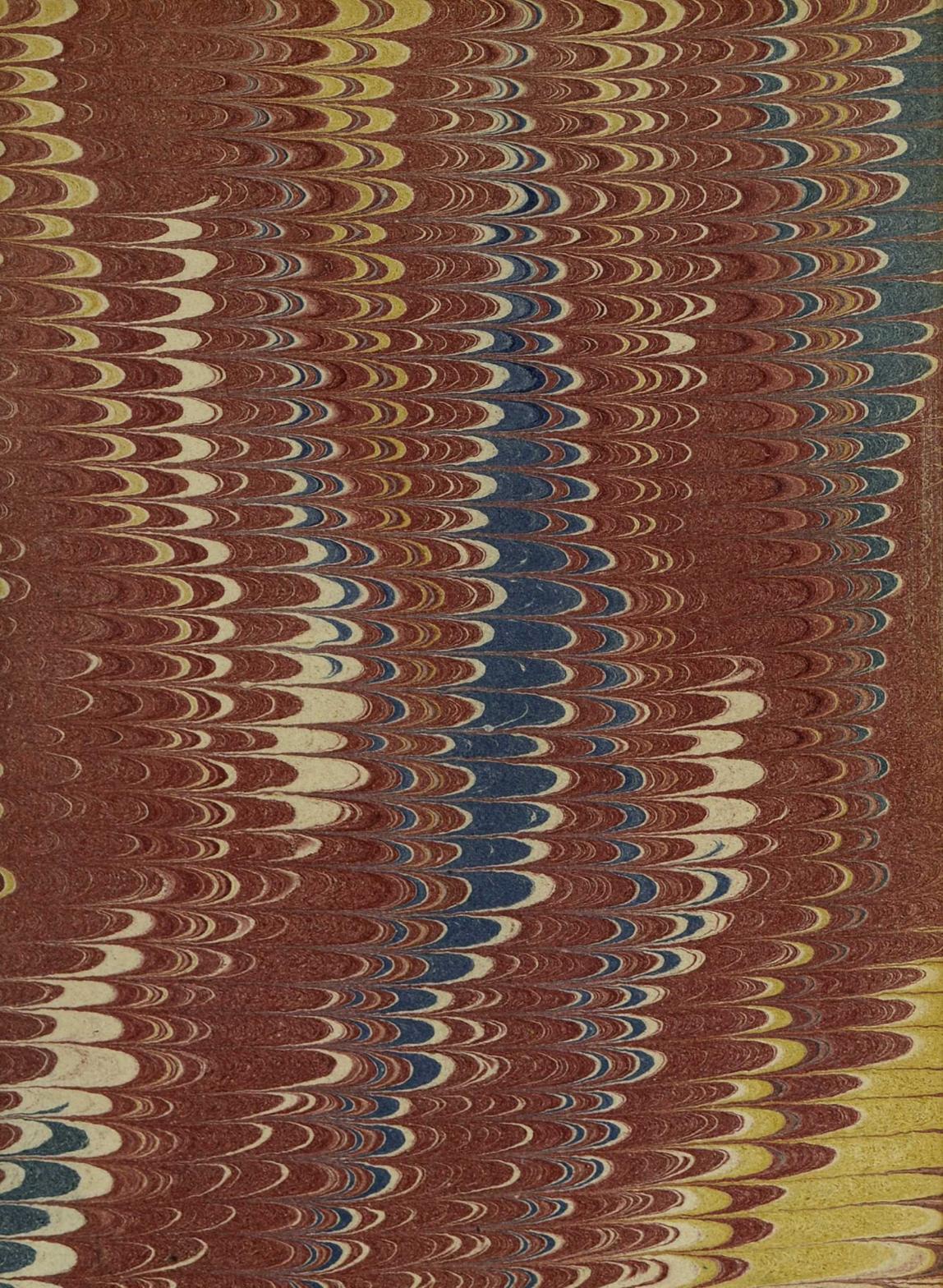


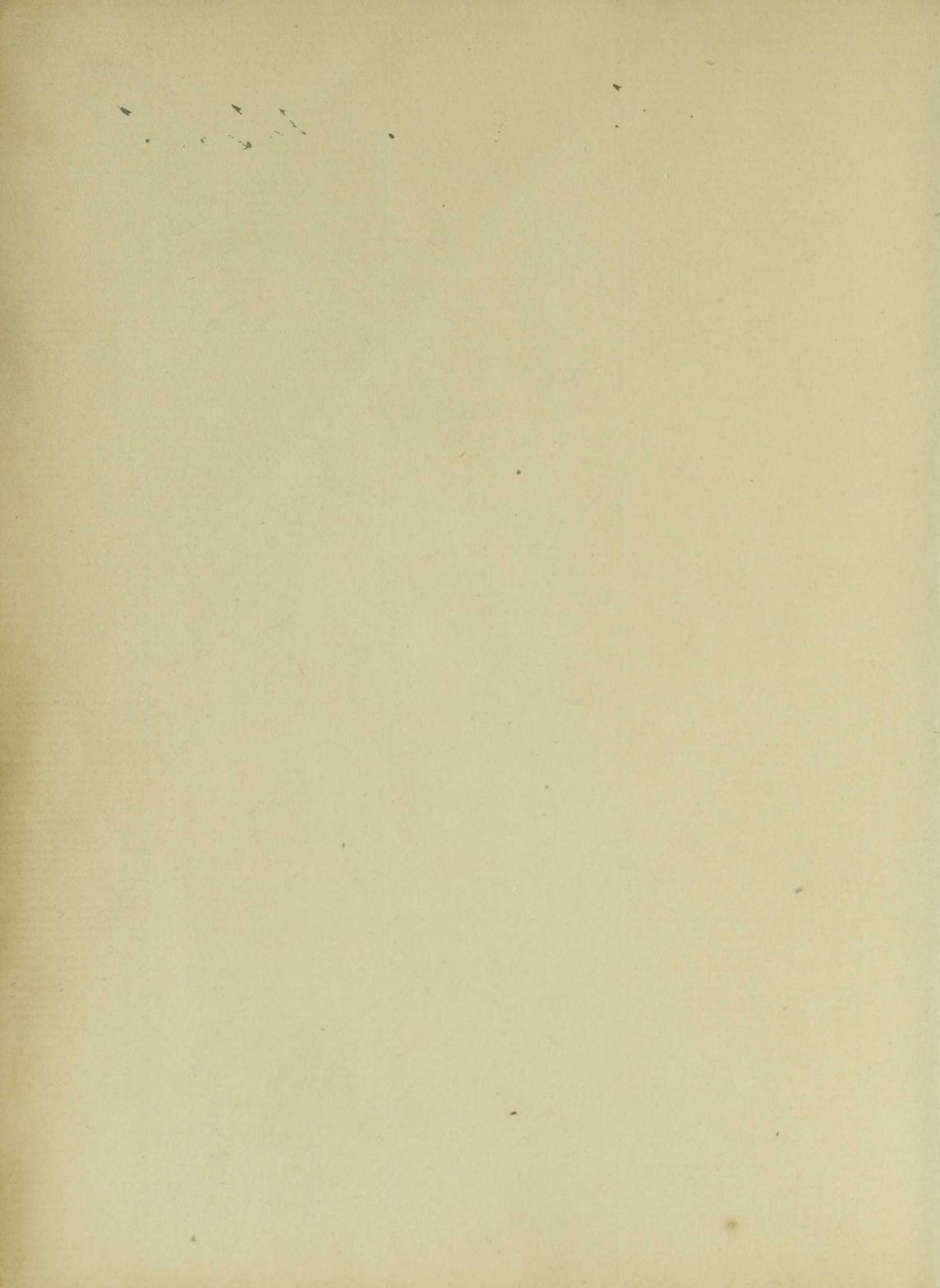


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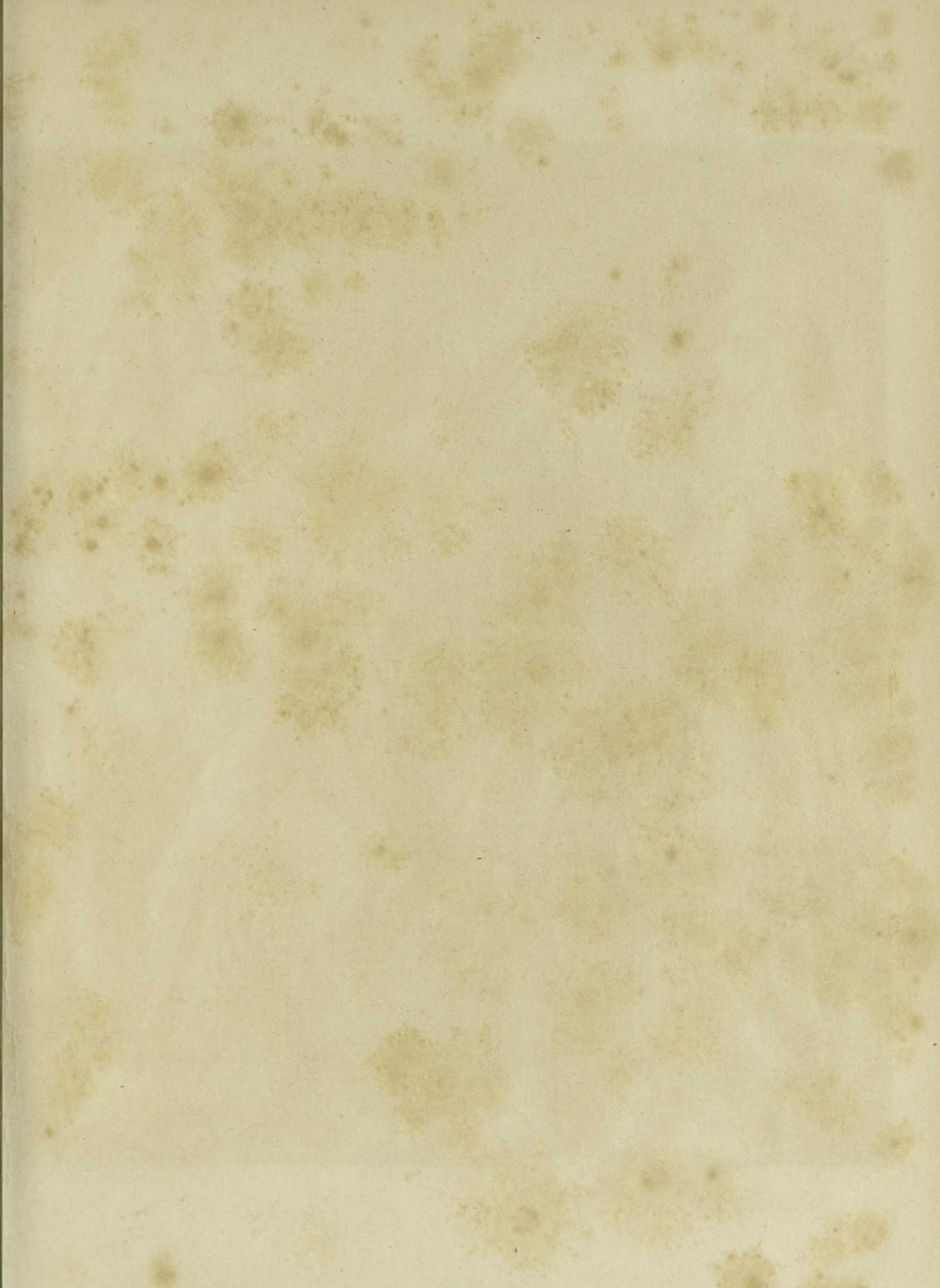
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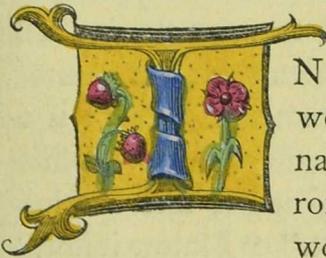




THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF GUY
EARL OF WARWICK.

CHAPTER I.

*The Praise of Guy Earl of Warwick, and how he
fell in Love with Fair Felice.*



IN the blessed time when Athelstan wore the crown of the English nation, Sir Guy, Warwick's mirror, and the wonder of all the world, was the chief hero of the age, who in prowess surpassed all his predecessors, and the trump of whose fame so loudly sounded, that Jews, Turks, and Infidels became acquainted with his name.

But as Mars, the God of Battle, was inspired with the beauty of Venus, so our Guy, by no arms conquered, was conquered by love for Felice the Fair; whose beauty and virtue were so inestimable, and shone with such heavenly lustre, that Helen, the



The Famous History of

Felice ; and to her sight presented an armed Knight saying, " This Knight shall become so famous in the world that Kings and Princes shall his friendship court." When Felice found herself wounded, she cried, " O pity me, gentle Cupid, solicit for me to thy mother, and I will offer myself up at thy shrine."

Guy little dreaming of this so sudden thaw, and wanting the balm of love to apply to his sores, resolved to make a second encounter. So coming again to his Felice, said, " Fair Lady, I have been arraigned long ago, and now am come to receive my just sentence from the Tribunal of Love. It is life, or death, fair Felice that I look for, let me not languish in despair ; give judgment, O ye fair, give judgment, that I may know my doom. A word from thy sacred lips can cure my bleeding heart, or a frown can doom me to the pit of misery."

" Gentle Guy," said she, " I am not at my own disposal, you know my father's name is great in the nation, and I dare not match without his consent."

" Sweet Lady," said Guy, " I make no doubt but quickly to obtain his love and favour. Let me have thy love first, fair Felice, and there is no fear of thy father's wrath preventing us."

" Sir Guy," quoth Felice, " make thy bold achievements and noble actions shine abroad, glorious as the sun, that all opposers may tremble at thy high applauded name, and then thy suit cannot be denied."



Guy Earl of Warwick.

“Fair Felice,” said Guy, “I ask no more. Oh that I were at work my task to prove with some such churlish man as Hercules !”

CHAPTER III.

Guy wins the Emperor's Daughter from several Princes, and returning to Warwick is sent forth by Felice to seek new Adventures ; but before his departure destroys a monstrous Dun Cow upon Dunsmore Heath.

OUR noble Guy, at last disengaged from Love's cruelty, now armed himself like a Knight of Chivalry, and crossing the raging ocean, quickly arrived at the Court of Thrace, where he heard that the Emperor of Almain's fair daughter Blanch was to be made a prize for him that won her in the field ; upon which account the Worthies of the World assembled to try their fortunes. The golden trumpets sounded with great joy and triumph, and the stately pampered steeds pranced over the ground, and each He there thought himself a Cæsar that none could equal. Kings and Princes were there, to behold who should be the conqueror, every one thinking that fair Blanch should be his.

After desperate charging with horse and man,



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much blood was shed ; and our noble Guy laid about him like a lion, among the princes ; here lay one headless, another without a leg or an arm, and there a horse. Guy still, like Hercules, charged desperately, and killed a German Prince and his horse under him. Duke Otto, vowing revenge upon our English champion, gave Guy a fresh assault, but his courage was soon cooled. Then Duke Rayner would engage our favourite Knight, but with as little success as the rest ; and at length no man would encounter Guy any more : so by his valour he won the Lady, in the field.

The Emperor, being himself a spectator, sent a messenger for our English Knight. Guy immediately came into the Emperor's presence, and made his obeisance, when the Emperor, as a token of his affection, gave him his hand to kiss, and withal resigned to him his daughter, a falcon and a hound.

Guy thanked his Majesty for his gracious favour ; but for fair Felice's sake, left fair Blanch to her father's tuition, and departed from that graceful Court, taking with him only the other tokens of his victory.

Now Guy beginning to meditate upon his long absence from his fair Felice, and doubting of her prosperity, or that she might too much forget him, departed for England ; and having at last arrived at the long-wished for haven of his love, thus greeted his beloved mistress : " Fair foe," said he, " I am



Guy Earl of Warwick.

now come to challenge your promise, the which was, upon my making my name famous by martial deeds, I should be the master of my beloved mistress. Behold, fair Felice, this stately steed, this falcon, and these hounds, part of the prize I have won in the field, before Kings and Princes."

"Worthy Knight," quoth Felice, "I have heard of thy winning the Lady Blanch from Royal Dukes and Princes, and I am glad to find that Guy is so victorious. But thou must seek more adventures, earn yet a nobler name, before I wed thee."

Guy, discomfited at this unlooked for answer, took leave of fair Felice, clad himself again in Bellona's livery, and set forth on his travels.

While waiting for a fair wind to sail for France, Guy heard of an exceeding great and monstrous Cow, four yards in height and six in length, lurking within the woods not many miles from Warwick, and making there most dreadful devastations. This Cow was of a Dun colour, and from thence named the Dun Cow; and the place where she lay being on the borders of a great Heath, was from thence called Dunsmore Heath, which name it retains to this day.

Guy arming himself with his sword, a strong battle axe, and his bow and quiver, rode to the place where this monster used to lurk, which was in a thicket of trees, which grew on the side of a heath near a pool of standing water; and being come within a bow



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shot of it the monster espied him, and set up a dreadful roaring, enough to fill any heart with terror. Guy nothing daunted bent his bow of steel ; but his arrow rebounded as from an adamantine wall, when the dreadful beast rushed at him like the wind. Guy observing this, lifted up his battle axe and smote her such a blow as made her recoil. Enraged yet more, she again rushed at him, and clapping her horns upon his breast, dented his armour, though of highest proof. Wheeling his warlike steed about, he gave her a desperate wound under the ear, and following this stroke with others no less forcible, at last he brought her to the ground. Then Guy alighting from his horse hewed her so long, till with a horrid groan she breathed her last.

The whole country, when they heard of the monster's death, came to behold the dead carcase, and loaded Guy with thanks and presents ; and the King, after a splendid entertainment, gave him the Order of Knighthood.

CHAPTER IV.

Guy, having performed great Wonders abroad, returns to England, and is married to Felice.

GUY now set forth in search of further adventures, and performed many acts of valour. Once after a tedious journey, being seated by a



Guy Earl of Warwick.

spring to refresh himself, he heard a hideous noise, and presently espied a Lion and a Dragon, fighting, biting, and tearing each other. At length Guy, perceiving the Lion ready to faint, encountered the Dragon, and soon brought the ugly Cerberus roaring and yelling to the ground. The Lion, in gratitude to Guy, run by his horse's side like a true born spaniel, till lack of food made him retire to his wonted abode.

Soon after Guy met with the Earl of Terry, whose father was confined in his Castle by Duke Otto ; but he and that Lord posted thither, and freed the Castle immediately ; and Guy in an open field slew Duke Otto, whose dying words of repentance moved Guy to remorse and pity.

After this, as Guy returned through a desert, he met a furious boar that had slain many Christians. Guy manfully drew his sword, and the boar gaping, intending with his dreadful tusks to devour our noble champion, Guy thrust it down his throat, and slew the greatest boar that ever man beheld.

On Guy's arrival in England, he immediately repaired to King Athelston at York, where the King told Guy of a mighty Dragon in Northumberland, that destroyed men, women, and children. Guy desired a guide, and went immediately to the Dragon's cave ; when out came the monster, with eyes like flaming fire. Guy charged him courageously ;



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but the Monster bit the lance in two like a reed ; then Guy drew his sword, and cut such gashes in the Dragon's sides, that the blood and life poured out of his venomous carcase. Then Guy cut off the head of the monster, and presented it to the King, who in the memory of Guy's service, caused the picture of the Dragon, which was thirty feet in length, to be worked in a cloth of arras, and hung up in Warwick Castle for an everlasting monument. Felice, hearing of Guy's return and success, came as far as Lincoln to meet him, where they were married with much joy and great triumph ; King Athelstan, his Queen, and all the chief Nobles and Barons of the land being present.

No sooner were their nuptials celebrated, but Felice's father died, leaving all his estate to Sir Guy, whom the King thereupon created Earl of Warwick.

CHAPTER V.

Guy leaves his Wife, and goes a Pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

IN the very height of Guy's glory, when he was exalted to his father's dignities, conscience biddeth him repent of all his former sins ; so Guy resolved to travel to the Holy Land like a Pilgrim.



Guy Earl of Warwick.

Felice, perceiving his melancholy, inquired of her Lord the cause of this passion? "Ah, Felice!" said he, "I have spent much time in honouring thee, and to win thy favour; but never spared one minute for my soul's health in honouring the Lord."

Felice, though very much grieved, understanding his determination, opposed not his will. So with exchange of rings, and melting kisses, he departed, like a stranger from his own habitation, taking with him neither money nor scrip; while but a small quantity of herbs and roots, such only as the wild fields could afford, formed his chief diet; and he vowed never to fight more, but in a just cause.

Guy, after travelling many tedious miles, met an aged person oppressed with grief, for the loss of fifteen sons, whom Armarant, a mighty Giant, had taken from him, and held in strong captivity.

Guy borrowed the old man's sword, and went directly up to the Castle gate, where the Giant dwelt, who coming to the door, asked grimly, "How he durst so boldly knock at the gates?" vowing he would beat out his brains. But Guy, laughing at him, said, "Sirrah, thou art quarrelsome; but I have a sword that has often hewn such lubbards as you asunder." As he spoke he laid his blade about the Giant's shoulders, so that he bled abundantly; who being much enraged, flung his club at Guy with such force, that it beat him down; and before Guy could



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recover his fall Armarant had got up his club again. But in the end Guy killed this broad backed monster, and released divers captives that had been in thralldom a long time; some almost famished, and others ready to expire under various tortures; who returned Guy thanks for their happy deliverance. After which he gave up the Castle and keys to the old man and his fifteen sons; and pursued his intended journey, and coming to a grave, he took up a worm-eaten skull, which he thus addressed: Perhaps thou wert a Prince, or a mighty Monarch, a King, a Duke, or a Lord! But the King and the Beggar must all return to the earth; and therefore man had need to remember his dying hour. Perhaps thou mightest have been a Queen, or a Dutchess, or a Lady varnished with much beauty; but now thou art wormsmeat, lying in the grave, the sepulchre of all creatures.

While Guy was in this repenting solitude, fair Felice, like a mourning widow, clothed herself in sable attire, and vowed chastity in the absence of her beloved husband. Her whole delight was in divine meditations and heavenly consolations, praying for the welfare of her beloved Lord, whom she feared some savage monster had devoured. Thus Felice spent the remainder of her life in sorrow for her dear Lord; and to show her humility, she sold her jewels and the costly robes with which she used to grace



Guy Earl of Warwick.

King Athelstan's Court, and gave the money freely to the poor ; she relieved the lame and the blind, the widow and the fatherless, and all those that came to ask alms ; and built a large hospital for aged and sick people, that they might be comforted in their sickness. Thus she laid up for herself treasure in heaven, which will be paid again with life everlasting.

In the mean time Guy travelled through many lands, and at last in the course of his journeying he met the Earl of Terry, who had been exiled from his territories by a merciless traitor. Guy bade him not be dismayed, and promised to venture his life for his restoration. The Earl thanked Guy most courteously, and they travelled together against Terry's enemy. Guy challenged him into the field, and there slew him hand to hand, and restored the Earl to his lands. The Earl full of gratitude begged to know the name of his champion, but Guy insisted upon remaining unknown ; neither would he take any reward for his services. Thus was the noble Guy successful in all his actions, until finding his head crowned with silver hairs, after many years travel, he resolved to end his days in his native country : and therefore returning from the Holy Land, he came to England. On his arrival he found the nation in great distress, the Danes having invaded the land, burning cities and towns, plundering the country, and killing men, women, and





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children ; insomuch that King Athelstan was forced to take refuge in his invincible city of Winchester.

CHAPTER VI.

Guy fights with the Giant Colbran, and having overcome him, discovers himself to the King, then to his Wife, and dies in her Arms.

THE Danes, having intelligence of King Athelstan's retreat to Winchester, drew all their forces thither ; and seeing there was no way to win the city, they sent a summons to King Athelstan, desiring that an Englishman might combat with a Dane, and that side to lose the whole whose Champion was defeated. On this mighty Colbran singled himself from the Danes, and entered upon Morn Hill, near Winchester, breathing venomous words, calling the English cowardly dogs, whose carcasses he would make food for ravens. "What mighty boasting," said he, "hath there been in the foreign nations of these English cowards, as if they had done deeds of wonder, who now like foxes hide their heads."

Guy, hearing proud Colbran, could no longer forbear, but went immediately to the King, and on his knee begged a combat ; the King, liking the courage

Guy Earl of Warwick.

of the pilgrim, bade him go and prosper. Whereupon Guy departed out of the North gate to Morn Hill, where Colbran, the Danish Champion, was. When Colbran espied Guy he disdained him, saying, "Art thou the best Champion England can afford?" Quoth Guy, "It is unbecoming a professed Champion to rail; my sword shall be my orator." No longer they stood to parley, but with great courage fought most manfully; but Guy was so nimble, that in vain Colbran struck; for every blow fell upon the ground. Guy still laid about him like a dragon, which gave great encouragement to the English; until Colbran in the end growing faint, Guy brought the Giant to the ground. Upon which the English all shouted with so much joy, that the welkin rang again. After this battle the Danes retired back again to their own country.

King Athelstan sent for this Champion to honour him; but Guy refused honours, saying, "My Liege, I am a mortal man, and have set the vain world at defiance. But at the King's earnest request, on promise of concealment, Guy discovered himself to him; which rejoiced Athelstan's heart, and he embraced his worthy Champion. But Guy took leave of his Sovereign, and went to seek a solitary cave, wherein to spend the remainder of his life. From time to time he repaired to Warwick Castle, and received alms at the hands of his dear Lady, who showed



History of Guy Earl of Warwick.

more bounty to pilgrims than any lady in the land besides.

At length finding his hour draw nigh, he sent a messenger to Felice, with a gold ring, at the sight of which token she hastened to her Lord. And Guy soon after died in the arms of his beloved Felice; who, having survived him only fifteen days, was buried in the same grave.

Now is the Story brought to an end of Guy the bold Baron of price, and of the fair maid Felice.



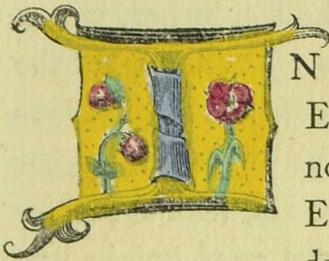


Gammer Gurton's Story Books.

THE
GALLANT HISTORY OF BEVIS
OF SOUTHAMPTON.

CHAPTER I.

*Of the Birth of Bevis; and of the Death of his
Father.*



IN the reign of Edgar, King of England, there was a most renowned knight, named Sir Guy, Earl of Southampton; whose deeds exceeded those of all the valiant knights in this kingdom; and who, thirsting after fame, travelled in his youth in search of adventures, and conquered all his opposers with his unmastered strength, and victorious hand.

On his return, King Edgar sent a messenger to invite him to the court, to do him honour, for the valiant deeds he had performed. Whereupon, Sir



The Gallant History of Bevis.

Guy, with all speed, rode to the King, by whom he was royally entertained ; and after great feasting, the King, according to Sir Guy's great desert, made him High Steward of England.

Sir Guy now determined to take to himself a wife, and the King of Scotland having a fair daughter, Sir Guy made suit unto her ; but the Emperor of Almain's brother was a suitor unto her likewise, and she loved Sir Murdure better than she loved Sir Guy : and though her father gave her in marriage to Sir Guy, she still affected Sir Murdure best.

Sir Guy, not knowing her hatred of him, returned with great pomp into England with this deceitful lady ; and, after some time, had a son by her, whom they named Bevis. Great was the joy, and great the triumph of Sir Guy, at the birth of his son ; his love for his lady waxed greater, for he was confident her heart was more strongly linked to his, with the never breaking bands of love. But the good knight was much deceived : she continued to love Sir Murdure, and sent a servant, whom she well might trust, to him in Almaine, bidding him come to England, with a great company of knights, to slay Sir Guy ; which done, she would marry him : and the time he should meet Sir Guy was the First of May. The message being delivered, Sir Murdure was resolved to perform



The Gallant History of Bevis.

what she had commanded, and arrived in England by the time appointed.

On the First of May, the lady feigned herself sick, and longed to eat of the flesh of a wild boar from the forest. Sir Guy, not dreaming of her treachery, took a steed, girt a sword about him, and with a spear in his hand, rode to the forest. Here he was soon encompassed by Sir Murdure and his companions; and after unhorsing Sir Murdure, and slaying one hundred of his assailants, he was at last overpowered by numbers. When he was slain, Sir Murdure cut off his head, and sent it to his lady, who received it joyfully, and gave the messenger a great reward. This treachery being thus accomplished, Sir Murdure made haste unto the castle of Sir Guy, and there was royally received of Sir Guy's wife.

CHAP. II.—*How Bevis kept sheep; and how he went to his Father's House and slew the Porter of the gate.*

BEVIS, hearing how basely his father was killed, ran to his mother, and vowed if ever he came to age, that he would be revenged on her, and on the



The Gallant History of Bevis.

base traitor, Sir Murdure: whereupon his mother gave him a box of the ear, which felled him to the ground. Sir Saber, the brother of Sir Guy, being very sorrowful for the death of his brother, and seeing his nephew so misused, caught him up in his arms, and carried him away; and when his mother privately besought him to murder Bevis, feigned consent. Instead of doing so, he clothed him in mean attire, and sent him to keep his sheep. So Bevis went to the top of a hill, near his father's castle, where his uncle's sheep were.

In the meantime, Sir Saber killed a pig, and dipped the garments of the child in the blood thereof. Poor Bevis, all this while, sate weeping upon the hill. At length, hearing trumpets sounding at his father's castle, for joy that his mother had obtained her desire, he cast off all care of his sheep, and ran with his shepherd's crook on his shoulder, to the castle. He knocked at the gate, and the porter denying him entrance, Bevis with his crook gave him a blow which felled him to the earth. Then into the hall he went, where Sir Murdure sate at table with his mother, and many knights and ladies; and though all in rags, he showed what blood ran in his veins, for, with a violent blow, he struck Sir Murdure under the table, and vowed, but that it was



The Gallant History of Bevis.

against nature, he would send his mother after his own father. With that all the knights sought to lay hands on Bevis; but, he forced his way through the midst of them, and got clear off.

When Bevis returned to his Uncle Saber, and related to him what he had done, Saber was greatly grieved, and said, "Alas, thou hast betrayed us both. Yet, once more will I save thee." He had scarcely said so, when the mother of Bevis (like a woman distracted of her wits) came in great haste to Saber, and reproached him with having disobeyed her orders, and put Bevis to death. "Madam," said Saber, "he is dead." She replied, "It is false; and if you do not speedily slay him, it shall cost you your life, as well as his." Bevis hearing this, stept out from the closet, in which Saber had concealed him, and was ready to tear her in pieces; but she escaped, by the assistance of Sir Saber, and another knight, whom she straightway ordered to cast Bevis into the sea and drown him: and, to pacify her anger, they promised to do so.



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CHAP. III.—*How Bevis was sold to the Saracens, and being carried into their country, was presented unto King Ermyn.*

ON their arrival at the sea shore, Sir Saber and the knight sold Bevis to some Saracen merchants, whom they there met with. The merchants on their arrival in their own country, presented Bevis to their King Ermyn, who swore by Mahound! he had never seen such a sweet-faced boy in all his life.

Then the King asked him, where he was born? "In England," replied Bevis. "Whose son wast thou there?" said the King. And when he told him, "I am the son of Sir Guy, of Southampton," Ermyn said, "I have heard much talk of thy father. He was, by report, as valiant a knight as ever yet drew sword. I have but one fair daughter," continued Ermyn, "and if thou wilt renounce Christianity, and worship Apoline, thou shalt have my daughter to wife, and enjoy my kingdom after me." Bevis rejected this offer: whereupon Ermyn said:



The Gallant History of Bevis.

*“Whiles that thou art but a swain,
Thou shalt be my chamberlain;
But when thou art dubbed a knight,
My banner thou shalt bear in fight.”*

Bevis gratefully accepted this offer, and continued during seven years to make a progress in the affections of the Saracen monarch, as well as in those of his daughter, the beautiful Josyan.

At the end of that time, it chanced that on Christmas Day, Bevis rode into the fields to recreate himself, and meeting three score Saracen knights, one of them asked him, if he was aware what day it was? On his replying, that he did not know, the Saracen told him, that it was the Festival of the Nativity; and that they were all scandalized at the manner in which he was dishonouring it.

“Were I as well armed as my father,” said Bevis, “you should know that I honour this day more than ever you honoured your idol Apoline.”

The Saracen knights, incensed at this speech, determined to punish Bevis; and being all armed with swords, wounded him very severely, before he had the means of making any defence. But at length, Bevis having wrested a sword from the hands



The Gallant History of Bevis.

of one of the Saracens, slew the whole of them, and sent their steeds home without the riders.

Ermyne, on hearing how disdainfully Bevis had spoken against Apoline, and how he had slain three score of his knights, ordered his immediate execution; but being prevailed upon, by Josyan, to hear what Bevis had to say in his defence, was so moved by the effect of his eloquence, or rather of his pallid countenance, and numberless wounds, that he burst into tears, and not only forgave Bevis, but commanded Josyan to exert all her leechcraft in his behalf. This she did so effectually, that he was soon

*As fierce and ready for to fight
As is the falcon to the flight.*

CHAP. IV.—*How Bevis, after slaying a mighty wild Boar, is made a Knight, and Captain of Twenty Thousand Men to go against Bradmond.*

SHORTLY after this, Bevis succeeded in destroying a mighty wild boar, which had long ravaged the country, destroying man, woman, and child. And about this time, Bradmond, King of Damascus,



The Gallant History of Bevis.

sent ambassadors to Ermyn, demanding to have fair Josyan to his wife ; and threatening, in the event of his being refused, that he would waste with fire and sword, the whole territory of Ermyn.

Upon this, Ermyn assembled all his lords and barons together, to take counsel what to do. Some said it was better he should let Josyan go, than hazard the loss of his crown and kingdom. But Josyan said to her father, "If thou wilt make Bevis general over a host of men, he will conquer your foes." This advice pleased Ermyn, and sending for Bevis, he dubbed him a knight, and placed twenty thousand men under his command.

Then Josyan fitted on his armour, gave him a trusty sword called Morglay, and a steed called Arundel ; and Bevis being mounted, Josyan viewed him well, and smiled at him, and Bevis smiled at her again ; and then saluting her, away he rode with all his host, against Bradmond and all his host.

Bevis, having obtained a glorious victory over Bradmond, destroyed his army, and taken the King himself, and two of his knights, prisoners, returned to Ermyn, by whom he was royally entertained.

Ermyn, to show his gratitude, commanded his fair daughter, Josyan, to disarm Sir Bevis, to clothe him



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in a magnificent robe, and to serve him at table. The Princess, who was enamoured of Sir Bevis, not only readily obeyed her father's injunctions, but took the opportunity of avowing her affection to him; and on his declaring that he would never wed an idolater, expressed her willingness to forsake her gods and become a Christian for his sake.

At these words Sir Bevis' heart began to melt, and taking her to his arms, he kissed her, and acknowledged how long he had admired her; an acknowledgment which he had determined never to make while she remained a worshipper of Apoline.

In the meanwhile, the two knights, whom Bevis had taken prisoners, hearing what had passed between Bevis and Josyan, discovered all to the King; who, being enraged, wrote a letter to Bradmond, enjoining him to put the bearer of it to death; and this letter he charged Bevis to convey to that King.



The Gallant History of Bevis.

CHAP. V.—*What befel Bevis on his Journey, and how Josyan enquired of her Father what had become of Sir Bevis.*

WHEN Bevis arrived at the capital of King Bradmond, his anger being aroused at seeing the inhabitants sacrificing to Mahound, he pulled down the idol, and trampled it in the dust. The Saracens, enraged at this conduct, attacked Bevis, who, although he had not his own sword, Morglay, slew two hundred of them in that bout. Then riding forward to the palace of King Bradmond, he delivered the letter to him; which he had no sooner read, than he commanded Bevis to be cast into a dungeon, to be devoured by two fierce dragons. By good fortune, his hands had been left untied; and having found in the dungeon the truncheon of a spear, he soon destroyed the dragons, and so he was at rest for a time.

In the meanwhile, Josyan enquiring of her father what had become of Sir Bevis, he told her that he had returned to his own country; and King Inor coming to woo and wed Josyan, Ermyn gave him



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Morglay and Arundel, which added to the great grief of Josyan.

All this time Bevis lay in prison ; and at the end of seven years, during which he had been fed upon nothing but bran and water, his keepers thinking he must be wondrous feeble, entered his dungeon to slay him, but he was so strong that he killed them both ; and, it being night time, he escaped out of the dungeon, and mounting a steed rode away.

Being pursued by vast bodies of the Saracens, and amongst others by a formidable knight, Sir Graundere, mounted on a valuable horse, named Trenchefys, Bevis, when overtaken by him, being compelled to defend himself, turned upon his adversary, pierced him through the heart, took possession of Trenchefys, and continued his flight. On arriving at a river, hotly pursued by his enemies, he plunged in, and reached in safety the opposite shore. When he came to land, being ready to faint with hunger, he rode up to a castle inhabited by a Giant, who was brother to Sir Gaundere. The Giant, recognizing the horse, demanded of Bevis how he became possessed of it. " By serving thy brother as I intend to serve thee," was his reply. Upon this the Giant struck at him with a mighty bar of iron ; the blow



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missed Bevis, but beat out the brains of Trenchefys ; while Bevis, leaping out of the saddle, made a full blow at the Giant, which parted his head from his body.

After refreshing himself at the castle, and taking a steed from the stable, Sir Bevis rode away from thence, to find out fair Josyan, whom he dearly loved. On his way he met a palmer, and enquiring of him who dwelt in yonder castle. "Marry," quoth the palmer, "there dwelleth King Inor, who married the Lady Josyan." Upon hearing this, Bevis exchanged his horse for the palmer's suit, and took his way to the castle, where he found abundance of joys more than he looked for.

At first, Josyan did not know him, but, when having given him leave to see Arundel, and Arundel broke seven chains on hearing him speak, she recognised him, she took him aside into her garden, where, after awhile, they determined to escape together.

This they soon did ; and as they rode onward on their journey, there met them Ascapart, an ugly giant, who was thirty foot in length, and bristled like a swine. Ascapart commanded Bevis and Josyan to follow him. "Not so," said Bevis ; so Josyan held Arundel whilst he fought with Ascapart.



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The fight continued a long time; till, at length, the Giant falling, Bevis would have struck off his head, but Josyan being pitiful, said, "Do not so; let him go with us." "Lady," said Bevis, "he may betray us." "By Mahound," said Ascapart, "if thou wilt save my life, I will be true to thee." "Then rise, and live," said Bevis. So Bevis and Josyan mounted Arundel, and away they rode, with Ascapart by their side, till they came to the sea, where they found many Saracens, and a ship bound for Christendom.

Now the Saracens would not ferry them to the ship, so Bevis and Ascapart attacked and made great slaughter among them. Then, said Ascapart, "Let me alone; I will carry you to the ship, horse and all." So he took the horse under his arm, with Bevis and Josyan, and waded with them to the ship.

They were welcomed on board; and so sailed to Cologne, where dwelled a Bishop who was kinsman to Bevis, and enquiring of him "What country lady is this?" Bevis answered, "King Ermy'n's daughter, who would become a Christian for my sake." "And what ill favoured lubber is this?" said the Bishop. "He is my page," quoth Bevis; "and Josyan and he would fain be christened."



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“The lubber is too big to be carried to the font,” said the Bishop. “That is true,” said Sir Bevis. But in the end, Josyan was christened by the Bishop, and Ascapart had a font made on purpose to be christened in; but when the ceremony was being performed, he cried out, “Thou wilt drown me; I am too big to be christened by thee;” and leapt over the font and went away.

CHAP. VI.—*How Bevis raised an Army against Murdure, vanquished him, and married Josyan.*

NOW Bevis being anxious to recover his inheritance, got a hundred valiant soldiers from his uncle, and sailed for England, and landed near Southampton; and calling himself Sir Gerard, proffered his services to Sir Murdure, to assist him against Sir Saber, on condition of his supplying them with horse and arms. “Ay! and of the best too,” said Sir Murdure; “for every man shall choose his own steed and arms.” Accordingly, Sir Bevis and his men were furnished with all things fitting for service; and then, ships being prepared for the purpose, they sailed for the Isle of Wight, where Sir Saber dwelt.

On his arrival in that island, Bevis sent to Sir



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Murdure, to thank him for his arms, and bid him prepare for battle.

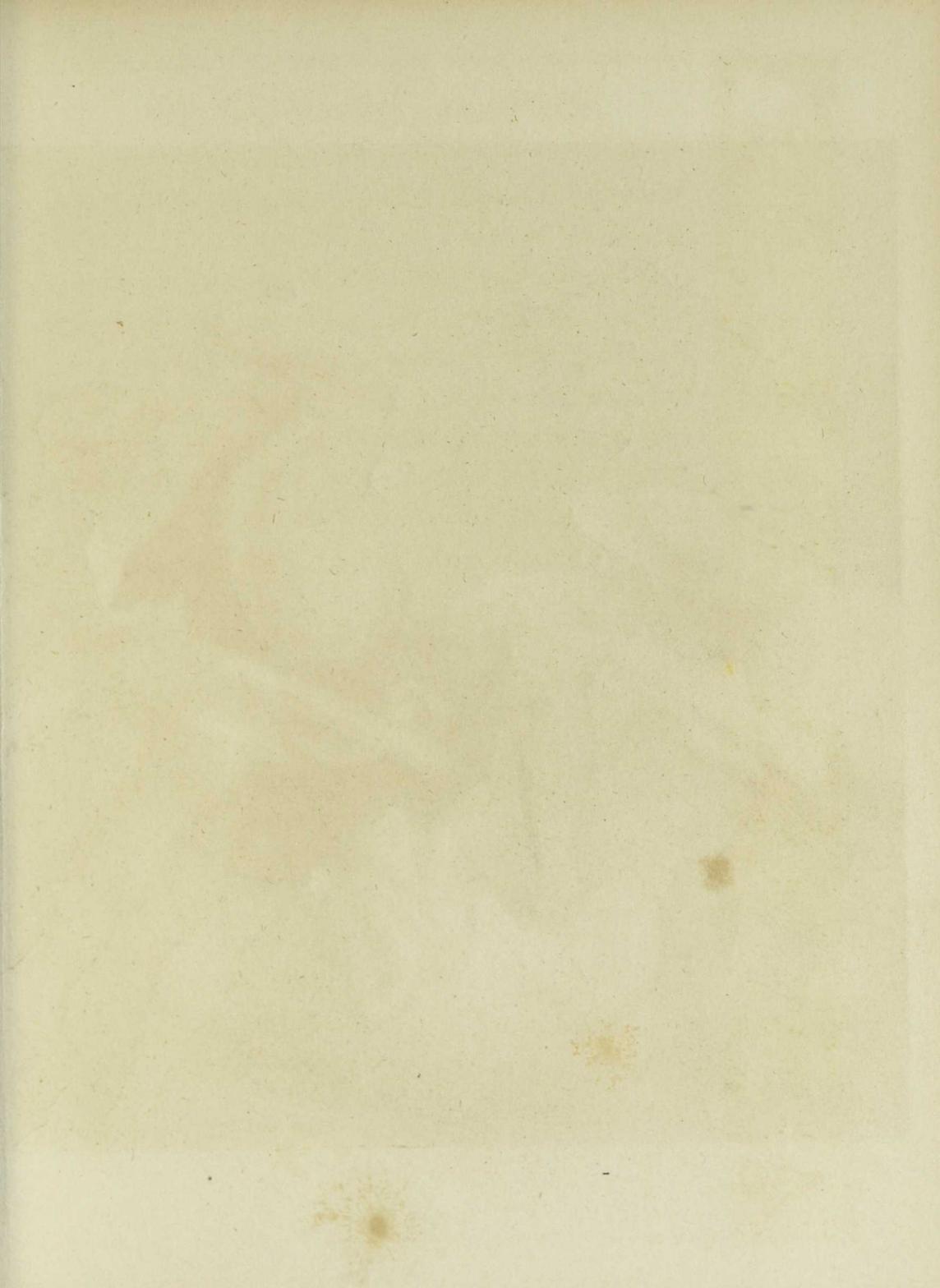
So Sir Murdure and his host came to the Isle of Wight, and gave battle to Sir Saber, Bevis, and Ascapart; who, however, made such havoc among them, that they slew all that came near them.

Ascapart took Sir Murdure, and, carrying him to a strong hold, cast him into a cauldron of boiling pitch and brimstone; and his wife, hearing of this, threw herself from the walls of her castle, and broke her neck.

Then Sir Bevis dispatched a messenger to the Bishop of Cologne, who joyfully obeyed the summons,

*And wedded Bevis and Josyan,
To the great joy of every man.
Right great feasts there did they hold,
Of dukes, earls, barons, and knights bold,
Of ladies and maidens, understand
The fairest that were in the land.
Thus endeth Sir Bevis of Hampton,
That was so bold and brave a baron.*





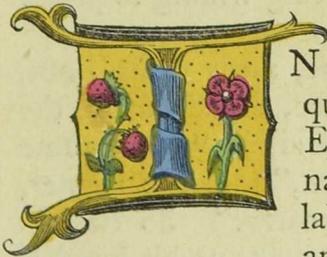


Gammer Gurton's Story Books.

HISTORY OF TOM HICKATHRIFT THE CONQUEROR.

CHAPTER I.

Tom's Birth and Parentage.



IN the reign of William the Conqueror, there lived in the Isle of Ely, in Cambridgeshire, a man named Thomas Hickathrift, a poor labourer, yet an honest stout man, and able to do as much work in a day, as two ordinary men, who, having only one son, called him after his own name, Thomas.

It pleased God to call the old man aside, and his mother being tender of their son, maintained him by her own labour as well as she could; but all his delight was in the corner; and he ate as much at once, as would serve six ordinary men.

At ten years old he was six feet high, and three in thickness; his hand was like a shoulder of mutton, and every other part proportionate; but, his great strength was yet unknown.



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CHAP. II.—*How Tom Hickathrift's great Strength came to be known.*

TOM'S mother being a poor widow, went to a rich farmer's house to beg a bundle of straw, to shift herself and her son Thomas. The farmer being an honest charitable man, bade her take what she wanted. She going home to her son Thomas, said, "Pray go to such a place and fetch me a bundle of straw, I have asked leave." "He swore he would not go." "Nay, prithe go," said his poor old mother. Again he swore he would not go, unless she would borrow him a cart rope. She, being willing to please him, went and borrowed one.

Then taking up the cart rope, away went Tom, and coming to the farmer's house, found him in the barn, and two men thrashing. Said he, "I am come for a bundle of straw." "Tom," said the farmer, "take as much as thou canst carry." So he laid down his cart rope, and began to make up his bundle.

"Your rope, Tom," said they, "is too short;" and jeered him. But he fitted the farmer well for his joke, and when he had made up his burden, it was supposed to be near a thousand weight. But though they said, "What a fool thou art; for thou canst not carry the tithe or tenth part of it," he took up his burden, and made no more of it, than we do of a hundred pounds weight, to the great astonishment of both master and men.

Now Tom's strength beginning to be known in the town, they would not let him lie basking in the



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chimney corner; every one hiring him to work, seeing he had so much strength, and telling him it was a shame to lie idle, as he did, from day to day; so that Tom, finding them bate at him as they did, went first to one work and then to another.

One day a man came to him, desiring him to bring a tree home. So Tom went with him, and four other men; and, when they came to the wood, they set the cart by the tree, and began to draw it in by pullies; but Tom seeing them not able to stir it, said, "Stand aside, fools," and so setting it up on one end, put it into the cart. "There," said he, "see what a man can do!" "Marry," said they, "that is true, indeed."

Having done, and coming through the wood, they met the woodman, and Tom asked him for a stick, to make his mother a fire with.

"Ay," says the woodman, "take one."

So Tom took up one, bigger than that on the cart, and putting it on his shoulder, walked home with it, faster than the six horses in the cart drew the other.

This was the second instance of Tom's showing his strength, by which it began to be known that he had more natural strength than twenty common men; and from this time Tom began to grow very tractable; he would jump, run, and delight in young company, and would ride to fairs, and meetings, to see sports and diversions.

One day going to a wake, where the young men were met, some wrestling and some cudgel playing, and some throwing the hammer, Tom stood awhile to see the sport. At last he joined the company



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throwing the hammer; and taking the hammer in his hand to feel the weight of it, bade them stand out of the way, for he would try how far he could throw it.

“Ay,” says the old smith, “you will throw it a great way, I warrant you.” Tom took the hammer, and giving it a swing, threw it into the river, four or five furlongs distance, and bade the smith fetch it out.

After this he joined the wrestlers, and though he had no skill, yet by main strength he flung all he grappled with. So that, at last, none durst enter the ring to wrestle with him.

CHAP. III.—*Tom becomes a Brewer's Servant : Kills a Giant, and so gains the title of Mister Hickathrift.*

TOM'S fame being spread, no one durst give him an angry word. At last, a brewer at Lynn, who wanted a lusty man to carry beer to the Marsh and to Wisbeach, hearing of him, came to hire him; but, he would not be hired, till his friends persuaded him, and his master promised him a new suit of clothes from top to toe, and that he should eat and drink of the best. At last, Tom consented to be his man, and the master showed him which way he was to go; for there was a monstrous Giant kept part of the Marsh, and none dared to go that way, for if the giant found them, he would either kill, or make them his servants.

But to come to Tom and his master—Tom did more in one day than all the rest of his men did in



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three ; so that his master, seeing him so tractable and careful in his business, made him his head man, and trusted him to carry beer by himself, for he needed none to help him. Thus he went each day to Wisbeach, a journey of near twenty miles.

But going this journey so often, and finding the other road that the Giant kept was nearer by the half, Tom having increased his strength by good living, and improved his courage by drinking so much strong ale, resolved one day, as he was going to Wisbeach, without saying any thing to his master, or to his fellow servants, to take the nearest road or lose his life ; to win the horse or lose the saddle ; to kill, or be killed, if he met with the Giant.

Thus resolved, he goes the nearest way with his cart, flinging open the gates in order to go through ; but the Giant soon espied him, and seeing him a daring fellow, vowed to stop his journey, and make a prize of his beer : but Tom cared not a fig for him ; and the Giant met him like a roaring lion, as though he would swallow him up.

“ Sirrah,” said he, “ who gave you authority to come this way ? Do you not know, that I make all stand in fear of me ? And you, like an impudent rogue, must come, and fling open my gate at pleasure. Are you so careless of your life, that you do not care what you do ? I will make you an example to all rogues under the sun. Dost thou not see how many heads of those that have offended my laws, hang upon yonder tree ? Thine shall hang above them all.”

“ None of your prating,” said Tom, “ you shall not find me like them.” “ No,” said the Giant.



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“Why you are but a fool, if you come to fight me, and bring no weapon to defend thyself.” Cries Tom, “I have got a weapon here, shall make you know, I am your master.” “Say you so, sirrah,” said the Giant; and then ran to his cave to fetch his club, intending to dash his brains out at a blow.

While the Giant was gone for his club, Tom turned his cart upside down, and took the axletree and wheel, for his sword and buckler; and excellent weapons they were, on such an emergency.

The Giant, coming out again, began to stare at Tom, to see him take the wheel in one of his hands, and the axletree in the other. “Oh! oh!” said the Giant, “you are like to do great things with those instruments, I have a twig here that will beat thee, thy axletree, and wheel, to the ground.”

Now, that which the Giant called a twig, was as thick as a mill post, and with this, the Giant made a blow at him, with such force, as made his wheel crack. Tom, nothing daunted, gave him as brave a blow on the side of the head, which made him reel again. “What,” said Tom, “have you got drunk with my small beer already.” But the Giant recovering, made many hard blows at him, which Tom kept off with his wheel; so that he received but very little hurt.

In the mean time, Tom plied the Giant so well with blows, that the sweat and blood ran together down his face; who being almost spent with fighting so long, begged Tom to let him drink, and then he would fight him again.

“No, no,” said he, “my mother did not teach me



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such wit ;” and finding the Giant grow weak, he redoubled his blows, till he brought him to the ground.

The Giant, finding himself overcome, roared hideously, and begged Tom, to spare his life, and he would perform any thing he should desire ; even yield himself unto him, and be his servant.

But Tom, having no more mercy on him, than a bear upon a dog, laid on him till he found him breathless, and then cut off his head ; after which, he went into his cave, and there found great store of gold and silver, which made his heart leap for joy.

When he had rummaged the cave, and refreshed himself a little, he restored the wheel and axletree to their places, and loaded his beer on the cart and went to Wisbeach ; where he delivered his beer, and returned home the same night, and told his master what he had done ; who next morning went with him to the place, to be convinced of the truth, as did most of the inhabitants of Lynn.

News was soon spread, that Tom had killed the Giant, and happy was he, that could come to see the Giant’s cave ; and bonfires were made all round the country for Tom’s success.

Tom, by the general consent of the country, took possession of the Giant’s cave and riches. He pulled down the cave, and built himself a handsome house on the spot. He gave part of the Giant’s lands to the poor, for their common, and the rest he divided and enclosed, for an estate to maintain him, and his mother.

Now his fame was spread more and more, through the country, and he was no longer called plain Tom,



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but Mister Hickathrift: and the people feared his anger now, almost as much as they had done, that of the Giant before.

Tom, now finding himself very rich, resolved that his neighbours should be the better for it; he therefore, enclosed a park, and kept deer; and just by his house, he built a Church, which he dedicated to St. James, because on that Saint's day he killed the Giant.

CHAP. IV.—*Tom meets with a Tinker, and of the Battle they fought.*

SOME time after this, as Tom was walking about his estate, to see how his workmen went on, he met upon the skirts of the forest, a very sturdy Tinker, having a good staff on his shoulder, and a great dog to carry his budget of tools.

So he asked the Tinker, from whence he came, and whither he was going; as that was no highway. Now, the Tinker being a sturdy fellow, bid him go look; what was that to him? But fools must be always meddling. "Hold," said Tom, "before you and I part, I will make you know who I am."

"Ay," said the Tinker, "it is three years since I had a combat with any man. I have challenged many a one, but none dare face me, so I think they are all cowards in this part of the country; but I hear there is a man lives hereabouts, named Thomas Hickathrift, who has killed a Giant, him I'd willingly have a bout with."

"Ay," said Tom, "I am the man: what have



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you to say to me?" "Truly," said the Tinker, "I am glad we are so happily met, that we may have one touch." "Surely," said Tom, "you are but in jest." "Marry," said the Tinker, "but I am in earnest." "A match," said Tom. "It is done," said the Tinker. "But," said Tom, "will you give me leave to get a twig." "Ay," said the Tinker, "I hate him, that fights with a man unarmed."

So Tom stepped to the gate, and took a rail for a staff, and to it they fell; the Tinker at Tom, and Tom at the Tinker, like two giants. The Tinker had a leather coat on, so that every blow Tom gave him, made it twang again; yet the Tinker did not give way an inch, till Tom gave him a bang on the side of the head, that felled him to the ground.

"Now, Tinker, where art thou?" said Tom. But the Tinker, being a nimble fellow, leaped up again, and gave Tom a bang which made him reel, and following his blows, took Tom on the other side, which made Tom throw down his weapon, and yield the mastery to the brave Tinker. After this Tom took the Tinker home to his house, where they improved their acquaintance, as they got themselves cured of the bruises, they gave each other.

CHAP. V.—*Tom Hickathrift and the Tinker conquer Ten Thousand Rebels; and how they were sent for to Court, and of their kind entertainment.*

IN and about the Isle of Ely, many disaffected persons, to the number of ten thousand, or upwards, drew themselves together in a body, pretend-



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ing to contend for their rights and privileges, which they said had been greatly infringed ; insomuch that the civil magistrates of the county thought themselves in great danger of their lives.

Whereupon the sheriff, came by night, to the house of Mr. Thomas Hickathrift, and told to him the unreasonableness of the complaints of these rebels, and begged his protection and assistance.

“ Sheriff,” said he, “ what service my brother, (meaning the Tinker,) and I can perform, shall not be wanting.”

This said, in the morning by break of day, with trusty clubs, they both went out, desiring the sheriff to be their guide, to the place where the rebels were.

When they came there, Tom and the Tinker marched boldly up to the head of them, and demanded the reason why they disturbed the government ? At which they replied, that their will was their law, and by that they would be governed.

“ Nay,” said Tom, “ if it be so, these are our weapons, and by them you shall be chastised.” These words were no sooner out of his mouth, but the Tinker and he threw themselves both together into the crowd, where with their clubs they beat down all before them. Nay, the Tinker struck a tall man upon the neck with such great force that his head flew off, and was carried ten yards from him ; and struck the chief leader, with such violence, that it levelled him to the ground.

Tom, on the other hand, pressing forward beat down all before him, making great havock, till by an unlucky blow, he broke his club ; yet he was not in



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the least dismayed, for he presently seized a stout raw-boned miller, and so made use of him for a weapon, till, at last, he and the Tinker cleared the field.

The King, being truly informed of the faithful services performed by these his loving subjects, Tom Hickathrift and the Tinker, was pleased to send for them, unto a royal banquet, prepared for them and the nobility.

And after the banquet, the King said, "These are my trusty and well-beloved subjects, men of known courage and valour, who conquered ten thousand persons, that were met together to disturb the peace of my realm. "As a proof of my favour, kneel down, and receive the order of knighthood, Mr. Hickathrift; and as for Henry Nonsuch, I will settle upon him, forty pounds a year, during his life."

So said, the King withdrew; and Sir Thomas Hickathrift, and Henry Nonsuch, the tinker, returned to their home. But to the great grief of Sir Thomas Hickathrift, he found his mother dead, and buried.

CHAP. VI.—*Tom after the Death of his Mother goes a wooing. His marriage. Sir Thomas and his Lady are sent for up to Court.*

TOM'S mother being dead, and he left alone in a spacious house, he found himself strange; therefore he began to consider with himself, that it



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would not be amiss to seek a wife ; so hearing of a rich and young widow in Cambridge, he goes to her and makes his addresses ; and at the first coming, she received him with joy and satisfaction, well knowing it was safe for a woman to marry with a man, who was able to defend her against any assault whatever, and so brave a man as Tom was found to be.

The day of marriage being appointed, and friends and relations invited, Tom made a plentiful feast ; to which he invited all the poor widows in the parish, for the sake of his mother, who had been lately buried.

The tidings of Tom's wedding soon reached the court, and they had a royal invitation there, in order that the King might have a sight of the new-married lady. Accordingly they came, and were received with much joy and triumph.

Whilst they were in the midst of their mirth, news was brought to the King, by the commons of Kent, that a very dreadful Giant was landed on one of the islands, and had brought with him a great number of bears, and also young lions, with a dreadful dragon, upon which he always rode ; which said monster, and ravenous beasts, had much frightened all the inhabitants of the island. And, moreover, they said, if speedy course was not taken to suppress them, they would destroy the country.

The King, hearing of this relation, was a little startled, yet he persuaded them to return home, and make the best defence they could, for the present ; assuring them, that he would not forget them, and so they departed.



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CHAP. VII.—*Tom is made Governor of East Anglia, now called Thanet; and of the wonderful Achievements, he there performed.*

THE King hearing these dreadful tidings, immediately sate in council, to consider what was best to be done.

At length, Tom Hickathrift was pitched upon, as being a bold stout subject: for which reason it was judged necessary to make him Governor of that Island; which place of trust he readily accepted, and accordingly went down with his wife and family to take possession of the same, attended by an hundred and odd knights and gentlemen, at least.

Sir Thomas had not been there many days, when looking out of his own window, he espied this Giant mounted on a dreadful dragon, and on his shoulder he bore a club of iron; he had but one eye, which was in the middle of his forehead, and was as large as a barber's basin, and seemed like flaming fire; the hair of his head hung down like snakes, and his beard like rusty wire.

Lifting up his eyes, he saw Sir Thomas, who was viewing him, from one of the windows of the castle. The Giant then began to knit his brow, and to breathe out some threatening word to the governor, who indeed, was a little surprised at the approach of such a monstrous and ill favoured brute.

The Giant finding that Tom did not make much haste to get down to him, he alighted from his dra-



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gon, and chained him to an oak tree : then marched to the castle, setting his broad shoulders against the corner of the wall, as if he intended to overthrow the whole bulk of the building at once. Tom perceiving it, said, "Is this the game you would be at ; faith, I will spoil your sport, for I have a delicate tool to pick your tooth with." Then taking the two-handed sword, which the King gave him, and flinging open the gate, he there found the Giant, who, by an unfortunate slip in his thrusting, was fallen all along, and lay, not able to help himself.

"How now," said Tom, "do you come here to take up your lodging ?" and with that, he ran his long sword between the Giant's shoulders, which made the brute groan, as loud as thunder.

Then Sir Thomas pulled out his sword again, and at six or seven blows smote off his head ; and then turning to the dragon, which was all this while chained to the tree, without any further words, but with four or five blows, cut off the head of that also.

This adventure being over, he sent for a waggon and horses, and loaded them with the heads of the Giant and the dragon ; and summoning all the constables of the country for a safe guard, then sent them to court, with a promise to his Majesty, that in a short time he would clear the Island of all the bears, lions, and other ravenous beasts.



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CHAP. VIII.—*The Tinker hearing of Tom's fame goes to be his partner; and of his being unfortunately slain by a Lion.*

TOM'S victories rang so loud, that they reached the ears of his old acquaintance the Tinker, who being very desirous of honour, resolved to go down, and visit him in his government; and coming there, was kindly entertained.

After a few days' pleasure, Tom told him he must go in search of some bears, and lions in the Island. "Well," said the Tinker, "I'll go with you." "With all my heart," said Tom, "for I must own I shall be glad of your company." On this, they went forward, Tom with his Giant's iron club, and the Tinker with his pikestaff.

After they had travelled four or five hours, it was their fortune to meet with all the wild beasts together, being in number fourteen; six of which were bears, the other eight, young lions. When these creatures had set their eyes on them, they ran furiously, as if they would have devoured them at a mouthful; but Tom and the Tinker stood side by side, with their backs against an oak, until the lions and bears came within their reach; Tom with his club so belaboured their heads, that they were all destroyed, except one young lion, who seeing the rest of his fellow creatures dead, was making his escape; but the Tinker being too venturous, ran hastily after him, and gave the lion a blow. The beast turned upon him, and seized him with such violence by the



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throat, that it ended his life. Tom's joy was now mingled with sorrow, for though he had cleared the Island of these venomous beasts, his grief was intolerable for the loss of his friend.

He returned home to his lady, who in token of joy, for the success he had made in his dangerous enterprises, made a very noble and splendid feast; to which she invited all his friends and acquaintances, and then Tom made them the following promise:

*My friends, while I have strength to stand,
Most manfully I will pursue
All dangers, till I clear the land
Of lions, bears, and tigers too.*





Sammer Gurton's Story Books.

THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF FRIAR BACON.

CHAPTER I.

*Of the Parents and Birth of Friar Bacon, and how
he addicted himself to learning.*



IN most men's opinions he was born in the west part of England; and was son to a wealthy farmer, who put him to school to the parson of the town where he was born: not with intent that he should turn friar (as he did), but to get so much understanding, that he might manage the better the wealth he was to leave him. But, young Bacon took his learning so fast, that the priest could not teach him any more; which made him desire his master that he would speak to his father to put him to Oxford, that he might not lose that little learning that he had gained. His master was very willing so to do; and, one day meeting his father, told him, that he had received a great blessing of God, in that he had given him so wise and hopeful a child, as his son Roger Bacon



History of Friar Bacon.

was (for so was he named); and wished him, withal, to do his duty, and to bring up so his child that he might shew his thankfulness to God, by making of him a scholar; for he found, by his sudden taking of his learning, that he was a child likely to prove a very great clerk.

Hereat, old Bacon was not well pleased, for he desired to bring him up to plough and to the cart; yet he, for reverence' sake to the priest, shewed not his anger, but kindly thanked him for his counsel; yet desired him not to speak any more concerning that matter, for he knew best what pleased himself, and that he would do: and so broke they off their talk and parted.

Young Bacon thought this hard dealing, so within six or eight days he gave his father the slip, and went to a cloister, some twenty miles off, where he was entertained, and so continued his learning; and in small time came to be so famous, that he was sent for to the University of Oxford, where he long time studied, and grew so excellent in the secrets of art and nature, that not England only, but all Christendom admired him.

CHAP. II.—*How the King sent for Friar Bacon, and of the wonderful Things he shewed the King and Queen.*

THE King being in Oxfordshire, at a nobleman's house, was very desirous to see this famous Friar, for he had heard many times of the wondrous things that he had done by his art. Therefore, he



History of Friar Bacon.

sent one for him, to desire him to come to the court. Friar Bacon kindly thanked the King by the messenger, and said, "that he was at the King's service, and would suddenly attend him: but, Sir," saith he to the gentleman, "I pray you make haste, or else I shall be two hours before you at the court."

"For all your learning," answered the gentleman, "I can hardly believe this, for scholars, old men, and travellers, may lie by authority." However, Friar Bacon by his art was with the King before he came.

The King kindly welcomed him, and said that he long time had desired to see him; for he had as yet not heard of his life. Friar Bacon answered him, "that fame had belied him, and given him that report that his poor studies had never deserved; for he believed that art had many sons more excellent than himself was." The King commended him for his modesty; and told him, that nothing could become a wise man less than boasting; but yet, withal, he requested him now to be no niggard of his knowledge, but to show his Queen and him some of his skill.

"I were worthy of neither Art nor Knowledge," quoth Friar Bacon, "should I deny your Majesty this small request: I pray seat yourselves, and you shall see presently what my poor skill can perform."

The King, Queen, and nobles having sate them all down, the Friar waved his wand, and presently was heard such excellent music, that they were all amazed, for they all said they had never heard the like. "This is," said the Friar, "to delight the sense of hearing: I will delight all your other senses ere you depart hence."



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So waving his wand again, there was louder music heard; and, presently, five dancers entered, the first, like a court laundress; the second, like a footman; the third, like a usurer; the fourth, like a prodigal; the fifth, like a fool: these did divers excellent changes, so that they gave content to all the beholders; and having done their dance, they all vanished away. Thus feasted he two of their senses. Then waved he his wand again; and there was another kind of music heard; and, whilst it was playing, there was suddenly before them a table, richly covered with all sorts of delicacies. Then desired he the King and Queen to taste of some certain rare fruits that were on the table; which they, and the nobles there present, did, and were very highly pleased with the taste. They being satisfied, all vanished away on the sudden.

Then waved he his wand again; and, suddenly, there was such a smell, as if all the rich perfumes of the whole world had been there. Whilst he feasted, thus, their smelling, he waved his wand again, and there came divers nations in sundry habits (as Russians, Polanders, Indians, Armenians), all bringing sundry kinds of furs, such as their countries yielded, all which they presented to the King and Queen: these furs were so soft to the touch, that they highly pleased all those that handled them: then, after some odd fantastic dances (after their country manner), they vanished away.

Then asked Friar Bacon, the King's Majesty, if that he desired any more of his skill? The King answered, "That he was fully satisfied for that



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time ; and that he only now thought of something that he might bestow on him, that might partly satisfy the kindness that he had received." Friar Bacon said, "That he desired nothing so much as his Majesty's love ; and if that he might be assured of that, he would think himself happy in it." "For that," said the King, "be thou ever sure of it ; in token of which, receive this jewel;" and, withal, gave him a costly jewel from his neck. The Friar did with great reverence thank his Majesty ; and said, "As your Majesty's vassal, you shall ever find me ready to do you service ; your time of need shall find it both beneficial and delightful."

CHAP. III.—*How Friar Bacon deceived his Man, that would fast for his conscience' sake.*

FRIAR BACON had one only man to attend on him ; and he, too, was none of the wisest, for he kept him in charity, more than for any service he had of him. This man of his (named Miles) never could endure to fast as other religious persons did ; for always he had, in one corner or another, flesh, which he would eat when his master ate bread only, or else did fast and abstain from all things. Friar Bacon, seeing this, thought, at one time or other, to be even with him ; which he did one Friday in this manner.

Miles, on the Thursday night, had provided a great black pudding for his Friday's fast : this pudding put he in his pocket (thinking, belike, to heat it so, for



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his master had no fire in those days). On the next day, who was so demure as Miles; he looked as though he would not have eaten anything. When his master offered him some bread, he refused it, saying, "His sins deserved a greater penance than one day's fast in a whole week." His master commended him for it; and bade him take heed that he did not dissemble; for, if he did, it would at last be known. "Then were I worse than a Turk," said Miles: and so went he forth, as if he would have gone to pray privately, but it was for nothing but to prey upon his black pudding. That pulled he out, (for it was half roasted with the heat,) and fell to it lustily; but he was deceived, for having put one end in his mouth, he could neither get it out again, nor bite it off, so that he stamped out for help.

His master, hearing him, came, and finding him in that manner, took hold of the other end of the pudding, and led him to the hall, and shewed him to all the scholars, saying, "See here, my good friends, and fellow students, what a devout man my servant Miles is: he loveth not to break a fast day, witness this pudding, that his conscience will not let him swallow. I will have him to be an example to you all." Then tied he him to the window by the end of the pudding; where poor Miles stood like a bear tied by the nose to a stake, and endured many flouts and mocks. At night, his master released him from his penance; Miles was glad of it, and did vow never to break more fast days, while that he lived.



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CHAP. IV.—*How Friar Bacon made a Brazen Head to speak, by the which he would have walled England about with Brass.*

FR I A R B A C O N, reading one day of the many conquests of England, bethought himself how he might keep it hereafter from the like conquests; and so might make himself famous hereafter, to all posterities. This (after great study) he found could be no way so well done as one; which was, to make a head of brass, and if he could make this head to speak (and hear it when it spake), then might he be able to wall all England about with brass.

To this purpose he got one Friar Bungay to assist him, who was a great scholar, and a magician, but not to be compared to Friar Bacon. These two, with great study and pains, so framed a head of brass, that in the inward parts thereof there were all things like as in a natural man's head. This being done, they were as far from perfection of the work as they were before; for they knew not how to give those parts that they had made, motion; without which, it was impossible that it should speak.

Many books they read, but yet could not find out any hope of what they sought; at last, they concluded to raise a spirit, and to know of him that which they could not attain to by their own studies.

To do this, they prepared all things ready, and went one evening to a wood thereby; and, after many ceremonies used, they spake the words of con-



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juramentum, which the Spirits straight obeyed, appearing unto them, and asking what they would.

“ Know,” said Friar Bacon, “ that we have made an artificial head of brass, which we would have to speak ; to the furtherance of which we have raised thee ; and having raised, we will here keep thee, unless thou tell to us, the way and manner, how to make this head to speak.” The Demon told him that he had not that power of himself. “ Beginner of lies,” said Friar Bacon, “ I know that thou dost dissemble ; and, therefore, tell it us quickly, or else we will here bind thee, to remain during our pleasure.”

At these threatenings the Demon consented to do it, and told them, that with a continual fume of the six hottest simples, it should have motion ; and in one month’s space, speak. The time of the month or day he knew not : also he told them, that if they heard it not, before it had done speaking, all their labour should be lost. They being satisfied, licensed the spirit to depart.

Then went these two learned friars home again, and prepared the simples ready, and made the fume, and with continued watching attended when this Brazen Head would speak. Thus watched they for three weeks, without any rest, so that they were so weary, and sleepy, that they could not any longer refrain from rest. Then called Friar Bacon his man, Miles, and told him, “ that it was not unknown what pains Friar Bungay and himself had taken, for three weeks’ space, only to make, and to hear, the Brazen Head speak ; which if they did not, then



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had they lost all their labour, and all England had a great loss thereby; therefore, he entreated Miles, that he would watch, whilst that they slept, and call them, if the head spake.”

“Fear not, good master,” said Miles, “I will not sleep; but hearken and attend upon the head; and if it do chance to speak, I will call you; therefore, I pray, take you both your rest, and let me alone for watching this head.”

After Friar Bacon had given him a great charge the second time, Friar Bungay and he went to sleep, and left Miles alone to watch the Brazen Head. Miles, to keep him from sleeping, got a tabor and pipe, and being merry disposed, with his own music and songs, kept himself from sleeping. At last, after some noise, the head spake these two words, “*Time is!*” Miles, hearing it speak no more, thought his master would be angry, if he waked him for that; and, therefore, he let them both sleep; and began to mock the head in this manner: “Thou, brazen-faced head, hath my master took all this pains about thee, and now dost thou requite him with two words? *Time is!* I know *Time is*, and that you shall hear, goodman Brazen-face.

“*Time is for some to eat;
Time is for some to sleep;
Time is for some to laugh;
Time is for some to weep.*”

After half an hour had passed, the head did speak again, two words, which were these, *Time was.*



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Miles respected these words as little as he did the former, and would not wake them, but still scoffed at the brazen head, that it had learned no better words, and yet had such a tutor as his master; and in scorn of it, sung this song.

*Time was when thou, a kettle,
Wert filled with better matter,
But Friar Bacon did thee spoil,
When he thy sides did batter.*

Time was! I know that, Brazen-face, without your telling, I know *Time was*; and I know what things there was when time was; and if you speak no wiser, no master shall be waked for me.”

Thus Miles talked and sung, till another half hour was gone; then the Brazen Head spoke again these words, “*Time is past!*” and, therewith, fell down, and presently followed a terrible noise, with strange flashes of fire; so that Miles was half dead with fear. At this noise, the two Friars awaked; and wondered to see the whole room so full of smoke; but, that being vanished, they might perceive the Brazen Head broken, and lying on the ground. At this sight they grieved, and called Miles, to know how this came.

Miles, half dead with fear, said that it fell down of itself; and that with the noise and fire that followed he was almost frightened out of his wits. Friar Bacon asked him, if he did not speak? “Yes,” quoth Miles, “he spake, but to no purpose; I’ll have a parrot speak better in that time, that you have been teaching this Brazen Head.” “Out on thee,



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villain!" said Friar Bacon, "thou hast undone us both. Hadst thou but called us, when it did speak, all England had been walled round about with brass, to its glory, and our eternal fames!"

"What were the words it spake?" "Very few," said Miles, "and those were none of the wisest that I have heard neither. First, he said, *Time is.*" "Hadst thou called us then," said Friar Bacon, "we had been made for ever." "Then," said Miles, "half an hour after it spake again, and said, *Time was.*" "And wouldst thou not call us then?" said Bungay. "Alas," said Miles, "I thought he would have told me some long tale; and then I purposed to have called you. Then, half an hour after, he cried, *Time is past!* and made such a noise, that he hath waked you himself, methinks." At this, Friar Bacon was in such a rage, that he would have beaten his man; but he was restrained by Bungay; but, nevertheless, for his punishment, he, with his art, struck him dumb for one whole month's space.

Thus, the great work of these learned Friars, was overthrown, to their great griefs, by this simple fellow.

CHAP. V.—*How Friar Bacon overcame the German courier Vandermast; and made a spirit of his own carry him into Germany.*

THE King of France, having sent an ambassador to the King of England, to entreat a peace between them; and this ambassador being come to



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the King, he feasted him, as it is the manner of princes to do, and with the best sports that he had then, welcomed him. The ambassador, seeing the King of England so free in his love, desired, likewise, to give him some taste of his good liking: and to that intent, sent for one of his fellows, (being a German, and named Vandermast), a famous conjurer; who, being come, he told the King, "That since his Grace had been so bountiful in his love to him, he would show him, by a servant of his, such wonderful things, that his Grace had never seen the like before."

The King demanded of him, "Of what nature those things were, that he would do?" The ambassador answered, "That they were things done by the art of magic." The King, hearing of this, sent straight for Friar Bacon; who presently came, and brought Friar Bungay with him.

When the banquet was done, Vandermast did ask the King, "If he desired to see the spirit of any man deceased; and if he did, he would raise him in such manner, and fashion, as he was in when that he lived." The King told him, "That above all men, he desired to see Pompey the Great; who could abide no equal." Vandermast, by his art, raised him, armed in such manner, as he was when he was slain at the battle of Pharsalia. At this, they were all highly contented. Friar Bacon, presently raised the ghost of Julius Cæsar; who could abide no superior, and had slain this Pompey at the battle of Pharsalia. At the sight of him they were all amazed, but the King who sent for Bacon. And



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Vandermast said, "That there was some man of art, in that presence, whom he desired to see."

Friar Bacon, then showed himself, saying, "It was I, Vandermast, that raised Cæsar, partly to give content to this royal presence; but, chiefly, to conquer thy Pompey as he did once before, at that great battle of Pharsalia, which he now again shall do." Then, presently began a fight between Cæsar and Pompey, which continued a good space, to the content of all, except Vandermast. At last, Pompey was overcome, and slain by Cæsar: then vanished they both away.

"My Lord Ambassador," said the King, "me thinks that my Englishman has put down your German. Hath he no better cunning than this?" "Yes," answered Vandermast, "your Grace shall see me put down your Englishman, ere that you go from hence; and, therefore, Friar, prepare thyself with thy best of art to withstand me." "Alas!" said Friar Bacon, "it is a little thing will serve to resist thee in this kind. I have here one that is my inferior (showing him Friar Bungay) try thy art with him; and if thou do put him to the worst, then will I deal with thee; but not till then." Friar Bungay then began to show his art; and after some turning and looking in his book, he brought up among them the Hysperian tree, which did bear golden apples; these apples were kept by a waking dragon, that lay under the tree. He, having done this, bade Vandermast find one that durst gather the fruit. Then Vandermast did raise the ghost of Hercules, in his habit that he wore when he was living; and with



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his club on his shoulder. "Here is one," said Vandermast, "that shall gather fruit from this tree: this is Hercules, that in his life time gathered of this fruit, and made the dragon crouch: and now again shall he gather it in spite of opposition." As Hercules was going to pluck the fruit, Friar Bacon held up his wand; at which, Hercules stayed, and seemed fearful. Vandermast bade him for to gather of the fruit, or else he would torment him. Hercules was more fearful, and said, "I cannot, nor I dare not; for great Bacon stands, whose charms are far more powerful than thine; I must obey him, Vandermast." Hereat, Vandermast cursed Hercules, and threatened him: but Friar Bacon laughed; and bade him not to chafe himself, ere that his journey was ended. "For seeing," said he, "that Hercules will do nothing at your command; I will have him do you some service, at mine." With that, he bade Hercules carry him home into Germany.

The spirit obeyed him, and took Vandermast on his back, and went away with him in all their sights. "Hold, Friar," cried the ambassador, "I will not lose Vandermast for half my land!"

"Content yourself, my Lord," answered Friar Bacon, "I have but sent him home to see his wife; and ere long he may return." The King of England thanked Friar Bacon, and forced some gifts on him for his services that he had done for him: for Friar Bacon did so little respect money, that he never would take any of the King.



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CHAP. VI.—*How Friar Bacon burned his books of Magic, and gave himself to the Study of Divinity only; and how he turned Anchorite.*

AFTER some years, Friar Bacon keeping his chamber, fell into divers meditations, on the vanity of arts and sciences; and crying out upon himself for neglecting the study of divinity, and for studying magic; and sometimes meditating on the shortness of man's life, condemned himself for spending a time so short, so ill as he had done his; in all condemning his former studies.

And that the world should know how truly he did repent his former life, he caused to be made a great fire, and sending for many of his friends, scholars, and others, said, "I have found that my knowledge has been a heavy burden, and has kept down my good thoughts. But I will remove the cause, which are these books; which I do purpose, here, before you all, to burn."

They all entreated him to spare the books, because, in them there were many things, that after ages might receive great benefit by. He would not hearken unto them; but threw them all into the fire: and, in that fire, burnt the greatest learning in the world.

Then did he dispose of all his goods. Some part he gave to poor scholars; and some he gave to other poor folks. Nothing left he for himself.

Then caused he to be made, in the Church wall,



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a cell, where he locked himself in; and there remained till his death. His time he spent in prayer, meditation, and such divine exercises; and did seek, by all means, to dissuade men from the study of magic. Thus lived he, some two years' space, in that cell, never coming forth. His meat and drink he received in at a window; and at that window did he discourse with those that came to him. His grave he digged with his own nails; and was laid there when he died.

Thus was the life and death of this famous Friar, who lived most part of his life a magician, and died a true penitent sinner, and Anchorite.





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A TRUE TALE OF ROBIN  
HOOD.



BOTH gentlemen and yeomen bold,  
Or whatsoe'er you are,  
To have a stately story told,  
Attention now prepare :

It is a tale of Robin Hood,  
Which I to you will tell ;  
Which being rightly understood,  
I know will please you well.

This Robin (so much talked on)  
Was once a man of fame,  
And styled Earl of Huntingdon,  
Lord Robin Hood by name.

In courtship and magnificence  
His carriage won him praise ;  
And greater favour with his prince  
Than any in our days.





*A true Tale of Robin Hood.*

---

In bounteous liberality  
He too much did excel ;  
And loved men of quality  
More than exceeding well.

His great revenues all he sold,  
For wine and costly cheer ;  
He kept three hundred bowmen bold,  
He shooting loved so dear.

At last, by his profuse expense,  
He had consumed his wealth ;  
And, being outlaw'd by his prince,  
In woods he lived by stealth.

So being outlaw'd (as 'tis told)  
He with a crew went forth  
Of lusty cutters stout and bold,  
And robbed in the North.

Among the rest, one little John,  
A yeoman bold and free ;  
Who could (if it stood him upon)  
With ease encounter three.

One hundred men in all he got,  
With whom (the story says)  
Three hundred common men durst not  
Hold combat any ways.

*A true Tale of Robin Hood.*

---

They Yorkshire woods frequented much,  
And Lancashire also ;  
Wherein their practices were such  
That they wrought muckle woe.

None rich durst travel to and fro,  
Though ne'er so strongly arm'd ;  
But by these thieves (so strong in show)  
They still were robb'd and harm'd.

But Robin Hood so gentle was,  
And bore so brave a mind ;  
If any in distress did pass,  
To them he was so kind,

That he would give and lend to them,  
To help them in their need ;  
This made all poor men pray for him,  
And wish he well might speed.

The widow and the fatherless  
He would send means unto ;  
And those whom famine did oppress  
Found him a friendly foe.

Nor would he do a woman wrong,  
But see her safe conveyed ;  
He would protect with power strong  
All those who craved his aid.



*A true Tale of Robin Hood.*

The Abbot of Saint Mary's then,  
Who him once harmed before,  
Was riding with two hundred men,  
With gold and silver store.

But Robin Hood upon him set  
With his courageous sparks,  
And all his coin, perforce, did get,  
Which was twelve thousand marks.

He bound the Abbot to a tree,  
And would not let him pass,  
Before that to his men and he,  
His Lordship had said Mass.

Which being done, upon his horse  
He set him fast astride ;  
And with his face towards his tail,  
He forced him to ride.

Thus Robin Hood did vindicate  
His former wrongs received ;  
For 'twas this covetous prelate  
Him of his land bereaved.

The Abbot he rode to the King,  
With all the haste he could ;  
And to his grace he every thing  
Exactly did unfold.



*A true Tale of Robin Hood.*

He said, that if no course were ta'en,  
By force or stratagem,  
To take this rebel and his train,  
No man should pass for them.

The King protested, by and by,  
Unto the Abbot then,  
That Robin Hood with speed should die,  
With all his merry men.

And promised, who, alive or dead,  
Could bring bold Robin Hood,  
Should have one thousand marks well paid,  
In gold and silver good.

This promise of the King did make  
Full many a yeoman bold  
Attempt stout Robin Hood to take,  
With all the force they could.

But still when any came to him,  
Within the gay green wood ;  
He entertainment gave to them,  
With venison fat and good.

And showed to them such martial sport  
With his long bow and arrow,  
That they of him did give report,  
How that it was great sorrow,





*A true Tale of Robin Hood.*

That such a worthy man as he  
Should thus be put to shift ;  
Being late a lord of high degree,  
Of living quite bereft.

The King, to take him, more and more,  
Sent men of mickle might ;  
But he and his still beat them sore,  
And conquer'd them in fight.

Or else, with love and courtesy,  
To him he won their hearts ;  
Thus still he lived by robbery,  
Throughout the northern parts.

And all the country stood in dread  
Of Robin and his men ;  
For stouter lads ne'er lived by bread,  
In those days, nor since then.

The Abbot which before I named  
Sought all the means he could,  
To have, by force, this rebel ta'en,  
And his adherents bold.

Therefore, he arm'd five hundred men,  
With furniture complete ;  
But the outlaws slew one half of them,  
And made the rest retreat.

*A true Tale of Robin Hood.*

---

The long bow and the arrow keen,  
They were so used unto ;  
That still he kept the forest green,  
In spite o' th' proudest foe.

Twelve of the Abbot's men he took,  
Who came him to have ta'en :  
When all the rest the field forsook,  
These he did entertain,

With banqueting and merriment,  
And having used them well,  
He to their lord them safely sent,  
And will'd them him to tell :

That if he would be pleased at last,  
To beg of our good King,  
That he might pardon what was past,  
And him to favour bring,

He would surrender back again,  
The money which before  
Was taken by him and his men,  
From him and many more.

King Richard, of that name the First,  
Surnamed Cœur de Lion ;  
Went to defeat the Pagans curst,  
Who kept the coasts of Sion.



*A true Tale of Robin Hood.*

The Bishop of Ely, chancellor,  
Was left a viceroy here ;  
Who like a potent emperor  
Did proudly domineer.

Our chronicles of him report,  
That commonly he rode  
With a thousand horse from court to court,  
Where he would make abode.

He, riding down towards the North,  
With his aforesaid train ;  
Robin and his men did issue forth,  
Them all to entertain ;

And with the gallant gray-goose wing  
They show'd to them such play,  
That made their horses kick and fling,  
And down their riders lay.

Full glad and fain the Bishop was,  
For all his thousand men,  
To seek what means he could to pass  
From out of Robin's ken.

Two hundred of his men were kill'd  
And fourscore horses good,  
Thirty, who did as captives yield,  
Carried to the green wood ;



*A true Tale of Robin Hood.*

Which afterwards were ransomed,  
For twenty marks a man ;  
The rest set spurs to horse and fled  
To the town of Warrington.

The Bishop, sore enraged, then  
Did, in King Richard's name,  
Muster a power of northern men,  
These outlaws bold to tame.

But Robin, with his courtesy,  
So won the meaner sort,  
That they were loath on him to try  
What rigour did import.

So that bold Robin and his train  
Did live unhurt of them,  
Until King Richard came again  
From fair Jerusalem.

And then the talk of Robin Hood  
His royal ears did fill,  
His grace admired that i' th' greenwood  
He was continued still.

So that the country far and near  
Did give him great applause ;  
For none of them need stand in fear,  
But such as broke the laws.



*A true Tale of Robin Hood.*

He wished well unto the King,  
And prayed still for his health,  
And never practised any thing  
Against the commonwealth.

With wealth that he by roguery got,  
Eight alms-houses he built ;  
Thinking thereby to purge the blot,  
Of blood which he had spilt.

Such was their blind devotion then,  
Depending on their works ;  
Which if 'twere true, we Christian men,  
Inferior were to Turks.

The King in person, with some Lords,  
To Nottingham did ride,  
To try what strength and skill affords,  
To crush this outlaw's pride.

And as he once before had done,  
He did again proclaim,  
That whosoever would take upon  
To bring to Nottingham,

Or any place within the land  
Rebellious Robin Hood,  
Should be preferr'd in place to stand  
With those of noble blood.



## *A true Tale of Robin Hood.*

When Robin Hood heard of the same,  
Within a little space,  
Into the town of Nottingham  
A letter to his grace,

He shot upon an arrow head,  
One evening cunningly,  
Which was brought to the King and read  
Before his majesty.

The tenor of this letter was,  
That Robin would submit,  
And be true liegeman to his grace  
In any thing that's fit ;

So that his highness would forgive  
Him and his merry men all ;  
If not, he must i' th' greenwood live,  
And take what chance did fall.

The King would fain have pardon'd him,  
But that some lords did say,  
This precedent will much condemn  
Your grace another day.

While that the King and Lords did stay  
Debating on this thing,  
Some of these outlaws fled away  
Unto the Scottish King.



*A true Tale of Robin Hood.*

Of more than full a hundred men,  
But forty tarried still,  
Who were resolved to stick to him,  
Let Fortune work her will.

If none had fled, all for his sake,  
Had got their pardon free ;  
The King to favour meant to take  
His merry men and he.

But ere the pardon to him came,  
This famous archer died :  
His death and manner of the same  
I'll presently describe.

For being vexed to think upon  
His followers' revolt,  
In melancholy passion  
He did recount his faults.

Perfidious traitors ! said he then,  
In all our dangers past,  
Have I you guarded as my men,  
To leave me thus at last.

This sad perplexity did cause  
A fever as some say ;  
Which him unto confusion draws,  
Though by a stranger way.



## *A true Tale of Robin Hood.*

This deadly danger to prevent,  
He hied with all speed  
Unto a nunnery, with intent  
For his health's sake to bleed.

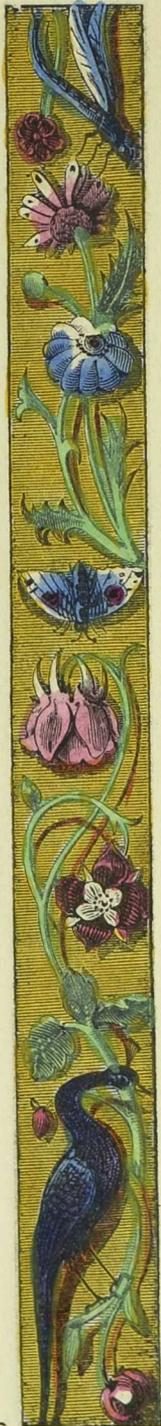
A faithless friar did pretend  
In love to let him blood ;  
But he by falsehood wrought the end  
Of famous Robin Hood.

The friar, as some say, did this,  
To vindicate the wrong  
Which to the clergy he and his  
Had done by power strong.

Thus died he by treachery,  
That could not die by force ;  
Had he lived longer, certainly  
King Richard in remorse

Had unto favour him received,  
His brave men elevated ;  
Pity he was of life bereaved  
By one which he so hated !

His corpse, the prioress of the place  
The next day that he died,  
Caused to be buried in mean case,  
Close by the highway side ;



## *A true Tale of Robin Hood.*

And over him she caused a stone  
To be fixt on the ground ;  
An epitaph was set thereon,  
Wherein his name was found.

The date o' th' year and day also,  
She made to be set there ;  
That all who by the way did go,  
Might see it plain appear,

That such a man as Robin Hood  
Was buried in that place ;  
And how he lived in the green wood  
And robbed for a space.

This woman, though she did him hate,  
Yet loved his memory,  
And thought it wondrous pity that  
His fame should with him die.

This Epitaph, as records tell,  
Within this hundred years,  
By many was discerned well ;  
But time all things out-wears.

His followers, when he was dead,  
Were some reprieved to grace ;  
The rest to foreign countries fled,  
And left their native place.



*A true Tale of Robin Hood.*

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Although his funeral was but mean,  
This woman had in mind,  
Lest his fame should be buried clean  
From those that came behind.

For certainly, before nor since,  
No man e'er understood,  
Under the reign of any Prince  
Of one like Robin Hood.

No warring guns were then in use,  
They dreamt of no such thing ;  
Our Englishmen in fight did use  
The gallant gray goose wing ;

In which activity these men  
Through practice were so good ;  
That in those days none equall'd them,  
Especially Robin Hood.

So that it seems keeping in caves,  
In woods and forests thick,  
They'd beat a multitude with staves,  
Their arrows did so prick.

And none durst near unto them come,  
Unless in courtesy ;  
All such he bravely would send home  
With mirth and jollity.



## *A true Tale of Robin Hood.*

Which courtesy won him such love,  
As I before have told,  
It was the chief cause that he did prove  
More prosperous than he could.

Let us be thankful for these times  
Of plenty, truth, and peace ;  
And leave out great and horrid crimes,  
Lest they cause this to cease.

I know there's many feigned tales  
Of Robin Hood and's crew ;  
But chronicle, which seldom fails,  
Reports this to be true.

If any reader please to try,  
As I direction show,  
The truth of this brave history,  
He'll find it true I know.

And I shall think my labour well  
Bestow'd to purpose good  
When 't shall be said, that I did tell  
True tales of Robin Hood.



A MERRY TALE OF THE KING  
AND THE COBBLER.

CHAPTER I.

*Of King Henry the Eighth's method of visiting the City Watch; and of his becoming acquainted with a merry Cobbler.*



T was the custom of King Henry the Eighth, to walk late in the night into the city, disguised, to observe how the constables, and watch performed their duty; not only in guarding the city gates, but also in diligently watching the inner part of the city, that they might prevent those damages and casualties, that often happen, to great and populous cities, in the night time. This he did oftentimes, without its being discovered who he was; returning home to Whitehall early in the morning.



## *A Merry Tale of the*

Now, in returning home through the Strand, he took notice of a certain Cobbler, who was always up at work, whistling and singing, every morning. So resolving to see him, he knocks off the heel of his shoe, by hitting it against the stones. Having so done, he bounced against the stall. "Who is there?" cries the Cobbler, opening his stall door. Whereupon the King asked him, "If he could fit on his heel?" "Yes, that I can," says the Cobbler; "so sit thee down, and I will do it straight." The Cobbler laid his awls and old shoes aside, to make room for the King to sit by him, who was hardly able to forbear laughing, at the Cobbler's kindness; and asked him, if there was not a house near, where they sold a cup of good ale, and the people up. "Yes," said the Cobbler, "there is an inn over the way, where I think the folks are up, for the carriers go from them early every morning." With that the King borrowed an old shoe of the Cobbler, and went over to the inn, desiring him to bring his shoe over thither, when he had done it. The Cobbler promised him that he would.

So making as much haste as he could, he carried it over to the King, saying, "Honest blade, here is thy shoe again: I'll warrant thee, it will not come off again in haste." "Very well," said the King,



## *King and the Cobbler.*

“ what must you have for your pains ? ” “ A couple of pence,” said the Cobbler. “ Well,” said the King, “ as thou art an honest, merry fellow, here is a tester for you ; come, sit down by me, and I will drink to thee. Here is a good health to the King ! ” “ With all my heart ; ” said the Cobbler, “ I will pledge thee, were it in water.”

So the Cobbler sate down by the King, was very merry, and drank his liquor freely. He also sung some of his pretty songs and catches, at which the King laughed heartily, and was very pleasant, and jocund with the Cobbler, telling him withal, that his name was Harry Tudor, and that he belonged to the court ; and if he would come and see him there, he would make him very welcome, because he was such a merry companion ; and charged him to come, and not forget his name : and to ask any one for him about the court, and they would bring him to him. “ For,” said the King, “ I am well known there.”

Now, the Cobbler little dreamed that it was the King that spoke to him, much less that the King’s name was Harry Tudor. Then, with a great deal of confidence, he stands up, and pulls off his hat, and makes the King many thanks ; telling him, that he was one of the honestest fellows he had ever met with in all his lifetime ; and though he had never



## *A Merry Tale of the*

been at court, yet it should not be long, before he would make a holiday, to come and see him. Whereupon, the King discharging the reckoning, would have taken leave of the Cobbler; but, he, taking him by the hand, said, "By my faith! you shall not go yet, you shall first go and see my poor habitation. I have there a tub of good brown ale, never tapped yet, and you must needs go and taste it; for thou art the honestest blade I ever met with: and I love an honest, merry companion, with all my heart."

CHAP. II.—*The Cobbler entertains the King in the Cellar; and of the disturbance made by the Cobbler's wife.*

SO the Cobbler took the King with him, over the way, where he had a cellar, joining to his stall; which was handsomely furnished for a man of his profession. Into this cellar he had the King. "There," said he, "sit you down; you are welcome. But I must desire you to speak softly; for fear of waking my wife, Joan, who lies hard by;" showing the King a close bed, neatly made up in



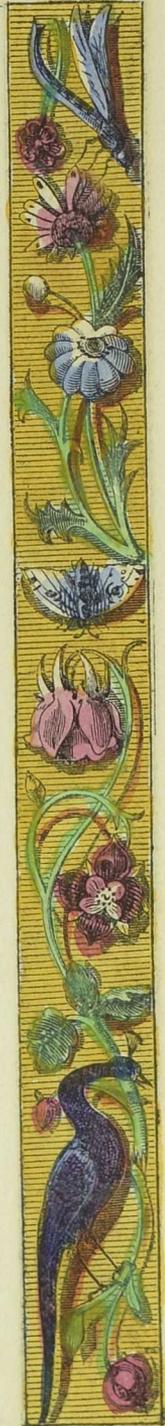
## *King and the Cobbler.*

one corner of the cellar, much like a closet ; “ for if she awake, she will certainly make both our ears ring again.”

At this speech of the Cobbler, the King laughed, and told him, “ he would be mindful to follow his directions.” So the Cobbler kindled a fire, and fetched out a brown loaf, from which he cut a lusty slice ; and set it baking by the fire, then he brought out his Cheshire cheese.

“ Come,” said he, “ will you eat any cheese ? there is as good fellowship in eating, as in drinking.” This made the King admire the freedom of the Cobbler. So having eaten a piece, “ Here’s a health to all true hearts, and merry companions,” says the Cobbler. At which the King smiling, said, “ God have mercy, old friend, I’ll pledge thee.”

In this manner, they ate and drank together, until almost break of day ; the Cobbler, being very free of his liquor, and pleasing the King with several of his old stories. When, on a sudden, the Cobbler’s old wife, Joan, began to awake. “ In faith,” says the Cobbler, “ you must begone now : my wife Joan begins to grumble, she will wake presently ; and I would not, for all the shoes in my shop, she should find you here.” So taking the King up stairs, he says,



## *A Merry Tale of the*

“Farewell, honest blade, it shall not be long before I make a holiday, to come and see thee at court.” The King replied, “You shall be kindly welcome.” So they parted; the King on his way to Whitehall, and the Cobbler to his cellar, putting all things to rights before his wife, Joan, got up; and went to work again, whistling and singing, as merry as he used to do; being much satisfied, that he had happened on such a good companion; and very much delighted at thinking how merry he should be, when he came to the court.

CHAP. III.—*The Cobbler's preparation to go to Court; and the pains his wife took to set him off to the best advantage.*

AS soon as the King came home, he gave his orders to all about the court, that if any one enquired for him, by the name of Harry Tudor, the person should be brought before him, without further examination. Now, the Cobbler thought every day a month, until he had been at court, to see his new acquaintance; and he was much troubled, how



## *King and the Cobbler.*

he should get leave of his wife, Joan : for he could not go without her knowledge, by reason, he resolved to make himself as fine as ever he could, and as his wife, Joan, always kept his holiday clothes.

So, one evening, as they sate at supper, she being in a good humour, he began to lay open his mind to her, and showed her the manner of the acquaintance ; repeating it, over and over again, that he was the honestest man, he had ever met with. “ Husband,” said she, “ because you have been so generous to tell me the truth, I will give you leave to make a holiday. You shall go to court as fine as I can make you.” So it being agreed, that he might go the next day, Joan arose by times, the next morning, to brush her husband’s clothes ; and to make him look as snug as might be, she washed and ironed his laced band, and made his shoes so shine, that he might see his face in them. Having done this, she made her husband arise, washed him well with warm water, put him on a clean shirt ; and afterwards, dressed him in his best clothes, and pinned his laced band in print.



## *A Merry Tale of the*

CHAP. IV.—*The Cobbler's reception at Court ; with the manner of his behaviour before the King.*

THE Cobbler, being thus equipped, strutted through the streets, like a crow in a gutter ; thinking himself as fine as the best of them all. In this manner came he to court ; staring at this body, and on that body, as he walked up and down, and knowing no one to ask for, but Harry Tudor. At last, he espied one, as he thought, in the habit of a serving man, to whom he made his addresses, saying, "Do you hear, honest fellow, do you know one Harry Tudor, who belongs to the court?" "Yes," said the man, "follow me ; and I will take you to him." With that, he took him presently up into the guard-chamber, telling one of the yeomen of the guard, there was one, that enquired for Harry Tudor. The yeoman replied, "I know him very well ; and if you please to go along with me, I will bring you to him immediately."

The Cobbler followed the yeoman, admiring the finery of the rooms he went through ; and thinking within himself, that the yeoman was not very unlike



## *King and the Cobbler.*

the person he enquired after. "Him, whom I look after," said he, "is a plain, merry, and honest fellow: his name is Harry Tudor; we drank several pots together, not long since: I suppose he may be some fine lord or other about the court." "I tell you, friend," replied the yeoman, "I do know him very well; do but follow me, and I will bring you to him straight."

So going forward, he came to the room where the King was, accompanied with many of his nobles. As soon as the yeoman had put by the arras, he spake aloud, saying, "May it please your Majesty, here is one enquires for Harry Tudor." The Cobbler, hearing this, thought he had committed no less than treason; therefore he up with his heels, and ran away for it. But not being acquainted with the several turnings, and rooms, through which he came, he was soon overtaken, and brought before the King; whom the Cobbler very little thought to be the person he enquired after.

He, therefore, fell on his knees, saying, "May it please your Grace, I am a poor Cobbler, and enquired for one Harry Tudor, who is a very honest fellow. I mended the heel of his shoe, not long ago, for which he paid me nobly, and gave me two



## *A Merry Tale of the*

pots, to boot ; but I had him afterwards, to my own cellar, where we drank a cup of nappy ale, and were very merry ; till my wife, Joan, began to wake, which put an end to our merriment, for that time. But I told him, that I surely would be at court to see him, as soon as I conveniently could." "Well," said the King, "rise up, and be not afraid ! look well about you, peradventure you may find the fellow in this company." So the Cobbler arose, and looked wishfully upon the King, and his nobles, but to no purpose : for, although, he thought he saw something in the King's face, which he had seen before, yet, he could not imagine him to be Harry Tudor, the heel of whose shoe he had mended ; and who had been so merry with him, both at the inn, and in his own cellar.

He therefore told the King, "he did not expect to find Harry Tudor, among such fine folks, as he saw there ; but the person that he looked for, was a plain, honest, true-hearted fellow ;" adding withal, "that he was sure, if Harry Tudor did but know that he was come to court, he would make him welcome." At which speech of the Cobbler, the King had much ado to forbear laughing outright ; but keeping his countenance, as well as he could, he said to the yeo-



## *King and the Cobbler.*

man of the guard, "Here, take this honest Cobbler down into the cellar, and let him drink my health. I will give orders, that Harry Tudor, come to him presently."

So away went the Cobbler, ready to leap out of his skin, for joy, not only, that he was got so clear off, but also, that he should find his friend, Harry Tudor.

CHAP. V.—*The Cobbler's entertainment at the King's cellar; where he meets his old friend, Harry Tudor.*

THE Cobbler had not been long in the cellar, before the King came to him, in the same habit he had on, when the Cobbler mended his shoe; whereupon the Cobbler knew him, and ran, and kissed him, saying, "Honest Harry, I have made a holiday, on purpose to come and see you; but I had much ado to get leave of my wife, Joan, who was loath I should lose so much time, from my work; but I was resolved to see you, so I made myself as fine as I could. But I'll tell you, Harry, when I came to court, I was in a peck of troubles, how to find you out; but, at last, I met with a man, who

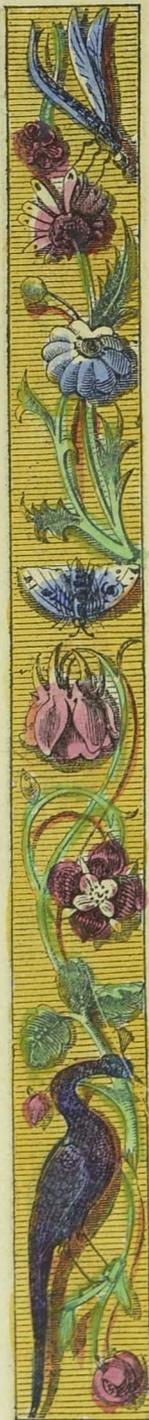


## *A Merry Tale of the*

told me, he knew you very well, and that he would bring me to you ; but, instead of doing so, he brought me before the King ; which had almost frightened me to death. But in good faith," continues the Cobbler, "I am resolved to be merry with you, since I have the good fortune to find you at last."

"Ay, so you shall," replied the King, "we will be as merry as princes." With that he called for a large glass of wine, and drank to the Cobbler, "The King's good health." "God have mercy," says the Cobbler, "honest Harry, I will pledge thee with all my heart." Now, after the Cobbler had drank about four or five good healths, he began to be merry ; and fell to singing his old songs and catches ; the which, pleased the King very much, and made him laugh most heartily : when, on a sudden, many of the nobles came into the cellar, extraordinarily rich in apparel, who stood bare to Harry Tudor ; which put the Cobbler in great amazement at first ; but, recovering himself, and looking more earnestly upon Harry Tudor, he, presently, knew him to be the King, that he had seen in the Presence Chamber.

He, therefore, immediately fell upon his knees, saying, "May it please your Highness, I am an honest Cobbler, and mean no harm." "No, no,"



## *King and the Cobbler.*

said the King, "nor shall receive none here." He commanded him, therefore, to rise up; and be as merry as he was before; and, though he knew him to be the King, he should use the same freedom with him, as he did when he mended his shoe. This kind speech of the King, and three or four glasses of wine more, made the Cobbler be in as good humour, as he was before; telling the King many of his pretty stories, and singing more songs, very much to the satisfaction of the King and his nobles. And among others, he sang this one, to the tune of Jenny Gin.

*Come, let us drink the other pot,  
Our sorrows to confound;  
We'll laugh, and sing, before the King,  
So let his health go round.*

*For I'm as bold, as bold can be,  
No Cobbler e'er was ruder;  
So then, good fellow, here's to thee,  
Remembering Harry Tudor.*

*When I'm at work within my stall,  
Upon him I shall think;  
His kindness I to mind shall call,  
Whene'er I eat or drink.*



## *A Merry Tale of the*

*His kindness to me was so great,  
The like was never known ;  
His kindness I will still repeat,  
And so shall my wife Joan.*

*I'll laugh, when I sit in my stall,  
And merrily will sing,  
That I, with my poor last and awl,  
Was fellow with a King.*

*But it is more, I must confess,  
Than I, at first, did know ;  
But Harry Tudor ne'ertheless,  
Resolves it must be so.*

*And now, farewell unto Whitehall,  
I homewards must retire ;  
To whistle, and sing, within my stall,  
My Joan will me require.*

*I can but think, how she will laugh,  
When she hears of this thing ;  
How he, who drank her nut brown ale,  
Was England's royal King.*



## *King and the Cobbler.*

### CHAP. VI.—*Of the Cobbler's becoming a Courtier.*

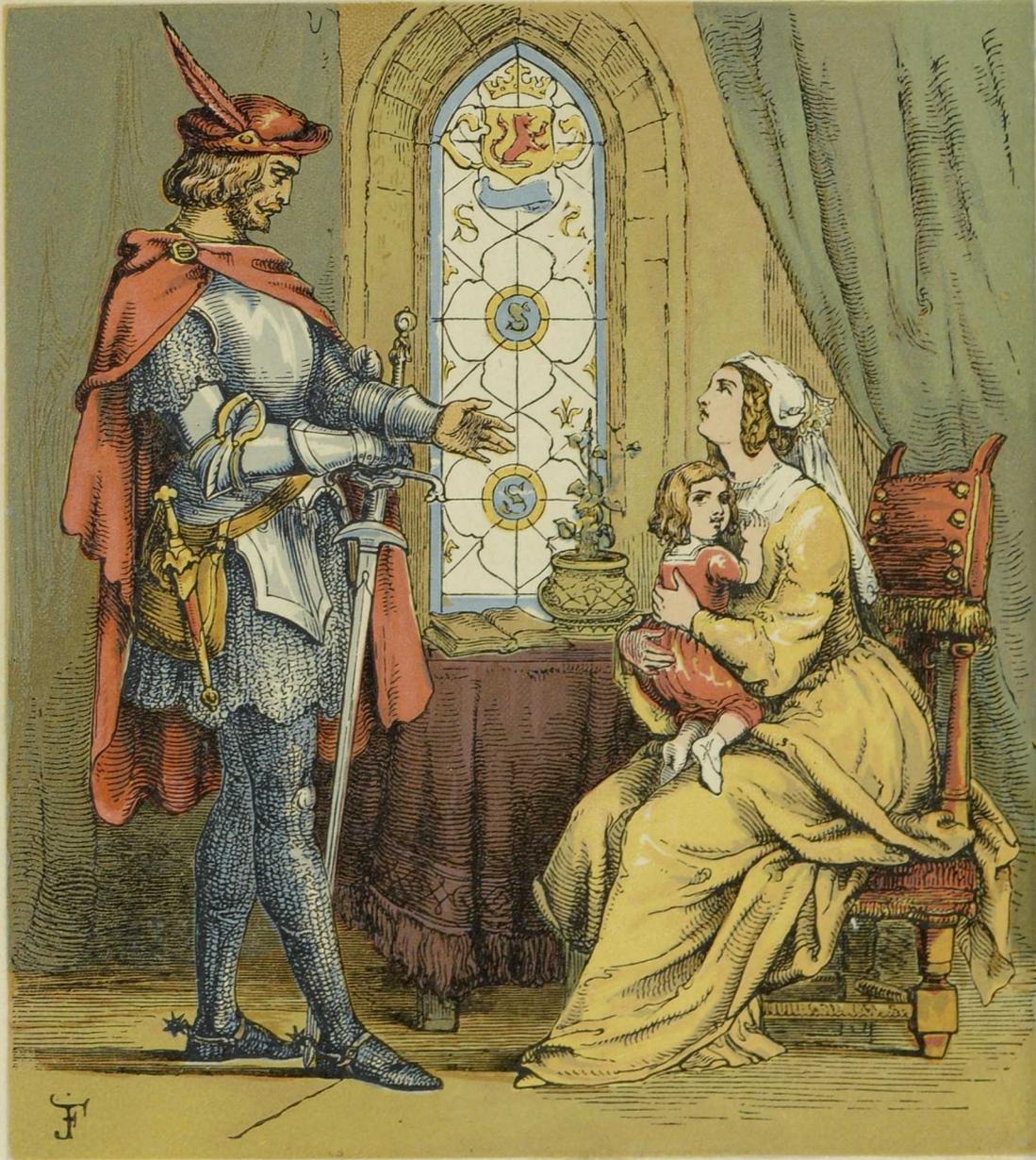
**N**OW the King, considering the pleasant humours of the Cobbler, how innocently merry he was, and free from any designs ; and that he was a person that laboured very hard, and took a great deal of pains, for a small livelihood, was pleased, out of his princely grace and favour, to allow him a liberal annuity, of Forty Marks a year, for the better support of his jolly humours, and the maintenance of himself, and his wife Joan ; and that he should be admitted one of the courtiers ; and have the freedom of his cellar whenever he pleased.

This, being so much beyond his expectation, highly elevated the Cobbler's humours, much to the satisfaction of the King. So, after some legs and scrapes, he returned home to his wife Joan, with the joyful news of his kind reception at court ; which so pleased her, that she did not think much of the pains she had been at, in tricking him up for the journey.









Sammer Gurton's Story Books.

THE SWEET AND PLEASANT  
HISTORY OF PATIENT  
GRISSEL.

CHAPTER I.

*The Marquis of Salus is solicited by his Nobles to marry; he consents, and falls in love with a poor Countryman's Daughter.*

**B**ETWEEN the mountains of Italy and France, towards the south, lies the territory of Salus, a country flourishing with excellent towns, and some castles, and peopled with the best sort of gentry, and peasants. Among them lived, long since, a nobleman of great reputation and honour, who was lord of the country, and by name Gualter, Marquis of Salus. He was young in years, and never thought of marriage, until pressed



## *History of Patient Grissel.*

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to it, by the desires and petitions of his people, who often importuned him thereto.

At last he consented to it; and fame soon spread the report abroad, and each princess was filled with hopes of being the Marquis's happy partner.

All this time, the Marquis continued his hunting; and usually resorted to a little village, not far from Salus, where lived a poor countryman, named Janicola, overworn in years, and overcome with distress; having nothing to make his life comfortable, but an only daughter, who was exceedingly beautiful, modest, and virtuous: but, as fire will not lie hid, where there is matter of combustibles, so virtue cannot be obscured, where there be tongues and ears; thus the report of her reached the Marquis. He, being satisfied of the truth, and finding her a fit woman to be his wife, resolved to forward the business. In the mean time, the court was furnished, and a crown and rich apparel prepared for the Queen; but who she was, the nobles all wondered, and the damsels marvelled, while the people in general flocked to see, who was to be the happy woman. At last, the nuptial day arrived: but who the Bride was, the next chapter must discover.



## *History of Patient Grissel.*

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### CHAP. II.—*The Marquis demands and marries the old Man's Daughter.*

WHEN all things were prepared, the noble Marquis took with him a great company of earls, lords, knights, squires, gentlemen, ladies, and attendants, and went from the palace into the country, towards Janicola's house; where Grissel, the fair maid, ignorant of what had happened, or of what was to come, had made herself and house clean, determining, with the rest of the neighbouring maidens, to see the solemnity. At this instant the Marquis arrived with his company; and meeting Grissel, with two pitchers of water, which she was carrying home, asked her, where her father was. She answered, "In the house." "Go then," replied he, "and tell him I would speak with him." The poor man came forth to him, somewhat abashed, until the Marquis, taking him by the hand, said that he had a secret to impart to him; and taking him from the rest of the company, spoke to him in the following manner:

"Janicola, I know thou always lovedst me; and am satisfied thou dost not hate me now. You have



## *History of Patient Grissel.*

been pleased, when I have been pleased; and you will not now be sorrowful, if I am satisfied. Nay, I am sure, if it lies in your power, you will further my delight; I come with the intention of begging your daughter to be my wife; will you take me for your son-in-law, as I have chosen you for my father."

The poor old man was so astonished, that he could not speak for joy; but, when the ecstasy was over, he thus faintly replied:—"Most gracious sovereign, you are my lord, and therefore I must agree to your will; but you are generous, and therefore take her, and make me a glad father." "Why, then," quoth the Marquis, "let us enter your house, for I must ask her a question before you." So he went in; the company tarrying without, in vast astonishment.

The fair maid was busied, in making it as handsome as she could; so, the Marquis took hold of her hand, and used these speeches, "To tell you this blush becomes you, were but a folly; or, that your modesty has graced your comeliness, is unbecoming my greatness: but, in one word, your father and I have agreed to make you my wife, therefore delays shall not entangle you with suspicion, nor, two days longer protract our happiness. Only, I must be



## *History of Patient Grissel.*

satisfied in this, if your heart affords willing entertainment to the motion ; and your virtue and constancy to the following resolution : that is, not to repine at my pleasure, in any thing, nor, presume on contradiction when I command ; for as good soldiers must obey without disputing the business, so must virtuous wives dutifully consent without reproof. Therefore be advised how you answer ; and I charge thee, take heed, that thy tongue utters no more than thy heart conceits.”

All this time was Grissel wondering at these words ; but, thinking nothing impossible with God, made the Marquis the following answer :

“ My gracious lord, I am not ignorant of your greatness ; and know my own weakness. There is nothing worthy in me to be your servant ; therefore I can have no desert to be your wife. Notwithstanding, because God is the author of miracles, I yield to your pleasure, and praise him for the fortune. Only this I will be bold to say, that your will shall be my delight, and death shall be more welcome to me, than a word of displeasure against you.”

After this, the ladies adorned Grissel with robes befitting her state : the Marquis and all the company returned back to Salus ; where, in the cathedral, in



## *History of Patient Grissel.*

the sight of the people, according to the fulness of religious ceremonies, they were by the priest joined together.

### CHAP. III.—*Lady Grissel's Patience tried by the Marquis.*

TO the other blessings, in process of time, there was added the birth of a daughter, which rejoiced the mother, and gladdened the father. The country triumphed; and the people clapped their hands for joy. Notwithstanding this, fortune had a trick to check Grissel's pride; and prosperity must be seasoned with crosses, for else it would corrupt us too much. It fell out, that the Marquis determined to prove his wife, and to make a trial of her virtues: and so, taking a convenient season, after the child was weaned, he one day repaired secretly to her chamber, and, seeming angry, imparted to her some of his mind; telling her, that to preserve amity between him and his people, who were determined that none of her posterity should rule over them, he must needs take away her daughter. The lady sorrowfully apprehended the Marquis's resolution, to



## *History of Patient Grissel.*

her grief, (though every word was like an arrow in her side,) yet admitted the temptation, disputing with herself to what end the virtues of patience, modesty, forbearance, fortitude, and magnanimity were ordained, if they had not proper subjects to work upon.

When the Marquis saw her constancy, he was pleased with her modest behaviour, and said but little at that time, but between joy and fear departed, resolving to make a farther trial of her love.

CHAP. IV.—*The Marquis's Daughter is taken from her Mother, and sent to Bologna, to be there brought up.*

NOT long after this conference between the Marquis and his lady, he called a faithful servant, to whom he imparted what he meant to do with his child, and then sent him to his wife, with an angry message. When Grissel had heard him out, remembering the conference the Marquis had with her, and apprehending there was no room for dispute, but that the child was ordained to die, she took it up in her arms, and, with a mother's blessing, kissed it ;



## *History of Patient Grissel.*

being not once amazed or troubled, since her lord would have it so; only she said, "I must, friend, entreat one thing at your hand, that, out of humanity and christian love, you leave not the body to be devoured by beasts and birds, for she is worthy of a grave." The man, having got the child, durst not tarry, but returned to his master, repeating every circumstance of her answer.

The Marquis, considering the great virtue of his wife, and looking on the beauty of his daughter, began to entertain some compassion, and to retract his wilfulness; but having, as he thought, so well began, he would not so soon give over, so, with the same secrecy he had taken her from his wife, sent her away to his sister, the Duchess of Bologna, with presents of worth, and letters of recommendation, containing in them the nature of the business, and the manner in which he wished the child to be brought up; which, she accordingly put into practice.



## *History of Patient Grissel.*

### CHAP. V.—*The Marquis makes a further trial of his Wife's Patience.*

AS this patient and wonderful lady was, one day, sporting with her infant son, two years after it had passed the danger of a cradle, and the trouble of infancy, the Marquis, to put her to a further trial, sent again his former messenger, to demand that child also. Yet he, (as if there were a conscience in disquieting her greatness,) came forward with preambles, craving pardon of the lady, that his message might seem blameless. But he was not so sudden in his demand as she was in her dispatch ; for she presently blessed, kissed, and gave him this child also ; only she pleaded with the same enforcement, as she had spoken in behalf of her daughter, that he would not see it devoured, for lack of a grave. In like manner he returned to the Marquis, who had still more cause for astonishment, and less reason to abuse so obedient a wife. Nevertheless, for a time he sent this child also to his sister ; who, understanding her brother's mind, brought up the children in such a manner, that though no man ever knew whose chil-



## *History of Patient Grissel.*

dren they were, yet they supposed them to belong to some great potentate.

By this time the Marquis' unkindness to his wife got spread among the people; who all admired, and wondered at her, for her constancy, patience, and love, for although he had more than once tried her patience, yet she never complained, but seemed to love him the more.

CHAP. VI.—*Grissel disrobed and sent home to her Father by her Husband; her Son and Daughter brought home under pretence of the Marquis marrying the latter: Grissel is sent for to make preparations, and her condescension thereon.*

**A**FTER this, the Marquis was resolved to put her to another trial; so sent for her clothes, and commanded her to go home again to her father's, disrobed of every thing. Accordingly, in the midst of the nobility, she disrobed herself, and returned back to her father's cottage, deploring, indeed, the alteration of her fortune, but smiling that her virtue was predominant over her passion. The nobles all



## *History of Patient Grissel.*

exclaimed against the cruelty of her lord ; but she used no invective. They wondered at her so great patience and virtue ; she answered, they were befitting a modest woman.

By this time they approached the house ; and old Janicola, seeing his daughter so pitifully arrayed, amidst such honourable company, ran into the house, and brought her the robes she formerly wore ; and putting them on her, said, “ Now thou art in thy element ;” and kissing her, bade her welcome.

The company were in amaze at his moderation, and wondered how nature could be so restrained from passion, and that any woman could have so much grace and virtue. In which amazement, not without some reprehension of fortune and their lord’s cruelty, they left her, and returned to the palace, where they recounted to the Marquis, how she continued in her moderation and patience.

Not long after came the Duchess of Bologna, with her glorious company, she sending word beforehand she should be at Salus, on such a day. Whereupon, the Marquis sent a troop to welcome her, and prepared a court for her entertainment. While some of his courtiers condemned the Marquis, whilst others deplored his wife’s misfortunes, all were transported



## *History of Patient Grissel.*

with the gallant youth, and comely virgin, that came along with the Duchess ; the latter of whom, it was reported, the Marquis was going to marry. And neither the Duke, nor the Princess, knew themselves to be the children of the Marquis.

The next morning, after their arrival, the Marquis sent a messenger for Grissel, bidding her come and speak with him, just in the dress she then was ; upon which, she immediately waited on her Lord. At her approach, he was somewhat abashed ; but recovering his spirits, he thus addressed her.

“ Grissel, the lady with whom I must marry, will be here to-morrow by this time ; and the feast is prepared accordingly. Now, because there is none so well acquainted with the secrets of my palace, and disposition of myself, as you are, I would have you, for all this base attire, address your wisdom to the ordering of the business, appointing such officers as are befitting, and disposing of the rooms, according to the degrees, and estates, of the persons. In a word, let nothing be wanting, which may set forth my honour, and delight the people.”

“ My Lord,” said she, “ I ever told you, that I took pleasure in nothing, but your contentment, and in whatsoever might conform to your delight. Herein



## *History of Patient Grissel.*

consisted happiness ; therefore make no question of my diligence and duty in this, or any thing, you shall please to impose upon me." And so, like a poor servant, she presently addressed herself to the business of the house, performing all things with such dispatch and quickness, that each one wondered at her goodness, and fair demeanour : and many murmured, to see her put to such a trial.

The day of the entertainment being come, when the fair lady approached, she looked so exceedingly beautiful, that some began not to blame the Marquis, for the change : while, Grissel, taking her by the hand, thus addressed her.

"Lady, if it were not his pleasure that may command to bid you welcome, yet, methinks, there is a kind of overruling grace from nature in you, which must extort a respect unto you. And, as to you, young Lord, I can say no more ; but, if I might have my desires, they should be employed to secure your happiness. To the rest, I offer all that is fit for entertainment ; hoping they will excuse whatever they see amiss." So saying, she conducted them to their several apartments, where they agreeably reposed themselves, till it was dinner time.

When all things were prepared, the Marquis sent





## *History of Patient Grissel.*

for his Grissel, and standing up, took her by the hand, and thus addressed himself to her.

“You see the lady is here I mean to marry; and the company assembled to witness it. Are you, therefore, contented I should thus dispose of myself? and do you, most quietly, submit to the alteration?” “My Lord,” replied she, “before you all, in what as a woman, I might be found faulty, I will not now dispute; but, because I am your wife, and have devoted myself to obedience, I am resolved to delight myself in your pleasure; so, if this match be designed for your good, I am satisfied, and more than much contented. Only, great Lord, take care of one thing, that you try not your new bride, as you did your old wife; for she is young, and perhaps wants that patience, which poor I have possessed.”

### CHAP. VII.—*The Marquis's Speech to his Wife; and the discovery of the Children.*

**T**ILL this, the Marquis had held out bravely; but now, he could not forbear bursting into tears. After he had recovered himself, he thus addressed his patient wife, Grissel. “Thou wonder

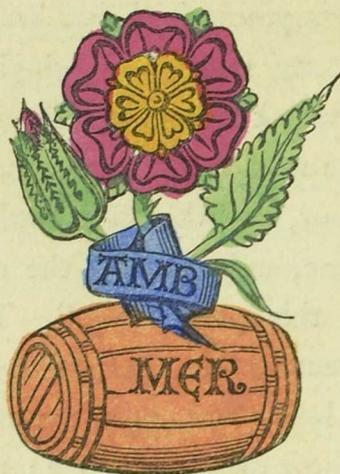
## *History of Patient Grissel.*

of women! the champion of true virtue! I am ashamed of my imperfections, and tired with abusing thee; I have tried thee beyond all modesty. Believe me, therefore, I will have no wife but thyself, and, therefore, seeing that I have used you so unkindly heretofore, I protest never to disquiet thee any more; and wherein my cruelty extended against thee, in bereaving thee of thy children, my love shall now make amends, in restoring thee thy son and daughter; for this, my new bride, is our daughter, and this young lord, her brother. Thank this good lady, my sister, for bringing them up; and, this man, you know him well enough, for his secrecy. I have related the truth, and will confirm it with my honour, and this kiss; only sit down till the dinner is come, and then bid the company welcome, even in this poor array." The Marquis, thus tenderly treating her, and discovering who the young lord and lady were, gave the nobility a fresh opportunity to show their obedience; the which they immediately did to all three, and the dinner being over, none was so ready to attire Grissel, as her daughter, who was more glad than disappointed, at this so sudden a change. Janicola was sent for to court, and ever after he was the Marquis's counsellor. The



## *History of Patient Grissel.*

servant also was well rewarded for his fidelity ; and the Dutchess returned to her palace, leaving her brother and sister to live and reign in peace. In length of time, the Marquis died, and Grissel lived thirty-three years after him ; and then died in a good old age, being a pattern for all women.







THE  
ROMANTIC STORY OF THE  
PRINCESS ROSETTA.



ONCE upon a time there was a King and Queen, who had two fine boys. After awhile the Queen had a beautiful little girl, who was so pretty that it was impossible to see her without loving her. The Queen, having royally entertained all the fairies who came to see her on the occasion, said to them at their departure, "Pray do not forget your usual custom, but tell me what will happen to Rosetta?" for such was the name of the little princess. The fairies told her that they had forgotten to bring their conjuring books. "Ah!" said the Queen, "that forebodes no good. You do not wish to afflict me, by telling me her bad fate. But, pray do not conceal any thing from me; but tell me all." They tried hard to excuse themselves; but this only made the Queen more anxious to know what was to happen. At last, the chief fairy said to her, "We fear, Madam, that Rosetta will bring great misery upon her brothers; that they may even be put to death on her account. This is all that we



## The Romantic Story of

can foretell of this beautiful little girl, and we are very sorry that we have not better news to offer you." They then left her; and the Queen became so sorrowful, that the King noticed it, and asked her what was the matter. She replied, "That she had gone too near the fire, and had burned all the flax off her distaff." "Is that all?" said the King; and thereupon went to his stores, and brought her more flax than she could have spun in a hundred years.

The Queen was still sad, and the King asked her again what was the matter? She told him, "That as she was walking by the river, she had let one of her green satin slippers fall therein." "Is that all?" said the King. He immediately summoned all the shoe-makers in his kingdom, who made the Queen ten thousand slippers of the same material. Still the Queen remained inconsolable, and the King asked her a third time what was the matter? She said, "that eating too fast, she had swallowed the ring he had given her on their marriage." The King knew that she was not telling him the truth, for he had the ring in his possession; so he said to her "My dear wife, you are telling an untruth, here is your ring, which I had in my purse." The lady was shocked at being thus detected telling falsehoods (which is the most wicked thing in the world), and seeing that the King was angry told him what the fairies had predicted of the little Rosetta; and begged, that if he knew any means of preventing it, he would tell her. The King, much grieved at this, replied, "My dear, I know of no other means of saving the lives of our two sons, than by putting Rosetta to death, while she is yet in her cradle." But the Queen



## *the Princess Rosetta.*

declared she would rather suffer death herself, than consent to such cruelty ; and begged him to find out some other means. While the King and Queen were still meditating on this subject, the Queen was told, that in a large wood near the town, there lived an old hermit, in a hollow tree, who was consulted by people far and near. Then she said, "I too must go and consult him ; the fairies warned me of the evil, but they forgot to tell me how to remedy it."

So the next morning the Queen rose early, mounted a pretty white mule, whose shoes were of gold, and left the palace, accompanied by two of her maids of honour on beautiful steeds. When they reached the wood, the Queen and her maidens alighted, and sought the tree where the hermit lived. He did not like to see women ; but when he perceived that it was the Queen, he said to her, "Madam, you are welcome ; what do you wish to know ?" She told him what the fairies had said about Rosetta, and asked his advice. He directed her to shut the princess in a tower, and never allow her to leave it. The Queen thanked him, rewarded him liberally, and rode home to tell the King.

The King upon hearing this, caused a large tower to be erected, and when it was finished, shut his daughter up in it ; but, that she might not be lonely, he, the Queen, and the two young princes, Prince Royal and Prince Orlando, visited her every day. They both loved their sister passionately, for she was the fairest and the most sweet tempered girl, that ever was seen.

When she was fifteen years old, the King and Queen were taken very ill, and died nearly about the



## The Romantic Story of

same day. Everybody was full of grief, and went into mourning; and the bells were tolled throughout the kingdom. As for Rosetta, she was inconsolable at the death of her kind mamma.

After the King and Queen were buried, the nobles of the kingdom seated Prince Royal on the golden throne set with diamonds; placed a handsome crown upon his head; clothed him in violet-coloured velvet robes, spangled with suns and moons; and then all the court cried aloud, three times, "Long live the King." Nothing was thought of but rejoicing.

Then the King said to the prince, "Now that we are the masters, we may surely release our sister from the tower in which she has been so long confined." To reach the tower they had only to cross the garden, in one corner of which it was built.

Rosetta was busy embroidering when she saw her brothers, but she rose, and taking the King's hand, said, "Good morrow, Sire; now that you are King, and I am your little subject, I beseech your Majesty to remove me from this tower, where I am very, very solitary." And then she began to cry. The King embraced her, and told her to dry her tears, for he had come to take her to a fine castle. And the prince, who had his pockets full of sugar plums, gave them to Rosetta, and said to her, "Come, let us quit this ugly tower; the King will soon find a husband for you; so do not cry."

When Rosetta first saw the nice garden, filled with flowers, fruits, and fountains, she was so surprised that she could not say a word; for she had, till then, never seen any thing of the kind. She looked all



## *the Princess Rosetta.*

round, walked a little way, stopped, and then gathered fruit from the trees, and flowers from the borders. Her little dog, Fretillon, who had only one ear, was green like a parrot, and danced to admiration, ran capering before her; and his gambols very much amused the company. All at once he ran into a little thicket and the princess followed him, and never was any one more surprised than she was, at seeing there a large peacock, which, having its tail spread out, seemed to her so beautiful that she could not take her eyes off. The King and the prince, who soon came up to her, enquired what she was so much amazed at. She showed them the peacock, and asked them what it was? They told her that it was a bird, which was sometimes eaten. "What!" said she, "do they ever kill and eat so beautiful a bird? I declare to you that I will never marry any one but the King of the Peacocks; I shall then be Queen, and I will take care that no more peacocks are eaten."

It would be impossible to express the King's astonishment. "But, sister," said he to her, "where shall we find the King of the Peacocks?" "Wherever you please, Sire," said she; "but I will marry no one but him."

After she had come to this resolution, the two princes conducted her to their castle, and the peacock with her, for she was so fond of it, she would not leave it.

Now all the ladies of the court, having never seen Rosetta, hastened to pay their respects to her; some brought her sweet-meats, or sugar-plums, others rich gowns, ribbons, dolls, embroidered shoes,



## The Romantic Story of

pearls and diamonds; and she behaved so prettily, kissing her hand and curtsying whenever anything was presented to her, that all were delighted with her.

Meanwhile the King and the prince resolved to have a portrait taken of the Princess Rosetta. When they had had it painted, so beautifully that it only wanted speech, they said to her, "Rosetta, since you will only marry the King of the Peacocks, we are going to seek him for you, all over the world. We shall be very glad to find him; and in the mean time you must take care of our kingdom." Rosetta thanked them for the pains they were taking; assured them that she would govern the kingdom well, and that while they were gone her only pleasure would be looking at the beautiful peacock, and seeing Fretilton dance.

The two young princes then set forth on their journey; and at length reached the country they were in search of, and observed that all the trees were loaded with peacocks; the place being so full of them, that their voices might be heard six miles off.

When they arrived at the chief town, they observed that it was full of men and women, whose clothes were made of peacocks' feathers; and that peacocks' feathers were displayed every where, as very fine things. They met the King, who was taking an airing in a beautiful little carriage, made of gold, and set with diamonds, drawn by twelve peacocks; and who conjecturing that the two princes were foreigners, stopped his carriage and called them to him.

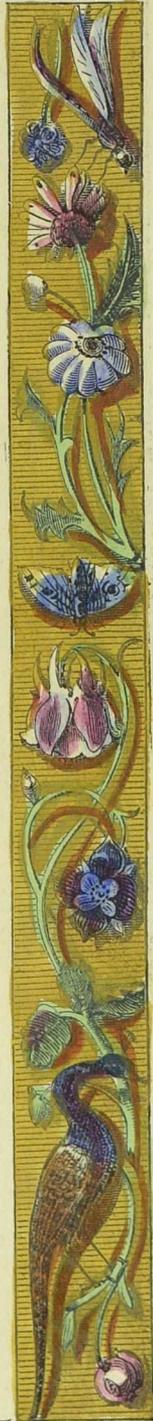
The King and the prince went up to him, and, having made an obeisance, said, "Sire, we have come



## *the Princess Rosetta.*

from afar to show you a portrait." They then took from their portmanteau the picture of Rosetta. When the King of the Peacocks had looked at it, "I cannot imagine," said he, "that there is in the world so beautiful a maiden." "The original is a hundred times more beautiful than the picture," said the King. "Ah! you are joking," said the King of the Peacocks. "Sire," said the prince, "here is my brother, who is a King like you: he is a King and I am a prince; our sister, whose portrait this is, is the Princess Rosetta: and we are come to ask you whether you are willing to marry her. She is very beautiful and very good, and we will give with her a bushel measure full of golden crowns." "Oh," said the King, "I will marry her with all my heart; and I will be fond of her, if she is as fair as her portrait; but if she be in the least degree less beautiful, I will put you to death." "Well, we consent," answered Rosetta's two brothers. "You consent?" said the King, "go then to prison, and remain there until the princess arrives." And the princes left him without a murmur, for they were convinced that Rosetta was far more handsome than her portrait. While they were in prison, the King often visited them, to see that they were well treated; while he kept in his room Rosetta's portrait, with which he was so infatuated, that he slept neither day nor night. Meanwhile the King and his brother wrote to the princess, desiring her to hasten to them with all speed, for they had found the King of the Peacocks.

When the Princess received the letter, she was delighted beyond measure; she told every body that the King of the Peacocks was found, and wished to

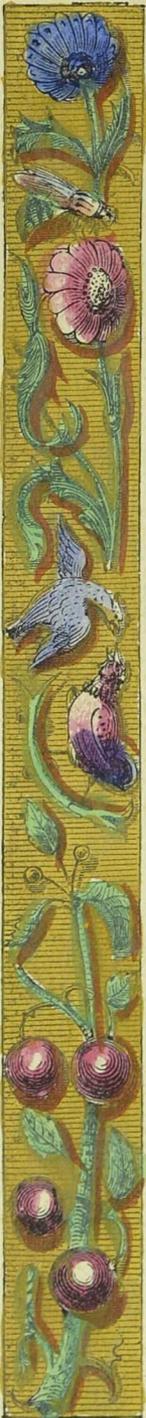


## *The Romantic Story of*

marry her. Bonfires were lighted, cannons fired, and sugar-plums and sweet-meats were universally eaten ; and all who came to see the Princess during three days, were presented with bonbons, hypocras, and all sorts of nice things. Then leaving her prettiest dolls to her best friends, she placed the government in the hands of the wisest old men of the city ; whom she recommended to take care of every thing, to spend nothing, and to collect plenty of money against the King's return. Lastly, she begged them to keep her peacock, and taking with her only her nurse and foster-sister, departed with her little green dog, Fretillon. They embarked on board a boat, taking with them a bushel of golden crowns, and clothes enough to last them ten years, if they changed them twice a day.

From time to time the nurse enquired of the captain, "Are we approaching the kingdom of the Peacocks?" And when at length he answered "Yes," the nurse came forward, seated herself by him, and said to him, "If you wish to make your fortune, to-night, while the Princess is asleep, you must help me to throw her overboard. When she is drowned I will dress my daughter in her fine clothes, and take her to the King of the Peacocks, who will be very glad to marry her ; and for a reward, we will load you with diamonds." The sailor was very much surprised at the nurse's proposal, and told her that it would be a thousand pities to drown so beautiful a princess ; but she gave him a bottle of wine, and made him drink so much, that he did not know how to refuse her.

When night came, the Princess went to bed as usual, and little Fretillon lay prettily at her feet,



## *the Princess Rosetta.*

without moving a paw. As soon as Rosetta was sound asleep, the wicked nurse brought the captain where the Princess was slumbering; and, without awakening her, they took and threw her, with her feather-bed, mattress, sheets, and counterpane, all into the sea; and the Princess was sleeping so soundly that she never woke. Fortunately her couch was made of phoenix-feathers, which have this property, that they cannot sink. This caused her to float in her bed, as though she had been in a boat. By degrees, however, the sea wetted her feather-bed, then the mattress, and at last Rosetta herself, who feeling the water, could not tell what it meant.

In the meanwhile the King of the Peacocks, whose country they were fast approaching, had sent to the sea-shore a hundred carriages, drawn by all manner of strange animals; such as lions, bears, stags, wolves, horses, oxen, asses, eagles, and peacocks; and the carriage intended for the Princess Rosetta, was drawn by six blue monkeys, who could dance on the tight rope, and play a thousand antics. Their harness was most superb, being made of crimson velvet, plated with gold. There were also sixty young ladies, whom the King had chosen to wait on her; their clothes were of all sorts of colours, and gold and silver were the least valuable of their ornaments.

The nurse had been at great trouble to decorate her daughter in Rosetta's finest gown, with a diamond head dress and lots of jewels. But in spite of her pains, her daughter was as ugly as an ape; her hair was black and woolly, and she was blear-eyed and bow-legged, and had a large hump between her



## *The Romantic Story of*

shoulders. She was ill-tempered, slovenly, and, what was worse, always grumbling.

When the King of the Peacocks' attendants saw her coming out of the vessel, they were so surprised that they could not speak. "What is the matter?" said she. "Are you all asleep? Make haste and bring me something to eat; you are a set of vulgar wretches, and I will have you all hanged." On hearing this, they said among themselves, "What an ugly creature! and she is as wicked as she is ugly. Our king will make a pretty match of it."

While all the peacocks, who were perched on the trees to salute her as she passed along, instead of crying, "Long live beautiful queen Rosetta!" when they saw her so ugly, cried, "Fie, fie, how ugly she is!" This put her into a violent passion, and she said to her guards, "Kill these saucy peacocks, who insult me so." But the peacocks quickly flew away, and laughed at her.

When they announced to the King that the Princess was drawing nigh, he said, "Did her brothers tell the truth? Is she more beautiful than her portrait?" "Sire," said a courtier, "it is enough if she is as good-looking." "Yes, indeed," said the King, "I shall be satisfied; let us go and see her:" for he guessed by the noise in the court-yard, that she was now very near, though he could not make out exactly what was said, excepting, "Dear me, how ugly she is!" He thought, however, that these observations applied to some dwarf or curious animal that she had brought with her; for it never once entered his head that they were spoken of the Princess herself.



## *the Princess Rosetta.*

The portrait of Rosetta was carried upon a long pole, so that every body might see it, and the King walked slowly after it, with all his barons, his peacocks, and the ambassadors from the neighbouring states. The King of the Peacocks was very impatient to see his dear Rosetta, but when he did see her, the sight nearly killed him. He tore his clothes, put himself into a most violent rage, and would not go near her ; she quite frightened him.

“What,” said he, “have these two scoundrels that I have in prison, had the impudence to mock me, and to propose to marry me to such a baboon as that ? They shall be put to death. As for this silly woman and her nurse and all who brought them, away with them to the round tower.”

In the meanwhile, the King and his brother, who knew that it was about the time that their sister should arrive, put on their gayest clothes to receive her. Instead, however, of finding themselves set at liberty, as they expected, the jailor came with a party of soldiers, and made them descend into a dismal dungeon, full of noxious reptiles, and where they were up to their necks in water.

At the end of three days, the King of the Peacocks came to an opening that was in the wall, to reproach them. “You have called yourselves King and prince,” said he, “to entrap me into a marriage with your sister ; but the rope is twisting with which I will have you hanged.” “King of the Peacocks,” said our King, filled with indignation, “do nothing rashly in this affair, or you may repent it. I am, like you, a king, and will be revenged for this.” When the King heard him speak so resolutely, he



## The Romantic Story of

began to think whether he should not spare their lives, and let them go with their sister; but his trusty friend, who was a thorough courtier, suggested that if he did not avenge the insult, all the world would laugh at him. So he vowed that he would not forgive them, and ordered them to be tried. Their trial did not last long, as to condemn them it was merely necessary to compare the portrait of Rosetta with the pretended Princess. They were, therefore, sentenced to be beheaded, for having promised the King in marriage a beautiful princess, and then giving him an ugly country girl.

This decree was read to them in due form; when they still protested, that their sister was a princess, more beautiful than the day, and demanded a respite of seven days, stating that in that time something might occur to establish their innocence. The King of the Peacocks, who was very angry, would hardly grant them this favour, but at last consented.

While all this was passing at the court, poor Princess Rosetta, who when it was daylight, had been very much surprised, as was Fretillon also, to find herself out at sea without a boat or any assistance, cried so pitifully, that all the fish were sorry for her. "Certainly," said she, "the King of the Peacocks must have condemned me to be thrown into the sea; he has repented of his bargain, and to get rid of me decently, ordered me to be drowned." Then she cried still more, for in spite of his supposed cruelty, she could not help loving him.

She remained two days floating in this manner, drenched to the skin, and nearly frozen with cold; indeed, had it not been for little Fretillon, who nest-



## *the Princess Rosetta.*

ling in her bosom, kept up a little warmth near her heart, she would have died a hundred times. She was dreadfully hungry too ; when seeing some oysters in their shells, she took as many as she liked and ate them. Fretillon was not fond of oysters, however he was obliged to eat some, in order to keep himself alive. When night came on, Rosetta was very much alarmed, and said to her dog, "Dear Fretillon ! pray keep barking, for fear the fishes should eat us up." So he barked all night long ; and when morning broke, the princess' bed was not very far from the shore. Now there happened to dwell thereabouts a good old man, who lived by himself in a little cottage. He was very poor, and did not care for the things of this world. When he heard Fretillon bark, there being no dogs in those parts, he thought that some travellers had lost their way, and went out kindly to direct them. Suddenly he perceived the Princess floating on the sea, who, stretching her arms towards him, cried, "Good old man, save me, I pray you, or I shall perish." When he heard her speak so sadly, he pitied her misfortune, and fetching a long boat-hook, succeeded in dragging the bed to land. Rosetta and Fretillon were very glad to be once more on dry ground ; the Princess was very thankful to the good man, and wrapping herself in a blanket, barefooted as she was, she entered his cottage, where he lighted a little fire of dry straw, and took out of his chest a woman's gown, with shoes and stockings, in which Rosetta dressed herself ; clad thus, as a poor peasant girl, she was as beautiful as the day, and Fretillon danced round her for her amusement.

The old man saw plainly that Rosetta was a lady



## The Romantic Story of

of distinction ; for her bed-clothes were embroidered with gold and silver, and her mattress was covered with satin ; and he begged her to tell him her story, So she told him all, from beginning to end, crying bitterly all the while ; for she still thought that the King of the Peacocks had ordered her to be drowned. “ How shall we act, my child ? ” said the old man to her. “ You are a noble Princess, used to good living, while I have only black bread and radishes : permit me to go and tell the King of the Peacocks that you are here ; for were he once to see you, he would certainly be but too happy to marry you.” “ Alas ! he is a wicked man,” said Rosetta, “ and would put me to death ; but if you have a little basket, tie it round my dog’s neck, and it is hard but he will bring us back something to eat.”

The old man gave the Princess a basket, which she tied round Fretillon’s neck, and said to him, “ Go to the best saucepan in the city, and bring back whatever you find in it.” Fretillon ran to the city, and there being no better kitchen than the king’s, he went there, found out the best saucepan, and cleverly contrived to bring away its contents. Rosetta then said to him, “ Go back to the pantry and fetch me the best you can find in it.” Fretillon did so, and soon returned laden with as much white bread, wine, fruits, and sweet-meats, as he could carry.

When it was the King of the Peacocks’ dinner-time, there was nothing in his saucepan, nothing in his pantry ; the servants looked aghast, and the King got in a violent rage. “ What,” said he, “ am I to have no dinner ? let the spit be put to the fire, and let me have some nice roast meat this evening.”



## *the Princess Rosetta.*

When evening came, the Princess said to Fretillon, "Go to the best kitchen in the city and fetch me a nice piece of roast meat." Fretillon did as he was bid; and thinking that the King's was the best kitchen, crept in very softly, and brought away all that was on the spit. He then returned with his basket full to the Princess, who sent him back again to the pantry; whence he brought all the King's stewed fruit and sugar-plums. The King, having had no dinner, wanted his supper early; but as there was nothing for him, he again put himself into a terrible passion, and went to bed supperless. The next day at dinner, and supper-time it was just the same; so that the King was three whole days without eating or drinking any thing. At last his trusty friend, who was afraid the King would die, hid himself in a corner of the kitchen, keeping his eyes fixed on the saucepan, which was boiling on the fire. How great was his surprise, when a little green dog, having only one ear, crept into the kitchen, went to the saucepan, took the meat out of it, and put it into his basket. Having followed the dog out of the town, right up to the old man's door, he returned and revealed all to the King, who was very much astonished, and ordered the dog to be sent for. His attendants went accordingly, and finding the old man and the Princess dining on the King's boiled meat, bound them with large ropes, and poor Fretillon also and brought them to the court.

When the King was informed of their arrival, he said, "To-morrow is the last day I granted to those insulting pretenders, and they shall die with the thieves who have stolen my dinner;" and then went into



## *Story of the Princess Rosetta.*

his justice-hall. The old man threw himself on his knees, and said that he would tell the whole truth ; and while he was speaking, the King looked at the beautiful Princess, and was moved by seeing her in tears. And when the good old man declared, that she was the real Princess Rosetta, who had been thrown into the sea, in spite of his weakness from having been so long without food, the King rushed to embrace her, and untying the ropes with which she was bound, told her that he loved her with all his heart. Her brothers, who were immediately sent for, thought that they were about to be put to death ; they came very sorrowfully, hanging down their heads. At the same time the nurse and her daughter were sent for. When they met, they all recognised each other ; Rosetta threw herself into her brothers' arms : the nurse, her daughter, and the skipper, knelt and asked for pardon. The joy was so great that they were forgiven by the King and the Princess ; while the good old man was handsomely rewarded.

Moreover, the King of the Peacocks made every apology to Rosetta's brothers for his treatment of them. The nurse restored to Rosetta her fine clothes and the bushel of golden crowns, and the wedding-feast lasted a fortnight. Every body rejoiced, even little Fretillon, who never afterwards was fed on anything less dainty than partridge wings.







THE MAD PRANKS OF ROBIN  
GOODFELLOW.

CHAPTER I.

*Of the birth of Robin Goodfellow.*



ONCE upon a time, a great while ago, when men did eat more and drink less; about that time (whensoever it was), there was wont to walk many harmless spirits, called Fairies, dancing in brave order, in fairy rings, on green hills, with sweet music. Many mad pranks would they play, such as pinching of sluts black and blue, and misplacing things in ill ordered houses. But lovingly would they use wenches that cleanly were, giving them silver, and other pretty toys, which they would leave for them, sometimes in their shoes, sometimes in their pockets, sometimes in bright basins, and clean vessels.

Now the King of these Fairies fell in love with a fair young damsel, and every night with other fairies came to the house, and there danced in her chamber. At length this damsel had a baby, and the old women, that then had more wit than those who are





## *Mad Pranks of Robin Goodfellow.*

living now, and have none, bade her be of good comfort, for the child must needs be fortunate, who had so noble a father as a fairy was, and should work many strange wonders. The birth of this child so rejoiced his father's heart, that the mother was nightly supplied with every thing befitting her condition, and all kinds of dainties.

The gossips liked this fare so well, that she never wanted company. Wine had she of all sorts, as muskadine, sack, malmsley, and claret. This pleased her neighbours so well, that few that came to see her, but they had home with them a medicine for the fleas. Sweet-meats, too, they had in such abundance, that some of their teeth are spoilt to this day; and for music she wanted not, or any other thing she desired.

All praised this honest fairy for his care, and the child for his beauty, and the mother for a happy woman. In brief, christened he was, at the which all this good cheer was doubled, which made most of the women so wise, that they forgot to make themselves unready, and so lay in their clothes; and none of them the next day could remember the child's name but the clerk, and he may thank his book for it, or else it had been utterly lost. So much for the birth of little Robin.

### CHAP. II.—*Of Robin Goodfellow's behaviour when he was young.*

**W**HEN Robin was grown to six years of age, he was so knavish that all the neighbours did complain of him; for no sooner was his mother's

## *Mad Pranks of Robin Goodfellow.*

back turned, but he was in one knavish action or another, so that his mother was constrained (to avoid these complaints) to take him with her to market, or wheresoever she went or rid. But this helped little or nothing, for if he rid before her, then would he make mouths and ill favoured faces at those he met; if he rid behind her, then would he clap his hand on his tail, so that his mother was weary of the many complaints, that came against him; yet knew not how to beat him justly for it, because she never saw him do that which was worthy blows. The complaints were daily so renewed, that his mother promised him a whipping. Robin did not like that cheer, and therefore to avoid it he ran away, and left his mother a heavy woman for him.

### CHAP. III.—*How Robin Goodfellow dwelt with a Tailor.*

AFTER that Robin Goodfellow had gone a great way from his mother's house, he began to be a-hungry, and going to a tailor's house, he asked something for God's sake. The tailor gave him meat; and understanding that he was masterless, he took him for his man, and Robin so plied his work that he got his master's love.

On a time, his master had a gown to make for a woman, and it was to be done that night. They both sat up late, so that they had done all but setting on the sleeves by twelve o'clock. His master then being sleepy, said, "Robin, whip thou on the sleeves and then come thou to bed. I will go to bed before." "I will," said Robin. So soon as his master was



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gone, Robin hung up the gown, and taking both sleeves in his hands, he whipped and lashed them on the gown. So stood he till the morning that his master came down. His master seeing him stand in that fashion, asked him what he did? "Why," quoth he, "as you bid me whip on the sleeves." "Thou rogue," said his master, "I did mean that thou shouldest have set them on quickly and slightly." "I would you had said so," said Robin, "for then had I not lost all this sleep." To be short, his master was fain to do the work; but ere he had made an end of it the woman came for it, and with a loud voice chafed for her gown. The tailor thinking to please her, bid Robin fetch the remnants that they left yesterday (meaning thereby meat that was left); but Robin, to cross his master the more, brought down the remnants of the cloth, that was left of the gown. At the sight of this his master turned pale; but the woman was glad, saying, "I like this breakfast so well, that I will give you a pint of wine to it." She sent Robin for the wine, but he never returned again to his master.

### CHAP. IV.—*What happened to Robin Goodfellow after he went from the Tailor.*

**A**FTER Robin had travelled a good day's journey from his master's house, he sat down, and being weary, he fell asleep. No sooner had slumber taken full possession of him, and closed his long-opened eyelids, but he thought he saw many goodly proper personages in antic measures tripping about him, and withal, he heard such music as he thought,



## *Mad Pranks of Robin Goodfellow.*

that Orpheus, that famous Greek fiddler (had he been alive), compared to one of these, had been as infamous as a Welch harper, that plays for cheese and onions. As delights commonly last not long, so did these end sooner, than he would willingly they should have done; and for very grief he awaked; then found he lying by him a scroll, wherein was written these lines following, in golden letters:

*Robin, my only son and heir,  
How to live take thou no care:  
By nature thou hast cunning shifts,  
Which I'll increase with other gifts.  
Wish what thou wilt, thou shalt it have.  
And for to vex both fool and knave,  
Thou hast the power to change thy shape,  
To horse, to hog, to dog, to ape.  
Transformed thus, by any means  
See none thou harm'st, but knaves and queans.  
But love thou those that honest be,  
And help them in necessity.  
Do thus, and all the world shall know,  
The pranks of Robin Goodfellow.  
For by that name thou called shalt be,  
To age's last posterity.  
If thou observe my just command,  
One day thou shalt see Fairyland!  
This more I give, who tells thy pranks,  
From those that hear them shall have thanks.*

Robin having read this was very joyful, yet longed he to know whether he had this power or not; and to try it he wished for some meat: presently it was before him. Then wished he for beer and wine, he



## *Mad Pranks of Robin Goodfellow.*

straightway had it. This liked him well ; and because he was weary, he wished himself a horse : no sooner was his wish ended but he was transformed, and seemed a horse of twenty pounds' price, and leaped and curveted as nimble as if he had been in stable, at rack and manger, a full month. Then wished he himself a dog, and was so ; then a tree, and was so. So from one thing to another till he was certain, and well assured, that he could change himself to any thing whatsoever.

### CHAP. V.—*How Robin Goodfellow served a clownish fellow.*

**R**OBIN GOODFELLOW going over a field met with a clownish fellow, to whom he spoke in this manner. "Friend," quoth he, "what is a clock?" "A thing," answered the clown, "that shows the time of the day." "Why then," said Robin Goodfellow, "be thou a clock, and tell me what time of the day it is." "I owe thee not so much service," answered he again ; "but because thou shalt think thyself beholden to me, know that it is the same time of the day, as it was yesterday at this time."

These cross answers vexed Robin Goodfellow, so that in himself he vowed to be revenged on him, which he did in this manner.

Robin Goodfellow turned himself into a bird, and followed this fellow who was going into a field, a little from that place, to catch a horse that was at grass. The horse being wild, ran over dike and hedge, and the fellow after, but to little purpose ; for



## *Mad Pranks of Robin Goodfellow.*

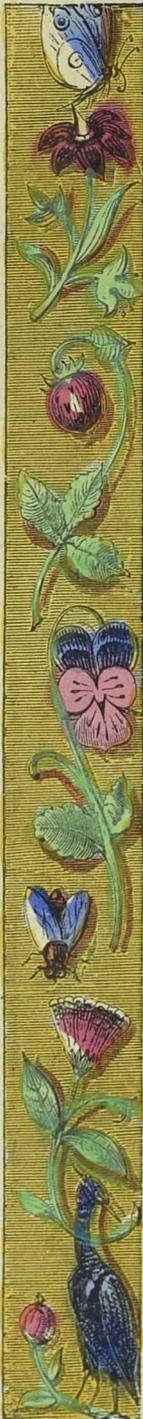
the horse was too swift for him. Robin was glad of this occasion, for now, or never, was the time to put his revenge in action.

Presently Robin shaped himself like to the horse that the fellow followed, and so stood before the fellow, who straightway took hold of him and got on his back; but long had he not rid, but with a stumble, he hurled this churlish clown to the ground, that he almost broke his neck. Yet Robin took not this for a sufficient revenge for the cross answers he received; but, stood still and let the fellow mount him once more. In the way the fellow was to ride, was a great plash of water of a good depth; through this he must of necessity ride. No sooner was he in the midst of it but Robin Goodfellow left him, with nothing but a pack saddle betwixt his legs, and in the shape of a fish swam to the shore, and ran away laughing *ho, ho bob*, leaving the poor fellow almost drowned.

### CHAP. VI.—*How Robin Goodfellow helped a Maid to work.*

**R**OBIN GOODFELLOW oftentimes would in the night visit farmer's houses, and help the maids to break hemp, to bowlt, to dress flax, and to spin, and do other works; for he was excellent in every thing. One night he came to a farmer's house, where there was a good handsome maid. This maid having much work to do, Robin one night did help her, and in six hours did bowlt more than she could have done in twelve hours. The maid wondered the next day how her work came,





## *Mad Pranks of Robin Goodfellow.*

and to know the doer, she watched the next night that did follow. About twelve of the clock in came Robin, and fell to breaking of hemp, and for to delight himself he sang this mad song :

*“ And can the physician make sick men well,  
And can the magician a fortune divine,  
Without lily, germander, and sops in wine.  
With sweet briar,  
And bon-fire,  
And strawberry wine,  
And columbine.*

*Within and out, in and out, round as a ball,  
With hither and thither, as straight as a line,  
With lily, germander, and sops in wine.  
With sweet briar, &c.*

*When Saturn did live, there lived no poor,  
The King and the beggar with roots did dine,  
With lily, germander, and sops in wine,  
With sweet briar, &c.”*

The maid seeing him bare in clothes, pitied him, and against the next night provided him a waistcoat. Robin coming the next night to work, as he did before, espied the waistcoat, whereat he started, and said :

*“ Because thou lay’st me himpen hampen,  
I will neither bowlt nor stampen.  
’Tis not your garments, new or old,  
That Robin loves, I feel no cold.  
Had you left me milk or cream,  
You should have had a pleasing dream.*

## Mad Pranks of Robin Goodfellow.

*Because you left no drop or crumb,  
Robin never more will come."*

So went he away laughing *ho, ho, hob*. The maid was much grieved and discontented at his anger: for ever after she was fain to do her work herself, without the help of Robin Goodfellow.

CHAP. VII.—*How Robin Goodfellow led a company of fellows out of their way.*

A COMPANY of young men, having been making merry with their sweethearts, were, at their coming home, to come over a heath. Robin Goodfellow knowing of it met them, and to make some pastime, he led them up and down the heath a whole night, so that they could not get out of it; for he went before them in the shape of a walking fire, which they all saw, and followed till the day did appear. Then Robin left them; and at his departure spake these words:

*"Get you home, you merry lads,  
Tell your mammies and your dads,  
And all those that news desire,  
How you saw a walking fire.  
Wenches that do smile and lisp,  
Use to call me Willy Wisp,  
If that you but weary be,  
It is sport alone for me.  
Away unto your houses go,  
And I'll go singing ho, ho, hob!"*

The fellows were glad that he was gone, for they





## *Mad Pranks of Robin Goodfellow.*

were all in a great fear that he would have done them some mischief.

### CHAP. VIII.—*How King Oberon called Robin Goodfellow to dance.*

**K**ING OBERON seeing Robin Goodfellow do so many honest and merry tricks, called him one night out of his bed with these words, saying :

*“ Robin, my son, come quickly rise,  
First stretch, then yawn, and rub your eyes,  
For thou must go with me to night,  
To see and taste of my delight.  
Quickly come, my wanton son,  
’Twere time our sports were now begun.”*

Robin hearing this, rose and went to him. There were with King Oberon a great many fairies, all attired in green silk; all these with King Oberon did welcome Robin Goodfellow into their company. Oberon took Robin by the hand, and led him a dance. Their musician was little Tom Thumb, who had an excellent bagpipe. This pipe was so shrill and so sweet, that a Scottish pipe compared to it, would no more come near it, than a Jew’s trumpet to an Irish harp. After they had danced, King Oberon spoke to his son, Robin Goodfellow, in this manner :

*“ Whene’er you hear my piper blow,  
From thy bed see that thou go;  
For nightly you must with us dance,  
When we in circles round do prance.*

## *Mad Pranks of Robin Goodfellow.*

*I love thee, son, and by the hand  
I carry thee to Fairyland,  
Where thou shalt see what no man knows ;  
Such love to thee King Oberon owes."*

So marched they in good manner, with their piper before, to Fairyland. There did King Oberon show Robin Goodfellow many secrets, which he never did open to the world.

### CHAP. IX.—*How Robin Goodfellow was wont to walk in the night.*

**R**OBIN GOODFELLOW would many times walk in the night, with a broom on his shoulder, and cry Chimney sweep ; but when any one did call him, then would he run away laughing *ho, ho, hob*. Sometimes he would counterfeit a beggar, begging very pitifully ; but when they came to give him an alms, he would run away laughing, as his manner was. Sometimes would he knock at men's doors, and when the servants came he would blow out the candle, if they were men ; but if they were women, he would not only put out their light, but kiss them full sweetly, and then go away as his fashion was, *ho, ho, hob*. Oftentimes would he sing at a door, like a singing man, and when they did come to give him his reward, he would turn his back and laugh. In these humours of his he had many pretty songs.



## Mad Pranks of Robin Goodfellow.

CHAP. X.—*How the Fairies called Robin Goodfellow to dance with them, and how they showed him their several conditions.*

ROBIN GOODFELLOW being walking one night, heard the excellent music of Tom Thumb's brave bagpipe; he remembering the sound went to the fairies; who, for joy that he was come, did circle him in, and in a ring did dance round about him. Robin Goodfellow, seeing their love to him, danced in the midst of them, and sang them this song:

*Round about little ones, quick and nimble,  
In and out, wheel about, run, hop, or amble,  
Join your hands lovingly; well done, musician!  
Mirth keepeth, man in health, like a physician.  
Elves, urchins, goblins all, and little fairies  
That do fillip, black, and pinch maids of the dairies,  
Make a ring on the grass with your quick measures,  
Tom shall play, and I'll sing, for all your pleasures,  
Pinch and Patch, Gull and Grim,  
Go you together,  
For you can change your shapes  
Like to the weather;  
Sib and Tib, Licke and Lull,  
You all have tricks too:  
Little Tom Thumb, that pipes,  
Shall go betwixt you.  
Tom, tickle up thy pipes,  
Till they be weary,  
I will laugh oh, oh, hob!  
And make me merry.*



## *Mad Pranks of Robin Goodfellow.*

*Make a ring on this grass, with your quick measures,  
Tom shall play, I will sing, for all your pleasures.*

*The moon shines fair and bright,  
And the owl hollows ;*

*Mortals now take their rest  
Upon their pillows.*

*The bat's abroad likewise,  
And the night raven,*

*Which doth use for to call  
Men to death's haven.*

*Now the mice peep abroad,  
And the cats take them.*

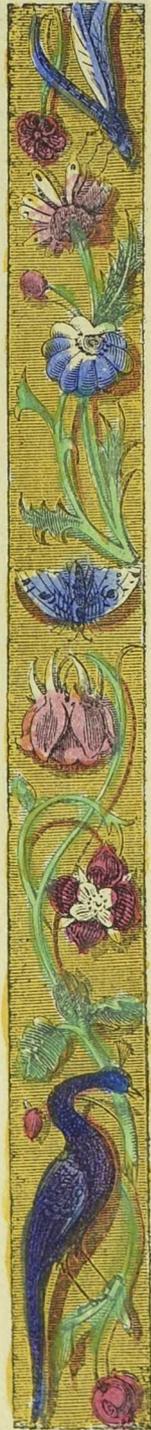
*Now do young maidens sleep,  
Till their dreams wake th m.*

*Make a ring on the grass, with your quick measures,  
Tom shall play, I will sing, for all your pleasures.*

Thus danced they a good space. At last they left, and sat down upon the grass, and to requite Robin Goodfellow's kindness, they promised to tell to him all the exploits that they were accustomed to do. Robin thanked them, and listened to them : and one began to tell his tricks in this manner.

### *The tricks of the Fairy called Pinch.*

AFTER that we have danced in this manner, as you have beheld, I, that am called Pinch, do go about from house to house. Sometimes I find a slut sleeping in the chimney corner, when she should be washing of her dishes, her I pinch about the arms for not laying her arms to her labour. Some, I find in their bed snorting, and sleeping, and their houses lying as clean as a nasty dog's kennel ; in one corner





## *Mad Pranks of Robin Goodfellow.*

bones, in another egg-shells, behind the door a heap of dust, the dishes under feet, and the cat in the cupboard : all these sluttish tricks I do reward with blue legs and blue arms.

*But to the good I do no harm,  
But cover them, and keep them warm ;  
Sluts and slovens I do pinch,  
And make them in their beds to winch ;  
This is my practice and my trade,  
Many have I cleanly made.*

### *The tricks of the Fairy called Gull.*

SOMETIMES I steal milk and cream, and then with my brothers, Patch, Pinch, and Grim ; and my sisters, Sib, Tib, Licke, and Lull, I feast with my stolen goods, and our little piper hath his share in all our spoils.

*What Gull can do I have you shown,  
I am inferior unto none.  
Command me, Robin, thou shalt know  
That I for thee will ride or go ;  
I can do greater things than these  
Upon the land, and on the seas.*

### *The tricks of the Fairy called Grim.*

I WALK with the owl, and make many to cry as loud as she doth hollow. Sometimes I do affright many simple people ; for which, some have termed me, the Black Dog of Newgate. At the meetings of young men and maids, I many times am, and when they are in the midst of all their merriment, I come in, in some fearful shape, and affright them, and

## *Mad Pranks of Robin Goodfellow.*

then carry away their good cheer, and eat it with my fellow fairies. 'Tis I, that do like a screech-owl cry, at sick men's windows, which makes the hearers so fearful, that they say that the sick person cannot live. Many other ways have I to fright the simple, but the understanding man I cannot move to fear, because he knows I have no power to do hurt.

*My nightly business I have told,  
To play these tricks I use of old,  
When candles burn both blue and dim,  
Old folks will say here's Fairy Grim.  
More tricks than these I use to do;  
Hereat cry'd Robin ho, ho, hob!*

*The tricks of the women Fairies, told by Sib.*

To walk nightly, as do the men fairies, we use not; but now and then we go together, and at good housewives' fires we warm and dress our fairy children. If we find clean water, and clean towels, we leave them money, either in their basins or in their shoes; but if we find no clean water in their houses, we wash our children in their potage milk, or beer, or whate'er we find; while the sluts that leave not such things fitting, we carry to some river, and duck them over head and ears. We often use to dwell in some great hill, and from thence we do lend money to any that have need; but if they bring it not again, at the day appointed, we do not only punish them with pinching, but also in their goods, so that they never thrive, till they have paid us.

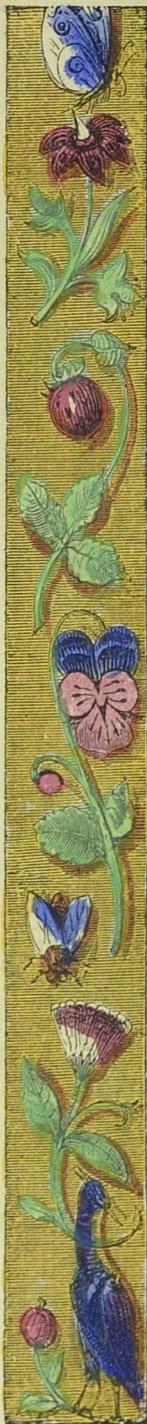
*Tib and I the chiefest are,  
And for all things do take care.*



## Mad Pranks of Robin Goodfellow.

*Licke is cook, and dresseth meat,  
And fetcheth all things that we eat.  
Lull is nurse, and tends the cradle,  
And the babes doth dress and swaddle.  
This little fellow, called Tom Thumb,  
That is no bigger than a plum,  
He is the porter to our gate;  
For he doth let all in thereat,  
And makes us merry with his play,  
And merrily we spend the day.*

Sib had no sooner ended these lines, but a shepherd blew up a bag-pipe. This so frightened Tom Thumb, that he could not tell what to do. The fairies seeing Tom Thumb in such a fear, punished the shepherd with his pipes' loss, which presently brake in his hand, to his great amazement. Hereat did Robin Goodfellow laugh *ho, ho, hob!* and morning being come, they all hastened to Fairyland; where I think they yet remain.



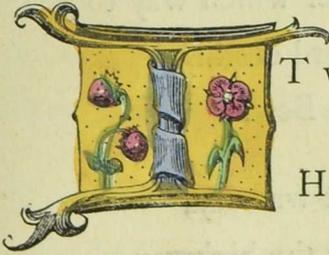




# Gammer Gurton's Story Books.

## The Rarest Ballad that ever was seen of the Blind Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green.

FIT THE FIRST.



T was a blind beggar had long lost  
his sight,  
He had a fair daughter of beauty  
most bright ;

And many a gallant brave suitor had she,  
For none was so comely as pretty Bessie.

And though she was of favour most fair,  
Yet seeing she was but a poor beggar's heir,  
Of ancient housekeepers despised was she,  
Whose sons came as suitors to pretty Bessie.



## *The Blind Beggar's Daughter*

Wherefore in great sorrow fair Bessie did say,  
"Good father and mother, let me go away  
To seek out my fortune, whatever it be."  
This suit then they granted to pretty Bessie.

Then Bessie that was of beauty so bright,  
All clad in gray russet, and late in the night,  
From father and mother alone parted she,  
Who sighed and sobbed for pretty Bessie.

She went till she came to Stratford-le-Bow ;  
Then knew she not whither, nor which way to go :  
With tears she lamented her hard destiny,  
So sad and so heavy was pretty Bessie.

She kept on her journey until it was day,  
And went unto Rumford along the highway ;  
Where at the Queen's Arms entertained was she,  
So fair and well favoured was pretty Bessie.

She had not been there a month to an end,  
But master and mistress and all was her friend :  
And every brave gallant that once did her see,  
Was straightway enamoured of pretty Bessie.



*of Bethnal Green.*

Great gifts they did send her of silver and gold,  
And in their songs daily her love was extolled ;  
Her beauty was blazed in every degree,  
So fair and so comely was pretty Bessie.

The young men of Rumford in her had their joy ;  
She showed herself courteous, and modestly coy ;  
And at her commandment still would they be,  
So fair and so comely was pretty Bessie.

Four suitors at once unto her did go ;  
They craved her favour, but still she said “ No ;  
I would not wish gentles to marry with me ;”  
Yet ever they honoured pretty Bessie.

The first of them was a gallant young knight,  
And he came unto her disguised in the night :  
The second a gentleman of good degree,  
Who wooed and sued for pretty Bessie.

A merchant of London, whose wealth was not small,  
He was the third suitor, and proper withal :  
Her master's own son the fourth man must be,  
Who swore he would die for pretty Bessie.



## *The Blind Beggar's Daughter*

“And if thou wilt marry with me,” quoth the knight,  
“I’ll make thee a lady with joy and delight ;  
My heart’s so enthralled by thy beauty,  
That soon I shall die for pretty Bessie.”

The gentleman said, “Come, marry with me,  
As fine as a lady my Bessie shall be ;  
My life is distressed : oh hear me,” quoth he ;  
“And grant me thy love, my pretty Bessie.”

“Let me be thy husband,” the merchant did say,  
“Thou shalt live in London both gallant and gay ;  
My ships shall bring home rich jewels for thee,  
And I will for ever love pretty Bessie.”

Then Bessie she sighed, and thus she did say :  
“My father and mother I mean to obey ;  
First get their good-will, and be faithful to me,  
And you shall enjoy your pretty Bessie.”

To every one this answer she made ;  
Wherefore unto her they joyfully said—  
“This thing to fulfil we all do agree ;  
But where dwells thy father, my pretty Bessie ?”



*of Bethnal Green.*

“My father,” she said, “is soon to be seen ;  
The silly blind beggar of Bethnal-Green,  
That daily sits begging there for charitie,  
He is the good father of pretty Bessie.

His marks and his tokens are known full well ;  
He always is led with a dog and a bell :  
A silly old man, God knoweth, is he,  
Yet he is the father of pretty Bessie.”

“Nay, then,” quoth the merchant, “thou art not for me :”  
“Nay yet,” said the innholder, “my wife shalt thou be :”  
“I loathe,” said the gentle, “a beggar’s degree,  
And therefore adieu, my pretty Bessie !”

“Why, then,” quoth the knight, “hap better or worse,  
I weigh not true love by the weight of the purse,  
And beauty is beauty in every degree ;  
Then welcome to me, my pretty Bessie.

With thee to thy father forthwith I will go.”

“Nay, soft,” said his kinsmen, “it must not be so ;  
A poor beggar’s daughter no lady shall be,  
Then take thy adieu of pretty Bessie.”



## *The Blind Beggar's Daughter*

But soon after this, by break of the day,  
The knight had from Rumford stole Bessie away.  
The young men of Rumford, as thick as might be,  
Rode after to fetch again pretty Bessie.

As swift as the wind to ride they were seen,  
Until they came near unto Bethnal-Green ;  
And as the knight lighted most courteously,  
They all fought against him for pretty Bessie.

But rescue came speedily over the plain,  
Or else the young knight for his love had been slain.  
This fray being ended, then straightway d'ye see  
His kinsmen come railing at pretty Bessie.

Then spake the blind beggar, " Although I be poor,  
Yet rail not against my child at my own door ;  
Though she be not decked in velvet and pearl,  
Yet I will drop angels with you for my girl.

And then if my gold may better her birth,  
And equal the gold that you lay on the earth,  
Then neither rail nor grudge you to see  
The blind beggar's daughter a lady to be.



*of Bethnal Green.*

But first you shall promise, and have it well known,  
The gold that you drop shall all be your own."

With that they replied, "Contented be we."

"Then here's," quoth the beggar, "for pretty Bessie."

With that an angel he cast on the ground,  
And dropped in angels full three thousand pound ;  
And oftentimes it was proved most plain,  
For the gentlemen's one the beggar dropped twain :

So that the place wherein they did sit,  
With gold it was covered every whit ;  
The gentlemen then having dropt all their store,  
Said, " Now, beggar, hold, for we have no more.

Well hast thou fulfilled thy promise aright."  
" Then marry," quoth he, " my girl to this knight ;  
And here," added he, " I will now throw you down  
A hundred pounds more to buy her a gown."

The gentlemen all, that this treasure had seen,  
Admired the beggar of Bethnal-Green ;  
And all those that were her suitors before,  
Their flesh for very anger they tore.



## *The Blind Beggar's Daughter*

Thus was fair Bessie matched to the knight,  
And then made a lady in others' despite :  
A fairer lady there never was seen,  
Than the blind beggar's daughter of Bethnal-Green.

But of their sumptuous marriage and feast,  
What brave lords and knights thither were prest,  
The second fit shall set forth to your sight,  
With marvellous pleasure and wished delight.



### FIT THE SECOND.

Of a blind beggar's daughter most fair and most bright,  
That late was betrothed unto a young knight,  
The discourse thereof you lately did see,  
But now comes the wedding of pretty Bessie.

Within a gorgeous palace most brave,  
Adorn'd with all the cost they could have,  
This wedding was kept most sumptuously,  
And all for the credit of pretty Bessie.



*of Bethnal Green.*

All kinds of dainties and delicates sweet  
Were bought to the banquet, as it was most meet ;  
Partridge, and plover, and venison most free,  
Against the brave wedding of pretty Bessie.

This wedding through England was spread by report,  
So that a great number thereto did resort  
Of nobles and gentles in every degree,  
And all for the fame of pretty Bessie.

To church then went this gallant young knight ;  
His bride followed after, a lady most bright,  
With troops of fair ladies, the like ne'er was seen,  
As went with sweet Bessie of Bethnal-Green.

This marriage being solemnised then,  
With music performed by the skilfullest men,  
The nobles and gentles sat down at that tide,  
Each one admiring the beautiful bride.

Now, after the sumptuous dinner was done,  
To talk and to reason a number begun ;  
They talked of the blind beggar's daughter most bright,  
And what with his daughter he gave to the knight.



## *The Blind Beggar's Daughter*

Then spake the nobles, "Much marvel have we  
This jolly blind beggar we cannot here see."  
"My lords," said the bride, "my father's so base,  
He is loath with his presence these states to disgrace."

"The praise of a woman in question to bring  
Before her own face were a flattering thing ;  
But we think thy father's baseness," said they,  
"Might by thy beauty be clean put away."

They had no sooner these pleasant words spoke,  
But in comes the beggar clad in a silk cloak ;  
A fair velvet cap, and a feather had he ;  
And now a musician forsooth he would be.

He had a dainty lute under his arm,  
He touched the strings, which made such a charm,  
Said, "Please you to hear any music of me,  
I'll sing you a song of pretty Bessie."

With that his lute he twanged straightway,  
And thereon began most sweetly to play ;  
And after that lessons were played two or three,  
He strained out this song most delicately.



*of Bethnal Green.*

“ A poor beggar’s daughter did dwell on a green,  
Who for her fairness might well be a queen ;  
A blithe bonny lassie, and a dainty was she,  
And many one called her pretty Bessie.

Her father he had no goods nor no land,  
But begged for a penny all day with his hand ;  
And yet to her marriage he gave thousands three,  
And still he hath somewhat for pretty Bessie.

And if any one here her birth do disdain,  
Her father is ready with might and with main,  
To prove she is come of noble degree ;  
Therefore never flout at pretty Bessie.”

With that the lords and the company round  
With hearty laughter were ready to swoond ;  
At last said the lords, “ Full well we may see  
The bride and the beggar’s beholden to thee.”

On this the bride all blushing did rise,  
The pearly drops standing within her fair eyes ;  
“ Oh pardon my father, brave nobles,” saith she,  
“ That through blind affection thus doteth on me.”



## *The Blind Beggar's Daughter*

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“ If this be thy father,” the nobles did say,  
“ Well may he be proud of this happy day ;  
Yet by his countenance well may we see,  
His birth and his fortune did never agree ;

And therefore, blind man, we pray thee take care,  
(And look that the truth thou to us do declare),  
Thy birth and thy parentage, what it may be,  
For the love that thou bearest to pretty Bessie.”

“ Then give me leave nobles and gentles each one,  
One song more to sing, and then I have done ;  
And if that It may not win good report,  
Then do not give me a groat for my sport.

[Sir Simon de Montfort my subject shall be,  
Once chief of all the great barons was he ;  
Yet fortune so cruel this lord did abase,  
Now lost and forgotten are he and his race.

When the barons in arms did King Henry oppose,  
Sir Simon de Montfort their leader they chose ;  
A leader of courage undaunted was he,  
And ofttimes he made their enemies flee.



*of Bethnal Green.*

At length in the battle on Evesham plain,  
The barons were routed, and Montfort was slain ;  
Most fatal that battle did prove unto thee,  
Though thou was not born then, my pretty Bessie !

Along with the nobles that fell at that tide,  
His eldest son Henry, who fought by his side,  
Was felled by a blow he received in the fight,  
A blow that deprived him for ever of sight.

Among the dead bodies all lifeless he lay,  
Till evening drew on of the following day,  
When by a young lady discovered was he,  
And this was thy mother, my pretty Bessie.

A baron's fair daughter stepped forth in the night  
To search for her father, who fell in the fight,  
And seeing young Montfort, where gasping he lay,  
Was moved with pity, and brought him away.

In secret she nursed him, and 'suaged his pain,  
While he through the realm was believed to be slain ;  
At length his fair bride she consented to be,  
And made him glad father of pretty Bessie.



## *The Blind Beggar's Daughter*

And now lest our foes our lives should betray,  
We clothed ourselves in beggar's array ;  
Her jewels she sold, and hither came we,  
All our comfort and care was our pretty Bessie.

And here have we lived in fortune's despite,  
Though poor, yet contented with humble delight ;  
Full forty winters thus have I been  
A silly blind beggar of Bethnal-Green.]

And here, noble lords, is ended the song  
Of one that once to your own rank did belong ;  
And thus have you learned a secret from me,  
That ne'er had been known but for pretty Bessie."

Now when the fair company every one,  
Had heard the strange tale in the song he had shown,  
They all were amazed, as well they might be,  
Both at the blind beggar and pretty Bessie.

With that the fair bride they all did embrace,  
Saying, " Sure thou art come of an honourable race ;  
Thy father likewise is of noble degree,  
And thou art well worthy a lady to be."

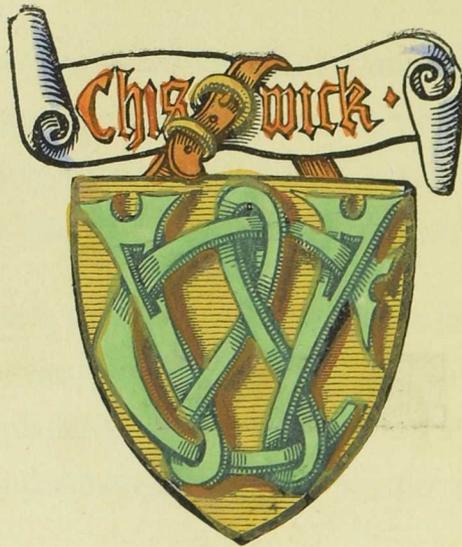


*of Bethnal Green.*

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Thus was the feast ended with joy and delight ;  
A bridegroom most happy then was the young knight ;  
In joy and felicity long lived he  
All with his fair lady, the pretty Bessie,





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1845.





THE DOLEFUL STORY OF THE  
BABES IN THE WOOD.



OW ponder well, you parents dear,  
These words which I shall write :  
A doleful story you shall hear,  
In time brought forth to light.

A Gentleman of good account  
In Norfolk dwelt of late,  
Who did in honour far surmount  
Most men of his estate.

Sore sick he was, and like to die,  
No help his life could save ;  
His wife by him as sick did lie,  
And both possessed one grave ;



## *The Doleful Story of the*

No love between these two was lost,  
Each was to other kind ;  
In love they lived, in love they died,  
And left two babes behind.

The one a fine and pretty boy,  
Not passing three years old ;  
The other a girl, more young than he,  
And framed in beauty's mould.  
The father left his little son,  
As plainly doth appear,  
When he to perfect age should come,  
Three hundred pounds a year.

And to his little daughter, Jane,  
Five hundred pounds in gold,  
To be paid down on marriage day,  
Which might not be controlled ;  
But if the children chanced to die,  
Ere they to age should come,  
Their uncle should possess their wealth,  
For so the will did run.



## *Babes in the Wood.*

“ Now, brother,” said the dying man,  
“ Look to my children dear,  
Be good unto my boy and girl,  
No friends else have they here ;  
To God and you I recommend  
My children dear, this day ;  
But little while, be sure we have  
Within this world to stay.

“ You must be father and mother both,  
And uncle, all in one ;  
God knows what will become of them,  
When I am dead and gone.”

With that bespake their mother dear,  
“ O brother kind,” quoth she,  
“ You are the man must bring our babes  
To wealth or misery.

“ And if you keep them carefully,  
Then God will you reward ;  
But, if you otherwise should deal,  
God will your deeds regard.”



## *The Doleful Story of the*

With lips as cold as any stone,  
They kissed their children small,  
“God bless you both, my children dear,”  
With that the tears did fall.

These speeches then their brother spoke,  
To this sick couple there :  
“The keeping of your little ones,  
Sweet sister, do not fear ;  
God never prosper me nor mine,  
Nor aught else that I have,  
If I do wrong your children dear,  
When you are laid in grave.”

The parents being dead and gone,  
The children home he takes,  
And brings them straight unto his house,  
Where much of them he makes.  
He had not kept these pretty babes  
A twelvemonth and a day,  
But for their wealth he did devise,  
To make them both away.



## *Babes in the Wood.*

He bargained with two ruffians strong,  
Which were of furious mood,  
That they should take these children young,  
And slay them in a wood.

He told his wife an artful tale,  
“He would the children send  
To be brought up in fair London,  
With one that was his friend.”

Away then went those pretty babes,  
Rejoicing at that ride,  
Rejoicing with a merry mind,  
They should on cockhorse ride ;  
They prate and prattle pleasantly,  
As they rode on the way,  
To those that should their butchers be,  
And work their lives' decay.

So that the pretty speech they had,  
Made murder's heart relent,  
And they that undertook the deed,  
Full sore did now repent.





## *The Doleful Story of the*

Yet one of them, more hard of heart,  
Did vow to do his charge,  
Because the wretch that hired him,  
Had paid him very large.

The other won't agree thereto,  
So here they fall to strife,  
With one another they did fight,  
About the children's life.  
And he that was of mildest mood,  
Did slay the other there ;  
Within an unfrequented wood,  
The babes did quake for fear.

He took the children by the hand,  
Tears standing in their eye,  
And bade them straightway follow him,  
And look they did not cry.  
And two long miles he led them on,  
While they for food complain ;  
“ Stay here,” quoth he, “ I'll bring you bread,  
When I come back again.”

*Babes in the Wood.*

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,  
Went wandering up and down ;  
But never more could see the man,  
Approaching from the town :  
Their pretty lips with blackberries,  
Were all besmeared and dyed,  
And when they saw the darksome night,  
They sat them down and cried.

Thus wandered these poor innocents,  
Till death did end their grief,  
In one another's arms they died,  
As wanting due relief :  
No burial, this pretty pair,  
Of any man receives,  
Till Robin Redbreast piously,  
Did cover them with leaves.

And now, the heavy wrath of God,  
Upon their uncle fell ;  
Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his house,  
His conscience felt a hell.

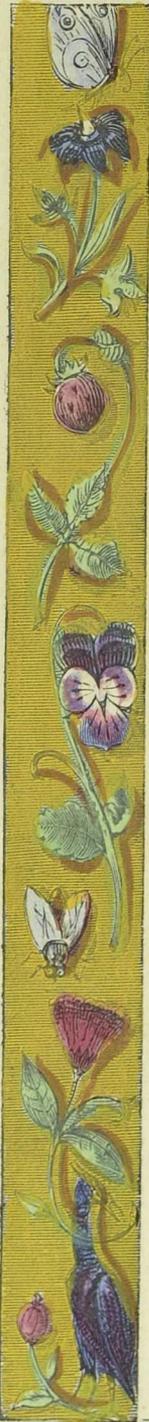


## *The Doleful Story of the*

His barns were fired, his goods consumed,  
His lands were barren made,  
His cattle died within the field,  
And nothing with him staid.

And in a voyage to Portugal,  
Two of his sons did die ;  
And to conclude, himself was brought  
To want and misery :  
He pawned and mortgaged all his land,  
Ere seven years came about,  
And now at length this wicked act,  
Did by this means come out.

The fellow that did take in hand,  
These children dear to kill,  
Was for a robbery judged to die,  
Such was God's blessed will.  
So did confess the very truth,  
As hath been here displayed,  
Their uncle having died in gaol,  
Where he for debt was laid.



*Babes in the Wood.*

You that executors be made,  
And overseers eke,  
Of children that be fatherless,  
And infants mild and meek ;  
Take you example by this thing,  
And yield to each his right,  
Lest God with such like misery,  
Your wicked minds requite.





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THE LADY ISABELLA'S  
TRAGEDY.



HERE was a Lord of worthy fame,  
And a hunting he would ride,  
Attended by a noble train  
Of gentry, by his side.

And while he did in chase remain,  
To see both sport and play ;  
His lady went, as she did feign,  
Unto the Church to pray.

This Lord, he had a daughter dear,  
Whose beauty shone so bright ;  
She was beloved, both far and near,  
Of many a lord and knight.

## *Lady Isabella's Tragedy.*

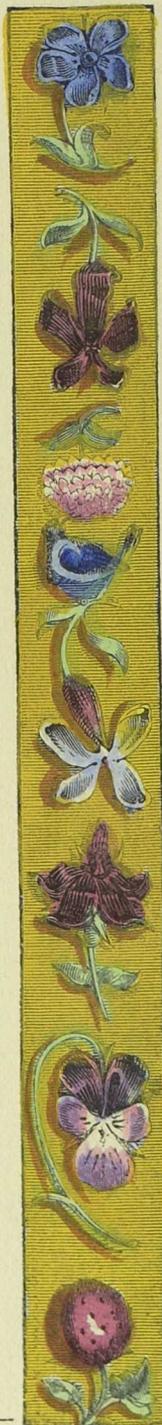
Fair Isabella was she called,  
A creature fair was she ;  
She was her father's only joy,  
As you shall after see.

Therefore her cruel step-mother  
Did envy her so much ;  
That day by day she sought her life,  
Her malice it was such.

She bargain'd with the master-cook,  
To take her life away ;  
And taking of her daughter's book,  
She thus to her did say :

“ Go home, sweet daughter, I thee pray,  
Go hasten presentlie,  
And tell unto the master-cook  
These words that I tell thee.

“ And bid him dress to dinner straight  
That fair and milk-white doe,  
That in the park doth shine so bright,  
There's none so fair to show.”



## *Lady Isabella's Tragedy.*

This lady, fearing of no harm,  
Obey'd her mother's will ;  
And presently she hasted home,  
Her pleasure to fulfil.

She straight into the kitchen went,  
Her message for to tell ;  
And there she spied the master-cook,  
Who did with malice swell.

“ Now, master-cook, it must be so,  
Do that which I thee tell :  
You needs must dress the milk-white doe,  
Which you do know full well.”

Then straight his cruel bloody hands  
He on the lady laid ;  
Who quivering and shaking stands,  
While thus to her he said :

“ Thou art the doe that I must dress ;  
See here, behold my knife ;  
For it is pointed presently  
To rid thee of thy life.”



## *Lady Isabella's Tragedy.*

“ Oh then,” cried out the scullion-boy,  
As loud as loud might be,

“ O save her life, good master-cook,  
And make your pies of me !

“ For pity's sake, do not destroy  
My lady with your knife ;  
You know she is her father's joy,  
I pray thee save her life.”

“ I will not save her life,” he said,  
“ Nor make my pies of thee ;  
Yet if thou dost this deed betray,  
Thy butcher I will be.”

Now when this lord he did come home  
For to sit down and eat,  
He called for his daughter dear,  
To come and carve his meat.

“ Now sit you down,” his lady said,  
“ O sit you down to meat :  
Into some nunnery she is gone ;  
Your daughter dear forget.”



## *Lady Isabella's Tragedy.*

Then solemnly he made a vow,  
Before the companie,  
That he would neither eat nor drink,  
Until he did her see.

“ O then,” bespake the scullion-boy,  
With a loud voice so high,  
“ If now you will your daughter see,  
My lord, cut up that pie :

“ Wherein her flesh is minced small,  
And parched with the fire ;  
All caused by her step-mother,  
Who did her death desire !

“ And cursed be the master-cook,  
O cursed may he be !  
I proffer'd him my own heart's blood,  
From death to set her free !”

Then all in black this lord did mourn ;  
And, for his daughter's sake,  
He judged her cruel step-mother  
To be burnt at a stake.

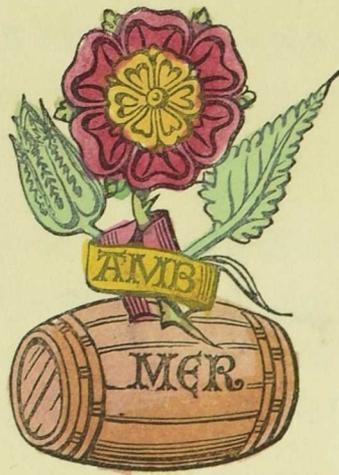


*Lady Isabella's Tragedy.*

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Likewise he judged the master-cook  
In boiling lead to stand ;  
And made the simple scullion-boy  
The heir of all his land.









Gammer Gurton's Story Books.

A MOURNFUL DITTY OF THE  
DEATH OF FAIR ROSAMOND,  
TO WHICH IS ADDED  
QUEEN ELEANOR'S CONFESSION.



WHEN as King Henry rul'd this land,  
The second of that name ;  
Besides the Queen, he dearly lov'd  
A fair and princely dame.

Most peerless was her beauty found,  
Her favour and her grace ;  
A sweeter creature in the world  
Did never prince embrace.

Her crisped locks, like threads of gold,  
Appear'd to each man's sight ;  
Her comely eyes like orient pearls,  
Did cast a heavenly light.



## *A Mournful Ditty of the*

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

Yea Rosamond, fair Rosamond !  
Her name was called so ;  
To whom dame Eleanor, our Queen,  
Was known a mortal foe.

The King, therefore, for her defence,  
Against the furious Queen,  
At Woodstock builded such a bower,  
The like was never seen.

Most curiously this bower was built,  
Of stone and timber strong ;  
An hundred and fifty doors  
Did to this bower belong.

And they so cunningly contrived,  
With turnings round about,  
That none but by a clue of thread,  
Could enter in or out.



## *Death of Fair Rosamond.*

And for his love, and lady's sake,  
That was so fair and bright,  
The keeping of this bower he gave  
Unto a valiant knight.

But fortune that doth often frown,  
Where she before did smile ;  
The King's delight, the lady's joy,  
Full soon she did beguile.

For why the King's ungracious son,  
Whom he did high advance,  
Against his father raised wars  
Within the realms of France.

But yet, before our comely King  
The English land forsook,  
Of Rosamond, his lady fair,  
His last farewell he took.

O Rosamond ! the only Rose  
That pleaseth best mine eye ;  
The fairest Rose in all the world  
To feed my fantasy.



*A Mournful Ditty of the*

The flower of mine affected heart,  
Whose sweetness doth excel ;  
My royal Rose, a thousand' times  
I bid thee now farewell !

For I must leave my fancy's flower,  
My sweetest Rose a space ;  
And cross the seas to famous France  
Proud rebels to abase.

But yet, my Rose, be sure thou shalt  
My coming shortly see ;  
And in my heart, while hence I am,  
I'll bear my Rose with me.

When Rosamond, that lady bright,  
Did hear the King say so,  
The sorrow of her grieved heart  
Her outward looks did show.

And from her clear and crystal eyes  
The tears gushed out apace ;  
Which like the silver pearled dew,  
Ran down her comely face.



## *Death of Fair Rosamond.*

Her lips, like to a coral red,  
Did wax both wan and pale ;  
And for the sorrow she conceiv'd,  
Her vital spirits did fail.

And falling down all in a swoon  
Before King Henry's face ;  
Full oft within his princely arms  
Her corpse he did embrace.

And twenty times, with watery eyes,  
He kiss'd her tender cheek,  
Until he had revived again  
Her senses mild and meek.

Why grieves my Rose, my sweetest Rose ?  
The King did often say ;  
" Because," quoth she, " to bloody wars  
My lord must part away.

" But since your grace in foreign coasts,  
Among your foes unkind,  
Must go to hazard life and limb,  
Why should I stay behind ?



*A Mournful Ditty of the*

“Nay, rather let me like a page,  
Your shield and target bear,  
That on my breast the blow may light  
That shall annoy you there.

“O let me in your royal tent  
Prepare your bed at night ;  
And with sweet baths refresh your grace,  
At your return from fight.

“So I your presence may enjoy,  
No toil I will refuse ;  
But wanting you my life is death,  
Which doth true love abuse !”

“Content thyself, my dearest friend,  
Thy rest at home shall be ;  
In England’s sweet and pleasant soil,  
For travels fit not thee.

“Fair ladies brook no bloody wars,  
Sweet peace their pleasures breed ;  
The nourishers of their hearts content,  
Which fancy first doth feed.



## *Death of Fair Rosamond.*

“ My Rose shall rest in Woodstock Bower,  
With music’s sweet delight ;  
While I among the piercing pikes,  
Against my foes do fight.

“ My Rose in robes of pearl and gold,  
With diamonds richly dight ;  
Shall dance the galliards of my love,  
Whilst I my foes do smite.

“ And you, Sir Thomas, whom I trust  
To be my love’s defence ;  
Be careful of my gallant Rose  
When I am parted hence.”

And therewithal he fetched a sigh,  
As though his heart would break ;  
And Rosamond, for very grief,  
Not one plain word could speak.

And at their parting, well they might  
In heart be grieved sore ;  
After that day fair Rosamond  
Did see the King no more.



*A Mournful Ditty of the*

For when his grace had pass'd the sea,  
And into France was gone,  
Queen Eleanor, with envious heart,  
To Woodstock came anon.

And forth she call'd this trusty knight,  
Which kept this curious bower ;  
Who with his twined clue of thread,  
Came from that famous flower.

And when that they had wounded him,  
The Queen this thread did get ;  
And went where Lady Rosamond  
Was like an angel set.

But when the Queen, with stedfast eyes,  
Beheld her heavenly face,  
She was amazed in her mind,  
At her exceeding grace.

“ Cast off thy robes from thee,” she said,  
“ That rich and costly be ;  
And drink thee off this deadly draught,  
Which I have brought for thee.”



## *Death of Fair Rosamond.*

But presently upon her knee,  
Sweet Rosamond did fall ;  
And pardon of the Queen she crav'd  
For her offences all.

“ Take pity of my youthful years,”  
Fair Rosamond did cry ;  
“ And let me not with poison strong  
Enforced be to die.

“ I will renounce this sinful life,  
And in a cloister bide ;  
Or else be banish'd, if you please,  
To range the world so wide.

“ And for the fault which I have done,  
Though I was forc'd thereto ;  
Preserve my life, and punish me  
As you think good to do.”

And with these words, her lily hands  
She wrung full often there ;  
And down along her lovely cheeks  
Proceeded many a tear.



## *Death of Fair Rosamond.*

But nothing could this furious Queen  
Therewith appeased be ;  
The cup of deadly poison fill'd,  
As she sat on her knee,

She gave that comely dame to drink,  
Who took it in her hand,  
And from her bended knees arose,  
And on her feet did stand :

And casting up her eyes to Heaven,  
She did for mercy call ;  
And drinking up the poison strong,  
Her life she lost withal.

And when that death through every limb  
Had done her greatest spite ;  
Her chiefest foes did plain confess,  
She was a glorious wight.

Her body then they did entomb,  
When life was fled away,  
At Godstow, near to Oxford town,  
As may be seen this day.



QUEEN ELEANOR'S CONFESSION.



QUEEN ELEANOR was a sick  
woman,  
And afraid that she should die ;  
Then she sent for two Friars of  
France,  
To speak with her presently.

The King called down his nobles all  
By one, by two, by three ;  
“ Earl Marshall, I'll go shrive the Queen,  
And thou shalt wend with me.”  
“ A boon, a boon,” cried the Earl Marshall,  
And fell on his bended knee ;  
“ That whatsoever Queen Eleanor say  
No harm thereof may be.”



## *Queen Eleanor's Confession.*

"I'll pawn my lands," the King then cried,  
"My sceptre, crown, and all ;  
That whatsoever Queen Eleanor says  
No harm thereof shall fall."

"Earl Marshall, put on a Friar's coat,  
And I will put on another ;  
And we will to Queen Eleanor go  
Like a Friar and his Brother."

Thus both attired, then they go ;  
When they came to Whitehall,  
The bells did ring, and the quiristers sing,  
And the torches did light them all.

And when that they came before the Queen,  
They fell on their bended knee ;  
"A boon, a boon, Queen Eleanor,  
That you sent so hastily."

"Are you two Friars of France," she said,  
"As I suppose you be ?  
For if you are two English Friars,  
You shall hang on the gallows tree."



## *Queen Eleanor's Confession.*

“ We are two Friars of France,” they said,  
As you suppose we be ;

“ We have not been at any mass  
Since we came from the sea.”

“ The first vile thing that ever I did,  
I will to you unfold ;

I gave ear to the Earl Marshall's love  
Beneath this cloth of gold.”

“ That's a vile sin,” then said the King,  
“ May God forgive it thee !”

“ Amen, amen,” quoth Earl Marshall,  
With a heavy heart spake he.

“ The next vile thing that ever I did,  
To you I'll not deny ;

I made a box of poison strong  
To poison King Henry.”

“ That's a vile sin,” then said the King,  
“ May God forgive it thee !”

“ Amen, amen,” quoth Earl Marshall,  
“ And I wish it so may be.”



## *Queen Eleanor's Confession.*

“The next vile thing that ever I did,  
To you I will discover ;  
I poisoned the fair Rosamond  
All in fair Woodstock Bower.”

“That's a vile sin,” then said the King,  
“May God forgive it thee !”

“Amen, amen,” quoth Earl Marshall,  
“And I wish it so may be.”

“Do you see yonder little boy  
A tossing of the ball ;  
That is Earl Marshall's—the eldest son,  
And I love him best of all.

“Do you see yonder little boy  
A catching of the ball ;  
That is King Henry's—the youngest son,  
And I love him the worst of all.

“His head is fashioned like a bull ;  
His nose is like a boar.”

“No matter for that,” King Henry cried,  
“I love him the better therefore.”



## *Queen Eleanor's Confession.*

The King pulled off his Friar's coat,  
And appeared all in red :  
She shrieked, and cried, and wrung her hands,  
And said she was betrayed.

The King looked over his left shoulder,  
And a grim look looked he ;  
“ Earl Marshall,” he said, “ but for my oath  
Or hanged thou shouldst be !”





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1845.

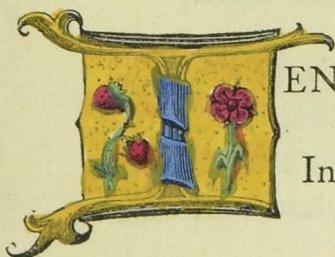




W. G. MASON.

# Gammer Gurton's Story Books.

## GAMMER GURTON'S GARLAND.



ENNY WREN fell sick  
Upon a merry time ;  
In came Robin Redbreast,  
And brought her sops and wine.

Eat well of the sop, Jenny,  
Drink well of the wine ;  
Thank you, Robin, kindly,  
You shall be mine.

Jenny, she got well,  
And stood upon her feet,  
And told Robin plainly,  
She lov'd him not a bit.

Robin being angry,  
Hopped upon a twig,  
Saying, Out upon you, Jenny !  
Fy upon you, bold fac'd jig !



*Gammer Gurton's Garland.*

OLD mother Hubbard  
Went to the cupboard  
To get her poor dog a bone ;  
But when she came there,  
The cupboard was bare,  
And so the poor dog had none.

She went to the baker's  
To buy him some bread,  
But when she came back  
The poor dog was dead.

She went to the joiner's  
To buy him a coffin,  
But when she came back  
The poor dog was laughing.

She took a clean dish  
To get him some tripe,  
But when she came back  
He was smoking his pipe.

She went to the ale-house  
To get him some beer,  
But when she came back  
The dog sat in a chair.



## *Gammer Gurton's Garland.*

She went to the hatter's  
To buy him a hat,  
But when she came back  
He was feeding the cat.

She went to the barber's  
To buy him a wig,  
But when she came back  
He was dancing a jig.

She went to the fruiterer's  
To buy him some fruit,  
But when she came back  
He was playing the flute.

She went to the cobbler's  
To buy him some shoes,  
But when she came back  
He was reading the news.

She went to the hosier's  
To buy him some hose,  
But when she came back  
He was dress'd in his clothes.

The dame made a courtesy,  
The dog made a bow ;  
The dame said, Your servant,  
The dog said, Bow, wow.



*Gammer Gurton's Garland.*

**W**HEN good King Arthur ruled this land,  
He was a goodly King ;  
He bought three pecks of barley meal  
To make a bag-pudding.

And a very good pudding indeed it was,  
And very well stuff'd with plums ;  
And there were lumps of suet in it  
As big as my two thumbs.

The King and Queen sat down to dine,  
And all the nobles beside ;  
And what they could not eat that day  
The Queen next morning fried.



**A**S I was going to Derby all on a market day,  
I met the finest ram, sir, that ever was fed  
upon hay ;

*Upon hay, upon hay, upon hay ;*

I met the finest ram, sir, that ever was fed upon hay.

This ram was fat behind, sir, this ram was fat before ;  
This ram was ten yards round, sir, indeed he was no  
more ;

*No more, no more, no more ;*

This ram was ten yards round, sir, indeed he was no  
more.



## Gammer Gurton's Garland.

The horns that grew on his head, sir, they were so  
wondrous high,  
As I've been plainly told, sir, they reached up to the  
sky ;

*The sky, the sky, the sky ;*

As I've been plainly told, sir, they reached up to the  
sky.

The tail that grew on his back, sir, was six yards and  
an ell,

And it was sent to Derby to toll the market bell ;

*The bell, the bell, the bell ;*

And it was sent to Derby to toll the market bell.

The butcher that killed this ram, sir, was up to his  
knees in blood,

The boy that held the pail, sir, was carried away by  
the flood ;

*The flood, the flood, the flood ;*

The boy that held the pail, sir, was carried away by  
the flood.



**T**HERE was an old woman, as I've heard tell,  
She went to market her eggs for to sell ;  
She went to market, all on a market day,  
And she fell asleep on the King's highway.



## Gammer Gurton's Garland.

There came by a pedlar whose name was Stout,  
He cut her petticoats all round about ;  
He cut her petticoats up to the knees,  
Which made the old woman to shiver and freeze.

When this little woman first did awake,  
She began to shiver and she began to shake,  
She began to wonder and she began to cry,  
“Lauk a mercy on me, this is none of I !

If it be I, as I do hope it be,  
I have a little dog at home, and he'll know me ;  
If it be I, he'll wag his little tail,  
And if it be not I, he'll loudly bark and rail !”

Home went the little woman all in the dark,  
Out came the little dog, and he began to bark ;  
He began to bark, and she began to cry,  
“Lauk a mercy on me, this is none of I !”



**W**HEN Arthur first in court began  
To wear long hanging sleeves,  
He entertain'd three serving-men,  
And all of them were thieves.

The first he was an Irishman,  
The second was a Scot,  
The third he was a Welchman ;  
And all were knaves, I wot.



## *Gammer Gurton's Garland.*

The Irishman loved usquebaugh,  
The Scot loved ale called bluecap,  
The Welchman he loved toasted cheese,  
And made his mouth a mouse-trap.

The usquebaugh burnt the Irishman's mouth,  
The Scot was drown'd in ale ;  
The Welchman had like to be choked by a mouse,  
But he pull'd it out by the tail.



**S**IMPLE Simon met a pieman  
Going to the fair ;  
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,  
“ Let me taste your ware.”

Says the pieman unto Simon,  
“ Show me first your penny ;”  
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,  
“ Indeed I have not any.”

Simple Simon went to town,  
To buy a piece of meat ;  
He tied it to his horse's tail,  
To keep it clean and sweet.

Simple Simon went a fishing,  
For to catch a whale ;  
But all the water he had got,  
Was in his mother's pail.



## Gammer Gurton's Garland.

Simple Simon went to look  
If plums grew on a thistle ;  
He pricked his fingers very much,  
Which made poor Simon whistle.



**A** FROG he would a wooing go,  
*Sing heigho says Rowley,*  
Whether his mother would let him or no.  
*With a rowley powley gammon and spinach,*  
*Heigho says Anthony Rowley.*

So off he marched with his opera hat,  
*Heigho says Rowley,*  
And on the way he met with a rat,  
*With a rowley powley, &c.*

And when they came to mouse's hall,  
*Heigho says Rowley,*  
They gave a loud knock, and they gave a loud call,  
*With a rowley powley, &c.*

Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within ?  
*Heigho says Rowley,*  
Yes, kind sir, I am sitting to spin,  
*With a rowley powley, &c.*

Pray, Mrs. Mouse, will you give us some beer,  
*Heigho says Rowley,*



## Gammer Gurton's Garland.

For Froggy and I are fond of good cheer,  
*With a rowley powley, &c.*

Now while they were all a merry-making,  
*Heigho says Rowley,*  
The cat and her kittens came tumbling in,  
*With a rowley powley, &c.*

The cat she seized the rat by the crown,  
*Heigho says Rowley,*  
The kittens they pulled the little mouse down,  
*With a rowley powley, &c.*

This put poor Frog in a terrible fright,  
*Heigho says Rowley,*  
So he took up his hat, and he wished them good night,  
*With a rowley powley, &c.*

But as Froggy was crossing over a brook,  
*Heigho says Rowley,*  
A lily-white duck came and gobbled him up,  
*With a rowley, powley, &c.*

So there was an end of one, two, and three,  
*Heigho says Rowley,*  
The rat, the mouse, and the little Frogg-ee!  
*With a rowley powley gammon and spinach,*  
*Heigho says Anthony Rowley.*



## *Gammer Gurton's Garland.*

'T WAS once upon a time  
When Jenny Wren was young,  
So daintily she danced,  
And so prettily she sung ;  
Robin Redbreast lost his heart,  
For he was a gallant bird ;  
So he doff'd his hat to Jenny Wren,  
Requesting to be heard.

O dearest Jenny Wren,  
If you will but be mine,  
You shall feed on cherry-pie, you shall,  
And drink new currant-wine ;  
I'll dress you like a goldfinch,  
Or any peacock gay ;  
So, dearest Jen, if you'll be mine,  
Let us appoint the day.

Jenny blushed behind her fan,  
And thus declared her mind ;  
Since, dearest Bob, I love you well,  
I'll take your offer kind ;  
Cherry-pie is very nice,  
And so is currant-wine ;  
But I must wear my plain brown gown,  
And never go too fine.



*Gammer Gurton's Garland.*

Robin Redbreast rose up early  
All at the break of day,  
And he flew to Jenny Wren's house,  
And sung a roundelay ;  
He sang of Robin Redbreast,  
And little Jenny Wren,  
And when he came unto the end  
He then began again.



**L**ITTLE Bo-peep has lost her sheep,  
And cannot tell where to find them ;  
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,  
And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,  
And dreamt she heard them bleating ;  
But when she awoke she found it a joke,  
For they still were all fleeting.

Then up she took her little crook,  
Determined for to find them ;  
She found them indeed, but it made her heart bleed  
For they'd left their tails behind 'em.

It happen'd one day as Bo-peep did stray  
Under a meadow hard by,  
There she espy'd their tails side by side,  
All hung on a tree to dry.



## *Gammer Gurton's Garland.*

She heav'd a sigh, and wip'd her eye,  
And over the hillocks went race-o ;  
And tried what she could, as a shepherdess should,  
To tack each tail again to its place-o.



**W**HO kill'd Cock Robin ?  
I, said the Sparrow,  
With my bow and arrow,  
And I kill'd Cock Robin.

Who saw him die ?  
I, said the Fly,  
With my little eye,  
And I saw him die.

Who caught his blood ?  
I, said the Fish,  
With my little dish,  
And I caught his blood.

Who made his shroud ?  
I, said the Beetle,  
With my little needle,  
And I made his shroud.



## *Gammer Gurton's Garland.*

Who will dig his grave ?

I, said the Owl,  
With my spade and shovel,  
And I'll dig his grave.

Who will be the parson ?

I, said the Rook,  
With my little book,  
And I will be the parson.

Who will be the clerk ?

I, said the Lark,  
If 'tis not in the dark,  
And I will be the clerk.

Who'll carry him to the grave ?

I, said the Kite,  
If 'tis not in the night,  
And I'll carry him to the grave.

Who will carry the link ?

I, said the Linnet,  
I'll fetch it in a minute,  
And I'll carry the link.

Who will be the chief mourner ?

I said the Dove,  
For I mourn for my love,  
And I'll be chief mourner.



## Gammer Gurton's Garland.

Who will bear the pall ?  
We, said the Wren,  
Both the cock and the hen,  
And we will bear the pall.

Who'll sing a psalm ?  
I, says the Thrush,  
As she sat in a bush,  
And I'll sing a psalm.

Who'll toll the bell ?  
I, said the Bull,  
Because I can pull ;  
So, Cock Robin, farewell.

Then, all the birds fell  
To sighing and sobbing,  
When they heard the bell toll  
For poor Cock Robin.



**L**ONDON bridge is broken down,  
*Dance o'er my lady lee ;*  
London bridge is broken down,  
*With a gay lady.*



## Gammer Gurton's Garland.

How shall we build it up again ?

*Dance o'er my lady lee ;*

How shall we build it up again ?

*With a gay lady.*

Build it up with silver and gold,

*Dance o'er my lady lee ;*

Build it up with silver and gold,

*With a gay lady.*

Silver and gold will be stole away,

*Dance o'er my lady lee ;*

Silver and gold will be stole away,

*With a gay lady.*

Build it up with iron and steel,

*Dance o'er my lady lee ;*

Build it up with iron and steel,

*With a gay lady.*

Iron and steel will bend and bow,

*Dance o'er my lady lee ;*

Iron and steel will bend and bow,

*With a gay lady.*

Build it up with wood and clay,

*Dance o'er my lady lee ;*

Build it up with wood and clay,

*With a gay lady.*



## Gammer Gurton's Garland.

Wood and clay will wash away,  
*Dance o'er my lady lee ;*  
Wood and clay will wash away,  
*With a gay lady.*

Build it up with stone so strong,  
*Dance o'er my lady lee ;*  
Huzza ! 'twill last for ages long,  
*With a gay lady.*











